

Cornell Lunatic

Fall 2014- Campus Humor Magazine - Free



THE MAGIC
OF SPACE

Letter From the Editor

Why Don't We Use Magic to Go To Space?

Look at me. I am the Captain now.

I never saw *Captain Philips* (2014) starring Tom Hanks and Barkhad Abdi, but I knew that this short, memorable line from the trailers could easily encapsulate what I needed to say to members both old and new this August. I'd been in the Lunatic for a year, and through hard work, determination, and other synonyms, I had earned by spot on the top. The fact that I was the only person willing to be the Editor-in-Chief for the 2014-2015 year also probably helped.

But I think that's enough about me. What's important here is what's in your hand: the Sci-Fi (you know, like you lasting more than three minutes. On a spaceship)/Fantasy (like, you know, you taking home that cute guy working at Starbucks) issue of the Lunatic. We chose to write on this topic because the two genres afforded us an infinite amount of potential material, and we were running out of ideas. And besides, works of the two genres are indispensable to our culture. They have provided us a slew of literary, televised, and cinematic masterpieces, and we aim to sort of do the same. We, like these works, aim to bring you to other worlds so you may escape your own, saturated in ennui and responsibility.

Now before you forget that this is a humor magazine, without further ado, on behalf of the staff, I present to you what has been dubbed as the "Why Don't We Use Magic to Go to Space?"/"The Magic of Space" Issue of the Cornell *Lunatic*, Big Red's only (award-winning) humor magazine.

Enjoy.

- Capt. Bum Joon Park

P.S. "Why Don't We Use Magic to Go to Space?" was a question that appeared to Dana Fader in a dream, and we all thank her for this oneiric title.

The Staff

Editor in Chief

Bum Joon Park

Executive Editor

Dana Fader

Associate Editor

Manuela Rios

Business Manager

Daniel Lewis

Art Director

Tammie Siew

Layout Editor

Thomas Pagani

Sergeant-With-Arms

Sarang Deshpande

Writers

Daniel Borko

Daniel Reinke

Iryna Ivasyk

Jared Wong

Laura Moraff

Sal Elder

Shane Lewis

Tessa Schneider

Webmaster (Spidey)

Eric Schulman

Artist

Thora Bjornsdottir

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

Table of Contents

Game of Thrones Cheat Sheet.....	4
Tales of a Visitor to Sentinentia	5
Autoerotic Asphyxiation	6
Astronaut Wand Control	6
Magic 8 Ball	7
J.K. Rowling New Fantasy Series	8
Pluto Feels Inadequate.....	9
NSA Gypsies.....	10
Memo from the Dark Lord’s Accounting Dept.....	11
Harry Potter and the Magic of Space	12
Bill Nye in Space	13
Space Liberal Arts	14
Space Art Contest	15
Asstronauts in Space	16
Apple Spacebook iStation.....	17
From the Office of Dr. Clinki, M.D.	18
Voices of Ithaca – Pluto.....	19
In[Vitro-Con]ception.....	19
Sexual Identity in Post- <i>Star Wars</i> Culture.....	20
Lost Jules Verne Characters	21
Ramblings of a Stressed-Out Stripper in Space	22
Racist Earth Shit.....	23
Long-Distance Nagging	24
Search for the Universal Ratio	25
Fahrenheit 452.....	25
Mars Curiosity Eaten?.....	26
Reverse Biology.....	26
Menace of Mars	27
Frats in Space	28
C(Lover)Field	29
Rejected Articles.....	30
Blame Page	31

The Cornell Lunatic, Cornell University’s only humor magazine, is published a finite number of times per year by the Cornell Lunatic, Box #56, WSH, Ithaca, NY, 14853. Requests for advertising, submissions, money, fantasy football advice, fantasy croquet advice, hate mail, love mail, indifferent mail, and any other communications should be sent to the above address. Copyright © 2014 by The Cornell Lunatic, all rights reserved. This magazine is partially funded by the Student Assembly Finance Commission. Nothing in this magazine necessarily reflects any of the opinions, ideas, beliefs, hopes, dreams, or drug-induced hallucinations of the SAFC, CU, the student body, or even our staff, so please calm down. Offended readers take heed, we’re only kidding.

GAME OF THRONES CHEAT SHEET

GAME OF THRONES CAN BE OVERWHELMING. ASIDE FROM THE NONSTOP MURDER, SEX, AND SCHEMING, THERE'S ABOUT 9 PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR THE THRONE; NOT TO MENTION THEIR FAMILIES, THEIR LOVERS, THEIR ENEMIES, AND OF COURSE THEIR PETS (I.E DIREWOLVES, DRAGONS). IN ALL THIS HULLABALOO, IT'S EASY TO GET CONFUSED ABOUT EVERYONE'S NAME, BUT HAVE NO FEAR: WE'RE HERE TO HELP. WE SPENT COUNTLESS HOURS WATCHING AND REWATCHING EACH EPISODE OF GAME OF THRONES AND FIGURED OUT WHICH CHARACTERS WERE A) THE MOST IMPORTANT, AND B) HAD THE HARDEST NAMES TO REMEMBER. THUS WE CREATED THE LIST BELOW; IT CONTAINS ONLY THE MOST VITAL CHARACTERS TO ENSURE THE NEXT TIME YOU WATCH GAME OF THRONES YOU'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHO JUST MURDERED WHO.

ACTUAL NAME	NICKNAME
DAENERYS TARGARYAN.....	DRAGON CHICK
LORD VARYS.....	BALD GUY WITH NO BALLS
MELISANDRE.....	CRAZY REDHEAD
SANSA STARK.....	BORING REDHEAD
YGRITTE.....	FEISTY REDHEAD
BRAN STARK.....	KID THAT RIDES ON HODOR'S BACK
JOFFERY BARATHEON.....	THE DEVIL
LITTLE FINGER (STILL TECHNICALLY NICKNAME BUT WHO EVEN KNOWS HIS REAL NAME).....	CREEPY PIMP MAN
OBERYN MARTELL.....	GUY WHO'S BRAINS GOT SQUISHED
DAVOS SEAWORTH.....	EX-PIRATE WHO'S LEARNING TO READ
JAIME OR CERSEI LANNISTER.....	SIBLINGS WHO ARE FUCKING
NED STARK.....	BOROMIR
DAARIO NAHARIS.....	GUY THEY TOTALLY RECAST BETWEEN SEASON 3 AND 4
TYRION.....	EVERYONE'S FAVORITE CHARACTER
SIR JORAH.....	FRIEND-ZONED BY DRAGON CHICK
JON SNOW.....	MAYBELLINE-ESQUE HAIR
BRONN.....	TYRION'S BROTHER FROM ANOTHER MOTHER

Tales of a Visitor to Sentientia



I never should have visited the Ecology House. I should've thought harder about why its residents don't exist on campus. I should've let the long distance deter me. I didn't do any of these things, and that's how I ended up in the wormhole.

Where I ended up didn't seem that different; it had people and objects like we do. But when I heard that chair say "mmm" when I sat down on it, I was first alerted to this planet's unique characteristics. "Could've been the chair," I thought. It was the chair. But when I say, "it was the chair," understand that the chair meant to say "mmmm."

Blaming my delirium on dehydration, I grab a water bottle from the table. "MIT was working on talking objects," I think to myself as I twisted it open. As I take my first gulp, though, I hear a loud "EEEEEEEEEEEE!" Where did that come from? How did they time it with my sip? How did I time my sip with their cries? "Oh fuck, not again." I was hurting this water bottle. With that realization, I had to leave. Bursting out the door with the door telling me to "have a nice day," I start running until I happened upon a person, or so I thought. Attempting basic conversation with the humanoid, I tried to find out if he knew of a way home. However, this interaction proved too much for him to even verbally respond.

"This is hopeless," I thought to myself. So that brings me to my writing this tale, from a keyboard that feels extremely sore from me poking him all over the place, with no way out. I'm doomed to walk amongst sentient objects for life.

Just kidding, it turned out to be MIT (I now remember that the guy I bumped into had an "MIT Engineering" T-shirt). Yup, MIT. Those guys and their wormholes.



Astronauts Now Required to be Trained in Wand Control

OUTERSPACE, SOMEWHERE—Tensions have reached an all-time high, and as of yesterday night, all NASA astronauts will be forced to undergo rigorous training sessions for wand control. This policy change is sure to please the citizens who have been rallying against the astronauts using their celebrity to do whatever they want.

The use of wands had been approved as a new method for space travel, but the plan has had drastic

consequences. Wand flashing rates have increased three-fold in the past year since the policy change. The astronauts have even created a parody of the song “Blurred Lines” with the lyrics, “I know you wand it,” that features Robin Dicke.



The recent wand incident in Kroch Library is the main reason behind the sudden need for training. According to Cornell University Police, an astronaut pulled his wand out of his pants and asked a girl, “Do you know why my wand could play for the Lakers?” When she asked why, he replied, “Because

my Johnson is Magic.” (Clarification: his wand is white and can’t play basketball.)

