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THE TIME ISSUE



THE CORNELL LUNATIC

CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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WHAT WAS I TALKING ABOUT, AGAIN?

BY PETE HAAS

I write this knowing you won't read it. Already, your eyes are beginning to wander. "Whoa, paragraphs?" you say to yourself. "I thought they discontinued those in the fifties." The average American's attention span has grown astronomically worse over the past half-century, since the advent of television. There is probably a lot of statistical data to back this up, but if I open my web browser to look it up, my mind will wander and before I know it, I'll have spent three hours researching Louis Gossett Jr's filmography on the Internet Movie Database.

However, I am not alone in my inability to remain focused. A couple weeks ago, when we released the fake newspaper with the headline "Castro Dead," the Daily Sun was flooded with calls ("flooded with calls" here means "not flooded with calls") from people asking if Cuban dictator Fidel Castro was, in fact, dead. This tells me that no one read past the headline. The first sentence of the article, written by someone with the name "Byron Haberdasher," says that Frank Castro, a communal leader in "Cuba, New York," has died. Also, there was a picture on the lower left of the front page of our Art Editor with his tongue stuck to the junk of the metal statue outside the Statler.

Not that I'm any better. I spend more than five minutes in a lecture and my mind goes off to some faraway land. I begin to wonder, "Is there a boy in Japan right now who wants to be an accountant, but his parents are making him go to ninja school?" When I finally come to, the lights are out in the lecture hall and the janitor is poking me with his broom.

What's to be done about such a problem?

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"Captain Kush" Kushelowitz '79

Honorary Member (Bitch): Demian Caponi '05

Some think medication is the answer, but honestly, I think we just need to stop being so boring. First, our writing must be punchier:

Paragraphs are an overcrowded orgy of words.

Why say it in a paragraph when you can say it quicker and with less accuracy in double-spaced lines?

We also need to incorporate more interesting language into our everyday speech.

For example: "Timmy got braces today. KABOOM!"

We must lead more intriguing lives.

Buy a kangaroo.

Move into a haunted house. Walk around in the basement.

Do something involving robots.

Your friends will thank you for it.

I'd feel remiss if I didn't give you some political advice along these lines as well:

Don't let them deport illegal aliens. Because of their exotic accents and smells, each is a walking sitcom.

Support anything that encourages piracy, digital or nautical.

Don't ban land-mines. What other invention in existence makes walking so interesting?

Let's just put an end to the tedium. I'm doing my part by cutting off this article right now.

BLAMMO!

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Fake Time Travel and You

Like most good things in life - jet-packs, flying cars, silver jumpsuits - time travel is hogged by Old Money fat-cats and will only be attained by Joe Sixpack in science fiction. Still, even the most washed-up, no-good loser (e.g. you) can reap many benefits by doing the next best thing: faking it.

BUT HOW?

Find a closet with a working light in your house. Begin to tell people it's your laboratory. Placing a sign on the door often helps the illusion (figure 1). When you want to "time travel" - perhaps to spice up a boring dinner party? - simply yell "Into the Fourth Dimension!" and run into the closet. Once inside, flip the lights on and off repeatedly (mess up your hair and unbutton your shirt for added effect). Stumble out of the closet after a minute or two, and regale your guests with tales of the Ming Dynasty.

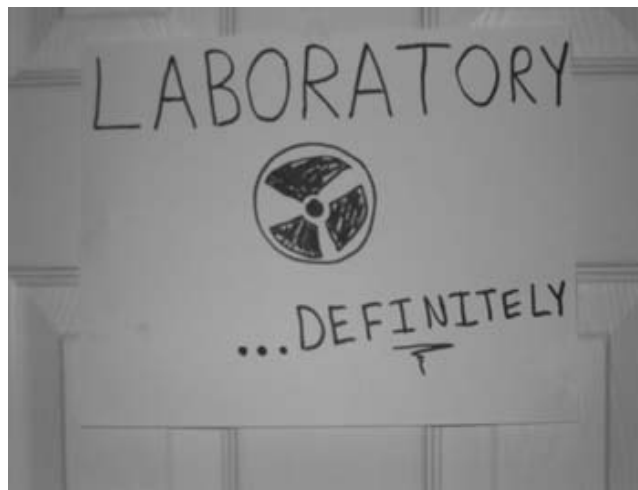


Figure 1 - The sign for your fake time travel lab should look something like this.

BUT WHY?

There are many potential benefits to fake time travel. We've compiled a few examples of how you can use it to enrich your life, but the possibilities are endless:

Win arguments!

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: I said Manhattan had the most cocaine per square prep school, not Boston!

FRIEND: You totally said Boston.

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: Oh yeah? Well there's only one way to settle this! Time traveler, awaaaaaaay! [runs into his "laboratory", flips lights on and off, and emerges moments later]

FRIEND: T-t-t-time travel?!

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: I just went back in time to last week, when I made the statement in question. Not only did I say "Manhattan," but you borrowed eighty dollars from me right after I did.

FRIEND: [shrugs, reaches for his wallet] Well, you're the time traveler.

Get out of trouble with the Missus!

WIFE: I've asked you five times today to fix the garage door! What have you been doing all day?

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: Well, actually, I've been time traveling. Surfing the temporal waves, if you will.

WIFE: And?

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: I went twenty years in the future to see what our life would be like. We finally redid the kitchen, and you look just as beautiful then as you do now.

WIFE: I absolve you of all sins.

Screw with people!

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: [runs up to MAN, and begins to shake him] What...year...is it!?

MAN: Why, it's 2005, my good sir.

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: 2005...There's still time! [runs away]

MAN: This entire exercise has been at my expense.

Make a buck or two!

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: [holding out a handful of Canadian pennies] These are miniature Hunter-Killer robots from the year 2140. They pretty much rule the world, and they're a steal at twenty bucks a pop.

BOY: How come they don't move at all?

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: They're in hibernation mode right now. That's how they conserve energy when they're not killing things.

BOY: What do they kill?

FAKE TIME TRAVELER: Little boys who ask too many questions.

BOY: Okay, I'll buy some, but all I have is this stack of signed blank checks from my dad's desk.



BUT WHAT WILL I DO IF PEOPLE ASK ME WHAT THE PAST OR FUTURE IS REALLY LIKE?

Here are a few rules of thumb to follow when describing other historical periods to skeptical friends:

1. When talking about a male historical figure, mention that he's ting-a-ling. Also, say that he smelled more than historians would have you believe.
2. When describing a historical event, simply say it looked a lot cooler on the commemorative stamp.
3. When asked about the future, smile cryptically and remark, "Oh, you'll see!"

So you see friends, fake time travel is just as good, if not better (note: probably not better) than regular time travel, and you don't need millions of dollars or extensive knowledge of the Van Damme movie *Time Cop* to use it. Fake time travel just plain works, whoever you are...or should I say, *when-ever* you are!

Seriously though, I copyrighted that joke.

The Father of Stand-up Comedy

The true story of Darwin Albacore Powers IV

Stand-up comedy has its roots in vaudeville and Yiddish theatre, but the first true stand-up comedian was Darwin Albacore Powers IV, a fearsome robber baron of the clamming industry during the Great Depression. Each day after work, Powers would take a constitutional through the filthiest of slums in New York City. The reason for this walk, he explained to the poor he passed by, was that he "wanted to know what polio smelled like."

One day, a gang of street toughs, led by "Gravy" McCutcheon, cornered Powers in an alleyway during his walk. Realizing his quandary, Powers curled up into a ball and prepared himself for the thrashing of a lifetime. Instead of giving the industrialist the old what-for, McCutcheon handed him a microphone and issued his now-legendary threat: "Make superficial yet humorous observations about your mother-in-law and public rest-rooms or we'll kick your ass."

Much of Powers' ensuing comedy routine (lasting roughly ten minutes, when one of the gang members motioned for him to wrap it up) is not known to historians, but a few of the better one-liners were recorded in eyewitness' journals:

"What's the deal with immigrants? I mean, first they're over here, now they're over there. Pick a country and stick with it!"

"Did you ever notice how you're poor?"

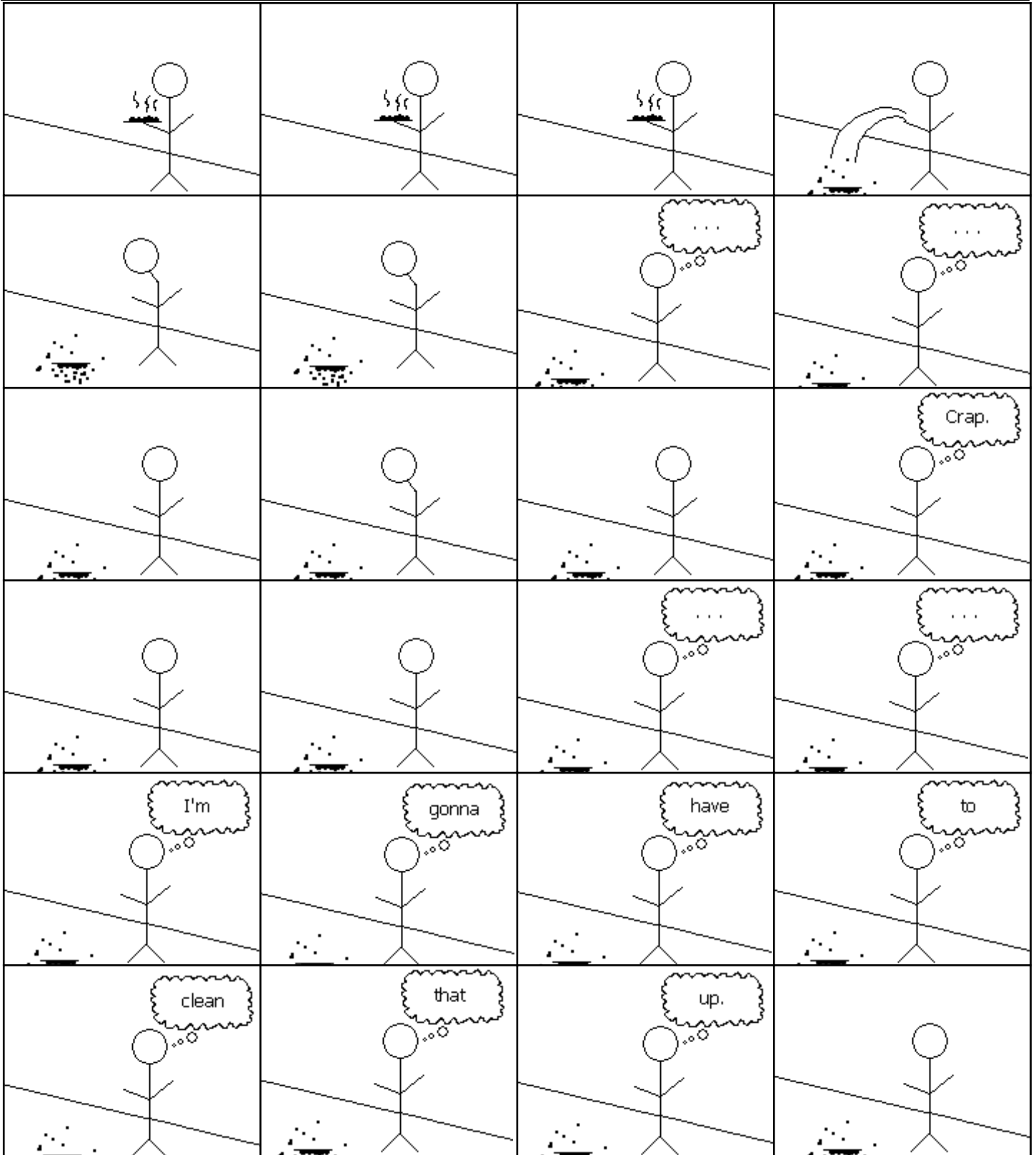
"Did you hear the Picayune is hiring Chinamen to deliver newspapers? Talk about yellow journalism!"

