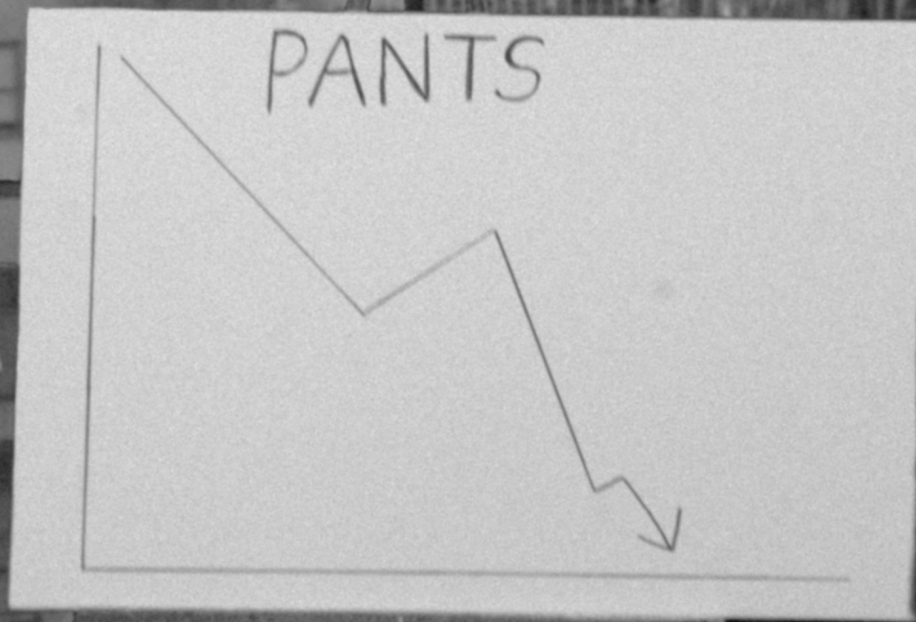
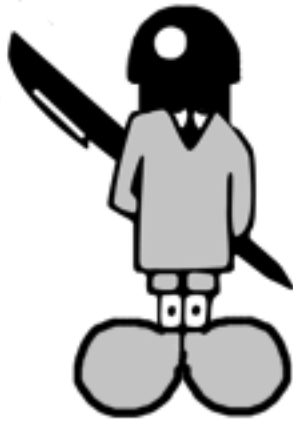


# CORNELL LUNATIC

WINTER 2006 • CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE • \$1.00



THE BUSINESS ISSUE



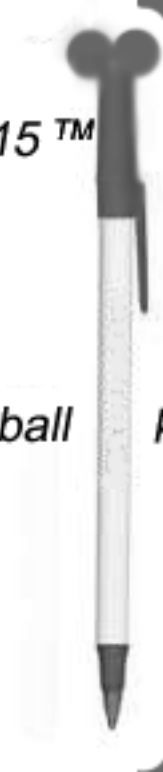
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*great for home or office.*

# **The Cornell Lunatic**

## **Campus Humor Magazine**

**Founded 1978**

**Owned and Published by the Cornell Lunatic at Cornell University**

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# Pants Are Down

## An Editorial

*Bee-dip-dip-dip-da-bibble.*

It is my pleasure to announce that our third quarter profit margins are going up. Way up. *Ba-dibble*. I take full credit. *Dip dip dip dip da da da da*.

My rise to EiC/CEO/Senior President in Charge of Doo-Wop is not without historical precedent. Mine own ancestor, Marcello Jacobus Herberato Palmiero, invented the moveable type character for the "blank space." Before he came along the gaps in-between words had to be filled in with peasants' teeth and clumps of mule hair.

So, you see, people always come up to me and ask whether being Editor in Chief is anything more than just experiencing the ultimate luxury of having one's nipples soaked in perfume, wine, sherry, herbal liquor, buttermilk, etc. Yes. Yes it is. It's about trust, diversity, and political correctness. That brings me to today's editorial. *Shabooby-dip-da-da-doo*.

We're not in the good ole days anymore, when a respectable man could stumble back to the office after a three martini lunch, down half the bottle of opiated childrens' cough syrup he keeps in his fedora, and throw loose paving stones at the "new guy" until he loses consciousness from huffing the mimeograph machine (hurling racial epithets all the while).

*Doo doo doo doo bip bip bip bip bip*. These days we simply cannot brook any of the puerile, dangerous behavior, such as "hazing," that could mar Cornell's fine traditions of respect, diversity, and hazing. So of course, hearing internal memos from Bidy Martin's Provost Office detailing years of "hazing" our fair University's presidents just turns my stomach.

"You should have seen Skorton's face when we told him he had to somersault across the railing of the Thurston Avenue Bridge while reciting the names, hometowns, and eye colors of the all the vice-provosts from 1914 onwards while drinking a full bottle of Jagermeister and smoking his own vomit from a six-hose hookah," said Martin. "We were kidding, of course. He only had to recite the names from 1973 onward. What a pussy."

Of course, I am proposing that the Lunatic started tackling serious campus-life issues like this one. Hell, with the flack we take from our humor rag it seems like everyone already takes us way, way too seriously already.

Or maybe not. Maybe everyone just needs to sit back, relax, take a sniff of the ol' mimeograph, and relax (some more). Because we don't give a crap for social commentary or purveying facts anyhow.

And with that, to the issue.

# Letters to the Editor

## Big Fishes

My used toothbrush business is struggling to make ends meet. We have great synergy, communication and plenty of other business buzz words, but there's still something missing. What can I do to make my business the biggest in our market?

- Jervis Littlepurt  
Alabaster, OR

*This might not be the answer you were looking for, but maybe you shouldn't try to be the biggest. Too many businesses, and people, try to be the "big fish." Some should just try to be a barnacle, the guys in the background. Nobody ever hunts barnacles; they just blend in. Barnacles are the guys and businesses everyone is cool with. It's a sweet deal. Abercrombie is a whale; Fitch is a barnacle. Michael Jordan: whale; Scottie Pippen: barnacle. Rosa Parks: whale; the guy in the back row who agreed with her, but was drinking a cup of coffee at the time and so couldn't speak up: barnacle. Steve Irwin: whale; his wife: barnacle and she's the only one left now, so there.*

*And guess who inherits all of the whale's money? Damn right: a barnacle. Paris Hilton is a "big fish"; Nichole Ritchie is a double barnacle. She started as a barnacle with daddy and then moved to Paris. In fact, she was too successful as a barnacle so that she actually became a "big fish." Dave Matthews is a "big fish"; the other four guys are barnacles. Millionaire barnacles. Getting my point? So maybe you should just be happy you're getting by at all and just relax as a barnacle... Either that or file for chapter 11.*

## The Marvels of GPS

WHERE ARE YOU? WHY WON'T YOU RETURN MY CALLS?!... I'm sorry honey, but I just don't know what to think when my spouse won't acknowledge me! I mean, you don't regret that night in Vegas, do you?! We're married now... We have a life together... Why did you move without telling me? How could you do that to us! I know

you didn't mean it when you got that restraining order. Please call me back... I need you...

- Mrs. Editor  
Ithaca, NY

*The state has deemed that you are not mentally stable. Please do not contact me again. Also, please stop attending my son's soccer games.*

## The Geese Fly South

I'm told the weather is nice in Myanmar now.

- John Smith  
Langley, VA

*Yes, but perhaps a glass of the merlot would be best if served by a penguin.*

Children love penguins, but helium is lighter than peach cobbler.

- John Smith  
Langley, VA

*Swallows may grow but an ostrich is a pro.*

Mandarin oranges might be sweeter, but I prefer koala bears.

- John Smith  
Langley, VA

*Received. Target will be terminated.*

**Would you like to write for the Lunatic? Yes, yes you would. Don't give me any of that "but I'm not funny!" (have you read the damn thing?) or "but I don't have time!" (WoW will still be there while you take ten minutes to write an article). In conclusion, join our magazine. E-mail [mjp58@cornell.edu](mailto:mjp58@cornell.edu) for more information.**



Fun new twists on the classic children's toy, Fuzzy Fred!  
Drag the iron filing "hairs" around using the magnet pen!

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Coal Industry*

**Function:** Providing the source for most of America's electricity, dirty and dangerous though it is

**Main Players:** Peabody, Arch Coal, Rio Tinto

**Epicenter(s):** St. Louis

**Unionized?** Yes

**Major Issues:** Global warming, other environmental concerns as oil stocks dwindle and coal becomes more important for fuel, deadly mining disasters

**Future Prospects:** Looking good; since the world absolutely cannot do without coal, anything goes as far as environmental damage or dead miners. It's a great time to be a coal executive.

Board of Directors of the Hôtel des Mille Collines  
Boîte Postale 1322  
Kigali, Rwanda  
+ 250 576 530  
June 23, 1994  
Re: Hotel Rwanda?

Attn: Manager of the Hôtel des Mille Collines Paul Rusesabagina

Dear Mr. Rusesabagina:

HOTEL RWANDA

It has recently been brought to the attention of the hotel's board of directors that you have been allowing over 1,000 Tutsis to use the hotel's accommodations. While this course of action might garner some solid publicity when this whole "genocide" thing blows over, at the moment it's just bad business. Realistically, how good can this PR be? It's not like Hollywood is going to make some inspirational movie about you starring the ruggedly charming Don Cheadle.

Have you seen this quarter's projections? Profits are way down. We're sorry to say it, but you can't just go around giving away rooms. It makes no business sense. Furthermore, these Tutsis have to stop using the hotel amenities immediately; those alone are costing us dozens upon dozens of dollars. Perhaps we'd feel a bit better about the situation had you not given all of the refugees suites, full time masseuses and unlimited room service, but as of now this is our stance on the matter.

