

CORNELL LUNATIC

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The Lifestyles Issue

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in comedy?**

**Do you lack even
the most basic sense of
human dignity?**

**Are you desperate
for attention?**

The Cornell Lunatic

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involved!**

**The Cornell Lunatic:
Laughter Guaranteed or
Your Tuition
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The Cornell Lunatic

Campus Humor Magazine

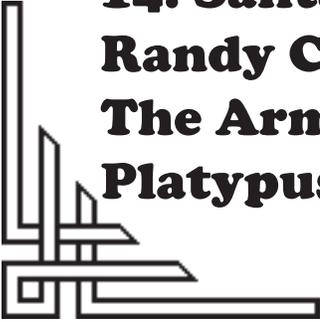
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A Letter from the Editor

With the coming of Alex Willard began the part of my life you could call my life on the road. I first met Alex in a Spring '07 screenwriting class that seems to recede from my memory like a Dark Traveler on a lonely prairie highway. Anyways, I caught up with Alex a little farther down the road, in the direction of my fondest wishes and most saddest desires, in a little town next to a big ocean named Hollywood.

I had been working in the entertainment business; Alex had been working at sportfucking the entire Hurricane Katrina refuge population of Southern California. We met for ham and eggs one morning at a tacky little diner south of Wilshire. I took a great big look at Alex scarfing down his eggs like a maniac, both eyes black and blue with a bit of plaster across his nose, and I told him I didn't give good goddamn about school or jobs or anything but living life with total harmony and communication with my Brother on the Road—but that could I just pack up my couple-few trunks of clothes, computer, laptop, iPod, and GPS and could we get the heck back to the comfort and easy living of college ASAP?

Alex told me that he wouldn't leave Los Angeles until he had been to a good jazz club. I said, "Oy, what's with you and jazz? Enough with the jazz, already."

Sure enough good old Alex then agreed, saying, "We must de-toxify and ameliorate, Matt, all of our Westcoast hang-ups—otherwise our Senior year will be lacking in focus and will fail to condense into a state of true diploma receivingship. At once, to that great neon Babylon: Las Vegas."

We threw our bags in the car, tore off like banshees across the desert. I then seemed to dream a grand noisy time with ringing bells and lights and beautiful overweight rednecks with fanny-packs. I was sitting at a roulette table and betting all of my worldly possessions on red, and then—many hours later—I vaguely recall Alex's rippling arms carrying me across the sweltering baking expanse of a parking structure outside the MGM

Grand Hotel in Las Vegas.

I awoke in the passenger seat of the car.

"It is absolutely necessary, now, to continue balling this jack at 110 miles per hour across the Nevada desert, you understand," Alex said, wrenching the steering wheel around, like a sweaty demon on tea and bennies.

I could dig what he was saying, in that karma-eyed con-man way that Alex and I touched soulthings, but something seemed a little off. I checked the GPS in the car, and it informed me, in a most UN-JAZZLIKE way, that not only were we not moving at 110 miles per hour, but that we also (bip-ska-ska-diddle) had not even left the parking lot. It was very sad.

Just then a gone little concierge from the hotel's front desk ran up to the car, waving something in the way of a bill for services rendered, but Alex had found the ignition by then and ZOOM!, we backed right over that gone little chick with a sad bumpabump screech, and tore off into the desert with the MGM Grand receding in the distance like a Dark Traveler on a lonely prairie highway.

The dark turbid waters of the mighty Mississippi cleansed us of what was left of our sins, and soon enough we were back at the gas station at Whitney Point—less than fifty miles from fair Cornell. Alex maneuvered the car around the drive-through window of the McDonalds there. A tall sad cowboy in a ten-gallon hat sadly handed us our Happy Meals. His sad weathered face and eyes sparkled with a forlorn ragtime bebop sadness. As we drove away he receded like a Dark Traveler on a midnight prairie sadway.

So now I'm back, and happy to hand over the Lunatic to Aaron Edelman—an editor who has proven himself in the heat of battle against the bureaucrats who constantly attempt to shit on Our Fair Publication.

Excelsior!

Other Letters to and from the Editor

Matt Palmer is known to most as the Charles Foster Kane of comedy in the Ivy Leagues. People often remark with sort of adoration, "Motherfucker... you look like a dying, wrinkly old white dude with a sincere love for his sled". Deep from within Xanadu, Matt works to organize and generally force the writers of the Lunatic to produce the quality of work required to maintain our status as Cornell's Only Award Winning Humor Magazine. His hobbies include tantric orgasms, belittling the plight of the proletariat, and a woman built strong to weather the upcoming class war. He's taking your letters:

Dear Matt,

No more B.S. We, the roommates of 410 Dryden know that you are not Jewish.

Furthermore, your lavish all-night hipster parties are tearing through our security deposit faster than you tear through a pack of camel lights (Non-smoker my ass). Cut the crap, get the bacon out of our fridge, and clean up your act. Also, you leave red hairs in the drain. Gross.

- Charlie and Brett

Dear Matt,

I work as a cartoonist for The New Yorker. I was wondering if you could provide the caption for the single pane comic that I will now describe to you: At a dinner party, a middle aged businessman

wearing a suit is in a cradle drinking a martini. His wife is standing by in a dinner gown, and an astronaut is floating above the dinner party repairing rips in Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold".

Help me choose from amongst the following:

1)?"But low, sell high."

2) " I said a dry martini

3) "I hope he didn't Degas my Chagall"

Sincerely,

Archibald C. Reilly

Dear Archibald,

2. Definitely # 2.

Love,
Matt

Museum Club,

My name is Matt Palmer—I joined your listserve during ClubFest this last fall when I was tabling for the Cornell Lunatic next to y'all.

I love nothing more than to hear about all your crazy Museum Club exploits. I was even planning to do a special "What to Do if You Get Stuck In a Museum" guest lecture, but Ben Stiller stole my notes and I've had the dickens of a time try-

ing to get them back.

I am going on a museum strike, boycotting all museums, until 20th Century Fox gives me 30% of the domestic DVD sales from Stiller's latest picture.

Unfortunately your numerous listserve emails are now too painful for me, a formerly insatiable museumgoer, to bear. Please take luninfo@cornell.edu off of your list.

Try to keep on without me,
Matthew J. H. Palmer

Command failed: Unrecognized MUSEUM-L command.

Please visit <http://www.cit.cornell.edu/computer/elist/error.htm> to learn the new procedure for sending commands.

The command you recently sent to listproc@cornell.edu about MUSEUM-L did not work.

Dear Matt,

I will do anything to join the illustrious ranks of your noble magazine.

Yours Truly,
Turd Sandwich

Dear Mr. T. Sandwich,

I don't care. Aaron Edelman might. Email him at lunatic.submissions@gmail.com.

Love,
Matt

How to Win Friends and Influence Hair Metal Bands to Have Sex With You

by *Whitesnake*

Often while sitting to brunch at the falconry club, or getting fitted for fright wigs and codpieces, I will hear one of my male colleagues lament that yet another promising relationship with a groupie has taken a tragic turn towards dissolution. The majority of these relationships fail because of minor peccadilloes and incompatibilities; e.g. such-and-such-being allergic to the tiger fur lining of the pinball machine in the tour bus, or so-and-so forgetting the linens at the dry cleaner for the night's coke-orgy. However I, Whitesnake, have discovered an overarching trend to these doomed affairs. The facts have tessellated and coalesced into a general principle as clear to me as the heroin needle track-marks on my penis. The answer is as simple as "rock" and "roll."

Ladies, all we hair metal recording artists really ask of you is that you roll. We love to rock, this is true, but just about the first thing we look for in a girl is her general capability and propensity to roll. Contrary to popular belief, you've got to roll before you can rock. Many girls one can roll with one's whole life without rocking. Others one can rock several times in a night, multiple nights a week, without ever rolling. But, ladies, we all know you have to roll for a while before you can rock satisfactorily. Unless the fumes of pleather and hairspray have stripped you of all inhibitions whatsoever, or you have mistaken him for someone else with whom you have already rolled on multiple occasions (oftentimes, in fact, me).