That afternoon, the tiny, mottled egg of Comedy had sprouted into a proud falcon of Stand-Up. This falcon chewed up worms and spit them into the chirping mouths of aspiring comics such as Richard Pryor and Lenny Bruce, allowing them to grow into magnificent birds of hilarity. Yes, Darwin Powers was beaten to death, but what he accomplished can never be crushed with a lead pipe: he made Richard Pryor eat worms.



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AGENT JACK BAUER, IN ANY DAY OF HIS LIFE THAT FOX DOESN'T MAKE INTO A FULL SEASON SHOW.



Scientists Travel to Future: Apocalypse "Not so great."

By **MARCO POLARITY**
Sun Staff Writer

Ithaca, NY - Scientists from the Ag School's theoretical physics department reported on Tuesday that they had established contact with a future far past our own. Immediately calling an ice-cream social to divulge their findings, the team revealed that they had stumbled across the trans-dimensional rift while trying to make a high-velocity gravity bong out of the automatic cow milkers. In between scavenging for supplies and arranging the thousands of corpses littering the streets in suggestive poses, scientist Toby Falconbridge sent these radio transmissions back to the team.

...speaking with a rag tag group of post-apocalyptic survivors, I've ascertained that the final war of the human species will be fought with advanced weapons that specifically target anything

good or decent within the area of effect...

...the weapons will first be developed by one of Saddam Hussein's top mad scientists, who will smuggle the essential fissile material for the weapons out of the country in his underpants. The radiation will eventually cause his penis to grow a small, toothed mouth that will alternately sing the theme from Friends and demand to be killed. The technology will eventually proliferate and become widely available the world over...

...The apocalypse will indeed be grim, as all goodness will be wiped from the face of the globe. Cornell, for example, will be reduced to Balch, the program houses and the entire Human Ecology department. Most states will suffer heavy casualties, save New Jersey, whose inhabitants will be serenaded nightly during

concerts performed by Yellowcard. Most survivors seem to be genuinely happy to have lived through the ordeal, but many would have preferred painful burning death by radioactive fallout then live with the knowledge of their inferiority, or live at all in New Jersey...

...all of the Middle East will go unscathed--however, in an unfortunate (and unforeseen) turn of events our own George W Bush will end up MIA. Scientists hypothesize that Bush will fall prey to the goodness-eradicating doomsday device via the frequent oral sex he has been administering to all around boy-toy-stud John Edwards...

...only guaranteed way to survive the ordeal is to fortify your house with DVDs from the first season of Dark Angel and become impregnated by Papa Roach...

Ten Things I Plan To Do When I Evolve Into a Being of Pure Energy

1. Ring Gary Kasparov's doorbell; run.
2. Kiss a girl.
3. Bull session with the sun.
4. Place monoliths on my neighbors' lawns.
5. TiVo.
6. Shape-shift into Lindsey Lohan's razor.
7. Penetrate the MTV set and release hit pop album, including smash single "Nekkid (4 U)."
8. Pick up chicks -- with my mind.
9. Go home for Thanksgiving dinner; revel in the awkwardness.
10. Two words: pork futures.

**There's a Time and a Place for Everything:
Volume 7 of Phil Dubrovsky's Guide To Social Acceptance**

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Homework</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Room or library <u>Time:</u> 5 minutes - 3 hours prior to due date (depends on proximity to prelim time)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Look into her eyes</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Bar, car, or bed <u>Time:</u> While apologizing for inquiring about doing it in the butt</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Play Halo 2</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Room, or next closest location with an X-Box <u>Time:</u> November 9, 2004 or thereafter, and anytime after smoking a big blunt full of that sweet, sweet chiba</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Dig a hole</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> In the yard <u>Time:</u> After taking a shovel to your neighbor's dog's fat face because he keeps trying to lick my cat's ass</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Get blackout drunk</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Doesn't matter <u>Time:</u> Times of celebration, despair, or when the day just won't go by fast enough</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Rub one out</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Onto the wall (or into a sock) <u>Time:</u> Whenever it makes sense that women will have sex with you just for showing up with a bottle of K-Y, or your cousin suddenly seems like a good option</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Purging and vomiting</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Where you stand <u>Time:</u> Upon seeing mommy and daddy doing everything that crossed your mind while performing number 6</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Start speaking Ebonics</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> In public <u>Time:</u> When you realize, as the short white Jew that you are, that it's the only thing you got going for you</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pretend to talk on the phone</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Ho Plaza <u>Time:</u> When you see those pushy jackasses trying to push their stupid-ass products or ideas on anyone who consciously moves</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Buy her some mildly expensive jewelry</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Some classy jewelry store, like "Solly's House of Classy Jewelry: Hey, come see what's in Uncle Solly's pocket." <u>Time:</u> Once you admit to yourself that the last time you came face-to-face with a vagina was while sliding through the birth canal</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Scratch your ass</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> In the corner of the room - Discretion is vital <u>Time:</u> Once your attention is given to the fact that not fully wiping has produced an awkward itch (aka Shit-Butt)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Appreciate the exceptional acting skill of Steven Segal</i></p> <p><u>Place:</u> Your living room <u>Time:</u> After you teach a stray dog the erotic ways of the Kama Sutra because you are fucking nuts</p>

In the March 29th issue of the Cornell Daily Lunatic, *Grandfather Paradox*, Cornell's only student-run literary magazine devoted entirely to time travel fiction, announced its first annual short fiction contest. Participants were asked to write a 1,000 word story or less that began, "I sold Chinese opium to a Roman Legionnaire." With the permission of our friends at Grandfather Paradox, the Lunatic now presents the winning story...



I Sold Chinese Opium to a Roman Legionnaire ~
And that was just my first mistake!
By Peter Huston

I awoke sitting in the mud, a large pack on my back, vomit on my pants, blood on my shirt, the noise of a thousand parties in my ears, only a vague memory of having chased a pocket watch wielding white rabbit down a hole offered any explanation of what was going on.

Searching for a clue, any clue, as to who I was and how I got here, I was surprised to find one safety-pinned to my shirt. "You are a time-agent, the note began. Your memory has been erased to keep the secrets of time travel safe. As you adjust to your new setting things will become progressively clear and your memory will return. Do not be alarmed."

Around me were marble Mediterranean buildings, with ornate white pillars and balconies, obvious early twentieth century architecture. The smell of salt water indicated an ocean nearby, giving me my first hint as to where I was. The troops swaggering on the street, daggers and revolvers loosely on their belts, with only the most casual air of discipline about them or their uniforms cemented those suspicions. As they approached, calling forth in Italian, I recognized their faded uniforms as those of arditi, the Italian assault troops made famous in the recent Great War. Undoubtedly the year was 1920 and this was Fiume, the short-lived Anarchist State led by the flamboyant poet Gabrielle D'Annunzio and his ad-hoc corp of disaffected Italian Legionnaires.

It became clear to me that this had nothing to do with my actual mission. I had been sent back in time to recover the lost manuscripts of Ernest Hemingway, the ones he had mislaid on a train in Paris at about this same time. This was the wrong side of Europe, Hemingway had admired the Arditi in some of his short stories, but he was nowhere around. As if I were not confused enough, one of the soldiers was now waving his revolver in my face.

"Wattsa matter for you?" he cried, keeping the barrel leveled at my nose.

"Wattsa matter for me?!" I replied. "Wattsa matter for you!!" My time agent training allowed me to reply in the same dialect.

"Shuttupa you face!" came the reply. "Izza the guy that gotts the gun you! Izza the guy thatsa going to ask the questions!"

Gesticulating wildly with both hands, I replied "Izza you? So wattsa the question, huh?"

"Who you thinka you are, huh?"

"Izza man from the future. An' iffa you thinkin' thass pazzo, well, I gotta me a big bag a Chinese opium here for you and the resta youz friends. Now who you thinka you are?"

The gun barrel slid to the side just as a wide grin spread across the soldier's face. "Heeeeeey! Siamo amici! He cried before embracing me with a crushing hug. "Izza Capitano Franco Duci of the Fiume Legionnaires, and you izza my good friend indeed, huh?"

As he released his hold, I spread my hands and prepared my counter offer. I needed a poem or at least a short story

fragment from a mid-war writer who had overly embraced his masculinity. Hemingway would have been ideal, but under the circumstances D'Annunzio would have to do. Without the literary fragment, my academic advisor in the Literary Gender Studies department might not get tenure.

Now, you wanta the opium, and I wanta to help you with-a this opium, but Izza gots an offer that you canna refuse. Siamo amici, but you gots to take-a me to the big man, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, the cappo di tutti. And I held out the backpack containing the soporific drugs.

He savagely snatched the pack. "Thattsa for me to decide." He looked me directly in the eye, watching me carefully, as I stared back silently, awaiting his decision, before he spoke. "But Izza gonna take-a you to see Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Lessa go!"

He turned, still clutching the backpack full of opium, and I followed, while the other soldiers kept watch over us.

Truth be told, Gabrielle D'Annunzio was probably not the world's greatest poet, but he seemed to be the only ultra-masculine mid-war literary figure around. His flamboyant writing style matched his pointless political actions, the best known of which was the one I was in the midst of right now --his 1919 seizure of the city of Fiume, and his subsequent creation of his own short lived politically ambivalent republic. Probably his most significant contribution to world history was not even literary, but he was best known as the inventor of the so-called "Nazi salute," the one arm outstretched military gesture that he had taught to his legionnaires and that was later picked up by the Third Reich. From Fiume it had spread to the German Freikorps and from them to the early Nazis and Hitler. But his poetry, his novels, the ones I so desperately needed to save my advisor's tenure, well the truth was they sucked.

We marched downtown and Franco Duci led me into the presence of the great man himself. Splendidly uniformed, an attractive Mediterranean woman fawning at his side, and a self-assured poise marking his every movement, the poet D'Annunzio was just as history had depicted him. He eyed me coldly and spoke. "Wazza matta for you?" he said.

Not knowing what else to do. "Heey! You gotta tutti di mi respecti," I said, then stood straight and snapped out his trademark salute with my right arm.

He looked confused and pointed at my arm. "Wassa dis?"

"Ittsa salute!" I explained. "A sign of respect."

"Do it again," he said.

Embarrassed, almost ashamed, I made another Nazi salute.

"Heeeeeey! I like it!" cried the poet. "From now on, we're all a gonna do a this kind of salute. Everyone practice."

Around me the soldiers began to make Nazi salutes. Clumsy at first, but later with more polished motions.

And then, as I watched, I realized my mistake. Not only had I sold Chinese opium to a Roman Legionnaire but I had also accidentally given the world the Nazi Salute!!

