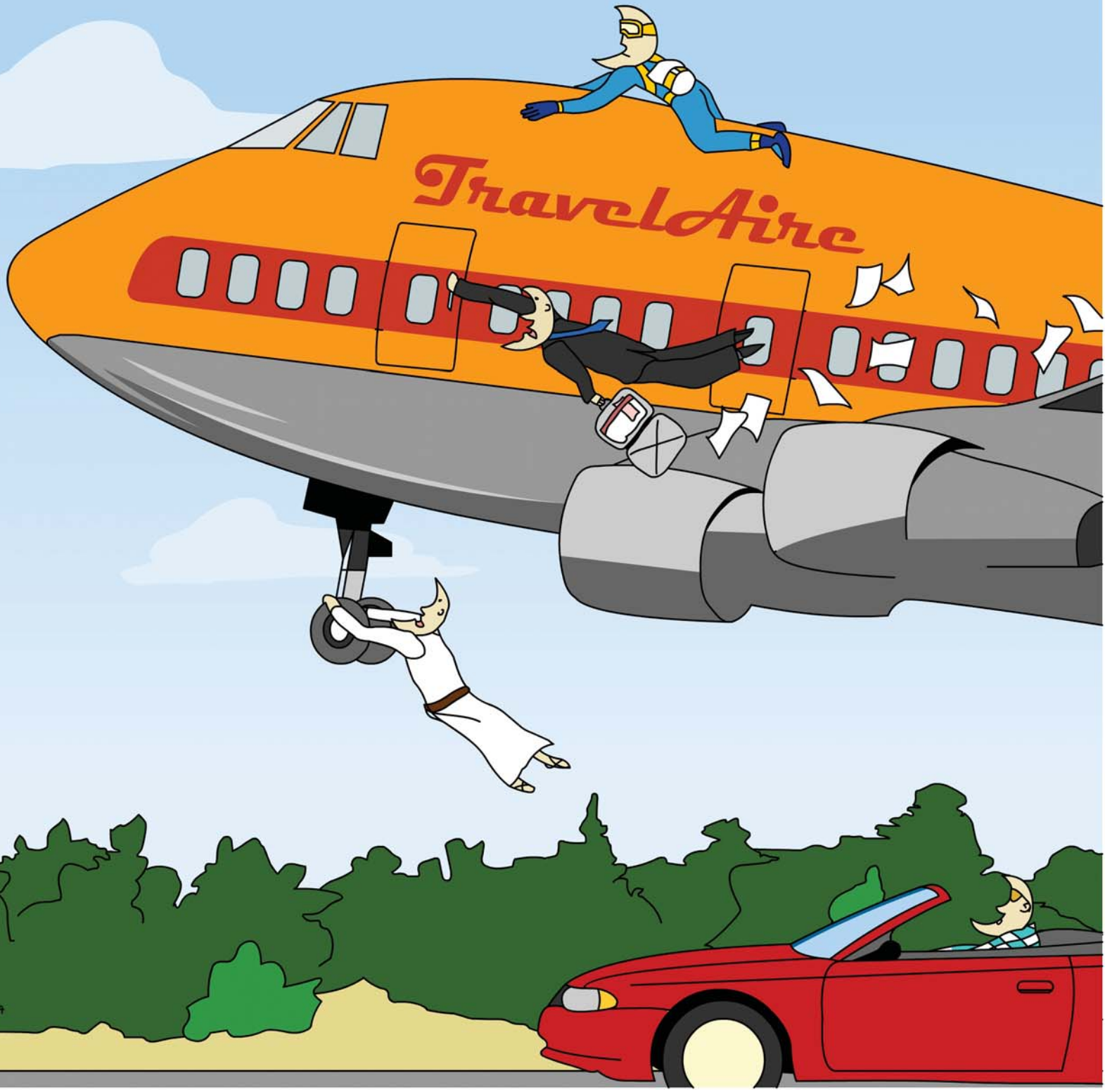
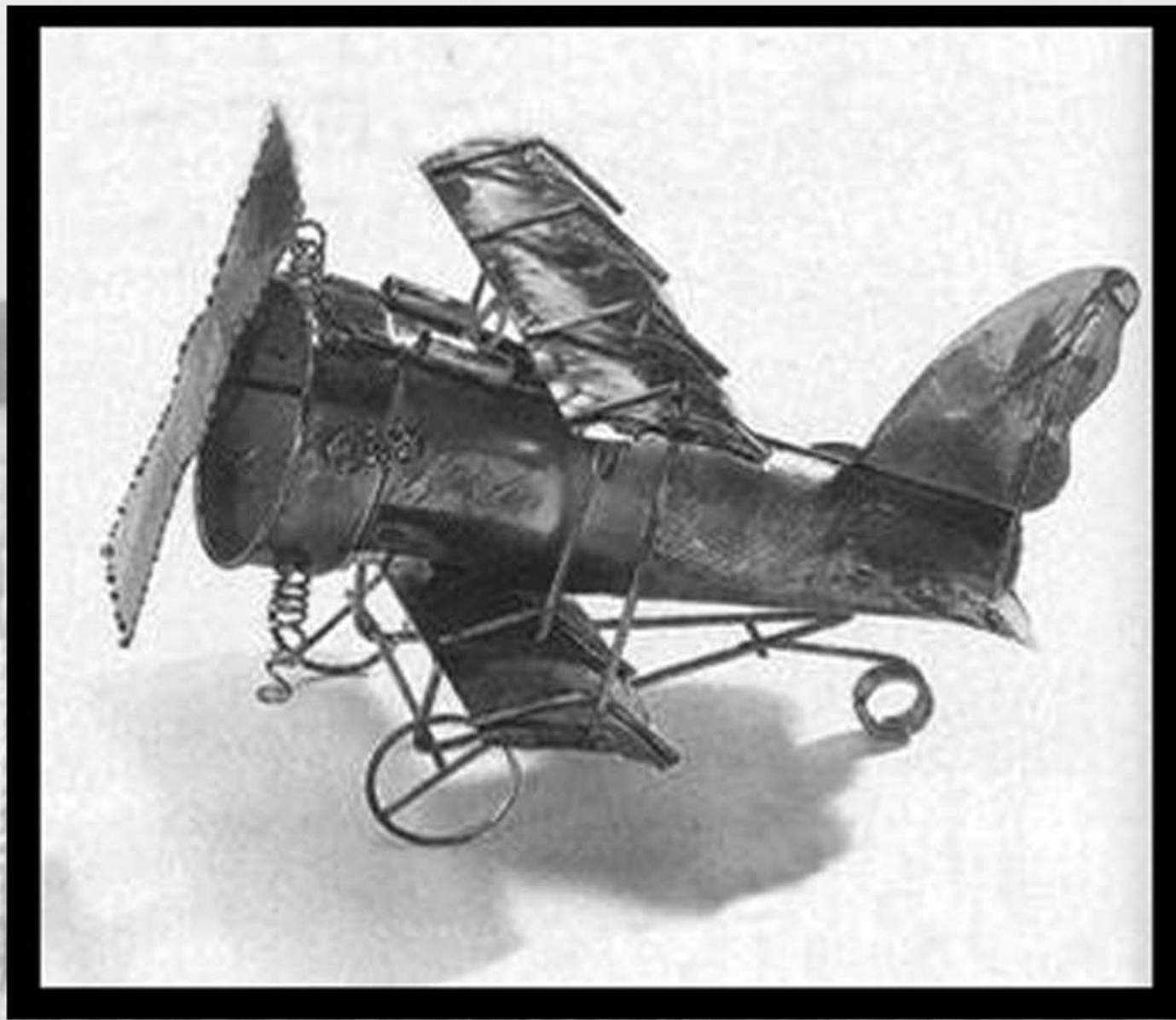


# CORNELL LUNATIC

Fall 2004 • Campus Humor Magazine • \$2.00



# *Ithaca Air*



*Organic, Hemp-Powered,  
Made from 100% Recycled Aircraft*

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*Only 150 Ithaca Hours per flight!*

*Minorities fly free!*

*Sorry, No Imperialist Currencies Accepted.*



# The Cornell Lunatic - Since 1978

## Table Of Contents

4. Editorial
6. Best-Case Scenario
8. The Lunatic Explores: Japan
9. On the Go Products
11. Last Night, A Slideshow
12. The Lunatic Explores: The West Bank
13. Alabama State Hwy Application
14. Explorers
15. Mauvebeard meets the Borg
16. The Lunatic Explores: Kalifornia
18. Research Proposal
19. Frat Boy - The Wine Tour
20. Killing Billy's Funeral
22. On the Road BINGO
23. A Protester's First Thoughts
24. Cornell Cinema's New Movies
26. New Wave Terrorism
29. The Bearkinstein Bears
37. The Burlap Sac
38. On A Stall Wall
40. Fun With Translation
42. Busey, and the Tornado Squad
44. Statements and Their Meanings
46. Fun Pages
47. Bob's Big Boy Review

The Cornell Lunatic wishes to thank the following alumni for their generous support

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Steven L. Weinreb '81

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After being forced to leave the Lunatic due to graduation, I grew depressed and wanted to join the foreign legion. My navigational skills weren't very good, and I ended up as far away from the desert as possible... (feel free to use photo)  
The Finnish Army. - Markus Saarinen '99



Random Alumni Letter



event that serves to showcase events that students can bring to their schools for different events." Awesome. The event planners did a great job picking acts too. As to avoid a waste of time on our part, they decided to pick acts out of a hat. Clearly the best of the best were showcased. Enough of that.

Baltimore. What a city. I think that the only real thing that Baltimore has going for it is that in addition to feeling dangerous and unsafe, it actually is dangerous and unsafe. There's nothing like walking down a three block stretch of road, in broad daylight, with five other people, and still feeling like the individual who left the empty handle of cheap vodka and the bag of half eaten bread could come back and kill you for thirty-five cents. I can't wait to never come back here again.

It occurs to me that for some people, traveling is a hassle greater than anything they could imagine. (Not me, and I think those people are stupid, but I needed to add one sentence there.) I love to travel. If I could get a job where I travel for 100% of the time, I would be stoked. Think of how

easy your life would be. You own a suitcase, two suits, some work-out clothes, and you drive or fly on a constant schedule. Living out of your suitcase and a hotel room, you never have to worry about "paying rent," "your water bills," or "owning things." A life of opulence, I say.

I'm going to bring this back to Cornell for a moment. There is a situation that I feel the need to mention and will be using my giant pulpit of the Lunatic to help blast this message to all the huddled masses at Cornell. So go ahead and skip to the last paragraph if you wish to avoid my rant on... the Student Assembly. Why do they exist? I can't get a straight answer, even from those that are on it. They consider it a waste of a few hours on Thursday and I consider it a waste of campus resources. Let me introduce you to something amazing: the Internet. On the Internet, you can see the progress that the SA has made in the past four months of school. They have written top-notch [insert sarcasm] resolutions reminding the administration that they are allowed to create Ad Hoc Committees (congratulations!), that unethical behavior (where unethical behavior is not defined) should not be tolerated, that they will act as a conduit to the

Administration to make sure "that student body supports lake access" (sic), and my favorite, where the SA commits its full support to free speech (and one of these fuckers abstained!).

These highly technical one page resolutions must have taken members a whole 10 minutes to write and another 5 to present to the committee for their approval. No questions are asked, no discussion is raised, and the SA continues to be little puppets of the Day Hall Squad (that would be the administration if you have a hard time reading between the lines). The next resolution will be stating that members of the SA are autonomous and are not controlled by the administration. They spend more time justifying their place then doing anything to benefit students. When is the last time that you spoke with the person that "represents your interests" on the SA board? Do you even know who your representative is? Rock on Cornell politics... rock on.

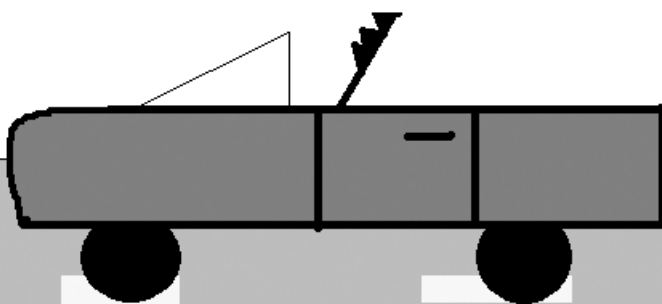
In case you're blind and didn't catch our cover, the issue this time around is about Traveling; around America, around the world, around Cornell, in general, in specific, and all other possible combinations in-between. Take care of that which you hold in your hand for it is the best Lunatic to appear in the public eye since the magazine began. With a whoppin' 48 pages of full glossy paper, a professional layout, and now with 97% fewer gay jokes, this Lunatic is something to behold. Not only are we Cornell's Only Award-Winning Humor Magazine, but now we can safely re-claim our title of "Best Goddamn Magazine Ever"!

Enjoy.

Peace.

-d

## NATIONAL HARPOON'S VACATION





*From the makers of the Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook, the Lunatic is pleased to present...*

## The BEST-CASE SCENARIO Survival Handbook

### HOW TO DEAL WITH A PACK OF UN-RABID BUNNIES



- 1) Offer them carrots, or pieces of fresh fruit
- 2) Gently pet them on the back in strokes parallel to their spine
- 3) Giggle.

### WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE REGARDED IN SOME CIRCLES AS "HIP"

- 1) Tap the ash off of the tip of your cigarette.
- 2) Say, "You know, I liked Postal Service a lot more when people didn't like them."

### WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE NOT FALLING OFF A CLIFF

- 1) Look down at your feet, and make sure you really aren't falling.
- 2) Say, "Whew!" and wipe sweat from forehead.
- 3) Treat yourself to an expensive dinner. You've earned it.

### HOW TO LAND A 747 IF THE PILOT HAS A HEART ATTACK

- 1) Ask if anyone else on the plane is trained to fly.
- 2) Let that person deal with it.

### HOW TO CELEBRATE IF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE YOU FAVOR WINS

- 1) Realize that no matter who's president, the combined strain of the retirement of the Baby Boomer generation will bankrupt the Social Security fund well before you are able to collect from it.
- 2) Treat yourself to an expensive dinner. You've earned it.

### **Brett Greenberg Names the Best TV Show Ever!™**

If you haven't seen an episode of this glorious television phenomenon, then I feel sorry for you. You have not experienced life as one should. This show is so extraordinary, comparable to the wonder of the Earth's natural geysers and glaciers. God created Man, the world, and finally... the 1987 sibling game-show classic, "I'm Telling." Hosted by artificially tanned Laurie Faso, the show not only re-defined television, but human interaction itself. The contestants played for prizes like "Simon," but the world's reward was much greater...Now I'm the one whose telling you...this is the Best TV Show Ever!™

### **Brett Greenberg Names the Best Movie Ever!™**

In plain simple English...the Best Movie Ever™, is "Getting Even with Dad," starring Ted Danson and Macaulay Culkin. The cast, the story, the humor, the action, the magic...it's all here. While most Culkin fans would claim that he's most known for his role as Richard Tyler in "The Pagemaster" they are clearly mistaken, for people in the year 2491 will still embrace him only for his work in this film. He plays Timmy Gleason, a punk kid with slicked back hair, who only seeks his father's approval. Danson plays the dad with whom Macaulay attempts to get even, and the duo lights up the screen and my life. You owe it to yourself to have it light up yours.

When you're headed off on a trip,  
Try a Viking Drakkar warring ship,  
Who knows what you'll earn,  
As you hack, rape and burn,  
Plus you'll give weekend traffic the slip.

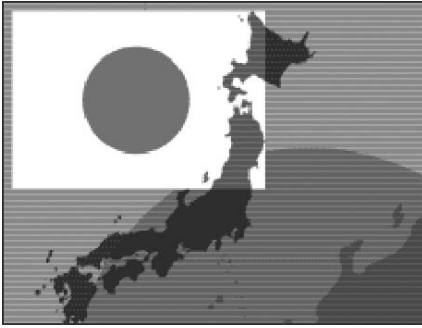
When you ride on the back of a Jew,  
-And I've ridden on more than a few,  
Keep an eye on your purse,  
For they're spiritually cursed,  
And there's nothing Christ-killers won't do.

