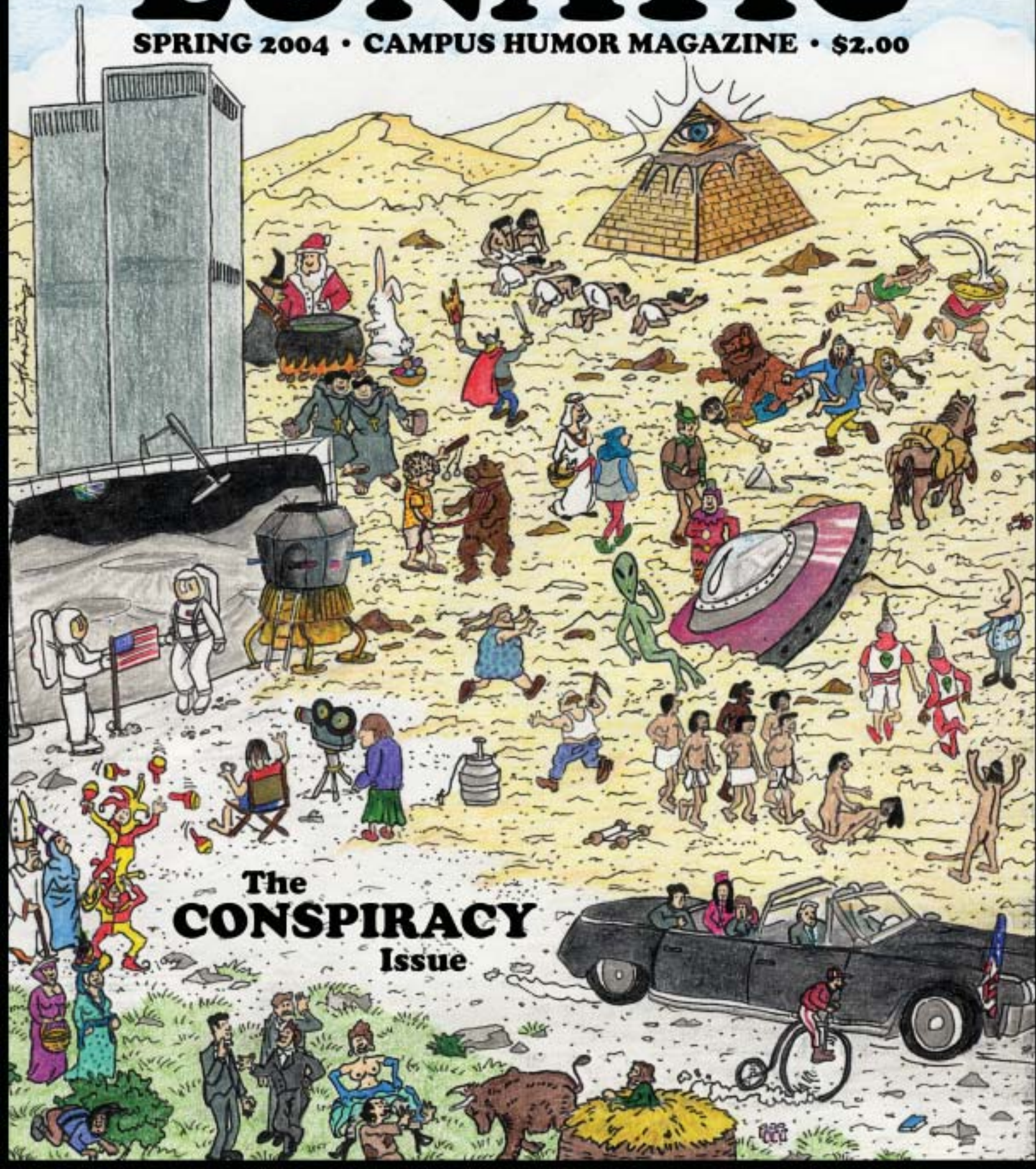


CORNELL LUNATIC

SPRING 2004 • CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE • \$2.00



The
CONSPIRACY
Issue



Fun Conspiracy Fact: As you sleep the Pope beams microwaves into your brain that make you more receptive to running around naked while covered with grape jelly.

The Cornell Lunatic - Since 1978

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This issue cover is based on Martin Hanford's *Where's Waldo Now*. he has too much time on his hands. we respect that, but find masturbation is an equally productive alternative.

The Adventures of Peet Haas



YES, RETURN TO THE SEWERS FROM WHENCE YOU CAME.
SCHEME, FOR THE WORLD NEEDS YOU SUBTERRANEAN HUMOR!

Hi, We are the Cornell Lunatic, Cornell University's only award winning Humor Magazine, published four times a year, (give or take) by the Cornell Lunatic, Box #56, WSH, Ithaca NY, 14853... or are we? Requests for advertising (yeah right), submissions (even harder to come by), subscription information, letters to complain, junk mail, undergarments, speaker wire, breaded pork, love mail, hate mail, money, etc should be sent to the above address. Copyright (C) 2004 by the Cornell Lunatic, all rights reserved. This magazine is partially funded by the Student Assembly Finance Commission and by the illegal drug trade. Nothing in this magazine necessarily reflects any of the opinions, ideas, hopes, dreams, delusions, etc. of the SAFC, CU, the student body, or even our staff. Offended readers take heed, we're only kidding. Peace.

Fun Conspiracy Fact: The only way to block the CIA transmitter in your penis is to cover yourself entirely with tinfoil and chocolate syrup.

THE CORNELL LUNATIC

CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Founded 1978

Owned and published by the Cornell Lunatic at Cornell University

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Special Shout out to my Copy Editor:

Ariel Brewster '05

Editorial:

I lack the creativity to come up with a title

As editor-in-chief, I'm expected to have a certain level of class, or tact, or (at the very least) "good writing skills." Sadly, such is not the case. Because my words are cheap, and self-deprecating humor is not my thing, I'll let my english teacher explain my problems.

"Here and there, I've crossed out or changed words. Let me now if you don't understand. Also, I've given up trying to help you with your sloppy mechanics."

"Your introduction is totally misleading. Write an intro. for this essay."

"Demian, you have so much potential. But readers will never appreciate or understand your ideas unless you take the time to explicate clearly and develop fully using standard punctuation, spelling, and mechanics."

"I have to tell you that I get very frustrated when I read something that's full of excessive words and ideas repetition, and this essay is like that. I'm telling you that because I may have been frustrated and therefore I couldn't follow you out of my own frustration."

"I don't want to have to hear the same thing over and over nor do I want you to say a five word idea in twelve words."

"Already you know that you're smart. Why not make use of this time to write from yourself"

"You might think that punctuation is unimportant, but most people believe that the punctuation guidelines help them understand meaning."

