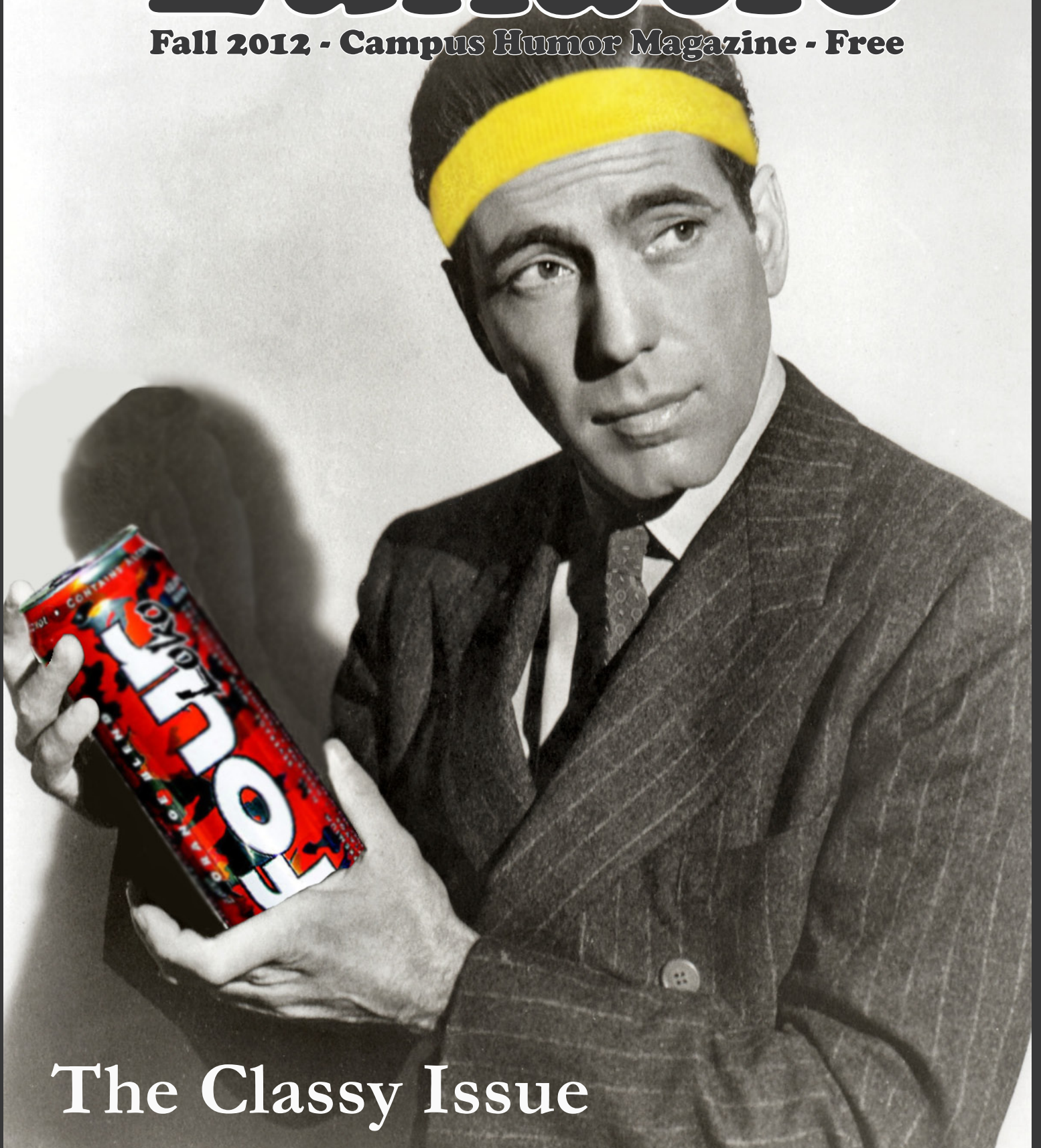


Cornell Lunatic

Fall 2012 - Campus Humor Magazine - Free



The Classy Issue

Letter From the Editor

Hola!

Only Spanish could open the Classy Issue of the Cornell Lunatic. If there is one thing this school needs, it's etiquette lessons. And heck if the Lunatic ain't ready to take it on!

No, we are not here to teach you how to drink with your pinkie out. We are here to show you ways to turn your daily lives into meccas of classiness! From Classy Rap Lyrics to Hazing with Classy People, we've got everything to help guide you uncivilized plebeians to a life of luxury.

This issue has passed through the hands of Sheiks, Queens, Presidents and even Tribe Leader's to soak up all of the class we could find. Our efforts, though they might seem fruitless, were aimed to improve the lives of everyone around us. We're already classy, now how about you?

I can't claim that someone on staff is a princess or prince (due to legal reasons) but I also can't deny it. So from us (experts) to you (99 percent-ers) here is all the knowledge we have to impart to you.

Sincerely,

Queen Leela Chantrelle of the Kingdom of Zamunda

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Disclaimer: Some or all of these names may pertain to imaginary/non human people. We're not sure which ones.

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HOW TO TREAT YOUR MADAM TO A FANCY DATE

Since most of you are college students, we reasonably assume that you don't have a lot of time or money to give that gal the classiest of dates. However, this is quite untrue, according to the homeless guy I talked to yesterday at the bus stop, who was quite insistent on showing me pictures of the pornographic actress that he reassured me he had never masturbated to. How the topic of dates had popped up with him is beyond me.

Anyway, he said to me, "Contrary to popular opinion, dear sir, I have found it quite simple to treat a fine mistress to a fancy date. In fact, the many times that I have taken my cousin lady out for, what I'd call, the night of her life, she has literally been shocked and astounded at my candor."

I, for one, took his word for it. Handing back the packet of curiously sticky pictures of the busty lady, I asked him to give me some advice as I had longed to give the girl, who didn't realize she was my girlfriend, a great fancy date. Here's what he explained:

STEP 1: DECIDE WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE HER.

Some of the best places can right in front of your eyes. Spend the night drinking malt liquor in a paper bag with her looking up at the stars as the two of you lay back upon the alley dumpster behind your favorite liquor store. Not your scene? Every guy knows that a girl enjoys a little entertainment for the night, but you're on a budget. Get that weird friend of yours, who for some reason always dresses up as a clown and pretends that he thought it was Halloween, to do some great entertainment for her as you cuddle on the sidewalk in front of your favorite liquor store.