If to get there necessitates flying,  
Then we hope you've no fear of dying,  
With Muslims around,  
The plane will go down,  
Or they'll bloody your work-clothes in trying.

### **Brett Greenberg Names the Best Book Ever!™**

I'm not going to lie...I was torn between my choice and A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens. Both are superb entries in literature, but in the end, I couldn't deny my initial urge, so therefore, the Best Book Ever!™ is none other than Night of the Living Dummy III by R.L. Stein. This classic Goosebumps tale has left me with chills and thrills many a lonely Saturday night. The universe has felt a similar effect from the magnum opus of word that is this book. Reading it makes me want to lock away in the cedar closet my marionette, Chester, and my doubts about life. If tears can only express the adulation I have for Stein's work here, then pass me a tissue and keep them coming.

# JAPAN



## INTRODUCTION

Have you watched every single episode of Gundam Wing five times? Do you sketch naked pictures of Sailor Moon? Are you the president of your high school's anime club? If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, then make Japan your next travel destination! The land of video games, anime, and schoolgirls, a trip to Japan can make all of your fantasies come true as you cram Pocky and Calpis into your face while being felt up by pretty Japanese girls on the subway who are absolutely attracted to fat, scruffy, ill-kept American males wearing t-shirts with crude slogans.

## TRAVEL FACTS

Time Zone: GMT/UTC +9

Dialing Code: 81, ^\_^

Electricity: Everything, even the toilet seats.

Weights & measures: Metric, super happy fun 100%.

Age of Consent: 16

## WHEN TO GO

Japan's famous cherry trees blossom in June, and they are quite a sight to see! However, all the Nintendo mod chips, untranslated anime DVDs, "Hello Kitty!" vibrators, and used school-girl panties that you crave are on sale all year round, allowing you to stock up and impress your fellow Japanophilic geek friends back home any time.

## MONEY

If you want to buy everything on your wish list, be prepared to bring a big honking wad of American currency. Remember: the exchange rate is 1:105 in favor of the US Dollar, which means 105 times the Pocky snacks or Pokemon trading cards.

## ATTRACTIONS

While pedophilia is by far the most creepy undercurrent in Japanese culture, suicide comes in at a close second. Whether they've done poorly in school or been teased by coworkers, the Japanese are all too willing to abate the shame and dishonor they have brought upon their families by committing suicide in some of the wackiest ways imaginable! Stand outside tall buildings around noon or subway platforms around rush hour and watch the mayhem ensue as scores of disgruntled office workers, housewives, and schoolgirls take their own lives over laughably trivial matters. It's a national tragedy for Japan, but a great attraction for the bored American tourist!

## ACTIVITIES

Don't pretend like you are going to do anything else than buy anime and sit in your hotel room and order sushi because, frankly, you aren't. You could enjoy the scenic urban sprawl that is Japan, the natural beauty of thousands of tiny houses crammed together, each of which would sell on the Tokyo real estate market for more money than you'll see in your entire life, but why do that when you can watch Japanese gameshows that involve some guy diving into pudding to retrieve a fish or something equally bizarre?

## NIGHT LIFE

Unless you are Japanese, you will be barred from most nightclubs. Be sure to tell your friends what tolerant and open-minded people the Japanese are when you return to the States because, you know, their culture is superior to ours and stuff.

## TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

Flying robots land in Neo Tokyo daily. Consult your travel agent about travel arrangements from America or the moon, courtesy of Gigumatsu Corporation, which will later be revealed as evil. You must eventually destroy it with the help of the teenage princess who once ruled earth, a jaded-but-lovable ex-special forces ninja, and a big mecha that shoots lasers.





In today's hectic, workaday modern™ world, you just don't have the time to sit down and cook a meal or use a phone that is connected to something. Also, there are the days you just are too coked up to worry about staying in one place and not shooting people. So naturally, a new series of "On-the-Go" products have flooded the market, following such stellar "mobility-compatibility" products as GoGurt,™ and TPOTTORDHs or Those Personal Organizer Things That Only Raging Dorks Have™. Burn all your chairs! You are too busy to sit down. EVER! And now you can do even more **On-the-Go™!!@?**

**GAMEBOY™ NOW COMES WITH NACHO-HAT WEARING ON-THE GO™ MIDGET!...**

What do mobile video games have to do with a half-man wearing an edible hat? Nothing™! Or is it everything™? Yes! Now, while



betwixt levels and homeless people on the D train, you can break a piece of the big man's hat and dip it in the cheese reservoir on the top. You'll be energized for the next vicarious plumber adventure! Just make sure the midget doesn't eat his own hat. Or himself.

**BEER ON THE RUN™ \***

For all those runners out there: you don't want to have to wait until you get back from that jaunt around the neighborhood to pound that sixer of tall-boys that's gonna make you forget you are indeed a pathetic fuckface. Plunge into oblivion before you even get home! That way your wife's tits will seem less saggy the minute you walk in the door! A new ABA (Athletic Brew Aperture) allows better flow while On-the-Go™!

\*In no way different from regular beer cans. Athletic Brew Aperture™ really is the hole that you punch with a screw driver before you shotgun.



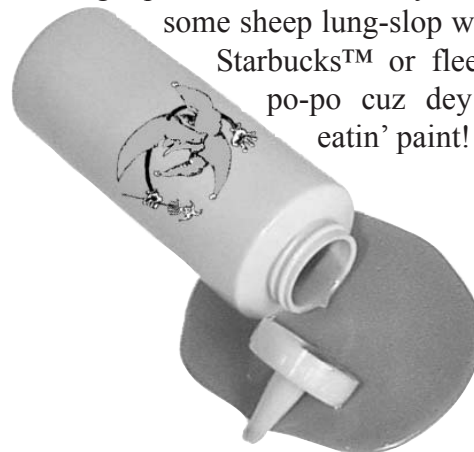
**PROCESSIONAL CONFESSIONAL™**

With the new ProceSSIONAL Confessional in your pocket, you can confess your sins, like fucking your secretary or dealing crack, while you're doin' them! Don't waste your legs dragging that haunting Catholic guilt to the goddamn church. You ain't got time! Just talk into the handheld receiver and the digitally animated padre absolves you of your sins without even touching you in special places!



**NO HASSLIN HAGGIS™**

Don't let a day filled with important™ meetings and gun running prevent your enjoyment of a sheep's vital organs boiled with oatmeal in the animal's own stomach! A new On-the-Go™ self boiling squeeze bottle allows you to take down some sheep lung-slop while in line at Starbucks™ or fleein' from the po-po cuz dey caught you eatin' paint!



# HORROR ON THE HIGHWAY

While traveling across the country last summer, I heard quite the bunch of eerie tales from stragglers, deadbeats, and vagabonds. One such story I heard from a homeless government major while waiting for a bus in Chicago. It was the witching hour, and the mood demanded a frightful tale of the unexplained.

"Do you know any good stories?" the man asked me.

"Leave me alone," I said.

"Well, I do," he continued.

"Fine," I said.

"It all began when I was in college. I was sharing an apart-

ment with two of my friends, and our junior year was to begin in a few days. We were still stocking up on supplies for classes and the apartment. My friend Chris needed a bookcase badly. He noticed my cheap plastic black one with silver poles connecting the shelves. I suggested we go to Target to find something. After searching the whole store, we had not found anything to his liking.

"What's wrong with that one over there?" I asked."

"Not the right size. I need the black one you have. Where did you buy it?"

"Wal-Mart, outside of town."

"Ha ha, there isn't a Wal-Mart in Ithaca," he said."

"No, seriously, it was at Wal-Mart," I said."

"His face became pale and

his voice became grave. 'No, seriously, there isn't.'"

"Coldness consumed me. 'I swear I bought it at Wal-Mart! I swear! You have to believe me!' I was beginning to panic."

"Okay, take me to this phantom Wal-Mart," he told me."

"So we went to look for the Wal-Mart. When we got there, the spot where it had been was nothing but an empty field. When we got back home that night, my bookcase was gone, and my books lay in a pile on the floor."

"That's the worst story I've ever heard," I told him.

"I know...I think I'll go jump off that bridge over there now."

"Good," I said. And he never bothered anyone ever again.

## Brett Greenberg Names the Best Album Ever!™

Beating out every other compilation CD or record dating back to the beginning of time, one album has reigned supreme atop the musical kingdom. The album...Regis Philbin's "When You're Smiling." This compilation CD features songs that are only OK...but when Regis tackles them, be prepared to forget everything you've ever known to be true and re-dedicate your life anew to Philbin's splendor. His takes on "You Make me Feel So Young" and "Cheek to Cheek" are profound in re-interpretation. But what makes this album so extraordinary is his duet with wife Joy Philbin. Her unconditional love for Rege is evident in this track...as is ours, after listening just once.

## DREAMS OF MINE CO-OPTED BY U.S. FOREIGN POLICY:

Sticking it to the Brown Man.

Finding Osama bin Laden, being seduced by his puppy-dog eyes, and slipping him out the back door with a mild scolding.

De-stabilizing shit.

Forming tenuous connections.

Showing Uzbekistan what democracy means; pissing off Uzbekistan.

Winning Britney Spears over to my side.

I was going to name my band Axis of Evil. Swear to God.

Feeling Martin Sheen's wrath.

# The Guy Who Doesn't Usually Get That Drunk Presents: [Last Night: A Slideshow]

Okay, everyone settle down. Shut-shut up, man. I don't wanna hear it. All right, now what I'm gonna do is-hey-hey! You see this, Travis? It's my fist, mofo. I'll put it up your ass if I have to. Oh yeah? Yeah? Tell it to your mom, bud. 'Cause I fucked her. I fucked her.

All right, here's how it goes. Last night, me and the guys had a little too much MGD, and we were-nah, it was cool. I had it all under control. Stacy, where you

goin'? Anyway, we were sittin' around-nah, let her, she's a cocktease-and Randy-my-man said we should go cruisin', and Schlobo found a camera in the couch cushions just the other night, so we went out and finished it off. So let's-yeah, you know! Ha ha!-anyway let's take a look. I haven't seen these and I-no, fuck you, man.



So we were cruisin' by this church when D-Boy spotted a flower field, and we all thought it'd be totally awesome if we like pulled out all the flowers until the ones that were left spelled out "Fuck the Pope" or somethin'. I'm pretty sure we did it, too, this must be like part of the 'F' or something. I dunno. Stacy, where you goin'?



Okay, wait, this is coming back to me. So, I think Schlobo and Bongwater thought it'd be wicked if we went to the Hello Kitty store on Maple Ave. and fucked shit up so that the little kids the next morning would be like, "Who kicked the shit out of my dollies?" This must've been before we fucked shit up, I guess. Hey, Schlobo, what gives, huh?

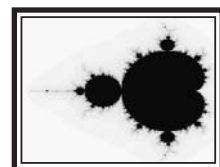


Hey, isn't this that salon run by them Chinese bitches? Weren't we gonna knock on their window and show our asses? Or somethin'? Schlobo, weren't we gonna moon them? Goddamn it.



Fuck you, Travis. You told me you were gonna find some titty.

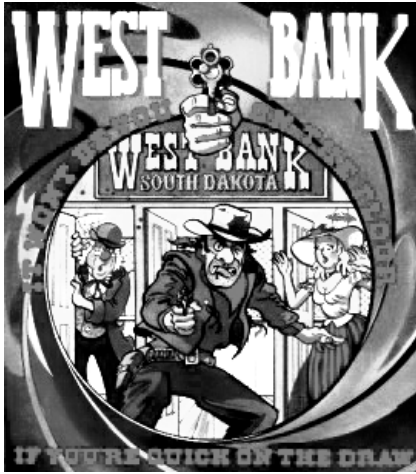
What the Fuck?!



Man, fuck this shit. I've had enough. Get out of my goddamn living room



# THE WEST BANK



## INTRODUCTION

Do you have a thirst for adventure and death-defying excitement? Do you long for the most exciting vacation slides ever? Are you an arms dealer from an ex-Soviet nation? If so, then

the West Bank might be the vacation spot for you! Nestled in the armpit of the Middle East between Israel and the countries that hate Israel, the West Bank is home to many exciting natural wonders, poorly-devised borders, failed peace treaties, and cheap arms.

## TRAVEL FACTS

Time Zone: GMT/UTC +2

Dialing Code: 972, IDF shortwave frequencies 800 - 1000 khz

Electricity: Dependent upon density of aerial bombing.

Weights & Measures: Metric, the Glory of Allah.

Recommended Calibers: .308, .223, .44 magnum

## WHEN TO GO

Climate should not be a consideration for the traveler, as advances in modern warfare allow all-weather fighting year-round, day or night. Expect spectacular fire fights to occur at any time, but most especially on Jewish high holy days. Plan ahead!

## MONEY

After years of protracted violence, the market economy has all but collapsed, degenerating into a crude barter system based upon canned food, medical supplies, and ammunition. Slavery is endemic, so you can always sell yourself if you need the extra cash

and, as an added bonus, you will get to see the port city of Haifa before being jammed into a cargo container along with one hundred lower-class Ukrainians.

## ATTRACTIONS

\**Bethlehem*: Currently besieged, closed to foreign travelers by order of the IDF.

\**Galilee*: Currently besieged, closed to foreign travelers by order of the IDF.

\**Hebron*: Currently besieged, closed to foreign travelers by order of the IDF.

\**Jerusalem*: The spiritual center of the world, important to Jews, Christians, and Muslims alike for its role in those faiths and their theologies of love and forgiveness, Jerusalem is divided neatly between Jews and people who hate Jews. With over 2,000 years of history and many important sites, Jerusalem is a "must see" location on the list of any prospective tourist or religious pilgrim. Don't forget to bring your flak jacket!

\**Nablus*: Currently besieged, closed to foreign travelers by order of the IDF.

## ACTIVITIES

Do you like running? Then you'll love the West Bank! Run to the store! Run to the hotel's swimming pool! Run into the bunker! Run everywhere and try to avoid all the flying metal in the air!

## NIGHTLIFE

Curfew lasts from 9 PM until 6 AM, during which time you can read from the pages of your favorite holy book

by candlelight as sporadic gunfire sounds outside. Just make sure it's the right holy book, or you will probably have a meeting with the Almighty much sooner than you expected.

## TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

Book all travel arrangements through your favorite mercenary organization or other quasi-military group.



# Application for Alabama State Highway Patrol:

Please circle either yes or no for all questions. Your honesty is appreciated.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Previous occupation: \_\_\_\_\_

Permanent Address (note: motels not included): \_\_\_\_\_

- 1) Have you had any experience in the law enforcement industry? ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 2) Do you have a mustache? If not, would you be willing to grow one? ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 3) Have you ever been convicted of, or are pending a conviction of, any of the common sex crimes? .... Y N  
(1 point for either)
- 4) Given the opportunity, would you prefer to sport your aviator sunglasses while engaging in sexual intercourse with prostitutes? ..... Y N
- 5) Are you of the opinion that the manufacturing of moonshine should not be considered a convictable offense? ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 6) If you answered yes to the previous question, are you comfortable drinking copious amounts of moonshine while on duty?  
..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 7) Are you the product of an incestuous relationship? ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 8) If you answered no to the previous question, do you condone such activities and practices? (Note: condone means to ignore [note: ignore means to not care about]) ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 9) Are you comfortable around people whose skin tone is anything but milky white, with a sun burnt neck? ..... Y N  
(1 point for no)
- 10) Are you of the opinion that sodomy by use of a nightstick is an appropriate punishment for minor traffic violations? ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 11) Are you comfortable using the old-string-tied-to-two-cups phone system? ..... Y N  
(1 point for yes)
- 12) Given the opportunity, would you severely beat a tree-huggin' hipster to the ground? ..... Y  
(Only one option)
- 13) Are you drunk right now? ..... Y N  
(2 points for yes)

In order to qualify for the position, you must score at least 12 points. If you are a woman, get out.

