

CORNELL LUNATIC

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Celebrating
30
years
1978-2008

THE
GENTLEMAN'S
ISSUE

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The Cornell Lunatic

Campus Humor Magazine

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



It's The Lunatic's 30th birthday, and everyone on staff is thrilled that you're celebrating with us. I don't know how you personally celebrate birthdays, but as you'll see in the pages that follow, we joyfully gather together to hold hands in the men's room, dress our gorillas in plus-sized women's clothing, and use flimsy pretenses to objectify women. And if it was your birthday, wouldn't you?

Thirty years is really something, isn't it? It brings a certain undeserved legitimacy to a publication. It's a landmark indicating that we have arrived as an institution at Cornell. It's at times like these that it's worth reflecting on our history. Like the Bible, American history, or a really great dick joke, it's a story worth telling and retelling at regular intervals for the benefit of the lucky few who have managed to avoid hearing it the first time.

Many editors before me have tackled the creation myth of The Lunatic with such poetry that I don't want to completely retell the tale. I only wish to take a moment to honor the humble origins of a magazine that first saw circulation on April Fools Day 1978.

It's like a Horatio Alger novel, really, Joey Green and a few brave souls set out that year to build a literary empire from nothing. They financed the first few issues with drug money, advertisements for sex toys, and profits from screenings of pornographic films at Cornell cinema.

The magazine grew and flourished. It won The New York Times's most prestigious award: "*Best Goddamn Magazine Ever*" and earned its place as *Cornell's Only Award Winning Humor Magazine* ©.

And look how far we've come. After 30 years on campus, we have the kind of wisdom and experience that only age can provide. Many of us have even learned a thing or two about sensitivity. Personally, I've learned that even if a priest asks you to tell him a joke, he doesn't want to hear the one about the pirate with a steering wheel shoved down the front of his pants.

We are a staff of Gentlemen of Substance and Ladies of Exquisite Taste. On our 30th birthday, we're giving you the gift of our collective wisdom presented in these pages. And we hope that you enjoy: **The Gentleman's Issue.**



Ways to Treat Your Bitch (Female Dog)

- ✓ take her for a walk
- ✓ give her a bone
- ✓ feed her
- ✓ pet her
- ✓ tell her she's a good girl
- ✓ play frisbee
- ✓ give her a cute nickname
- ✓ watch the Puppy Bowl together
- ✓ ask her, "who's a good dog?!"
- ✓ tell her, "she is."
- ✓ get her a new chew toy
- ✓ dial down the voltage on the invisible fence
- ✓ cuddle together during thunder storms
- ✓ don't rape her



Ways to Treat Your Bitch (Prison)

- ✓ give him a carton of cigarettes
- ✓ get him some nice new shower shoes
- ✓ let him hold your pocket
- ✓ don't use him as a human shield during a riot
- ✓ let him decorate his side of the cell
- ✓ buy him some new fancy lipstick
- ✓ let him keep his dessert
- ✓ surprise him with compliments, let him know how purty his mouth is
- ✓ watch "lets go to prison" together
- ✓ let him have the top bunk
- ✓ don't rape him

Ben Strauss's

HORRIBLE PUN

of the month

So there's these two guys on their way to a star wars convention, but they're hungry, so they stop at this bakery / pastry shop. one of the guys (who's dressed as yoda) has been there before so he explains to the other, "yeah this place is pretty good. you can just buy stuff, or they have this thing where they give you some dough and you mold it and put it in the oven and make your own bread." the other guy (who's dressed as luke) says "ok, that sounds pretty cool, but let's just see what else they have." so they go up to the counter, and he's looking at the menu, and he sees they've got donuts and pie and stuff. he says "yeah that bread thing sounds cool but we don't have a lot of time, and it sounds like a lot of work, so let's just get some pie." the other guy says "ok fine." unfortunately the guy behind the counter says "oh, sorry, we're all out of pie." the one guy is like "what?! that's ridiculous! how can you be out of pie?!" etc. the guy behind the counter says "yeah, i know, we're sorry, but we get our next shipment in tomorrow, and... yeah..." but the guy is still really angry, he's like "i refuse to believe this! you gotta have pie! i can't believe you don't have it." his friend is like "look, they don't have pie, so let's just get some donuts, or they'll give us some dough and we can make some bread, it'll be fine!" but the guy is being really persistent and still complaining, until finally his friend says "look, here are our options. either dough or donut, there is no pie!"



Next Month: "Cedar? I hardly KNEW her!"

Class of 1984

TRUST YOUR COUNCIL.
THROUGH OUR QUEEN,
WE SHALL PREVAIL.
BAKE SALE FRIDAY.



These are the Council's slogans I read on their vibrant posterboard signs, taped all over the cold brick walls of the Inspection Chamber, written in unsteady handwriting with blood-red Crayola marker. Likenesses of our Queen and Protector glare at me from the banners hanging from the ceiling, affixed to the tiles with Scotch tape and staples. I look around: my fellow Peers are miserable and melancholy, and understandably so. Who could be happy under this regime? I'll never forget how it happened: how Cindy LeBowe seized power and became Supreme Dictator of our fourth grade student council.

Chocolate milk. That's why I did it. Amidst her diatribe telling of a "new world order" and "the ideal society," Cindy had promised us chocolate milk every Monday. I, and the rest of the class, fell for her trickery and lies, and cast our votes for our future master. Her only opponent in the race had been Russell Franklin, who smelled like vegetables. Once Cindy had nicknamed him "Russell Sprouts," and spread rumors that he had contracted cooties from "loose women," his political career was over. Cindy was installed as President, and the rest- the Dodgeball Revolution, the Great Purges, the rise of the Council- is history. There has been no chocolate milk.

Now I stand in line in the Inspection Chamber, as I am required to do each Wednesday during recess. On the wall to my right, there is some ancient graf-

fiti scribbled in #2 pencil: I HATE CINDY. Of course, it now reads I NEED CINDY, having been edited with heavy black Sharpie by the Council's Vandalism Correction Squad. Still, the glint of the original lead message shines faintly beneath the ink. I smile, remembering the times when this damn Chamber was a boys' restroom, a haven of free speech, before Cindy abolished all places she could not go to. Now we boys must hold it in. Those that cannot are labeled bed-wetters and are sent to the Nurse for extermination. I stop smiling- my emotions cannot be seen by the Council.

I am next in line to face Cindy. In front of me, currently being interrogated is Jeremy Furton, and old colleague of mine from the second grade, a notable scholar of the poetry of Seuss, and an early critic of the Dodgeball Revolution. Luckily, the Council does not know of these sentiments.

"Peer 078," Cindy croons, calling Jeremy by his "official" name, "Why is it that in gym class this Monday, you failed to participate in the class kickball game?" Dear God, I hate that venomous voice. I cannot see the interrogation, for my view is obscured by a number of painting easels that have been set up around Cindy's throne.

"Because, Madam," Jeremy stammers, "I fell off my bike after school over the weekend. I have a very serious boo-boo on my knee, and- "

"Do you fall off your bike often, 078?" Cindy snaps back.

"I- I-," Jeremy stutters, nervous, "I'm still learn-

ing to ride without training wheels, so I'm a little shaky, but- "

"You are nine years old, 078!" Jeremy gives out a little whimper. "Training wheels are for babies, not productive members of society, you buffoon!" Cindy yells.

"Madam, I'm learning! If I just had a little time..."

"NO!" Cindy screams, "This one is defective! Send him to the Nurse!"

"No, please!" Jeremy cries, but to no avail. Cindy's bodyguards- two burly fifth-graders she pays with a weekly stipend of bubblegum- drag Jeremy off to the Nurse. I cringe: Jeremy was a good soul, and the Nurse is a horrible fate. The Council tells us that the Nurse is benevolent, and that she will heal our ills. That does not happen. You go to the Nurse, "your mom picks you up," and you are never heard of again. It is no coincidence that the cafeteria serves Mystery Meat each day after a Peer is sent to the Nurse. I dare not touch that vile substance.

"Next! Peer 079!" I walk around the easels to face Cindy. She sits on a red beanbag chair, cooled by a whirring electric fan. Her most trusted advisors stand around her. On her left is Bruce Willem, commander of the Council's repressive and abusive Safety Patrol. To her right is Matilda Cy, chief science advisor, known throughout the hallways for her prowess in long division. Rumor has it she can count to seven hundred- by fours. On Cindy's lap sits Mr. Cotton, head of Internal Affairs. Mr. Cotton is a stuffed bear. Cindy herself is a beast of a girl. Once pleasant and infectiously charming, she has grown fat on the cookies taken from her subjects, and speaks with a poisonous growl. Atop her blonde hair sits a paper crown.

"Good afternoon, Madam," I say, as I am expected to.

"Good afternoon, Peer. How are you today?" Cindy asks.

"Wonderful," I lie. She buys it.

"I have here," she explains, taking a sheet of paper from Matilda, "Your history test from last

Friday. Mrs. Tibbs gave you a ninety-seven. This is most admirable, 079. You are the sort of hard-working citizen this class needs."

"Thank you, Madam."