Many of my hair metal recording artist friends have suffered emotional trauma from girls who rock too much and too quickly. Naturally this relationship will lack roll. One night they find themselves saying "You know Whitesnake, I'd gladly exchange at least some of this rock for some roll here and there" as their groupie vomits up Percocet in a nightclub bathroom. "Oh, stop your lugubrious maundering," I say—but in my mind's eye I can already see the next day, when the couple will surely part ways forever. And no matter how many times my lamentable comrade has rocked, he will go to bed that night having found no roll whatsoever. And you, the groupie, will face the shame of relegation, because now it means going back to pleasuring the lead singer from Blues Traveler with the business end of a wire rake.



Wondering what your favorite metal band from the 80s doing today?

Lead Singer:



Dead!

Keyboardist:

Born again Christian!

Drummer:

Software designer for Spyware company!

Bassist:



Numerous failed side projects and a show on XM radio!

Guitarist:



PhD in Astrophysics!

A RANT FROM THE EDITOR



Everyone I know who has gone abroad is having the time of their lives. They're skydiving in New Zealand, clubbing in Spain, getting mugged in Belgium—they're doing some really great stuff. The kind of stuff they can talk about at interviews with investment banks. I, on the other hand, have nothing. The closest I have ever come to having a "life experience" was last weekend, when someone offered to let me smell a container of their Peach-flavored Skoal (ugh), and I managed to sneeze hard enough to send chewing tobacco into both of my eyes. It was like a thousand peach-flavored shards of glass grinding into my eyeballs.

"It was a real learning experience....The experience really taught me about time management....My experience was...people skills...cooperation...multitasking...." The HR rep from PricewaterhouseCoopers staring blankly at me from behind his desk. That blank stare says that some jackass who spent a semester in Rome drinking bellinis and having unprotected sex with gypsy street-walkers is going to get my job. And I think that's absolute bullshit. Smokeless tobacco related accidents just don't carry the same weight as they used to in today's "going abroad" based job-market.

But they should. I guess I'm just old-fashioned like that. I believe a man, after suffering through the three intense minutes of pain of nicotine leaching into his tear ducts, should be qualified to work wherever he wants, no matter if he does it in Bulgaria, Peru, or Ithaca New York. I believe in facial hair, loafers, fedoras, and family values. I believe a woman should take her husband's last name, as well as his middle name, and a third name of his choosing. My wife's name is "Sean Connery Jacob Herbert Palmer." You get the idea.

And another thing: a lot of people think that being the Editor in Chief of a college humor magazine is like being the Willy Wonka of your own personal chocolate factory. In truth, it's a lot more like running a Hooters staffed by the mentally retarded in downtown Baghdad. So cut the next EiC who comes along some slack. He's going to be working overtime just to put a smile on your grinning, idiotic faces—don't come whining to him every time you get dip in your eyes.

WORLD'S GREATEST MOM!!!





A RANT FROM THE FUTURE EDITOR

My name is Aaron Edelman, and I'm the new Editor in Chief of the Cornell Lunatic. I'd like to personally welcome you to this issue and thank you for purchasing, stealing, or some how finding yourself with a copy of this fine magazine.

You may be asking yourself, "Why would someone as distinguished as the Editor in Chief of Cornell's only award winning humor magazine be wearing all but the head of a gorilla costume?"

The answer is because the costume didn't have a mask when I got it.

It was found in a sack in the Lunatic offices during spring cleaning next to an enormous sombrero and

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an authentic replica of Elmer Fudd's hunting hat.

And while it didn't have a mask, it did come with a disgusting looking wash cloth. Careful inspection, and a call to a former member of the Lunatic, informed me that I had discovered the costume's crotch-sweat rag. Even with my love of Lunatic history, I threw out this piece of memorabilia and went out to find a way to clean this monkey suit.

This may come as no surprise, but the fastest way to make a dry cleaner think you're a tremendous asshole is to show up at his place of business with a sack full of monkey fur and ask, in all earnestness, "Can you please give me an estimate on how much it will cost to clean my gorilla suit?"

If you go along with three other members of a humor magazine who find the whole thing hilarious, the effect is only intensified.

So, yes, I'm actually wearing a dirty, sweaty, used gorilla costume in this picture.

But why?

Well, let me tell you a little bit more about myself.

I was born in Washington D.C. in the 1980s amid a hail of gunfire and a cloud of crack smoke. My Jewish family emigrated to the suburbs of Maryland as fast as their little legs could carry them.

And even though there is a confederate war memorial within the boundaries of my state, and some people bombed the abortion clinic right outside the neighborhood I grew up in, my parents still managed to send me to a public school that was 30% Jewish and 30% Asian.

Between the ages of 14 and 21 I was rejected by 3 different women who claimed to be lesbians. One of them made this claim to me while wearing a pirate's eye patch.

Coincidentally, 3 is the number of times in my life that I have been hit in the face with a baseball.

At one point in my childhood, a girl with a very serious lisp struggled against her speech impediment to force out this phrase:

"Aaron, you're bad news. If I saw you coming down the street, I would stop and cross over to the other side of the street. Because you're bad news."

Years later, she would discover I'm an absolute sweet heart. But her speech impediment would never improve.

Additionally, you should know that I hate babies. Most people don't know this about me because I do a pretty good job of covering it up. When I'm with a group and there's a baby around, I'll say

things like "Oh, look at the cute baby."

But really I can barely hide my utter contempt for babies, the elderly, common decency, dignity, puppies, the city, the suburb, and the country, caddies, katydids, Xavier Nady, falsies, flunkies, fatties, Nietzsche, Pee Wee, dandies and above all, hygiene.

However, I have an undying love for the New York Yankees.

I drink exclusively black coffee, and cheap whiskey.

I love the taste of black licorice and unfiltered cigarettes

The smell of cigars, and the smell of gasoline.

I like red meat, bacon grease, and gratuitous profanity.

I don't eat fruits or vegetables and refuse to take vitamins.

As we speak, I am genuinely at risk for scurvy.

I love the sound of traffic

And I'm known to get a hard-on rubber necking at an accident.

I once ran for class treasurer in middle school and lost. But the vote was closer than most people expected because the existing student government gave me every vote they counted that came in for "douche-bag".

I really am a huge fucking prick.

And I'm the new Editor in Chief of the Cornell Lunatic.

Enjoy the issue!



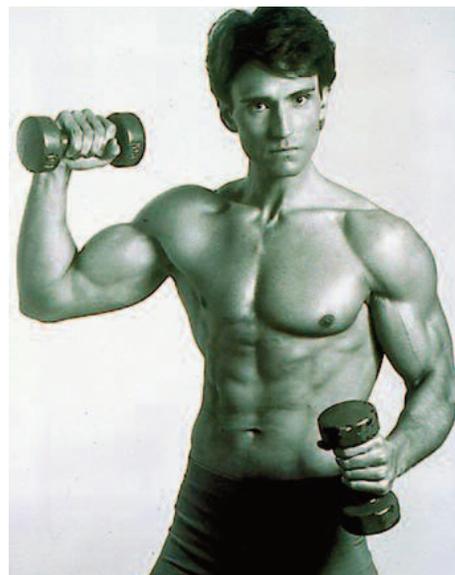
brett greenberg interviews international
wellness celebrity
john basedow



Brett Greenberg

Ladies, and gentlemen, in the history of time, whenever someone mentions “fitness,” “total body,” “extreme workout,” “simple solution,” or “great abs,” one name has come up time and time again. Someone who embodies all that is masculine and all that is America, he will undoubtedly be remembered forever. In the history books, expect to find his face next to the likes of Abraham Lincoln, Malcom X, and Jesus. It can only be one person...That’s right, international celebrity/television spokesperson for Fitness Made Simple™, John Basedow! And we were nothing short of thrilled when we found out he’d sit down with us for a few minutes.

Ladies, and gentlemen, the legend himself, John Basedow.



Not Brett Greenberg

John Basedow shakes my hand and sits down on the pleather couch. He looks like a giant of a man, more colossal than he appears on TV if that's possible.

Brett Greenberg: Hello, John Basedow. Thanks for being here today.

John Basedow: Sure thing...and you are?

BG: My name is Brett Greenberg, I'm Sergeant at Arms of the Cornell Lunatic.

JB: The Cornell Lunatic? What the heck is that?

BG: It's the humor magazine at Cornell.

JB: Oh, the humor magazine...I get it. Question, can this little "humor magazine" work out your biceps, triceps, and even absTM in five minutes or lessTM?