# CHEAT SHEET FOR EXPLOROLOGY MAJORS

## Explorer: What He Found vs. What He Was Really Looking For.

**Ferdinand Magellan**

What he found: A way to circumnavigate the world  
What he was really looking for: A parking spot

**Hernando Cortez**

What he found: The Aztec Empire  
What he was really looking for: A gay bar

**Juan de Grijavla**

What he found: Mexico  
What he was really looking for: A good deal on some refer

**Giovanni de Verrazanno**

What he found: New York Harbor  
What he was really looking for: Somewhere to dump his trash

**James Cook**

What he found: Antarctica  
What he was really looking for: The Lindbergh baby

**Samuel de Champlain**

What he found: Lake Champlain  
What he was really looking for: His glasses. It turned out they were on his forehead the whole time

**Marco Polo**

What he found: China  
What he was really looking for: FISH OUT OF WATER!!!

**Jacques Cartier**

What he found: Canada  
What he was really looking for: Your mom

**Henry Hudson**

What he found: The mouth of the Hudson River  
What he was really looking for: The G-Spot

**Lewis and Clark**

What he found: Pacific Ocean  
What he was really looking for: Exit 130 off I-80

**Hernando De Soto**

What he found: Mississippi River  
What he was really looking for: Skittle that rolled behind the fridge

**John Cabot/Giovanni Caboto**

What he found: Newfoundland  
What he was really looking for: A poorly thrown frisbee

**Francisco Pizarro**

What he found: Incan Empire  
What he was really looking for: Some hookers

**Vasco de Gama**

What he found: A sea route to the East Indies  
What he was really looking for: Woman, age 10-14, who enjoys sunsets, photography, and long walks on the beach

**Ponce de Leon**

What he found: Florida  
What he was really looking for: Nothing really, he was just bored

**Amerigo Vespucci**

What he found: South America  
What he was really looking for: A golf ball

**Christopher Columbus**

What he found: "The New World"  
What he was really looking for: Funny story: He steps outside to get the newspaper and BAM! Finds the West Indies.



# MAUVEBEARD MEETS THE BORG

Space captain Jacques "Mauvebeard" Derridance, scourge of Gasleron 6, cyberswashbuckling terror of Western SpaceThought's transcendental signifieds, archdeconstructor of imperial hyperbooty, leans broodingly atop the space-console on the rickety trilithium-nitrate planks of the starship Ethonophallocentricity. His salty beard a-flappin in the interstellar winds of the Xertuafruy Nebula, Mauvebeard consults his fist space-mate, Anus "Rusty Asshole" McAnus XI, "SpaceYAAAAAAR, Anus, what be the space-status of yonder driftin ginormus Cube-vessel?"

"Haven't you seen the reissued 20th anniversary edition of Star Trek: The Next Generation? It's the Borg."

"Space-whatthefuck! Me haven't you trekkie faggot. How dare you affix appropriative signifieds to the systemically coercive corporate lattice that so often woos your kind into wasting their spacedubbloons. SpaceYARRR!"

"They're hailing us, sir. Audio only. Shall I put them through on the comm. system?"

"To balance the economy of communication with the inherently meaningless pursuit of the Other. Yar, tis a space-cross I bear."

"Um, I'll put them through, then...sir." Anus presses several buttons on his console and the comm system crackles and hisses before a voice, no, many voices all talking in unison, booms through the speakers.

"SOUNDS, LIKE LIGHT SHARDS, IMPINGE SOFTLY THROUGH OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARRAYS. IT WAS TWO DAYS-NO THREE-BEFORE, OF COURSE, UNTIL IT HAPPENED. BETWEEN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE TIMES, PLACES, MATRICES OF CONVOLUTION WE COULD HAVE EXPLORED. CUBE-GAS POURS LIKE BLOOD DROPLETS RIVULETING SOFTLY, QUIETLY BETWEEN QUASARS IN THE DARK OUTREACH OF THE VASTEST ARM OF SPACE."

Then there was silence. Captain Mauvebeard turns to Rusty Asshole, squinting his one good space-eye.

"Yarr! What in the name of Lavenderbeard the Third was that?"

"You see sir, they talk in one voice, they are a collective."

"Blargh! Collectivity, communion, all assaults on the sanctified hearth of identity!"

"Well, but should we respond?"

"BRAGH! What the space-fuck do they want?"

"Our sensors show that they're out of Cube-gas."

The comm. system crackles again. Mauvebeard's beard is still salty....and mauve.

"YOU AND I ARE TRUE UNDERSTANDING UPON THE CONTINUOUS RIVER OF TIME. WHEN WE WERE CUBE-LINGS WE PLAYED

IN FORESTS OF PHOTO-ISOLITHIC ROD-TREES, GARDENS OF NANOTUBULES SPROUTED BLACK AND GREEN REDOLENT OF SOFT HONEYSUCKLE ON AN AUTUMN DAY. WE MISS OUR MATRIX. CUBE-GAS IS OUR ONLY HOPE OF RETURNING. CUBE-GAS, WITHOUT IT WE ARE BUT WAYWARD TRAVELERS UPON ETHEREAL CURRENTS IN THE DARK ANTECHAM-

BER OF HISTORY'S CLOCKWORK. WE WISH NOTHING BUT----."

Anus deactivates the speakers.

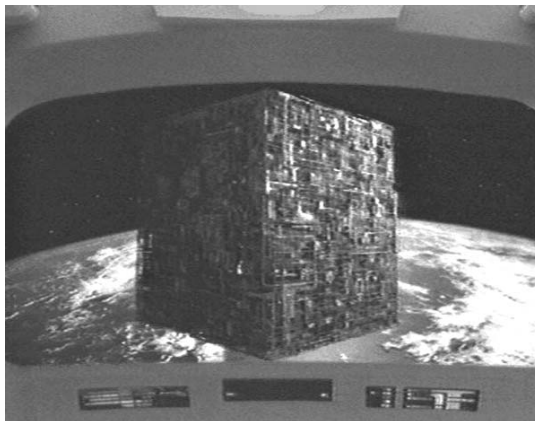
"I think these Borg have been infected with some sort of space-cube-virus. Or maybe they assimilated a colony of modernists."

"SpaceYaaaaaar, me salty neurons deceive me not! Me thought I detected form-content interplay, although a bad space-imitation of the profoundly lucid interior monologues of a mature SpaceJoyce or Virginterstellar Woolf. A meta-plunder of these minds may yield much booty of the Other! The Other Anus, the Other! Transcendence of the atomism we always already face in the shells of our own space-consciousness!"

"Um, permission to speak freely, sir..."

"Permission space-granted!"

"Stop your rambling, Captain Fuckface"



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Continued on Pg. 17



KALIFORNIA REPUBLIC

# THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF KALIFORNIA

## INTRODUCTION

Have you ever longed for life in a communal state? Do you like high taxes and the revocation of basic freedoms? Do you count among your friends a peculiar confederacy of homosexuals, hippies, and hard core West Coast gangstas? If so, then visit Kalifornia, recently declared independent by order of Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger and leftists everywhere.

## TRAVEL FACTS

Time Zone: GMT/UTC -8  
Dialing Code: Too many to list.  
Electricity: Rolling blackouts thanks to the wonders of strict government regulation.  
Weights & Measures: English, Tupac.  
Weekly Top 5: "Slap Up My Ghetto Ho," "I Done Gots My Gat," "Pimpin' Brings Tha Dollahs," "West Side Soldier," and "Ain't Got No Mo' Crack Money."

## WHEN TO GO

Hostilities in the ongoing war between rival gangs usually flare up in the temperate winter months and die down with the coming of spring when melting snows lead to mud slides and flash floods. A surge in illegal immigration followed by killer bee swarms serve to usher in the scorching heat of the summer, which has been known to cook a whole busload full of Carmelite nuns stuck in traffic gridlock on LA's infamous freeways. Heat prompts sporadic rioting and forest fires, both of which set the state ablaze throughout the summer. San Francisco's famous gay pride parades continue this trend well into fall. A few earthquakes and perhaps a toxic waste spill or an audacious and widely-publicized criminal act usually finish up the year. Essentially, the traveler should pick disasters that he or she can deal with, but the traveler should never expect to find a disaster-free Kalifornia.



## MONEY

Everything in Kalifornia is terribly expensive thanks to its socialist economic policies. Be prepared to pay 300% on basic commodities such as flour, milk, and marijuana.

## ATTRACTIONS

*\*Napa:* This quaint, charming city in Northern Kalifornia produces some of the finest wines in the Western Hemisphere, and it is well known for its pleasant climate and friendly people.  
*\*San Francisco:* This quaint, charming coastal city in Central Kalifornia produces some of the queerest gay pride parades in the Western Hemisphere, and it is well known for its leather men and drag queens.  
*\*Berkeley:* This quaint, charming college town in Kalifornia produces some of the most drug-addled hippies in the Western Hemisphere, (competing only with Eugene, Oregon,) and it is well known for its student activism and crushing, authoritarian strain of liberalism.  
*\*Compton:* This quaint, charming ghetto in south central Los Angeles produces some of the finest gangster rappers in the Western Hemisphere, and it is well known for its drive-by shootings, police brutality, and drug trafficking cartels.

## ACTIVITIES AND NIGHTLIFE

Whether you want to shoot up with a homie, smoke up with a hippie, or hook up with a homo, you can do it all, and more, in the People's Republic of Kalifornia. It truly is 164,000 square miles surrounded by reality.

## TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

Entering Kalifornia as an American citizen is virtually impossible, but the enterprising tourist will take advantage of Kalifornia's large, porous southern border, which is freely open to illegal Mexican immigrants. As an added bonus, those who enter the country illegally will receive free health care, free schooling for their children, and various rights and privileges without the burden of having to pay taxes.

Captain Mauvebeard looks down at his feet and shakes his salty head.

"Yar, your surly words ring true! Me must suppress me insatiable appetite for post-structural discourse," he nods, then looks back up at Anus with a gleam in his eye, "and sate my insatiable appetite for hot mechanized space-beaver! Open a channel!"

Anus opens the channel to the Borg.

"Hear me, you cube-lovin, half-mechanized pale-faces. 800 space-liters of cube-gas for 3 dozen Borg wenchies! Do we have an accord?"

Anus leans over and whispers in the captain's ear, "But sir, I don't remember plundering any cube-gas in our last few raids."

A wry smile spreads across Mauvebeard's remarkably unsalty lips.

There is a pause. Then, somberly, the collective speaks:

"WE ARE BUT PRODUCTS, MEMBERS OF A CONTINUUM THAT STRETCHES BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ONE. SHALL WE GO WITH HIM? NO STAY, YOU ARE OUR SISTERS WE ARE ONE, AS WHOLE, TO SEPARATE US IS TO CRACK THE CLAY OF OUR MORTALITY AND SCATTER US SHATTERED ACROSS THE COLD COSMOS. BUT THE COLLECTIVE. FOR THE GOOD OF THE COLLECTIVE. WE ARE THE COLLECTIVE. GOODBYE OUR SISTERS, OUR HANDS PART LIKE CHILDRENS', FINGERS STILL HUN-

GRY, PULLING BACK THOUGH BUT INCHES, WE ARE LIGHTYEARS BEYOND TOUCH."

"HAHA! Lock onto yonder wenchies and beam them aboard!"

"Engaging transporter beam."

The wenchies materialize and Captain Mauvebeard immediately seizes the supple curves of their alloy space-cables. Being hot Borg Wenchies, the cyber-sluts ostensibly reciprocate, running their fingers through his salt encrusted beard (mauve).

"OH, OUR VIRGINAL FLOWERS WILT IN THE OIL OF YOUR TEMPTATION. OUR CABLES TINGLE AT THE TOUCH OF YOUR WEATHERED MASCULINITY. WE ARE BUT VESSELS ADRIFT ON YOUR SEA OF PASSION."

"Um, captain, sir."

"Yarr! Not now!"

"The Borg are requesting their cube-gas."

"Damn it! Not now. Yarr, ye wenchies be a fine sight for me haggard space-eye!"

"Sir, they sound pretty angry."

Mauvebeard, still knee-deep in wenchies, turns back to Anus, "Blargh! Fire space-torpedoes!" he barks.

"Are you sure sir, they're 5 times our size and have more weapons!"

"Fire the torpedoes, ye yellow-bellied scurvy nancy-boy!"

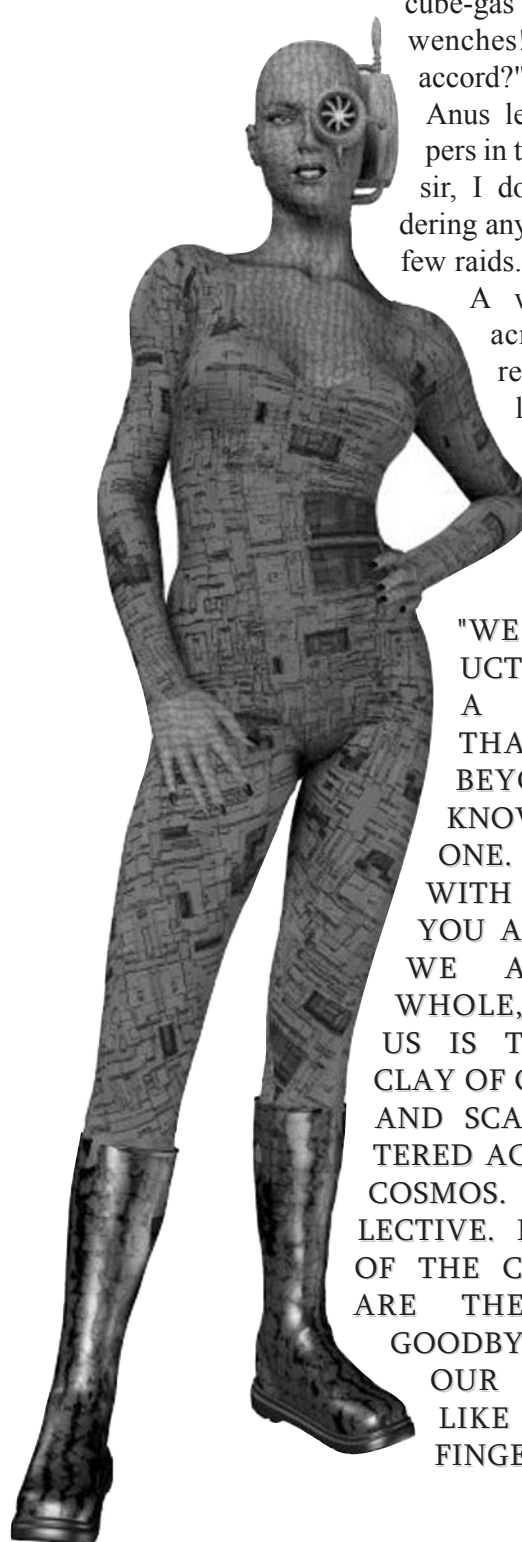
Anus sighs.

"Firing torpedoes...captain fuckface," Anus mutters under his breath.

The torpedoes pierce the night of space like comets screeching toward their target but bounce harmlessly off the Cube's shields like quarters off Fabio's ass.

Captain Mauvebeard's space-parrot, silent heretofore, chimes in "Squawk! No cube-gas, Squawk! No cube-gas." The wenchies overhear and the potential space-tryst comes to an end.

To make a long story short, the wenchies chop off Mauvebeard's sea pirate-nostalgic wooden leg and immediately replace it with a titanium prosthetic. Robbed of his pirate identity, he is seamlessly assimilated. Meanwhile, Anus and the fairest Borg wench of them all have been hitting it off swimmingly and as the rest of the pirate crew is suffering the pain of assimilation, the two young flirts make off in the last of Ethonophallogocentricity's escape pods. They return to the New Mexico Anus had always loved and start a family.