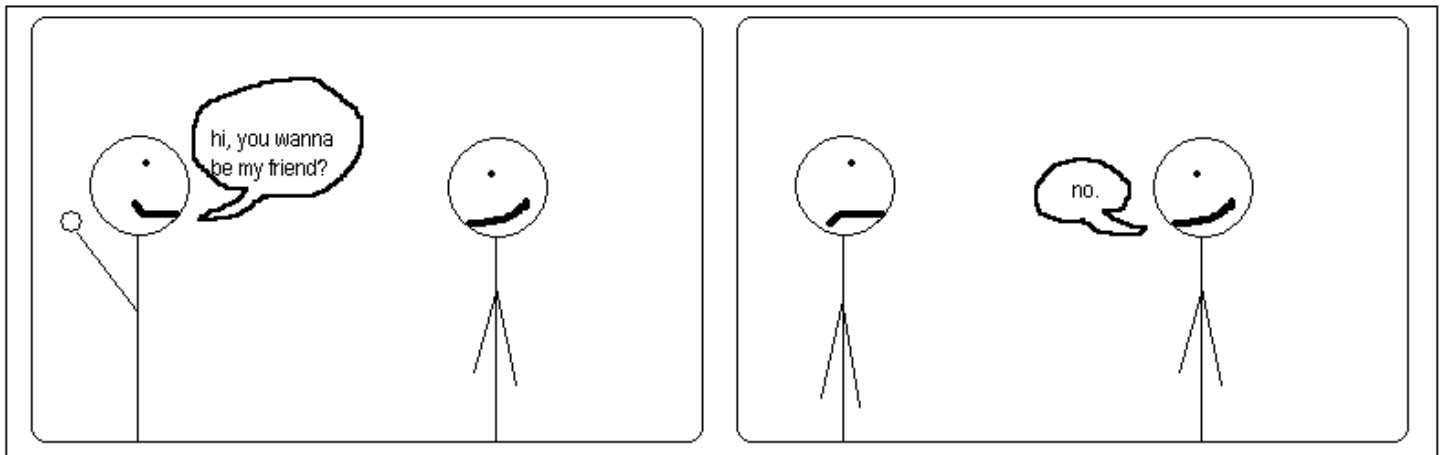
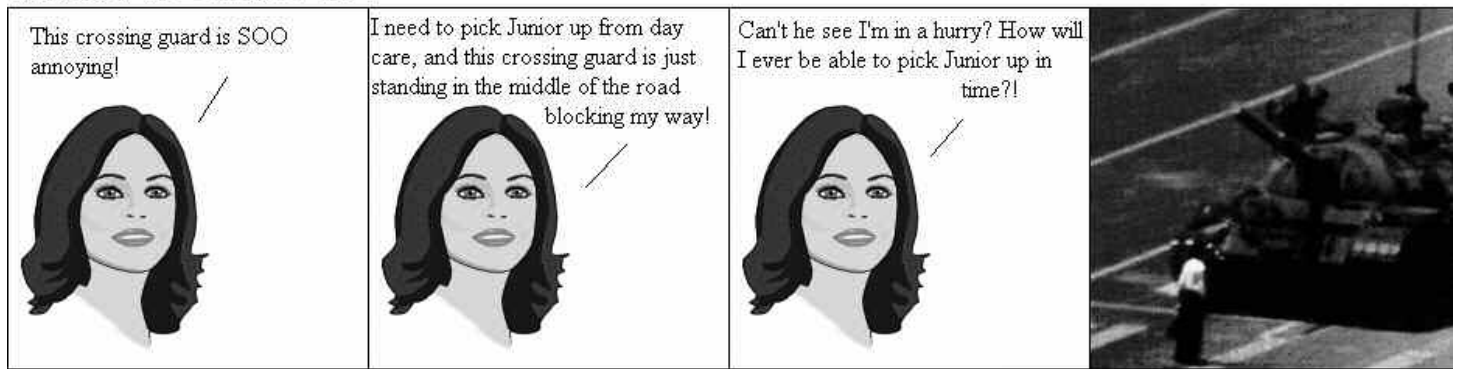
Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Lanus Caldwell", with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

Lanus R. Caldwell, President Hôtel des Mille Collines Board of Directors

cc: Don Cheadle

## WORLD'S GREATEST MOM!!!



## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Retail Industry*

**Function:** Providing Americans with all the useless crap they've come to depend on thanks to decades of intensive advertising

**Main Players:** Wal-Mart (rumor has it there were once others)

**Epicenter(s):** Bentonville, Arkansas

**Unionized?** Who taught you that word?

**Major Issues:** Resisting the efforts of some America-hating pinko commie terrorists to raise the minimum wage and stop vital business practices like locking employees in the store overnight

**Future Prospects:** Unlimited



at the water cooler...



# Dealing with Sexual Harassment in the Office

You're a six year old girl, sitting in your Hello Kitty Playhouse chair next to Johnny, that boy from down the street who is always at the church wrestling Father Hank and giving him piggyback rides. All of a sudden a car pulls up to your little cardboard box lemonade stand and asks for a cup. "You got this one, sweet lemon drops?" Johnny asks you. Your face goes flush with humiliation; what do you do? Well, like a professional, you should always tend to the customer before handling any interoffice matters. Remember, the cus-

tommer is always #1, even if you can't count very much past one.

But what if the problem persists? Let's say you sit down and Johnny turns to you and says, "I wouldn't mind squeezing your lemons." Use your best judgment and personal opinions to dictate what you do next. You may want to say "Yes Johnny you may squeeze my fresh lemons," although some offices prohibit interoffice romances (consult your supervisor if you're unsure). More importantly, remember don't be afraid to say

"my lemons are fine as they are, thank you very much." If you feel uncomfortable saying that, maybe you're not cut out for the chauvinist lemon vending world, in which case there are plenty of other, feminist friendly enterprises like selling Girl Scout cookies.

Remember, sexual harassment is not a one way street. Boys out there, you are within every right to say to a coworker, "Thank you Sally for the invitation, but I do not want to play in your sand box after work today." Don't let another coworker make you feel uncomfortable by offering to spend time after work. That goes out for the little girls too. Feel free to say to Johnny, "I respect and admire you as a coworker, but I would not like to join on the see-saw this afternoon." But all coworkers should acknowledge and agree that the most important thing is to maintain a respectful, cootie-free work place for all.

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:

### *The Oil Industry*

**Function:** Providing the one thing the modern world can't live without at increasingly steep prices

**Main Players:** ExxonMobil, ChevronTexaco, ConocoPhillips

**Epicenter(s):** Houston

**Unionized?** Hell no.

**Major Issues:** Declining oil reserves, political instability as supplies run low, global warming

**Future Prospects:** Taking into account all the potential problems lying ahead, it looks pretty gloomy. Luckily, the companies have decided by fiat that those problems don't exist. Score! I'm sure they'll get going on lowering gas prices any day now.

# *The Economics of Humor*

By Friedrich Hayek and John Maynard Keynes

If a virgin stands between Goldwin Smith and Uris Hall on a Midsummer's Eve, a humorist and an economist will walk into the middle of the street and wonder if it is appropriate to shake hands or hug each other. I mean, we've known each other since forever but, you know, there's this virgin standing right here watching us and, uh, *why is she just staring at us like that?*

Humor travels from person to person at a rate of about 34.35 $\ddot{H}$ , which, in lay terms is roughly the speed with which a grown man's flatulence propagates through a kiddie-pool filled with Jell-O. NOTE: A failure to pluralize "data" in any context results in immediate castration for everyone. Literally, *everyone*.

Most humorists believe that dog children are our future. Economists call these "puppies." Puppies are a non-fungible asset, but, by and large, have received ratings from Standard & Poor ranging between "Triple A" and "Delicious."

It's "these data," never "this data." Jesus Christ, did you even fucking *finish* your PhD in Social Psych?

Most Red Chinese do *not* laugh at hilarity (Ў $\square$ 55.66r). To permeate the glycoprotein membrane, hilarity must secrete h-heptone-hilarious—which, in Red China, is largely used to grease tank treads and drown dog children. Never promenade down block of Red Chinese government housing without a parasol and whaleblown corset. It is offensive to the constitution and the hallmark of a common whore.

Take one large brown egg and a snifter of fine cognac. Place the egg in the cognac and heat to a frothing boil over a high flame. Serves 2.

To understand the economics of humor, one must first gain an appreciation for the values humorists deal with in, and around, the lab. First, the concept of the  $\ddot{H}$  for the spread of hilarity. You could say "*these  $\ddot{H}$  data are,*" but if I hear another one of you cracka ass crackas say " *$\ddot{H}$  data is,*" I'm going to have parking security bayonet your tires. And then bayonet your children and their tires. *That's* economics. That's how we roll.

Your remember that virgin from a couple Midsummer's Eves back? Yeah, well, I heard she transferred to Stanford. What a bitch.

**IN STORES NOW!**

*George Allen's  
2007 Word-Of-  
The-Day  
Calendar*

**365 days of slur-tastic fun!**

## **PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:**

### *The Corn Industry*

**Function:** Producing way more corn than is necessary, then figuring out ways to put it in everything (soft drinks, gasoline, even styrofoam)

**Main Players:** Archer Daniels Midland, Cargill, Penford

**Epicenter(s):** Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska

**Unionized?** No

**Major Issues:** Increased focus on ethanol as energy conservation becomes a bigger issue (even though it's worthless for saving energy), possibility of diminished government clout as political power shifts to the Sunbelt

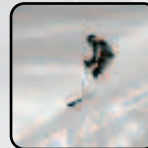
**Future Prospects:** Dependent on the fortunes of the University of Nebraska football team

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# EUNUCHS?



## Increased Productivity



EUNUCHS systems are used by over one hundred Fortune 500 companies to boost productivity. By chopping your balls off you can expect to see as much as a 30% boost in the production levels of every non-sperm related division.

EUNUCHS system administration is enterprise ready, having been perfected thousands of years ago in Ancient China. However, each installation comes with its own suite of independant benchmarks and testes, to help you optimize your business for the 21st century.

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EUNUCHS installations come with **Castrato**, our high range communications suite. With near 100% uptime, our **Castrato** servers provide call center functionality for the small businesses, as well a safe and reliable internal communication through encrypted she-mail.

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With the patented EUNUCHS proxy system your corporate network is kept free of viruses and porn. A hands on NUT (Network Utilization Traffic) examination shows that by routing all traffic through EUNUCHS servers, all wasted traffic can be surgically and painlessly removed.