The astronaut’s frequent public wanding has also influenced the younger generation. A con-

cerned mother offered the following anecdote: “Last night, I was bringing my son’s laundry up to his room. And there he was! Fiddling around with his wand like it was nobody’s business. I mean, he tried to hide it, and I’ll pretend I didn’t see what was going on, but we both know the truth. Magic ruins lives.”

“MY JOHNSON IS MAGIC” -anonymous astronaut

Research Subject Found Dead and Aroused on University Satellite

MOON’S ORBIT, MILKY WAY—Last night, at approximately 1:09 AM, the Cornell University Research Satellite transmitted an urgent call back to its Earth-based HQ. The caller was Dr. Blake Hall, the lead researcher on the satellite, who frantically reported, “Auto[incomprehensible]...He’s... he’s not breathing.”

The Cornell University Space Police (CUSP) immediately sent its SPUNK team (Space Police Unit for Non-biological Killings) to investigate what they had preemptively interpreted to be a regular case of robo-homicide.

SPUNK, upon arrival, was surprised to discover however, that this was not a simple case of a robot going haywire and strangling a hu-

man being.

After several hours of investigation, CUSP concluded that the research subject who had flown to the satellite a couple of months before to volunteer in a year-long study, secretly used the Doppelganger 9000 aboard the satellite to create a clone, and developed a sexual relation with it.

“When it said, ‘In an open relationship with myself on [the victim]’s Facebook,” said Selena Mooney, a long-time friend of the research subject, “I just thought he was saying ‘I’m single.’”

Unbeknownst to Ms. Mooney and the personnel aboard the satellite, the volunteer had developed a very intimate relationship with the clone, visible from a collection of the satellite security’s video-logs.

SPUNK declared the incident to be a definite case of clone-on-human violence when a video-log showed this to be the case.

The CUSP’s Forensics Unit of Celestially-localized Killings claims that in the video-log, after the two had just finished making love in space—the no g-spot—the volunteer said to the clone, “I think you’re the one.” Then, the clone replied, “Yes, I know. There can be only one.” The clone then shoved the original’s head through the window, into the open vacuum of space. After one minute, the volunteer was dead, and the clone fled the scene.

SPUNK is currently investigating the whereabouts of the clone’s location. CUSP believes that the perpetrator may have gone to Uranus according a recently released pod’s trajectory. However, some data suggests that it might have prematurely combusted before landing. The question of whether if this was legally a “homicide” still remains.

CUSP declares that this may very well be, in history, the first actual case of autoerotic asphyxiation.



FWS TA to Start Using Magic 8 Ball Instead of Reading Assignments

Luciano Brunson, a first year student in the Sage School of Philosophy's graduate program, will now use a magic 8 ball in assigning grades, instead of the traditional method of reading his students' work and objectively judging its merit.

The announcement, made to his students last Wednesday in class, caused confusion among the freshmen. Brunson, a philosophy major, assured *The Lunatic* that he was thrilled to try his new pedagogical strategy, and that his refusal to read assignments his students submitted is not at all reflective of displeasure in his current place in life.

Philosophy majors face an employment rate of approximately 11%, slightly higher than high school educated Americans.

"I don't think it's fair that I be the one solely tasked with judging the merit of these students' academic endeavors. The magic 8 ball my grandmother gave me when I graduated from NYU is very fair in distribution of grades... If I didn't know better, I'd say it was completely random."

The grades awarded on assignments in the class, PHIL 1120, changed noticeably following the implementation of the child's toy as a grader. In particular, students who recreationally use drugs saw



a slight reduction in grades, compared to the class average.

The Lunatic sat down with one of the students who was adversely affected by the change. "Fuckin' Luciano. I was doing so well in that class. He said all my thoughts were 'out of the box' and I was thinking 'on another level'. That stupid 8 ball gave me 2 C+ grades last week. It gave [Korean born] Kim Byeongyun an A on his last paper, and he doesn't even speak English."

The student, who wished to remain nameless, also voiced his concerns about the idea of a plastic piece of crap being used at an Ivy League school in lieu of traditional grading. "Luciano is such a lazy fuck. He shows up late to class all the time, forgets to prepare anything, and we just end up watching some documentary about Wood-

stock or space or whatever. He just doesn't want to grade our essays. There's no way he has a girlfriend. I bet he believes that fucking [plastic 8 ball] is really magic."

The student then continued rambling about his teaching assistant's personality flaws for another 20 minutes.

Still, other students argue to the contrary. When asked about the magic 8 ball, David Foster, the student with the highest grade in the class, was unaware of its existence, as it was only announced in class. "This class is so fucking easy. I write all my essays in econ lecture and print them out in Olin on my way to class. I just drop them off and leave. I feel kind of bad, but I don't think the TA notices."

"That guy would have an 8 ball or tarot cards or some fucking bullshit."

The median grade in the class has not changed much since its implementation. The lowest score given is still a C+, and the 8 ball curves to a B.

The magic 8 ball does not believe in giving A+'s.

"THAT GUY WOULD HAVE AN 8 BALL OR TAROT CARDS OR SOME FUCKING BULLSHIT." -David Foster, Student

J.K. Rowling to Write New Fantasy Series

Sources say it will be about you having a fulfilling career and family life

Posted: 11/11/2111 11:11 am | EST Updated: 11 hours ago

Written by Scott Gibsley

In the first interview of its kind, British author J. K. Rowling sat down this past October with the Lunatic to talk about her upcoming fantasy series, entitled *Your Life* and How it's Totally Not Going to Suck, Hard. Like her famous Harry Potter series, *Your Life* will be an exercise in fiction with absolutely no basis in reality, but that offers readers an enticing escapism. Instead of a magical wizarding world, however, the first book of the new series will take place in a world mostly like this one, but one in which you are not, in fact, utterly exhausted with the pace of how things have been going lately, and where you will someday break out of the monotony into a life that you can someday look back upon without cringing. Rowling said of the project, "Nearly all fiction chronicles the events surrounding a made-up person. This time, though, I decided to take a risk and write an entire series of novels based entirely around the person currently reading this article, right now."

She continued, "Personally, my favorite chapter is the one where you do even remotely well on that prelim, and then go home without that empty feeling inside. You know, the one that's been there the past few months that you've been telling yourself you've got under control, but that keeps growing as the days creep by at their petty pace. Yeah, that's a pretty good one."

Rowling also hinted at a possible sequel in which you have a job where you are respected by your boss and coworkers, who entrust you with work that is not completely menial and soul-crushing.

While the Harry Potter series has been criticized by many members of the religious community, the *Your Life* series has received high praise from several prominent pastors. One that we spoke to said, "Even though the book is completely fictitious and could never actually happen, it does contain positive messages about what is to come. For example, a good deal of the novel has to do with the fact that you do ultimately control your own fate, that anything in life really does matter when you get down to it, and that when you die there will be something more than eternal darkness. Darkness and rot."

The book is expected to be released this Christmas.



About the Author

Scott Gibsley resides on Jupiter's 3rd moon. Gany-mede, with his 3 wives and 27 children. He enjoys whipped cream and soft clothing, and when he's not writing articles for the *Jupiter Jazz*, you can find him hunting Caribou.



PLUTO FEELS INADEQUATE :/

It was rush week, and spirits were out-of-this-world high. Finally, a chance to prove himself to all the other celestial objects that he could fit in with the cool kids in MG, the Milky-Way Galaxy fraternity. Pluto knew that this would be his only chance to make a new orbit of friends, and he wasn't going to blow it this time.

As bid day slowly approached, there was no doubt that Pluto would get into this super-exclusive frat. Or at least that's what he told himself to keep his confidence up. Last semester, he'd set his sights on Milky-Way, and the brothers had insulted him as if he didn't have any feelings.

"Too icy," they said when he tried to be a dick in the most charming way to girls.

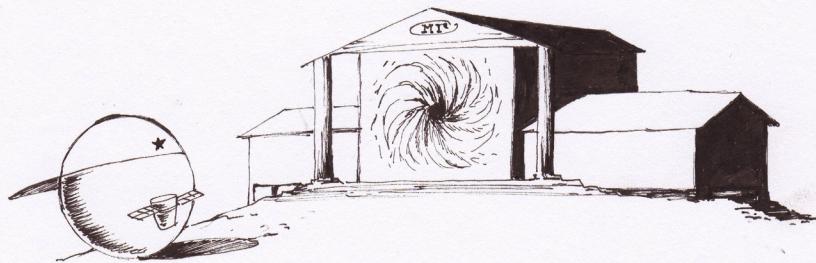
"Too small," they said when he tried to convince them he was a starter on his high school football team.

"Not bright enough," they said when he couldn't keep his GPA above the 2.25 minimum.

But now, things were different. He warmed up to being a dick, and he switched his major to communications, so his grades were up. There was no way he wouldn't get in. That is, until it happened.

Every time he looked at Mother Earth, a new feature consumed his thoughts. Her land masses were so supple, those rivers were so moist. Then one night, all of his fantasies came true. They were in a place with no space or time. Nothing could eclipse that moment. She was so wet (like 70% water amirite??). Star-crossed lovers to say the least. But she already had Luna, and their lives simply revolved around each other.