It's sad, but this is all from just two essays that I wrote for her. Apparently, my transitions are also pretty weak. On a totally different topic; I think that you, the reader, should join our staff. If you like to do things then we already have something in common; even better if you are interested in business,

How I love thee, alumni (board):

President (Shadow King): Joey Green '80

VP Communications (Mind Control): Alan M. Corcoran '80

VP Membership (The Muscle): Steven Weinreb '81

VP Fundraising (Money Czar): J.T. Myer '98

VP Mentoring (Ms. Knowledge): Jill Holtzman '80

VP Real Estate (What?): Jon McMillan '98

VP Career Opportunities (Mr. Hook-up): Barry "Captain Kush" Kushelowitz '79

Honorary Board Member (Bitch): Demian Caponi '05

Congrats to Our new Executive Board:

Editor-in-Chief: Demian A. Caponi '05

Executive Editor: Dmitry D. Berenson '05

Sergent-at-Arms: Pete T. Haas '06

Art Editor: John D. Polowczyk '05

Associate Editors: Jake B. Tuck '05 and John Rivnay '06

Circulation Manager: Yash A. Parghi '06

con't. art, or writing stuff that is funny. Doing anything that is related to publicity is also good. If you join, I may (or may not) give you a bayonet. That was a sweet plug.

Our elections seemed to go without a hitch this year. On the bottom right, our new exec board is framed nicely with a 1pt. black frame. Okay, if you look closely, you can see that people just switched around a little bit. Yeah? Deal with it. It should be pretty sweet.

between me and Sammy Hagar. As you can see, he wears sunglasses - that's about it. Right, well, he's also a rockstar.

I hope everyone had a good time during Cornell Days. It was fun in ILR, where brownies and drinks become my lunch for two weeks. Along with that, discussion amongst students turns towards persuading pre-frosh to not come to Cornell. Hey asshole, if you don't like it here, leave. Elaborate plans to "do something" to tour groups is

and brooms, sweeping the chalk-ing off the ground, but leaving a giant filled-in penis stain on the plaza for a good 3 hours. Great.

An idea that I want to start collecting support for now is one that involves the word gazebo. How cool would it be to have a gazebo and a set of picnic tables up above the student store? Ho plaza sucks to chill out on, it is probably the least condusive place for converstation. I say, let's conglomerate above the store, and have picnic



benches. It should also give us a good view of the next penis to emerge on Ho plaza. So we have some pretty exciting

As some of you may know, I own a convertible, and like to ride, Cali-style, top-down, around the busling metropolis that is Ithaca. During one such trip, a couple of characters from a house overlooking the senic Route 13 in downtown yelled at me. "Hey, it's Sammy Hagar!" they yelled. Who the fuck is that I thought. My pop-culture references failing me as they start to sing Van Halen. I'm in stopped traffic, so there's nothing I can really do except hope that they don't decide to throw their dirty feces at me. But for the rest of you; I have made a display to showcase the clear difference

also on the rise during these weeks. It was funny the first time that I thought of it, as a freshman. Put a small person in the tour group, and then kidnap them.... hahahaha... no one will ever suspect that *it was a prank*. Oh you clever Cornell student, you.

Walking through Ho plaza I also noticed an event that was too good to pass up, and makes me wish that I owned a camera. Some really bored kid drew a giant penis on the plaza in chalk; hair on the balls and all. As is always the case, someone was offended and this penis had to be taken off the ground. So the crew used water

stuff in this issue; from the new "Adventures" mini-series to conspiracies galore. Besides a new Fun Fact on almost every page we have, much like our Cover, hidden conspiracies throughout the issue. At least, that's what they tell me. But really, find where the cigar-smoking-fat-white-man is on the cover and I'll give you a free subscription. Thanks for purchasing this fine piece of literary masterfulness and enjoy your day.

Peace.
-d



The Adventures of Peet Haas



Top Secret: An Expose of the Bias Response Squad

The Cornell Lunatic has gone deep undercover to bring you the facts on Cornell University's most covert and deadly operations group.

Somewhere in a dorm room or a hallway in some little used campus building a door is being shut, held fast by closed minds and hearts. On one side nothing but hurt and suffering, while on the other - vile and unrepentant ignorance. But, does anyone hear? Does anyone even care?

Luckily, the answer to both these questions is a resounding yes. To Cornell's Bias Response Squad, this situation is personal. This diverse multicultural team of highly trained and motivated paramilitary soldiers is prepared to even the score for the little guy - or girl - or repressed transsexual.

Their missions primarily fall into two sub-categories: Assault and Containment (AXE) and Judicial Reparations and Reclamation (JURY). Equipped with what is known among insiders as Anti-Bias-Foam, a weapon developed under a joint NSF and NAACP grant, these proud few are ready and willing to immobilize and convert known bigots and hate-mongers.

The identities of seven top BRS agents have recently been confirmed. Here follows a look into the faces of the BRS:

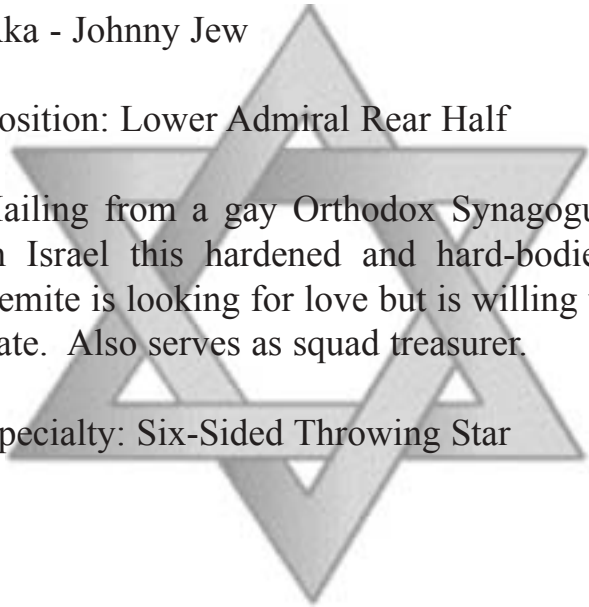
Chaim Eshkol

Aka - Johnny Jew

Position: Lower Admiral Rear Half

Hailing from a gay Orthodox Synagogue in Israel this hardened and hard-bodied Semite is looking for love but is willing to hate. Also serves as squad treasurer.

Specialty: Six-Sided Throwing Star



Franklin B. Black

Aka - Franklin B. Black

Position:
Assassin

A former black panther, hip-hop artist, civil rights activist, ruthless criminal, playwright, and concerned citizen, Franklin ain't

ever gonna get sick of stickin' it to the man.



Specialty: Overseer's Whip

Ming Wong

Aka - Supine Lotus

Position: Sergeant

The requisite BRS computer geek comes from a long line of earnest students and earnest concubines.