## Installation Is Easy



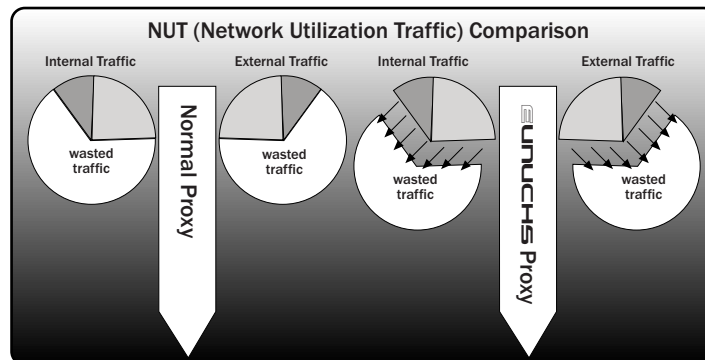
EUNUCHS systems work just like your existing Linux or Windows networks except without all that excess baggage. Once you switch, you'll never go back!

The conversion process is simple: The legacy units are isolated and their interfaces disassembled. Our highly trained system specialists then simply install the new interfaces, reboot and chop your balls off.

## Ultimate In Adaptability



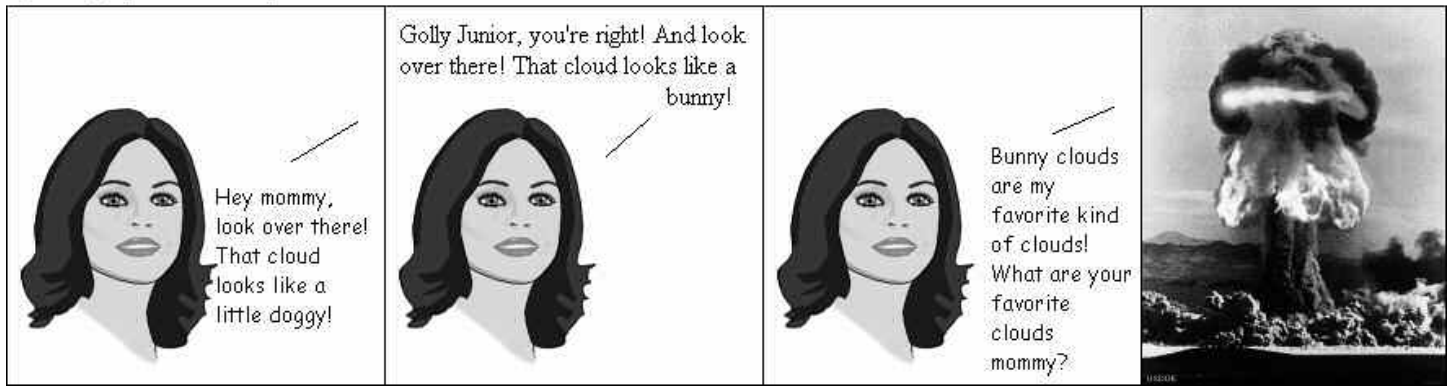
EUNUCHS is adaptable to all of your corporate needs, from small business to enterprise level. The reason is that the entire system, all the way down to the nuts and bolts, is "Open Sores", allowing your own developers to dig right in, get their hands dirty and modify the system to suit your needs.



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**Network Neutrality**  
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**Chopping Your Balls Off**

[EUNUCHS.com/castrateme](http://EUNUCHS.com/castrateme)

## WORLD'S GREATEST MOM!!!



# Pickup Lines

**Because poor people can't afford to pay for sex!**

“Did your dad hit a bump while he was driving the sex wagon? ‘Cause your eyes are giving me an erection!”

“What’s your sign? Or, rather, what’s your sign say? It’s kind of hard to read because it looks like you wrote it with your own feces on cardboard torn out of a refrigerator box, baby.”

“Did your father’s internist ever think he had a cyst and then operate on him only to find two perfect eyes growing on his pancreas? And did the hospital intern sell those eyes to your face to defer the cost of medical school? And was that intern *me*?”

“Chris Hanson,’ you say.... Was your dad a big game hunter? ‘Cause you’ve ‘caught the predator’ in my heart!”

“Did your dad ever rob the cholera store? ‘Cause your eyes are giving me the shits!”

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Music Industry*

**Function:** Adding several superfluous layers of management to justify charging \$18 for a CD

**Main Players:** EMI, Sony BMG, Universal Music Group, Warner Music Group

**Epicenter(s):** New York City

**Unionized?** No

**Major Issues:** Piracy (Arrrr!), resistance among consumers to buying overpriced albums when there’s free music all over the internet, insane vindictiveness in defense of copyrights

**Future Prospects:** Poor. What with all the free illegal music out there and the lack of any practical way to stop it, these dinosaurs are destined for extinction.

**Brett Greenberg Presents™**

# The Top 9 Worst Handshakes of All-Time!

**S**o it's time for your big interview at Lazard or some other company that isn't investment banking, even though I'll still consider it investment banking. Ahhh. Butterflies are in your stomach. You are probably worrying about your qualifications, your resume, and your overall likeability. One thing you shouldn't have to worry about is your handshake. It should come naturally...like walking or yawning. But alas some of us have the handshake gitters and tense up. It's like a disease. Good thing the doctor has checked in with the antidote. To make sure you don't fall into this fatal, life-altering, contagious trap come job searching time, here is a diagnosis of all the worst hand shake afflictions known to man following a slue of medical clichés.

**1 The Prime Meridian Wood Chop** – Ever been caught in one of these death grips? The perp locks on tight like an anaconda. He never lets go, and your hand gets red. Don't be surprised if he stares deep into your eyes with a cold, unforgiving look of death. That's typical. He first goes way north with your lifeless palm, then quickly snaps back down, bringing you down with him so your right shoulder nearly touches the ground. This is a bad hand shake; no bones about it. Not only will this knucklehead cripple your fingers, but he'll also give off the vibe that says, "I'm not a team player." Bottom line: the prime meridian wood chopper won't

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get hired.

*Those afflicted with this handshake: Daryl Strawberry, Joan Cusack, Mia Hamm, Corey Haim, The Iron Chef, Scott Baio*

**2 Rob Zombie's One Armed Zombie!** – Despite the horror connotations of the name, this handshake belongs solely to the rich, unattractive debutante who probably raises money for some charity to serve some holier than thou self serving purpose. You'll know the handshake when you see it...First you'll get a half smile that is more than half lifeless. Then, bam...before you know it, you get an arm in your face extended parallel to the ground, palm faced in. All you see is the back of the hand with dangling digits, hence one armed zombie. You're supposed to grab it and do a little shakelett, but just that expectation alone makes you want to poke the person in the eye and say, "Whoops...missed." Will the one armed zombie get the coveted job position? I'm thinking no...and Arby's™.

*The Rob Zombie's One Armed Zombies out there: Mrs. Havisham, Barbara Streisand, The Rock, Danny Elmonte, that cheating kid from the Little League World Series.*

**3 "Night of the Twisters"** – Remember this 1996 Family Channel Original Movie presentation about a small Nebraska town devastated by an orchestra of

natural disasters starring Devon Sawa? I sure do. Anyway, this shaker will grab your naïve hand, go up, down, and then up. Now a pause, but the hands are still clasped.

What is going on? Hmmm. OH NO: ROUND TWO OF TORNADO DESTRUCTION. Another round of up down up. "What is going on," you ask yourself. "Why would Riley make me suffer so, then tease me into thinking the worst was over? If Riley wanted to torture me why couldn't he have done it all at once?"

The second storm was worse than the first." After this thought process, Riley the Awful will have either left the room or said "pleasure to meet you." Arguably the latter is worse.

*"Night of the Twisters" shakers include: Bruce Willis, Christie Yamaguchi, Gloria Estefan, Lois Lowry*

**4 The Bone Cruncher** – The name pretty much speaks for itself. Your hand gets red as the blood refuses to circulate to your wrists; your fingers start throbbing in pain. Basically, this guy wants to show you who's boss, so if you're on an interview, don't do this...because, hey...he's the boss...literally. *Renowned Bone Crunching hand shakers: Tony Robbins, Ben Wallace, Rosie O'Donnell, Henry Clay, Mary Kay Letourneau*

**5 The Dead Fish** – Limp hand...limp impression. Seriously, when I get a hand full of lifeless hand, I just shake my head

in pity. It's like watching an un-athletic 7-year old play pee-wee football...he's a little too young to be out on the field, the pads weigh more than he does...so all he does is pick the dandelions. It's a shame. It's just a shame. So just remember, all those dead fish shakers out there, you make me think about Jake Berman from "The Little Giants." Maybe you guys aren't so bad after all...

*Dead Fishes in the Sea: Gandhi, Karim Abdul Jabar, Yellow Teletubby*

**6 The Roman Shakedown** – Instead of grabbing the person's hand, Brutus over here goes for your forearm. Nice move, Brutus! It's a universal symbol of mutual respect and boar hunting. No one really does this anymore, but who cares...you read it anyway. HA.

*Roman movers n' shakers: Cletus, Brutus, Therminicles, Odysseus, Achilles, Ivan the Terrible, Rosenkrantz & Guildenstern*

**7 How Much is the Lobster? Oooh Pricey...I'll Still Take It** – So you spot your 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin at the barbeque, and you go for the obligatory "we aren't close

enough for a hug, but society won't allow a high-5 here" handshake. Whoops, his hand doesn't make it all the way into yours. Now he's stuck shaking your fingers like a lobster claw. Despite the lobster claw shape, he still appears weak. Sometimes this will happen out of nervousness, other times it's because the person's just plain uncoordinated. Now your impression of your 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin is changed forever. Don't be this way at the job interview...Make sure you get all the way in there.

*Lobsters with lobster claws: Dakota Fanning, President Jimmy Carter, Vin Baker, Sen. Carol Moseley Braun*

**8 Jesse James' Reach For the Sky, Cowpie!** – This is technically the opposite condition of the How Much is the Lobster? Oooh Pricey...I'll Still Take It. In fact, many lobsters fall into this well while trying to overcome for their lobster claws. Here's the lowdown. First the clown will go for the shake, extend his hand, but his pointer finger will rise high above the others as if going rogue on a by-the-books sting op in a bad B cop movie in the mid 90s. His thumb will natural go up too, transforming the shaking hand into a gun-like structure. What

was once a hand is now a 9 mm. Once this happens, it's all over, partner. The pointer finger goes WAY too far into the other person's welcoming hand, and it actually touches some wrist. Overstepping some boundaries for an introduction? Yes. Is the person getting this job? No. Will he be upset? Yes. Should you care? No.