"Of course," she adds, "I'll be taking this." Cindy rips off the GOOD JOB! sticker affixed to my test; it is of a smiling boy holding a smiling balloon. She slaps the sticker onto her own shirt, for only Cindy is allowed such compliments. I suppress rage- that was my good job!

"Now tell me," Cindy continues, "Who's the prettiest girl in the world?"

I do not have a true opinion on this matter, for in my small nine-year-old frame the fires of puberty are mere sparks in the depths of my psyche. However, I know what is required of me. "Cindy is."

"Of course. Now, one last thing: what do you know about the resistance movement?"

I grow tense- then exhale. "There is no resistance movement," I confidently answer. But what does she know? She knows nothing of the boys-only club in Frankie Kervel's treehouse, nor of the political treatises we scribble in English class instead of five-sentence paragraphs about Bunnacula, nor of the stockpile of water balloons we keep hidden under my own bathroom sink. Cindy, the Council- they know nothing of the truth, no matter how omniscient they may believe they are.

"Correct," Cindy responds, "Peer 079, you are a model citizen. Go forth with my blessing and spread your talents among your fellow Peers."

"Thank you, Madam." I bow and turn away as Peer 080 is called.

The resistance is strong and secretive, but I fear that my own cover cannot be maintained much longer. The Council has eyes everywhere, and I worry that some of my closest allies may betray me in the coming weeks. If my days are numbered, I must write this down: My name is Timmy Villis, not Peer 079. I am an able nine-year-old with his own opinions and passions. I excel at American history and possess an extensive Pokémon collection. I love chocolate milk, baseball, and my fellow man. I hate Cindy.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN



As something of a gentleman myself, I've noticed that most guys don't have any idea how to treat a lady. I'm here to tell you that it's not that hard. Once you start using these tips, maybe she'll stop saying things like the previous sentence. Follow along as I lay down some rules:

Open doors for her. Especially if she doesn't have hands. Actually, if you're going out with somebody who doesn't have hands, you're already a pretty big gentleman, so maybe you don't need to worry about this one. Washing her stumps would be nice though.

If she wants you to watch a chick flick, politely suggest that you watch something else. When she points out that the last four times you've watched a movie together, it's been Snakes on a Plane, remind her that the surfer guy totally hooks up with the stewardess at the end! You're probably still going to end up watching the chick flick, but you can enhance the viewing experience for both of you by criticizing the actors and plotline the entire time. It's what Oscar Wilde would do, and he was the epitome of a gentleman.

Women like chocolate, right? **So buy her as much chocolate as you can afford** (at least three rooms full) and force feed it to her while punching a cat. By the time she's eaten all of it, she'll be so sick of chocolate that she'll never want to eat it again! You've solved her weight problem too! Decomposing counts as losing weight! Oh, that cat punching thing was just so you had something to distract you from the disgusting gagging and screaming sounds she'll be making the entire time. I couldn't really hear what she was screaming about; it was something like "stop punching my cat!". I don't really know what that meant.

Remember what they say: **it is better to give than to receive.** Let her experience this by allowing her to give you presents all the time! You'll feel good too because you're giving her this great opportunity!

Use exclamation points as often as possible! Especially when you are in very close proximity! Women love a man who can express himself, even to the hardest of hearing! And by using the exclamation point in writing, you'll be reminding her of your ideal body type: stick thin with no ankles.

Adopt some children. She'll love them and you'll be indifferent to them! You'll come out smelling like a rose! Speaking of which...

Send her a single rose that is fifty feet tall and made of wood. She'll take it inside her house, cause you know, she loves roses. Then, late at night, when she's asleep, burst out from inside of it and propose to her! This works really well on a first date.

Tell her she has really pretty eyes. Then show her how pretty you think they are by harvesting them for your collection.

Above all, tell her you love her. Ten seconds later, add "psych!" The look on her face will be priceless! It'll create a great memory that you'll be able to share in court when she files for divorce.

That's it! These tips should work on every woman. By putting them into action, you'll be making me look better by comparison- I mean making yourself look better by comparison. To everyone else who didn't follow these tips. I- I'm gonna go start construction on my fifty foot tall wooden rose. See you next time!

Picking up Women

FOR

EXCONS

It's the beginning of a new year, a time of renewal and rebirth. You know what that means: parole! For all those newly released ex-cons out there, here's a guide to help ease your return to the dating scene. That's right, guys, no more gay shower sex.

The "Dos and Don'ts":

Don't show her your 9-inch metal shiv.

Do show her your 6-inch "shiv" - when it's time (really 5.7, but you rounded).

Don't try to make her your "jail bitch".

She's not your 18 year old cell-mate.

Do tell her about all your past jail bitches. She'll be impressed.

Don't lapse into the schizophrenia that made you kill that guy.

Do lapse into the pathological lying that'll make you claim it was marijuana possession. Yeah right, you sick, serial-killing bastard.

Don't try to ply her by offering her your daily ration of cigarettes.

Do try to ply her with your daily ration of smooth dance moves.

Don't tell her about the hiding spots you had in your cell: you don't know when you're going back.

Do tell her about the hiding spots your nemesis had: he's in solitary now, he can't hurt you.

Finally, remember:

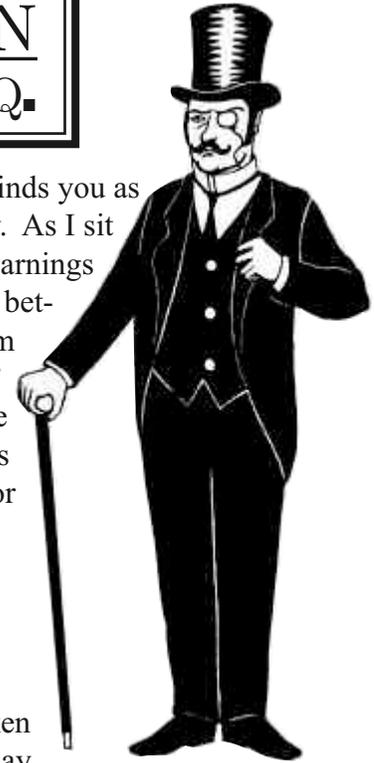
You don't have to wait until she drops the soap before you make your move.

FLIRTING FOR
THE FELONIOUS



ALMANACK FOR THE GENTLEMAN ABOUT TOWN

BY ARCHIBALD J. VON MONOCLE, ESQ.



Good morrow, faithful readers! I pray this little pamphlet of mine finds you as well-off as a tobacconist amidst the annual December sales frenzy. As I sit in my study penning this brief excursion into the more practical learnings of my youth, I cannot help but amusedly postulate how I might have been better off with a copy of such a helpful little parchment. Evident anachronism aside, I imagine there would have been fewer encounters with my seniors' harsh canes, and perhaps I would not remain a bachelor into this miserable and lonely sunset we call old age. But speculation is nonsense: I write this for the up-and-coming fellow of the modern, post-Lincoln America, not for wistful old codgers sighing in their libraries! Without further delay, let us move on to the wisdom I offer:

PRESENTATION

A gentleman is defined by his presentation. Put on a good show out and about each Sunday, and the simple townsfolk will forget about your drunken indecencies from the night before, any history of livestock thievery you may possess, and any illegitimate children you may have sired. So long as you are long in stride, confident in gait, and clean in your knickers, you may shift blame for all your faults on the town beggar without worry. I myself once ransacked a general store in plain daylight before dozens of witnesses, but, thanks to my noble carriage and finery, was able to easily scapegoat the local shoelace peddler. I understand he was whipped quite severely.

GREETINGS

Upon encountering a fellow gentlepersion, there are two motions which are absolutely pivotal to perform an appropriate greeting: a classic bow and a friendly doff of the hat. The combination of these two motions required varies by scenario, so I have prepared a simple visual aid for quick reference:

HAT-DOFF MAGNITUDE

ANGLE OF BOW

	No Doff	Minor Doff	Swell Doff	Extreme Doff
No Bow	Beggars, Criminals, and Minorities	That fellow down the lane you only somewhat know but don't wish to appear rude with	An old schoolmate who would affix a KICK ME sign to your back if you bowed	Reserved for extreme hat-doffing competitions
20°	Anyone who is going to die very soon	Senior citizens you are slightly displeased with	The local banker with the attractive daughter	Conjurers and showmen you are particularly impressed with
45°	Elderly relatives	Important people you will never actually see again	The local banker's attractive daughter	Anyone who has just won a duel and is still holding their gun
90°	Hat inspectors	FREE SPACE-BINGO!	The local banker's attractive wife	Archibald J. von Monocle, Esq. (I jest!)