BG: I'm sorry?

JB: Yeah, didn't think so.

JB: Um excuse me, but you're on the clock here, alright? I'm here for one reason: John Basedow. Just so you know. Remember who you're dealing with here. I didn't come here to talk about puppy dogs and watermelon.

BG: Oh, believe me, John Basedow, you don't have to tell me twice. Let's get down to business. Your Fitness Made SimpleTM video cassette series has impacted the lives of billions of Americans...How has it changed your life?

John Basedow takes off his shirt and throws it into the audience. A woman faints. John Basedow flexes and the lights flicker.

JB: Does that answer your question?

BG: Oh my God, the power just went out in the building in direct unison with your flex!

JB: That's what I'm talking about, boss. Biceps, triceps, and even absTM! I could sit here with facts and figures, statistics, numbers, tables, charts, graphs, values, and sure, that would explain the monumental success story that is Fitness Made SimpleTM, but I'm not going to do that. Not today, not any day. FMSTM is all about results,

and you know what? John Basedow is all about results.

John Basedow flexes again, and this time the sprinklers go off. Everyone is drenched.

BG: NO WAY. John Basedow has just set off the sprinkler system! Amazing.

JB: In five minutes or lessTM you could do it too.

BG: Really? Me?

JB: Yes you. If you follow my program you will be able to set off sprinklers in five minutes or lessTM.

BG: I'm soaked...but who cares? I'm sitting here with John Basedow!

Applause.

BG: I have to ask you, John-

JB: John Basedow.

BG: I have to ask you, John Basedow, why are your shorts so short?

JB: That's just an optical illusion.

John Basedow takes off his shorts, underneath is another pair of short shorts. He holds up his shorts and tosses them to me. I reveal them to the audience. They are humongous!

BG: Wow! These shorts aren't short at all.

JB: Nope, my calves are just the size of SUVs.

BG: Ladies and gentlemen, if you have not purchased Fitness Made SimpleTM, then...well...I don't know what is wrong with you! Buy this VHS tape now.

JB: It's so simple to use.

BG: Tell me, John Basedow, what's with that pose?

JB: Oh, you mean the one with my hands clasped in front of my chizzled upper body?

BG: As if there's any other...

JB: Well basically it's me holding an invisible glass egg, but it represents me molding the putty like blobs of America into toned specimens of great physical prowess. I'm not gonna do it here, it'll just make me flex and then who knows what sort of

carnage will ensue.

BG: You are a true sorcerer, curing the human body, mind, spirit, and heart with your potions of do-it-yourself determination.

JB: You know, it used to be so easy to convince people to pick up the phone and change their lives, but now, it's harder. Sure, I flex, and sure, that works, but ever since Bowflex[®] came along, it just hasn't been the same.

BG: For the audience, explain what Bowflex[®] is.

JB: The death of home video fitness programs starring John Basedow.

John Basedow breaks down sobbing.

BG: Oh, John Basedow, don't cry. There, there...Yeah, Bowflex[®] is big and fancy, but you can't get great biceps, triceps, and even absTM without Fitness Made SimpleTM. Bowflex[®] is flashy, but you're the real deal. You're a legend.

JB: You mean it?

BG: Don't take my word for it. *(Audience applauds)*

JB: You're right...I'm JOHN BASEDOW.

John Basedow stands up and goes to hug me.

BG: NO, John Basedow, you're flexing. NOOOOOOOO!

Locusts, frogs, wild beasts, and blood all descend from the ceiling cracks. SCREAMS from the audience.

BG: JOHN BASEDOW HAS SUMMONED ALL 10 BIBLICAL PLAGUES VIA HIS BICEPS, AND TRICEPS AND EVEN ABSTM.

JB: And even absTM...

BG: Oh no...John Basedow, your face!

JB: I'm finished.... I'm finished!

John Basedow is covered with boils. He runs off screaming and yelling...

And they never saw him again...

The Scharf Report

You notice that a lot of dictators have moustaches? Saddam, Stalin, Hitler. And that's why I don't trust Geraldo Rivera.

Whenever I see a seagull and I'm not near the sea or an ocean, I try and give it directions. "Okay, so you wanna go due East till you hit the Atlantic, then you'll probably wanna head south. If you smell salt, you're close, but if you hit Europe you've gone too far."

I like music, but sometimes I talk about it with people who know all these really obscure esoteric bands and I feel really dumb. So to avoid sounding ignorant, I'll just make

When a gay guy hooks up with a straight girl, who's wrong? Who gets the blame?

up bands. "Yeah, I really loved the Gorgonzola Brigade's earlier work... Heavy Kafka influences."

You ever see someone you know on the street, but you were drunk or whatever and you don't really want to talk to them? So

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you give them "The Look Away." I get that shit all the time. Like someone's eyes will be dead ahead of them, then they spot me, but they don't think I saw them see me, and all of a sud-

den that tree on the side of the road becomes very interesting for them to stare at. They'll pull out headphones and shit. You aren't fooling anyone. I know that I know you and you know that you know me. The big

issue is that I'm gonna see them around again. That next meeting, that's the *really* awkward one. You thought the look-away was bad? Wait for the look-away reunion. You have to pretend like you're meeting for the first time, or that you really don't remember meeting the first time around. "Have we met before?" "Oh yeah, we have...Three times by my count."

I'm a fuckin' terrible liar. As a kid, you know the song or game or whatever who stole the cookie from

the cookie jar, I was always bad at it. “Who stole the cookie from the cookie jar? Wasn’t me, couldn’t be, then who? Alex stole—” “Alright! I took the fucking cookie!”

I actually saw this at a party and so it got me thinking: When a gay guy hooks up with a straight girl, who’s wrong? Who gets the blame?

Mints are like gum for people who are too lazy to chew. “So this’ll give me fresh breath, right? Cool, cool ... Wait, do I gotta move my jaw? ... Fuck! ... No, what’s a mint? ... SWEET!”

I had a really great childhood... once I repressed all the bad shit.

It’s so much harder for little people to avoid walking under ladders. Plus they have to worry about step ladder too. “Ooh, look out, that’s bad luck.” “I’m a fucking midget, how much worse can my luck get?! Bring on the black tabbies, see if I care.”

Wing women, like the female version of a wingman, don’t work. I mean, just look at how Amelia Earhart ended up and she

was a professional wing woman.

I like to ride a commuter train or the subway and start talking to random strangers really loudly about these newfangled iron horses and the transcontinental railroad.

“Boy, that president Grant is really something else!”

One of my friends asked me, “Hey Alex, what’s your favorite type of apple? Granny Smith?” “No.” “Red Delicious?” “Nope; Pine.”

I saw some guy’s car that had a bumper sticker on it that said, “Marine Cousin.” I was fucking taken aback. I found the driver, shook his hand and thanked him for everything he’s done for our country; such as having a cousin. But I get the bumper sticker, it makes sense really. We have the family reunion there, so we don’t have to have it here.

I like to judge how cool people are by how recent the Facebook posts are on their wall. So to be nice and make others seem cool, I

leave useless messages on walls. “Hey, remember, red grapes are better than green.” Everyone will think its an inside joke or something, but no, they just taste better.

Doesn’t handcuffing a deaf (or mute) guy takes away his freedom of speech? Furthermore, how well do handcuffs work on amputees? Penultimately, is it impolite for a deaf person to sign while chewing food in his mouth? In conclusion, blind people must be cocky as shit during a blackout.

I cry myself to sleep a lot, but usually it’s only when I go to bed chopping onions.

Pirates shouldn’t be limited to the sea. They’re too cool to be so one-dimensional. Plus an urban pirate would be fucking sweet, walking around with a little squirrel on his shoulder, just chillin’.

An arrow is a vertically challenged spear.

I usually assume anyone carrying a carpet is actually disposing of a corpse. That’s how influential *The Sopranos* is.

We have the family reunion there, so we don’t have to have it here.

SANTA'S LITTLE BROTHER RANDY CLAUS VS.