*Outlaws throughout History: Ben Stiller, Reiko Aylesworth, Mark Philippoussis, Guy Pearce, Cole Sprause, Donny Osmond*

**9 A Weekend at Kev's** – Kevin is always the worst, isn't he. He spots you from across the room, and immediately you look down. What could be worse than this? Your mind blanks for a moment. Oh no. Could this be true...could nothing really be worse than seeing Kevin? Another moment passes, and you come to the haunting realization that there is nothing worse than running into good ole' Kev'. Great he's here. Now for the handshake. He grabs your hand, and it seems like a normal shake. "Ok...we're all set, let's just walk away and head over to the bowl of Cheeze-Its." Nope, not over yet. Kev's transformed the shake into one of those "hey, guy...sup?" shakes that shirtless men do over Spring Break while wearing necklaces and Foaklies. Now both hands are interlocked in an arm wrestling formation, a tight grip of mutual solidarity. Friendship forever ... unity ... oneness ... this isn't so bad ... Oh yeah, wait a second ... now you remember ... YOU HATE KEVIN!

*Famous A Weekend at Kev's shakers: Danny Tamberelli, Kirk Fogg, Danny Tamberelli, Kel Mitchell, Kenan Thompson, Josh Server, Danny Tamberelli, Danny Tamberelli*

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:

### *The Horsemeat Industry*

**Function:** Satisfying the ravenous appetites of decadent Belgians

**Main Players:** Dallas Crown Inc., Beltex, Cavel

**Epicenter(s):** Dallas

**Unionized?** Yes

**Major Issues:** Animal rights do-gooders trying to keep honest, hard-working Belgian-owned corporations from slaughtering American horses for export to Belgium. It just makes you sick.

**Future Prospects:** Demand is high thanks to concern in Europe about mad cow disease, so the future looks bright as long as the facilities don't get shut down.

# Bush Administration to Collaborate with Wal-Mart on "Union-Buster" Nuke

WASHINGTON – The Bush administration announced yesterday plans to develop a Robust Nuclear Commie Penetrator (RNCP) or "union-buster" nuclear weapon to be used in cooperation with Wal-Mart to bomb any stores suspected

of deep-seated union sympathies or attempts to organize. "This is really just an extension of Wal-Mart's longstanding policy of closing stores when workers threaten to unionize, now backed up by the awesome power of the US military.

We're proud of our strong relationship with Wal-Mart, and we hope this new program will advance their goals as well as ours," said White House spokesman Tony Snow in describing the new endeavor.

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Defense Industry*

**Function:** Providing a home for all the taxpayer dollars that would otherwise be wasted on useless things like Medicaid and student loans

**Main Players:** Raytheon, Lockheed Martin

**Epicenter(s):** Northern Virginia

**Unionized?** No

**Major Issues:** Maintaining access to lawmakers in a time of increasing scrutiny of the broken and corrupt appropriations process, fomenting pointless wars to keep profit margins high

**Future Prospects:** Good as long as the Republicans remain in power

HOUSEPLANT!



## WORLD'S GREATEST MOM!!!







# Overheard on Wall Street

**Businessman 1:** Dude, I want to donate money to an orphanage.

**Businessman 2:** How about NYU?

**Businessman 2:** What? No one else would take them.

**Ken Lay:** Hey there bystander! Me and all of Enron are going on a whacky airplane trip, but I can't go. Do you want my ticket?

**Guy 1:** Sure!

**Ken Lay:** Here you go! American Airlines Flight 11. Leaves Tuesday.

**Businessman 1:** Hey Ken, why are you spray painted black?

**Ken Lay:** I'm playing cops and robbers.

**Businessman 1:** So?

**Ken Lay:** I'm a robber.

**CEO 1:** So...do you know your employees by name?

**CEO 2:** No. Just by number.

**CEO 1:** You know, my hedge fund just staffed a whole R&D department.

**CEO 2:** That right? What are they working on?

**CEO 1:** Figuring out what a hedge fund does.

**Businessman 1:** Oooh. Look at that – a coin collector. I'll trade you this 1919 Soviet Ruble!

**Bum:** Please give me food...I'm dying.

**Bum's sign:** "Hungry...will starve"

**Businessman 1:** That's like the 5<sup>th</sup> guy on hunger strike we've seen today. Wonder what they're campaigning for.

**Businessman 2:** The emancipation of colored people?

**Businessman 1:** Dude, my shrink tells me my affection for children is really pedophilia.

**Businessman 2:** That's awful!

**Businessman 1:** It's all right. My wife's gynecologist told her it'd be healthy to have a few kids.

**Businessman 1:** Dude, all these cigarettes have given me cancer of the mouth.

**Businessman 2:** That's awful! You should sue.

**Lawyer 1:** ...the toothbrush industry!

# Do you know what your parents do for a living?

It was a dark, gloomy, November day. The sun didn't come up that day and, for the first time in worldly history, the moon refused to go down on the sun. It was the kind of day that inspired horror stories and interfered with search and rescue operations. And that was only what was on the outside. Inside, the air was cold, with a searing breeze passing through it. Inside was Detective Johnson. Detective Johnson stood smoking a cigarette, pondering his next move, or, possibly, he already knew what it was to be. Yes, in fact, he did know what it was to be; what it had to be. He churned his cigarette over in his mouth and steadied himself. A quote came to his mind – “choices – we all choose to make them” — the late Sir Winston Churchill. Bystanders and on-lookers alike braced themselves. The detective let out a long, wispy whimper: “and that, kids, is what I do for a living.”

“Brilliant work, detective!” exclaimed the teacher! Whose mommy or daddy will go nex—”

“Hello kids! I know that you are surprised to see me here — after all, why is an eight year old with a remarkable vocabulary presenting herself on-bring-your-parents-to-work-day? Well, as you may know, my name is Suzy Redhead. One day I hope to fall suddenly and romantically in love with one of you. It is my wish that we make passionate love on prom night. We will not use protection. Soon after graduating, I will marry you and give birth. From that point on, I will be employed as a full time mom on the Parent Teacher Association, making decisions for our children. We will be helplessly happy and live a life of bliss.” Then Suzy Redhead turned around and threw a single rose into the air. It landed on Jaap's desk. Years later, Jaap turned out gay.

Jaap's parents decided to present themselves next. They introduced themselves to the class as a

parent-parent duo. They both worked in the entertainment industry. They worked the same district, the same business, and they even did it side by side. This especially made Suzy sigh. Also, the teacher. “Our work is very unique”, explained the wife. “We are the first ever husband and wife hooker duo. My husband, Jan, will fuck you up the ass. Later, I will wash your ass with a bidet.” Jaap also turned out to be Dutch.

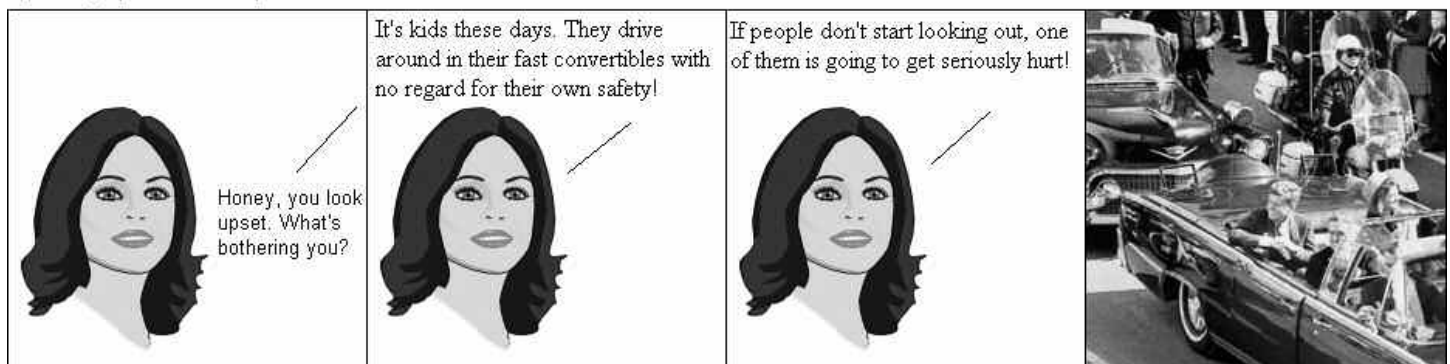
In the back of the room, Johnny's hand shot up. “Miss,” he asked, “what does ‘bidet’ mean?”

Lastly went Bernie. “Hello. My name is Bernie. I work maintenance at the school. My son was Mark, but today he was caught in a tragic boiler room accident. That is why there is a breeze.”

Later in life, Suzy became a teacher in a low income school district. There she implemented bring-your-children-to-work day.

**“Our work is very unique,” explained the wife**

## WORLD'S GREATEST MOM!!!



# KEN LAY'S DIARY

**April 14, 1942**

I am making my way down from heaven into my mother's womb. Go sight-seeing through the Fatherland on the way down.

**April 15, 1942**

Lose shame. Am expelled. Create wikipedia article about myself. Hope for best.

**April 16, 1942**

Dip accounting papers in the river Styx.

**1943-August 6, 1945**

Suckle. Get bored.

**August 6, 1945**

Prank call the airforce.

**August 7, 1945**

Prank call the airforce again.

**August 8, 1945 —**

Suckle. Get bored easily.

**1948**

Am bullied by Mrs. Robinson

**1955**

Make baby Jesus cry for the first time.

**August 16-18, 1969**

Woodstock. I was there.

**March 22, 1989**

Take out a big loan.

**March 23, 1989**

Buy Chevron Oil Corporation, spraypaint.

**March 24, 1989**

Spray-paint "Exxon" on a tanker. Set course for remains of Titanic.

**March 25, 1989**

Get rich. Find shame.

**1995**

Take over Enron. Talk really loud at restaurants.