Pluto couldn't stay in the frat knowing that Mother Earth would be with Luna, but he couldn't just leave his dreams of pledging behind. So he went to a trusted brother, Saturn, for advice. Saturn laughed and told him, "If you liked it, then you should've put a ring on it." That was the last straw for Pluto. This was no laughing matter. He knew he didn't belong here. He didn't belong anywhere. That's life for a motherfuckin' dwarf.



**IS THE NSA OUTSOURCING
SURVEILLANCE TO**



**GYPSIES IN
SPACE?**



March 17, 2023
The Ministry of Magic
The Dark Lord's Accounting Department

Whitehall, London

The Dark Lord's Accounting Department Memorandum

To: Death Eaters, Underlings, Lackeys, and other Valued Team Members
From: Tom Felton
Subject: Some Cost-Saving Tips

Dear Death Eaters, Underlings, Lackeys, and other Valued Team Members,

The Dark Lord, he who shall not be named, has asked that all company members make some changes to save costs. They are as follows:

1. PETA has asked that we stop speaking Parseltounge. They claim that it is a form of cultural appropriation. They also claim it is abelist and is demeaning to non-parselmouths. They finally ask us to "check our slytherin-privilege". Needless to say we don't need this kind of bad press so, please, for the moment, dial back on the snake-speak.
2. No more black eyeliner. We spent two thirds of last year's budget on black eyeliner alone. Normally I do not prefer to name names but I am looking at you Bellatrix.
3. The individual who ordered 1,000 false noses and had them delivered to You-Know-Who's office has been caught and punished. Such reckless wastes of company funds will not be tolerated.
4. Use unforgivable curses responsibly! No use in a Crucio when you are just going to Avada Kedavra anyway! We can cut our spell budget in half this way.
5. Lastly, for the love of God, please... please stop monologuing. If you see Potter, kill him. He is a child. He should not be this difficult to kill. You are Death Eaters. Do not waste time talking when you are paid to be killing.

As long as we can all follow these simple steps we can make a big difference! And hopefully go a long way towards destroying all of the muggle-borns!

Tom Felton
Senior Evil Accountant

An In-Depth Analysis of All of the Times that JK Rowling Could Have But Did Not Use Magic to go to Space in order to Save the Characters of Harry Potter

July 21, 2307 7:23 pm

Diana Diadem, Nationally Acclaimed Book Critic, avid bird watcher, Executive VP of Pants are for Squares Inc.

I think we can all agree that the Harry Potter series is the closest thing to perfection that has ever graced the surface of this Earth. With this in mind, there have been at least three instances in which Queen Rowling could have actually done her fucking job by not fucking up so fucking badly.

In the fourth book, *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, Harry competes in the infamous “Triwizard Tournament.” During one of the tasks, he battles the terrifying Hungarian Horntail dragon in order to steal her egg. At one point, the dragon gets loose from its fucking chain and chases Harry through the grounds of Hogwarts. This is a prime example of how using magic to apparate to space could have saved Harry time and energy and the poor dragon its life.

Similarly, in *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, Sirius Black dies at the hands of crazy bitch Bellatrix Lestrange. His death was completely unnecessary. Sirius is a seasoned wizard who could have totally apparated to space to save his own ass. No one would have even been mad at him for leaving the fight, seriously.

Most notably, *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* is filled with situations which could have ended up better had bitch Rowling placed her characters in outer space. For example, the most obvious one is when Hermione splinches Ron’s fucking arm open. There was blood all over and everyone was crying. So much drama. Anyway, dumb bitch Hermione brings the bad guy following them to their fucking safe-house when she should have just went to outer space to get him off their tail. Not only that, but their goddamn safe house could’ve been on the fucking moon or something, instead of in an obvious spot like Grimmauld Place. And why didn’t they just hide on the International Space Station while looking for horcruxes instead of aimlessly wandering about the British wilderness?

If Rowling would have just opened her fucking mind and seen all of the possibilities that outer space offers, then the books would not have sucked as much as they did.

Bonus: Dobby would not have died if he had apparated to space instead of the beach house when Bella threw her dagger at him (no gravity in space, totally wouldn’t have stabbed him)

Bonus Bonus: The alarm in Hogsmeade would not have sounded and they wouldn’t have had to hide if they had just apparated back to space when trying to get into Hogwarts

Related:

“15 Guys From Harry Potter And Whether Or Not You Should Sleep With Them”

“9 Real Reasons Why He Stopped Talking to You”

“19 Things You Didn’t Know About Ikea”



not 100% sure how I got here tbh

SPACE LIBERAL ARTS: ARE THEY WORTH IT?

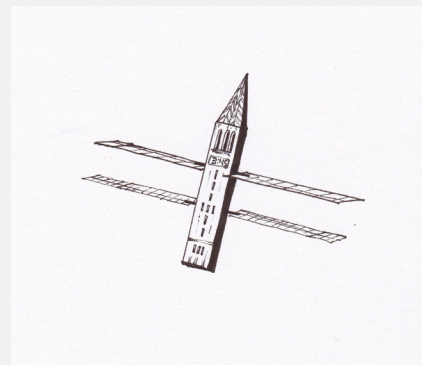
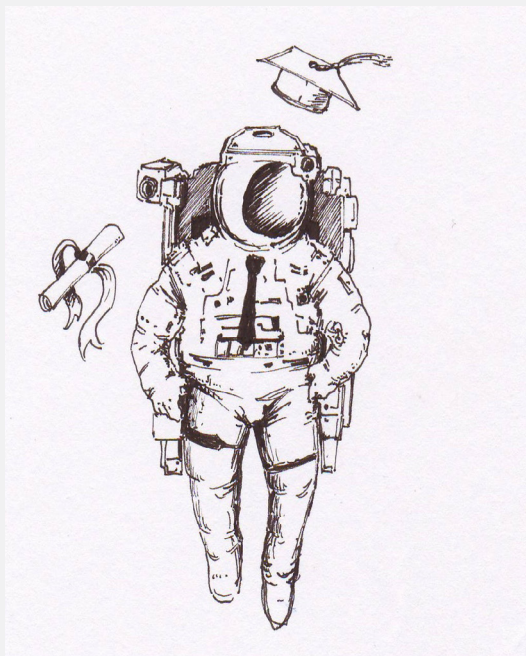
Many consider the traditional liberal arts education a means of creating a well-rounded gentleman of the 22nd century space colony. Others see it as a waste of resources, especially in light of the fact that humanity survives in a series of intricate airtight contraptions that are prone to breaking at any time. Here are the most important arguments of the debate:

PROS

- Philosophy is so much better among the stars, man
- How else will we preserve our fascinating culture that led us to flee our home planet in the first place?
- Stratford upon Uranus is too funny to pass up
- Space dramatic productions are better than... ground dramatic productions
- Spanish is useful when speaking with illegal aliens
- Banks issuing student loans are now seared piles of rubble

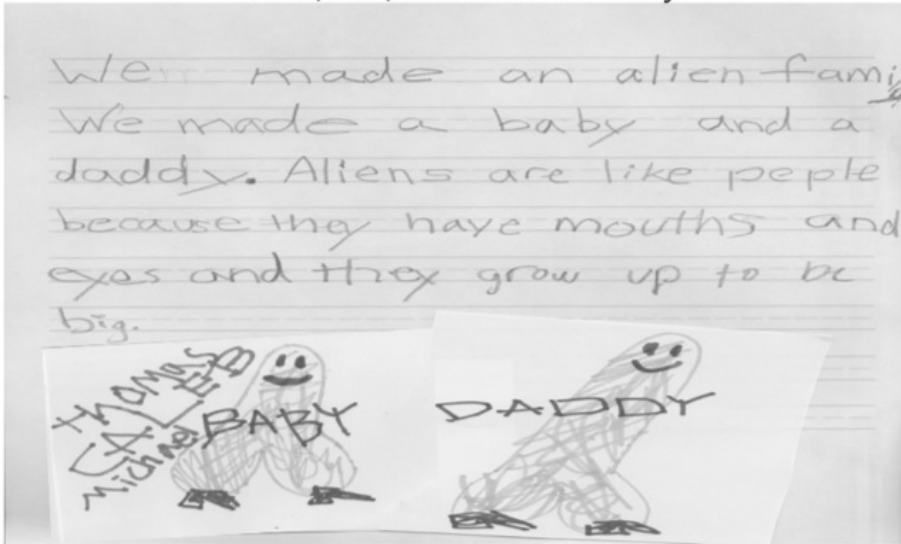
CONS

- Margret's son is studying engineering. Why couldn't you study engineering?
- There are no books in space; Kindles don't count
- Study of economics assumes there are supply, demand, economy
- Doctors still make good money, probably
- Average starting salaries for CS majors as programmers are much higher than those for English majors as Starbucks baristas
- All Starbucks locations burned in nuclear fire
- We live in a series of tin cans and if you don't learn how to maintain and repair them going we're all going to die