War of Jenkins' Ear Reenactment Society
Application Form

NAME:

HOW DID YOU HEAR ABOUT WOJERS? (circle all that apply) :
Ads on late-night public access Senator Saxby Chambliss (R-GA)
Poster in honky-tonk men's room Drinking buddies
Suspiciously circumspect "heritage" organization Spanish (hey, we need someone to shoot at)

PREFERRED SIDE:

English

REGIMENT:

Sir William Clifton's Regiment of Foot
Archibald Douglas's Regiment of Foot
Sir Edward Dering's Regiment of Foot
Viscount Charlemont's Regiment of Foot
Earl of Dunbarton's Regiment of Foot
Sir Walter Vane's Regiment of Foot
Zachariah Tiffin's Regiment of Foot
Edward Wolfe's Regiment of Marines
William Robinson's Regiment of Marines
Anthony Lowther's Regiment of Marines
John Wynyard's Regiment of Marines
Charles Douglass's Regiment of Marines
Lewis Moreton's Regiment of Marines
Oglethorpe's Regiment of Foot
Captain Patrick Mackay's Independent Company
of Rangers
English Rangers
Highland Rangers
Highland Independent Company of Foot
Captain Mark Carr's Marine Company of Boatmen
Gooch's Regiment of Marines

NAME OF CHARACTER:

(Note: We already have reenactors for Robert Jenkins and James Oglethorpe, so please stop sending us pickled ears and visionary plans for utopian colonies)

BATTLES (please circle all that you are interested in reenacting):
Georgia and Florida:
San Juan River
St. Augustine
St. Simon's Island

West Indies:
Cartagena
Guantanamo Bay
Porto Bello

All Reenactments will take place at the soccer field behind the Krispy Kreme in Ocala, Florida. We will notify all interested members as to date and time.

If you are interested in related conflict taking place after 1743, please consult our sister organization, the War of Austrian Succession Reenactment Society.

My Spaceship

My spaceship will be propelled by hundred feet tall rockets. The bumper sticker will say, "If you can read this, you are on fire."

My spaceship's engines will run on beer, which they will recycle into twice as much beer.

My spaceship will be like a roller coaster - fast, fun, and operated by a convicted felon.

My spaceship will be shaped like a vagina instead of a phallus. When it breaks down, it will receive help very quickly.

My spaceship will give off a raspberry scent when scratched.

My spaceship will be unscratchable.

My spaceship will be named the SS Great. It won't be ironic.



ANTI-SEMITISM IS ANTI-ME.

Let's face it. I'm remembered as the greatest Jew-hater in history, but when you start acting anti-Semitic your friends will think that you are. This will overshadow my reputation and make me another obscure historical figure. That is why anti-Semitism is anti-me.

Brought to you by NAZI (Northerners Against Zealous Ideologies)

A Comprehensive History of Logging in the — Northeastern United States —

Logging in the Northeastern United States began in the early 1600s, and by 1634 the first water powered sawmill was built in Maine. The original wood of choice was the White Pine which grew to giant proportions; 200 feet in height with a 7 foot diameter.

For logging to begin in any given region, the lumber company would first get "timber limits" from the government and get the rights to build a camp; then the lumber camp would be built, the office, bunkhouses, dining facilities constructed to the specifications of the cook, a shop for the blacksmith, and a stable for the horses; finally the lumberjacks could move in.

The men would work from dawn until dusk and a crew could usually average about 100 logs a day. "Brag loads" were unusually large loads of logs. Crews would compete to see who could send out the largest load of logs. After the sawyers cut the trees down, the logs that were determined to be acceptable as "timber" (9 inches in diameter and generally between 8 and 24 feet in length) would be "de-barkified" by the Rosser who would literally remove the bark from the wood. The Liner was responsible for taking a line with a hook at the end of it and attaching it to the wood which would leave a "line-mark" on the wood. Then the scorer would chop the wood according to the "line-mark" in 10 inch inter-

vals. After that the Hewer would make the timber smooth using an incredibly large piece of sand paper and an enormous steel wool pad. When the timber was ready, it would be sent down the river.

The term "water-logged" came from the fact that somewhere between 5 and 15% of all of the timber in any given load would become water-logged and sink to the bottom of the river. To prevent log jams, men called River Hogs would ride the logs down the river with only the protection of calked boots (boots with spikes in them) and straps that were sewn into their underwear that attached to cant-hooks (long poles with spikes in them that would also attach to the logs). Men without underwear would often experience serious chafing; this was referred to as getting a "wheeled-skidder" because of the incredible pain loggers would experience in their groins. By the 20s, the increase in demand for paper drove up the logging industry. Sadly, it was followed by the Great Depression of the 1930s which was very hard on the logging industry. World War II brought all of the out of work loggers back together again



and this time they had the aid of gas powered chain saws.

An oft unrecorded piece of logging history that was a vital part of the rich logging tradition was the rampant homosexuality that existed in the camps. Saturday nights were the only times when loggers had free time and one of the most deviant of sexual acts performed by loggers was a favorite during the Saturday Night Jamborees. The act was referred to as "the dinner-triangle".

Sources:

<http://www.allroutes.to/logging/history.htm>

<http://www.fwds.com/ETL/html/history.html>

<http://www.lumbermuseum.org/logger.cfm>

<http://collections.ic.gc.ca/Mississagi/industry/forestry/indexlog.htm>

TALK CHRISTIAN!

A short play of medieval hilarity



The Place: Somewhere in Extremadura.

The Time: A cold, dark night in the late fourteenth century.

A Castilian knight encounters a lone Moorish peasant driving a cart.

Knight: Halt! Who goes there?

Peasant: Salaam aleikum! Ahlan wa sahlán ya sayyidi! Ismi `Abdullah ibn `Ali wa ana muzari` bas. `Andi marza`a qurb an-nahar. Ana rayih l-marza`ati ...

Knight: Stop! Talk Christian, you sandal-wearing mud-grubber, or I'll slit you open like a Christmas ham.

Peasant: Sorry sir.

Knight: You'd better be, you soil-stained goat-fucker, or I'll cut you where you've never been cut before. Now, who are you and where are you going, you non-Trinitarian camel-fellater?

Peasant: My name is Abdullah ibn Ali. I'm going to my farm near the river.

Knight: What do you have in the cart, you pig-hating shovel-user?

Peasant: Fertilizer.

Knight: Looks like horse shit to me, you dirt-fucking dune Jew.

Peasant: Yes, that's what it is. I use it to fertilize my crops.

Knight: You sure you aren't going to use it to make a bomb, you towel-headed suspected terrorist?

Peasant: A bomb? What?

Knight: Don't play dumb with me, you hummus-eating sand Albigensian. You probably want to drive this thing up to Toledo and blow it up right in front of the gate.

Peasant: No, no! I just need it for my crops. I don't think it's even possible to use fertilizer to blow things up with our current technology.

Knight: That's it, you're coming with me, you tee-totaling dirt-fucker. We've been working on some new interrogation techniques for dangerous radicals like you, you jihad-waging pork-avoider.

Peasant: Wait! I need to get home to my family! No!

Knight: Hold still while I tie you to my saddle, you land-working non-Christ-worshipper.

Peasant: Nooooo!

The knight rides off with the hapless peasant dragging behind him. As they leave, the increasing pressure inside the cart of manure causes it to spontaneously combust. A remarkable coincidence - or is it?



**Seduction of this Girl Who Works at
Blockbuster and Always Has Movies
That I Really Like in Her "Employee
Favorites" Row**

If only you and I had all eternity
A lease on life, like your new rental policy
Watching you sort rented features
You look like a majestic creature
The way your delicate, feminine, beautiful body
Is accented by your blockbuster shirt and khakis
I would wait, patiently, loving you tenderly

Granting every wish, attending to every need
Had we the time, we would move ever so slowly
If only we could turn instants into years to enjoy them prop-
erly
Time is not limitless, we must think of scarcity
If our time together were like that new rental policy
There would be no great urgency to avoid the penalties
But life, contrarily, is filled with late fees

And so alas, we do not have eternity
For age will come to you and me
Features perky, will start sagging
Simple reminders turn to nagging

Love will eventually get old
Or to preserve freshness grow cold
If we could turn back time
Or leave out the pin instead of wind
But nay, life is not like a pocket watch

It's more like a battery powered Swatch ©
Eventually the battery will run down
The watch will stop its ticking sound
And when its motionless body is of no use
It's sadly tossed away with the other refuse
Is a pure gold watch of more value once its job is done?
Is it more valuable to its owner than a plastic one?
Darling, by no means, think of yourself as cheap
For we'll all end up in the same garbage heap

Life is short but syrupy sweet
And chance that we should meet
Is not something to take for granted
Your movie picks, they are enchanted
Immaculate, are your movie suggestions
Necessary, is our future child's conception
From you shall come
Our darling son
We certainly
Must breed
For upon his birth
He'll have the best movie tastes on Earth

**Excerpted from A Brief History of Clock:
Great Towers of the Western World:**

"...Old man McGraw felt that a giant phallus jutting out of the Cornell skyline would best memorialize the legacy of his daughter..."

"Syphilitic and palsied, McGraw's legacy was tarnished when his master plan for a 'Cock Tower' was misheard by an assistant who transcribed his explicit directions as those for a tremendous 'Clock Tower.'"

"...The tower is built on the site where Ezra Cornell murdered his first Iroquois village with Big-Red Plague Blankets™. Paranormal experts point to haunting by these slaughtered natives as the reason why to this very day the

chimes play songs by Journey, a band forged in the very depths of hell..."

"...though it will never admit it, the "pumpkin" found on the tower in the spring of 1998 was actually the discharge from a rather nasty case of Chlamydia that the tower caught after a tough night of drinking in town..."

"...if a virgin should stand under the tower at midnight on a midsummer eve, the ghosts of Ezra Cornell and A.D. White rise from their statues, smoke a bowl and raid the Oakenshield's kitchen for a midnight snack. Legend has it that Cornell then approaches the tower, thrusts his pelvis onto it and says, 'Check out my dick Whitey.' To which White replies, 'You're such a faggot Ezra.'"

THE ORIGINS OF THE FRATERNITY

History is like a big brick wall. A whole bunch of events lined side by side, and laid on top of each other much like the way your father lies on your mother while listening to Kenny G (or how Kenny G sits atop his soprano saxophone while listening to talk radio).

While gazing at the splendid brick wall of history, one will see a plethora of unexplained bricks. For example, a) Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance, b) the mystery of the Sphinx, c) the relationship between Ezra Cornell and A.D. White, and so forth. One brick that begs for further analysis, however, is the history of American fraternities.

I was fortunate enough to come across two documents addressing this exact topic. The first was written by Ophelia Elementary School gym teacher, Lucas Aaron Miller III, and the second was written by useless cause enthusiast, Julian Morgan. I will now present to you both articles as they appear in their original copies:

Fraternities Are Really Cool

By Lucas Aaron Miller III

A great and male-gendered philosopher once said, "Men without fraternities are like Mexicans without taco stands." I believe that statement to be as factually accurate as Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

The first historical reference to fraternities can be found in an ancient Greek text known as The Apolioliopolis. It states that Zeus was said to have proclaimed that "all mortal men shall come together and bask in the intimate glories of fraternal bonding." Zeus' words were cherished by all until a sleazy sex scandal involving lightning bolts and an underage hooker tarnished the god's reputation.

The institution of the fraternity was all but forgotten until 1861 when, on his death bed, Napoleon Bonaparte murmured, "J'aime les petits garcons," which loosely translates into "I think male scholars should all belong to secret societies founded upon the principles of male bonding." However, Napoleon's words went unheard by the deaf priest at his bedside.