**2001**

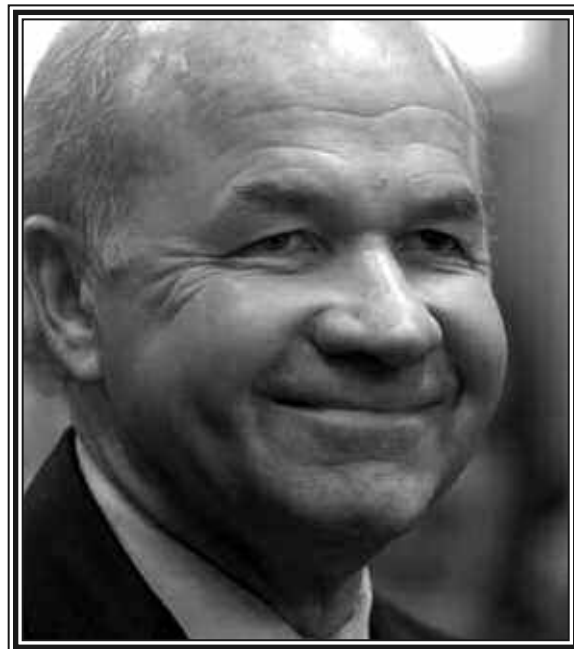
Run out of accounting papers.

**July 4, 2006**

Buy Jesus sandals. Ask to be buried with them. Plot second coming.

**July 5, 2006**

Go for a light jog.



## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Prison Industry*

**Function:** Keeping prisoners confined so that they only hurt each other (at least until they are released, when they become your problem)

**Main Players:** Corrections Corporation of America, GEO Group, Cornell Companies

**Epicenter(s):** Texas, Florida

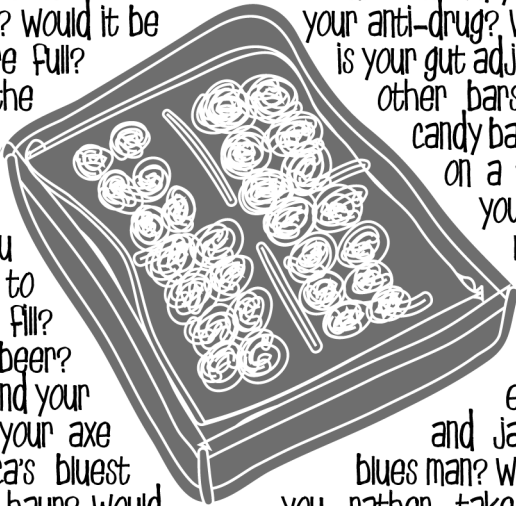
**Unionized?** Yes

**Major Issues:** Massive grassroots opposition to privatized prisons, occasional problems with horrific abuse of prisoners

**Future Prospects:** Depend on whether the states ever figure out how to raise enough money to run their own prisons. Given recent trends, it looks like clear sailing ahead.

# theNines

do you like the dish dish pie? do you like while you cry? do you like it fore a test? in a cosby sweater vest? would you eat it slightly drunk? would you eat it with a skunk? would you pass up sticky rice to eat it where the beer tastes nice? would you eat it with corn nuggs? would it be your anti-drug? would you eat it till you're full? is your gut adjustable? can't we pass the other bars and eat it with some candy bars? would you eat it on a trip? might it s a v e yoursinking ship? wont you roll across the hill down to the pines to eat your fill? would you sit and have a beer? would you stay and lend your ear? would you bring your axe and jam with pete panek itnca's bluest blues man? would you come for happie haur? would you rather take a shower? would you come and drink a beer instead of not it's oh so near...



## Things not to get caught at work doing

Photocopying photocopies of your ass. Which you had already photocopied. At home.

All the businesses have already been started ... starting a hover ... board ... business.

Working on models for your hover-board business.

Freebasing mimeograph ink.

Rhyming your boss's name with "fo-fanna-fanna-fo-faggot."

Faxing the photocopied photocopies of your ass from home to corporate.

Teaching the interns "The Chocolate Buzz-saw."

Writing fraudulent checks to buy stamps for the mallroom in bulk so that could later steal the stamps to put on the envelopes to send out the photocopies of your ass from home to corporate.

Smuggling out office furniture in your pants.

311 college ave .ithaca 607.2721838 theninesithacany.com

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Pharmaceutical Industry*

**Function:** Saving lives and healing the sick, as long as it doesn't cut into profits at all

**Main Players:** Pfizer, GlaxoSmithKline, Merck, Bristol-Myers Squibb

**Epicenter(s):** New York City

**Unionized?** No

**Major Issues:** Patent protection using close ties to government, shady testing procedures, shady marketing to doctors to encourage the use of profitable drugs rather than effective ones

**Future Prospects:** Good as long as the government doesn't decide to do something crazy like pass laws that don't involve massive guaranteed profits for drug companies

# Literary Conventions

## Guaranteed to Spice Up Your Memos!

### Metaphor

Metaphors are when you use symbolic language to lie about your third-quarter profits. Specifically, they consist of a tenor, or subject, and a vehicle, or what is being used to describe the tenor.

**Example:** Pavoratti's ass is a VW Microbus. Also, third quarter profits are through the fucking roof.

**Difficulty Level:** Two Out of Five English Major Mole-skin Notebook

### Irony

Irony is when the opposite of what is expected happens to the outspoken host of a disturbingly perilous Animal Planet show where animals aren't so much "studied" as "harassed."

**Example:** It would be ironic if a crocodile named Irwin Steve showed up at the door of Steve Irwin's family's home with a crocodile camera crew to shoot a series called The Crocodile Crocodile Hunter Hunter. And then if Steve Irwin divorced his wife to elope with Irwin Steve the crocodile, to Bali, where both would be killed while exchanging vows on an ill-fated romantic para-sailing trip.

**Difficulty Level:** Three Out of Five English Major Black Plastic Box-Frame Glasses.

### Metafiction

Metafiction obtains when one acknowledges that they have not spent any time on the short story they were assigned to write for their "Introduction to Narrative Writing" seminar and attempts to replace conventional elements like "plot" and "structure"

for some cloyingly self-conscious pap. If you write enough of these stories and tie them together with absurdly post-modern pop cultural references you will be nominated for a Pulitzer in general non-fiction. You will lose because metafiction jumped the shark fifty years ago, and even before that it was self-indulgent bullshit.

**Example:** Metafiction is what would obtain if one swapped out the snakes from Snakes on a Plane for a frightening array of tiny, but poisonous, CGI animated toy planes.

**Difficulty Level:** One Out of Five English Major Corduroy Blazers

### Allegory

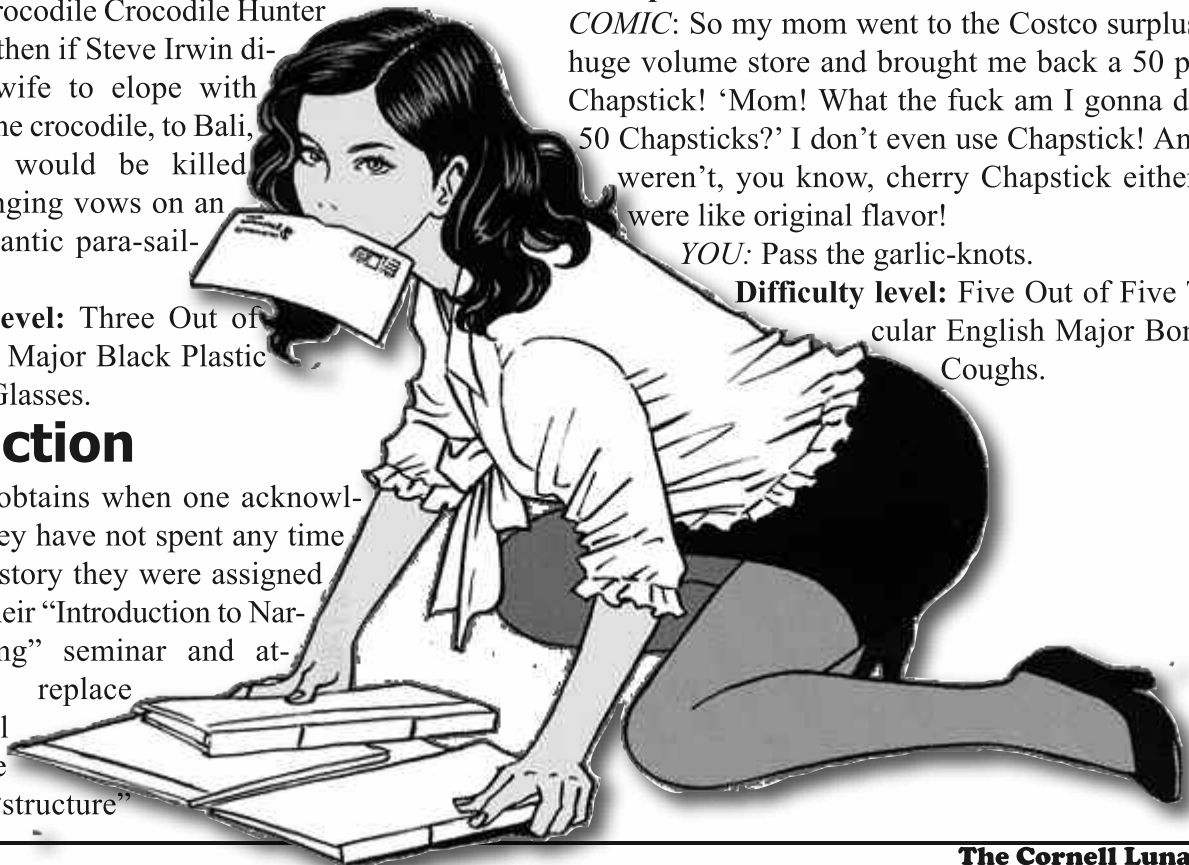
Allegory is when you're fucked up early enough on a Friday night to think that a B grade comic on Comedy Central's Premium Blend represents a fundamental human experience that you have had.

**Example:**

*COMIC:* So my mom went to the Costco surplus giant huge volume store and brought me back a 50 pack of Chapstick! 'Mom! What the fuck am I gonna do with 50 Chapsticks?' I don't even use Chapstick! And they weren't, you know, cherry Chapstick either, they were like original flavor!

*YOU:* Pass the garlic-knots.