Specialty: Disappears into crowds



Fun Conspiracy Fact: Monday is 'Rib Night' at your local Masonic lodge. Friday is 'Scheme To Take Over The World Night'.

Shorty Perez

Aka - Wetback Willy



Position:
Squad
Leader

This guerrilla revolutionary, a direct descendant of Simon Bolivar, isn't the cleverest agent in the force.

Specialty: Doing anything half the price and without bathing

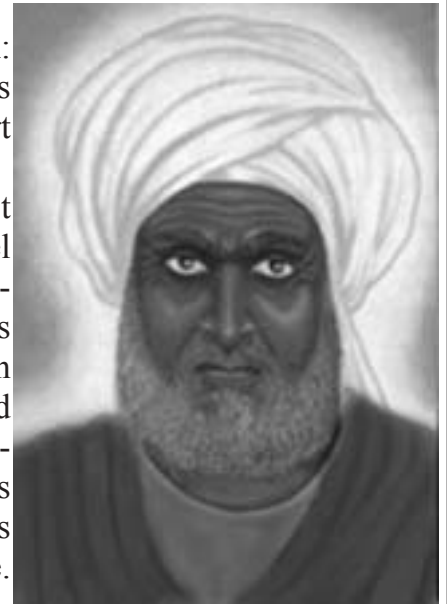
Muhammad Al-lalalala-

Muhammad

Aka - Muhammad

Position:
Demolitions
Expert

Though not allowed to travel by bus, this bearded warrior brings the wrath of Allah to the Squad, and if something happens at least he has plenty of brothers to take his place.



Specialty: We hear he has a sister too.

Wilbur*

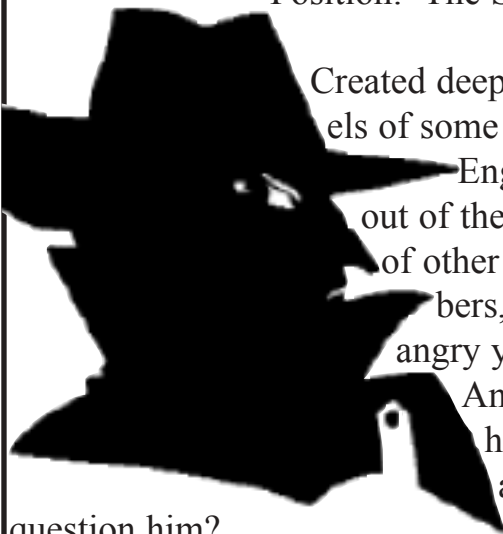
Aka - Clone #1 to #347

Position: The Spy

Created deep in the bowels of some Bio-Engineering lab out of the mixed DNA of other BRS members, Wilbur is an angry young man. And with his heritage, who are you to

question him?

Specialty: Can defeat the Marshal, but loses to any other piece.



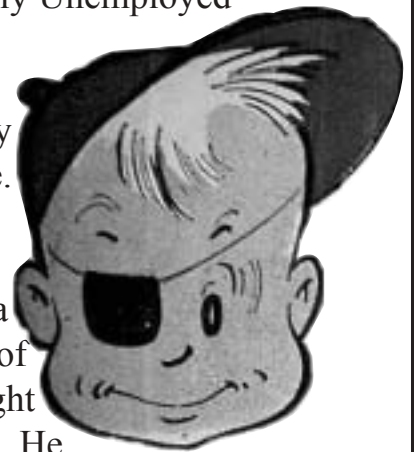
Chief Black Hawk

Aka - Bazooka Joe

Position: Currently Unemployed

He's just crazy about intolerance.

Specialty: Cries a deadly torrent of tears at the first sight of bias/litter. He drinkum bigotry and smokum racism.





The Facts About Aliens and Illusorily Benign Garden Accessories



1. ALIENS ARE EVERYWHERE.

2. THEY ARE LARGE, GREEN, SLIMY AND BUG-EYED, BUT THEY WEAR BASEBALL CAPS SO NOBODY RECOGNIZES THEM.

3. THEY EMIT CRAZY-ASS ALIEN RADIO SIGNALS TO EACH OTHER FROM GARDEN ORBS. NO OTHER POSSIBLE EXPLANATION CAN ACCOUNT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GARDEN ORBS.

4. THEY RECEIVE THE CRAZY-ASS ALIEN RADIO SIGNALS WITH GARDEN GNOMES. NO OTHER EXPLANATION,

BESIDES FUCKED-UP, LATENT SEXUAL FANTASIES INVOLVING SMALL, BEARDED MEN, TROWELS AND MIRACLE GROW, CAN ACCOUNT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GARDEN GNOMES.

5. ANY OLD PEOPLE WHO GARDEN ARE NOT OLD PEOPLE. THEY ARE GREEN, SLIMY, BUG-EYED ALIENS THAT LOOK LIKE OLD PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY WEAR BASEBALL CAPS AND SOMETIMES FANNY PACKS.

6. OLD PEOPLE GARDENING WILL EAT YOUR FACE IF YOU DO NOT BLAST THEM WITH FLAME-THROWERS.

The Adventures of Peet Haas



FAILED DOWNFALLS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

THREAT TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION	POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES	COUNTERMEASURES	OUTCOME
RAP MUSIC	IDEOLOGICAL MISCEGENATION, MORALLY CORRUPT CULTURE, PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS	NONE. WAIT - PUFF DADDY.	I DUNNO, EVEN BABY-EATING WOULDN'T BE RISQUÉ BY THE TIME LINKIN PARK PICKED UP ON IT.
GAY MARRIAGE	SEE ABOVE, BUT WITH MORE LOCUSTS. BIGGER LOCUSTS! ALSO, SOMETHING ABOUT A RAIN OF BRIMSTONE.	APPEAL TO OUR SENSE OF MORAL DIGNITY (OH, THAT'LL WIN 'EM OVER.)	I CAN THINK OF A MILLION BETTER REASONS I'M GOING TO HELL.
YEAR 2000	UH, 2001?	I THINK THE STONES GOT BACK TOGETHER OR SOMETHIN'.	LIFE SUCKS IN 4-D.
JESUS	KINDNESS, CHARITY, MEEKNESS, STIGMATA.	JEWS CONTROL THE MEDIA, KEEP IT ON THE D.L. (EXAMPLE: ALL BREAKFAST CEREAL MASCOTS ARE JEWISH, EVEN THE CAP'N.)	WHAT HAS HE DONE FOR ME LATELY?
PIKACHU	FAMINE?	GET THE KIDS HOOKED ON SOMETHING MORE DOWN-TO-EARTH, LIKE FREEBASING.	EVENTUALLY EVERY KID LEARNS ABOUT FUCKIN'.