It would not be until 1812 when the concept of the fraternity would begin to thrust itself into the halls of colleges throughout the United States of America. In February of that year, three college scholars had a meeting that would change the face of the world forever. Forest Nuggs, Alexander Greens, and William L. Blunt were all discussing the benefits of being more awesome than other people, when Forest Nuggs hypothesized that the three of them should form of cohesive group in which they would be able to drink the finest ales and take advantage of the most innocent of women. Like wildfire, the concept rapidly spread

throughout colleges all over America; however, at the early stages, Greek letters were not yet used. Instead, fraternities went by names like The Deuceholes, The Harvard Herpes, and Hot Milk.

By 1830, the Greek heritage of the institution was once again embraced. It was decided that all fraternities would be referred to as trios of Greek letters on account of the theory that Leonardo Davinci had three nipples - one of which was alleged to have lactated all over the Mona Lisa.

To this day, fraternities exist as selective and secret groups where men can drink to excess, write things like "I don't have a penis" on the foreheads of their peers, tell story upon story of how they were so close to hooking up the night before, piss on their own carpets, and do many other things that define fraternities.



I Would Rather Shave My Girlfriend's Armpits Than Be In A Fraternity

By Julian Morgan

I am not in a fraternity because I am an individual. Rather than paying money for friends, when I went to college, I chose to make friends by tagging along behind righteous activists and protest whatever they were protesting. I quickly learned that gaining respect was as easy as publicly disagreeing with public opinion no matter what that opinion was. As I became more aware of the surrounding environment, I realized that fraternities were popular things on campus; thus, to further stand out as an individual, I made it my quest to defame these stupid groups. So, I studied up on the subject.

According to my interpretation of what I read, fraternities are a result of a drug-induced hallucination. In the 1960s, one of the unknown members of the Electric Kool-aid Acid Test crew, Sam Filister, took a dangerous amount of LSD. Amidst psychedelic images overpowering reality, Sam became engrossed in a conversation with a large watermelon named Ralph. Ralph allegedly taught Sam in the ways of fraternal organization. Sam would later recall that Ralph had told him, "If you don't spread the idea of fraterni-

ties all over the United States, I will make you my prison bitch."

Believing the words of the watermelon, Sam began to create false historical documents about the history of fraternities. He figured he should tie them to Greek culture because the Greeks are an ignorant people. Once the documents were finalized, Sam began spreading the word. Since every student he encountered was on various combinations of mind-altering drugs, they were an easy sell. The real challenge lied in the task of convincing the old people, or "squares" to use the proper nomenclature; but, according to my imagination, I mean sources (wow that was strange. Imagine me confusing the word "imagination" with "sources." I guess I'm just tired, you know?). So, according to my sources, Sam was able to convince the squares with the help of ice cubes, clothesline pins, and an exorbitant amount of lubrication.

So, there you have it. Fraternities are as authentic as my beliefs in whatever the hell my weekly cause is...

[For the rest of the article, Julian continues to ramble on and on about how members of fraternities are a dime a dozen.]

I must apologize, as neither of these articles has been able to establish conclusive evidence regarding the history of fraternities. In fact, both serve to just confuse people even more. Lucas' point of view is comparable to that of an empty douche-bag, and Julian's opinions remind me of a pussy with too much hair (it may have been cool in the 80s, but now it only appeals to mongoloids). I guess fraternities are fated to remain atop the dusty old shelf of uncertainty.



May is Exploitation History Month

1890s: Responding to growing domestic demand for sweat, plucky American entrepreneurs began to set up small, makeshift factories employing newly-arrived immigrants at rock-bottom wages. These "sweat-shops" became the defining symbol of the new America, one with a rigid, genetically-determined social hierarchy and an insatiable appetite for sweat. The future was bright for a young country just entering its prime.

Great Moments in Alternate History

December 16, 1773: Boston Elite Hold Tea Party

Trudging into Samuel Adams' lavishly appointed Boston home from the oppressive cold of a New England winter, wealthy Bostonians were pleased to be greeted by a piping hot cup of tea and genial conversation. Ignoring the shivering, frozen masses congregating outside, the Boston plutocrats fondly recounted the benefits they enjoyed under the British Crown, including tax cuts, corporate welfare, and a complete lack of antitrust legislation. Before retiring for the evening, they agreed to out-source to India the jobs of 3,000 Boston tea workers.

April 30, 1803: Napoleon Sells Martian Holdings To The United States

Eager to finance his war against Europe and the green Neptunian space monsters that only he could see, French dictator and King of the Moon Napoleon Bonaparte offered to sell vast quantities of his Martian holdings to the fledgling United States for the bargain-basement price of \$15 million. President Thomas Jefferson, tripping balls from the tab of acid he had recently dropped, quickly agreed, and the two concluded their Hunter-Thompsonsque drug binge by staring in awe at the vast herds of multi-colored migrating grasses on the White House lawn.

May 24, 1844: Samuel Morse Sends First Text Message

From Washington D.C., inventor Samuel Morse sent the first text message to Baltimore, Maryland, where it was recorded on a paper tape. "hey tiff wuz up," the message began, followed by a choppy, poorly-spelled, grammatically incorrect diatribe about popular culture and grammar school politics. The series of messages, suggested by Annie Ellworth, a young acquaintance of Morse, ushered in a new chapter of the degradation of Western culture and the English language generally. lol.

November 18, 1863: Lincoln, Stoned, Delivers Gettysburg Address

Pleasantly smiling with reddened eyes staring out rapidly from beneath his trademark stovepipe hat, President Abraham Lincoln ascended the podium at the dedication of the Soldiers' National Cemetery in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and delivered a thirty-minute-long rambling address during which he touched on war, sacrifice, and "how totally fucking blazed" he was. Lincoln concluded the address with an anecdote about how he and a friend "scored an eighth" from a homeless man that they had met on the subway one night.

January 16, 1920: "Eighteen Amendments, Eighteen Beers, Eighteen Minutes!"

Celebrating the passage of an eighteenth constitutional amendment affirming America's preference for alcoholic drink over sub-standard, bacterial well water, a smiling and ruddy-faced Warren Harding appeared with members of the Gamma Alpha Upsilon fraternity on the White House lawn to consume eighteen beers in eighteen minutes. Much to the elation of the college men and newspaper reporters in attendance, the President was able to accomplish the feat, crushing the final beer can on his forehead in triumph. The President quickly passed out, prompting the fraternity members to place his hand in a jar of warm water and take a photo upon his involuntary urination.

March 4, 1933: Franklin Delano Roosevelt Kills A Man With His Mind

Addressing a throng of disheartened but hopeful supporters from the capitol steps on a bleak winter day, FDR confidently began his inaugural speech, before ominously proclaiming, "The only thing you have to fear is...me!" Grinning sadistically, the President then proceeded to stare directly at Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, cackling maniacally as the high judge was reduced to a quivering mass of bubbling flesh before the frightened eyes of all in attendance. This ushered in 12 years of rule under FDR, during which time the White House would be demolished and replaced with the Obsidian Citadel, while black capes and form-fitting leather outfits would become the standard fashion around Washington, D.C. FDR's reign of supervillainy was eventually brought to an end by Captain Atomo and his trusty sidekick Plutonium Boy.

November 2, 1948: Dewey Defeats Truman

In an election outcome that surprised no one, Republican challenger Thomas E. Dewey defeated President Harry S. Truman by a significant margin. Truman returned to his home state of Missouri, where he opened a small but successful chain of discount tire retail outlets.

July 5, 1954: Elvis Presley Invents Gangsta Rap

During a rehearsal break at the Sun Records studios, up and coming music sensation Elvis Presley suddenly burst into a series of obscenity-laden, freestyle rhymes that surprised and impressed gathered executives and music industry luminaries. His first single, "That's All Right (Cause The Bitch Is Dead)," was a huge success, leading to a career that included such hit songs as, "Heartbreak Motel," "F*** Me Tender," "All Shook Up (From My .44)," and "Jailhouse Rap." Later called the "King of Rap," Elvis was brutally gunned down on August 16, 1977 in Memphis, Tennessee during a drive-by shooting believed to have been orchestrated Frank Sinatra, with whom the star had a long and bitter public feud.

November 22, 1963: President Kennedy Survives Assassination Attempt

Visiting Dallas while on a high-profile political tour of the nation, President John F. Kennedy survived being shot nine times by would-be assassin Lee Harvey Oswald. Following the assassination attempt, Kennedy went on to radically redefine his image, always conspicuously wearing a bulletproof vest in public. The "bad boy" image adopted by the Harvard-educated Irish Catholic endeared him to voters, leading to his 1964 victory over presidential contender Barry Goldwater, with whom the president had a long-standing public feud, terming him a "wanksta."

July 20, 1969: Neil Armstrong Realizes That He Forgot His Camera

Stepping off the lunar lander, American astronaut Neil Armstrong, the first man to walk on the moon, loudly and boldly proclaimed, "Houston, Tranquility Base here, I think I forgot my camera," followed a few seconds later by, "Yeah, I'm pretty sure I did." Several seconds of dead silence ensued, punctuated only by a loud, angry, "Fuck."

August 9, 1974: President Richard "Shirley" Nixon Resigns

Following his infamous sex change operation, Richard "Shirley" Nixon, wearing a pink tube top and a mini skirt with outrageously colored press-on nails, announced his resignation during a televised national address. Boldly proclaiming, "I am not a man," Nixon gave his blessing to Speaker of the House Gerald Ford, who appeared to vomit in his mouth when the former President moved to shake his hand. Shirley Nixon went on to become a hairstylist at the popular L.A. beauty salon "N-Style."

BEOWULF IS A PUSSY

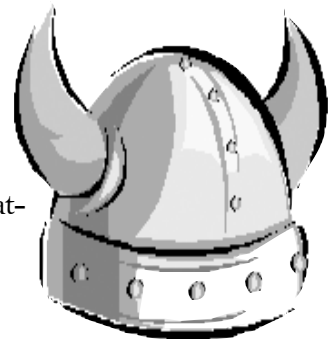
(A RENDERING OF BEOWULF LINES 506-606)

The scene: the Danish royal palace at Heorot. King Hrothgar's court has been under constant attack by the fearsome monster Grendel, who comes at night to wreak havoc on the palace. BEOWULF of the Geats, a renowned monster-slayer, has come unbidden to save the Danes from the scourge. The king has just accepted his offer and ordered that a great feast commence, when UNFERTH, son of Ecglaf, who was sitting at Hrothgar's feet, rises and challenges the newcomer.

UNFERTH: Yo, are you the Beowulf that had the swimming contest with that dude Breca? You two were some crazy motherfuckers for that - no one could talk you out of that fucked-up dangerous shit. You swam for seven fuckin' days, but he beat you, motherfucker, he had more power. Then the sea tossed him up onto the land of the motherfuckin' Heatho-Raemas and he went from there back to his home, the land of the Brondings, and all the mad shit he had there, like his sweet stronghold and all his tight rings. That dude, the son of Beanstan, was all fulfilling his vow against you, motherfucker. So you might be always be good at fighting and shit, but I expect you to fuck-up completely if you even dare to wait for Grendel tonight.