STEP 2: DECIDE WHAT THE TWO OF YOU WILL BE DRINKING.

Obviously, you can't buy her the finest of wines; so instead take her to a nice restaurant, take out your empty whisky bottle, and start pouring the customers' different wines into your bottle. You'll have a great mixed concoction by the end of it. You know what? Have your date help you! Teamwork is extremely important on dates. Then, enjoy the wine together as you both run away. If not, go "get something" from your favorite liquor store. She'll be fine with it.



STEP 3: LET HER KNOW YOU'RE NOT HAVING MONEY TROUBLES.

By this point, your lady friend should be a minute-amount curious about your financial capabilities. This is an important thing to deny; a woman wants a financially stable man. But you don't want to just whisper in her ear, "I'm really fucking wealthy." Instead, you want to have some showmanship and indirectly let her know what's up. Go back to your favorite liquor store (actually, you should already be there), find a homeless person out front. It's critical to get the timing right on this one. When he asks you for some money, you have to say, "Of course! I've got some – actually, here. Have my wallet. It's no big deal. I have tons of money." Throw your duct-tape wallet to the homeless guy and walk away quickly with your date before he realizes there's nothing in the wallet.

STEP 4: SEAL THE DEAL.

If you've done everything correctly, you should have air of elegance, classiness, and richness about you. If your date is still with you by this point, hopefully she invites you back to your place because you haven't got one. If this doesn't happen, invite her to the co-ed bathroom at your favorite liquor store. When she rejects you, make sure to not follow her home, unless you think you still have a chance with her.

Hits for the Bourgeoisie

“I’m So CLASSY”

To the tune of “I’m So Hood”

DJ William the Third
We the best
Who?
We chap
We the best
The runners
I represent the classy across the world
And you represent the country club
Put your hands in the sky

I’m so classy (listen)
I wear my pants above my waist
And I never dance when I’m in this place
Cause you and your fellow is planning to hate (I’m so classy)
And I got these braces up in my mouth if you get closer to my condo
then you know what I’m talking bout
I’m so classy
And if you feel me put your hands up (classsss)
My golf partners can you stand up (I’m so classy)
If you not from here you can walk it out and you not classy if you don’t
know what I’m talking about



“Target Target”

To the tune of “Gucci Gucci”

[Sample:]

One big room full of classy bitches

[Hook:]

And we stunting like

Target Target, Walmart Walmart, Kmart Kmart, Prada
Cheap peasants wear that stuff so I don't even bother

[Verse 1:]

Target Target, Wal-Mart Wal-Mart, Kmart Kmart, Prada
Cheap peasants wear that stuff so I don't even bother
I put that on my partner, I put that on my family
Buckingham Palace represent, address me as your majesty
Yeah you can kiss the ring, but you can never touch the crown
I smoke a million fine cigars and I ain't never coming down



“IN Da TUB”

To the tune of “In Da Club”

Go, go, go, go

Go, go, go, gentleman

It's your birthday

We're going to celebrate like it is your birthday

We're going to sip Perrier like it's your birthday

And you know we don't give a ****

It's not your birthday!

[Chorus: x2]

You can find me in the tub, with a coffee mug

Look darling I got the silk robe if you're into something snug

I'm into safe sex, I'm into making love

So jump in the tub if you into to getting scrubbed

GOT 99 PROBLEMS BUT MONEY ISN'T ONE

Fear not yacht farers, here at the Lunatic, we understand all of the daily obstacles you have to overcome to be your very best, rich self. We know more than anyone that being in the 1% is hard.

That other gentleman's top hat is taller than mine.

My monocle is the wrong prescription so I have to choose between looking classy and being able to see.

I've always preferred KFC and Bud Light, but none of my friends will serve them at their dinner parties.

My yacht is too small to fit the entire group of Moscow Ballet dancers.

I try to be a gentleman to the ladies, but I'm really a psychopath who's contemplating ways to chop them up in my dim basement of horrors. It's so difficult to keep up appearances sometimes.

I'm too full from all the lobster and caviar to enjoy my gourmet dessert made with the finest imported Swiss chocolate.

I'm afraid to drive my Lamborghini because I'm scared it might get dust, or god forbid, a scratch on it.

My kids are speaking in an accent because of the housekeeper.

My Porsche gets terrible gas mileage so I constantly have to stop and fill it up.

The tooth fairy only left me \$100.

PETA keeps giving me grief about my stuffed animal heads mounted on my wall.

The auctioneer talks too fast for me to understand.

My \$770 bottle of red wine is ruined now because a fly landed in it.

The dirty unwashed masses are protesting outside my window and I can't sleep because they're being too loud.

I can't hear my 80-inch flat screen HDTV over the maid vacuuming.

I don't like the selection of champagne in my limousine.

My wallet has so much money in it that it makes a giant bulge in my back pocket and makes my ass look fat.

Introducing:

THE PRIVACY POP

Not in a single?

Incapable of scheduling “Me Time” around your roommate’s schedule?
Have more than \$100 to spend on a masturbation station?

Check out the Privacy Pop!

Using this tent that probably-not-too-easily fits around your mattress, you can privately read, jerk off, sleep, jack off, give shadow puppet shows, wank to shadow puppet shows, get dressed while sitting down, get off while sitting down, or masturbate.