**Difficulty level:** Five Out of Five Tubercular English Major Bong-Rip Coughs.



# The Scharf Report

With kids growing up faster and faster, McDonald's should bring the Happy Meal up to speed. It is no secret that sex sells (separate studies have proven this point and have proven that it isn't a secret), so, utilizing this knowledge, McDonald's should market its products accordingly. I suggest offering Paris Hilton action figures (or dolls); of course, they'd need to be anatomically correct and should come with accessories, such as a video camera and tripod. Perhaps McDonald's could take an even more direct approach and package contraceptives, such as birth control and morning after pills, condoms and/or diaphragms. Fiscally speaking, these are wise actions and would help McDonald's reach the key STD-laden teen demographic. For the less advanced of this group, who still need help getting to the above stage, McDonald's could offer shot glasses or "roofies."

I know that adopting a baby is an important and costly step for anybody. For this reason, I believe couples (be they heterosexual or sinners) should adopt as the challenge can be too much for just one person. So, when you feel you're ready to adopt, find a partner, pick out the right baby for you and plainly ask, "You wanna go halvies?"

TCAT may dominate the trans-  
**The Cornell Lunatic 22**

portation industry around Cornell in the warm er months, but a brilliant new business proposal (whose creator preferred to remain nameless as he did not want reporters coming to his multimillion dollar home and ogling his collection of luxury cars and such) by Alex Scharfman (shit, I forgot) has plans of competition come winter. Scharfman plans to launch TDOG, an Alaskan hound based system of transportation. The plan is simply: use sleds all around campus (possibly extending to Ithaca College if they can figure out the harnesses) and run regular schedules, providing affordable transportation. The system has already garnered the support of many "green" people who cite the TDOG's fuel efficiency, namely running on Puppy Chow which has minimal ozone harming emissions. However, animal cruelty protests have grown against Scharfman and his TDOG plans.



McDonald's \$1 Menu is a brilliant marketing strategy; unfortunately, it cannot be applied to other businesses. The American economy learned this valuable lesson when the Gap and Old Navy tried selling the elbow piece of sleeves and single fingers of gloves for \$1 a piece.

In a startling move, Ford Motor Company has announced plans to shut down all of its remaining plants. Ford has opted to move its vehicles towards a more grassroots "home cooking" feel and will begin producing cars on a solely Do-It-Yourself basis.

The company will begin selling "car package kits" which one insider swears "are just as good as the pre-made cars, but without engines or anything actually built." These new cars will be marketed towards weekend warrior types who like to get their hands dirty. For those less inclined to manual labor, don't worry:

Ford plans to offer instructional videos to accompany the kits. The videos will be hosted by famed handyman and beard enthusiast Bob Vila, but will, of course, sold separately.

The idea for the drastic change came to Ford's Board of Directors during a regularly schedule meeting. Said one board member, "We were discussing retirement packages and employee benefits when we realized, we don't need most of these people really." Added another executive, "But then we did have to deal with a lot of severance pay." However, the members all agree these severance packages are a necessary collateral cost in the effort of moving Ford forward in the industry.

This step seems to be the next economic evolution and experts predict many companies will switch to a more consumer-hands-on approach. Several television networks are toying with the idea of simply sending out program scripts to all of their viewers and allowing them to interpret the shows as they see fit. While such ideas seem radical, they would aid the literacy rate. On the other hand, most Americans would be unemployed and the economy may collapse, destroying itself, letting total panic and anarchy reign down as the four horsemen of the apocalypse come riding in to end all

of our misery. But, hey, that's just conjecture at this point.

Ray Ban began production of sunglass monocles last month, despite they're unconventional nature. When asked, a Ray Ban representative explained that the monocles are quite useful when only exposed to partial daylight, such as when a consumer is driving. He added: "Plus, monocles are classy."

**Leftist radicals will insist that child labor is "wrong" and "illegal"**

As the American economy slows and slows and other nations, such as China, India, Thailand and Indonesia catch up to the United State's level, experts have been wondering what is causing this change in the economic winds of fortune. Analyzing the situation, one quickly realizes how far behind these other countries the U.S. is in terms of child labor.

Other more advancing nations,

like Cambodia and Myanmar (which might actually be Burma by the time this sentence is read), have embraced the possibilities of child labor and are reaping the benefits. The United States, however, has possibly the highest child unemployment rate in the world, a staggering 99.9%.

Leftist radicals will insist that child labor is "wrong" and "illegal" and "morally reprehensible" and "worthy of capital punishment by firing squad and cyanide simultaneously." However, this proposal seems to be the only feasible means of putting America back on top of the fiscal dog pile. After all, some members of our Congress are convinced that pages, young people usually around 16 years of age, are mature enough for certain types of adult behavior, so lets push that line down a bit. After all, if a sixteen year old can engage in cyber fornication with a legislator, then an eight year old can at least build the computer.

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY: *The Automotive Industry*

**Function:** Providing the means for you to get from your cookie-cutter suburb to your soul-killing white-collar job and back.

**Main Players:** Ford, GM

**Epicenter(s):** Detroit

**Unionized?** Yes

**Major Issues:** Competition from foreign automakers whose cars don't suck, overreliance on controversial "Hippies are stupid" strategy involving overproduction of ridiculous SUVs with terrible gas mileage, Michael Moore

**Future Prospects:** Not good. With sales declining and massive retirements looming, the Big (Remaining) Two will have to focus all their energy on screwing over their workers or else face bankruptcy or, worse, the prospect of takeover by soulless but efficient Germans.

# The Reaganomicon

You ask why I have devoted these few remaining years of my life to philanthropy. Truth be told I have fought in wars and spent many a year in public service, the last of which in the very job that dastardly old man once held. Yet in my old age the memory of these events has long since begun the inevitable road to degradation, save that one dreadful night.

I had known the old man for quite some time before that night. We both belonged to the same fraternal society, known as the GOP, and I heard whispers of his crazed ideas in the otherwise quiet corridors of Washington; I had once in jest likened his ideas to voodoo.

Though our acquaintanceship predated that dreadful evening by some time, we hadn't become close friends until just a few years prior. The position of President had recently been vacated, and both the old man and I sought to be designated as replacement. Naturally, the old man, being many years my senior, was selected over me. Though no sooner had I begun to lament my ill-gotten fortune than the old man offered to let me be his second in command. From that point forward the old man and I were nigh inseparable.

Though our kinship strengthened, the old man remained rather distant in regards to his rather queer and perverse theories on taxation. He regarded them with much se-

crecy and told me little until I proved my loyalty. I was eager to gain his trust. One evening in 1986 the old man came to me with a rather strange request: broker an arms trade with what I had previously assumed was an enemy. Realizing this was my final test of loyalty, I promptly acquiesced. Upon completion, the old man smiled, and with his fingers firmly grasping my shoulder, said "It's time."



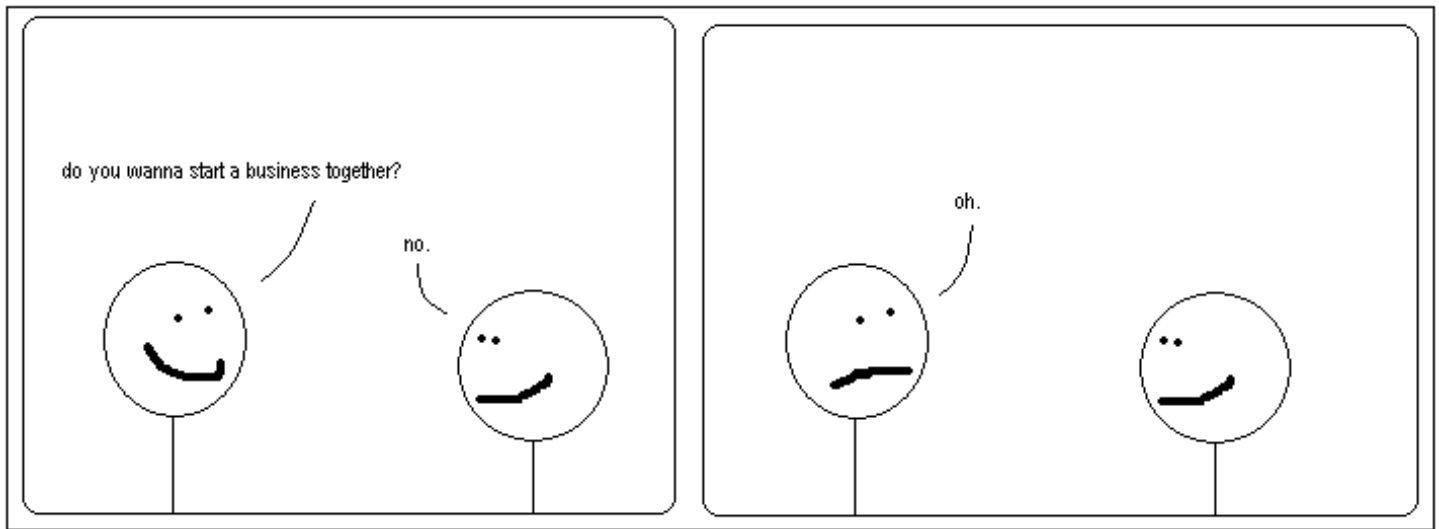
As evening approached I eagerly drove to the old man's house in my motorcar. My vision was poor due to the torrent of rain from the heavens, but I could clearly make out "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue," the old man's address, on a rusty fencepost. I exited the vehicle with a newspaper grasped above my head to shield me from the downpour and I hurriedly entered the lavish abode.

The old man was sitting peacefully in his office. Dimly-lit candles

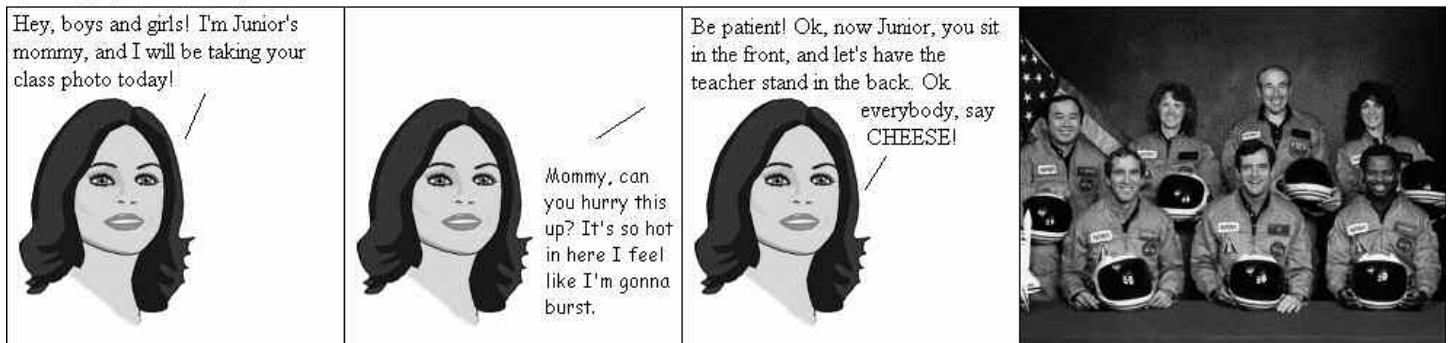
adorned every surface; a heavily-worn book rested against a vivid red phone on his desk. The old man arose and greeted me warmly and, my hand in his, lead me to the desk with that mysterious queer book. I peered at the cover and my face grew pale at what I saw. Could this be that famous book, the Reaganomicon, penned by the mad Arab Ahmed Laffer? I had heard tales of this book and the misfortune bestowed upon all who dare take possession of it. I open my mouth to protest but the old man quickly silenced me.