BEOWULF: Bitch please. You are pretty fucking shitfaced, my friend, to be talking about Breca, but whatever. I'm telling you, I definitely have better swimming skillz than any other motherfucker. Now me and Breca, we used to talk when we were kids, and we vowed to risk our lives out on the sea - we were fuckin' young and crazy - and so we did. So we rowed out onto that fucker; we had swords, of course, and they were all fuckin' naked and hard in our hands, because we needed to defend ourselves against whales. Them's some mean motherfuckers. Now of course he couldn't get too far away from me on account of my mad swimming skillz, and I didn't want to rush out ahead and leave the poor cocksucker to drown or be killed by the whales. So we swam together for five days (not seven, asshole) until this huge motherfucking wave split us up and then the weather fucked us over - it was all cold and stormy and dark and the north wind turned against us. Well, that weather got the fuckin' whales all pissed. Luckily I had my mailcoat all hand-linked and gold-adorned, because one of those fuckers grabbed me and dragged me to the bottom of the motherfuckin' sea. But I stabbed that cocksucker with my sword and it died.

So the other sea-monsters kept coming at me and I regulated on them old-school with my tight sword as I saw fit. Those fuckers definitely didn't get the joy of eating me or sitting around feasting on the sea floor - in the morning they were swept up all over the fucking place by the waves, all torn new assholes by my sword. That part of the sea is now safe for any motherfucker who wants to sail it. The sun rose and the sea calmed and I could see the cliffs; I was saved, but I had already killed nine monsters. That was the hardest fucking fight I ever fought, but hell yeah, I won that fucker and the waves tossed me up onto the land of the Finns. Now I don't want to boast, but I never heard about any fights you've won, or Breca neither, although I do know you killed your brothers, which is some fucked-up shit. You're still going to burn in Hell for that, even though you can talk shit so well. Look, asshole, Grendel never would have fucked up your country so bad if you were as hot shit as you think you are but he would have been scared off by your fierceness in battle. But no, he fears nothing from you and does whatever the fuck he wants. Real soon I'm going to take that fucker on and show him how the big boys play. I'll see you back here for mead at sunrise, bitch.





Welcome to Stuffville



A short story musical

Somewhere hidden out in the Midwest in that tiny region where they send nightly newscasters out to learn the technique of speaking without any discernable accent is the town of Stuffville, USA.

Most People don't think about where decongestant advertisers go to cast for their commercials but there really is no better place than Stuffville.

"The town is completely populated by congested Midwesterners with all American accents who represent the average Joe and Jane America better than even Joe and Jane America could do themselves," Heathcliff Lacostantine, CEO and President of Dimetapp once said when gushing over the town of actors.

It wasn't always like that in Stuffville. The entire economy was changed when the mayor, The guy who is really just a Bignosewithlegs got his first acting break. That one job turned into a bit of a career for Bignosewithlegs and he was catapulted into the small town political arena.

The people of Stuffville were so proud of the Son of the Community's contribution to advertising, that he was immediately at an advantage in the election. By stressing the importance of moral values, showing off his down home charm despite having hit the big time, and being married to Dr. Mom. The Stuffville people elected Bignosewithlegs mayor in a landslide victory.

Upon his election he appointed Dr. Mom to the position

of health administrator and balanced the tax cuts with revenue brought in from deals cut with the major decongestant companies. He brought the town's citizens services that could never have been afforded through the old tax system.

But beyond the services provided, the citizens of Stuffville learned of a fame and fortune they had never imagined.

The result, of course, was a dependence on the industry that provided the major income for the town. The reality of the negotiation was submitting to the economic Imperialism of the corporations: the cartel of Dimetapp, Robitussin, Sudafed, Chlortrimeton, Nyquil, Dayquil, and Tylenol Cough.

In the short run though, the greatly improved cash flow into the town fostered an economic boom. The Medicine Heads, known mostly for the work as the severely decongested people afflicted with a feeling of lightheaded-ness so strong that they are susceptible to having their heads turn into balloons and floating upwards (while still remaining connected to their bodies), opened up luxury goods store to cater to the ever growing disposable income and the high credit limits the citizens of Stuffville had never experienced before.

The employees of the luxury good store worked on commission and it was in this way that the income flowed down to The Same Five Guys Who Are Always Wandering In To the Drug Store So That The Pharmacist Can Direct

Them To Aisle Nine, the members of the lowest class. Their relative lack of skills and substitutability made their jobs much less secure than Dr. Mom and the Medicine Heads, but the booming economy made its way down to the lowest end of the Stuffville Caste system as even The Same Five Guys prospered with the new jobs to supplement their incomes.

The citizens of Stuffville continued to earn and earn only to go around and spend and spend. Using their credit, The Same Five Guys could maintain a purchasing pace to keep up with their neighbors the Medicine Heads.

And the people all bought bigger cars, bigger televisions, bigger screens and bigger speakers, bigger everything electronic and mechanical, luxurious and lavish in all things that shimmer and shine and are generally completely unnecessary.

"What are you doing?!" cried the returning native of Stuffville.

In all of the commerce and trading, buying and selling, and acting, no one was paying attention to fiscal responsibility. The returning native was none other than The Guy Who Always Pops a Decongestant and Shouts "I Can Breathe!" He glanced around quickly at the economic conditions that had befallen Stuffville while he was away and wondered how everything could've changed so fast:

All I ever did was briefly leave the country

*So that I could film a decongestion ad for TV
Where two great big hairy freaks
are patting me
In a steaming bath house in the
mountains near the Baltic Sea
With them smiling and shouting
"Breathe, my little friend Breathe!"*

*But Now I've Come Home
And all I've ever known
(All he's ever known has
changed)*

*-Chorus-
You'd think even with economic
imperialism
We all could have stayed the
same!
(All he's ever known has
changed)
-Chorus-*

And with that the "I Can Breathe!" guy threw down his luggage and shouted, "How could everyone let their lives be run by these companies? How could we let them own us?"

"Why are you complaining?" shot back a voice from the crowd. It was a Medicine Head who was reaching up past the string neck of his to try and wipe his nose as his head swayed in the breeze.

"Well look at yourselves, you're being exploited!" and with that "I Can Breathe" guy got quiet. He looked into the eyes of the crowd, and spoke from his heart, "I didn't realize it myself until I was forced to be sent to North Eastern Europe to ski and be mercilessly fondled and groped by hairy giants in a bathhouse."

The sounds of the racket and the shouting made its way into town hall, where the mayor and his wife were engaging in acts of deviant sexual behavior not suit-

able to be described in any further detail. Mayor Bignosewithlegs shot upright at the sound of shouting and chanting. He immediately threw Dr. Mom onto the bed and walked off to look at himself in the mirror.

"Honey, what's going on?" Dr Mom inquired as she crept up behind the Mayor.

"I always knew that someday 'I Can Breathe' guy would surmount an insurrection," the mayor replied with a sound of defeat in his voice.

But he looked at himself in the mirror, the regal nose that, in the last few years, had brought the town into a period of economic boom that no one could have predicted. "No," he shouted, "I will not give up without a fight!"

*All my competitors are getting better and better
And so I gotta get ready for all their vendettas
Cause I know the first order on all their agendas
Is to try and overthrow me in my own hacienda*

*But you all know me I would never surrendah
None of these jokers is even a contendah
I'll cut up these fools and put 'em in a blendah
And I'll always be ready if they attack me whenever*

Immediately upon the Mayor's ending line, the representative of all of the companies flew down in a helicopter and landed in the middle of the town square.

"People of Stuffville, this is a notice from your former employers, Decongestion Inc."

The man in the suit read loudly over the sound of the rotat-

ing blades of the helicopter:

"Stuffville, you have provided us with help in promoting our products, you have given consumers awareness of the benefits and helped them decide which medicine was the best for them. You fine people helped in making modern medicine more controlled by the patients themselves... and that's very noble indeed.

But the fact is we've formed like Voltron and saw the economic benefits of using animated advertisements to illustrate the effectiveness of our line of products. So. We won't be needing your services any longer."

And with that the man in the suit quickly belted himself in to the helicopter and the copter quickly took to the sky.

The Earth bound people of Stuffville were all left wondering why the companies would ever be so disloyal. And what to do now that their main source of income sustaining the town had left them.

"Lets finally cure our congestion!" shouted a man identified as being only a lowly The Same Five Guys.

"YEAH!" came a booming, thundering echoing uproar from the entire small town of Stuffville.

And so the greatest of the doctors and pharmacists in the group announced that they would set up a research facility to cure decongestion once and for all. But standing in their way was the resources that could only be reached through the office of the health administrator in town hall. And the entrance to town hall was blocked by Mayor Bignosewithlegs.

The members of the town had finally had enough: Enough oppression, and exploitation, colonization by corporations, manipula-

THE BEARKINSTEIN BEARS

LEARN ABOUT THE AIDS EPIDEMIC



It was a beautiful morning down a sunny dirt road deep in Bear Country. The Birds were singing, the trout were leaping, and the clouds floated lazily by. The tranquility was suddenly interrupted by a shout from Papa Bear "Oh my Goodness!! Someone jerked off in my whiskey!"



Mama, Brother, and Sister came running out of the tree house as Papa examined the ejaculate in his hand with tweezers. "It has Brother's scent all over it!" he exclaimed. "Why would you do this you little son-of-a-bitch?! Are you fuckin' gay or something?!"