While preparing to bulldoze a long raft of Mom-and-Pop stores to make way for our new superstore, our construction crew ran into a quaint little bookstore. Though I thought it a needless waste of time, my lawyers advised me to evacuate the store before demolition. I entered the store myself to make sure it was empty, as I'm a hands-on CEO, and as I briskly walked past the children's books section (law forbids me from entering), I found a dusty old copy of the great American classic,

Santa's Little Brother Randy Claus Vs. The Army of Atomic Platypus People. Don't we all remember the first time we read this literary triumph in grade school? To this day chills are brought to my spine whenever I think of the ending, when the atomic platypus people flee the earth in horror as Randy Claus crushes their last egg under his boot, his flesh stained red from the blood of elves who died in battle? But as I

thumbed through the heavily-worn pages of the book, I realized that, even now as a highly-paid executive, I could still learn valuable lessons from this legendary tome. That's right, even the most feeble-minded can derive mind-numbing business clichés from the most unlikely of sources. Take a look:

Don't live in the shadow of others.

Randy Claus was always the black sheep of his family. His brother Santa gained international acclaim for his toy making skills, while Randy shifted aimlessly on the streets, his only nourishment coming from feeding from Slurpee machines at the 7-11 like a calf suckling on his mother's teat. But when the atomic platypus people landed on the White House lawn, Randy saw this as the opportunity to take charge and lead the revolt. Similarly, paving the way to obstruct any newcomer from earning a decent living will always keep any good businessman safe in his laurels,

as I'm sure Lou Dobbs would attest.

Always read the fine print.

Though the atomic platypus people claimed they were seeking refuge from tyrants on their homeworld, Randy Claus saw right through that disguise. As the United Nations drew up a treaty granting refuge to the atomic platypus people, Randy gasped in horror at some of the dastardly things the atomic platypus people requested be included in the treaty. Randy was shocked that he was the only one who realized the atomic platypus people wanted to live among us as equals! Can you even *begin* to imagine what that would do to property values? Even a homeless bum like Randy knew this would wreak havoc on the housing market.

Don't let setbacks shroud your goals.

When Randy's first plan of attack, politely asking his brother to build toys for the platypus people's children containing small canisters of mustard gas, failed, did he give up? No! He realized he was on his own and

That's right, even the most feeble-minded can derive mind-numbing business clichés from the most unlikely of sources.

S. THE ARMY OF ATOMIC PLATYPUS PEOPLE

A Lesson in Business

needed to establish a base of operations for his military campaign against the atomic platypus people. That's why he contacted anti-government agents and planned to overthrow the government of Uzbekistan in a military junta, establishing himself as supreme dictator. However, he lacked the funds to organize this campaign on a homeless man's salary, and was also placed on the international terrorist watch list. But still, with the odds stacked against him, Randy Claus still fought onward.

**When times get rough,
seek comfort in the company of family.**

With nowhere else to turn, Randy Claus went back to his brother's toy shop. Santa reluctantly agreed, under the condition that Santa would turn Randy in to the authorities in the morning. Thus Randy was able to get his first good night's sleep in ages and was finally able to think clearly. In addition, he had his first Slurpee in months.

Seize the moment.

When dawn broke, Santa took Randy in his sleigh and set out

for The Hague so Randy could be tried for his crimes. On the way there, the sleigh flew over an orphanage. Though the children barely had enough to eat, the sight of Santa and his sleigh brought a smile to their face, and a tear to Santa's eye. Randy realized that this was his time to act. Randy shoved Santa out of the sleigh and watched as Santa plunged to his death on the street in front of the orphanage as the children looked on in horror.

**A good businessman
knows when to
improvise.**

Randy knew he had little time to act. He knew that the UN was holding a summit focusing on tolerance in response to Randy's recent actions. The entire population of platypus people would be gathered at the UN building in New York, as well as all the major world leaders. This is where he must attack. But with what? He looked onward at Rudolph's bright nose and real-

ized in must be powered by radioactive material. He landed the sleigh and sliced off Rudolph's nose with a hacksaw and used it to construct a dirty bomb. With weapon in hand, he flew to New York and attacked. The explosion was marvelous. A million people died instantly, including half of the population of the platypus people. The other half was badly disfigured (even for platypus people) and, horrified over the loss of their loved ones, took to their ships and flew away, never to return again. Randy Claus was victorious.

This tale truly has lessons to be learned for people of all ages. I'd continue, but it seems that the demolition of the bookstore has begun with me still inside of it, and my own death is imminent from the collapsing sheetrock. Make sure to pick up our next issue; I'll be reviewing the equally legendary tale *Are You There Cthulhu? It's Me, Margaret*.

A million people died instantly, including half of the population of the platypus people. The other half was badly disfigured (even for platypus people).

Strudel vs. Strudel

Hey there everyone. Hope everything's been going well in your homes, hearths and all the precious nooks and crannies in between. On my end, things have been... well, things are... changing. Anyhow, that's neither here nor there. What is definitely here, though, is your one stop column for the most delicious recipes since my nana's BaNANA-Bread-Flavored BaNANA Pudding Popsicles. (She finalized the recipe late into her battle with egoism and Alzheimer's; we still don't know which one finally did her in.) Today I'll be sharing with you my own not-so-secret-anymore recipe for Apple Strudel. YUM! My kids used to love my Apple Strudel and for good reason. I can still see their smiling faces, but barely; the image is fading. God, I miss them.

Moving on! Now, what you want to do to start is get a big bag of apples, but the type of apple really depends on the person. I, personally, like a sweet, supportive apple like maybe a Fiji. But who knows, maybe you're a cold heartless bitch who divorced me and you like a more bitter apple, like a Granny Smith. Once you have your apples, you want to simply start chopping them up, almost as if you were trying to break their spirits, nag-

ging them every day with futile questions and unattainably high expectations. Maybe you don't think the apples bring in enough money, so you take it upon yourself to break them down any way you can.

Once you have a solid puree of the apples, you want to let that sit for a little bit. Just let it wallow in its own thoughts, almost as if its shame mounted more and more as you piled unending barbs of criticism upon it until finally it snapped. You then want to put a bit of butter melted on a baking tin (that's my personal secret). Let the butter really get the full heat of the oven at 325° in that suffocating heat and pressure. It should feel like there's no escaping life, its only sense of satisfaction coming from that apple puree. The apple puree that it helped raise, working extra hours to put food on the table, just to see their smiling faces when I picked them up from school. I'm sorry, that metaphor took a turn to crazy town; I got distracted, which I suppose is easy given the circumstances.

Now you want to mix in some eggs and flour into your apples, make sure to get an even consistency. Add a dash of olive oil and mix it as best you can. From here, you're almost

ready. Now you want to carefully pull out all the apple chunks that you think are too big. Just yank them away, callously divorcing it from the only life it's known. That's right, remove it from the environment it helped mold and shape. Then you want to just discard it. Throw it away! Never let it see the very lives it created, right? Make it wear a disguise just so it can go to their soccer practices, isn't that right, Susan? Make it slowly lose control as my life spirals out of my control and into the dark, confining abyss that is my soul, drowning in the sadness of a thousand nymphs. THAT APPLE CHUNK GAVE YOU 15 YEARS, WHERE IS YOUR COMPASSION?!

To the apple strudel mixture: I'm sorry you had to read that. But you should know me and the reader aren't fighting. We're arguing. Just remember, that your daddy/cook loves you and can't wait to see you again, no matter what your mother/reader/bitch/Susan tells you. I'll see you real soon, I promise. And when I do, I'm taking you all out for ice cream, which coincidentally goes really well with apple strudel. As for the rest of my Apple Strudel recipe, I'll see you in court (I want custody of the Strudel).

A MICHAEL BAY FILM



CARE BEARS

Countdown... 5... 4... 3... 2...