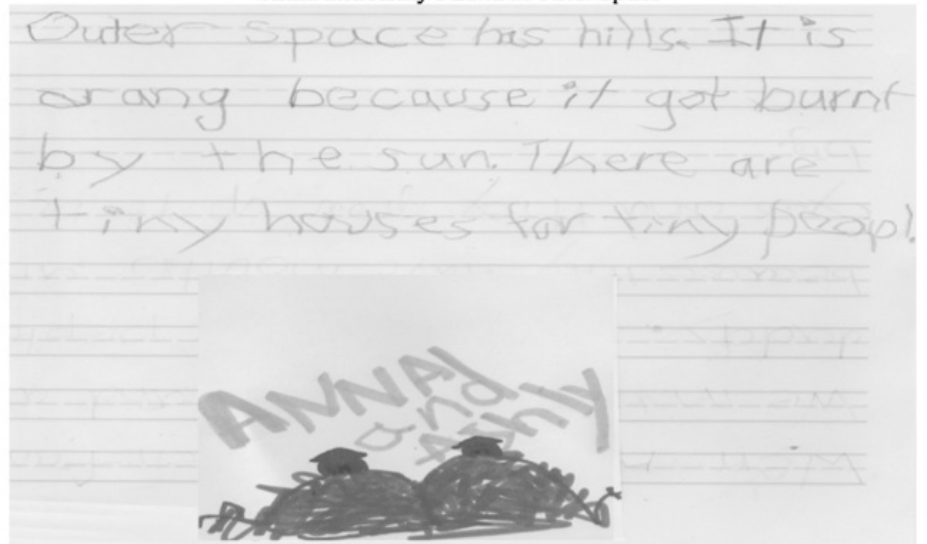


Congratulations to the winners of the Enfield Elementary School's Outer Space Art Contest!

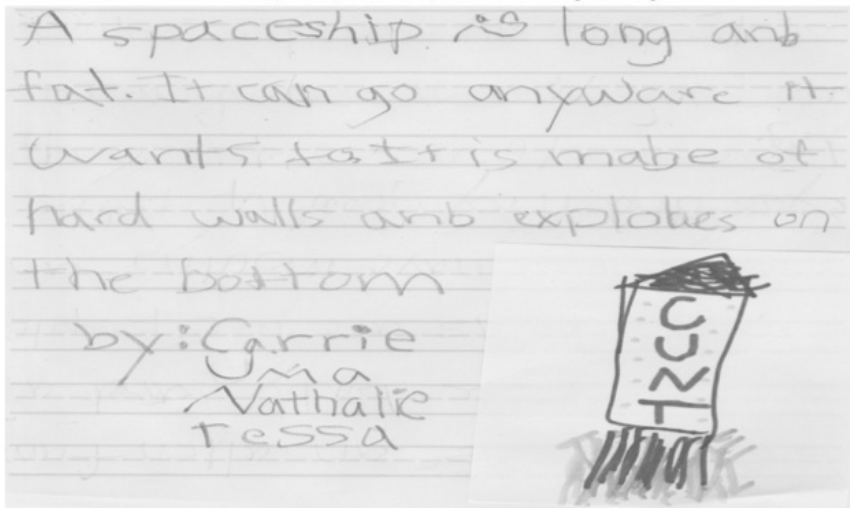
Thomas, Caleb, and Michael's *Alien Family*



Anna and Ashly's *Land in Outer Space*



Carrie, Uma, Nathalie, and Tessa's *Spaceship*

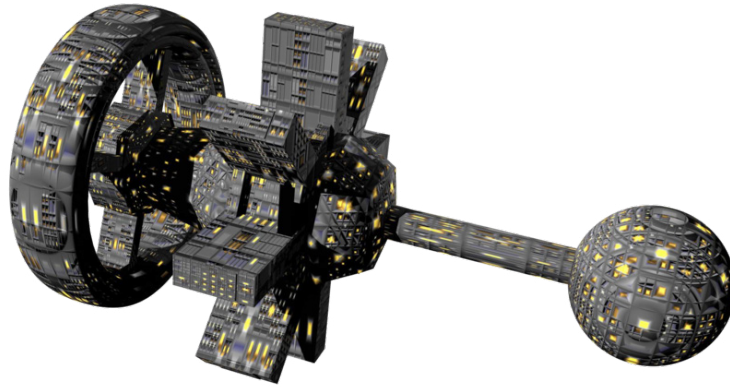


ASTRONAUTS HANGIN' OUT



Apple Spacebook iStation, now with PadPod Pro

Our least accessible device yet



Bigger and farther.

Apple Spacebook iStation isn't simply in space — it has more space, too. Larger, yet dramatically hard to visit. With a smooth metal surface that seamlessly meets the new PadPod Pro. It's one continuous form where hardware and software function in perfect unison, creating a new generation of Apple Spacebook iStation that's better by any measure, except distance from Earth.



[Learn more about Technology >](#)

Apple Spacebook iStation at its largest. And farthest.



Developing an Apple Spacebook iStation with a larger, more advanced volume meant pushing the edge of design. From the seamless transition of fused silica and metal to the streamlined profile, every detail but one was carefully considered to enhance your experience. So while the size is larger, it is hard for you or anyone else mired on Earth to get there.

[Learn more about Design >](#)

It's one thing to make a bigger space station. It's something else entirely to make a bigger Apple Spacebook iStation with letters inexplicably capitalized in unusual places. But that's exactly what we did with the new PadPod Pro.

****Oxygen subscription fees on iTunes may apply. Free O2 Album included with first oxygen supply purchase. Beware of AI SAL 9000.*

The Voices of Ithaca

This week, we hear what one 45-year old farmer Jedidiah Zebulon had to say on *Pluto*:

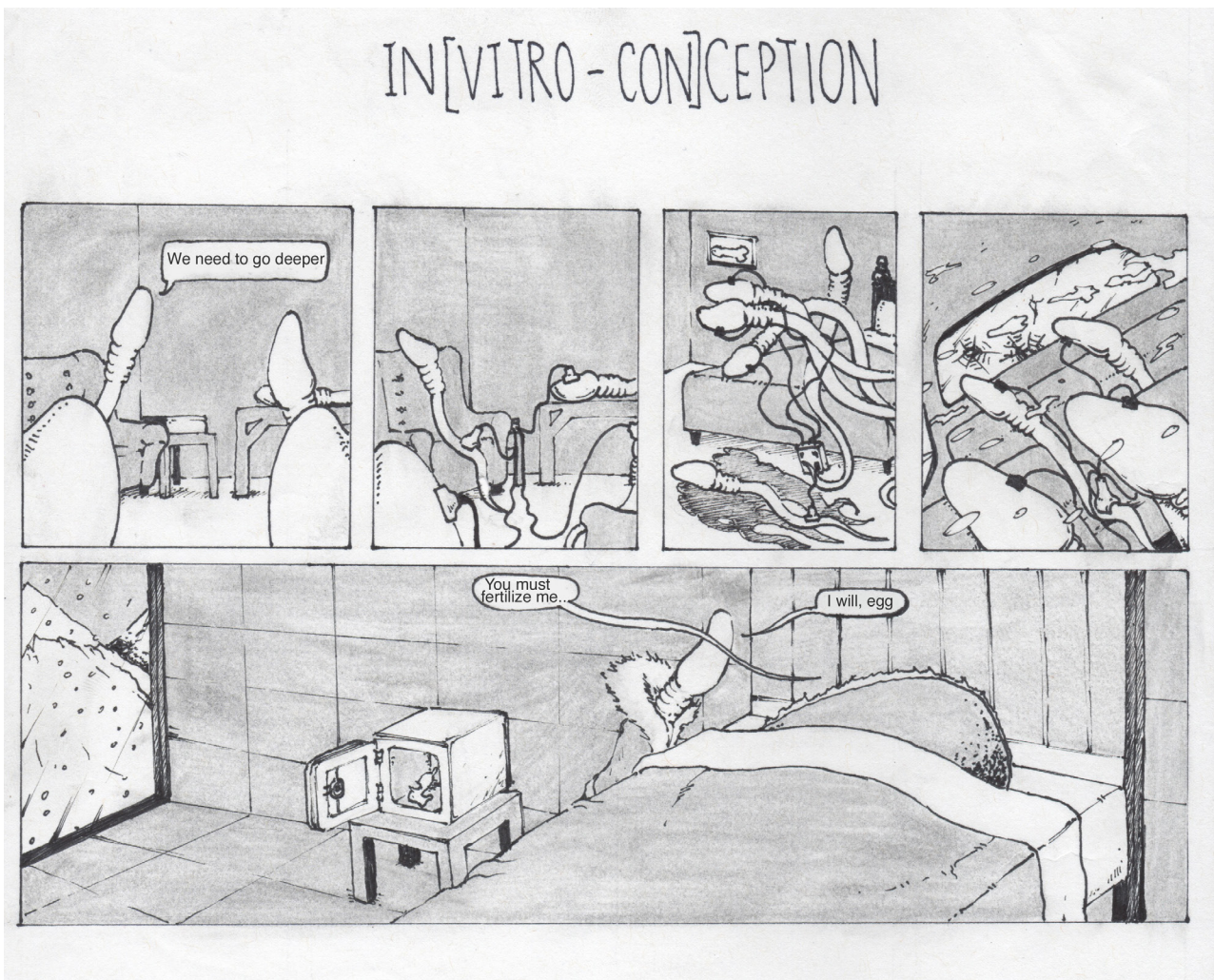
Pluto is a planet, damn it! My father believed it were and my father's father and his father and so on and so forth. I ain't gonna let no damn city-slickin' sci-en-tist tell me that Pluto ain't no damn planet when they know damn well enough that the thing has a heliocentric orbit, moons, and an atmosphere with planetary hydrostatic pressure. These people ain't gonna change the way I was grew up, shi-it.