****Laptop and mail-order bride not included in standard package, but can be bundled in for \$7,999.99*

Customer Testimonial

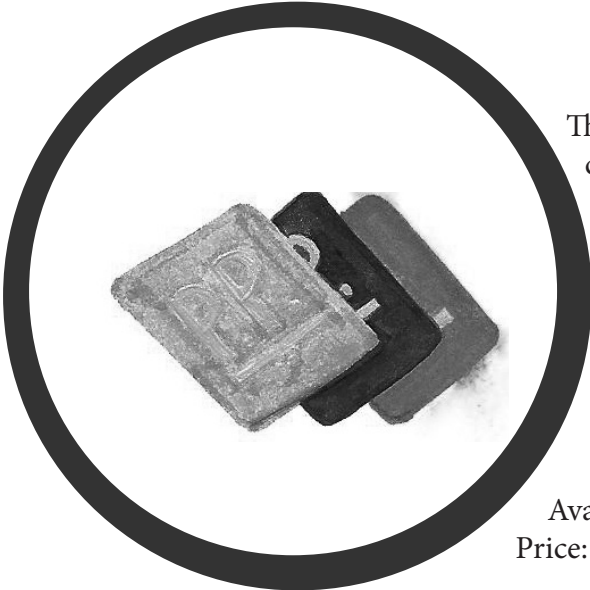
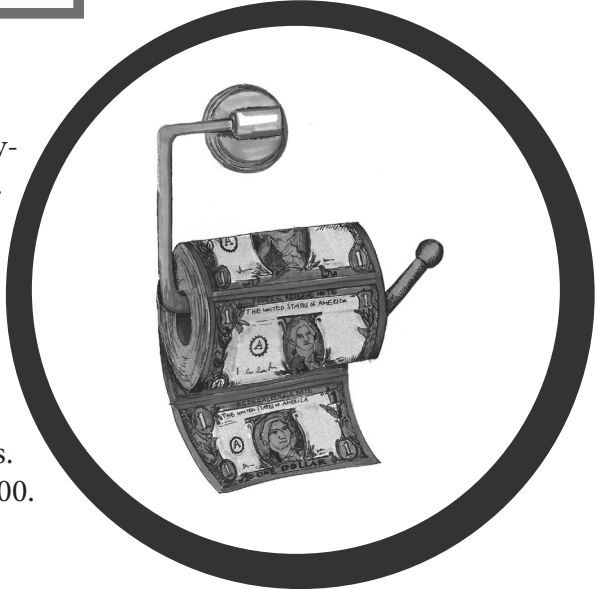
“I find the product to be an asset in my daily life, it provides an added wall because fuck learning to live with people. Despite being overjoyed with my purchase, I do have a couple problems with it. I overhear a lot of “what’s that kid doing in there”s, “cool, a wack shack”s, and “I thought you lived in a double”s. The accusations I get are not 100% true—they are 99% not false. Secondly, why can’t this shit be portable? I want a protective bubble to keep humanity out at all times and hey, what if urges come on mid-walking? But overall, this is a definite must-buy. You might find a newfound stigma attached to you. It will also take time to adapt to waking up in a dark bubble if you forget to unzip.”
Keep choking your chicken in privacy, Cornell.

Sky Mall

PLATINUM

Cashwipe is the perfect currency-based toilet tissue for the lavatory of the high-class gentleman. Made from 100% real U.S. currency, this long-awaited addition to the American household seamlessly integrates personal hygiene with disposable income. No longer will financially successful individuals have to seek out frivolous ways to spend money; Cashwipe will literally flush the extra money away!

Available in \$50, \$100, and \$1000 rolls.
Price: \$20,000.

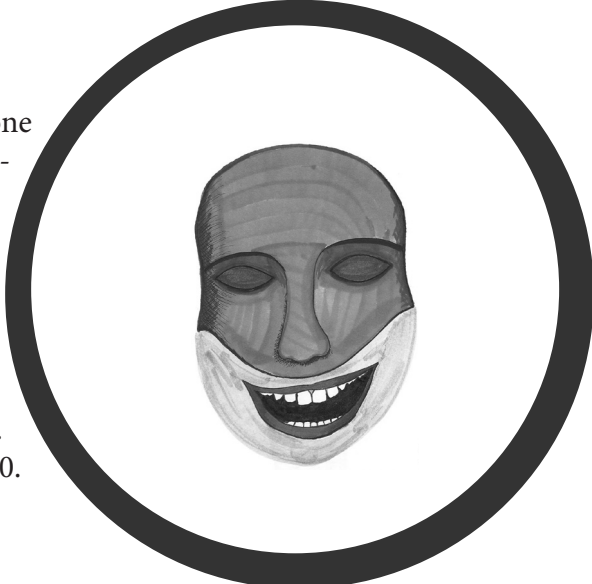


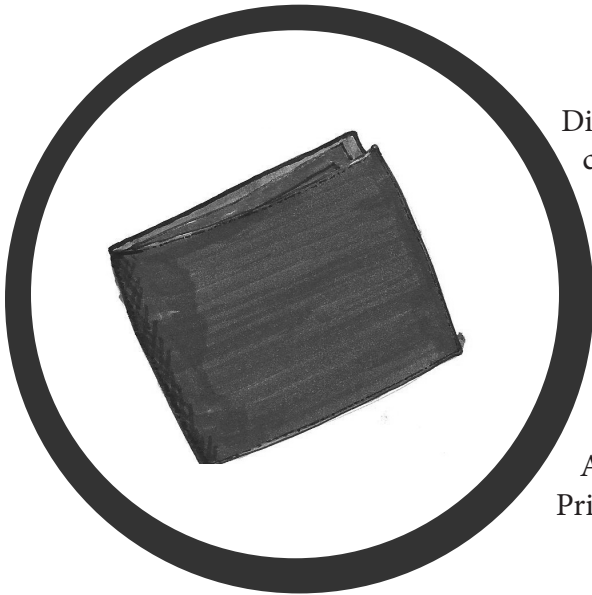
The Penny Pincher is an excellent device for ensuring that not one cent of a gentleman's money is wasted on a tip for services rendered. Simply attach the adhesive overlay to a high-profile credit or debit card, and the Penny Pincher will guarantee that the card never distributes more funds than are required to pay a bill! This financial watchdog will prove invaluable in situations where a wealthy individual feels a guilty urge to tip. Remember, the privilege of serving the affluent is a payment in its own right! *** Is not intended to save money in the long run, will only promote ass-hole tendencies.

Available in Big-Shot Black, Rich Guy Red, and Tycoon Teal.
Price: \$50,000.

The Good-Guy Grin is the latest addition to the hyper-realistic silicone mask series produced by Disingenuous Dispositions Incorporated. Politicians, businessmen, and bankers who have found their public image suffering as a result of unjust media speculation will now be able to slip on an amiable grin that says, "Hello, world! I'm a good guy!" The mask can then be quickly and easily removed within moments of leaving the public eye.

Results may vary.
Price: \$4,850.