PARAMOUNT PICTURES AND DREAMWORKS PICTURES PRESENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH HASBRO A DI BONAVENTURA PICTURES PRODUCTION A TOM DESANTO/DON MURPHY PRODUCTION A MICHAEL BAY FILM ALEX KURTZMAN SHIA LABOUF TYRESE GIBSON JOSH DUHAMEL ANTHONY ANDERSON
MEGAN FOX RACHAEL TAYLOR WITH JOHN TURTURRO AND JON VOIGHT CASTING BY JANET HIRSHENSON CSA & JANE JENKINS CSA SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS BY INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC MUSIC BY STEVE JABLONSKY MUSIC SUPERVISOR DAVE JORDAN COSTUME DESIGNER DEBORAH L. SCOTT EDITOR PAUL RUBELL A.C.E. GLEN SCANTLEBURY
PRODUCTION DESIGNER JEFF MANN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MITCHELL AMUNDSEN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEVEN SPIELBERG MICHAEL BAY BRIAN GOLDNER MARK VAHRADIAN PRODUCED BY DON MURPHY TOM DESANTO LORENZO DI BONAVENTURA IAN BRYCE JANE JENKINS BRIAN GOLDNER MARK VAHRADIAN
DREAMWORKS PICTURES HUGO STORY BY JOHN ROGERS AND ROBERTO ORCI & ALEX KURTZMAN COMING SOON SCREENPLAY BY ROBERTO ORCI & ALEX KURTZMAN DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BAY

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Brett Greenberg™'s Top 5 Living

Another issue, another countdown that relates very weakly at best to its central theme. This time, the living issue gets the top living people of all time. To be clear, that includes those who are alive today and those who were once but are no longer alive. This does not include people who have yet to be born or those who have existed in ghost form only like Casper or the 3 mean uncles. In Casper lore, they might have existed once, but in our real world, they only existed in comics, TV, and the 1995 Bill Pullman classic, "Casper." You know, give me a demerit for journalistic inaccuracy, Casper was once alive for one night in said movie, portrayed Devon Sawaly. But you get the idea. And now, the list.

5 Barry Bonds

Love him or hate him, Barry Bonds is the 5th best person to ever live. To hit over 750 home runs makes you a role model; it's in the bible. And the fact that he loves his dad is just as admirable. I'm sick and tired of everyone raising their eyebrows because he "may have" taken steroids. Even if he did "take steroids," you don't think Zeus took them? Or any greek god for that matter. You don't think Nike just had a little extra "pep in his step" now do you [his step?-Ed.]? Get real. Barry Bonds, you are a hero. My hero.

4 Jason Hervey

Isaac Newton once wrote in his diary, "F=MA, and $\pi \times \text{Awesomeness}^2 = \text{Kevin Arnold's older brother.}$ " No one really knew what that

meant until 1990, when "The Wonder Years" captured the hearts of tweens all across the country. Whenever he called young Fred Savage, "Butthead," I would rethink my purpose on Earth. If that's not an icon, I don't know what is. Jason Hervey isn't just older brother extraordinaire however, he has flexed all of his acting muscles. Take his dramatic turn as "Brat" in the gritty, low budget, indie flick, "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment." Not to mention his double bill acting performing voicing not one but two characters in the 1993 video game, "Return to Zork." A fine performance by the fourth finest person ever.

3 The Parking Lot Attendant at Kaplan in Westwood, CA

Sometimes he who is fair is he who is noble. And he who is noble is he who is good. Just look at Chief Justice John Marshall, the man who made Supreme Court decisions that still guide our judicial system to this day. He wasn't always the life of the party, and he could bore you to tears with legal jargon, but boy was he honest and true. Just like John Marshall, the parking lot Attendant at Kaplan in Westwood, CA embodies these qualities. Listen to this tale, and you'll see what I mean. The parking policy there is as follows. With a parking validation stamp from Kaplan along with a

People of All Time™!

By Brett Greenberg

valid Kaplan ID card, the usual \$13.50 per 3 hour parking rate is reduced to just \$4.50. I stroll in, with my stamp, money, and my expired ID card, hoping that he'd cut me some parking slack. But he did no such thing, and I was forced to pay the full price. I protested, insisting that I wasn't aware that my ID had expired. "Rules are rules, sir. Now the pay the price," he said firmly. So I paid. The next week, I requested a new ID card to avoid a second confrontation. I grew that day I was denied a discounted rate, realizing I am not above the law. For that I am grateful.

2 Rachel Farris Jump into my Delorean and allow me to wisk you back in time all the way to 2002, back to a time when you could purchase the hottest new music that can fit atop your soda cup at any Regal Cinemas in the continental United States...That's right. Lid Rock is what really help America come into its own, and it this music revolution wouldn't have been possible without teen sensation, Rachel Farris. Her two jamz, "SOAK" and "I'M NOT THE GIRL," found on mini CDs said to generation Y, "hey, I'm just like you...come with me. Rock with me." And rock she certainly did all the way to the silver screen, dazzling audiences watching "The 20" as they waited patiently to see "Men In Black II." What's Rachel Farris doing now, you

might ask. Like any great inspirer, she's still rocking, but now she's expanding into the realm of regular sized CDs. First it was Lid Rock, now the future is endless for the princess of pop.

Aries Spears Have you ever seen a genius at work? Have you ever seen Michelangelo paint the Sistine Chapel or Mozart compose a wonderful concerto? How about Moses splitting the Red Sea? It's not every day that such marvelous tapestries of artistic perfection are woven. I am proud to say that I have seen such magic unfold before my very eyes, and that was the night I watched Aries Spears appear on "Late Night with Conan O'Brien" August 7th, 2004. He started off chatting with Conan about the daily ups and downs of fatherhood, which had me rolling on the floor with laughter and appreciation. Then he topped that off with a hysterical bit about eating in fancy restaurants. I might have passed out at that point, overwhelmed by emotions I keep in a dark place. I put up walls, and Aries Spears' unique comedic perspective crumbles them down like a bulldozer. Just when I thought my level of joy couldn't get any higher, Mr. Sp-ars unleashed a Shaq impression that literally knocked my socks off. Have you seen my socks?



The Alcoholics Anonymous American Automobile Association's

GUIDE TO THE COUNTRY

Pennsylvania is a great state for the weekend motorist to treat his wife and kids to a little game called Dear Hunter. Not because its interstates run through the area made famous by Michael Cimino's flick of the same name, but because even after a couple chardonnays it's a cinch to bag a several 12-point bucks on the hood of the ole Camry.

Indiana is a great place to throw up after the crushing poverty and black hole of culture that is Ohio. The turnpikes in Indiana don't take AA sobriety tokens, though, so make sure to spray the toll-booth operators with a little of the ol' home made French onion soup.

Be careful that your DTs don't end up in a series of bad turns off of the beltway coming into **St. Louis, Missouri**. You'll end up on the wrong side of the river,

cruising through concrete lots strewn with industrial debris and alleyways between abandoned warehouses. "Fine," you might think, "I'll just ask this disheveled woman in the short shorts flagging me down from street corner for directions. If she doesn't know, I could always ask her friend, who seems to be wearing similar crotch-tight jean shorts and is flagging me down from a couple blocks away." By the time the "Not Wanting to Get Killed By a Pimp" section of your prefrontal cortex kicks in, it will be too late to avoid being surrounded by St. Louis's finest cheapest whores. Quickly, whores will engulf the car. They will form a (w)horde of street-walkers. You are now trapped. Only by dancing spastically on the hood of your car while driving can you instill in this sea of lost women a new moral World-view and purpose in life. As much of the crowd, inspired

by your ghost-riding, disperses to pursue GED classes and detox clinics, slip back onto the interstate unnoticed.

Amaretto smells like almonds. **Amarillo, TX** smells like cow shit. Pack accordingly.

In the southwest, be careful to show utter gratitude to the extremely jumpy, crooked-toothed young man at the front desk of your motel who is only too happy to load you down with complementary bottles of water. Otherwise he might launch into an endless monologue of the motel accommodations, including the "pool with Ethernet ready Hi-Fi" and the beds which "come equipped with two remote controlled furnaces." This is because the drink of choice in **Arizona** is crystal methamphetamine. Don't worry, it only seems to make the inhabitants nicer.



ORCAHOL

*The Beer
made from*

KILLER WHALES

**FREE WILLY
IN EVERY
CASE!**

“It’s an Ale of a Whale!”

**May contain traces of seamen.*



To My Trueborn Progeny...

by Icarus von Lazarus XXI

To my recently birthed progeny: If you have surpassed the age of two Gregorian years and have not yet read this, you have failed me. Stop now. You are unworthy and I am ashamed to consider you my spawn. Go to your room. If you are currently 24 Gregorian months of age, or younger, and are reading this letter, well done. You have lived up to my expectations; not surpassed them, simply met them.