This week, we also heard what one pagan Roman Guy had to say about the matter:

Pluto is definitely not a planet. I am completely on the side of scientists with this one. Isn't it obvious that Pluto is not in the Heavens, but down below us? Isn't it so very obvious that the one true Pluto is the Lord of the Underworld? Pluto is a planet? My ass. What are these crazy scientists gonna say next? That Pluto is also some kind of animated dog?

We also heard what one Broca Pinker, whose speech production and comprehension disorder rendered him unable to distinguish between 'p' and 'b,' to say:

I'm glad the scientists decided to take Bluto off the planetary list. For anyone who grew up in the old days watching Popye the Sailor Man like I did, Bluto represented the archetypal villain. It just doesn't make sense to glorify such a negative figure by making him part of our Solar System, you know?



A Commentary on Sexual Identity in a Post-*Star Wars* Culture

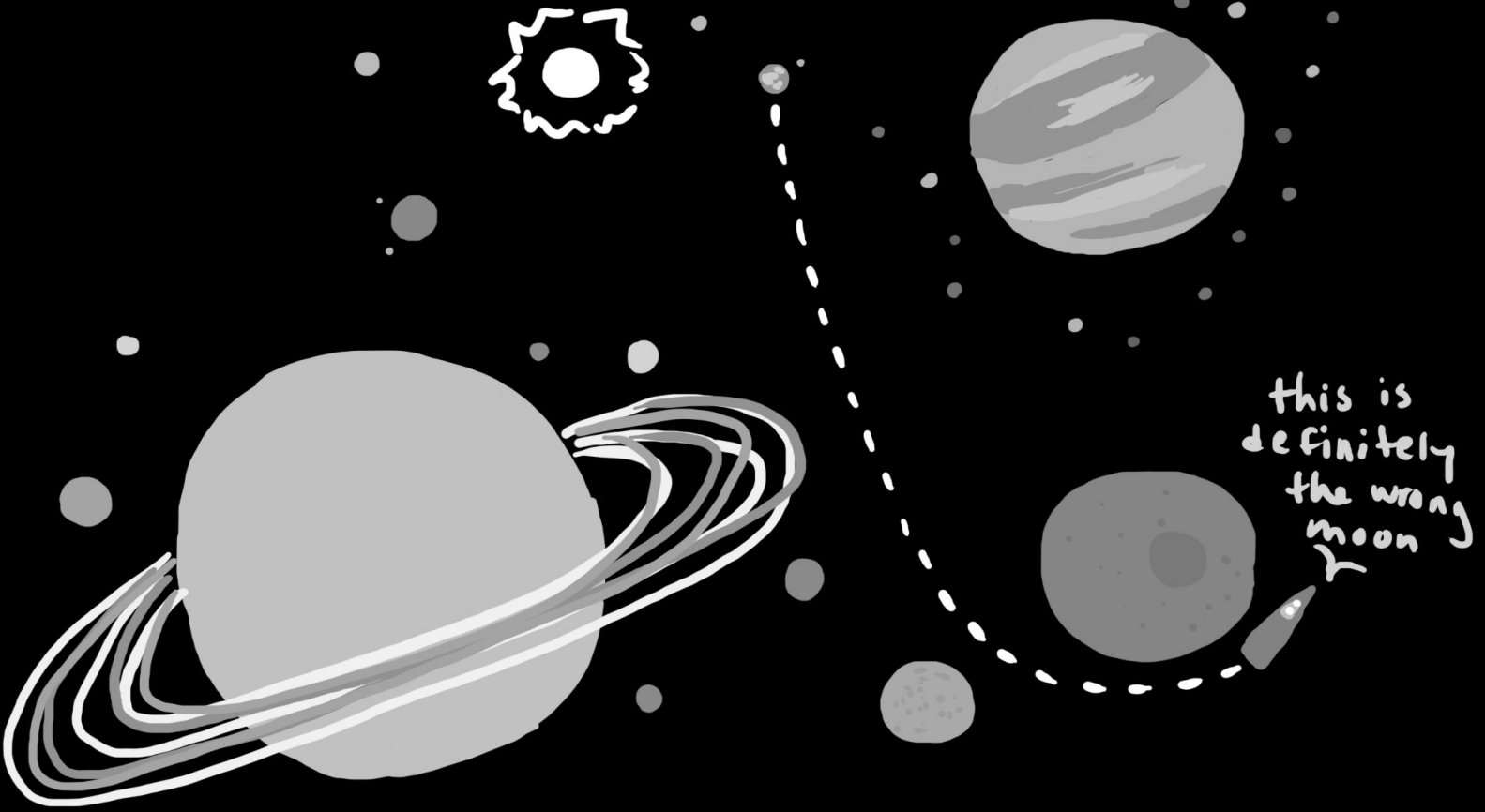
Scott Gibsley

They say that every straight guy is allowed one man-crush. For me, the clear winner by far is Jar Jar Binks from *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace*. I don't know what it is, but there's something about those scaly eye stalks and voice that really does it for me. Just imagine the sound of him—"Ooh moeey moeey meesa love you!" and tell me that doesn't make you want to use the Dark Side of the Force on that rockin' alien bod.

Now, some men develop obsessions around their favorite athlete, for example, and more often than not they'll assert wholeheartedly that there's nothing sexual about their fanship. Me, I don't get it. One, it's just an athlete; what's the big deal? Two, don't you dare pretend for a second that Jar Jar deserves only platonic love. Give in to the tantalizing siren call that is his very essence. It's a common misconception that George Lucas wrote the character in as comic relief. Not true. He's what some refer to as "fanservice." You watch an intense Jedi light saber duel for a couple minutes, then you sit back and enjoy some eye-candy in the form of a Gungan from the planet Naboo. Sex sells, and Lucas knows it.

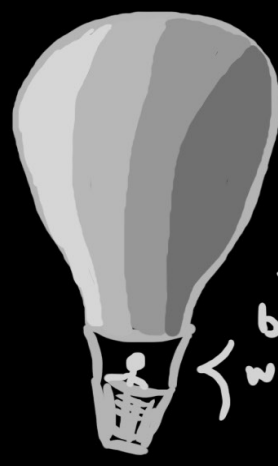
There have also been accusations that Jar Jar's personality fosters racist undertones, even comparing the performance to blackface. But consider the social context of the film's release in 1999 America, and you'll see that this only makes the whole thing even hotter. Interracial marriage had been forbidden by law in over a dozen US states only thirty-two years prior to the premiere of *Episode I*. That means that below the Mason-Dixon line, folks would have lusted after Jar Jar like forbidden fruit. And to merge two movie quotes from the great filmmakers Kubrick and Lucas, that makes meesa horny.



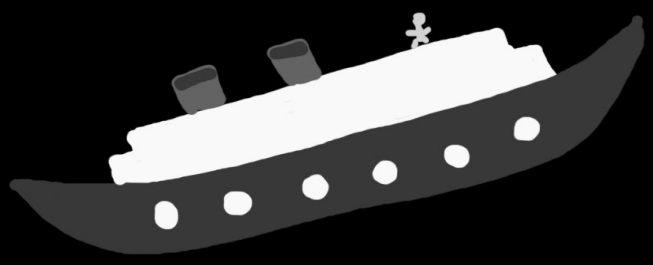


this is definitely the wrong moon

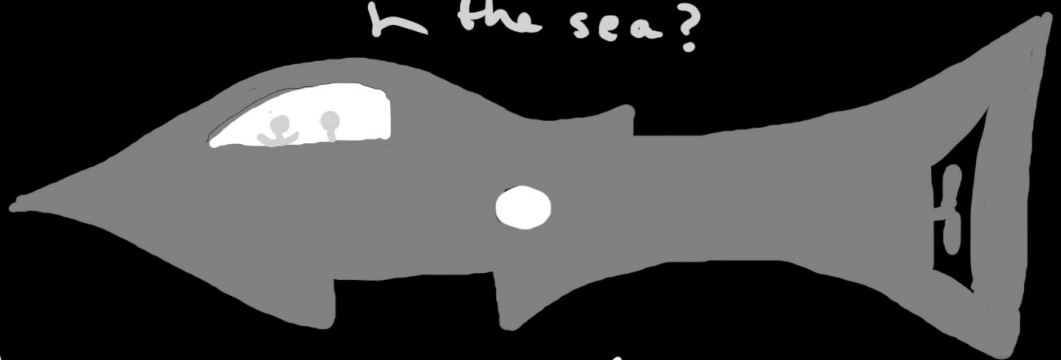
there's no way I'm making it back to France in 80 days



this is going to be a weird 5 weeks than I thought



was the idea not to go 20,000 leagues UNDER the sea?