Fun Conspiracy Fact: If you play Ozzy Osbourne's 'Walk On Water' backwards, you will hear mostly gibberish and a voice exhorting you to worship Tom Brokaw.

An episode of... 7 things that Cause Stuff!

A liberal education, believe it or not, will cause cancer

Viagra, when masterbated to, will cause hairy palms

Skittles, little known fact, cause gayness, can be proved by the slogan "taste the rainbow, and that dude's ass."

Trucker hats, when worn continuously, will cause cancer in Ashton Kutcher, and stupididty in the wearer.

Another fact that is held back from students is that books, and reading, are the leading causes of eye cancer

Collars, when worn "up" just cause stupidity, oh, and will get your ass beat, you shitty little trend follwoing loser.

Cigarettes, don't believe the hype, are the means by which eternal joy is obtained.

The Adventures of Peet Haas



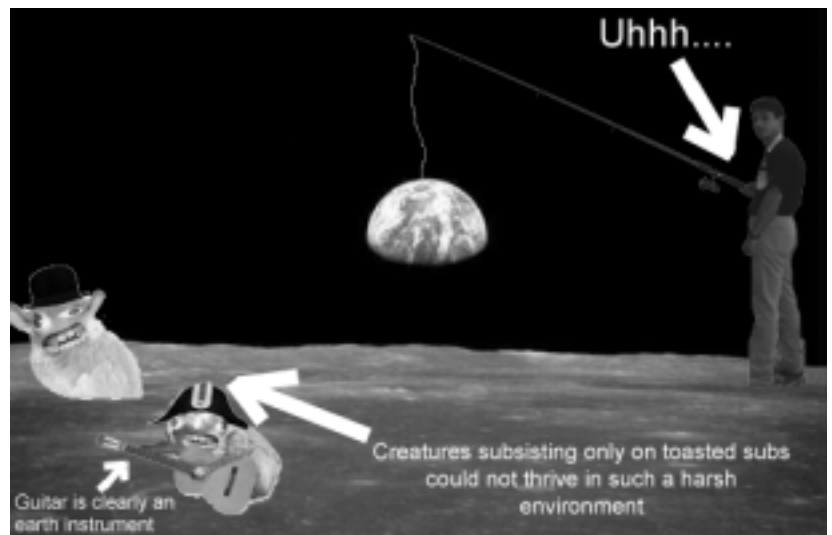
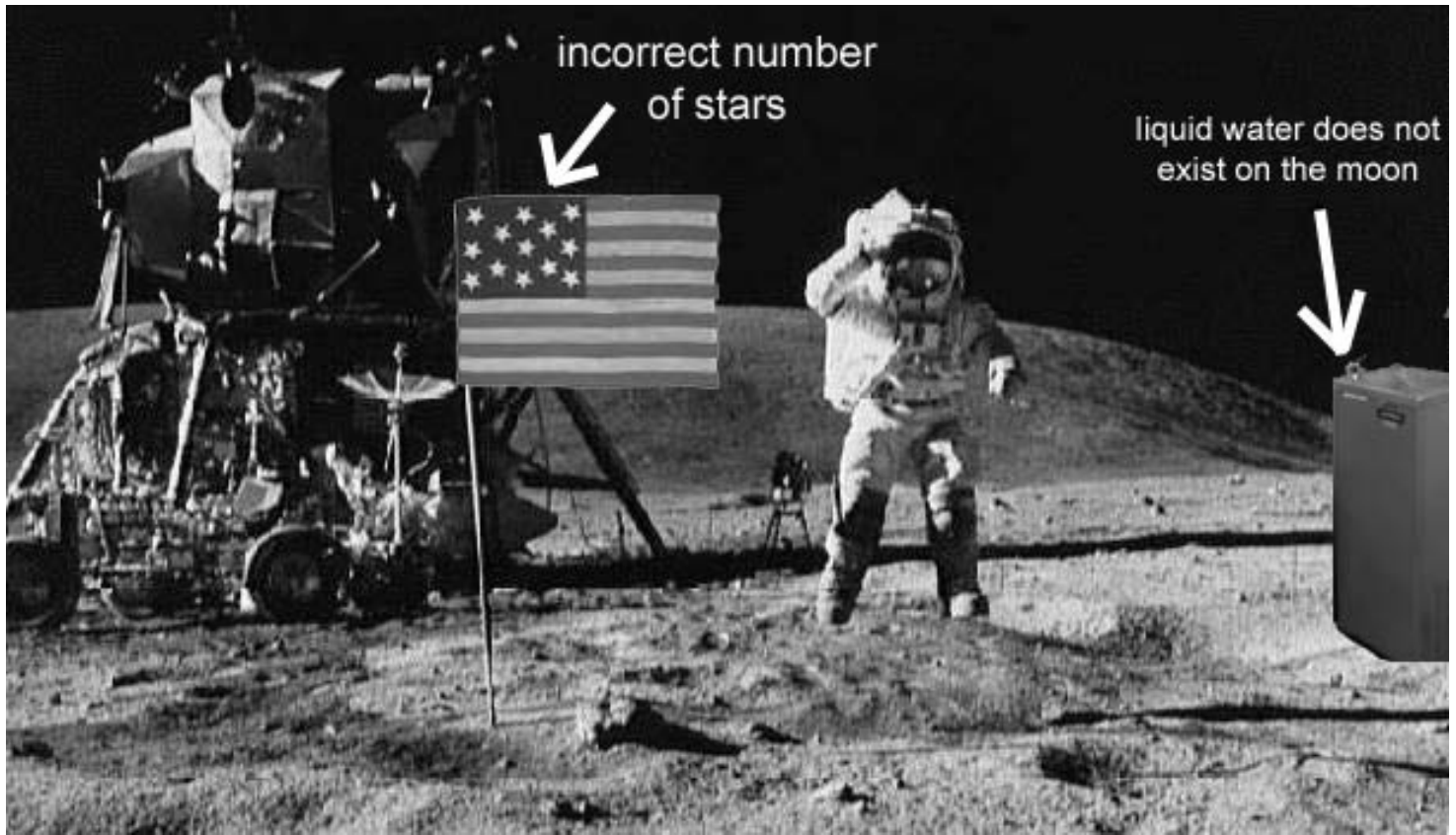
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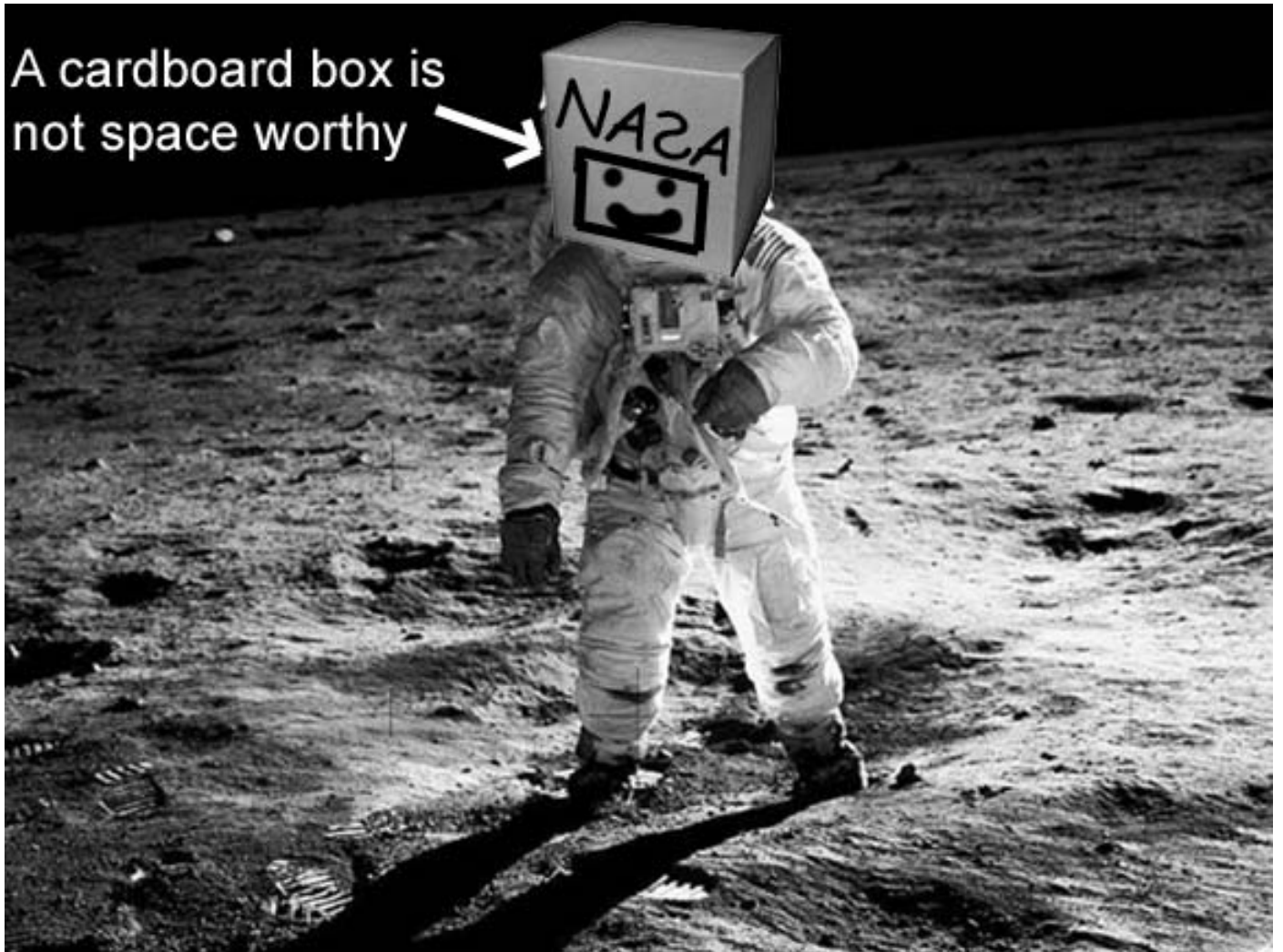
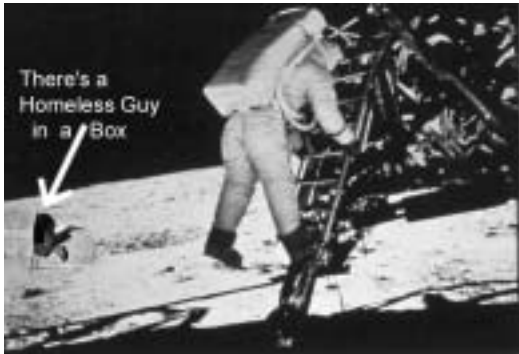
LIES