If you have mastered the English language well enough to read by two Gregorian years of age, you are well on your way. I personally did not begin reading until I was 24 Gregorian months out of the womb. It is paramount that you surpass and best me, for The Family's plan is simple: breed a generation better and more apt than your own. If you have not yet failed me, and I pray you haven't (for quite literally the world is at stake), then you will surpass this mark.

Your charge will be to procure and accumulate as much knowledge as possible before your own reproduction and eventual demise. Being as shrewd as you should be, you ought to uncover the clues to the location of the hidden, subterranean familial archives. (This breaks The Code, but the first clue is there: Subterranean.) You will then spend the next ten Gregorian years improving upon them, updating them and restocking the pantry. If you find yourself hungry, do not be alarmed (see "Chapter 2:

Fulfilling the Basic Requirements of a Human Body and You"). Remember, it's not your fault; this mortal appetite is a weakness that we are striving to overcome, even as I add to this very manual. The quest of existing and archiving leaves one with a primitive hunger and it is not unknown for one to be entirely ravenous during his studies. Upon completion of your Study, you will (hopefully) be under, but approximately, twelve Gregorian years of age and reached sexual maturity (see "Chapter 21: Procreation and You"). It is time for you to find a carrier (read: womb bearer).

Ideally you will have birthed your first child before celebrating your thirteenth Gregorian calendar year of existence. Like your grandfather and myself, you should have telepathic abilities by now. It is advised that you use these abilities to peek inside the womb and ensure that a female is not incubating within the carrier's (read: womb bearer's) uterine walls. If so, abort the monstrosity immediately. Should you fail me in another regard and lack any extrasensory perceptive abilities and do happen to birth a female, smother it at once and try again. (See the rituals and diagrams referenced in "Chapter 9: Your Spawn and You" to ensure that the next seed is a success.) Please note, and this is critical, the carrier (read: womb bearer) should not actually have any genetic influence over the youngling. Rather, should the medical tech-

nologies be available, enhance your own seed and combine it with more of your own bodily essence. The resulting offspring should be a vast improvement upon you. If the medical technology is not yet available, please refer to "Chapter 9: Your Spawn and You" for more ancient rituals and necessary altars.

After your son is born, take him to the Elysian Fields Orphanage and tell the matron the codeword "Babylon Rises." Leave him in her stewardship, for she will tend to the scion. (She is a distant ancestor and your counter. She has been perfected as the ideal nurturer. Despite other postulations, this is the female's only purpose.) Now that your male heir has been deposited at Elysian Fields, acquire a firearm. I will now divulge the purpose for these familial secrets, as laid forth by our ancestors: World Domination.

The plan is rather simple, but brilliant: improve upon each generation, ensuring that the following is better than the previous, ultimately creating the Ideal Tyrant. This conquistador shall be able to foresee and thwart any and all coups. Flight and telekinesis are certain, but he will also possess other powers unknowable to our frail human minds. He will rule with an iron fist and will bend the wills of men like a migrant worker plucking oranges under the beautiful warming California sun, and he will shift time-space itself with the ease of a pizza maker ma-

nipulating his dough. Our best estimations suggest that this process will take be a rather speedy one and will require the sacrifice of a mere 203 generations (see “Chapter 19: Estimations and You”).

Now that you know what is at stake, you should feel comfortable ending your life. (The aforementioned firearm may come in handy, but should one feel creative refer to “Chapter 39: Ritualistic Death and You.”) You have served the greater good quite well, and you may even be remembered for it. But there can only be one of our Lineage on the planet at any given moment (see “Chapter 48: Death and You”). The reasons for this are long lost to the ravages of time. Nevertheless, it must be maintained. Do not deviate from this model, no matter what anxieties or fears you may feel. To alleviate any concerns see “Chapter 72: The Ideal World of the Tyrant and You” and know that you contributed to this currently non-existent, yet glorious being. Should you feel any real temptations to “live,” fear not. Any attempts are fruitless, as you were poisoned at birth and will inevitably die at a maximum of fifteen Gregorian years of age. (Note: Be sure to extend this same courtesy to your own genetic stock.)

And now, pardon this indulgence: it may be mawkish and could be perceived as a weakness, but I’m proud of you Sisyphus (see “Chapter 23: The Mythology of Humanity and You”). Some day, with the collective “oomph” of approximately 203 generations, we’ll get that boulder over the hill and shall rule the world as demon lords with magical powers.

Your Sire and Humble Inferior,
Icarus von Lazarus XXI

SEX TERMS REJECTED BY URBAN DICTIONARY

Cesarian Section A Row 12 – Giving birth while crowd-surfing at a Sting concert.

Clean Sanchez - Smearing Purell Hand-Sanitizer underneath someone’s nose during sex.

Tom Hanksin’ It – Acting like a really warm, charming, and boy-next-door-ish middle aged man while fucking Meg Ryan over your webcam.

Havin’ Sex With a Tree Knot – Having sex with a tree knot.

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah-in’ It – Wearing an ironic t-shirt and blazer and clapping sarcastically while receiving bad oral sex.

Reptilin’ It – Waiting for it to grow back.

Queen of England - Inserting your hand and doing a dainty royal wave.

Ring Tonin’ It – Composing a song on your cellphone that gets you off when your grandma calls you during lecture.

Ghost Ridin’ it - Puling out and dancing on top of your partner

The Hungry Hungry Hippopotamous Walk - Having sex with a tree knot.

The True Life Confessions of Scientist

Jason Zelbo and the Deus Ex Machina Machine

1

Much less publicized (because of the secrecy of the project) than the failed space missions of the early 1960s, was another, even more ambitious attempt to advance American science and beat the Communists. While the nuclear physicists were working on a Doomsday machine, and the astrophysicists were working on sending strong American men to the moon, Jason Zelbo was working with a crack team of Christian scientists and clergymen of all faiths to build a Deus Ex Machina Machine. Those Godless Communists would never see it coming.

This came at a time when the influence of English majors was much greater on the American scientific community than it is today. Science Fiction writers would dream up the most marvelous inventions and Washington would get to work. Why, Star Trek alone was responsible for bringing America early forms of the automatic door, stealth technology, and the photon torpedo.

Jason was a top notch fiction writer. He was first in his class out of the English department at Liberal Arts University in New England. And he was tireless. He wrote 12 novels, 47 short stories, and 163 haiku and acrostic poems every year. Among his most famous haikus that were released to the public was this cheeky classic:

*I am no good at
writing haikus I always
run out of sylla...*

Even though Philip K. Dick is credited with conceiving the idea of twins working for the government who have super-human cognitive abilities to see crimes before they are committed, Jason Zelbo was the true originator of this piece of science fiction. It was this idea, at the core of his first novel, *Future Crime: An Incestuous Robotic Love Story*; that caught the attention of the Pentagon and gave Jason his lifetime government contract in the Research and Development wing of the Pentagon (Sci-Fi R&D).

Some days, Jason regretted his decision. The consequence of lifetime employment in science fiction research and development for the military was that every word of his work was classified by the government. On those days, I would find him staring listlessly out of his office window. The cinderblock walls and industrial carpeting could not contain his free spirit and he looked to the sky for inspiration.

He envisioned himself as being the unsung hero in all the work done by the military's Sci-Fi R&D program, and he resented the secrecy of his work. His fantastical imagination was meant to be shared with the world and the longer he worked in his position, the more his bitterness grew.

Jason would often remark that he was the Charles E. Taylor of military science fiction research and development. Most people would have absolutely no idea what he was talking about, but he was arguably correct.

Sometimes, Jason would turn away from staring at the window and say, "I'm an awful lot like Charlie Taylor, don't you think?"

It's at those times that I would remove my headphones and pause from transcribing the contents of his latest stream of consciousness recording on the feasibility of harnessing the gas on Mars to power submarines and reply, "You certainly are sir, you certainly are."

Charlie Taylor was the father of aviation mechanics. He was an integral part of the Wright brothers building the Wright Flyer I, the first internal combustion engine powered airplane. The Wright brothers had no idea how to build a light weight engine that could power their glider. Taylor worked without drawings or sketches and used only hand tools to build the lightweight, four-cylinder engine that turned their flying machine into an airplane. The magnitude of the advancement from glider to engine powered airplane is almost immeasurable, but the work of Charlie Taylor is forgotten in the history books.¹

Jason lived comfortably, but anonymously, in the suburbs of Maryland in the newly developing Montgomery County. There was plenty of farmland, and the street names for some of the roads were appropriately named with remote sounding descriptions like Outpost Lane. Jason lived in an unmarked, small, beige house with brown shudders near Highway Route 270 and commuted half an hour into Washington each morning. It was on one such morning that

he conceived of the Deus Ex Machina – machine, while stuck in traffic on Canal Road that tracks the Potomac River into the District of Columbia.