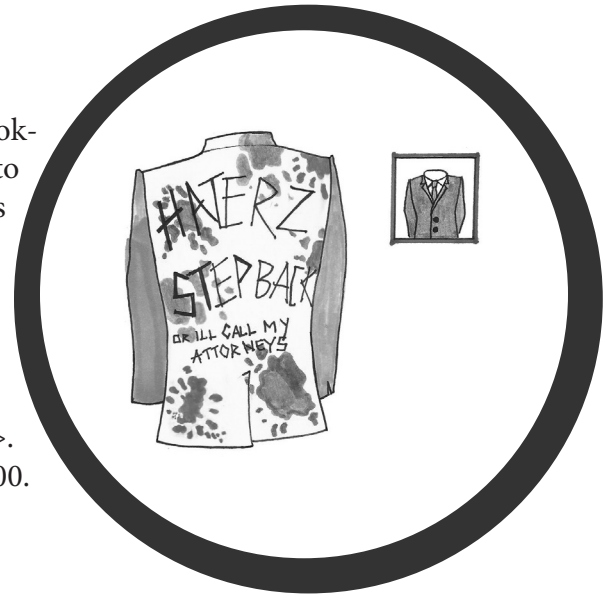




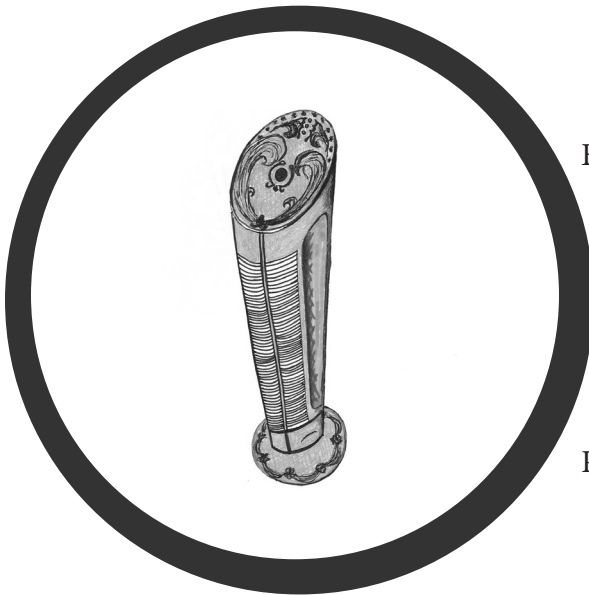
Disappearing Dough is a wonderful invention that proves high-society individuals can still have a sense of humor! Made to look like real U.S. currency, Disappearing Dough will completely vanish within ten minutes of leaving the specially designed leather wallet it comes in. This item is perfect for pranking those ubiquitous vagrants who love nothing better than to harass the wealthy. Imagine their surprise upon discovering that the fifty-dollar bill you handed them is gone!

Available in \$20, \$50, and \$100 sets.
Price: \$2,000.

Gangsta Coats are part of a trendy new branch of fashion looking to combine corporate and urban attire. While they appear to be normal high-quality suit coats from the front, Gangsta Coats have electrifying rear sides emblazoned with bold and provocative phrases written in a distinctive graffiti style. Popular phrases include “Haterz step back, or I’ll call my attorneys,” and “I <3 Wall Street.” Remember, you are never too classy to have swag!



Custom-design your jacket online at <www.businessswag.com>.
Prices: \$86,000.



Elite Envirofilters were developed to give society’s higher-ups a better, cleaner world to live in. This incredible product uses over 9000 specially designed filters to purify air and water to the greatest extent physically possible! With Elite Envirofilters, the air you breathe and the water you drink will both be remarkably superior to the natural world’s. After all, why should the well-off have to breathe the same old air as everyone else?

Price: \$100,000.

Gentlemen’s Pick Up Lines

“Hey I just made your acquaintance, and this is simply insanity, but here’s my contact information, so phone me at your earliest convenience?”

SKUNK LIVING: WHAT'S CLASSY BEYOND TRASHY

The life of a furry vagabond is one of relative ease and luxury. The finger lakes region provides great sustenance and hospitality, and the climate is conducive to the lifestyle of a small mammal such as myself.

Just kidding. Being a skunk fucking blows. B-L-O-W-S. What do most skunks eat? The crap humans throw out. Dead rodents. Plants and shit. There are carnivores, there are herbivores, and there are cacavores. You know what those words mean? I'll give you a hint-- carne is Latin for meat, herb is Latin for plant, and caca is Latin for shit.

I haven't even mentioned how everyone hates skunks. Being known for smelling like shit does not make us popular. Have you been to Disney World? Did you go to the Animal Kingdom park? With the huge fucking tree? Of course you did. Did you visit the skunk area? WHY THE FUCK NOT? Is it because we smell like tear gas? Did it occur to you that when I was born I was cursed with the ability to make my surroundings inhospitable to fucking rocks? Have you ever smelled so bad rocks didn't want to be around you?



Other skunks live like that. Roaming the darkness, eating whatever has calories that night. You see, I am no ordinary skunk-- I am above such creatures. I have a home. A home made out of rotted wooden planks; a home with a roof made from real shingles and a door that used to lock. Do other skunks have such nice accommodations? Every night, the generous people who take care of me toss contractor bags full of delicious leftovers into my house, or "the trash shed" as they call it. I cant imagine living off the land, how awful it must be to eat straight from the ground, instead of the sort-of half-wrapped delicacies and moldy treats I find myself eating every night.

To think, all the other little animals lick the occasional empty Keystone can from the sidewalk on Eddy Street. If only they knew I drank from the finest mostly-empty bottles of Bartóns not-so-imported vodka.



*How many classy nights have
you had at Cornell?*

A Historical and Sociological Perspective on the Origin of the Monocle

As the collective consciousness of our society has evolved through the ages, many paradigms and associations come and go. The monocle is an example of one such staple of our culture, a simple object that has evolved into a symbol for the institution of wealth and higher class. As historians and social scientists, we must ask ourselves, how did this come to be? And by doing so, we may shed further light on how the collective consciousness, to speak sociologically, shapes society as a whole.

The monocle is believed to have first come into existence in Egyptian times. The ancient Egyptians believed in the Eye of Ra, which as the counterpart of the god Ra and the personification of the disk of the sun, was widely thought to have life-giving power. Held sacred by all Egyptians, the Eye's role in religion was such that many would wear small round pieces of glass over one eye, in an attempt to receive some of its protection and supposed power. However, the monocle would not be seen again in until the time of the Romans.