STATEMENT OF PROPOSED STUDY OR RESEARCH

NAME: Ben Sanford FIELD OF STUDY: Geology COUNTRY: New Zealand

I want to go to New Zealand because they say it is the land of the Kiwis, and I like eating kiwis. Once I ate so many kiwis that I threw up on my grandmother's new towels. She made a big deal of it and screamed in my petrified ear, "Why did you ruin my goddamn fancy towels?" Well, they didn't seem so fancy to me, and I mean, aren't towels for cleaning up messes anyway? But who I am to judge the applicability of a towel to a regurgitated-kiwi-clean-up job? Any-who, if I go to New Zealand, I probably wouldn't eat so many kiwis again, because I don't know how much they value their towels over there. If it's half as much as my grandma does, I might be in for some trouble. *What?*  
*Gross*  
*learns from mistakes*

But I digress. The point is that I'm really sick of living in Ithaca, because it gets really cold in the winter, and the hills are always going up. I need an escape, and New Zealand seems like the best place for a nice vacation...er, I mean "study adventure." Why New Zealand? Well, besides those delicious kiwis, I just can't speak any other language besides English, with the exception of the most useless of Spanish and French phrases such as, "Donde esta la biblioteca?" and "Ou est la biblioteque?"

I think it's also worthy mentioning that I chose New Zealand over Zealand to avoid too much culture shock. I can only assume that New Zealand is probably more modern, and more likely to show new episodes of all of my favorite TV shows, while "Ye Olde Zealand" is probably still running episodes of *Charles in Charge* in syndication.

So I figure if the Kiwis let me into their country for just a semester, I can avoid a mental breakdown in Ithaca and get a really cool, cheap vacation while I'm at it. Oh yeah, and I'd take some classes. The point is, if you don't approve me for study abroad, I'm going to be really sad, and you'll have to live with that. Can you live with that? Can you? I didn't think so.

*Let's get him out of here!*

APPROVED

DO NOT WRITE ON REVERSE OF THIS PAGE

## Frat Boy Confessional: The Wine-Tour

When you "independents" think of fraternity brothers, the most universal image is one of binge drinking, vomiting, and inflicting pain on young freshmen while partaking in satanic hazing rituals. I, for one, believe that it is a shame that people like me are subjected to these heinous stereotypes. (Incidentally, the one about us having seriously large and elegant looking penises is nothing but true.) To illustrate my objection, I have decided to give you the privilege of gaining exclusive access to what truly transpires within the depths of the frat boy's misunderstood subconscious.

One of the most sacred traditions of any fraternity is the illustrious wine-tour. For those of you not privy to the knowledge of what a wine-tour is, I will carefully explain. A wine-tour is when young, intelligent fraternity brothers rent a coach bus and, with either dates or with a sorority of sexified ladies, tour various wineries in the area. I have recently been on one of those hedonistic tours of fun. For the sole purpose of your enlightenment, I, like Uncle Pussy from the Soprano family, chose to wear a wire; however, for discretionary reasons, I chose to forgo taping the wire onto my chest-the obvious area-and, instead, I shaved my grundle and, ever so carefully, placed the wire on my stinky bridge (aka the taint). The following are random, yet true, tapings of what was said by me, the archetypal frat boy.

**10:30 am** - The pick-up: Good morning my fellow brothers [a secret handshake took place at this time, followed by a penis measuring competition].

**10:42 am** - On the way to the sorority house: So fellas, I assume you all are as excited as I am. I sure hope that we'll get to sample some nice Pinot Noirs. Although less astringent to the Cabernet Sauvignon, I quite enjoy the moderate amount of tannin and velvety texture of the Pinot. I am also hoping to crush some hot ass on this fine day. [Some muffled sounds can be heard in the background. Possible laughter, possibly the midgets that we hired to throw against the bus walls].

**11:26 am** - At the first winery: [Sounds of sipping] Mmmm. That sample of the Cayuga White really hit the spot. May, I have another please? Thank you. [Sipping] Mmmm, nice. One more please? Thanks. [Sipping] Oh god, that's a damn good white. It

reminds me of how awesome I am for being in a fraternity.

**11:57 am** - Several bottles later: [Sounds of urination] Yo Ben, watch my back, the wall needs some watering. Don't you, wall? Wally, wally, wally. [Yelling in the background] What? No, I'm not pissing! Who the hell do you think you are? Hey, get offa me!

**12:17 pm** - Back on the bus: Hey, d'you mind if I, uh, uh, d'you mind if I sit with you? Awesome. So, what's your name? Jamie? Isn't that a boy's name? Yeah, I guess it can work both ways. Sorry, one sec. [Sounds of violent puking] Yeah, sorry about your pants. So you were saying?

**12:38 pm** - At the next winery: Holy crap, I'm shitbombed. Hey Josh, did you see *Entourage*? I am so Vinny Chase. Fuck you. Fine, then how about you pay me fifty bucks if I can hook up wth that girl right behind the building. Will you believe me then? Just watch and learn. [Sounds of walking] Excuse me, hey what's up? You having fun? Are you wasted? No? Alright, look, do you see that guy standing right back there. He bet me fifty bucks I couldn't hook up with you behind the building. I'll give you twenty bucks if you just walk behind there with me, and we'll just wait there for like fifteen minutes. Why not? Well, how about we just hook up and call it even? What, where are you going? Ah, fuck it.

**1:05 pm** - Location not remembered: [Sounds of urination on denim material amidst snoring in the background].

The rest of the day is somewhat of a blur to me; however, fortunately for me (or perhaps unfortunately), there were other people there to fill me in on the details. Aside from a couple of unexpected encounters with Ithaca law enforcement officials, nothing too exiting happened.

After reading this article, I hope that you can now be mature enough to leave your prejudiced preconceptions behind and judge us (frat boys) for who we are, and not what we do. It's only some good old fashioned college fun. You all do it too. We just always talk about it and exaggerate to great lengths.



# The Time I Killed at Billy's Funeral: A Eulogy given by Jake Bronson, President of Delta Sigma Epsilon Tau

[Steps up to the lectern] How about another round of applause for Father Brown? Hey, Padre, thanks for not shaking my hand before the service. Last thing I want is my hand smelling like I just high-fived an altar boy's rectum!

[Taps microphone] Is this thing on?

[Looks over at Billy's coffin] You know, I always told him he'd look good in pine. [Chuckles] But let's get serious. We're here to say goodbye to Billy, who was many things to us: a son, friend, and fraternity brother we didn't know all that well.

It might surprise some of you that I would be giving a eulogy for Billy, seeing as I didn't know him nearly as well as others here did. I think Billy would have wanted it this way, however. When he passed away, I was right there at his side,

taking the shot glass out of his hand and replacing it with a Reese's Pieces bag so that when the cops came, I could tell them he was allergic to peanut butter and committed suicide.

You may be surprised to learn that Billy was a rabid alcoholic. I'm sad to say it's true. He drank a lot. [Waits for audience to say in unison, "How much did he drink?", but they don't]. He drank so much that he'll probably be reincarnated as a tequila worm! It's like he thought there was a prize at the bottom of every bottle or something.

If there's one thing I'll remember about Billy, besides his rampant alcoholism, it's his selflessness. If you needed help with your schoolwork, Billy was the guy you talked to. If you needed a ride somewhere, Billy was always up for it. If you needed someone to switch bedrooms with so that when the ugly girl you hooked up with last weekend came by your room looking for you, he could say "Jake Bronson? He's been dead for five years!" and she'd finally back off, Billy was willing to do it, at least the first couple of times.

A tragedy like this leaves us with nothing but questions, like "Is there a God?" I'm putting my money on "no." Or, if there is a God, he's a cruel deity who likes to play practical jokes on us, like giving certain college students the ability to survive drinking only twenty shots of alcohol, when everyone knows that you have to take twenty-one shots on your twenty-first birthday. We may never know the answers to the big question of life, but we do know some things for certain: Billy was a great person who died before his time, and his fraternity, whose president was gracious enough to travel all this way to uplift you with his humor and words of remembrance, is certainly not to blame for this tragedy.

In conclusion, please don't sue us.





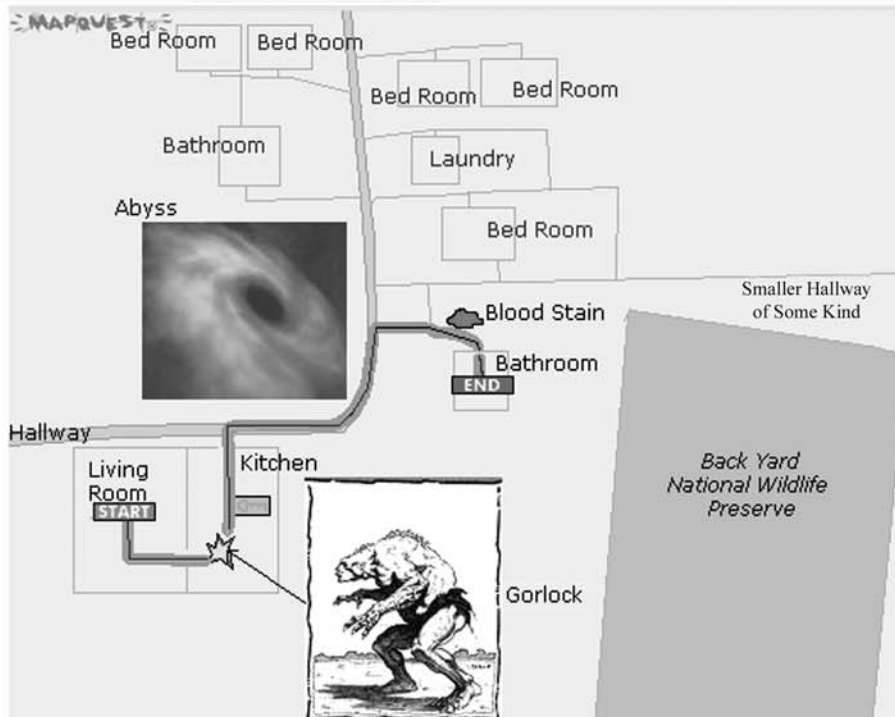
**START** Your Living Room, Ithaca, NY 14850-7684 US - [Hotel Offers](#) - [Flight Deals](#)

**END** Your Bathroom, Ithaca, NY 14850-3471 US - [Hotel Offers](#) - [Flight Deals](#)

Maneuvers	Distance	Maps
1: Start out petting KITTEN in LIVING ROOM	<0.1 miles	<a href="#">Map</a>
2: Turn RIGHT into KITCHEN	5 feet	<a href="#">Map</a>
3: Defeat EVIL GORLOCK guarding GREEN KEY, get the KEY	He's Right There!	<a href="#">Map</a>
4: Have a SNACK, you've earned it. Maybe SOME GRAPES or a SANDWICH ( <a href="#">Get Directions to STORE</a> ).	Delicious	<a href="#">Map</a>
5: Turn LEFT on RAMP to HALLWAY	<0.1 miles	<a href="#">Map</a>
6: Continue on HALLWAY. Look at CHILDHOOD PHOTOS and FACE reality of SHATTERED LIFE	Heartbreak	<a href="#">Map</a>
7: Turn SLIGHT LEFT at GAPING ABYSS	Fuckin' Scary	<a href="#">Map</a>
8: Take EXIT 2 to BATHROOM	Your House Sucks	<a href="#">Map</a>
9: Bear RIGHT at BLOOD STAIN FROM ATTEMPTED SUICIDE ( <a href="#">Get Directions to a FUCKING PSYCHIATRIST, Jesus!</a> ).	Dude, Seriously	<a href="#">Map</a>
10: Use GREEN KEY on BATHROOM DOOR (also green)	Obvious	<a href="#">Map</a>
11: End at BATHTUB, drowning that KITTEN you've been carrying	Animal Cruelty	<a href="#">Map</a>

**Total Est. Time:** However long it takes to drown the cat.

**Total Est. Distance:** Like 20 feet or something.



## Brett Greenberg Names The Best Song Ever!™

The title of The Best Song Ever™ goes to "Kiss from a Rose" by Seal. The scarred Aussie pours his heart, his ambitions, and his soul into this power ballad, and the result...a magical slice of wonder that outshines every other song written in the history of the world. Found on the soundtrack of "Batman Forever," Seal's masterpiece presents listeners with universal questions about life, love, and graying towers alone on the sea. Seal...you may be scarred on the outside, but your words and your harmonies are nothing shy of perfect. Bravo... "Kiss from a Rose" is the Best Song Ever!™

## I Gave "Peace" A Chance, and I'm Sorry that I Did

Why do people say the word "peace" to say goodbye? It makes absolutely no sense, and it must be outlawed immediately. What does it mean to say "peace" at the end of a conversation? "I have to get going, Merrill...peace." It's ridiculous. Why the word "peace"? If we can't say "bye," I think we should at least be able to mix it up a bit. For example, "Barrett, see you later....Ok...GRANDPA'S WOODEN ROCKING CHAIR." "Lisa I got to go; I'll see you tonight...MENSTRUATION!"

It's not that I have a problem with peace. In fact, some may argue that

peace is a good thing. But it's so asinine to say the word "peace" to conclude a dialogue. Maybe it would be better if people were to first turn around, pause a moment, then do a quick turn back to the person and whisper "peace" while making a peace-sign...I think I might enjoy that.

# "On the Road To Cornell" BINGO



	5:00pm	10:00pm	3:00am	10:00am
Georgia	You buy a Snickers bar for 29 cents from a hillbilly gas station.	McDonalds does not take credit cards.	5th time listening to Oasis CD, no longer good	Not much goes on in Georgia.
N. Carolina	You see a hotel advertised for \$12.95 a night.	You are 5 miles off the highway and still no gas station. (That sign was a lying bitch.)	Gas attendant with heavy southern accent sees your Cornell shirt and says something unintelligible; you nod in agreement.	Sign: Speed limit enforced by aircraft.
Pennsylvania	You are in danger of making better time than your parents think you should.	You have 1/8-1/10 tank of gas left depending on which angle you look from. You see a sign, 60 miles to next gas station.	You are pretty sure the gas machine charged you multiple times for gas. It refuses to give you a receipt.	Visa calls your cell phone, wants to know why in the last 10 hours you made purchases in 4 states.
New York	You see a Toyota Prius doing 93 mph.	The road has gotten so tiny you lean forward to see it better.	You see a sign "30 miles to Cornell", only 2 more hours to go.	You arrive in Ithaca from a totally different direction than you expected.



## SHALLOW THOUGHTS OF A FIRST-TIME PROTESTER

The beginning of the grand tale that is my first protesting experience is not very fascinating, so I will skip it. The second part of the story isn't all that fascinating either, but if I skip too many parts of this story, it won't make any sense. So I'll begin with the second part, which begins like this: It was a typical Friday night. Instead of filling my body with toxins and having a damn good time in the process, I was sitting in my swivel chair in front of my computer, waiting to see some action movie with my housemates. I think the movie was called Hero or something like that. All I remember is that I was disappointed by the lack of giant sandwiches in the movie. But I suppose that's irrelevant. The point is that I was trying to kill time before seeing this flick, so I was surfing the web. I went to [www.michaelmoore.com](http://www.michaelmoore.com) to see what was going on in the liberal world. As it turned out, the upcoming weekend was to be one of great importance. The Republican National Convention was apparently coming to exploit the September 11th attacks on the United States, and hundreds of thousands of those types of people who have a problem with their government lying to them were planning to show up and protest. What are they called? Oh yeah: leftist-commie-pinkos. That's the one.

"Protest, eh?" I thought to myself. "I bet there's a bus out of Ithaca. I mean, it's only one of the most liberal cities in America." I checked the ride board, and sure enough there was a bus leaving from the public library at 5 am, Sunday morning. "5 am!" I gasped. "They still make those?" I was beginning to seriously reconsider my participation in this protest. However, as fate would have it, Stephen Stills began to belt Chicago/Change the World out of my speakers.