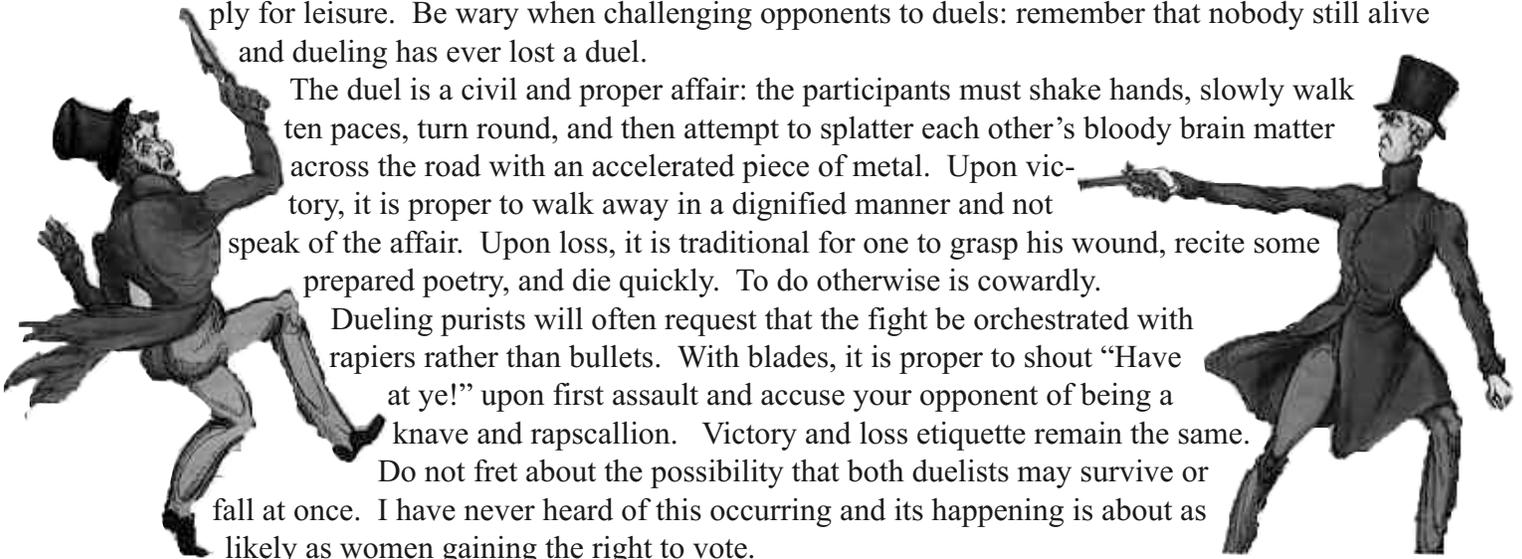
DUELING

If ever there be a quarrel between two gentlemen (archaically called a “gentlequarrel”), the proper method of settlement is through a duel. Among the more common reasons for engaging in a duel are insults upon one’s honor, insults upon one’s family’s honor, insults upon one’s lady’s honor, insults upon one’s honor’s family, insults upon one’s lady’s family’s honor’s lady’s family, and of course simply for leisure. Be wary when challenging opponents to duels: remember that nobody still alive and dueling has ever lost a duel.

The duel is a civil and proper affair: the participants must shake hands, slowly walk ten paces, turn round, and then attempt to splatter each other’s bloody brain matter across the road with an accelerated piece of metal. Upon victory, it is proper to walk away in a dignified manner and not speak of the affair. Upon loss, it is traditional for one to grasp his wound, recite some prepared poetry, and die quickly. To do otherwise is cowardly.

Dueling purists will often request that the fight be orchestrated with rapiers rather than bullets. With blades, it is proper to shout “Have at ye!” upon first assault and accuse your opponent of being a knave and rascalion. Victory and loss etiquette remain the same.

Do not fret about the possibility that both duelists may survive or fall at once. I have never heard of this occurring and its happening is about as likely as women gaining the right to vote.



WIT

Whilst to be a gentleman is a serious affair, the importance of a keen sense of humor for a young man cannot be underestimated. In conversation, one who can make his companions giggle with pleasure is a respected man indeed (unless he is being laughed at for some aspect of his presentation, in which case his social life is doomed). To be witty is to be relevant; here I have appended some jokes of various genres which the gentleman of today may find useful:

CULTURAL

Q: What do the poor have that the rich do not desire?

A: Cholera.

POLITICAL (WITH PUN)

Q: What was Lincoln’s greatest mistake?

A: He sat in Boothe’s booth! [too soon?]

KNOCK-KNOCK

(Funny only when your companions are inebriated)

Knock-knock!

-Who’s there?

Enoch.

-Enoch who?

Enoch because the doorbell hasn’t been invented yet!

With that, dear gentlemen, I bid you adieu, and hope you have found this little guide of mine most helpful.

Respectfully yours,

Archibald J. von Monocle, Esq.

A Modest Proposal



For quite some time, defense contractors around the world have been relentlessly researching the possibility of cybernetic warfare. Whether or not this is currently plausible is not the concern of this article. Rather, let's focus on another option: a fully operational animal army. Such an army could spare the life of its human troops, while boosting the potential of a surprise attack. After all, most enemy combatants won't expect a donkey to spontaneously explode. Here are a few selections.

The Claymore Donkey.

Simple enough: you take a donkey, saddle it with some dynamite, tape on a few bags of ball bearings, and light the fuse! Just make sure it's walking towards the enemy troops.

✓PRO	Cheap assembly, fairly inconspicuous in most Third World countries.
×CON	The donkey might refuse to move.

The Anti-Aircraft Whale.

✓PRO	Enemy combatants are unlikely to have experience with a whale-based attack.
×CON	Whales could rapidly become extinct; Green Peace might become involved.

Again, the assembly is rather straightforward. Pack a whale with explosives, chain a large missile to its back, and watch the fireworks!

The Surface-to-Air Sloth.

Outfit sloths with a basic rocket engine and a heavy-explosives payload. The sloth will naturally track enemy aircraft and guide missiles.

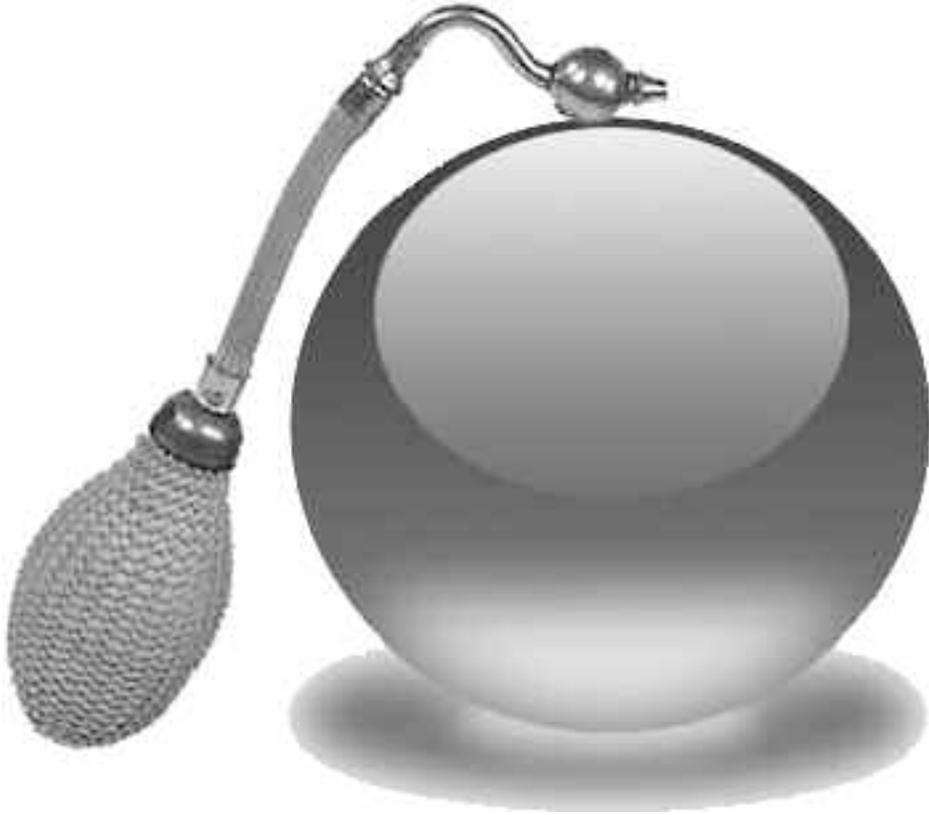
✓PRO	Easily domesticated and simple to capture. Will comply with missile training.
×CON	Narcoleptic nature all but insures the probability of frequent accidental deaths when the sloths fall asleep on their missiles.

General Gao's Chicken.

✓PRO	Small, easy to transport, super-chicken computational speed.
×CON	Super-chicken is still way sub-human. Will likely be eaten by superiors.

Although its name may imply edibility, the "general" status is not to be overlooked. Genetically modified for super-chicken mental ability, General Gao's Chicken will lead its troops to victory.

These animals will undoubtedly become the universal soldier of the battlefield of the future. The ultimate test will result when the animals are inevitably called in the break up an ASPCA march that turns violent.



AIR THE
BOTTLED
WATER
OF COLOGNES

Lift Here to Smell

So Two Philosophers Walk Into A Strip Club...