Lost Jules Verne characters

Ramblings of a Stressed-Out Stripper in Space

Maekit Rayne here, ready to tell you all about the problems of working at *2001 Odyssey*, the hottest (or coldest? not quite sure...wait just looked it up... coldest) strip club on the moon.

We have quite a lot of issues here, ones that are rudely ignored by the general population, especially the asshole astronauts who come visit. First off, the Martian currency refuses to stay in our Xenon-esque thongs. Seriously though, our customers can't even throw it at us! First world problem? Nope. Space problem.

Speaking of the zero gravity difficulties that we encounter, pole dancing is really not the same for us as it is for you pathetic earthlings. We aggressively have to hold on to the pole, or else we are sent through space, unable to collect our tips. As my business partner, Big Bang, suggests, "it's double the ab workout!". He's too optimistic.

To end this blog post on a brighter star note, a pro of working at *2001 Odyssey* is that the extraterrestrial Katy Perry comes to perform quite often, and both Michael Jackson and Cher are frequently spotted in our V.I.A. section. A for Alien. Duh. Are you wondering what ever happened to Macaulay Culkin? He got bored of being home alone...and of being on Earth in general, so now he spends his time hustlin sans gravity at *2001 Odyssey*.

But seriously, if you're ever in the mood to see what your childhood D-list celebs are up to, or just to visit me, join the next passengers of any Malaysian plane and I'm sure you'll get here just fine!



UGH, NOT THIS
RACIST EARTH
SHIT AGAIN





Recent Shift in Time-Space Continuum Enables Long-Distance Nagging

Ithaca, NY— On October 5th, a student (name withheld) reported “repeated instances of nagging and guilt-tripping” to CUPD. Days later, the student was checked into Gannett Health Services for “hallucinations and mental instability”. Since then, numerous reports of what is now being referred to as “Imagined Procrastination Disorder” have been reported in colleges and universities across the north-

eastern United States. Engineering students suffering from IPD have spent several weeks researching it, and have determined that the current “Space-Heading Interpolation Timeframe shift” is allowing parents to nag their children over long distances. Says one Cornellian, “My mom loves to tell me to get to work, but lately I just can’t deal with the SHIT!” According to reports, the SHIT causes issues primarily for architecture and engineering students. Gannett Health Services is continuing to investigate this phenomenon.

Update (11/03/14): Official research has shown that the SHIT

is imagined, and that the hallucinations are a Seasonal Affective Disorder which tends to show symptoms during prelim season, finals season, and pumpkin spice latte season. Further research also indicates that all students affected by the SHIT tend to be students who have developed self-destructive habits during their time in university, such as weekday alcohol consumption or Netflix binging.

Update (12/04/14): University admissions have recorded that more than 70% of the students suffering from SHIT related hallucinations are transferring to Ithaca College for the Spring 2015 semester.





Search for a Universal Ratio

Scientists around campus are scrambling to try and solve a problem that has haunted Cornell for years. The mathematical concept known as “The Ratio”, the key for freshman males getting into frat parties, remains undefined. Researchers swear they are inching closer every day as they believe new technology will allow them to make progress undreamed of decades ago.

The Ratio, of course, is the proportion of girls to guys in a pack of freshman. The Ratio has long been the most important aspect of freshman society. The right Ratio will lead to happy nights packed inside of overcrowded annexes with boundless amounts of Keystone Light; the wrong Ratio will mean a night of jacking off. Scientists are searching to find a universal constant for the Ratio that will guarantee any freshman admission into frat paradise. Till then, freshman will continue to suffer.

“I just want to get laid,” said

one frosh roaming the streets of College Town. “But I can never get into any parties. Frat bros always laugh at my ratio.”

A common misconception is that a freshman guy can simply go out with an immense number of girls and be fine. But a guy surrounded by too many girls may come off as a stalker or a pansy. And does a huge group of engineering girls have the same weight as a huge group of Alpha Phi girls? What about Ithaca College girls, do they count? Depending on the frat, a guy may get sent packing even with a 100 I.C. girls.

Another problem in defining the Ratio is that of the Antiratio. This, of course, is when a guy manages to get into a frat party without having a higher number of girls than guys in his pack. Athletes, legacies, and that rich dude from Long Island, generally don’t need a great ratio to get into a party. This goes directly against the Quantum Theory of the Frat Bro, which speculates that a good ratio is necessary for admission into a frat party. This phenomenon has puzzled scientists.

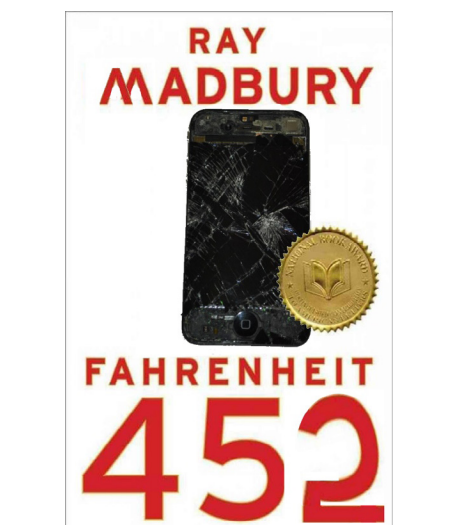
“We see it all the time- a young man gets turned away with a 2 to 1 ratio while the freshman quarterback gets in with a 1 to 4,” said a researcher at Cornell’s Institute for Freshman Awareness (CIFA). “It’s not acceptable, and we won’t stand for this.”

Many factors must be taken into scientists’ calculations. The hotness of the girls, the amount of Vineyard Vines on the guy, and countless other aspects are taken into consideration. The amount of data being collected is enough to boggle even the most advanced of super computers. Even then, researchers are still confident that a formula for the Ratio will be ready within the next decade.

“We’re working hard, and we will get this done,” said CIFA president Keith Stone. “If I see another freshman doing pushups for admission into a frat house, I’m going to be sick. Everyone should know exactly what ratio is needed for entry. It’s a basic human right.”

Washed-up Authors begin Collaboration on Sequel to Classic Novel

The Community of Rundown Authors and Publishers announced a project to rewrite *Fahrenheit 451* for the modern American audience. Publisher Ballantine Books, famous for its original run of *Fahrenheit 451*, has already signed on to publish this new classic. *Fahrenheit 452*, scheduled for publication in early 2015, tells the story of Guy Hashtag, a 21st century employee living in a world where iPhones are required to be damaged. Throughout the novel, Hashtag shatters and bends iPhones, stopping occasion-



ally to drop a call by holding the phone incorrectly. When asked why 452, the Community responded: “452 °F is the temperature at

which the Apple A8X processor is no longer able to run apps such as Tinder and Yik Yak, and we believe this will help to connect with our audiences.”

Publisher’s summary:
Nowadays, Apple Geniuses destroy phones. Genius Guy Hashtag loves to rush to an iPhone and watch the metal bend and the glass shatter. Then he met a seventeen-year old girl who told him of a past when people were not obsessed with 2-year contract upgrades, and a professor who told him of a future where people could read the news without charging their batteries. And Guy Hashtag knew what he had to do...



Mars Curiosity Rover Eaten by Martian Sasquatch?

GALE TRENCH, MARS—Amid rampant speculation as to the current status of NASA’s rover on Mars, which has experienced mechanical failure recently, *The Lunatic* has received information that the robot was attacked by a large furry creature, not unlike Bigfoot, at some point in late 2013.

One of our sources, who did not wish to be named, explained the mechanical failure in greater detail. “It’s expected the rover would be unable to continue experimentation following an attack by a mythical beast. Given NASA’s history of

almost zero mechanical failures, losing major components to some sort of red planet yeti is about the only thing that could stop *Curiosity*. Maybe an attack by space pirates.”

“NASA hasn’t reported space pirate sightings near the Gale Trench in years, making even this scenario less likely than a chance encounter with a metal-consuming humanoid life form.”

Many lesser known news outlets, including the BBC, erroneously claimed the rover’s external components sustained damage due to the harsh climate on Mars. Although theoretically possible, the quality engineering and material that went into the rover would make such a problem unlikely,

according to our informants. Unprofessional sources like National Geographic went so far as to report software issues on this pinnacle of human technology. Such claims imply the rover’s software was not tested before use.

“Quite frankly, these claims are insulting to me as a professional. NASA designs space-faring equipment to the highest standards, and the idea that *Curiosity* could have failed because of a first-semester stack overflow that [NASA development oversight officer] Ryan [Miller] didn’t catch is preposterous. A space monster ate the rover. That’s what happened.”

“Quit asking for pictures of the thing. It ate the cameras too.”