behind America's Moon Landing



Fun Conspiracy Fact: Turns out Noam Chomsky was right about everything. Sorry for calling you a crackpot, Noam.

For years, Americans, and the rest of the world has accepted that American astronauts landed on the moon. These newly discovered pictures offer conclusive proof that this landing did not, in fact, occur.



Memo: To all Future Cornell Presidents,
RE: The Cornell Weathr Machine

Thank you for choosing Cornell as
your next stop in world domination.

As you know, weather up here on
"The Hill" is pretty shitty; and
it's your job to keep it that way.

In your office, you will find all
the controls for the Cornell

Weather Machine. Just follow

these simple rules, and you'll be fine:

1. Never make it above 52 degrees F.
2. Transfer all heat into Day Hall
3. Expand heat onto Cornell for "Cornell Days"
4. Profit.

Good luck to you and your cronies.

CORNELL WEATHER MACHINE

DIARY OF A PARANOID OPHTHALMOLOGIST

January 1, 2004:

Well, it's time to ring in the New Year. Hopefully this one will be less, how shall I say, unusual than the previous one. If only the penguins weren't pulling all the strings.

January 2, 2004:

Further developed my theory of penguin puppetry after learning something disturbing: penguins can't fly! Don't you see? What a catharsis! Penguins, frustrated by their status as the most recognizable flightless bird, have turned to puppetry to channel their black-and-white anger. It's only a matter of time before airplanes are being pulled around on strings.

January 6, 2004:

Sorry I haven't written any entries in a while. I've been extremely busy. The penguins have been moving swiftly, having mastered the airplane-string technology in a matter of days. They've cleverly outlined their plans in models called "dioramas", where the movement of planes is directed by strings attached to a small wooden cross. I must stop them from obtaining the string before it is too late!

January 7, 2114:

Traveled in time. Confirmed my suspicion that penguins control everything in the future.

January 8, 2004:

Maybe it's just the THC talking, but get this: when you rearrange the word "Penguin", you get "Genpuni"! I haven't figured out the significance of this discovery, but I can tell it's important.

January 9, 2004:

Took a break from discovering conspiracies, watched a movie. It was called Bad Santa. To more accurately portray the content of the film, they should have called it Bad Movie.

January 10, 2004:

Got more disturbing news today. Learned that guitar playing extraordinaire and notorious penguin Kirk Hammett, of the band Metallica, has built the majority of his fortune on earnings from the band's hit album Master of Puppets. Things are becoming clear now, a little too clear. I

have a habit of seeing things too clearly. After all, I am an ophthalmologist, and a damn good one at that!

January 11, 2004:

Misdiagnosed an elderly blind woman with the Bubonic plague. American Medical Association says I overstepped my bounds as an eye doctor - screw them. Everyone knows that they're controlled by the penguin puppeteers anyway. This is all an elaborate scheme to make me lose my job, which I'm damn good at, by the way.