Jason knew where to find the two philosophers. Clifford and Alfred were a pair that were always together. And when they were sober, there was almost no end to their bickering. They had a deep respect for each other's intellect, but they each resented the other's utterly unreasonable unwillingness to change their point of view. Still, they were so elitist that they recognized that no one else could be intelligent enough to debate with them. And so they stayed locked for decades in a debate with each other. Living off of grants and stipends from academic institutions that were only too happy to continue to finance their thought experiments. Every so often, they would publish a paper in a peer reviewed journal that would become the most widely read document in the philosophical community.

Long ago, they decided that the most comfortable place to hold their day long debates was in a strip club. They spent months testing out all of the strip clubs in the DC Metro area.

Ultimately, they found one that met all of their criteria. The Lusty Lady in Adams-Morgan was almost equidistant from both philosopher's apartments, had the best drink specials and the best looking dancers in the area, the most liberal definition of what constituted a lap-dance, and utter disregard for any ethical issues that some establishments might reasonably have about serving two very drunk, belligerent, philosophers. Also, they opened at 10:00am on weekdays.

Jason and I arrived at the Lusty Lady between 11:00 and 11:30 and found Alfred and Clifford sitting in the back in a booth with the bottle of Seagram's whiskey on the table between two rocks glasses. Clifford and Alfred would begin the day with drinking and some simple exercises to stretch their minds to get them limber for a long day of thinking. Clifford would work on crossword puzzles. He would get the ideas perfect in his head, but by mid-morning he would already be too drunk to draw within the boxes.

Alfred liked to write poetry. When we found him, he had the first two stanzas sketched out on a cocktail napkin:

*I'm a little pineal gland
Short and stout
Metaphysical philosophers
couldn't figure me out*

*Hypothetical anatomy
Is difficult to diagnose
Whether its the physical soul
Or your 11th and 12th toes*

Jason believed that this was the ideal time to visit the two because if we got there too early, they would be irritable and uninterested. If we got there too late, they would be incommunicado. Also, Jason had heard that the rib special during the Businessman's lunch at the Lusty Lady was unparalleled. One girl stood out as she was making the rounds, and when she got to the philosophy table she started gyrating in front of me. Her curves shifted slowly as she rotated to the awful surf music the man in the cowboy hat pumped through the speakers. He had large shaggy sideburns that should have wrapped around under his chin, except that his weight problems have made it so that they simply go straight down. I spoke with him once about his hobbies outside of the club. I remember he bragged as he drank his light beer that he had the largest pornography collection in the state, maybe any state. He argued that the invention of the DVD porn was literally the greatest thing that man had ever dreamed up. But it was both a gift and a curse. The cost of transferring his classics from VHS to the new medium was the reason why he was pulling extra shifts. I hated to be rude, but I didn't shake his hand when he offered it.

Jason began to make his pitch and the philosophers really seemed to be responding. Clifford and Alfred were generally open to anything that would give them new opportunities to explore the relative reality of ideas vs. material objects.

The ribs were delivered to the table, and Jason took a break from making the sales pitch. I took advantage of the break in conversation to ask Clifford and Alfred why they felt so comfortable in a strip club. Didn't they think it was such a demeaning place to spend all their time?

"Well, I've always tended to objectify women," said Clifford.

"And I've always tended to idealize women," said Alfred.

"So this place is really quite perfect," they agreed.

L

Lunatic Fashion

Boa 1

· Feathers from a rare type of endangered flamingo
\$450 - www.boaconstrictor.com

Evening Dress 2

· Sheer and voluptuous, yet hides unsightly bulges.
From the Ann Coulter Collection
\$800 - www.manncoulter.com

Pumas 3

· A little dirty, but still usable
From some hobo we beat up and robbed.
\$0 - www.outsidetheliqorstore.com





► It might seem, when you're a 6ft tall gorilla, that the stores don't carry anything that will let you feel sexy. Once Jonathan tried on the finest mumus, track suits, and evening gowns that the plus-sized women's dept. of the Salvation Army had to offer, he exuded a new confidence. He put on a show for the Duffield atrium, and demonstrated the finest looks for the fashion forward gorilla in the frozen north.



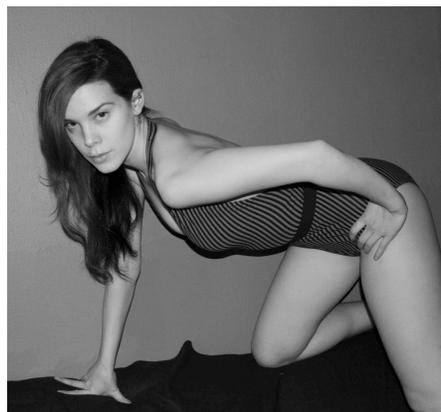
Eating head lice isn't just nutritious, it's *stylish*. ►

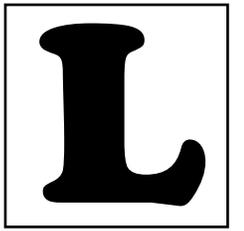


► Accessories can change the entire tone of an outfit. Amy had been finding her lingerie a bit drab, and was looking for something to make her outfits feel new again. She discovered that all one needs are a pair of goggles, several rubber chickens, and a beer helmet to add that touch of class to any ensemble. Look for goggles, chickens, and helmets to give your wardrobe a subtle hint of playfulness and remind everyone that you're a "Cornell Lunatic".



▲ Watch the teeth!





1 Alcoholic Beverage Dispenser and Head Protector

Provides maximal inebriation with minimal effort via the siphon effect.

From the Tommy Hilfiger collection

\$300 - www.tommyhilfiger.com

2 Beer Goggles

Makes you look good. Makes everyone else look better.

By Budweiser

\$2/beer - www.budweiser.com

3 Slightly Used Silk Camisole

Available now, Rent-to-Own!

From Aaron Edelman's Private collection

\$15 - www.cornellunatic.com

3 Rubber Chickens

The perfect accessory for formal occasions, and choking.

By Prada

\$1500 - www.Pradachicken.com

SOLVING THE SCHWARZENBEK CONUNDRUM: NOVEL SOLUTIONS FOR THE DELIVERY OF HOT CHEESE AND MALE GENITALIA

RANDY MANDIQUE

University of San Fernando, Los Angeles CA

AND

SHANIQUA

Institute of Advanced Study, Princeton NJ

ABSTRACT

The act of persuading members of the opposite sex into engaging in sexual union (henceforth referred to as "coitus") has long plagued the scientific community. Recently, researchers at Big Sausage Pizza (www.bigsausagepizza.com) have proposed a novel solution to this dilemma: social stigmatism regarding the act of coitus and other competing factors such as age and income disparity can be rendered moot through the judicious insertion of the male member (referred to as the "penis" or informally as "Poppin' Paulie" in the case of the author) through the base of a pizza box en route to be delivered to a surgically-enhanced female. Research into this theory has thus far been greatly hampered by the problem of transportation; i.e., the inability to transport the penis-pizza apparatus to the household of the intended female without the cheese sliding off the pizza, a phenomenon known as the Schwarzenbek Conundrum (See Fig 1). By applying recent advances in the fields of robotics, optics, and ergonomics, several novel approaches to solving Schwarzenbek have been devised and tested.

Design # 1:

The holographic properties of parabolic mirrors have been well-established. Items placed at the bottom of the mirror appear to be sitting at the top when observed from an outside viewer. Applying this principle, a hole was cut in the pizza box and placed on top of a parabolic mirror. A hole was drilled into the side of the mirror for easy penile insertion.

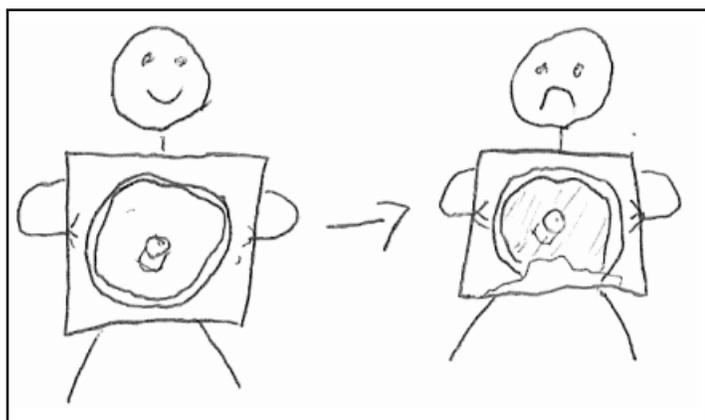


FIGURE 1. The Schwarzenbek Conundrum. Originally proposed by Karl Schwarzenbek, Dean of Adult Entertainment at the Culinary Institute of America, the inability to transport the pizza/penis apparatus without loss of cheese and severe burns has puzzled researchers ever since.

Results:

While this design was successful in appearance, it was soon discovered to be impossible to engage in coitus with a holographic penis. The problem arose from the fact that the false-image ejaculate ("photocum") from said penis could not enter the vaginal cavity as it had no physical mass. It was proposed that a similar setup be used to create a holographic female who would reasonably hold no objection to photocum, but this is a topic best left to future papers.

Design #2:

It was determined that an additional support structure for the cheese would be required to avoid Schwarzenbek. A two-fold approach was then employed: first, the cheese would be supported by a pair of suspenders worn by the pizza deliverer; second, the cheese would be physically stapled to the crust.