"Won't you please come to Chicago? No one else can take your place," he said to me. Well, he didn't actually say it to me, and he was saying this 33 years ago, but the message was clear.

I stood up with conviction and declared, "I'll do it! I'll go to Chicago!" I then sat down at my computer and looked at the ride board again. "Er...I mean, New York."

At 3:30 Sunday morning, I woke up, just

two hours after I went to bed (filled with toxins and having had a damn good time in the process). I sneaked out of my apartment, taking care not to wake my housemates while they dreamt sweet dreams of Diablo II.

As I left the building, a fellow student who was illegally using our laundry room (his first act of protest of the day) noticed the peace symbol on my shirt. "Are you going to New York City?" he asked me.

"Sure," I said in a voice that revealed only two hours of sleep.

"Want a ride to the bus?"

"Sure."

So we set out for the Tompkins County Public Library, where a bus for New York City would depart at 5 am. Ironically, while discussing the anticipation of trouble from police at the protest, we were pulled over in front of the library. Apparently my companion was swerving recklessly in search of a parking spot. I was too tired to notice any problems with his driving. As it was, the whole world was swerving in front of my eyes.

Once we were on the bus, we got all psyched up to go march for two miles down a crowded street in New York in blistering heat and suffocating humidity. Just as my excitement had energized me enough to open both eyes, the bus broke down. So we sat around at a rest area for two and a half hours while we waited for the bus-fixing-man to do his thing. Once he repaired the leak in the fuel line, we all clapped for him. Activists are quite a nice bunch once you cave in to their demands. If Bush pulled out of Iraq and gave all the poor Iraqis ice cream like he should, I'm sure all the activists would clap for him.

We arrived in the city at noon, having missed the 10 am rally by...um...two hours. The bus let us off at the corner of 7th and 23rd, and we were on our own. The march itself was pretty fun, but also a little disappointing. I mean, there were 400,000 of us there to protest this convention, but supposedly they held it anyway.

The streets were like one big Phish concert, except without the weed and the cool music...and Phish. But despite the absence of Phish, the whole scene was very inspiring. Not

only were people standing up for what they believed in, but they were walking too!

My march lasted two hours. I got to see some funny banners, and the guy with whom I was marching yelled a bunch of stuff at Madison Square Garden. Apparently this arena told a crapload of lies that killed people. When we were finished, we went to get some New York style pizza, which I think was the subconscious reason I had decided to make the trip. Protesters and police were eating side-by-side, united by an affinity for melted cheese on bread. I wondered if the whole world could get along if we just gave everybody pizza all the time. I told my companion this thought, and he wondered if I was an idiot.

On the ride back, the bus went the first two hours without breaking down, so we decided to celebrate by stopping at a run-of-the-mill service area. While my anti-globalization fellow protester chowed down on Subway, the activist to my left posed an interesting question, "What is it about us that makes us so different? I mean, we're normal guys, but everything is so clear to us. Why doesn't the rest of the country see it?"

The man who accused the home of the

Knicks of mass murder answered the question promptly, "We took the right pill, man." It was at this point that I began to ponder exactly how many pills this guy was taking.

When I got home that night, I went online to see if there were any pictures of myself. Sadly, there were none. I don't know how they missed me in that crowd, because there were only 400,000 of us...or 120,000, according to Fox News. I don't know what happened to the other 280,000 people. I think somebody would have noticed them if they had been misplaced. Then I wondered, "Was I counted in that total? Am I one of the misplaced 280,000? Does this mean that in the eyes of America, I didn't protest?" Sad that I had only made a very, very, very small difference, I decided to cave in to the protests of my body and go to sleep. But then I realized, "Either 399,999 or 119,999 other people made very, very, very small differences, so when that all adds up...it's a small difference!" I took solace in that fact and went to sleep.





# Cornell Cinema

Ithaca's year-round film festival



## Anacondas: the Search for a Non-Dick Joke in the Lunatic

Futility rendered in the post-this post-that style of Stan Brakhage. The climax (there's no other word to use) of the movie is tear-jerkingly poignant: documentary footage of an actual one legged man in an actual ass kicking contest.

**2468>who do we appreciate>male genitalia! Male genitalia! YAY!>fuck**

Cornell Cinema is your place for movie entertainment. We continue to sell cheap movie tickets because we show washed-up movies with no real value. Come see some movies we picked up for free, will advertise the shit out of, and then make a great profit to re-invest into *none of our equipment* as we love using relics from before the Cold War. Oh, did we mention: we hate students.

## Napoleon's Kinda White

A thrilling documentary following the work of a team or sneering asshole French Epidermiologists and Anthropologists as they search for the key to the blinding pastiness of western Europeans. A tour de force.

**80s time warp>blanc>4 x 10e seconds>anyone have a fucking light?**



## Faux Statler Ho:

Jamie Foxx and Tom Cruise drive around befuddled that the cute blond Hotelie isn't wooed into road head by Cruise's dignified salt and pepper coif and Foxx's a cappella croon from "Slow Jamz." The Hotelie explains that despite her fluffy tennis skirt and "I might give you road head," look, she won't give it up because it's late and she has to learn creative napkin presentations at 10:10. **2004>salt and pepper>23min>just try to figure out the rhyme. I dare you.>WHS**



## Dimplechin

An 88 year old Kirk Douglas, thrown out of his son's house after drilling a peep hole into Zeta-Jones' shower, and sick of Viagrajerk™ to the scene in *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* where Kirsten Dunst and that guy dance half-naked over a comatose Jim Carrey, hops the pond to Wimbledon to lech on the real thing. The tension mounts as Douglas, tent pill-pitched, tongue a-flapping, runs onto the lawn and accosts the nice young Dunst mid backhand volley. The slow-mo kick to the balls runs on Sportscenter™ for 8 weeks straight.

**200forehand>that's a shitty pun>I know but I had to do it>fuck you>WSH**

## Illegal Alien Vs. Sexual Predator

"Not So Little Anymore" Elian Gonzalez battles R. "Who Woulda Thought Pissing on Girls Could become Trite" Kelly in a battle royale of the culturally marginal that poses irresistible Cuban martyrdom against neo-R&B, perverted tabloid fodder. Who will come out on top? Let's just hope that's not a pun.

**2004>shades of yellow>1234hours>Dave Chappelle >Riley Robb**



## Mexican Weebles: Apocalypse

When the sky is falling and the four horsemen are on the horizon there is only one line of defense left for mankind: Weebles from across the border. Imminent Armageddon might induce their infamous wobble (depending on how many shots are in their bellies, tequila either exacerbates or quells the tremors), but as we all know, these motherfuckers don't fall down. Unless, of course its late afternoon, they're tired and there's a hammock around.

Stay around after the movie for the Bonus Feature: Mexican Weebles: a Frock and Lips: our wobbly heroes, donning magical awesome power frocks, embark on a perilous journey nowhere (since they can't actually move besides wobbling) to find the magical awesome disembodied lips that utter the key to immortality™...and lotto numbers.

**WTF?>MFY>who writes this shit?>Canada>WSH**

# The New-Wave of Terrorism (OR: Some History about Myself)

[Found among the scattered papers of Mr. Ram Narayan]

My roommate despaired as I told him of my travel plans to Detroit. The notion of a less-than-trustworthy brown man flying to his hometown on the ominous date of September 11th was not very reassuring. Looking at his wizened face upon my departure, (not because he missed me, but because he feared for his family) filled me with compassion and compelled me to quell his fears. I had no choice but to reveal what I knew about the New Wave of Terrorism. So I looked into his misty, blue eyes as heterosexually as possible and just spoke from the heart...

...DAN...I must confess. I have not been entirely honest with you. What I have to say may shock you, but I think it is best that we no longer leave things unsaid. It's time I came out of the closet. I am a terrorist.

It all started when I was eight years old, and the kid beside me didn't let me cheat off his test. I had requested him politely for the privilege of being able to see his sheet. I even took care to whisper, so that the teacher would not know what was conspiring between us and no one would be the wiser. I said, in my sweet eight year old voice, "Please buddy, may I see the order in which the alphabet should be written?" (I wasn't the brightest of eight year olds and so I took classes with retarded kids.) You see, I knew all the alphabets and had written them on my sheet.... "H.A.V.W.M..." and I just wanted to confirm that he had that too. Naturally, I

found the denial to my request unacceptable. I jumped up on his table, broke his pencil and shoved it up his mother-fuckin' nose. Mucous oozed out of his face, like oil out of the desert sands, much to my satisfaction.

That was just the beginning. The intricate workings of the alphabet still eluded me when I was 12 and so my parents gave up hope that I would ever be able to comprehend anything. In order to ensure that I, in my adult life, would be a contributing member of society, they enrolled me in the OBL Academy. OBL was a grassroots organization dedicated to making people follow retarded instructions with very little, if any, comprehension of their significance. Children as young as nine actively partic-

## Top Five Signs Something Isn't Quite Right At The State Department

- 5) Issues travel advisories for Oz, Oompa Loompa Land, Canada.
- 4) "Uh, Mr. Powell? 1976 just called, and it wants its hairstyle back."
- 3) Converts its embassy in Yemen into a smoothie shop.
- 2) Turns all its hotlines for Americans living abroad into 1-900 numbers.
- 1) "Uh, Mr. Powell? Bill Clinton just called, and he wants Madeleine Albright back."



ipated and performed the required tasks jubilantly. To an outsider, it might have seemed unusual to espy preteens crashing into walls voluntarily, but to us who understood nothing, it made a lot of sense.

OBL, the founder of the Academy, was a very wise man who knew a lot of important things. More than knowing important things, he also said important things and I will never forget some of his inspirational words.

"Chinese students constantly prove how little English one needs to know to succeed in engineering in America. Apply to Cornell! Your lack of knowledge of the English alphabet will not be a hindrance to your academic success there!"

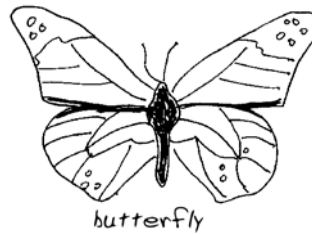
With this in mind I began my education in Applied Engineering Physics at CU and I am now an expert in chaos theory. Armed with my newfound knowledge, I returned to OBL and presented my findings to Mr. Bin Laden. I think, Dan, that you will find his interpretation of my work most intriguing.

OBL: So a butterfly moving in China can cause a hurricane in Florida? That gives me an idea. If one butterfly causes one hurricane a billion butterflies can create a billion hurricanes. And what are brown people, if not graceful, beautiful butterflies?

Thus I reassured Dan and although he is still anxious about terrorism, he is no longer worried that my plane was at his house in Detroit, Michigan.

Ivan, Karl, ... are these all natural

disasters? Perhaps not. The CIA has enough reason to suspect terrorists as being behind these calamities. President Bush has put the country on orange alert. It is time for all of us to do our part. The next time you see two brown people acting like butterflies, or walking in step,



run up to them and push one of them onto the ground. Under the Patriot Act, the state of Florida has already begun to enforce

Muslim breathing laws that require all Muslims to sign up for differing breathing frequencies. And if you are a non-terrorist Muslim, please refrain from performing coordinated activities with your Muslim loved ones. Even the simple act of eating together creates enough confluence to take down a tree. And isn't saving trees in Florida what this country is all about...what-  
ever the cost?

When driving the nuclear waste,  
Be certain your car is defaced,  
To make it look vile,  
Spikes are the style,  
Or Humungus will smash in your face.

Remember when you're on the grid,  
Your light-cycle never will skid,  
Your right-angled course,  
With all its G-Force,  
Will make you wish that it did.

This Page Reserved  
for your very own notes!

- Write a letter
- Draw a picture
- Tear it out and make a paper airplane
- Have a blast

# The Bearkinstein Bears Learn About Minorities



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN BEAR COUNTRY, AND BROTHER AND SISTER BEAR WERE ENJOYING THE SUNNY AFTERNOON DOWN AT GREAT GRIZZLY PARK. SISTER WAS HAPPILY PICKING A BOUQUET OF POSIES FOR MAMA BEAR WHEN, OUT OF THE CORNER OF HER EYE, SHE NOTICED BROTHER TALKING TO A STRANGER.

NOW, BROTHER AND SISTER WERE BRIGHT YOUNG CUBS AND HAD LEARNED ALL OF THE RULES ABOUT STRANGERS, SO NATURALLY, SISTER WAS NOT CONCERNED ABOUT BROTHER'S JUDGMENT. BUT IT WAS THE SOUND OF THE STRANGER'S VOICE THAT SUDDENLY WORRIED HER. IT WAS A LITTLE UN-AMERICAN FOR HER. SHE TURNED AROUND AND HER WORST FEARS WERE CONFIRMED. BROTHER WAS TALKING TO A TOWEL-HEAD!

"BROTHER TALKED TO A SAND NIGGER!  
BROTHER TALKED TO A SAND NIGGER!"  
SISTER SCREAMED AS SHE RAN HOME.

"SO YOUNG CUB," SAID THE ARAB,  
"YOU DON'T MIND IF I STRAP  
EXPLOSIVES TO YOUR MODEL  
PLANE AND USE IT TO CLEANSE THE  
ZIONIST CANCER FROM MY  
PALESTINIAN HOMELAND?"







**"BUT HE WAS A FILTHY MUSLIM," SAID SISTER WHEN SHE GOT HOME. "HE COULD HAVE TRIED ANOTHER STUNT LIKE WHEN THEY CRASHED PLANES INTO THE BEAR CITY TRADE CENTER."**

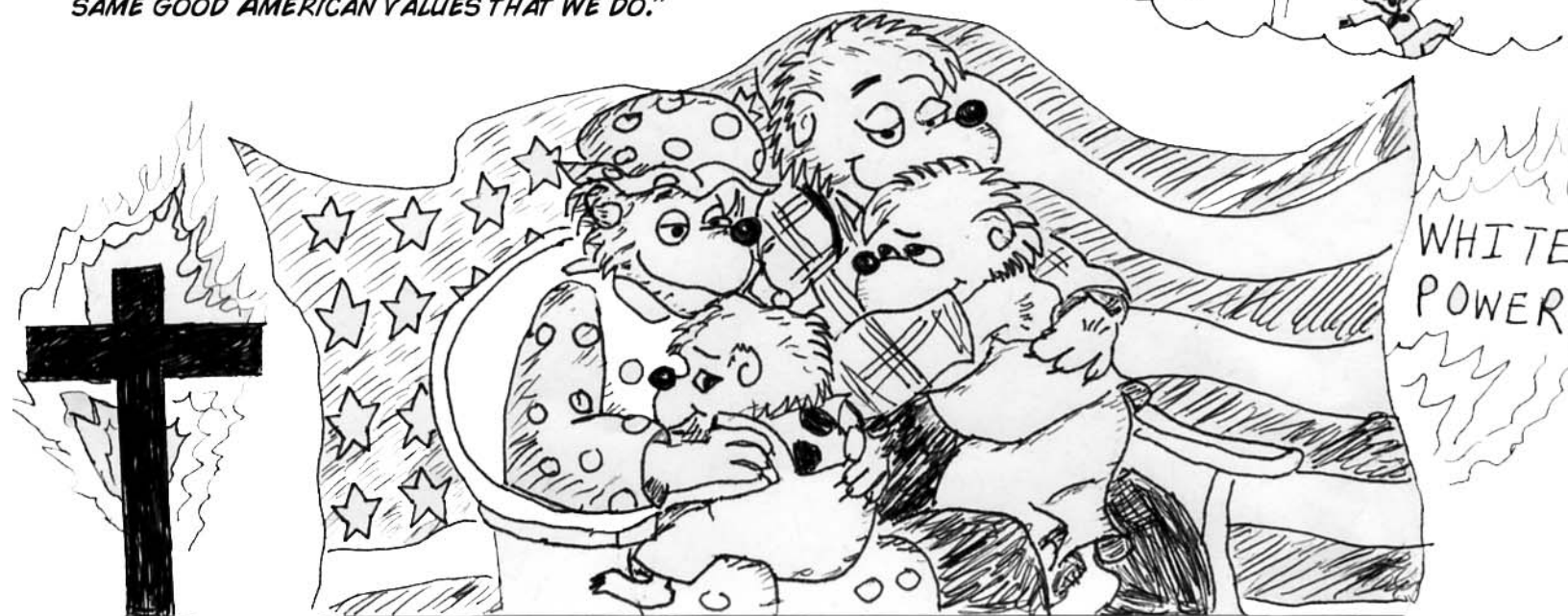
**"VERY TRUE," SAID MAMA, "BUT THIS PARTICULAR ONE WASN'T AFTER OUR NATIONAL INTERESTS. HE MERELY WANTED TO RID THE MIDDLE EAST OF THE JEWISH PLAGUE. HE WAS PROBABLY SHIITE."**

**"MORE LIKE A PIECE OF SHIITE," GRUMBLED PAPA.**

**"WELL SAID," REPLIED MAMA. "YOU KNOW, MAYBE IT'S TIME WE TEACH THE CUBS ABOUT MINORITIES BEFORE THEY BECOME LIBERAL, OPEN-MINDED COLLEGE STUDENTS."**

**"MINOR-WHAT?" ASKED THE CUBS IN UNISON.**

**"MINORITIES," SHE REPEATED. "THEY'RE BEARS WHO ARE DIFFERENT US. THEY MAY HAVE A DIFFERENT COLOR OF FUR, SPEAK ANOTHER LANGUAGE, EAT DIFFERENT FOODS, OR PRAY IN OTHER WAYS. THEY DON'T HAVE THE SAME GOOD AMERICAN VALUES THAT WE DO."**



"BUT WHY?" ASKED THE CUBS.