January 12, 2004:

Lost a patient during an eye test. Apparently I'm the first eye doctor to ever have a fatality on his hands. The patient slipped on a wet spot while reading the eye chart and broke his neck. My lawyers say I better have a lot of insurance. They refuse to believe that the penguins are behind it. How much more obvious could it be? I mean, really! Water on my floor, penguins come from the Antarctic, the Antarctic is cold, producing ice, when penguins come to my office, which is warm, the ice melts, forming water! What a blatant attempt to sabotage me! This aggression will not stand! They'll never drag THIS guy into court!

January 20, 2004:

Got indicted for malpractice yesterday. Lawyer says I'm looking at 3 years. Said I should plead insanity.

January 21, 2004:

Plead of insanity was easily accepted, a little too easily accepted if you ask me.

February 13, 2004:

Began my first day in prison, or so they would have you believe. This obviously isn't a prison, but instead a cleverly decorated Dairy Queen.

February 14, 2004:

Got raped in the shower today. Didn't see the guy, but it felt like a penguin.

February 15, 2004:

Concluded that I am not in a Dairy Queen at all, but instead confined in Michael Jackson's Neverland Ranch. The ass raping was a dead giveaway.

Fun Conspiracy Fact: The federal government is watching you. Therefore, you should stockpile arms. That way, the federal government will not mess with you as they watch you because you're stockpiling arms.

It's a Quickie!

Cornell Grades Mysteriously "Deflated"

Inexplicably low grades have caused a stir amongst freshmen and transfer students this year, as their acclamation to Cornell was derailed by grades that are actually adjusted to reflect in-class errors. The "non-A" grades, as they're being called, have turned up on transcripts at the end of semesters which included fraternity parties, lonely drinking, and that first tumultuous fling/breakup/stalking. "It's surprising," said Eric Barthes, a freshman in the Ag School, "pretty much everyone I've met had their grades inflated all to hell in high school, and I, for one, expected that to continue here. It's almost as if the University doesn't want us to succeed."

She's Cheating On You, Man. Can't You Tell?

I hate to be the one to tell you, but she is, seriously. That time she didn't want you to come over because she had an orgo problem set due the next day? Yeah, that was a metaphor. Orgo, or-gasm. She had a "problem" and she needed to have a set "done" that night, and where were you? That's right. You've been having trouble with that sort of thing? Hey, calm down, I'm just saying. Yeah, of course it's not an exact match, you've got to read between the lines with stuff like this. Hey, calm down, she's probably only done it like a few dozen times. Right. All those times she's not actually in your direct line of sight? How can you know for sure, you know? That's right. Hey, it's springtime after all. She's being more affectionate? That's a front. Less, you say? Well, she's not even making the effort. Like the Tokyo subway, man. Highly trafficked. What? What do you mean how do I know? Hey, calm down!

Bush Leading in Polls

Sales of tin foil skyrocket

With President Bush looking sure to win re-election in November, sales of tin foil and gap-filling foam have soared, as the US populace braces for another round his administration's trademark "rights reduction" policies. "The CIA won't be able to do anything about it this time," said Palantnar Rivers III, Ithaca resident. "Tenet is a dead man." Rivers wore a supple plastic shirt made out of densely interlocked six-pack rings, and sported the simple two-layer tin-foil hat that has gained popularity in upstate New York. He also expressed concern about the government's oversight capabilities, now that Bush will be term-limited and therefore will not have to make any pretense about his stunning power consolidation. "The satellites, man...the satellites," he said.

Movie Review: Conspiracy Theory

It's been seven years since the movie "Conspiracy Theory" was released and, as the release date (8-8-97) makes clear, it should be safe to review now. The plot centers around a conspiracy-minded cabdriver and his trials and travails as he learns the secrets of his past, and his entanglement with the object of his affection. I cannot, in good conscience support this movie. The acting is fine all around, but there are simply too many factual errors. The silent black helicopters would not be allowed in major metro areas, at least without an accompanying flight of amnesia-gas toy blimps. Patrick Stewart's character wouldn't be allowed out in public once he's injured; it would certainly attract attention. His intact organs would likely be recycled, and his experiences stored and prepared for upload to the clone. And the movie's happy end is pure Hollywood invention - Mel Gibson's character manages to fake his death and escape, a device available only to mob leaders and politicians. For him there would be no happy end.

The George W. Bush Joke Liquidation Sale! Everything Must Go!

After Congress passed a bill raising emission standards for automobiles, President Bush was talking with Vice President Cheney about what he should do. He didn't want to sign legislation that would hurt Big Oil. Cheney said, "You should use your veto." To which President Bush replied, "Vito? But I don't know any Italians!"

George W. Bush's Pick-Up Lines:

"If I could screw you with my tax plan, imagine what I could do with the rest of my body!"

"There are two ways we can do this: you can have sex with me, or my dad can get you to have sex with me. Why not just cut out the middle man?"

"Are you part of the wealthiest 1%? Because I'd love to suck on your teat."

"You're the only woman I want to drill more than the Arctic National Wildlife Reserve."

Regular Ol' Jokes:

Q: How do you get Bush to agree to abortions?

A: Call them "preemptive strikes."

Q: What did the Texas death-row inmate want for his last meal?

A: [claps hands above head] PUDDING!

Nicknames for Bush's Squad in the Texas Air National Guard:

The Fightin' No-Fighters

Milwaukee's Best

The Flyin' Fortunate Sons

The Houston Higher-than-Astros

G.I. J-O

Jokes Europeans Are Telling About Bush:

"Knock-knock."

"Who's th-"

"Bush is a Nazi!"

Q: Who am I? [makes "Seig Heil" motion]

A: My grandfather. Bush, too, I guess.

One day President Bush visited the Senate to see how close his next tax bill was to being passed. When he asked Ted Kennedy and Hillary Clinton, Ted said, "Mr. President, this tax plan will kill Social Security and other vital social programs. We're planning to filibuster." Bush looked shock. He gestured at Hillary and said, "Filibuster? I barely know her!"

...And that's all the Bush jokes that were left.

SECRET GOVERNMENT PLANS FOR POST-WAR CANADA



The entire province of Quebec will be dug up and shipped by the tanker-load to France. We will also give them Newfoundland because those two provinces just look so adorable together. Manitoba will be shipped to Africa because frankly it sounds a little too "ethnic" to be in North America.

The remaining six provinces (or seven or however many they have these days) will be consolidated into four territories with the following names: North North Dakota, Maple Leaf Nuclear Waste Disposal Facility, Disney's Northern Adventure, and Parking Lot C.

Canada's economy will be given a much-needed jumpstart by instituting a currency with balls.