When Caesar invaded Egypt, auxiliaries in the 7th Legion discovered tomb paintings of pharaohs wearing curious round pieces of glass over one eye. As with many other aspects of Roman culture, this was borrowed and soon became a popular fad among the Roman upper class, with senators sporting the *conspicillium* regularly and eventually many plebeians soon followed. The fad soon died out, but not before it spread to Gaul and the German provinces.

There it remained, seen on the occa-

sional individual but otherwise lost to history, before making a comeback in the Renaissance. Close study of paintings by Michelangelo and Raphael reveal lesser Greek gods wearing the monocle, and Michelangelo's famous Sistine Chapel painting, if one looks closely enough, the archangel Gabriel can be seen wearing one. Given the strong religious overtones associated with it in the works of Renaissance artists and the historical association with power and nobility dating back to the ancient Egyptians, it's not at all surprising that the monocle was commonly associated with high status in society. Individuals known for wearing it include Shakespeare, and other, less classy people. Da Vinci is known to have used his monocle to assist with the encoding and decoding of his notes.

This continued into the 19th century, when the monocle, together with top hat and coat, was the image of the wealthy capitalist of the industrial Revolution. Form met function as well, as many of the noted leaders of industry of the time, such as Vanderbilt and Carnegie, would use their monocles as a means of focusing their vision, so they would only have to view the lower classes with one eye instead of both.

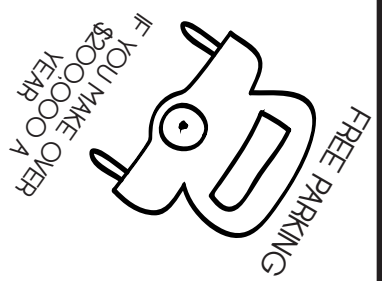
Given its long and storied history, it's not surprising that today we conjure up images of wealth and power when we think of the word "monocle". It's become imprinted as a schema into our social subconscious, and it serves as a fascinating case study for sociologists. Even more fascinating, from a historical perspective, is how nobody ever suspected the Egyptian opticians' guilds for their surreptitious marketing.

47% Only



SUPER PAC

"I have some friends who are NASCAR team owners."

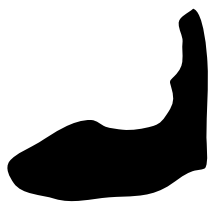


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ROMN

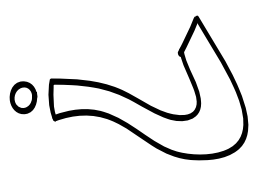
Florida



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The Election

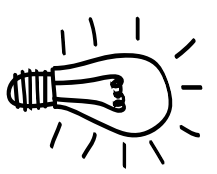
"Corporations are people, my friends ... Of course they are."

Chance



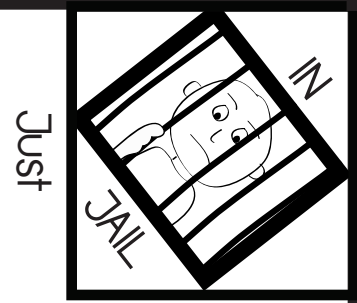
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INHERIT



ELECTRIC COMPANY

"My wife drives a couple of Cadillaccs."

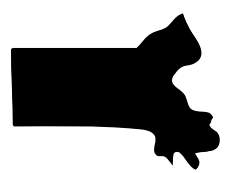


Just

Visiting

"We Don't Need more teachers."

Massachusetts

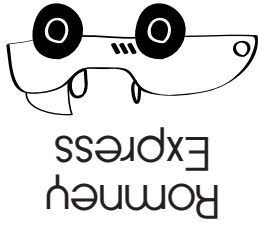


Price: \$150

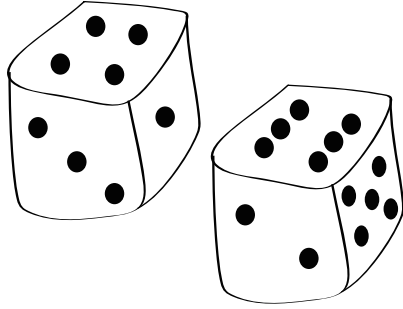
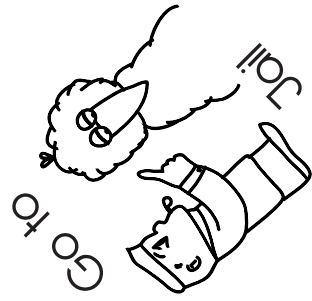
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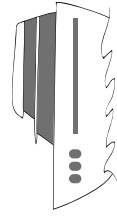
LUXURY
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BREAK



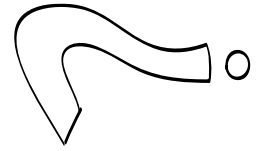
OPOLY

"I love this state, the trees are the right height."

Romney Express

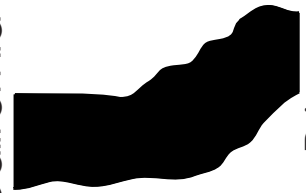


Chance



47%
Only

California



Price:
Yeah Right

"I'm not concerned with the very poor."

ance



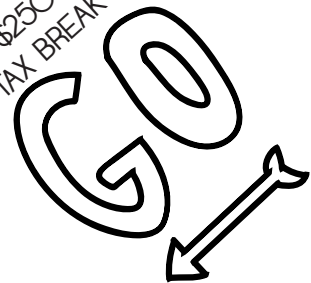
47%
Only

Romney Express



"I should tell my story. I'm also unemployed."

\$250
TAX BREAK



The Lunatic Presents:

Meals Fit for a Gentleman

Artisan Burger de Fromage: Fluffy white buns, tasty caramelized onions, top-quality processed cheese, and shockingly good beef. Imagine all of that with fresh frozen veggies and some twice-greased bacon strips and you have the Lunatic's new Artisan Burger de Fromage. Lauded by numerous major restaurant critics, this delicious concoction successfully reimagines an American classic as luxurious five-star cuisine. But fear not, purists! The sandwich's humble roots are reflected in the classic, hand-wrapped aluminum packaging that the factories deliver it in.