Cornell University Professor Discovers Hack to the Human Body

MOON’S ORBIT, MILKY WAY—In the past couple of weeks, Cornell Professor of Fringe Biology, Dr. Bryant Johnston, has received widespread attention from the fringe scientific community for his recent discovery of what he claims to be a new biological phenomenon.

“In 2500,” reminisces Johnston, “I founded the Department of Unanimous Heuristics (DUH), which eventually was intelligently designed to become the Office for Biologically Valid Inquiries (OBVI). I just had to found my own department; the others couldn’t handle my avante-garde spirit. They just simply could not see beyond the dogma of science. It was only then, that I had the opportunity to come upon a watershed moment.”

“In my original paper published in *Freak of Nature*, I called the phenomenon ‘Physiological

Equilibration of Neurologically Induced Stimuli,’ or ‘Reverse Biology’ for short,” said Dr. Johnston in his Cornell University Research Satellite (CURS) office overlooking the nearby event horizon. “You know, I never intended to reinvent the wheel, but I’ve eventually come to the realization that I’ve rendered it obsolete.”

He knew he had achieved wonders when he came upon the statistically significant but practically insignificant effects of ‘Reverse Biology’ (p=0.008008135).

He explains that reverse biology is the “non-neuronal half” of reverse psychology.

“You know how in reverse psychology, a mental stimulus pushes a person to perform an action that is the opposite of a perceived intention but parallel to the original? Well, we found that the same phenomena works with the human body as well.”

“In our experiments, we forced our subjects to not defecate or urinate for a week. To our surprise, after about two days, they

sure enough, defecated and urinated. We starved one subject, and he was, lo and behold, hungry. We also forced several subjects to refrain from any kind of autoerotic stimulation for a month. Sure enough, the next day, they all had masturbated at least once. What we found was truly amazing. The same kind of technique involved in reverse psychology can be used on the body as well. Truly extraordinary.”

Although Dr. Johnston is now being hailed as a pioneer of a new front in biology, several real biologists have criticized his work.

“This is ridiculous. We’ve known about this ‘new’ theory of his since the time of Lavoisier... this fact has been in biology textbooks since science education began in America,” said Dr. Kyle Graham. “There’s already a name for this. It’s called homeostatic manifestation.”

Despite the criticism, Dr. Johnston is looking forward to investigating novel aspects of the phenomenon and claims that the real biologists are just “jelly.”



THE MENACE OF
MARS

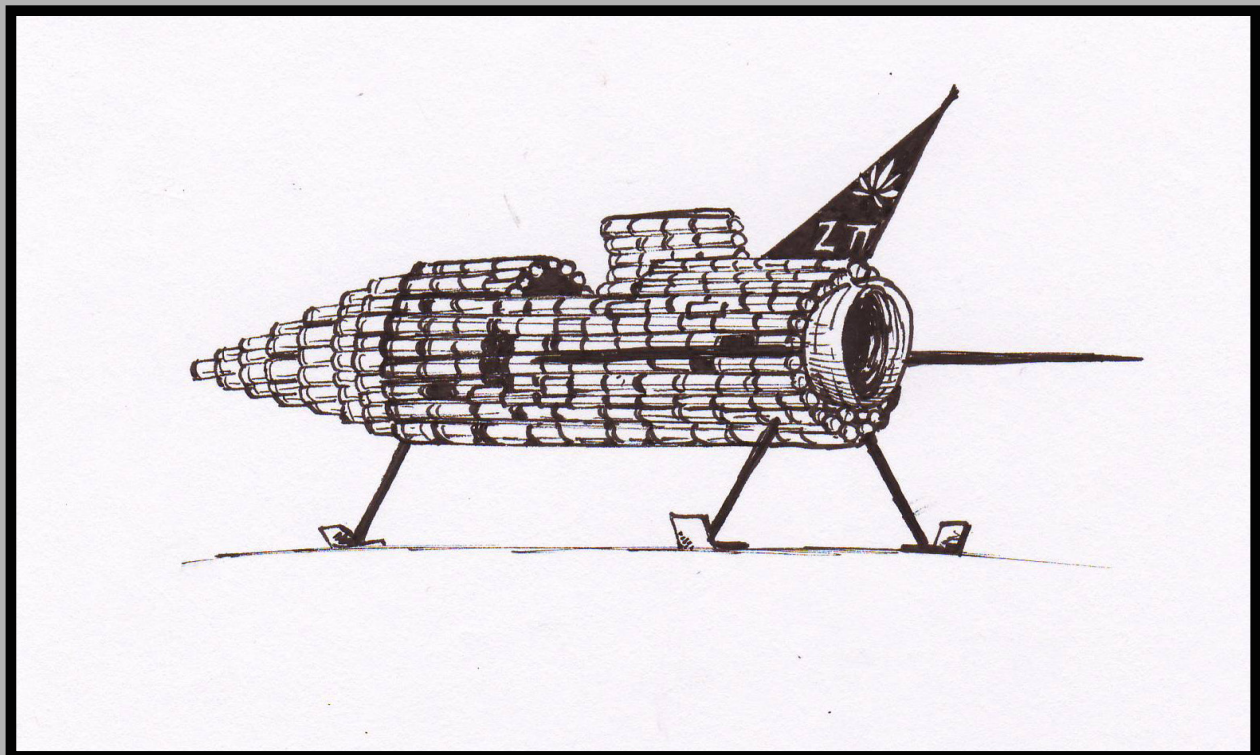
Frat Tries to Out Frat all Frats by Taking Rushes to the Outermost Layer of the Atmosphere.

Zeta Pi has decided to take rush to a whole new level in an effort to win over the most chill rushes brahh for their new pledge class. While fraternities around campus have been preparing for rush by purchasing industrial size kegs of beer, installing entertainment systems around their houses, and fighting over the couple strippers in Ithaca without missing limbs, Zeta Pi has spent the week fashioning a rocket ship from empty Keystone cans laying around the house. The plan is to take the rushes to the outermost part of the atmosphere along with a couple strippers and all the beer that can fit inside.

There have been some concerns both from pledges and the hired exotic dancers regarding the trip.

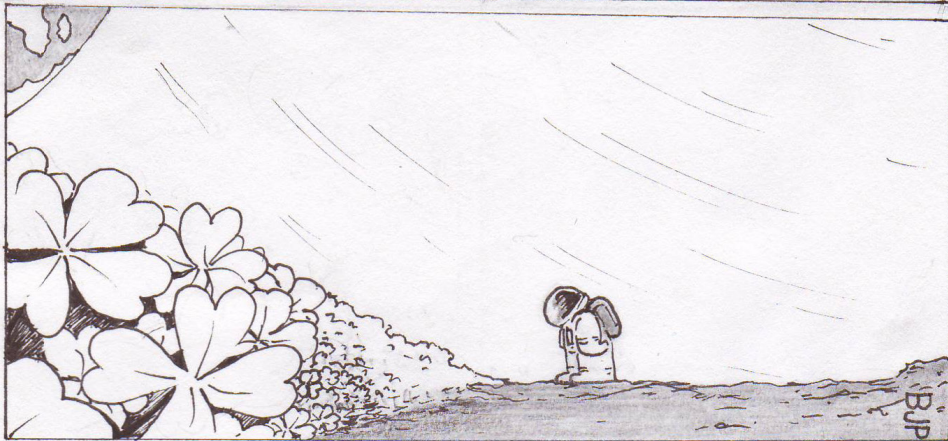
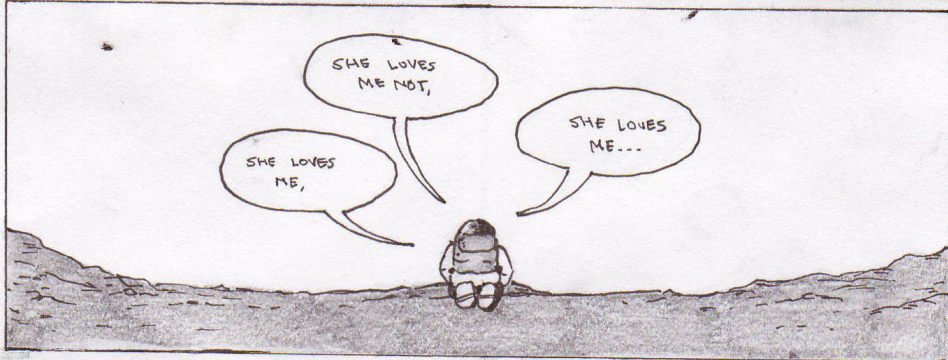
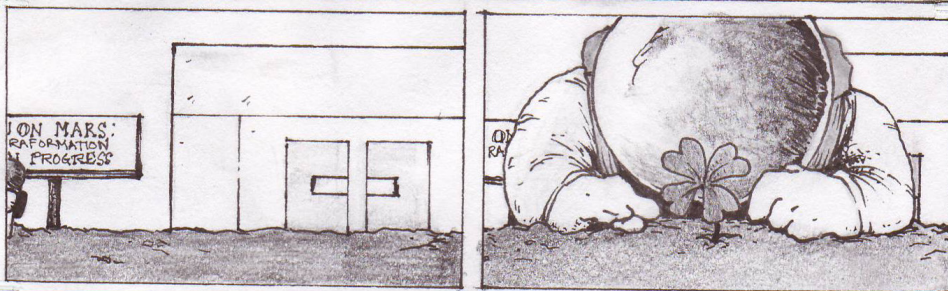
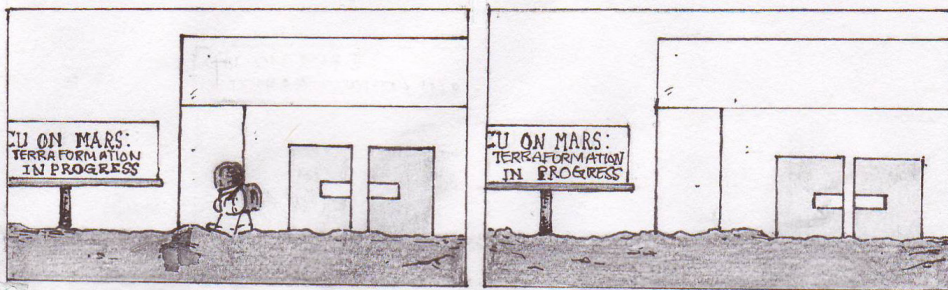
Dancing has been my life since my parents were all shit and didn't wanna pay for my crystal when I was 13. But I gotta tell ya, how de hell am I supposed to slide down the pole when we're in space? I need some of dat gravity shit I think- Sparkles, 16 said when asked about her anxieties regarding the trip.