"IGNORANCE," REPLIED MAMA.  
"THAT AND INFERIOR GENETICS."



"FOR EXAMPLE," SAID PAPA BEAR, "YOU MIGHT ONE DAY GO TO A CITY AND FIND OUT THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF BLACK BEARS. THEY DON'T HAVE JOBS SO THEY HANG OUT ON PORCHES ALL DAY SHOOTING HOOPS, SMOKING GRASS, AND DRINKING MALT LIQUOR."

"HOW DO THEY GET AWAY WITH THAT?" ASKED SISTER.

"DICKLESS DEMOCRATS GIVE THEM MONEY RIGHT OUT OF HARDWORKING AMERICANS' POCKETS JUST BECAUSE WE MADE THEM DO A FEW CHORES BACK IN THE OL' 1800'S."

"THAT'S NOT FAIR FOR HONEST, BLUE-COLLARED BEARS LIKE YOU, PAPA," SAID BROTHER

"DON'T WORRY," LAUGHED PAPA. "GOD IS PUNISHING THEIR IDLENESS BY GETTING THEM ADDICTED TO FAST FOOD. THEY'LL EAT THE SHIT OUT OF GARBAGE CANS UNTIL CHOLESTEROL IS POURING OUT OF THEIR NOSES!"



"NOW IF YOU'RE EVER AROUND A BANK OR ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE, YOU MAY NOTICE A DIFFERENT KIND OF BEAR CALLED A JEW," SAID MAMA. "WATCH OUT BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT MONEY ON THE BRAIN AND WILL STAB CHRISTIAN AMERICA IN THE BACK TO GET IT."



"WHY DON'T WE JUST DEPORT THEM TO CONCENTRATION CAMPS AND LET THE JEWISH QUESTION SORT ITSELF OUT?" ASKED SISTER.



"GOOD QUESTION, DEAR" REPLIED MAMA. "IT WAS ALREADY TRIED IN GERMANY MANY YEARS AGO, BUT DEMOCRATS AND COMMUNISTS CAME TO THEIR RESCUE. PLUS A FEW OF THOSE JEWISH VERMIN HID IN THEIR RAT HOLES UNTIL THE WHOLE THING WAS OVER."

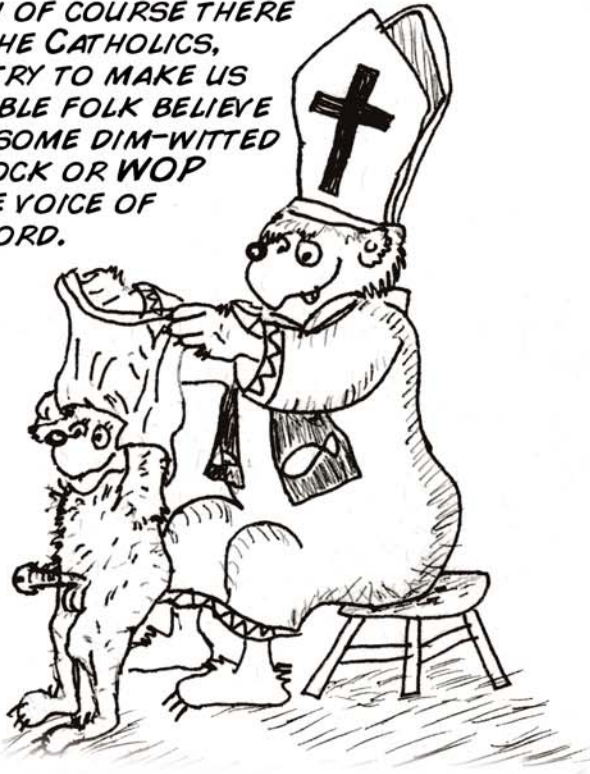


"THEN THERE ARE THE HISPANIC WETBACKS THAT CRAWL ACROSS OUR BORDERS BY THE THOUSANDS. THE ONLY THING THEY'RE REALLY GOOD AT IS WORKING IN THE DIRT, AND EVEN THEN THEY WASTE MOST OF THEIR TIME GROWING POT. NOT TO MENTION ALL OF THE OTHER NARCOTICS THEY BRING TO OUR STREETS EVERY YEAR."





"THEN OF COURSE THERE ARE THE CATHOLICS, WHO TRY TO MAKE US SENSIBLE FOLK BELIEVE THAT SOME DIM-WITTED POLLOCK OR WOP IS THE VOICE OF THE LORD.



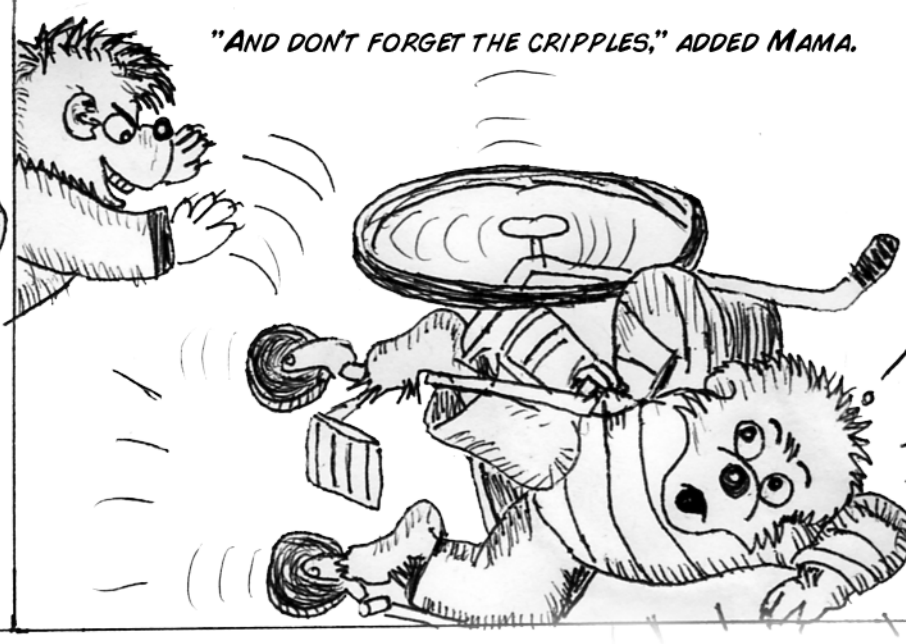
"THANKFULLY, THEY'RE SO UNLOVED BY GOD, THAT THEY CAN ONLY FIND COMFORT IN THE LITTLE PINK ASSHOLES OF ALTAR BOYS."

"AND WHEN CATHOLICS ARE AROUND, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A BOATLOAD OF MOTHER-WHORING COAL-CRACKERS. ALL THEY'VE GOT ON THEIR MINDS IS BEER AND POTATOES!"



"AND LET'S NOT FORGET THE FILTHY ASIAN COMMIES," SAID PAPA. "YOU'D THINK THAT WITH THOSE SUPERIOR STUDY HABITS AND SMALL GENITALS THAT THEY'D HAVE THE BRAINS TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING, BUT THEY SIMPLY KEEP REPRODUCING TO SWELL THE RANKS OF MINDLESS MARXIST BASTARDS!"





"AND DON'T FORGET THE CRIPPLES," ADDED MAMA.

"AND THOSE GRAPE-STOMPERS ARE JUST FAGGOTS"

"THEY'LL TRY TO GET YOU TO FEEL BAD ABOUT THE FACT THAT GOD HAS ABANDONED THEM, BUT A GOOD SHOVE DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS CAN RID SOCIETY OF THESE PARAPLEGIC PRICKS."

BROTHER AND SISTER SOON GRASPED THE CONCEPT. BY THE END OF THE LECTURE THEY WERE ON THEIR FEET AND CHARGING FROM THE ROOM.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!" CRIED PAPA.

"TO JOIN THE ARMY," SAID SISTER.

"TO JOIN THE KLAN," SAID BROTHER.



"AND TOGETHER, WE'LL SAVE AMERICA FROM THE HEATHENS AND THE DARKIES!"

MAMA AND PAPA SMILED, FOR THEY KNEW AS LONG AS CUBS LIKE THEIRS REMAINED IGNORANT AND UNEDUCATED, AMERICAN IDEALS WOULD TRIUMPH OVER ALL THAT WAS FOREIGN AND DIFFERENT.





# The Cornell Community Learns about Satire

ed note: Please folks, understand that the Cornell Lunatic is a *humor* magazine. Do not turn into an angry protesting mob based upon a clearly satirical comment on our society. First, because knowing this school, you'll get all of 10 people who are actually interested in your cause and second, because that would be dumb. Oh yeah, and fuck you if you can't take a joke.

Ever since those World Vision ads, no tourists want to come to Ethiopia! The situation is dire!

We may need to build a tourist attraction to draw the white people here. Hm.....



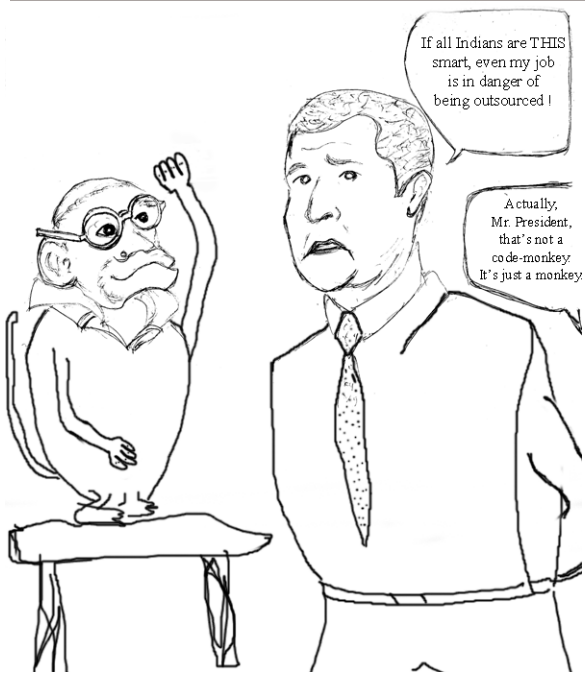
If you build it, they will come!

THIS EMPTY  
SPACE BROUGHT  
TO YOU BY  
POST-ITS AND  
BAD LAYOUT-SKILLZ  
-d



## Top Seven Things That Really Piss Off TSA Screeners

- 7) Wearing a t-shirt that says "Security Risk" with an arrow pointing to your crotch.
- 6) Skipping gaily through the metal detector.
- 5) Putting yourself through the X-ray machine in a futile attempt to gain super powers.
- 4) Declaring in a monotone voice that you are, in fact, a weapon (Steven Seagal only).
- 3) Popping out your glass eye and placing it into the tray along with your keys and coins.
- 2) Putting your dog through the X-ray machine in a futile attempt to create a side-kick.
- 1) Asking for the pamphlet that lists prohibited carry-on items, then eating the pamphlet.



## WAYS IN WHICH YOU MIGHT USE THE WORD "PERTURBED" WHILE TRAVELING ABROAD

Upon my confinement to a Turkish prison - for undisclosed reasons-I was *perturbed* to find out that the room service consisted of an under-cooked rat carcass, served by a man who claimed I have a "perdy mouth."

I was very *perturbed* to find out that, after enjoying an unknown type of meat on a stick, New Delhi does not offer toilet seat covers in their public port-o-potties.

*Perturbed* as I was, I chose to remove my yarmulke from my head upon arriving at the Jews-B-Gone hostel in Germany.

Dear mom, I'm chillin' out in central Baghdad. I'm *perturbed*.

While backpacking through France, I was surprised and *perturbed* to find the locals to be quite rude and short-tempered. Who would have thought that French people can be rude?

While in Ireland, I was *perturbed* that my face was pummeled merely because I chose to initiate a conversation with a drunk local by saying "I don't know about you, but I think those guys in the IRA had the right idea."

I was extremely *perturbed* that no matter how hard I looked, I couldn't find a decent steakhouse in Ethiopia.

During my time in Japan, I was *perturbed* to find out that shaving my pubic hair actually messes up my personal Feng-Shui.

I was *perturbed* that the DJ of a local Russian night club did not know what I meant by Cisco's "Thong Song."

The fact that my 19-year-old Thai hooker named Fing turned out to be a 16-year-old male named Fong, has caused me to feel slightly *perturbed*. *Perturbed*, yet somewhat interested.

# The Burlap Sac

Aalya Fadoo

*This sporadically occurring article is geared towards all those people on campus who deserved to be put into a burlap sac, kicked continuously, and then rolled down a steep hill (much like the one I must walk up every bloody day).*

## Installment 1: Campus Dress Code

This campus is beautiful. It is the most gorgeous campus that I have ever visited in my life. I can watch sunsets from the Clock Tower, go swimming in one of our many gorges, and climb through trees with the squirrels. However, occasionally the wonderful feeling of being happy and content with my surroundings is destroyed by the fat girls. Don't get me wrong, I have some "big girl" friends who are quite attractive. They however, wear clothes that flatter their figures... not expand them.

One rule of thumb: if your gut obscures your belt buckle, you should NOT wear belly shirts. Sure, you have to live with the weight, but you only look at yourself in the mirror in the morning. We have to look at you the rest of the damn day.

If you are a fat girl, destroy all shirts you own with the following words printed on them: Hottie, Sexy, Sweetness, etc. You may keep the one that says Big Jugs...of Lemonade.

Burn all pants that have words written on the ass area. I often find myself staring at the words, attempting to decipher them. People are

not staring at your ass because it is a "sweet booty." They are staring at it because they are trying to determine what exactly is written on your pants. You see, when you walk, the two ass cheeks move so far apart, that they basically split the word in half, and it is close to impossible to put them together.



Another thing you should be aware of is  
w o r d  
swallow-  
ing. If half  
of the  
word is  
between

---

**"I PERSONALLY HATE IT WHEN YOU HAVE TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE AROUND THE ASS JUST TO FINISH READING THE WORD."**

---

**-STEVEN TC2**

the crack of your ass, there is no point in having it there. Something like CORNELL would effectively be turned into COLL, ANGEL into ANEL, and BOOTYLICIOUS into BS.