Artisan Pizza Italiano: “Really liked the sauce, it had a great tomato flavor” wrote one reviewer. “The Lunatic’s done it again, this crust is very thin!” wrote another. Indeed, the Artisan Pizza Italiano has a number of high points that few people who’ve tasted it fail to pick up on. Boasting a crispy crust and expertly preserved toppings, it is an unmatched example of how authenticity is revolutionizing the food industry. Unfortunately,

customers who desire toppings other than the mushrooms and pepperonis pictured above are out of luck; the pizza’s inventor has insisted that his recipe remain untarnished. Ask for a vegetarian option, and he’ll flatly say “No.”

Gentlemen’s Pick Up Lines

“Are you experiencing signs of sea sickness? For you have been cruising through the yacht of my mind.”



Artisan Bagels Autentyczne: You don't need to understand Polish to realize that the Lunatic's new artisan bagels are as authentic as it gets. Delivered to the customer in an old-world style brown bag, these bagels have a soft chewy texture and bold flavors that evoke warm images of small-town bakeries. This characteristic has thankfully not been compromised by the need for mass production; the freezing process used during the bagels' transportation is completely unnoticeable. Make sure you don't forget creme de cheese!

Artisan Coffee House Eggwich:

It might not always be eaten with coffee, but this egg sandwich is definitely at home in the cozy space of a neighborhood coffee shop. Made with 100% real bread and real eggs, the Artisan Eggwich is a petite delicacy that is tasty, easy to eat, and has just the right amount of crisp to it. "The Lunatic has outdone itself," notes one reviewer. "To bring such a fresh-tasting breakfast item to establishments where no cooking ever takes place is truly a miracle."



Indeed, the developers of this artisanal treat owe a great deal of their success to modern food science. Mixing, pouring, baking, and freezing all occurs beforehand, leaving coffee house owners free to quickly assemble the sandwich to order!



Artisan Tortilla Chips de México: This remarkable and exotic culinary creation features multi-grain tortilla chips infused with a mixture of southwestern seasonings and colored with all-natural dyes. The chips are freshly fried and served to order, and they come nestled in a classic red bin reminiscent of casual Mexican dives. Despite their humble presentation, however, the Lunatic's Artisan Tortilla Chips boast a decidedly sophisticated flavor. A less refined palate might even miss their artisanal aspect entirely and taste only flour tortillas!

THE DANDY DEAD

Breakfast Was Tiffany

The pretty social butterfly is no longer pretty or butterfly-like, and her social skills are now distasteful, to say the least. Your best chance with these little-(shredded)-black-dress girls is to run across soft soil and grates - with any luck, their heels will get stuck in the muck or grate openings.



Cascadeada

This devourer of hearts is now devouring hearts, literally. The smooth-talking gentleman will be tough to defeat, given his years of horseriding and golfing, which allowed him to develop into a fairly strong zombie. However, if you get rid of any jewellery, you should be able to avoid him quite well - he would scoff at the idea of eating his dinner off of anything less than a silver platter.



Gone with the Undead

It may be somewhat emasculating to see a walking corpse sport a more magnificent moustache than most living men, but that aside, Sir Zombie does not pose much of a threat. A lifetime of posing refinely with a polished walnut cane has made him quite a stiff runner; you should be able to outrun most of his kind.



WHERE'S CLASSY WALDO?



Have you ever asked yourself:

WHAT DOES YOUR CIGAR SAY ABOUT YOU?

MOST LIKELY SOMETHING PRETENTIOUS . . .

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. But is it really? Take a moment to eat, live, and breathe classy with me here as we take an in-depth look at what your cigar choice really says about you (But only breathe the cigar...seriously, don't eat it. That would ravage your colon something fierce).

Cuban:

You went out of the country at some point, went to a cigar shop, and hastily bought them the moment you were assured they were "100% Cubano". You have been saving them for a good occasion, and tonight's the night. Everyone is predictably impressed that you are smoking a Cuban. Little do you know, you could be smoking the shittiest cigar on the planet and most people would still believe you if you told them it was Cuban. But good for you, really.

Black and Mild:

It doesn't matter that you picked these up from 7/11 on your way to the party; you still look classy as fuck.

Blunt:

Repeat after me: I swear Your Honor! He told me it was tobacco!

Any Stogie:

Be prepared for: "Why is your cigarette brown?" and "You know those give you cancer, right?" But trust me, after that, it's all uphill for you. After all, you're the one smoking a cigar. What do they have?

Stradivarius:

If you actually know that this is a cigar, fuck you. However, if you still only think that it's a violin- carry on, good sir.



Dutch Masters:

No, no, don't even try. I know you picked those up from Louie's Lunch today. Just enjoy it, don't tell me anything about it.

Game:

These too. Nice try, though.

Homemade:

You made that yourself? Why would you do that? Just so you could tell people you did? Oh, you like your own better? Riiiiight.

Any Other Brand:

According to Freud, you probably have some sort of deep rooted love for--

You know what? I made it through this whole article without making ANY dick jokes. And I'm sure as hell not making one now. Good day to you.

****Did I miss any type of cigar or misrepresent your favorite?? Please send me your comments and suggestions at doyoureally@thinkwegiveadamn.com. Also, stay tuned for the next in our series, "What Does That Ambiguously Racist Dream You Once Had Say About You?"*

How to be classy

Ladies

Mind: Refer to every object and dish by its French name and remember, a lady never swears - unless in exotic foreign languages.

Body Shape: You want those cheek bones accentuated! To avoid any sort of peasant activities, stick to ballet, horseriding and tennis, none of this basketball business.



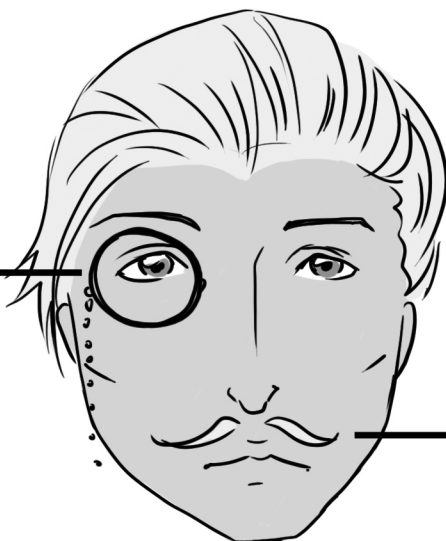
Hair: If you're in a rush, stick to a condensed routine, condition, curl, color, conceal and condition again. Make sure to tousle with hair spray to give you that natural look.