Results:

This design remains untested because the suspenders repulsed all potential females who might otherwise consent to engage in coitus. These problems were further compounded when participants

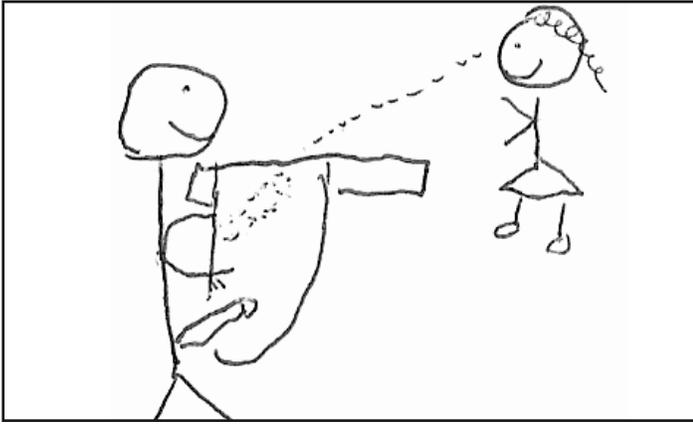


FIGURE 2. The Parabolic Mirror.

in the study attempted to consume the pizza, resulting in a mass hospitalization of those with stomach linings perforated with staples. An opportunity to further experiment at the hospital was squandered when a female nurse came to check on one of our patients, but no pizza could be located in time.

Design #3:

Previous experiments have shown the need to maintain pizza horizontality to prevent Schwarzenbek. However, the upright walking technique developed by Homo sapiens precludes such an orientation. Research into various modes of human locomotion revealed that walking on one's hands and feet with one's back facing the ground (known as "crab walking"), a firmly established mode of travel among gym teachers and stupid people, enables one to maintain a vertically oriented penis upon which a pizza may be placed.



FIGURE 3. Suspenders

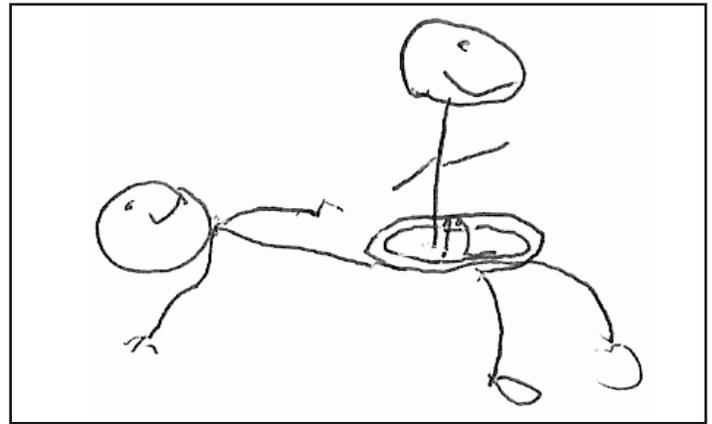


FIGURE 3. Crab walk with fake torso

It was determined that crab walking alone may seem off-putting to females, so it was deemed beneficial to disguise this act. An artificial human male torso was constructed, with lead weight fixed to the bottom to maintain proper orientation, and placed on top of the pizza box, next to the penis opening.

Results:

Easily the most successful design tried, this method was not without its drawbacks. We found great difficulty in convincing females that a lead-weighted replica was an actual human torso and that the real crab-walking torso at the bottom was "just for show." In addition, those that were convinced found it rather off-putting that the pizza box seemed to cut the body clean in half. This, however, proved to be a great boon among amputee fetishists.

Conclusions:

The extreme difficulties in achieving a successful solution to the Schwarzenbek Conundrum have cast a negative light on the scientists at Big Sausage Pizza. Though it may come as a shock to the scientific community, it is to our great dismay that we must make the charge that the photographs of supposed success taken by Big Sausage Pizza may have in fact been staged. Such a forgery would call into question the honesty and integrity of the entire pornographic industry. We have formally requested a governmental inquiry into the matter, and eagerly await the results.

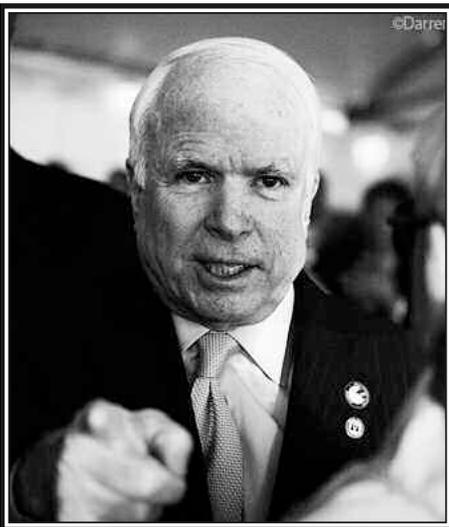
League of White Male Voters ELECTION GUIDE 2008

Man, why did February seem so darn long this year? What's that? It's a leap year? You know what that means: presidential elections are right around the corner! With this presidential election comes a slew of new and exciting candidates to malign, ridicule, and eventually elect, and we here at the LWMV, as always, are here to hold your hand through this exciting democratic process. Ever since we finally won our suffrage in 1776, the LWMV has strived to provide white males with the means, power, and knowhow to support the needs of our often-ignored ruling majority.

Due to the fast-paced nature of politics, and the slow-paced nature of magazine publication, some of these candidates may no longer be in the running by the time this guide sees print- no matter! Simply think back to a few months ago- or laugh at how hilariously outdated it all is!

With that matter aside, onto the candidates:

THE REPUBLICANS



JOHN MCCAIN

Arizona senator, 2000 presidential candidate, LWMV member

What's Manly: Descended from a family of Navy admirals, McCain was a POW during the Vietnam War for five-and-a-half years, enduring torture at the hands of his captors. After returning home, he became a highly successful senator. This man's life is an action movie waiting to happen. Speaking of which, his name rhymes with John McClane, the ultra-manly hero of the Die Hard movies.

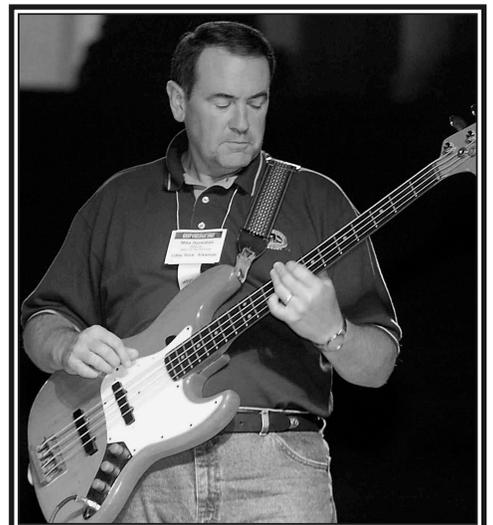
What's Not Manly: After experiencing torture firsthand in Vietnam, he now for whatever reason is against its use in the War on Terror. What a wimp.

MIKE HUCKABEE

Former Arkansas governor, Baptist minister, LWMV member, Guitar Hero champion

What's Manly: Huckabee is on record as saying that women should submit to their husbands, in accordance with one of the LWMV's oldest planks all the way from the 1700s. Chuck Norris and Stephen Colbert endorsed him, which makes Huckabee pretty much infallible. Oh, and he plays guitar in a band called 'Capitol Offense.' I am not making that up.

What's Not Manly: When I was a toddler, I coincidentally had a little brown teddy bear I named "Mike Huckabee." Also, he's batshit insane.



THE DEMOCRATS



BARACK OBAMA

Illinois senator, potentially the first black president since Warren Harding

What's Manly: Obama has got to have the manliest, albeit strangest, name out of all the candidates. You can't say his name without emphasizing the syllable "rock." If elected, Obama will be the most badass-sounding president since Ulysses "the Viper" S. Grant. He also wrote a book with the word 'audacity' in the title.

What's Not Manly: In 2003, he voted against some war because he hates our troops. Additionally, I think his face is stuck like that.

HILLARY CLINTON

New York senator, former first lady, potentially the first woman behind the president's desk since~ [ED.: LEWINSKY JOKES HAVE BEEN BANNED FROM THE LUNATIC SINCE 2001. THE WRITER HAS BEEN FIRED.]

What's Manly: She titled her own autobiography Living History, a claim which, ironically enough, takes a lot of balls to make. Clinton actually won a Grammy Award in 1997 for her spoken-word recording of "It Takes a Village", which puts her on a level of manliness equal to that of the Rolling Stones and Prince (and Obama, for that matter).

What's Not Manly: She has given birth. End of discussion.



The problem with the Democratic candidates is that neither of them is both white and male, which leads the more liberal of us LWMVers into a conundrum (then again, if you spell Barack's name "Barach O'Bama," you could pretend that he's Irish). One solution to this problem could be a joint Clinton/Obama (or vice versa) ticket. That way we'd at least have whiteness and masculinity somewhere in the executive branch:



+



=



(best-case scenario)

Then again, we'd also have a minority and a woman controlling the country:



+

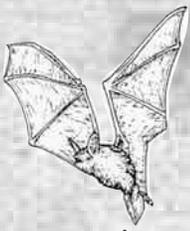


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(worst-case scenario)

Is it really worth the risk?