Toronto will be renamed "Heart of the Great Satan" in an attempt to bait terrorist attacks toward it and away from New York and Washington DC

The draft can be reinstated effectively in the United States as soon as Canada, once a haven for draft dodgers, is under our control. The Selective Service System's new slogan will be "Now where are you gonna run to, fucko?"

To settle the issue of gay marriage, which is illegal in the United States but legal in Canada, the following compromise will be made: Gay marriage will be legal only above the 75th parallel, and this area will be designated the Arctic Ass-Bandits Preserve.

As in the United States, religious tolerance will be a cornerstone of post-war Canada. The Canadian people will not be persecuted for their beliefs, whether they worship Jesus, the Holy Trinity, or Christ Our Savior.

Canadian students will be taught to embrace the culture of their home country, specifically the quirks that we Americans have held dear to us over the years, such as their accent and aptitude at hockey. The United States government is committed to making sure all Canadians know their "Eh?-B-Cs."



1) Pakistan Food Network
-It's funny because they're hungry.

2) W.E.T. in South Africa
-The quest for equality.

3) 32.3 year Lifetime (Ghana)
-TV for young women, cause you won't be around much longer.

4) English SPorts Network (UK)
-Come on Ref, Tea Interval, Tea Interval!

5) HBO-India
-Time for exactly 3/4 movie per day.

6) Israel Home and Garden TV
-At 7pm, "Building a Wall"
-At 8pm, "Maintaining a Wall"

7) Animal Planet China
-Domesticated Meals

8) Court TV France
-We act snooooty, we find our man. Then we act snooooty.

9) TNT Afghanistan
-Blowing shit up is a stone groove. Which also happens to be where we live.

10) Comedy Central Iraq
-Wait, it's sad, not funny.

11) Amsterdam Entertainment Network - featuring the award-winning show, "Shiny Stuff."

Cheerios Taste like Mind-Control

Between the door and the table stōōd Māllick Sūng. Hē was not Chinese, in fact he wasn't even Asian. What he was, that is what he was doing, was infiltrating my cereal. I watched through the security cam from my panic room. He was wearing a suit and gray slacks; well shaved but had that biker look about him. I watched Toucan Sam's face swell as Mallick snaked his arm elbow-deep into my Froot Loops. And just like that, he was gone.

Sometimes I think about the taste of coffee in French cafes or the way a woman's hair falls in gradient as she steps off the bus in the New York streetlights. But mostly I think about cereal. Cereal and Telemundo. Well, I guess mostly Telemundo, but that isn't to say that cereal isn't important to me.

That's why I started this search and that's how I found out about Mallick. This isn't some shit about Alphabits spelling out "MURDER" or the flaming bear on the Golden Crisp box. This is serious. Behind the high fructose corn syrup and riboflavin of your favorite breakfasts lie the gears and cogs of a massive control hierarchy! In Swiss pharmaceutical labs deep beneath the Alps, THEY developed the secret compound used to infect and retune the mind to resonate with THEIR frequencies!

Oh, I know what you must be saying: he's out of his mind. No one would be that devious, what about the companies, what about General Mills, Post, Kellogg, Quaker, etc? They wouldn't agree to this. You're right, they didn't. Well, not consciously. (That is, supposing there is such a thing as consciousness and that we're not all soulless automata to be tinkered with by other soulless automata who are tinkered with by, um, other...automata...oh hell, you know what I mean.) Anyway, THEY send Mallick to poison the minds of the executives by doing the same thing he just did to me; infiltrating their precious cereal. What, did you think these execs ate? Oatmeal? Well, maybe the Quaker guy eats oatmeal but the rest of them eat cereal all the time. See, Mallick carries the extra-concentrated formula; it rewires the brain within minutes. They'll put that in the

cereal once they finalize their grip on the FDA. For now they poison our brains slowly, like Arsenic in small doses. Every delicious spoonful brings you closer to absolute servitude. Remember that as you're stuffing your fat face and driving your SUVs.

Don't you see? It's got to be cereal. We eat it every morning when we're too drowsy to notice the subtle acidic taste. Look at Froot Loops, what the hell is that? It doesn't even try to taste like fruit!



Fun Conspiracy Fact: Jet 'contrails' emitted from passing aircraft are actually streams of vaporized mind-control chemicals that are an integral component of the Apple 'switch' campaign.

It tastes like chemicals. How easy would it be to slip a little something in there; attach a little benzene ring just on the edge of that tasty hydrocarbon? Who's going to stop them? You? Santa Claus? Congressman O'Leary, who crams his face with Lucky Charms every morning?

Beware of the bag cereals; they're the most insidious of all! Ask yourself, who buys bag cereal? Poor people! It's a well known fact that the government doesn't care about poor people. Why would the FDA bother testing food poor people buy? It's also a well known fact that poor people will eat anything, including each other, so they won't notice the bitter taste of mind control.



Not even your children are safe! Trix are for kids. Happy docile little kids chasing a magical talking rabbit through dandelion meadows tra la la la la la. Wake up meat sacks! The rabbit is conformity, when your children "catch" it they'll be obliterated in its sterile white coat! ("White" used here to symbolize the cleansing of individuality through the mental annihilation precipitated by mind control.)

See, it's all going down under the umbrella of Telemundo. Sabado Gigante is meant to erode your supple mind even more than you would expect it to. It's madness, pure madness. But, on the higher frequencies, through the invisible flicker of countless TVs across this great nation, data is being fed into your waiting neurons for programming. Have you noticed that it's impossible to change the channel away from Telemundo. That's not an accident...

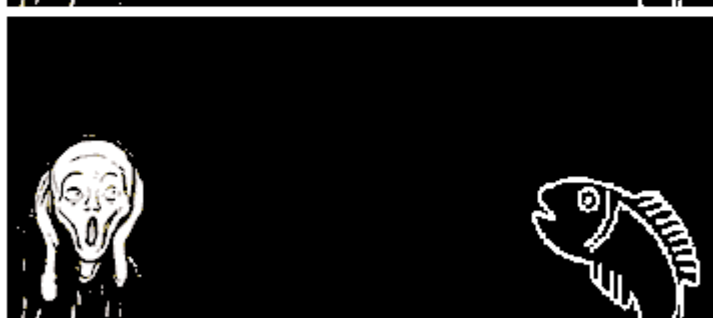
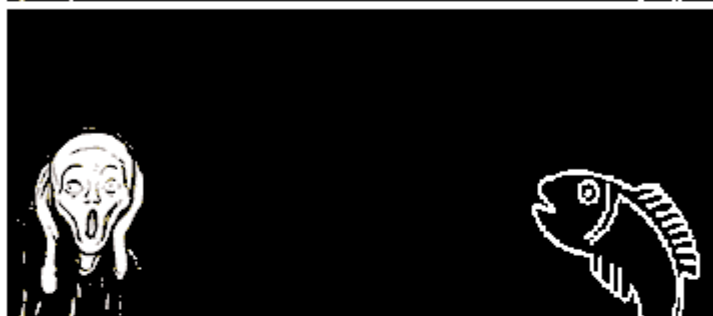
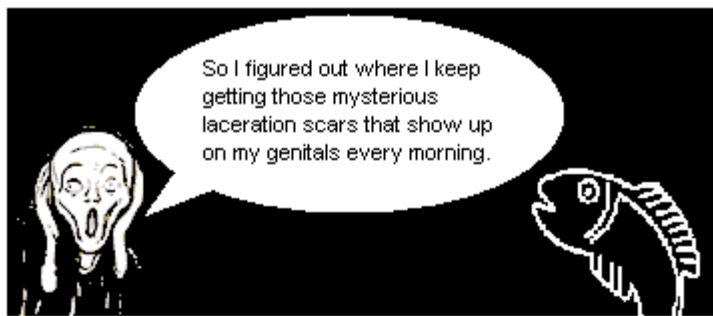