Makeup: No tacky drugstore brands! And never have the same look twice. In fact, buy new makeup everytime you use it.

Jewelry: Make sure that not only your colors match (if you can't differentiate between ebony and charcoal, there's no hope) but your designers too!

Gentlemen

monocle.



moustache.

The Lunatic Presents:

How to Ignore Your Professor

A guide to fucking around in lecture

When you arrive in the lecture hall, find a seat near the front. Thusly you will be able to demonstrate how good you are at fucking around in lecture to a more sizable audience, and the professor is more likely to recognize your divine mandate as the focus of his lecture.

Your own personal comfort is a right, not a privilege. Putting your feet on the shoulders of the person in front of you lets them know how much better you are, and ensures they won't turn around to bother you at any point for any reason. Similarly, putting your arms around any adjacent strangers lets them know how comfortable you feel around them, even if you have never seen them before and were raised on different continents. Burping audibly is a means to break the awkward silence students often create while listening to a lecturer; just don't fart. That's disgusting and uncalled for.

Immediately open your MacBook. Notice how I used the term MacBook instead of "laptop" or "shitbox that wasn't made by Apple." There's no reason anyone actually ever needs a computer in a lecture, so just open your Facebook anyway. Your friends should have uploaded pictures of themselves semi-nude and doing questionable things with alcohol, drugs, and moving vehicles; these pictures will provide life pro tips for those behind you. Helping the losers around you is something every man, woman and child of class should strive for.

If you make the conscious and premeditated decision to fall asleep in class, make sure everyone knows it. If enough people copy your heroic action, the professor will realize that lectures should incorporate more attention-grabbing gestures, such as a llama who spits at a random person in the room every 5 minutes. Don't panic, they can sense fear.

Paper airplanes are a great way to dick around in an academic setting, but their proper construction is critical. They must be made to generic, old school "dart" specifications, because you're not that kid from the fucking Kite Runner. They should be made from things that are worth reading in non-airplane form; if you use the Daily-Sun and hit me with a folded Mr. Gnu or Sex on Thursday I will beat you like the disinformation-spewing trollop you are. You get extra points for hitting someone in the eye, since it's the most civilized way to wreak chaos with a piece of paper.

Also, don't beat off. That's just not classy.

Penguins Sue

Two years ago today, the Antarctic Federation of Penguins (AFP) officially launched the first strike in what was to be a long and arduous struggle, now known as *Penguins V. Bond*. This textbook judicial case originated when a copy of *Goldeneye* allegedly made its way into the flippers of one curious penguin named Chuckles. Upon watching it, Chuckles was shocked to see the character known as James Bond wearing the original penguin attire, henceforth referred to as a “tuxedo.”

News spread rapidly in the southern hemisphere, and the AFP organized a comprehensive lawsuit against James Bond within two weeks, to be held on neutral United States soil. The formal charges included lines such as “Withholds royalties and compensation,” “Misrepresents our ethnic and cultural tolerances,” and, perhaps most egregious: “Doesn’t even fish.”

Further, the penguins noted, Bond did an absolutely terrible impression of them. “He bends his knees when he waddles- he’s doing it all wrong!” One fired up penguin exclaimed, “He doesn’t even put his arms out to balance... don’t get me started!”

The penguins nominated one of their own as their Plaintiff Attorney, a Harvard Law School graduate named Klutzy. He and his brethren appeared in court multiple times to testify. As the case heated up, accusations flew. “I saw him order a pizza without anchovies!” Klutzy screamed as he banged a flipper on the table. “WITHOUT ANCHOVIES! That is a blatant misrepresentation!” During this proceeding, the chief judge in the court was reported to have appeared “alarmed” and “confused.” A leaked page of the court transcript contains the quote “Who put all of these penguins here?”

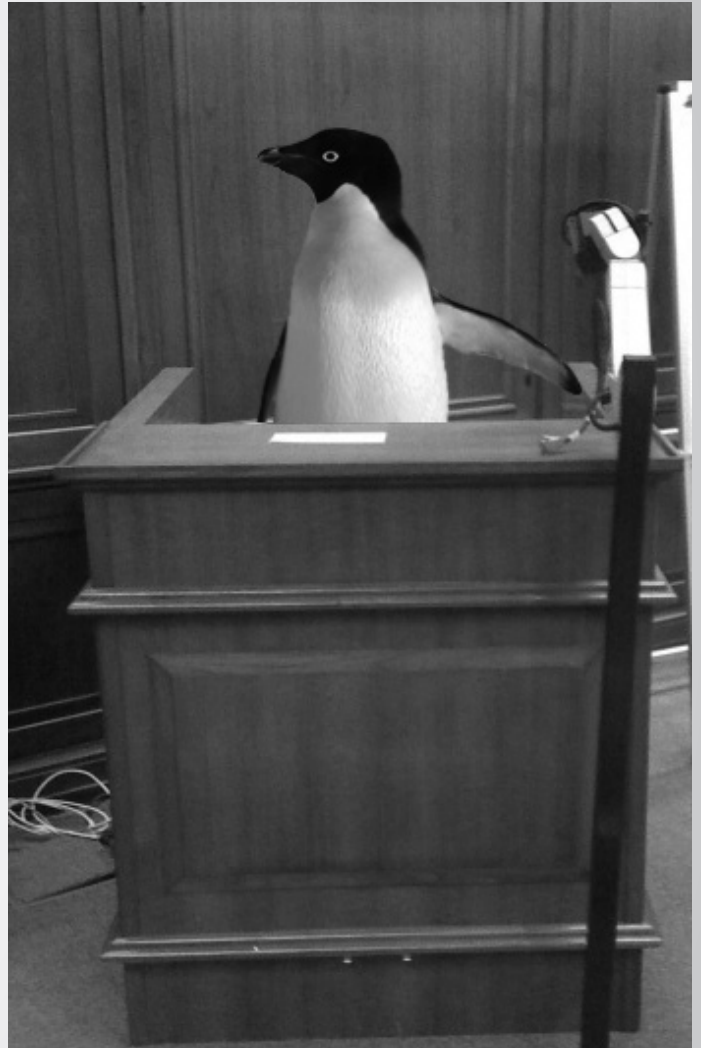
The initial hearing ended without a verdict, and the case was referred to increasingly higher United States courts, as each had no idea how to handle the situation. After months of accusations, appeals, and strife, the penguins finally succeeded in bringing the case to the highest court in the land, the United States Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court hearing of “*Penguins V. Bond*” raged for days until a verdict was reached by the Justices. In a narrow 5-4 vote, the Supreme Court decided in favor of the Antarctic Federation of Penguins, and mandated that James Bond find a new trademark attire. The decision was very close, with

James Bond

conservative Justices Thomas, Scalia, Alito and Kennedy arguing that the case was a waste of time and “hogwash,” while liberal Justices Kagan, Breyer, Sotomayor, and Ginsburg argued that this was a clear case of minority discrimination. Chief Justice John Roberts broke the tie, siding with the liberal Justices by reasoning of the loophole that since there are less penguins than humans on the planet, they are technically a minority.