You know, I'm all chill and all, but man I just want to chug some beers?- Brian the swole, freshman unaware of the effects gravity has on objects.



Update: Zeta Pi is being investigated upon return from the trip due to the death of 2 brothers and 3 rushes. According to an anonymous source, the 5 men decided to go out onto the deck to "take a whiz" after a few drinks and did not realize they were in space.

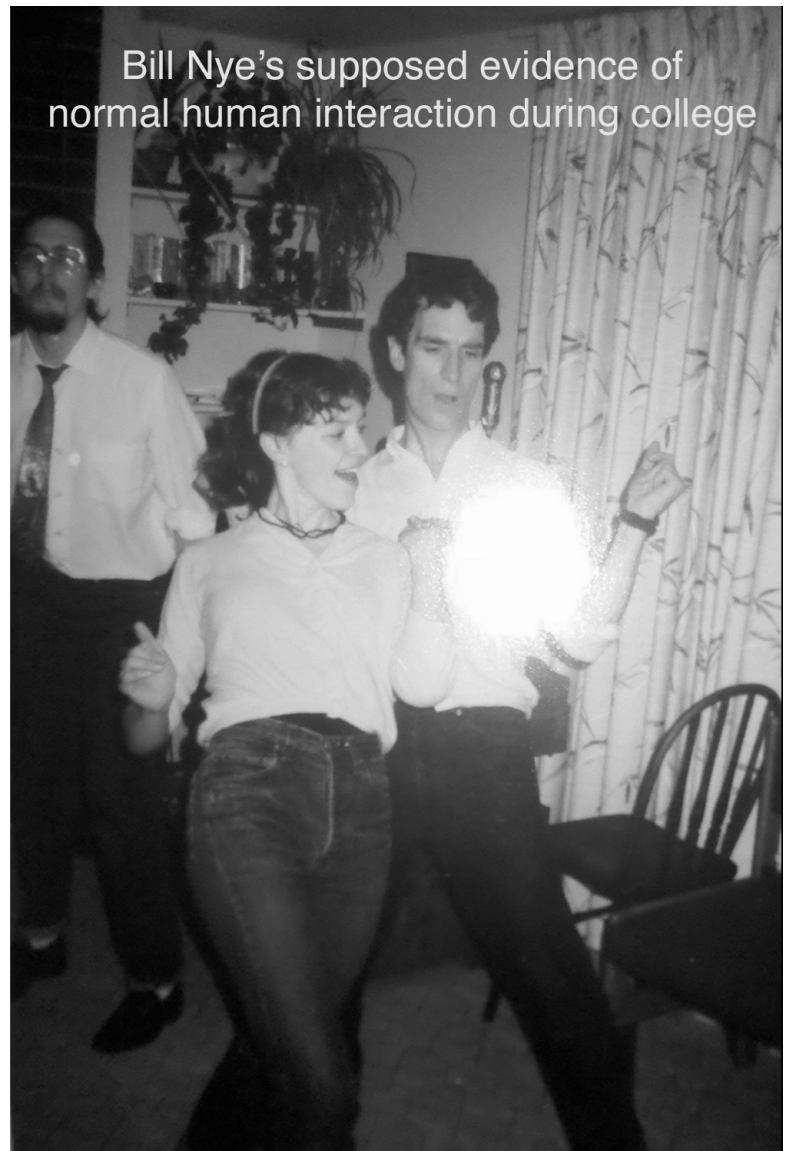
C(LOVER)FIELD



NO HAY PECES EN EL MARS.

Rejected Lunatic Articles

- Pews Research Center finds that 'Atheists nice to each other because they will never meet again and believers nice to each other because they will see each other forever'
- Ithaca Colder than Space, Study Finds
- Cornell's new campus Europa not in fact a misspelling of Europe, but actually just on one of Jupiter's moons
- New Uranus Rover Named "Colonoscopy," NASA loses funding
- Student Attempts to use Fake ID, Doesn't Know Mars' Area Code
- Ministry of Magic finds it does not have jurisdiction in space - Death Eaters relocate to moon
- Boost Mobile Service on the Moon Actually Gets Good Reviews
- NASA to use Jules Verne's designs for next space mission, despite their basis on 19th-century scientific knowledge
- Cornell Jupiter campus to locate to less high-pressure environment
- Ithaca Girl Scouts to Sell HTTP Cookies
- Ombudsman Hal N. Townsend tells CU President, 'I'm sorry Dave, I'm Afraid I Can't Let You Do That'
- Leading Quantum Physicists Get High to Ponder Upon Universe's Secrets
- Lord of the Rings: Why Saturn is the Best Place For Your Honeymoon Other Than the Moon
- The Wave-Function Collapse of Ontological Discrimination: Cats Both Dead AND Alive
- Cornell Astronaut Stranded in Space Discovers that Oxygen Spontaneously Becomes Gold
- Extremely Depressing Time Traveller Puts on Gravestone: 'This Rock Above Me Has Finally Fallen'
- ECON 1101 to Get Discipline-Change Operation to Become Hard Science
- GAGGACA: Why Genetic Therapy for Penis Enlargement is Tearing the Hymen of Society
- New Decision-Making Machine Taking Fun Out of Traditional Trinary Game 'Mate, Murder, or Matrimony.'
- *Cornell Journal of Chemical Law*: Local Nucleophile Finally Apprehended in Erlenmeyer Flask
- Local Scientist Assaulted by Robot but Battery Not Included
- Quantum Physicists Attend God's Office Hours



BLAME PAGE

Cover	TB
Game of Thrones	TeS
Sentinentia	DB
Autoerotic Asphyxiation	BJP
Astronaut Wand Control	SD
Magic 8 Ball	TP
New Fantasy Series	SE
Pluto Feels Inadequate	SD
NSA Gypsies	TB
Dark Lord's Memo	DR
Harry Potter and Magic in Space	DF
Bill Nye in Space	TB
Space Liberal Arts	TP
Space Art Contest	LM
Asstronauts in Space	TaS
Apple Spacebook iStation	DSL
Dr. Clinki	LM
Voices of Ithaca – Pluto	BJP
In[Vitro-Con]ception	BJP
Sexual Identity in Post- <i>Star Wars</i> Culture	SE
Lost Jules Verne Characters	TB
Space Stripper	MR
Racist Earth Shit	TB
Long-Distance Nagging	JW
Bill Nye On My Way	TB
Universal Ratio	SL
Fahrenheit 452	JW
Mars Curiosity Eaten?	TP
Reverse Biology	BJP
Menace of Mars	TB
Frats in Space	II
C(Lover)Field	BJP
Bill Nye Dancing	TB
Footnote	SE

Footnote This one's for you fuckin' elitists out there who do math with letters instead of numbers and took calc in high school. The *real* reason you can't use magic to go to space is that the minimum power output P required to apparate one wizard a distance R from the earth's center in a time Δt is given by the change in gravitational potential energy: $P\Delta t = \Delta U = Gm_em_0 \left(\frac{1}{r_e} - \frac{1}{R} \right)$. For $\Delta t \approx 1$ s and $R =$ the distance to the moon, that's about 4.6 gigawatts, which is 0.03% of the average power consumption of the entire human population. That's about forty-six million times what you need for *lumos*, if you model it as an incandescent light bulb. And if a scrawny GDI like Harry Potter could manage that, he would be working for the Pentagon bombing weddings in Syria, not eating chocolate frogs and trying to rail his friend's sister.

Also, entropy and shit.