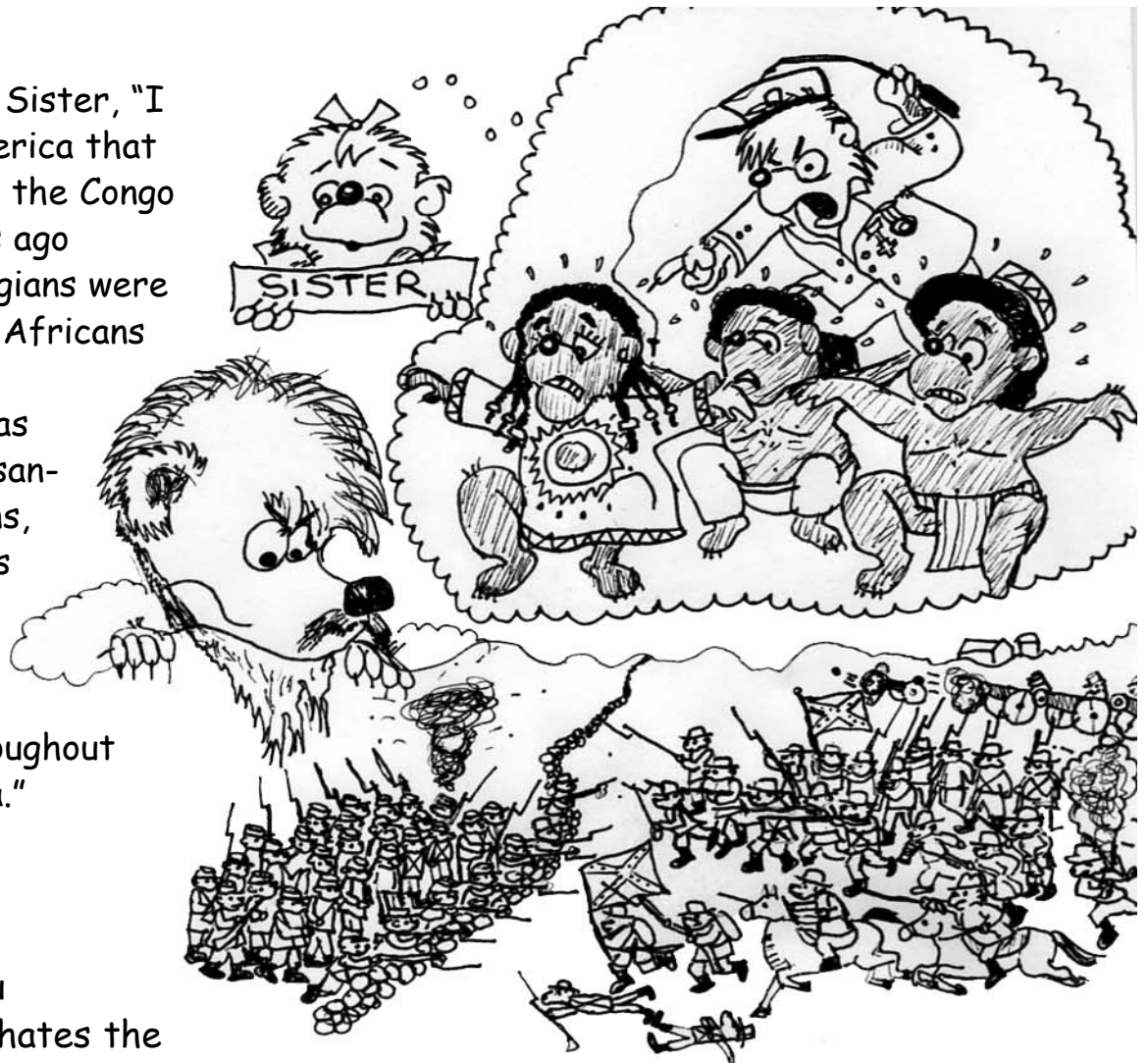


"But Papa, it's OK," said Brother. "Teacher Bob told us that we can explore our sexuality like this because we're virgins and won't transmit the HIV virus to anyone. He also said any kind of sex is safe if you know your partner and use protection."

"Now hold on one minute," said Mama sternly. "Teacher Bob is just telling you liberal lies. He's trying to convince you that AIDS is just a regular ol' virus that can randomly spread to anyone, even god-fearing white Christians. The truth is that AIDS was created by GOD to punish the gays and other sinners."



"But Mama, said Sister, "I heard on AirAmerica that AIDS started in the Congo jungle 150 years ago because the Belgians were unfairly forcing Africans into slave labor. Supposedly it was prostitution, unsanitary inoculations, and open wounds in the camps that randomly spread the HIV virus throughout Africa."



"Wrong again," Said Mama. "You see, God hates the negroes and all of their

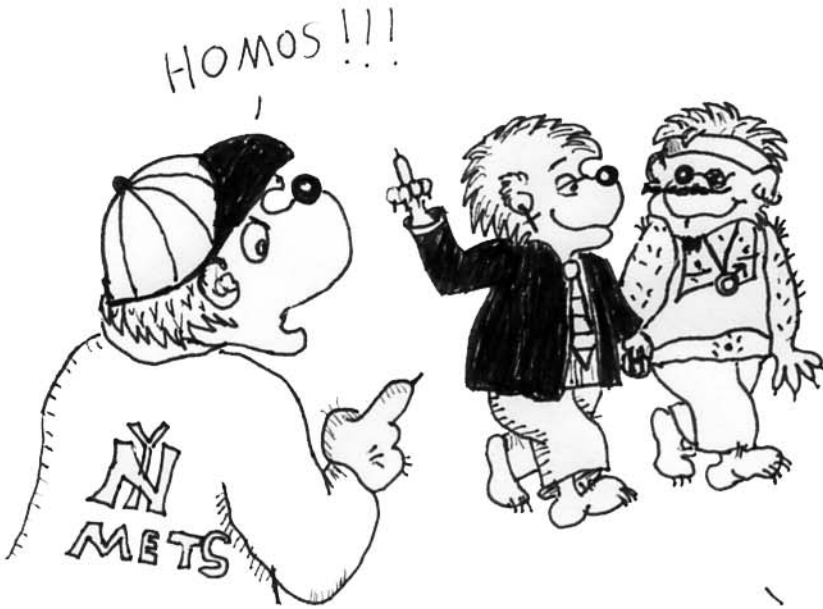
descendents because they're a vile godless bunch.

He started the AIDS epidemic around that time because he was infuriated by the American Civil War. It tried to make black bears equal with us and God knew that they aren't."

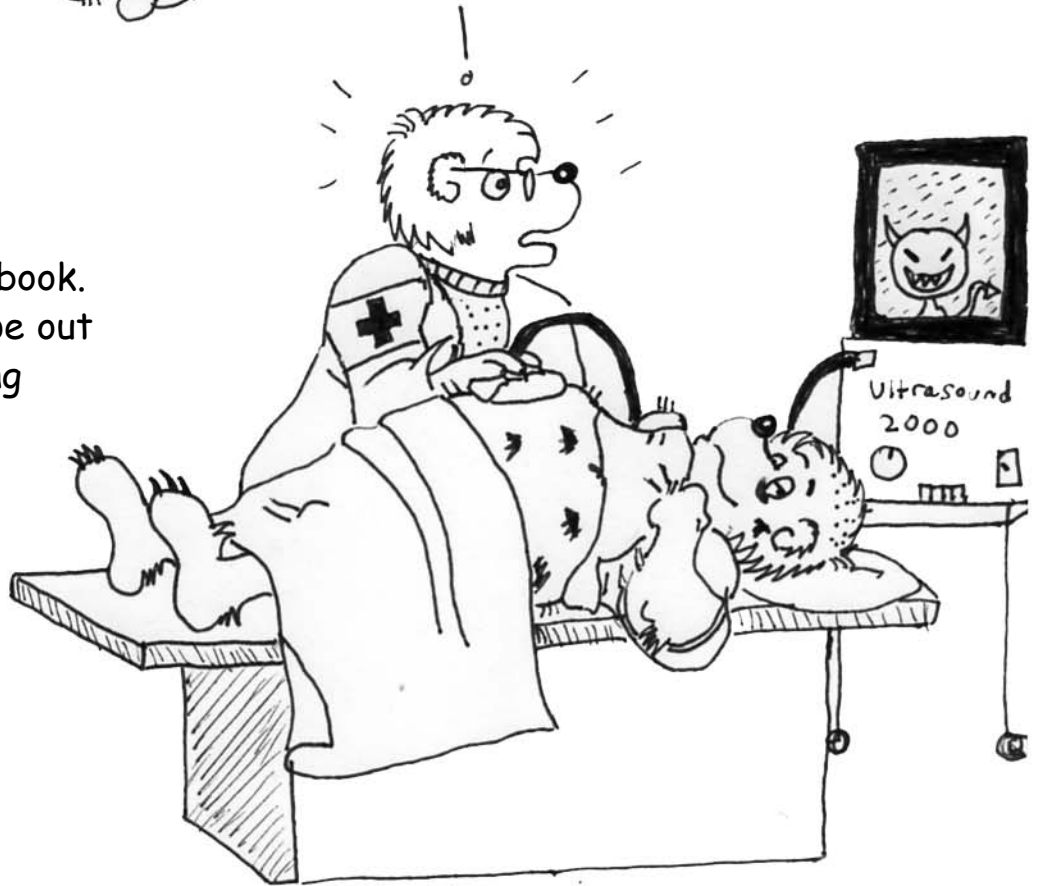


"Now you also might hear so-called scientific evidence to back up this 'virus' theory," added Papa, "but scientists know the true purpose of the disease is to kill sinners. They just want to pretend that they know best and get money for so-called research."

"But why does it mostly affect gay and black communities?" asked Brother. "Like I already said," replied Mama, "God is doing us a



favor by killing off the fags who disobey the good book. He's also trying to wipe out Africans for not being Christian."



"And don't go thinking that any doctor can help you," said Papa. "They'll examine your body and find the devil inside you. Then they'll know that your is a lost soul destined for hell."

"Now you understand why Africans bury their own children, cubs," said wise old Mama bear. "AIDS only kills those who deserve it. Hey where are you going?!"

"To church," said the cubs. "Only the words of the Lord can save us from the hell fires."



"And where are you going," she asked Papa as he stumbled out of his moonshine distillery. "Must ... kill.... fags," he mumbled, "For I am ... the angel of death."

Tips For Avoiding AIDS:

1. Live in America and pray to the right God.
2. Stay away from places where carriers hang out, including Africa, hip-hop concerts, Barnes and Noble Bookstores, and New York City.
3. Don't touch, look at, breath near, or feel bad for people with AIDS. These are all ways to contract te disease.
4. Have one sexual partner, beat her, and blame the friendly black guy down the road for her bruises.



Cornell People In History: Denise Cassaro

By Bizzel Hardringer

Born in 1836 to an Illinois farm family, Denise Cassaro grew up on the windswept prairies of the American Midwest, a desolate region where the nearest neighbor could be several miles away. A precocious girl, Denise taught herself to read and write at a young age, honing her skills by sending mass-produced letters to her 13 siblings informing them of chores to be done, meal times, and other household events. As a teenager, Denise Cassaro applied her quaint method of familial communication to the community at large, linking friends living in disparate locations across the Illinois prairie with mass-mailed letters announcing civic and social events. At first, these notices were appreciated by members of the community, but as their volume and content became more extreme, discontent began to rise, especially among religious interests.

By 1857, local postal officials were complaining about the volume of Denise's mailings. Several horses had broken their backs carrying the sheer volume of mail that Denise sent out, which rose up to several letters a day sent to thousands of recipients, both willing and unwilling. Denise's family eventually found itself bankrupt from their daughter's hobby, and they were forced to sell the family farm to pay for postage. Nonetheless, Denise would not be deterred.

In 1859, however, indignation directed towards Denise reached a fever pitch as the community's religious leaders began to speak out against her. Ministers were shocked by the contents of some of her notices and mass-mailed letters, which advertised "fun, safe sex seminars" featuring "genital-shaped candies" along with events

advocating dancing and racial co-mingling. Following a series of angry sermons by local ministers against Denise Cassaro and Robert Purcell, who lent his homestead to be used for many of the events considered indecent by the community at large, an angry mob gathered to expel Denise Cassaro from the state of Illinois. Ironically, she announced her own expulsion in a rather cheerful mass mailing:

Expulsion of Denise Cassaro From The State of Illinois: Saturday, March 4, 7 PM

Come down to the Cassaro homestead this Saturday night for the expulsion of central Illinois's favorite purveyor of unsolicited mass-mailings! Dress is casual, and participants must bring their own torches and pitchforks. Being of a drunk or surly countenance is preferred, but not required. Free Kool-Aid and condoms provided.

After leaving Illinois, Denise made the long trek to South Carolina, settling quietly in Charleston. Following the 1861 secession of South Carolina and the shelling of Ft. Sumpter by Confederate forces, Denise volunteered to assist the Confederate Army as a nurse in a field hospital. After copying hospital records by hand 3,000 times and sending them to various medical posts throughout the Confederacy, Denise was relieved of her duties and made the personal secretary of Robert E. Lee. The following announcement, appearing in an 1863 letter that was copied 5,000 times, most of which

ended up in Union hands, is an adequate testament of her contribution to the Confederate war effort:

Pickett's Charge: July 3, 3 PM Exhausted from two days of heavy fighting in what is rapidly becoming the bloodiest battle in the war between the states? Then join General Pickett as he attacks the Union center on Cemetery Ridge! The attack will commence following a fearsome yet ineffective artillery bombardment, after which participants are expected to expose themselves to withering small arms and cannon fire across nearly one mile of open ground! Support will

be provided by divisions under the command of generals Pettigrew and Trimble. Kool-Aid will be provided by the Class of '65 graduation committee. Free condoms and penis-shaped chocolates will be available after the charge.