This had been lauded as a landmark decision in minority rights and representation, and was widely viewed as a victory for both the penguins and the American people. To the naked eye, it may seem that the only real difference in the world is that James Bond now looks like a ruddy college professor in a brown tweed jacket. But to our Antarctic penguin neighbors, the victory has been nothing short of a crusade to glory.



Gentlemen's Pick Up Lines

“Wanna know why I’m like the Hope Diamond? I’m hard, I’m hopeful, and my net asset worth is also \$350 million. Also, people mysteriously die when they get too involved with me.”



They're young... They're in love...
They eat LARD

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Don't Let Bladder Disorders
Constrain Your Active Life!

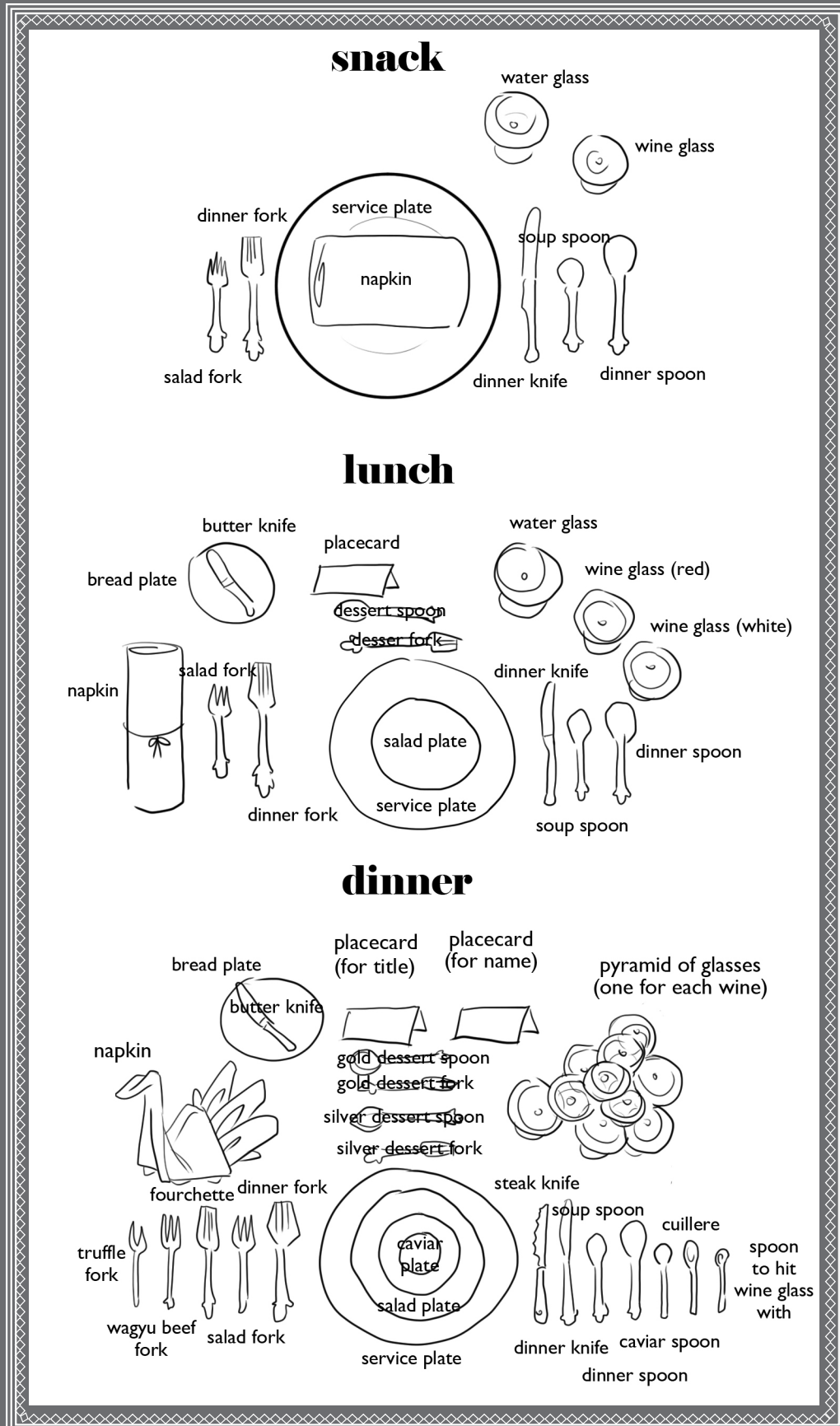
Ask your Doctor about
Uristriqua



"Your Kidneys will
literally burst."
- Ph.D Zhou

Out of excitement
for Uristriqua!

How to Set a Table: *In a Castle*





Blame Page

How to Treat Your Madam to a Fancy Date - GPA

Hits for the Bourgeoisie - MR

First World Problems - BRK

Introducing: The Privacy Pop! - DBB

Sky Mall Platinum - RSL

Skunk Living: What's Classy Beyond Trashy? - TCP

Classy Hazing - TB

A Historical and Sociological Perspective
on the Origin of the Monocle - CKB

Romnopoly! - MR

Meals Fit for a Gentleman - RSL

The Dandy Dead - TS

What Does Your Cigar Say About You? - BRK

How to Ignore Your Professor - TP

Penguins Sue James Bond - CKB

How to Set a Table - TCB



Join The Lunatic

Email us at cornelllunatic@gmail.com



*Is that a tea cup in your pocket?
Because I can see myself in your pants.*