Jason's stream of consciousness recording from that morning, January 27, 1966, illustrates the mysterious way in which his mind worked:

I think I'm going to get a Reuben for lunch today. I always have my doubts when I get to the cafeteria and just look at the way it's cooked, how greasy it is, but I hear it's delicious. My mouth is watering just thinking about the delectable potential of that magical combination of rye bread, corned beef, Swiss cheese, thousand island dressing, and sauerkraut.

Hey! What if the Plutonians were building a machine that could replicate the effects of Deus Ex Machina on the plots of fiction?

Wait! What if we built a machine that could replicate the effects of Deus Ex Machina in fiction? The Commies would never see it coming!

Like many of his more fanciful conceptions, Jason first belched the Deus Ex Machina machine into existence as a non-sequitur at the end of an emotional recitation of his intended lunch menu. Later narrations of lunches that would include the Reuben sandwich launched research and development projects looking into the potential for strapping landmines on the backs of marine mammals already heading in the direction of the USSR, several failed attempts for developing tools to dig to China (in the interest of the element of surprise), and $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the plot and none of the lyrics to his musical *Death Ray Wielding Space Cat: Friend or Foe?*²

Marcus Sprunk was an enormous man and his similarity to a walrus did not end with the assonance of their names. He was also the head of the Sci-Fi R&D department, and getting his approval would be necessary for the Deus Ex Machina machine to have any chance of coming to fruition. Jason and I met him over lunch in an Arlington pizza parlor a short distance from the Pentagon.

Sitting at his booth he was easy to recognize. He was obscenely fat, balding, mustachioed, and visibly sweating from a distance as the sun glistened off of his shiny dome. Suspenders over his flannel shirt, he had 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.

In all of the quickly moving noodles, his shirt was taking quite a beating. Oil stains in the shape of long snake like objects were left imprinted on his shirt as the noodles that didn't make it into his mouth would smack against his chest 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.

After introductions, Jason began to explain how he envisioned the machine would work, "It would be both an offensive and defensive weapon in the war."

The fork paused for a just a moment. Sprunk was intrigued.

"The Deus Ex Machina machine would protect our boys by acting as a shield to prevent important soldiers from death or serious injury at dramatically inconvenient points during the war."

The fork had gone back to shoveling, but now it had a quick and happy pace to it like a dog wagging its tail.

"The force of the machine would be so strong as to literally suspend disbelief in real life and allow our soldiers to perform super heroic acts," Jason's voice rose to match his excitement.

Still, Sprunk said nothing as he thought and ate.

Finally, Jason couldn't take it anymore. He blurted out, "So, do you think we have a shot?" over the loud sound of slurping pasta.

Sprunk paused for effect. The clang of the fork against the faux-porcelain plate resounded like a gavel. When he finally spoke, his excitement came pouring out, his mustache bristled and his neck fat shook regally under his chin, "I believe you do have a shot, Dr. Zelbo, I believe you do! It's really quite a machine you're proposing..."

Jason was given an honorary doctorate of fine arts from Liberal Arts University for his contribution to the field of science fiction writing and national defense, but Jason only used the title Doctor on his resume and as an excuse to park anywhere under the guise of making house calls.

After the meeting, we raced back to the office and began putting together the formal proposal. We worked furiously into the night and raced the dawn with our typewriters. Clicking and clacking away we pounded the keys with the intensity that a job like this required. By the next morning, the proposal was all drawn up.

The next step would be to put together a team.

3

"Ah... your mother. I always used to sign my letters to Kate, 'With love and an awkward and regrettable fondling of your breasts, Rufus'. She was a good woman. I'll miss her," My uncle Rufus leaned back in his easy chair and with a creak and a loud "KA-CHING!" the old foot rest popped out under his feet.

Most people don't understand my uncle. But for the same reason they don't understand him, I do. My uncle was really fucking crazy. He was a rabbi and a preeminent scholar of the Jewish faith, but he lost his congregation in a gambling debt.

My uncle and I would go to brunch together several times a month. I always tried to get him to experience a restaurant that's even marginally healthier like a diner or something, but he always insisted on McDonalds. He's explained to me that the reason we ate exclusively at the golden arches was so that he could get a senior citizens coffee for himself, and as long as I hid from view from the counter, he could get a second one and feel the satisfaction of abusing power.

Additionally, my uncle forced me to join him at McDonalds so that I would one day blame him for developing high cholesterol. It was a part of a larger conversation that began with, "Warren, I would like, if at the end of your life, that you could say that every single one of your problems was either directly or indirectly my fault. That would bring me the greatest pleasure."

I promised him not to worry because I already did. He smiled and ordered me another breakfast sandwich.

Mid-breakfast I decided to tell my uncle about

the Deus Ex Machina machine, "Uncle Roof, it would literally suspend disbelief in real life and help us win the war."

I described the project in great detail. I explained how this unprecedented union of science and religion would require a team of the finest clergy and the most skilled scientists in the entire country. I counted my uncle among their numbers.

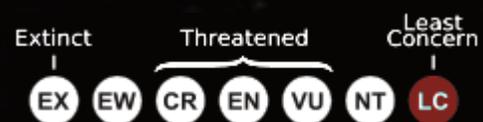
I said all this while my Uncle listened quietly, and thoughtfully munched on his sandwich and hash browns. As I finished, Rufus slowly sipped his 35 cent coffee, slurping it to truly suck the taste out of every ounce. I don't know how he did it, the coffee tasted like chicken soup. But as he drank, he thought. And when he finally spoke he sighed, "Your father was a real homo. Just like you. But I'll do it."

Once we had my uncle's commitment, we continued to build our team and found clergy of all faiths and scientists of all specialties. We began work on the project.

Yet no-one could have predicted the tragedy that would come from trying to harness the power of God. As the Greeks would say, we were victims of our own hubris.

1 "My Story," By Charles E. Taylor as told to Robert S. Ball, *Air Line Pilot*, April 2000, page 22.

2 The only marine mammals used in the weapons project were ones that fell into the "least concern" category of animal conservation as determined by the ugliness of animal measured against number of them left in the world. The acceptable level of concern on the scale is pictured here:



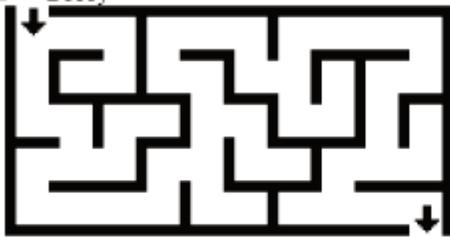


FUN PAGES



The Blame Game: Help Bobby get out of his midterms by leading to the email where he malingers delayed-effect post-traumatic stress disorder from 9-11!