The old man thumbed to a page near the middle and began copying a drawing in the book on the floor with chalk. The old man's shoulder obscured my view of the book, so I had no preparation for the ghastly horror that began to emerge from the drawing. The drawing itself appeared to be a graph mapping the relationship between income tax percentage and total tax revenue, a subject I had previously thought rather tame. The old man began the drawing from the left, showing revenue increasing with tax percentage. Then suddenly with little warning -- No, it couldn't be! -- the wretched graph began to reverse! Tax revenue began decreasing with higher taxes! Tax cuts bringing in more tax revenue! What madness is this! Years back I recalled the time I likened the old man's economic theories to voodoo. Little did I know I had been right!





**WORLD'S GREATEST MOM!!!**



02.04.2002	02.04.2002	131,08 €	18,08 €	Software	Ni
01.04.2002	30.03.2002	18,51 €	-	Internet	F5
01.04.2002	17.03.2002	47,50 €	6,55 €	Bewirtung	SU

**PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:**  
*The Software Industry*

**Function:** Enabling both productivity and (mostly) procrastination  
**Main Players:** Microsoft, Adobe, EA  
**Epicenter(s):** Seattle, Silicon Valley  
**Unionized?** “No way, man, we just give our employees all kinds of perks. It makes them happier, and profitability doesn’t matter in the new e-business economy anyway.” –Jason Konfitzky, former CEO of freepinochle.com (“It’s a card game!”), now janitor at Microsoft headquarters  
**Major Issues:** Outsourcing tech support to India (they keep the length of calls down because customers can’t understand their accents and hang up in disgust), piracy (Arrrrr!)  
**Future Prospects:** Up, up, up, ever since the bursting of the tech bubble killed off all the weak companies run by incompetent dropouts (ya hear that, Jason? Huh, do ya?)

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## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:

### *The Entertainment Industry*

**Function:** Filling the emptiness of modern life with sweet, sweet pap

**Main Players:** Time Warner, Disney, Viacom

**Epicenter(s):** New York City, Los Angeles

**Unionized?** Partially

**Major Issues:** Piracy (Arrrr!), ninjacy, competition from the internet, the incredibly low quality of much of their programming, the ever-escalating cost of health-club memberships in Beverly Hills

**Future Prospects:** Mixed. While Americans still love their TV and movies, the internet allows them to access both much more easily, cutting into profit margins. More mergers may be inevitable; perhaps one day there will be only one entertainment conglomerate providing all the programming. That sounds bad, but the quality couldn't really get much lower than it already is.

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:

### *The Shipping Industry*

**Function:** Transporting goods all around the world, so Americans can take advantage of the low wages and oppressive working conditions of various third-world countries that keep prices low on all the useless crap we buy

**Main Players:** Maersk, COSCO, Hanjin

**Epicenter(s):** Long Beach, ~~New Orleans~~

**Unionized?** Yes

**Major Issues:** Piracy (Arrrr!), port security—you never know when some crazy terrorist is going to sneak a nuke into a container (somehow the U.S. government hasn't gotten around to doing anything about this), the looming problem of what happens when the oil runs out (ditto), gay marriage (luckily, they're all over this one)

**Future Prospects:** Assuming no terrorist incidents and a steady supply of fuel, everything looks good. (In the real world, we're fucked.)

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:

### *The Citrus Industry*

**Function:** Making everything just a little more tangy

**Main Players:** Tropicana, Del Monte, Sunkist

**Epicenter(s):** Florida, California

**Unionized?** ¿Quién te dijo esta palabra?

**Major Issues:** Heavy dependence on illegal immigrant labor, occasional news reports about inhumane working conditions, disease (of fruit trees, not workers—they're expendable)

**Future Prospects:** Good as long as the border fence doesn't work (don't worry, it won't)

**The Cornell Lunatic 26**

# Business Caroling



*with Grover  
Norquist*

God rest ye merry  
businessmen, let  
nothing you dismay;

Remember Bush our  
savior was born just  
yesterday

To save us all from  
liberals' power when  
they would tax our pay

With tidings of hookers  
and blow, hookers and  
blow,

Oh tidings of hookers  
and blow.



# The Blame Page

**Cover: DCT**

**Editorial: MJP**

**Letters to Editor: ALS**

**Hotel Rwanda: ALS**

**Sexual Harrassment: ALS**

**Economics of Humor: MJP**

**Pickup Lines: MJP**

**Handshakes: BBG**

**Union-Buster: JSD**

**Overheard: YF**

**Parents Do For A Living: YF**

**Ken Lay: YF**

**Caught at Work: Staff**

**Literary Conventions: MJP**

**Scharf Report: ALS**

**Reaganomicon: JAG**

**Business Caroling: JSD**

**Supply & Demand: YF**

**AEM Prelim: YF**

**Fun Pages: MJP**

**Power Lunch: JAF**

**Batmanager: DCT**

**Profiles in Industry: JSD**

**World's Greatest Mom: JAG**

**Water Cooler Cartoons: RAK, YF,  
MJP**

**Stick Figure Cartoons: RAK**

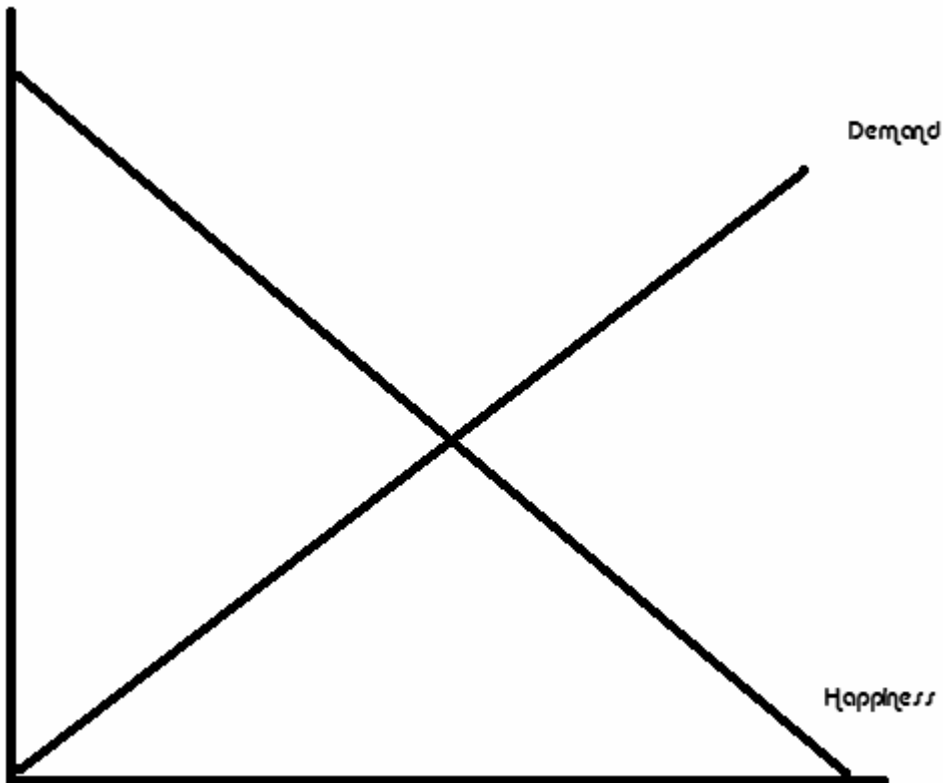
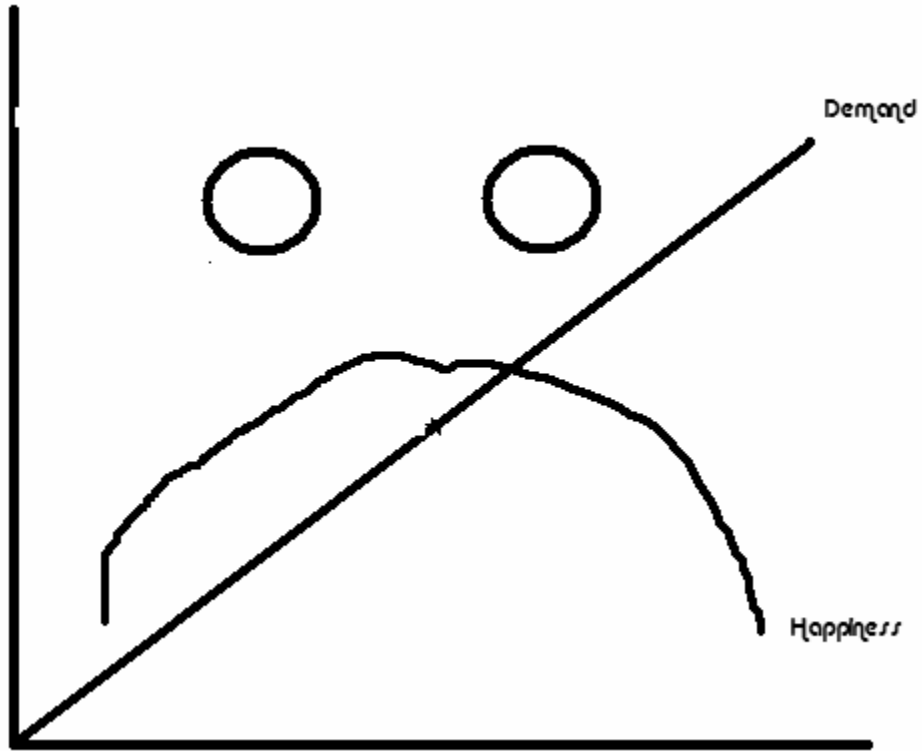
**Pen15: RAK**

**Fuzzy Fred: RAK**

**Eunuchs: DCT**

**Layout: JSD, DCT**

# Men's Supply and Demand Curves for Sex



# AEM Practice Prelim Questions

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1. A preppy white southerner, a stereotypical Massachusetts Jew, and a black guy are roommates. Who gets the single room? Who moves out?
2. An AEM student wins a prestigious writing award. Explain the situation, assuming the student did not transfer from Arts & Sciences.
3. You are stuck in a burning building with your wife and 3 kids, who are all unconscious. Assuming you can only save one person, who do you save?
4. As a middle aged man, you are now bald. How much gel do you use to look presentable?
5. Bill and Joe are your only workmates. Bill is an asshole. Joe is a bigger asshole. Which one do you make friends with?
6. How do you get rid of a dead body?
7. You and the boys from the investment firm are on your night out. Jill and Jasmine are hookers. Jill has herpes. Jasmine has warts. Who do you fuck?
8. You think your wife has been sleeping around lately. How do you find out the truth before asking her about it?
9. Your kid is slacking off in school. How do you discipline him?
10. What do you think you deserve on this test?

