

Cornell Loonatic™

The Technology Issue

[That Button You Never Use](#)
[That Other Button You Never Use](#)

The Technology Issue **Spring 2010**

The Technology Issue **free**

The Technology Issue **is such a great listener**

The Technology Issue **IN SPACE**

The Technology Issue: **Immovable Text**

The Technology Issue **sucks**

The Technology Issue **lyrics**

The Technology Issue **is people!!!**

The Technology Issue **2: Technology Issue Harder**

The Technology Issue **huge tits**

Loonatic Search

I'm Feeling Sassy

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Sergeant-at-Arms:

David J. Watts '10

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The Cornell Lunatic

Campus Humor Magazine

Founded 1978

Owned and Published by the Cornell Lunatic at Cornell University

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The Cornell Lunatic, Cornell University's only humor magazine, is published a finite number of times per year by the Cornell Lunatic, Box #56, WSH, Ithaca, NY, 14853. Requests for advertising, submissions, money, fantasy football advice, fantasy croquet advice, hate mail, love mail, indifferent mail, and any other communications should be sent to the above address. Copyright © 2006 by *The Cornell Lunatic*, all rights reserved. This magazine is partially funded by the Student Assembly Finance Commission. Nothing in this magazine necessarily reflects any of the opinions, ideas, beliefs, hopes, dreams, or drug-induced hallucinations of the SAFC, CU, the student body, or even our staff, so please calm the fuck down. Offended readers take heed, we're only kidding.

YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS THE TECHNOLOGY ISSUE OF THE CORNELL LUNATIC. AND THAT'S IMPORTANT - YOU'RE HOLDING IT IN YOUR HANDS. NOT IN SOME RANDOMLY ACCESSIBLE SEGMENT OF A SILICON WAFER AS A SEQUENCE OF ONES AND ZEROS THAT IS DECODED INTO A HYPertext DOCUMENT WHICH IS INTERPRETED BY A WEB BROWSER AND SHOWN ON A LIQUID CRYSTAL DISPLAY BY AN OPERATING SYSTEM WHICH TOOK A MASSIVE CORPORATION SEVERAL YEARS TO CREATE - BUT IN YOUR HANDS. YOU DON'T NEED A "SYSTEM" TO "OPERATE" THE CORNELL LUNATIC. WELL, UNLESS YOU CALL THE METHOD OF ASSOCIATING SOUNDS AND MEANING WITH ORGANIZED SLOTSCHES OF INK PRINTED ON A FLAT RECTANGLE OF FIBROUS CELLULOSE A "SYSTEM" , BUT YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT, WOULD YOU? OF COURSE NOT. AND THAT'S WHY THE CORNELL LUNATIC IS STICKING WITH PAPER. AT A TIME WHEN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, AND MAGAZINES ARE BECOMING INCREASINGLY OBSOLETE, WE PROMISE TO CONTINUE BILKING THE STUDENT ASSEMBLY FINANCE COMMISSION OUT OF HOWEVER MUCH MONEY WE NEED TO ENSURE THE PERPETUAL PHYSICAL EXISTENCE OF THE CORNELL LUNATIC. WE'VE BEEN A PAPER MAGAZINE FOR OVER 30 YEARS AND WE SEE NO REASON TO CHANGE. SO AS YOU RE READING THE NUMEROUS ARTICLES IN THIS ISSUE EXTOLLING THE VIRTUES OF THE NEWEST AND MOST CUTTING-EDGE TECHNOLOGY, DON'T FORGET THAT SOMETIMES THE 5000-YEAR OLD METHOD IS THE BEST. OTHER AREAS WHERE THIS IS TRUE INCLUDE: RELIGION (WAS THERE EVER ANY MEANINGFUL IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD TESTAMENT? I CAN'T THINK OF ANY), SLANG (NOBODY CAN TELL YOU'RE BEING RACIST IF YOU USE THE SUMERIAN WORD FOR THE WORST RACE - I THINK YOU KNOW WHICH ONE I MEAN), AND HUNTING/GATHERING (WE'VE BECOME SERIOUSLY LAX IN THESE AREAS). ONCE YOU FINISH READING THIS ISSUE, I THINK YOU LL AGREE THAT PAPER WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GO. YOU CAN T TEAR UP AN IPHONE IN DISGUST!