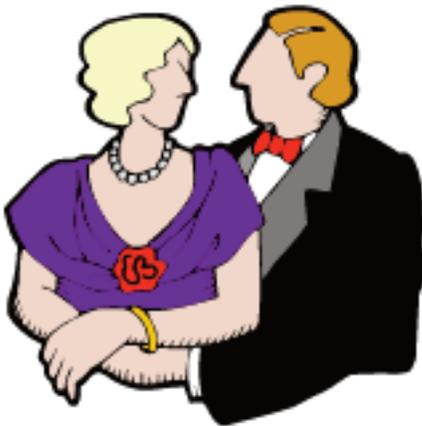
Bobby



9-11 Email

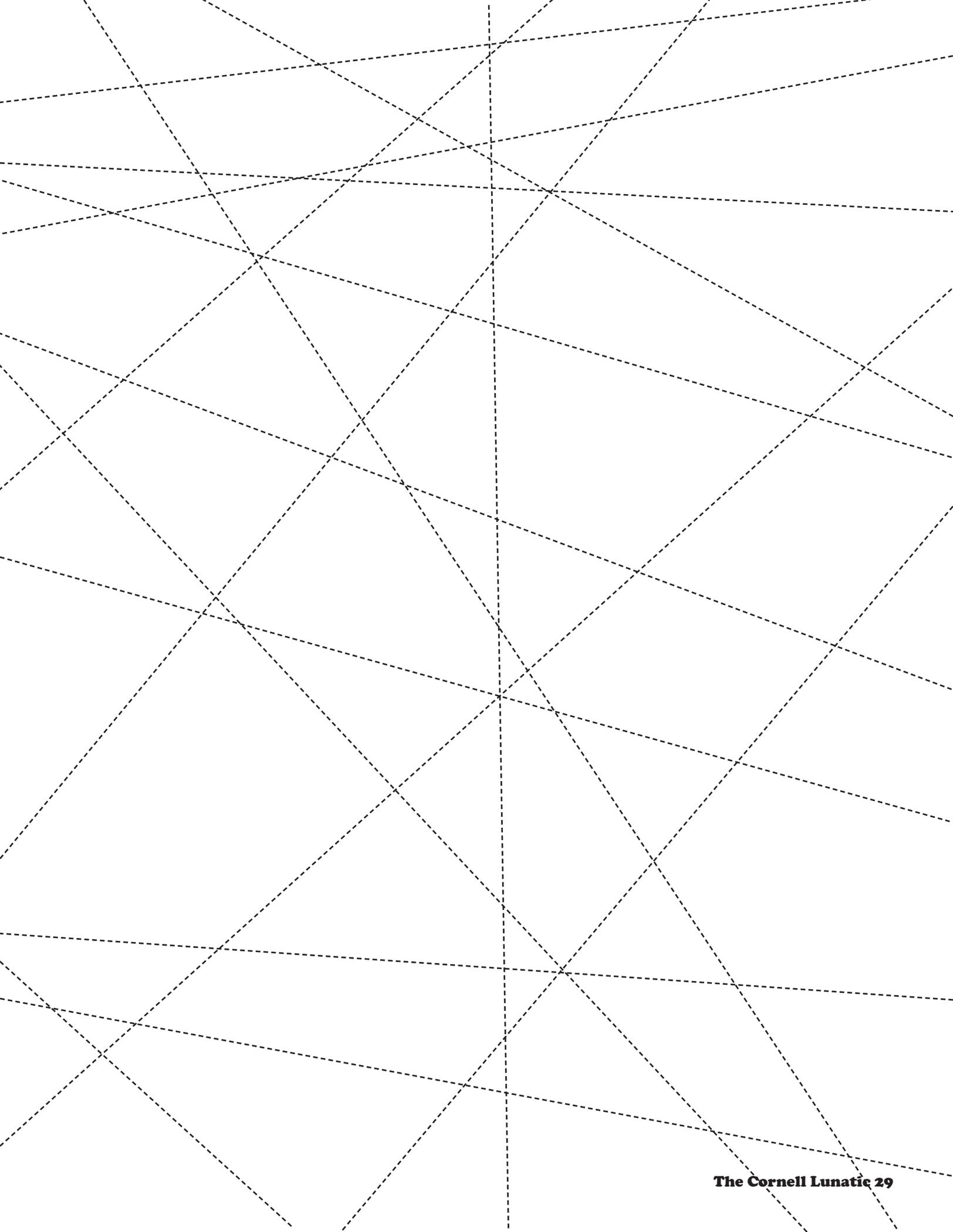
Hide n' Sikh:

Hide this Middle Eastern boy in your palace! Then barter him for Kalashnikovs in a Kashmiri gun market!



Pâte' Party: Sir Treacle is upset that Lord Hastings has received a more sizable dollop of pâte' on his plate than he. In the midst of a tantrum, Treacle has thrown his tumbler of scotch clear across the dining room. The glass fairly ricocheted off the upholstered walls and fetched a glancing blow to the crown of Sir Pickleberg, who promptly collapses in a heap on the floor. Send Sir Treacle to his quarters to ruminate on what he has done without tucking him in or reading a nighty-night story; and mollify Sir Pickleberg with two-rounds of coitus with Treacle's wife!

Nuts for Origami!: Cut out the opposing page and fold along the dotted lines to form an origami sculpture of former Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist's left testicle: The Fristical (R-TN)!





THE BLAME PAGE

Cover: RAK

Letters: MJP

Rants: MJP, ASE

Whitesnake: MJP

Metal bands: MJP

World's Greatest Mom: JAG

John Basedow: BBG

Scharf Report: ALS

Randy Claus: JAG

Strudel vs Strudel: ALS

Care Bears: DCT

Top 5 People: BBG

AAAAA Guide: MJP

Orcahol: DCT

True Born Progeny: ALS

Progeny Evolution: RAK

Sex Terms: MJP JTC DCT

Deus Ex Machina: ASE

Fun Pages: MJP

Layout: DCT JSD

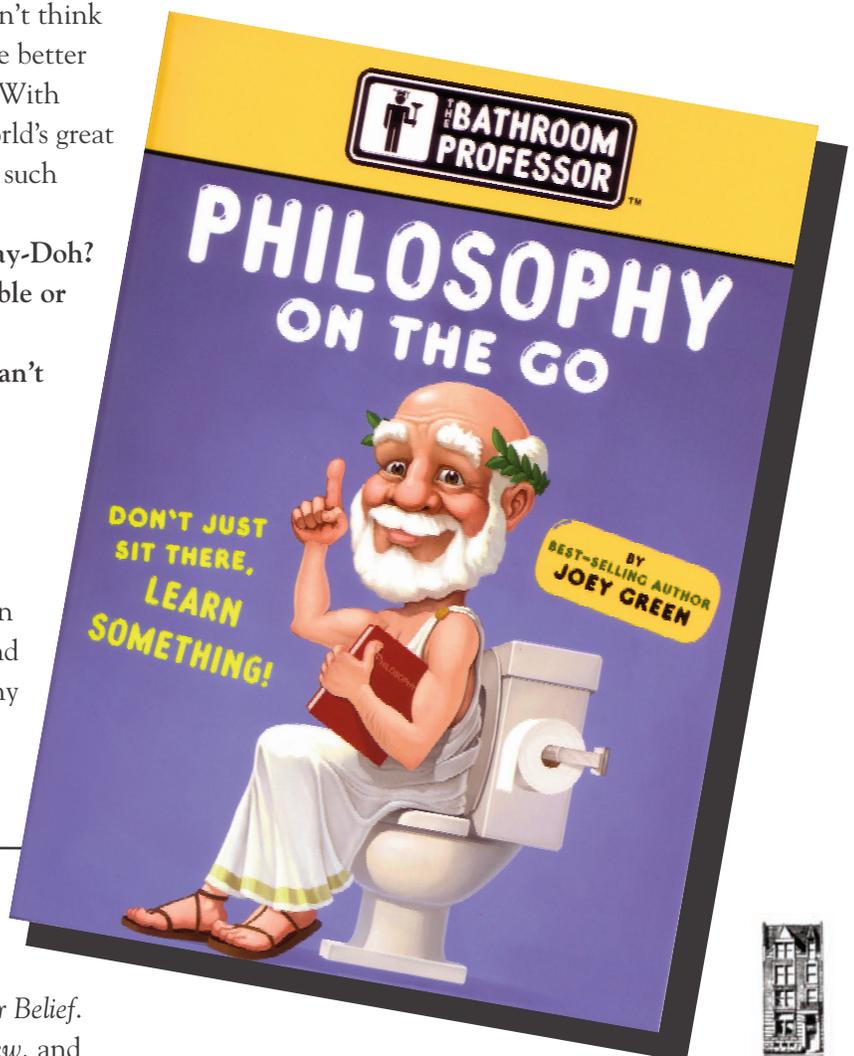
To 4 out of 5 Cornell students, Kierkegaard is a deodorant.

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- What's the difference between Plato and Play-Doh?
- Is the fabric of the universe machine washable or permanent press?
- Can God make a rock so big that even He can't lift it?
- Where exactly is the soul located?
- And why isn't there any toilet paper?

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Joey Green '80, the founding editor of the *Cornell Lunatic*, is the best-selling author of dozens of books, including *Polish Your Furniture with Panty Hose*, *Famous Failures*, and *Contrary to Popular Belief*. He has appeared on *Good Morning America*, *The View*, and *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*. He lives in Los Angeles.



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