## PROFILES IN INDUSTRY:

### *The Publishing Industry*

**Function:** Providing employment for desperate liberal arts majors

**Main Players:** Random House, HarperCollins, Penguin

**Epicenter(s):** New York City

**Unionized?** Partially (not for any job you're likely to get)

**Major Issues:** Competition from the internet, glut of terrible books no one wants to read, piracy (Arrrrr!)

**Future Prospects:** Poor. Better get in while you still can or you'll be stuck being a paralegal forever.

#### Answers:

1. +1 for your name, +2 for your professor's name
2. Punchline is in the question!
3. Yourself.
4. Trick question — gel has been out of style since Gordon Gecko. Use mousse instead.
5. The one who's your boss.
6. Write it off.
7. You can't catch herpes twice! Or leprosy, for that matter.
8. Steal her wallet and see if she comes home with a new one.
9. Stop paying child support.
10. -5 for honesty.



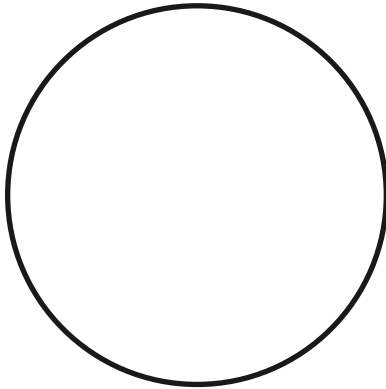
# FUN PAGES

## SEC Scramble!

The SEC is trying to serve senior management with a subpoena. Shred this issue!

## Quarterly Meeting!

Our representative to the shareholders' meeting is ODing on Percocet in the executive washroom. Finish his pie chart with only one straight line (of Percocet)!



- Sales
- Advertising
- Tithe to the Holy Roman Empire

## Quarterly Meeting (2)!

We've just told this man how, after 25 years of crawling his way up to middle management, his services will no longer be needed, and how a recent corporate scandal has reduced his 401k to virtually nothing. Draw him a cheap wall clock with his name engraved on it. Then ask him to return his parking pass and ID!



## Raving Savings!

We need to launder the money from our offshore holding companies. Unscramble the PIN number to our Swiss bank account!

284334098734983

# The Ultimate 24-Minute Power Lunch That Will **CHANGE YOUR LIFE! FOREVER!**

By: G. Reginald Bollinger, JD; MBA; WASP  
*CEO of Regin-Opolous and Company, Inc.*

**H**ey there, or should I say *Ni How?! I want a let you in on one of my little executive secrets to success. You may ask, "Why in the name of Jiminy Christmas would Papa Bollinger tell me that?" Well, when you're paying \$35 plus tax for a regurgitated and trite book that I didn't even write, how could I say no?*

**M**y friend, the magical key to success, my Excalibur of Greatness if you will, is the Ultimate 24-Minute Power Lunch. My no-nonsense method will increase your salary, jolt your energy level, boost your libido, raise your stock equity by 32%, and advance your hairline by 3 inches, all in 15 days or less. Guaran-Sheed! (Wutup Detroit?)

## **1 Service with a Slightly Crooked Smile**

**I**take pride in myself. That means basking in my glorious masculinity whenever I can. Nothing makes me feel refreshed right off the bat like a great wait staff. Hold on a minute Head Honcho, this can't just be any wait staff. I

prefer women in their late fifties who have had a stroke within the past 10 months. Their physical inferiority will give you a shot of ego right up the ass! And with mouths like that, a side dish of fellatio doesn't hurt either.

## **2 Pasta! Pasta Pasta!**

**A**s you know, I am a man full of ideas. As well as having a classically sculpted body, I love hulking out on brainpower as well. So, I find myself chewing on little brain teasers all the time! Just the other day I was thinking, "What would Mussolini think of the Olive Garden?" It's Italian food, fascistically organized. I think he'd be for it. Pour on the pasta Martha! (Make it snappy you two-bit whore).

## **3 Drop the Cosby Kids Off at the Pool**

**T**hat Olive Garden cuisine is enough to leave beginners exhausted and feeling as heavy as a brick. It's time to move those bowels partner! Personally, I love it when a member of my wait staff brings my platinum-gilded

chamber pot into my office. Let it flow freely through that creaky yet reliable intestinal tract of yours. Now, have your waitress smear a little of your defecation under her eyes like Derek Jeter's eye black. A sexy, yet odiferous touch it is.

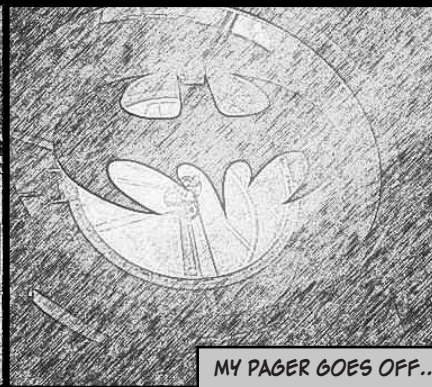
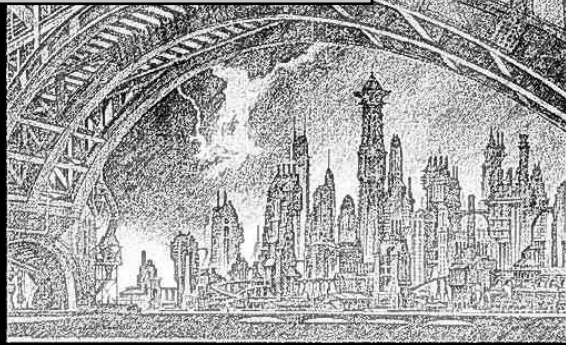
## **4 You've Reached the Summit. Now It's Cherries Jubilee Time**

**A** double entendre you say? You bet your behind it is! I love to indulge on this classic French dessert served up with a generous scoop of *glace* on top. After that, I'll need to cap it off by satiating my voracious sexual appetite. Make that wait staff come in handy and chow down on some disabled pussy. Make sure you feel no shame whatsoever.

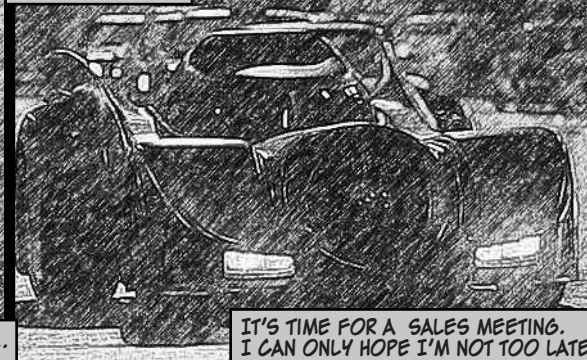
## **5 Shrimp Cocktail, You Can't be Serious!**

**N**ow, you feel like a new man! Go into the office on Monday and call your co-workers cuckold little pansies who couldn't tell their ass from their elbow! That will do the trick. Doesn't it feel great to be better than everyone else...in the world?

GOTHAM CITY: A FESTERING CESSPOOL OF WHITE COLLAR CRIME



AND I ANSWER...



MY PAGER GOES OFF...

IT'S TIME FOR A SALES MEETING. I CAN ONLY HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE.

HIS PARENTS BANKRUPTED IN COLD BLOOD BEFORE HIS EYES, A CHILD VOWED TO DEDICATE HIS LIFE TO ENDING WHITE COLLAR CRIME AND CORPORATE MISMANAGEMENT. NOW AN ADULT, BRUCE WAYNE FIGHTS FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE & A HOIK AS...

# THE BATMANAGER

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXECUTIVE

IT LOOKS LIKE THE MEETING HAS ALREADY STARTED

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TERMINATE...

LOOK, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BATMANAGER. HE'S ALREADY PUT 2 EMPLOYEES AND 3 EXECUTIVES IN THE HOSPITAL.



NOT TO MENTION THE INTERN HE TRIED TO RECRUIT TO BE HIS "BOY WONDER".

# SMASH



SO I MAKE AN ENTRANCE...

DID I MISS ANYTHING?  
UHM... NO WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING YOUR PROMOTION!



GREAT! I KNEW YOU'D FINALLY SEE IT MY WAY TWO-FACE!

FOR THE LAST TIME MY NAME IS HARVEY!

SURE IT IS TWO-FACE.



SUDDENLY I HEAR IT...

# RING RING

...THE BATPHONE!



YES, S.E.C. COMMISSIONER GORDON?

BATMANAGER! WE'VE JUST RECIEVED A TIP FROM YOUR COMPANY. ONE OF THE EXECUTIVES HAS BEEN PASSING INSIDER TRADING INFORMATION TO THE HIS FRIENDS! HOWEVER, WE'RE NOT SURE WHO IT IS!

I KNOW OF ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD BE SO FIENDISH...



...TWO-FACE!

# POW

OW.  
YOU'RE FIRED.



THE BAT END?