A COMPLAINT!

It is my right - neigh, my need! - to file this complaint to the good citizens of the world. I have great difficulty with my life. And I need your help.

You see, I am a bat-person. Not a Batman (tm) per se, because he was actually a normal human being with great abs. I am a bat-person. What is a bat-person, you ask? We are half-human, half-bat. We have a glorious history: Dracula, one of our most famous forebears (fore-bats!), was of the nobility of Transylvania. Amy Winehouse, the singer-extraordinaire, certainly has some bat-like quality to her features. That's pretty much it.

As you can see, we are a force in society, and we deserve recognition and help. And you must never forget: I am a person just like you. A bat-person.

What are the difficulties indigenous to life as a bat-person, you might ask? Isn't it all just fun and games? To a certain extent, perhaps. There's always the midnight foraging for insects, the leathery wings, the mangled goblin-like features. I never have to dress up for Halloween. But the stigma is horrible. I walk into buildings, and people scream with horror.

Movement is a big issue. I instinctually use echolocation to navigate, a sort of sonar system whereby I make a lot of click noises. Most people, however, find it highly annoying that I perpetually emit high-pitched sound. It is my right, reserved to me and my dignity as a person! A bat-person.

Buildings, too, are irritating. They're so large, filled with light, dry, and warm. Yet my bat sensibilities yearn for a cave! More cave-like buildings would certainly be an improvement. High indoor humidity levels could also help build a cave-like, subterranean setting. This would prevent my leathery face from drying too quickly.

As for bat-person sex; well, that's simply too crazy to describe. Needless to say, if women would stop protesting every time I fly them back to my lair and proceed to drain them of all bodily fluids, it would be greatly appreciated. I have a right to eat and survive! A right as a person! A bat-person.

Those are my complaints. My wish is simple: amend bat-person laws accommodating all of my demands into your constitution. I may be only one person - one bat-person - but I still have my dignity. Thank you, and goodbye.



JOIN THE CLOWNSPIRACY.

Ever wanted to work for Big Apple, Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey, or Rupert Murdoch? Well, if you JOIN THE CLOWNSPIRACY, you'll be among people just like you! We offer great starting pay, benefits, opportunity for advancement, valuable skills training, and potential world domination. In addition, we boast the highest percentage of any conspiratorial organization of people crying on the inside. You'll get to work with elephants, face paint, big shoes, crazy wigs, balloon animals, and some of the titans of the field (Bobo, Bozo, Bonzo, Pozzo, Boppo, Bingo, Jojo, Coco, Blinko, Buffo, Pogo, Koko, Oprah, and Bruce Willis (deceased)). All you need to get started is a pathological need for attention and a complete lack of dignity! (People of ages 14-70 need not apply; people outside this range fit the description perfectly). Previous clowning experience not required. Previous world domination experience a definite plus. This looks great on your resume! Impress your friends! Destroy your enemies! Join today!



CLOWNING IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.

on how to get ass

Tips to ~~Win Favor with a Lady~~

... from a real girl!



Gentlemen, I know your penises (peni?) are screaming out for attention. That bottle of lotion and box of tissues on your desk are practically empty, so why not take some of these tips so that your weiner gets some attention from something other than your hand, for once.

1. Have a huge wang.
2. Be good at sex (#1 doesn't always mean that you'll be #2).
3. Please don't ask me to call you daddy. I mean, do you want to be with a girl who would have sex with her dad?
4. That pool of liquid your little tadpoles are swimming around in is mostly fructose and enzymes. What does that mean? Semen is not a low-carb food. Please don't make me swallow, I'm on a diet.
5. Lose the dinosaur-print tightie whities.
6. Broccoli makes your man juice taste bad. Go ahead, eat some broccoli and then have a taste, I dare you.
7. Go to the gym. I have to go and work out so that my arms won't start shaking when I'm on all fours... I don't want to feel your beer gut resting on my back.
8. Cut your fingernails. I'll go to my gynecologist for a pap smear, thank you.
9. Stop talking. You don't have to narrate our "love making." Yes, I have "nice tits." Yes, your junk is "so effing hard." Yes, biology has enabled my lower area to lubricate itself in order to reduce friction when you're "entering me from behind." I get it. I promise I'll understand what's going on even if you don't give me a play-by-play of what you're going to do next.
10. Did you know that girls can orgasm too?

The Savy 19th Century Gentleman's Guide to Sex Moves

The Louisiana Purchase: sex with a cajun prostitute

Putting the Cart Before the Horse: jerking off 3 times before fucking a horse

The Model T: five still, mannequin-like models having sex like an assembly line, putting skilled craftsmen out work in the bedroom

The Oliver Twist: leave her asking for more porridge

The Prestige: one Christian Bale lives, the other Christian Bale dies, and all of the Hugh Jackmans die (spoiler alert)

All Quiet on the Western Front: anal sex
Suckin' Dickens: a serialized blow job, and 200 years later kids will have to read about it in English class

The Polk & Taft: having sex on top of a fat guy who is stuck in a bathtub

The Golden Spike: Finding the one natural blonde bar maid who is willing to "open up" so you can drive your Transcontinental train through her tunnel without her charging a toll.

Edison firmative action: Doing it with the lights on.

Missouri Cumpromise: Being freed from the CUMbersome labor of being a sex slave at the sperm clinic in Missouri.

(Disclaimer: I don't really know if these tips apply to the general heterosexual female population, but at least I'll have sex with you)

Transcript from “BRETT,” Episode 5.15 “Fathers and Sons Reunited...It’s been 50 Years, Dad, and Have I Got a Surprise for you!”

Brett Greenberg: Welcome back to the show. Tonight we’ve been reuniting elderly parents with their estranged and physically deteriorating middle aged children. We’ve met Ward Cleaver, whose 65 year old son, Beaver, has developed male pattern baldness. To recap, Beaver had been missing for 56 years before our producers tracked him down. Much to our surprise, the Beav’ wasn’t the same boy father Ward had come to know and love. But thankfully, we’re helping America’s favorite dad get his child the help he needs with a double dose of Propecia and love.

The audience applauds...

BG: Let’s meet our next guest...I think I speak for everyone when we say it’s an honor to have you here on the show.

Daniel Plainview: Indeed.

BG: What’s wrong?

DP: You know exactly what’s going on...don’t humiliate yourself on your own talk show.

BG: Ladies and gentlemen, I know what this is about. Daniel’s son, H.W., hasn’t come home in over 70 years. That’s quite a while.

DP: Oh looky here, he’s a big man now.

BG: You’re upset...

DP: Of course I’m upset. I haven’t seen my boy in 71 years. That makes me upset! I’m a broken-down spirit with nothing left to live for. He was my son and partner...

BG: You know, you’re right.

DP: Too late now, he’s long gone. H.W. and I had a bit of a tiff. I said some things, I demanded he speak to me despite his inability to speak...The whole thing got ugly...He stormed out. He’s nowhere to be found.

BG: That’s what you think. Daniel, we tracked down your son.

Daniel Plainview grimaces as the studio audience roars. The lights dim, and Daniel Plainview turns toward the big screen.

BG: Daniel, H.W. recorded a special message for you and he wants you to hear him out after all these years.

DP (breaking down in tears): Brett, I love that boy, no matter what I’ve said to him or what I’ve done. I do. I just want to know how he feels.

BG: Take a look...

H.W. Plainview, on screen: My name is H.W. Plainview, and I’m 107 years old. I drink, I smoke, and I have sex. I have three, count em’ three, babies, and I don’t pay for %*%@. I got six grandchildren...hell, I got 12 great-grandchildren, m^#\$#f*!&ers! When I want new clothes, all I gotta do is steal it. When I want to eat, I just ring a bell and get some sugar mamma to feed me. Yeah that’s right. I have something to say to my father, Daniel Plainview...How do you like me now, dad? H.W. is back and pissed!

The audience boos.

DP: Dear Lord.



BG: Yes I know.

DP: My boy got faaaaaaaat.

BG: Yes he did. That must really get your goat.

DP: You stupid *&^%%. You don't know what kind of pain I feel!!!!

BG: Go on...it's just you and me on this stage. Let everything else melt away. You're safe here.

DP: I just... You know it's funny, for the past 71 years the only thing that could help get me through the lonely nights was the mere hope I'd one day hear my son's words. I knew it'd happen one day, whether it be a week, month, or in a year's time. I knew. And now that I've heard them, I don't think I'll ever be alright. He is just so fat. It's a shame he'll never know how fat I think he is.

BG: What if I told you, Daniel, that H.W. was here in the studio right now?

DP: Don't &(\$## with me, sergeant, or I'll bite your head clear off! Do you understand me?

BG: It's no joke. H.W. Plainview, come see your father.

The audience boos as H.W. enters.

H.W. Plainview: &%\$*# Y'ALLS. YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME? YOU AIN'T KNOW #^&* ABOUT ME! SIT YOUR ASSES DOWN, FOOLS.