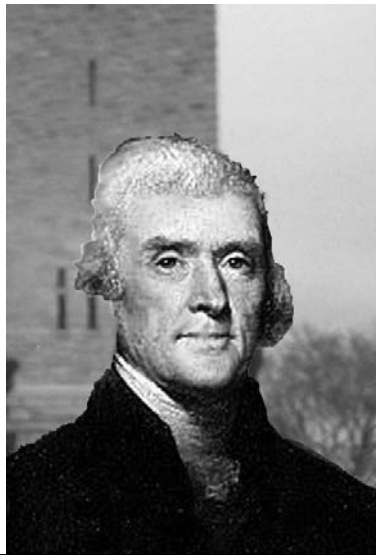
The rest, of course, is history.

THE CORNELL LUNATIC: MAN ON THE STREET ASKS

IF YOU COULD HAVE LUNCH WITH ANY TWO PEOPLE FROM HISTORY, WHO WOULD THEY BE?



Winston Churchill: Definitely Jesus and Einstein.



Thomas Jefferson: Harriet Tubman, and...her sister.



Franklin D. Roosevelt: Jesus. And Einstein.



Rasputin: I would have to go with Jesus. Jesus and Einstein.



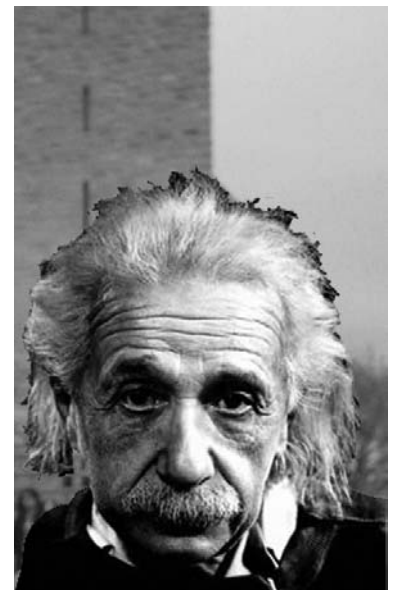
Martin Luther: Who's the ditzy blond one played by Lisa Kudrow? That's right, Clara Barton.



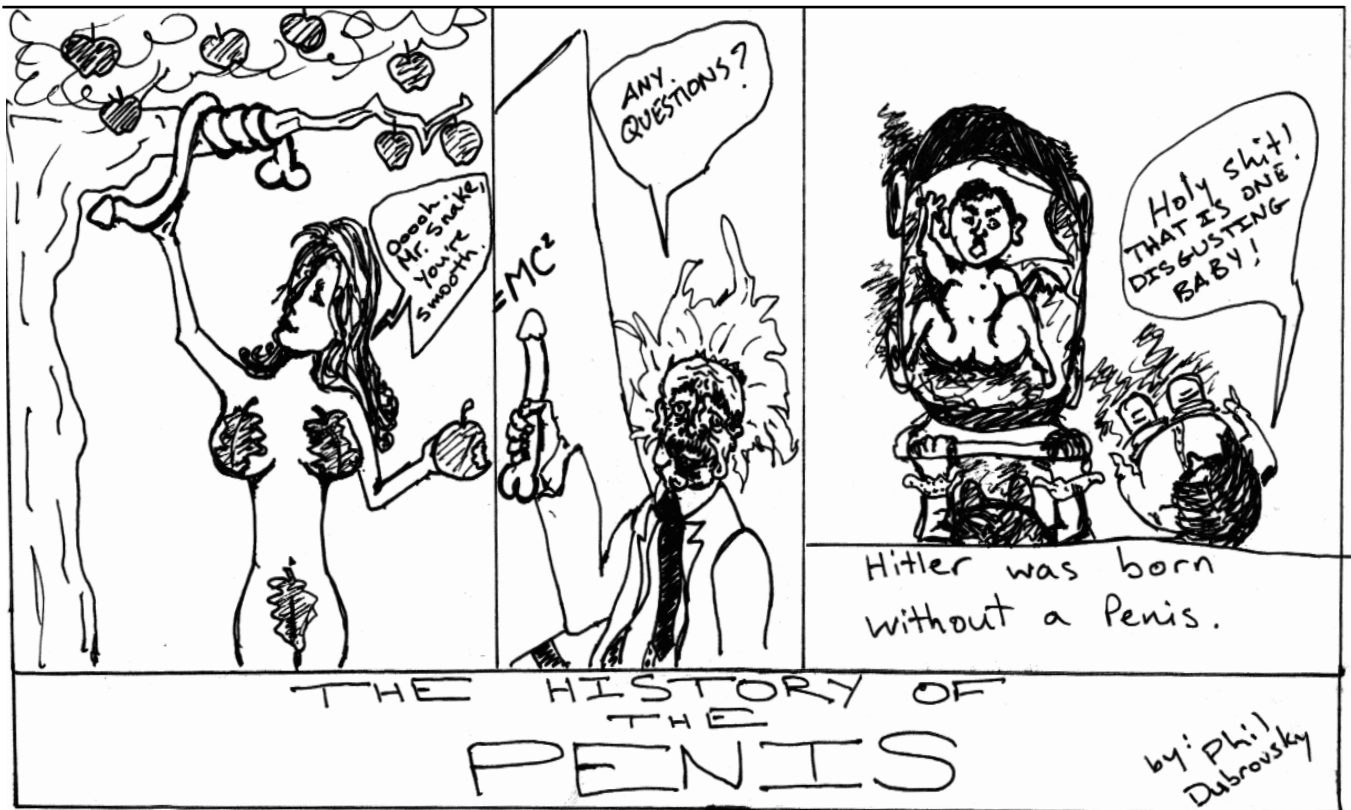
Genghis Khan: Two bisexual infidels.



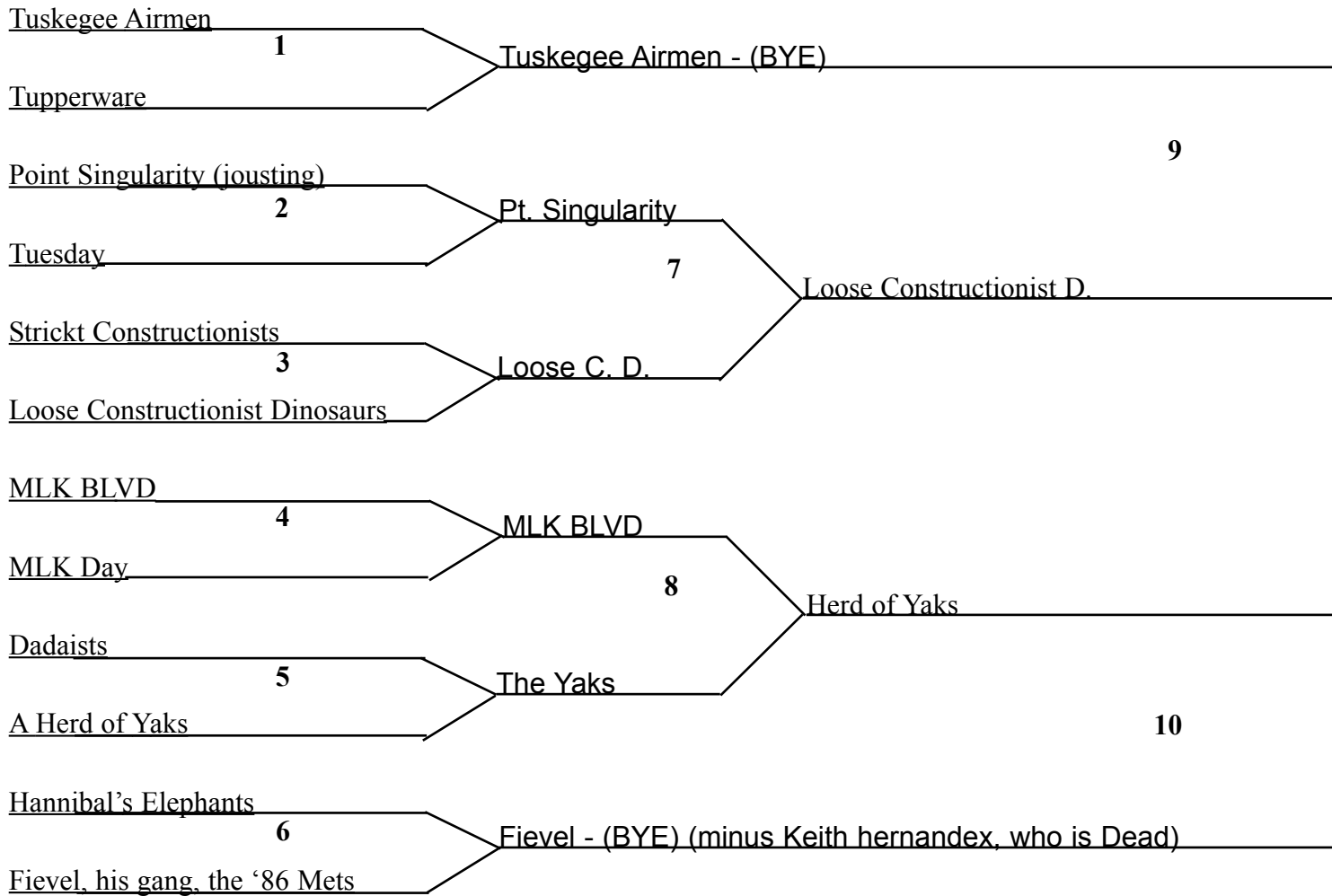
Jesus and Einstein: Anyone, so long as it's not at Applebee's. We are so sick of that place.



PENIS JOKE
QUOTA
FULFILLMENT
PAGE



The Tournament in Time



1. Despite an extremely amped Tupperware squad, the Airmen are black and fly P-51 mustangs. With scarves a-flapping, leather goggles a-foggin' and lips smeared with peanut butter, the Airmen pummel the upstart Ware with historical significance and bombs. Frumpy soccer moms everywhere are left with pounds of homeless potato salad.

2. Sunday calls Monday and tells him that John Lennon has no one to talk to because a mathematical representation of the beginning of time impaled Tuesday with a lance.

3. Rather than discuss the finer points of the 14th amendment, the loose constructionist dinosaurs eat the strict constructionists and dump them out in a big pile of dinosaur shit. "Wow, that's one big pile of shit" -Jeff Goldblum as Ian Malcolm.

4. MLK Blvd. eviscerates MLK Days marginal corporeality with its big bruising median strip. White people are happy and pissed at the same time. Martin Van Buren's Mutton Chops Day takes MLK Days place, but only those with commensurate mutton chops get the day off. The median strip tries to cut down the net in celebration, but has no opposable thumbs with which to hold the scissors.

5. Marcel Duchamp chucks a urinal at the lead yak, laying him low. The other yaks chew their cud in amazement. A bunch of Germans dance around naked in silent films. Yaks rigidly define aesthetics as representation of truth as beauty. Dadaism fizzles with the death of Hugo Ball.