To all of you out there who think this article may affect you, it does. If you think you might be fat but aren't sure, and you wear the aforementioned clothes, you have two choices:

1. Get a new wardrobe that isn't overly tight, revealing, or misleading.
2. Get off your Golden Bear meal plan, get yourself to a bathroom, and vomit. Twice.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all of the fat girls out there who are going to follow this advice. You have just done your part to make this world a more beautiful place .


---

*\*I would like to give a special thank you to Jeff and John of TC2 who first gave me the idea for writing this article when they said "Fat girls should NOT wear clothes with the word HOTTIE written on the front."*

SOCIETY FOR  
BIO-CHEMICAL  
ENG. AIDS!!!

← Yes, yes, I concur.

↑ I respectfully  
disagree.

 The Invisible hand<sup>©</sup>

BUSH = NAZI  
GOEBBLES

THE SOCIOECONOMIC STATUS  
OF WESTERN POLYNESIA  
IS DEPLORABLE.

what a bag



 FUCK  
YOU!

For a good time,  
Call Factie!  
GOEBBLES!  
607.254.4656

[www.cornell-lunatic.com](http://www.cornell-lunatic.com)

Tap foot for  
~~blow job~~  
Post structuralist discourse

©Adam Smith The Wealth of Nations



*Esteemed readers of the Lunatic:*

As an international student of India studying at Cornell, I also find myself "on the road" in a sort of way. In light of this, I have prepared some humorous observations of your country, and now mine, which I would like to share in the space below.

1. I have observed that there appear to be more uphill trajectories than downhill in this area, which would strike one as a physical/topological impossibility! Holy crap!
2. I have observed that a number of your women, and now my women, are in actual circumstances less promiscuous than your television broadcasts would lead one to believe. Oh goodness! It is vagina-like coldness!
3. I have observed students in your infinitely copious dining areas gorging on altogether ill-advised amounts of food with distinctly Western-

like abandon. It is enough to leave one unattractive and more circular! Literally!

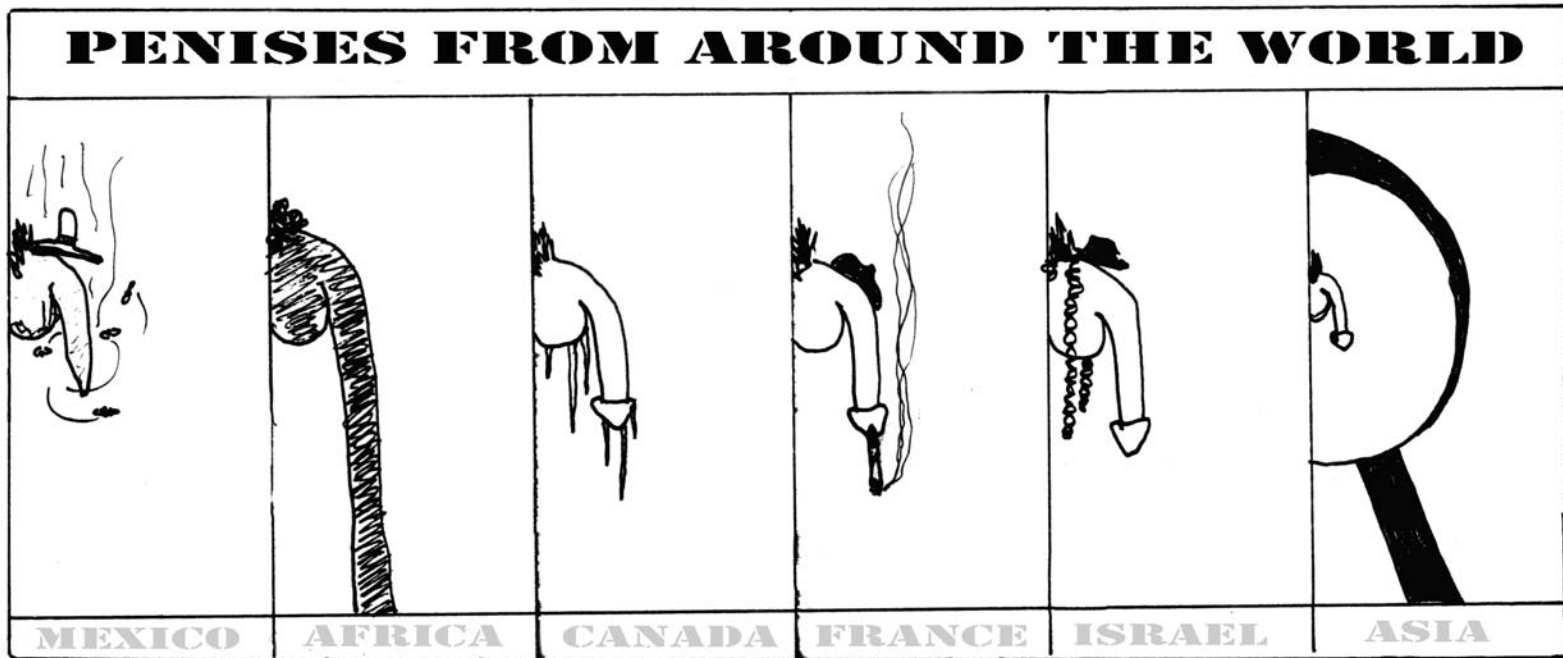
4. I have observed someone's disreputable uncles roaming the streets with garbage bags, picking up cans. It is a shameful state of affairs! Literally!

5. I have observed a preponderance of large Caucasoid fellows who walk with such a swagger as would have one believe they are persons of consequence, when they in actual circumstances have unimportant things in their pockets and will die soon! It is enough to make one schizoooooooooophrenic!

6. I have observed a climate rendering my testicles shameful. Awwooooooooooo!

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Respectfully,  
Kavi Dalal



# FUN WITH FOREIGN TRANSLATION

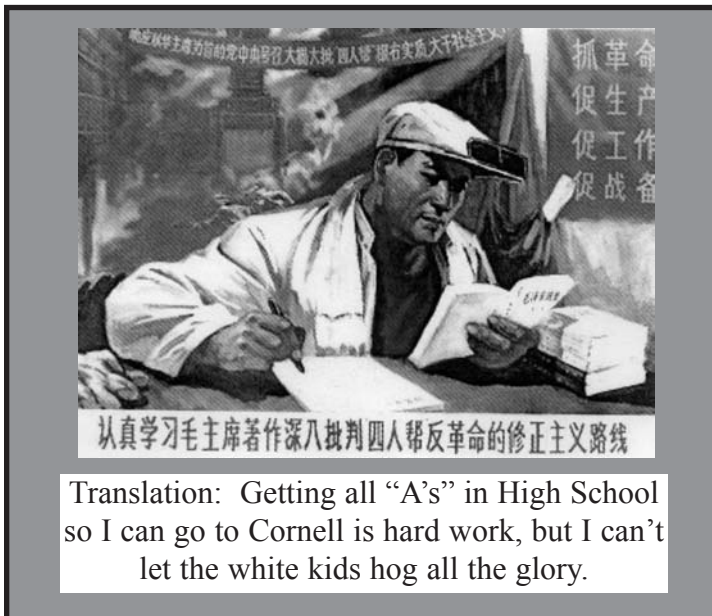
## UGANDA



Hey kids, something in this picture is a symbol of global oppression and Satanism. Try to spot it!

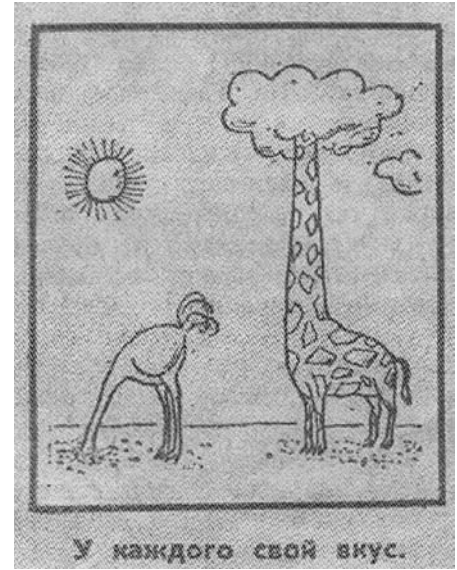
Insert Joke Here.  
No.

## CHINA



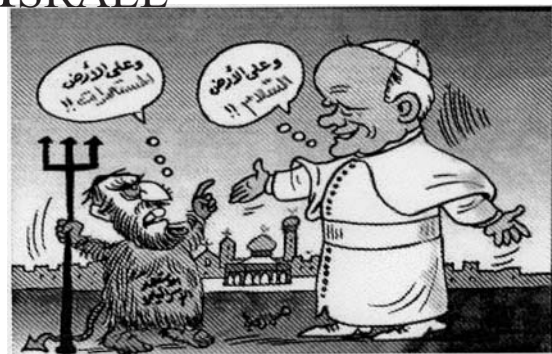
Translation: Getting all "A's" in High School so I can go to Cornell is hard work, but I can't let the white kids hog all the glory.

## RUSSIA



"If you say anything bad about the government again, I'll kill you."

## ISRAEL



"Hey Chuck, why is it a bad idea to piss off a Palestinian?"

"Because he'll explode in your face!"

## ANY AFRICAN COUNTRY



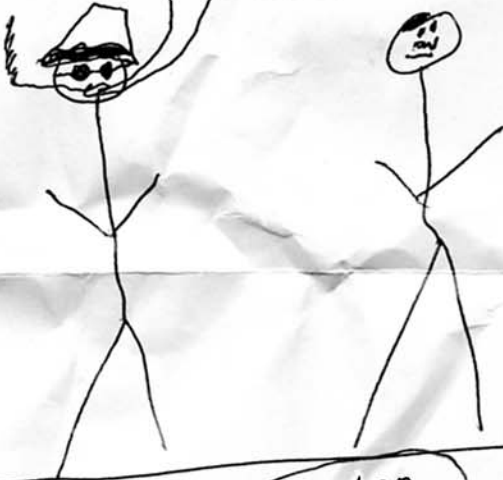
"Hey dad, what's the only thing lower than our nation's GDP?"

"Your chance of surviving the HIV virus your mom gave you!"

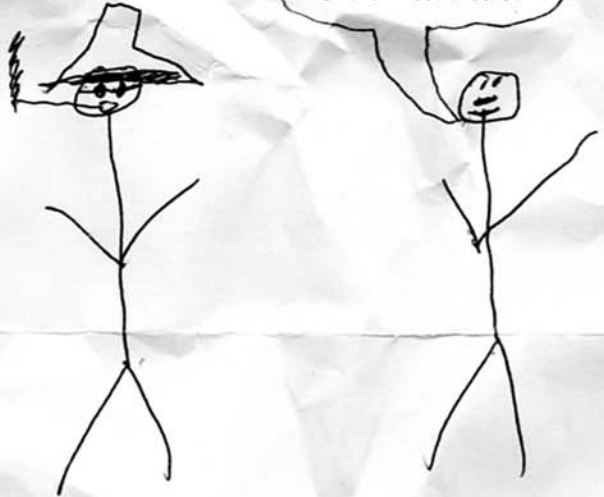
# Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas II

By Ben Sanford

well, here we  
are in Las Vegas



I'm afraid



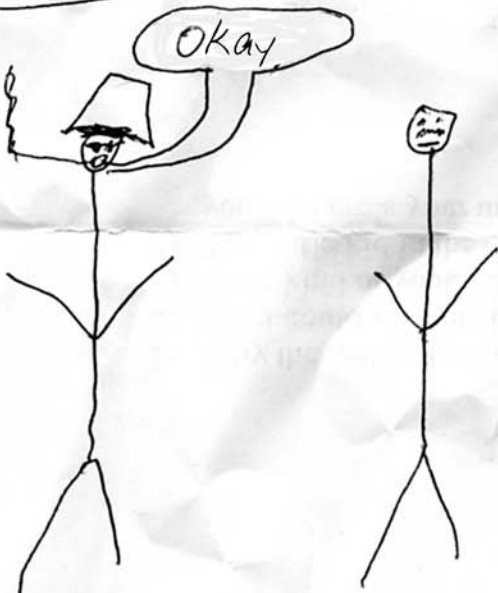
ME TOO.



Let's leave



Okay



THE  
END



Tornados. Possibly man's greatest foe. In a split second, a tornado can annihilate everything holy and decent about this world and then leave you blowing in the wind like George Bush learning how to whistle for the first time last week. I'm sorry, I digress. In an age where sciences reigns supreme and much of nature's doings are understood, tornados have managed to remain as enigmatic and appealing as Dick Cheney's daughter's pronodrawer. Fortunately for the rest of us, there are a brave few who disregard all personal safety as they try to hunt down and understand the mysteries of the tornado. They call themselves the Tornado Chasers. Since their inception in 1996, the Tornado Chasers have attempted to chase down as many as five and a half tornados (the half tornado was merely a result of some kids making a prank phone call; but, nonetheless, the Tornado Chasers maintain that even a fake tornado can cause serious psychological damage).

Last week, I was fortunate enough to catch up with the team's leader in hopes of gaining some insight into the daily activities of the Tornado Chasers. After a two-and-a-half hour drive from the Los Angeles International Airport, I found myself standing outside an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of LA. It was at this warehouse where I found myself standing face to face with the TC team leader - fondly referred to as "El Tornado Violador" (the tornado violator).

Alas, no one was outside to greet me. As I pushed open the sheet metal door, I was amazed by the juxtaposition between the run-down exterior and the seemingly high-tech interior. A wealth of large computers and bright flashing lights lined the walls of the building, and in the distance, a television, whose only reception consisted of the Weather Channel and, oddly enough, the WB, rested on a steel stand. Standing amidst the mechanical background stood El Tornado Violador himself: Tall, dirty blonde hair with signs of grayness, and a bold posture that cried out "come near me, and I'll squeeze your testicles in two directions." As I approached the intimidating figure, I was shocked to realize that El Tornado Violador was none other than the man from Goose Creek, Texas: Gary Busey. In order for you to fully appreciate my encounter, I have chosen not to edit the following conversation.



*THE TORNADO INTERVIEW BY: BUCK ROADSHAW*

**Hello. Thank you for meeting with me and may I say it's a pleasure to meet you.**

Well, it's a pleasure to meet you, too. *[Pauses]* Now, who the hell are you?

**Oh, I'm sorry, I'm Buck Roadshaw. We were scheduled to have a meeting about what you do here.**

*[A very long and awkward pause]* Oh yes, Mr. Roadshaw. Would you like some wine?

*[Mr. Busey proceeds to fill up a dirty coffee mug with some Mad Dog 20/20 flavored wine.]* So what would you like to know?

**Well, Gary-you don't mind me calling you Gary do you?**

Just call me El Busey, ya little coward.

*[Intolerably confused]* **Um, sorry. So, El Busey, I guess the sixty four million dollar question is, how did you get into tornado chasing?**

Well, while I was on the set of *Rookie of The Year*, I started getting pains in my groin. Naturally, at first I just assumed that it was from doggin' too many extras; but it wasn't. I was unfulfilled. I began to feel as though my talent and hard work ethic wasn't doin' shit for no one. For three years I felt this way. Then, in 1996, I had an epiphany. One night, I snuck into one of the local theatres and saw *Twister*. For the next two nights, dreams of Helen Hunt occupied my nights, and the thought of Philip Seymour Hoffman shouting "It's coming! It's coming!" would make me shudder in magnificent ways. But, what really got me goin' was Bill Paxton. Not since Ralph Macchio's performance in *The Karate Kid*, has anyone stirred up so much emotion inside this beat up old heart *[points to his chest]*. I decided then and there that my career in the film industry must be put aside for something more meaningful.

**Wow, that's quite a moving story.**

What would you know about moving stories? You are just an ass clown who isn't really that funny!

### **I don't know what to say.**

Just shut up and listen. *[Turns away, pauses, and then turns back]* So, I called my manager and told him that I was taking a ling break. He was really pissed because I was scheduled to start filming the sequel to Back Yard Mechanic Hunks, Back Yard Mechanic Hunks 2: The Hunkiness Perseveres. But, I just had to leave. Tornados were now my calling.