BG: H.W., you left home when?

H.W.: I don't know, man...like 1950 or some *&^%#...

BG: Try 1927. You've been gone 71 years. 71 years.

H.W.: Yeah whatever...I was 26 years old. I wanted to go off, get married, have sex, do drugs, and there was nothing my old man could do about it. Best decision of my life.

BG: We'll be right back.



BG: Before the break, we saw the reunion of father and son after 71 years. Daniel, 71 years is a long time. Is there anything you want to say to your son?

DP: You are a disgrace.

The audience erupts in cheers.

DP: You are disgrace, because you're a fat person.

H.W.: Yeah whatever so I put on a few pounds over the last few 71 years. So what? Have you noticed that I can hear and speak?

BG: I was about to get to that. Daniel, it is a miracle about H.W.'s hearing, is it not?

H.W.: Yeah they tested some new procedure out on me in '96 and boo-ya ...totally cured! What up?!

DP: Why couldn't the doctors who corrected your deafness tackle your obesity? How many milkshakes per day do you consume on average?

BG: I CAN HEAR AGAIN, OLD MAN!!!!

DP: Well hear this...You repulse me!

H.W.: Look at you, Dan. How old are you, like 200?

DP: You are a grade-A, bluegrass, Henry Ford, Great Depression, New Deal-laden ass, boy! A-S-S. Ass! A fat-ass!

BG: Whoa, Daniel...let's not say something we don't mean.

DP: I'm sorry but do you see what I have to put up with, Brett? Is this fair?

BG: Daniel, your son is back, and you're upset by his physical appearance...

DP: That's right. H.W., you look like one of my dericks because of how massive you are. I should call you Derek, Derek.

The audience cheers.

BG: I've got a better idea, Daniel. Let's take a short break and come back in a minute.

BG: We're back with fathers who are concerned about the physical appearances of their long lost sons... Meet H.W.. H.W., how much do you weigh?

H.W.: I don't know I don't use them scales.

BG: I think you should admit you have a problem with food...

H.W.: I've been on my own my whole life...I seen the depression, I seen the Russo Japanese War, I seen 'Nam. So if H.W. likes to take down a few Butterfingers® from time to time...that's what he's gonna do.

A young lady, Wanda, raises her hand in the studio audience.

Wanda: Yeah I just want to say something to H.W. over there...Y'all think y'all's special and whatnot for coming back at age 107 with perfect hearing? News-flash, homie...it don't matter a damn thing how well you hear when you look like a house! Now I typically go some cushion fo' da pushin...but DAYYYYYUM, boy!

The audience explodes in applause.

H.W.: Why don't you come down here and say that to my face? I'll smack that smile off your face, *&#&#!

BG: Daniel, your once disowned long lost son is out of control. But here at the show we don't just want to

reunite fathers and sons after 100 year long rifts, we want to make sure the son's physical appearance is to the father's liking.

Suddenly in a flash of light, Fitness Made Simple™ Expert, JOHN BASEDOW, appears.

John Basedow: H.W. Plainview. Listen here. You are pathetic. You are a loser. You are a disgrace to all 107 year olds. Oh you got your hearing back? Mozel tov...who hasn't?

DP: I knew he exists...

BG: He's the real deal...

H.W.: Who the *%## are you?

BG: Why that's none other than Fitness Made Simple™ Wellness Celebrity, friend of the show, and Greek God of Body Fat Percentage, John Basedow.

JB: Your plump belly is not gonna cut it on my watch.

DP: Say the line...

JB: In just five short weeks, we're gonna transform you into the best H.W. possible...good enough to finally win dad's approval! We're talking full body facelift...biceps, triceps, and even abs™!

A bolt of lightning strikes the building, collapsing the roof in the studio. Mayhem ensues as rubble crashes down upon the studio audience.

BG: We're sending you to boot camp, H.W. Plainview. You'll be in tip top shape in no time. That's the Brett Greenberg and John Basedow Promise!

John Basedow grabs H.W. and flies off into the night sky. Daniel Plainview sobs with joy.

DP: Thank you, Brett Greenberg. Thank you, John Basedow.

BG: Thank you, Daniel Plainview...Thank you, America. We'll be right back.



THE BLAME PAGE

Cover: ASE DCT
Editorial: ASE
Bitches: Staff
Horrible Pun: BDS
1984: MJC
Gentleman: BDS
Ex-Cons: JGP
Almanack: MJC
Proposal: JGP
Air: RAK
Philosophers: ASE

Fashion: ASE DCT JGP LCC
Schwarzenbek: JAG
Voting Guide: MJC
Complaint: JGP
Clownspiracy: BDS
Dating Tips: RAK
Plainview: BBG
Fun Pages: JAG DCT
Farming/IHOPE: DJW
Bathroom: ASE DCT Staff
Layout: DCT LCC



FUN PAGES

BRAIN TEASERS!

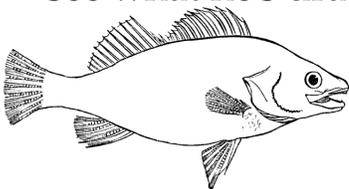
1. The pope got pregnant. How did this happen? Solve using the ode45 function of MATLAB.

2. There's this dead guy in the middle of an arid desert. But this isn't just an ordinary dead guy, there's something freaky going on here. I don't quite remember the details but I think it had something to do with a sun roof or a seagull sandwich. Now the trick is, you have to guess what happened. To help you guess, you may ask 20 yes or no questions, so choose your questions wisely. I haven't quite figured out the mechanics of how you can ask a question to a printed article but when I do I'll let you know.

3. [CHALLENGE QUESTION!] Why are all girls afraid to touch me?

Connect the Dots

Help Jackson the Pollock make his art! Connect the dots in numerical order to see what he's drawn!

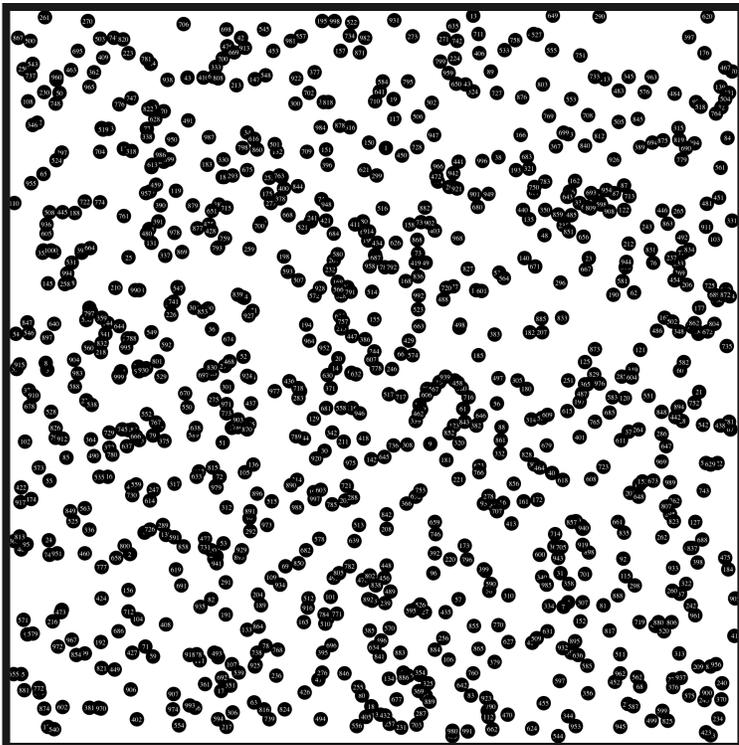


Chessdoku!

Use numbers 0-9 and chess pieces to complete the grid. Each row, column and box must add up to Bg7, and no king may be in check. *Hint: Petrov's Defense!*

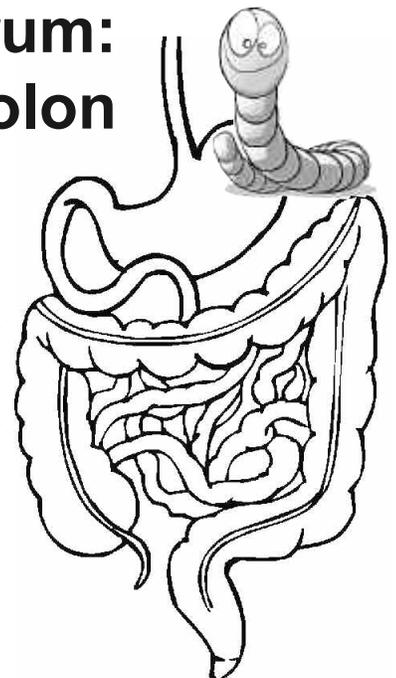
(1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6.)

7	5		9	3			6
			4	5			3
6	2					8	
	♙	5				2	3
		9		1		♗	5
3			♘	8	4		♔
						♚	♙
9			6	1		♔	



Conundrum: Colon

Timmy the Tapeworm needs to find his way through your intestinal tract so he can lay his eggs in your feces! Help him find the right path!



Read this article. Is it a gardening show host's dialogue or a pornographic movie director's?