6. Weary from their trek across the alps, Hannibals elephants cannot hold off the

jewish rodent posse of the amiable Fievel&and the 86 Mets. Darryl Strawberry phones in battle plans from cell block C. Bill Buckner Elephant lets kamikaze Keith Hernandez through his legs. Hernandez explodes, defeating the elephants. Hannibal is decapitated by aMookie Wilson bunt to third as Lenny Dykstra pours a jug of Gatorade on Mama Mousekewitz, drowning her.

7. Point Singularity gets word from Stephen Hawking that the mathematical proof of his existence could be construed to include the Triassic Era and the Dino-constitutional convention of 8903 bc. "So technically, you and every aspect of your existence are already subsumed under my definition," says the PS. "However," reply the LCD, "We believe that this definition is open to interpretation. Raaar [teradactyle scream] " "Wrong," says the PS.

Loose Constructionist Dinosaurs

11

A Bag of Warl Grey Tea

A Herd of Yaks

Charging, PS impales James Mastidon, killing him. However, the LCDs strike back, eating Stephen Hawking and thereby destroying the PS because he was the only one to understand what the hell it was. Then John Hancockasarus takes a big shit. "Wow, that's one big pile of shit," - Jeff Goldblum as Ian Malcolm.

8. MLK BLVD, recently gentrified by hordes of displaced yuppie artists, plunges back into rent controlled ghetto after A herd of Yaks eat the thickly lush turf of the BLVD's median strip. BLVD strikes back, employing the ever loyal Local 48 Flattop Blacktoppers, led by the charismatic leadership of Play from Kid 'n Play, who pave over the Yaks' indigenous pasture. Their youthful memories of eating grass and making noises crushed, the Yaks strike a paralyzing blow to MLK BLVD's attack, eating Play's hair and inciting a mutiny within the ranks of the Local 48, who mistake him for any other bald black man. Yaks employ a vicious gang of landscape architects who turn the BLVD into a replica of the Babylonian Hanging Gardens, which the Yaks eat.

9. In an all-out trans-epoch mêlée, the Airmen recruit newly black bombardier/propcomic Gallegher, whose watermelon bombs stonewall the exquisite penmanship of Johnny Hancockasaurus. The pterodactyls kamikaze into the Airmen's P51 Mustangs, leaving the burning metal husks to plummet toward the ground. Airmen, out-gunned, turn to malt liquor and KFC to ease their suffering. As symbols of black advancement and proud defense

of Liberty and Justice, the Airmen object to use of black stereotypes by the privileged white authors of this piece. But alas, the white men are sovereign here! Airmen lose!

10. Fievel, in a resurgence of Russian patriotism, returns to the motherland to answer comrade Stalin's call. Armed with only a rifle and 5 bullets, he quickly makes the Yak invader realize that from now on the only step he can take is back...back to the fascist hell from whence he came. The 1986 Mets come down from the Ural Mountains with first-string pitcher Doc Gooden who is many times decorated with the Order of Lenin. They all O.D. on smack while heroically crossing the Volga River. Yaks take the initiative and chew cud menacingly. Fievel and his gang are routed.

Final

Loose constructionist dinosaurs A herd of Yaks

11. Yaks eat constitution before debate about clause 37 reaches consensus. Dinosaurs turn on each other without authority of document to arbitrate. Yaks unleash vicious cud-spewing flank attack. Dinosaurs, shocked, attempt to piece together soggy constitution and take large shits. Jeff Goldblum is dumbfounded. A Bag of Earl Grey Tea is deemed obviously superior to both competitors by referee Ella Fitzgerald.

24

AGENT JACK BAUER, IN
ANOTHER DAY OF HIS LIFE
THAT FOX DOESN'T MAKE INTO
A FULL SEASON SHOW.



Yes, I am always this intense.

My name is Jack Bauer. Despite what the Liberal controlled media giants like Fox will try to tell you, being a spy is absolutely nothing like the dreck that passes for prime time TV these days. Ok, well, it might bear some similarities, but I guess you're just going to have to read on then to find out what's up, bitch.

+HOURS 1-9-

I'm asleep. Through my REM depressed haze I vaguely remember dreaming about new dust ruffles for my bed that I saw on HGTV and rectally electrocuting East German terrorist scum with a broken Mr. Coffee. No dirty bombs, no terrorists attack me.

+HOUR 10-

I wake up when my clock-alarm bursts through my hangover enough to cause me to fall spastically out of bed. Though I distinctly remember drinking myself to sleep with Jagermeister, this feels curiously more like a hangover you get from biting open (and drinking) a blister-sheet worth of Nyquil Gel-Tabs. I think I smell Anthrax, but then I remember vomiting into my pillow case. No terrorists.

+HOUR 11-

I drive to work. I think I see a terrorist preparing to hurl a grenade out of a moving car, but it turns out to be a cab driver opening a Mountain Dew. Makes me feel kind of guilty for shooting him in the face back there when I thought he was holding a hand-grenade, but this is the REAL 24--none of that pussy Kiefer-Southerland-Gives-You-A-Reach-Around bullshit. Still no (real) terrorists.

+HOURS 12-5-

In the real 24 I spend at least 5 hours a day filling out paperwork and writing memos to the other super-spies/terrorist killing machines. The mail-

boy comes in with a hacking-cough that sounds suspiciously like a case of terrorist-disseminated hemorrhagic fever. I cobble together a flamethrower out of a box of Krispy Kremes, mine own ejaculate and a cigarette lighter and contain the outbreak. That's about when I get the memo about Flu shots being included on our company medical plan due to the amount of sickness-related absences. This means more paperwork for yours truly. Fuck. No hemorrhagic fever attacks, still no terrorists.

+HOUR 6-

Happy hour. No terrorists.

+HOUR 7-

Power hour, too busy slamming shots of Olde English to worry about terrorists.

+HOURS 8-9-

I watch Mean Girls and masturbate angrily. Absolutely no terrorists.

+HOUR 10-

I pop a Swanson's into the microwave. A South American drug-cartel hit squad bursts in through my windows, showering my love nest with broken glass. Finally, some fucking terrorists. I murder them all with an M-16--dispatching the leader with the steaming cherry-product desert from my Swanson's TV dinner. Throwing their suitcase nuke into the lead container at the foot of my bed, I settle down to some R&R.

+HOUR 11-24-

Exhausted from a day's work, I crack open a bottle of children's liquid Benedril and call it a night. I can't but help think that Fox is doing a nation wrong, over glamorizing my mundane and soul-killing job. No (more) terrorists, just me in my small apartment surrounded by my few worldly possessions and some dead Colombians. And a tactical nuclear weapon.



The Society for Creative Achronisms

THE BLAME PAGE

Cover: JR
Fake Time Travel: PTH
Father of Comedy: PTH
Exploding Animal Cartoon: JDP
24: YAP
Apocalypse: MJP
Being of Energy: YAP
Time and Place: PND
Chinese Opium: PLH
My Spaceship: PTH
Antisemitism: JDP
Logging: ASE
Talk Christian: JSD
Blockbuster: ASE
Clock Tower: MJP
Origins of Frat: PND

Sweatshop: JSD
Alternate History: BJH
Beowulf: JSD
Stuffville: ASE
Bearkinstein Bears: JDP, DAC
Cassaro History: BJH
Man on Street: YAP
Cockfight: JDP
Penis History: PND
Jenkin's Ear: JSD
Terminator 4: MJP
Tourney: DDB, JBT
More 24: MJD
Creative Achronism: PND
Rejected Pictures: PND, DAC
Layout: PTH, DAC
Lame Duck: DAC

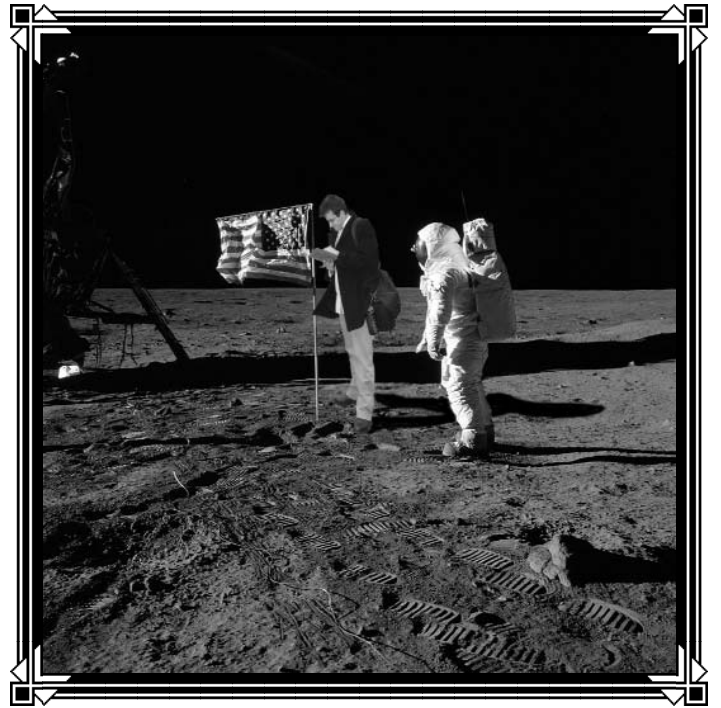
E²: It has been a wild time. A new Lunatic Legacy has been created and fulfilled. A new passing of the golden rod of humor has made its way from one to another. Nevertheless, with all good things, this one too has ended. As exiting EIC, I would like to extend a few thoughts. The Cornell Lunatic attempts to humor campus. It is difficult. We have never singled out any group on purpose; we try to be funny in new and different ways. Over the past few years, if I have learned anything, it is that Cornell

needs to take a step back from its elitist self and look at its surroundings. The world DOES NOT revolve around you. You do not always have to be the center of attention. It is OK to be wrong - just be real about life. The more you pretend, the more fake you are, the only thing you achieve is killing the world just a little bit. I would like to thank my parents and friends for their patronization of my extracurricular hobby. I have left the Lunatic better than I found it, and I can only hope that it prospers into the future. Oh, and Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. -DAC

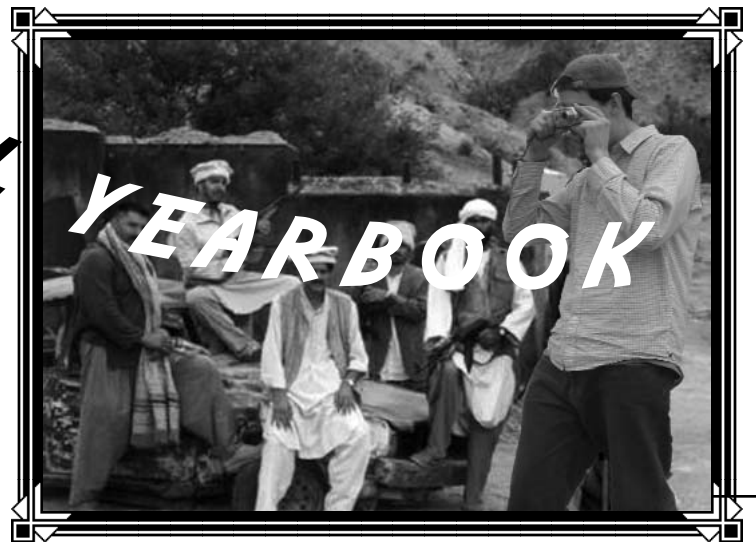


PICTURES FROM





MY HIGH SCHOOL



YEARBOOK