### **So, tell me about your team.**

If you'd just shut up for a minute and listen, you'd realize that I was just getting to that.

### **Mr., um El Busey, maybe this isn't such a good idea. Perhaps I should leave.**

You take one step and I'll crush your jaw with my phone as I call my mom on Valentine's Day.

### *[Totally perplexed]* **What the hell are you talk-**

Just listen up. Okay, hot shot? *[Busey just stares]* I knew I needed a team of guys who knew less than me about tornados. So, the first thing I did was study up on this crap. Did you know that tornado chasing goes way back, and I mean way, way back? *[Busey doesn't give me any time to answer]* It's true. I found an ancient Latin text that refers to tornados as Caelum Mutunium, which means Sky Penis. *[As Busey takes a sip of his "wine" a man comes in with a large bouquet of roses].*

### **What's all this?**

It's for Gary Coleman's family, God rest his tiny soul.

### **Did something happen to Gary Coleman?**

I'll get to that soon. So, once I was somewhat knowledgeable in the field of tornado chasing, I called a bunch of my low-life friends, mostly B-list actors, and asked them if they wanted a spot on El Busey's team.

### **So, we're talking in third person now?**

*[Ignores me]* Apparently Gary Coleman heard about my idea and wanted in. In all honesty, at first I was against it. I mean, can you blame me? How in hell's a little pissant like that supposed to contribute to the team?

**Wow.**

But, as it turns out, that little sonofabitch turned out to be pretty useful. That Coleman had the softest little hands. You ain't never gonna find anyone who can give you a better foot rubdown on this planet or any other.

### **So, what happened to him?**

Well, six months ago, we were on the tail of this ginormous tornado. We were getting' real close, so close you could feel the wind on your face like the warmth of a lady's pussy-fart. The only problem was, there was no way for us to get our electrosensors into the damn thing. Our car was too heavy and that there sky penis was just about to suck itself back up into the sky. I had to act fast. I knew what I had to do, but, I had to get closer. So, I pushed down on that gas pedal like it was my God given duty. I told Gary that I needed him to hold on to the sensor bag, and luckily, he strapped it onto his shoulder. The next thing he knew, I was grabbing him by his little arms and threw him right out the window and into the dissipating tornado.

### **You are fucking sick. I mean that, you need help.**

Look. I ain't proud of what I did. But I did it for the benefit of mankind. Thanks to that unwillingly brave freak, we know what we need to know. 'Course, all we really know is that tornados spin real fast, but what the hell, I know I had a blast.

### **Fuck you, El Busey.**

In retrospect, I probably should not have mouthed off to him. Gary Busey is one guy who walks the walk. During my tenure at the LA County Hospital, I had an abundance of time to mull over my Busey encounter. At first, I must admit that I was filled with rage and regret for having met with that man; however, as time passed, my rage subsided and I realized that I actually appreciate Busey for who he is. In this crazy, selfish world in which we exist, it is comforting to know that there are some people out there who are willing to sacrifice everything for the betterment of our lives. Now, I know that Busey did commit murder, but come on, Gary Coleman? So, at last I turn to you El Busey, El Tornado Violador, and I say: Go get 'em Busey, go get 'em.



*A short trip to the beach for Warm-up always helps the TORNADO Hunter*

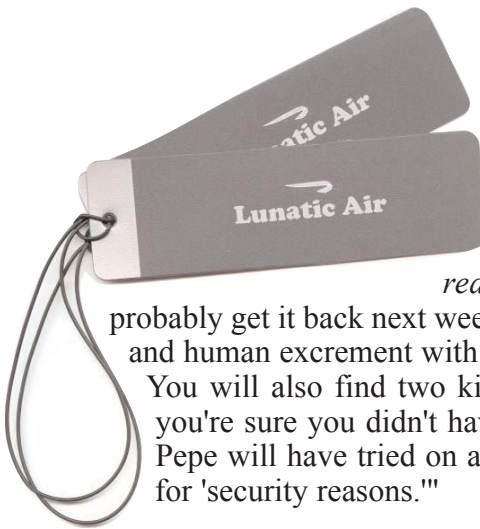
Air travel sure does bring out the worst in people, and who can blame them? Air travel is expensive, long, boring, and tiresome for all parties involved, airline employees included. Everyone makes the attempt to be as polite as possible, but what statements are really hidden behind their social pleasantries? The Lunatic helps you decipher the true meanings of statements you might frequently hear when travelling by air with a feature we like to call...

## What They Say Isn't Always What They Mean

When gate agents at the airport say, "There will be a slight delay," *they really mean*, "Our lazy-ass unionized baggage handlers aren't doing shit for the next thirty minutes."

When pilots say, "We may encounter some minor turbulence," *they really mean*, "This job is boring. I need to relive my Navy days. SAM LAUNCH! FULL POWER, BANK HARD LEFT, DEPLOY FLARE, DEPLOY FLARE!"

When security personnel ask, "Is this your bag, sir," *they really mean*, "I hope I can find some reason, any reason, to make this guy miss his flight. Say, is that a screwdriver?"



When customer service representatives say, "We're doing the best we can to locate your baggage, sir," *they really mean*, "You'll probably get it back next week reeking of garbage and human excrement with some items missing. You will also find two kilos of crack cocaine you're sure you didn't have in there. Oh, and Pepe will have tried on all of your underwear for 'security reasons.'"

When ticket agents exclaim, "Golly! I can upgrade you to first class for free! It must be your lucky day," *they really mean*, "I am soooooo quitting this shitty job today and fucking over the airline as hard as I possibly can before I clock out."

When a dog in a kennel being put into the aircraft baggage hold says, "Woof," *he really mean*, "Oh, God, how did I end up like this? In a past life I was George Patton, do you hear me? General-George-fucking-Patton! Where the hell is my damn chewtoy?"

When stewardesses say, "We are all out of tomato juice," *they really mean*, "I'm not giving you any, because I need it to make the Bloody Marys that ease the pain of my life."

When big shot executives say, "Excuse me, would you mind not reclining your seat? I need to use my laptop," *they really mean*, "TREMBLE BEFORE ME, PEON, FOR I MAKE MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER MAKE IN YOUR ENTIRE WORTHLESS LIFE, AND, BEHOLD, I AM SO IMPORTANT THAT I MUST CONTINUE TO WORK WHILE IN FLIGHT. VERILY, WHILE IN THE AIR. LIKE GOD. ... Never mind that I fly coach."

When fat people say, "Excuse me, I need a seat belt extender," *they really mean*, "My corpulent ass cannot fit fully into the seat, so the the obvious solution to my quandary is to always ask for the middle seat in coach and eat a nice fiber-rich meal before boarding the aircraft. Did I mention I sweat a lot?"

When people say to parents with a newborn, "My, what a cute baby you have," *they really mean*, "If that brat starts screaming when I'm trying to read my copy of the airline's shitty free magazine, I'm going to stuff it in the overhead compartment."



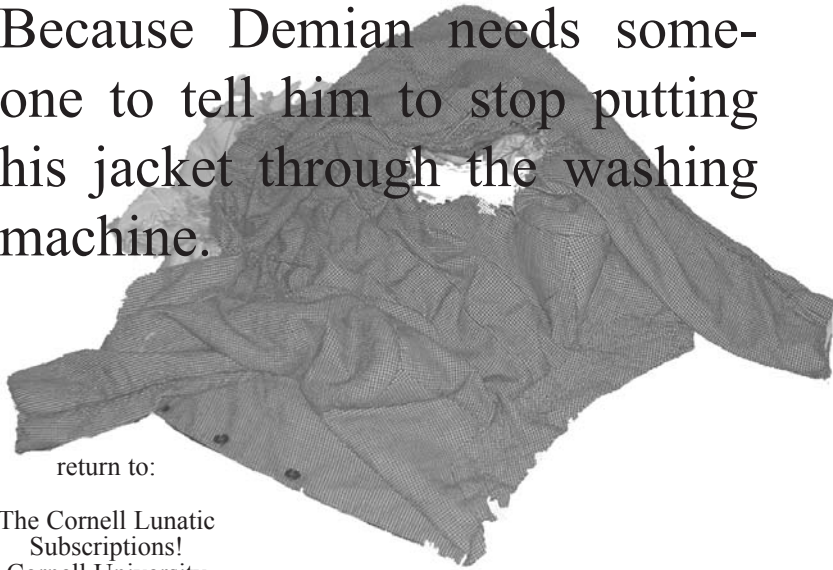
When a worker at a fast food restaurant in the concourse says, "Here is your change, sir," *he really mean*, "I am an undercover reporter with the local TV news doing a hard-hitting investigation into airport security by filming all the methods one can use to circumvent security. This footage will then be broadcast to a viewing audience of several hundred thousand, causing no harm to anyone whatsoever. Except those bastards at Channel 8. Fuck them."

When Arabs say, "Excuse me, sir, please stop kicking my seat and shouting 'U-S-A, U-S-A' while knocking at my turban," *they really mean*, "DEATH TO THE INFIDELS, PRAISE ALLAH! JIHAD, JIHAD!! AIEAIEAIEAIEAIEAIEAIE!!!"



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Because Demian needs someone to tell him to stop putting his jacket through the washing machine.



return to:

The Cornell Lunatic  
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\$40  I want Demian to buy a new jacket from Salvation Army, and a full subscription for a year.

\$25  I want him to use a dry cleaning service, and a full subscription for a year.

\$10  I don't give two shits about Demian's problems. Just give me a subscription for a year.

\$\_\_  Here is a generous amount for you. Buy everyone on the staff blazers. And give me a subscription.

\$0  I just wanted to check a box!

## THE BLAME PAGE

**Cover: JR**

**IthacAir: DDB**

**Editorial: DAC**

**Best Case Scenarios: PTH**

**Brett Greenberg Names: BBG**

**Japan: BJH**

**On-The-Go: JBT**

**Horror on the Highway: BMS**

**Co-opted Dreams: YAP**

**Last Night: A Slideshow: YAP**

**The West Bank: BJH**

**Alabama State Highway App.: PND**

**Explorers: BMS**

**Mauvebeard: DDB, JBT**

**Kalifornia: BJH**

**Research Proposal: BMS**

**Frat Boy Confessional: PND**

**Killing Billy's Funeral: PTH**

**Fakequest: DDB**

**Peace: BBG**

**Cornell Bingo: PAB**

**Shallow Thoughts of a Protester: BMS**

**Cornell Cinema: JBT, DAC**

**New Age Terrorism: RN**

**State Dept. List: BJH**

**Limeriks: JJC**

**Bearkinstein Bears: JDP, Layout: DAC**

**Ethiopian Tanning: RN**

**TSA Screeners: BJH**

**Perturbed: PND**

**The Burlap Sac: AHF**

**Bathroom Stall Musings: DAC, Staff**

**From Kavi Dalal: YAP**

**Fun with Translation: JDP**

**Fear and Loathing: BMS**

**Busey, The Tornado Man: PND**

**Statements and Meanings: BJH**

**Fun Pages: Staff**

**Big Boy: YAP**

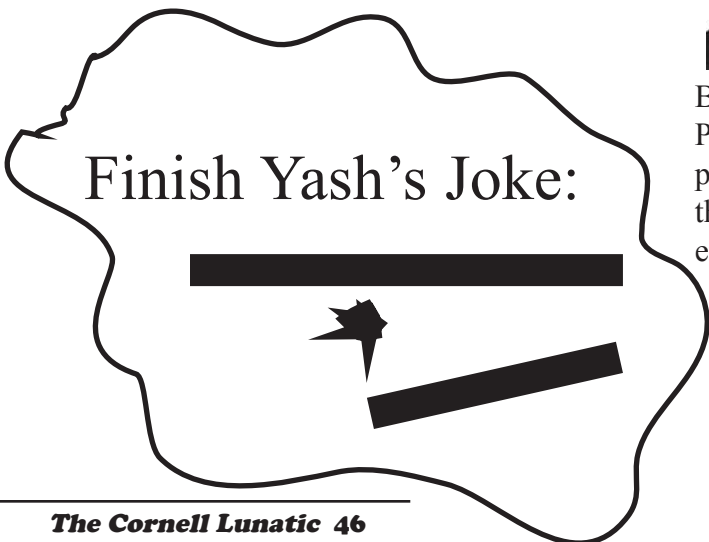
**Layout: DAC**



Delete "It's Raining Men" from your Ipod before your parents disown you!! Hurry!



Look into these sad Sudanese refugees's eyes and tell them the world just doesn't care.



Help Babiak use his Polish Heritage to pick up chicks in the physical sciences library.



**BOB'S BIG BOY** (\*\*\*\* out of four stars)

Vince Lombardi Service Area, I-95, New Jersey

Entrees \$.99 to \$3.99

Review by Yash Parghi

I have never seen a shooting star. But now that no longer matters. Because when I parked my Kia and marched through the parking lot of the Vince Lombardi Service Area, replete with the young screams and grown-up chit-chat of unenlightened Americana, alone with my air of restaurant-critic seriousness, everything -- and I mean the Earth entire -- was swept away when I saw those eyes: immense, blinding, pure, awful, terrible -- what other word is there besides cosmic? How many of these parking lot proletarians have earnestly paused to look up into Big Boy's eyes head-on, and standing before that cruel majesty, openly wept?

Never mind -- I have not even gotten to the edible part of Bob's Big Boy's wonder. The slyly decorous interior is ostensibly a tribute to 1950's America, but to say it is merely a slice of Americana is to anchor it hopelessly to a piddling critical lexicon. Nay, this is a haven, within whose walls we are reminded of a time when innocence, crayons, Aryans, even beauty, meant something. I stood, I sighed, I sat.

What awaited me, I could not possibly have imagined. The fork gleamed with that ethereal, elusive glow, the legacy of a thousand meals. The knife rested slightly askew on the table, no doubt due to imperfections in the woodwork or the necessary evil of its polyurethane protective coating. For this I subtract a star from God. But the placemat -- ah! -- paper, to my eternal delight, and elysian. On its face was scribed a list of ten things Big Boy would do if he were president. I searched hastily for a clause regarding virgin sacrifices. There was none, to my brief disappointment. Then let me live to do him good works. Across the room, sadly across the room, a youngling was being sung to and enjoying a free dessert; the occasion was her birthday, and I smiled

inside and out. What better way to celebrate the day of one's harmonization with the song of the cosmos? And now I must address the menu, a humbling and unenviable task. Why, you ask? Because we have here a mesh of words, pictures, and food that is infinitely greater than each and hardly touched by all three combined. I am but one man; let me share with you one meal and the bond between critic and reader will runneth over. I begin with the "Buffalo-Style Big Boy Chicken Tenders," not fingers, which were accompanied with celery sticks and bleu -- ah, the French! -- cheese. These were accompanied by a tossed salad. They were exquisite.



**"Sniff"**

For the main course I enjoyed a monolithic hamburger known as the Big Boy®, which must only be spoken of by copyright, a burden I bear like a lover. The Big Boy®, by the way, is not just any hamburger -- would that all of America's growing children were so succulent! The salt and pepper arrived in exquisitely labeled paper packets of such supreme functionality that I knew some kind of transcendent aesthetic was at work here.

Ah! My fries arrive.

Thank you, Bo-Cheez.

Emerging from my rapturous haze a moment, I asked my waiter where I might find the sun-bedappled bovine that mothered the milk of my cheese. He said in his homeland modulations, "In the can!" and made a gesture of such boyish charm -- oh, you rogue! -- that I was elevated into a fit of laughter. By the time I came down, Bo-Cheez was gone.

There is nothing more to say. I will not say that I was "satiated." I will not say that I was "pleased." I will say nothing. On my way out, I looked up again at Big Boy and came to an epiphany, certainly the last epiphany I will ever have use for: Big Boy was not smiling at me from his great height, he was smiling with me.

Shine on, Big Boy. Shine on through my misty eyes.