Remember my words as you watch the little specs of "cinnamon" diffuse in the milk of your cereal bowl. Remember this article when you find yourself alone in the dark, drooling to the mindless elation of the Sabado Gigante "studio audience."

Soon THEY will gather their armies onto them and millions will march mindless in lockstep through New York, Washington, Caracas, Tripoli, Moscow and Bombay. THEIR minions will gorge themselves on cereal as they tear the world's governments to shreds at the bidding of their masters. Hmm, now that I think about it, that wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing because it's a well known fact that all governments are controlled the Illuminati, the Masons, um, space aliens, uhh, robots(?) and um...oh right, almost forgot, the Jews.

Hopefully it's not too late for you, my days are numbered.





HYPOTHETICAL REASONS FOR A RECALL OF SEGWAYS

**

Controversy over recent incident when a drunk Segway driver nudged a six-year-old girl.

**

Not emasculating enough.

**

Road rage-induced comments made by driver too easily overheard.

**

Scares people working the drive-thru, because from their perspective Segway drivers appear to be floating.

**

A little thing I liked to call "winter".

**

The "Not-dying man's motorized cart" advertising campaign ruffled a few feathers.

**

Missing third and fourth wheels, seats, combustible engine.

**

Only an Olympic gymnast could give road-head on one of those things

**

BLAME (BOTTOM OF A) PAGE:

Cover: JR
Snapple: JR
Editorial: DAC
Bias Squad: JJC, DAC
Aliens: JBT
Downfalls: YAP
Cause Stuff: DDB, DAC, PTH, JDP, JR
MoonLanding: DDB

Weather: DAC
Diary: BMS
Quickies: ESL
Bush Jokes: PTH
Canada: PTH
T.V.: DWS
Cheerios: DDB
Bangor: YAP

Segway: PTH
Stress Relief: JDP
Fun Page: DDB, DAC, PTH, JDP, JR
Your Kid is Gay: PTH
Conspiracy Fun Facts: BJH
Adventures of Peet Haas: JDP



TIPS FOR: RELIEVING STRESS

Feeling a little stressed out from the ridiculous workload? Got the wintertime or postpartum blues? You should! Here's a few tips to help you relax, courtesy of your local health center:

- Mail a picture of a hairy cock to your grandma and put JFK's grave as the return address.

- Write down all of your outstanding qualities on a piece of paper. Then crumble it up, light it on fire, and throw it at an animal in the zoo.

- Smile! The worst is yet to come, especially when your parents find out you did all of the things listed above. Now you should seriously consider splattering yourself on the bottom of a gorge...

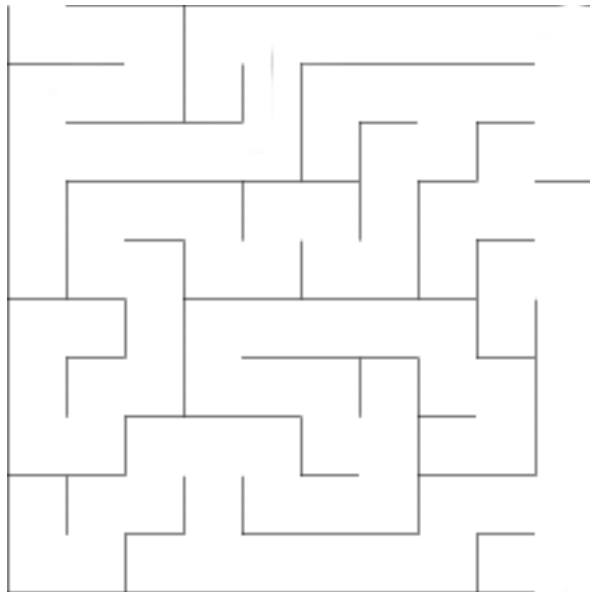
- Go to Uris library and laugh at all of the hard-working Asians who will probably commit suicide before you do.

- Attend a Yoga class dressed up like Hitler.

- Jerk off in a sock and use it to put on a puppet show for a four-year old. Then write a letter to his parents explaining what you did.

- Shoot some crabs in a barrel. When you've had enough target practice, try to shoot the crabs off your genitals.

FUN PAGES

MAZE GAME

Help Marie-Curie find the substance that caused her cancer!



Word Game:

eeialnsssoobb
*quiss*hy
 TEDSTESTICLES
 STIMACTEA
 GGARDLYNI
 foopussyting

They're not scrambled, it's just your dyslexia.

Look into her eyes and explain why daddy wants to put his penis in another man's asshole.

I Bet Your Kid is Gay -

A poem for parents of children aged 8-12

I bet your kid is gay,
Look at him sashay.

He's got yellow bed sheets,
And watches "I Love Lucy" repeats.
He runs like he's being chased by bees
And has two broken knees.
He tried on his mother's straw hat-
Not that there's anything wrong with
that.

That's what you get for naming him
"Clay."
Look at him sashay.

He loves to watch tennis,
He reads "People" at the dentist.
In Monopoly, he's always the thimble
(An unofficial gay symbol).



That boy sure likes to dance,
He must love to prance.

He probably watches the WNBA,
Look at him sashay.

He wears turtlenecks to every affair,
He doesn't like to swear.
Purple's the color he loves.
He wears mittens instead of gloves.
He just leered at me -
I don't know, maybe.

He belongs by the 'Frisco Bay
Look at him sashay.

He calls a milkshake a "malt."
(That's probably your fault)
He sits at the front of the bus
And uses the word "fabulous."
His best friend is a girl named Deb,
His favorite book is "Charlotte's Web".

He's in big trouble on Judgment Day.
I bet your kid is gay,
Look at him sashay.