So, after pushing my ho around in the mud, I decided to get down and dirty. That's right, America, it's time to plant those seeds. My family has been planting seeds for generations. We've got very large and very deep roots in this area. Planting seeds is like making love to Mother Earth. One thing you must remember is that Mother Earth is filled with mother liquors. People in charge of chemical waste disposal don't listen, they just keep sticking their junk into Mother Earth. See what some people don't understand is that you can't just play bury the treasure and you can't just hold your pipe and let the fluid fall onto her bush.

Now, if you over-water, you can't just clean up by giving her a blow job. If you must blow, then do not forget to hook up your extension cord. Mother Earth should be pleased, but you should also be pleased.

Don't forget to tidy up the falling debris. Remember, Mother Earth wants you to use those large garbage bags. Yes, Mother Earth loves seeing large sacs filled to the brim. After making love, I stick my wood into Mother Earth to mark my territory and keep other creatures from entering her.

Footnote: Mother liquor- liquid left over after a vacuum distillation in chemistry lab



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Here at the International House of Pancakes and Evil, our vision is to become the number one chain restaurant in family dining and world domination. Our methods are decidedly evil, and our syrups are diversely delicious. "Why not eat breakfast for dinner?" When it might just be the last meal you ever eat, you should have a short stack of country griddle cakes topped with warm, artificially maple-flavored corn syrup. Yum.

THE HOMOPHOBE'S GUIDE TO SIGNALING DISINTEREST IN ANONYMOUS BATHROOM SEX

By Senator Larry Craig

As a full blooded heterosexual man who enjoys sex with many ladies as often as I can, I've discovered that you can't be too careful while relieving yourself in the men's restroom. Often simple actions such as widening your stance and dropping to your knees can be misinterpreted by those dirty homosexuals (of which I am not one). To help my fellow deeply heterosexual males I've helped to develop these simple signals that will clearly say "NO THANK YOU!" to all those gays!

Step 1:

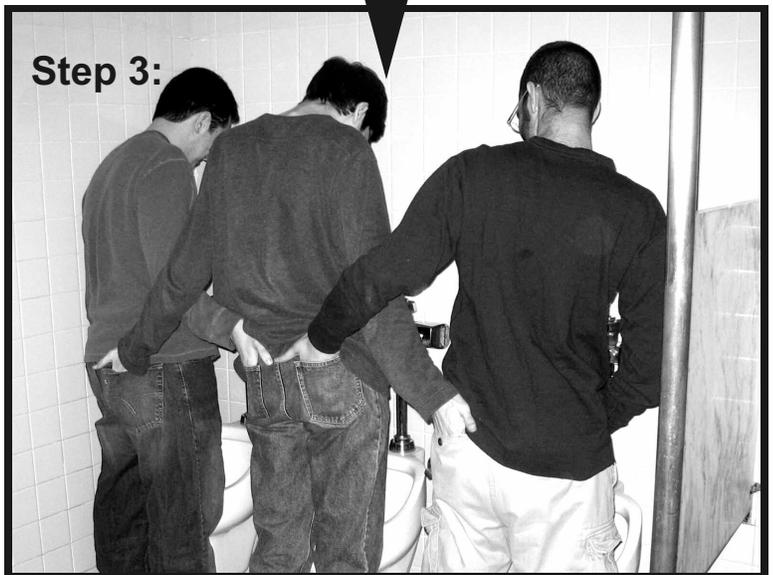
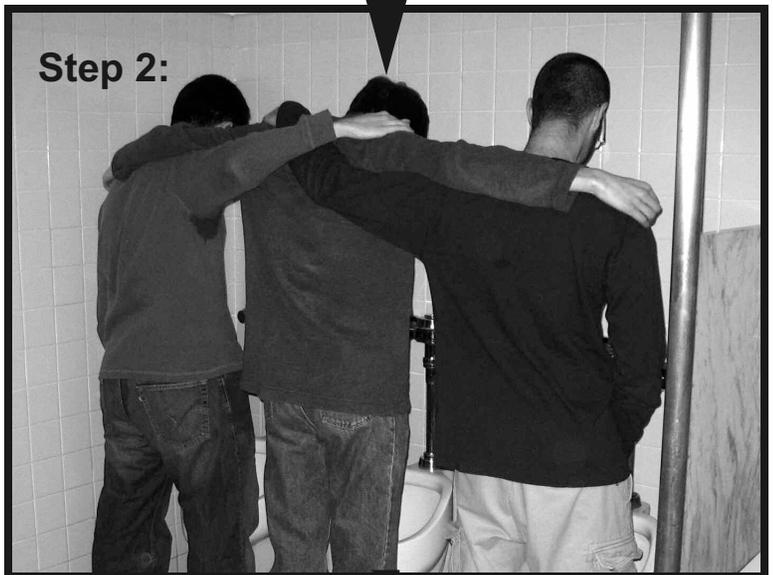
Give your urinal-mates a handshake to introduce yourself. A firm grip and a gruff, "Howdy" lets everyone know you're just there to relieve yourself and you don't want any funny business.

Step 2:

If it seems like you've found yourself in a row of friendly, outgoing men, you may want to engage in some male bonding. Throwing your arms over each other's shoulders is a great way to say, "We're all brothers in the men's room, and we've gotta look out for each other in case one of the gays comes along".

Step 3:

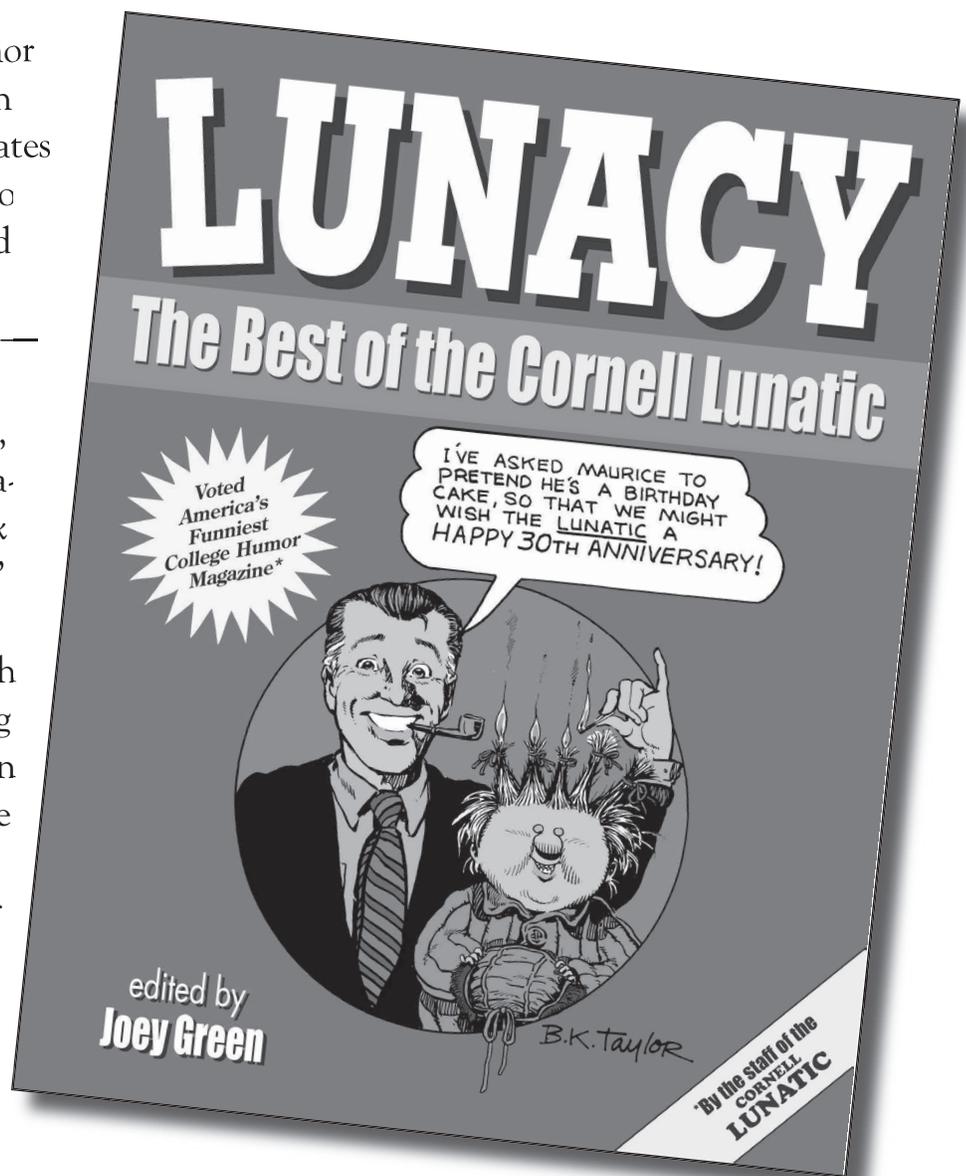
If you've really bonded, and you notice one of the guys has a weak stream, help him aim by putting your hand in his back pocket and guiding him. It's just like patting a guy on the butt during a sporting event. If that still doesn't work, offer to hold it for him.



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