ENJOY! BEN STRAUSS EDITOR IN CHIEF

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HORRIBLE

Ben Strauss's Pun of the Month

Barack Obama recently made the difficult decision of halting the US's space shuttle program. Only history will be able to judge whether or not he made the right call... unless, of course, we had some way of seeing how things could have gone... a method of envisaging all possible outcomes... a little technique called... IMAGINATION! Come then, and share a terrifying glimpse into a dimension where THE SPACE SHUTTLE PROGRAM WAS NEVER TEMPORARILY PUT ON HOLD UNTIL SUCH TIME AS A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE NATION'S PRIORITIES REVEALS THE UTILITY AND, INDEED, THE NECESSITY OF ONCE AGAIN ESCAPING OUR PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL GRIP AND EXPLORING THE STARS, UNFETTERED BY EARTHLY CARES OR DESIRES!

In this dimension, things kinda suck. Well, they suck just as much as they do in this dimension. The point is, we live on the moon, but other than that it's pretty much the same bullshit. The moon colony is run by this horrible bureaucracy that makes you fill out a million forms just to request a form-filling out robot for your office, and then it turns out that those haven't been invented yet, and you were in the wrong line anyway. Also, since it's an artificial atmosphere, there's all these weird smells in all the tunnels and rooms, not that you get to spend much time there anyway, because you spend ninety percent of your day slaving away in the aluminum mines that were apparently at the center of the moon the whole time and now represent the basis of the lunar economy, which is can-based. Did I say "slaving away"? I meant "being a slave," because slavery is back. Don't worry though, it's not racist, because this time it's class-based.

But let's say you're a member of the upper class, better known as the "slave-owning" or "smell-noticing" class (since you have time to hang out in your room). Now you have to deal with the race of 20-foot-tall freaks who used to live in the can mines and frequently attack your workers – I mean slaves. They're slaves. Seriously, there's slavery again. We're doomed to repeat history, I guess. Anyway, the moon police have made some progress in rounding up these pesky giants and putting them to work amusing you. You know, they make the giants fight each other, or jump around, or play sports, that kind of thing.

Despite the joy you get out of that, you're still pretty unhappy with your life (but at least you're not a slave! Jeez! There's frigging slavery on the moon!), so you decide to go complain to your local bureaucrat and see what he can do for you. You go on and on about the multiple smells permeating your living quarters, and how the giants should compete in the long jump (you used to be big into track and field in high school – don't you remember?), but the bureaucrat says with a wink that he can't do anything unless he has the proper motivation. You're so sick of this act. You know he wants a bribe – an influx of either male slaves from your mine, or the cans themselves. So you ask him straight out what his terms are – what it'll take to get rid of those smells, and to get some long jump action. He replies,

Look, I'll make one smell stop per man, and one giant leap per can mined!

You hate other dimensions.



fetusinthewomb

+ Follow

Lists Settings

Name Unborn Baby

0 following 0 followers 0 listed

Tweets 9

Favorites

Actions
block fetusinthewomb
report for spam

Following

RSS feed of fetusinthewomb's tweets

@dad seriously ocupado

5:01 PM Jan 29th via web

that doesnt really bode well for me and the rest of my life, does it

12:00 AM Jan 25th via web

NINE FUCKING MONTHS?!

6:04 PM Jan 24th via web

@dad knock it off i'm already in here

2:48 AM Jan 24th via web

funny thing just appeared btwn my legs. going to play with it for a while and see what happens

11:44 PM Jan 23rd via web

soooooooooooooooooooooo bored sup wit you guys?

11:42 PM Jan 23rd via web

hmmmm it's warm in here. wet too. wonder if ill be getting out anytime soon. how long could this possibly take?

11:38 PM Jan 23rd via web

hello world! ive jsut been conceived!

11:35 PM Jan 23rd via web





...against Google buzz



Mothers Against Drunk Driving, also known as MADD, has finally turned its attention to something besides being a giant buzzkill. More recently, it has set its sights on killing Google Buzz

“The proliferation of this friendly little giant corporation into every facet of our lives has finally gone too far,” said Margaret Flibbertigibbet, spokesperson for the organization. “Why, even today, a young man was ‘Buzzing’ on his ‘iPhone’ while walking down the street, too busy to notice that he had just stepped on my foot and bruised my big toe slightly! GOOGLE MUST BURN FOR THIS!” She then preceded to don war paint and tribal beads while burning Larry Page and Sergey Brin in effigy, chanting what she claimed were “ancient Mayan prayers to ward off evil Google spirits.”

Mothers Against Drunk Driving Against Google Buzz (MADDAGB, pronounced Maduh-gub though colloquially known as “Madagabskar”) will be picketing outside Google’s

Mountain View, CA headquarters for the next seven months in the hopes that a large scale display of public displeasure of their latest product with a bunch of middle-aged white women will force the endlessly powerful company’s hand. Google Buzz is a type of social networking platform created by Google that allows users to interact with one another via posts and comments. There have also been many actual concerns about Google revealing personal information of its users through Buzz.

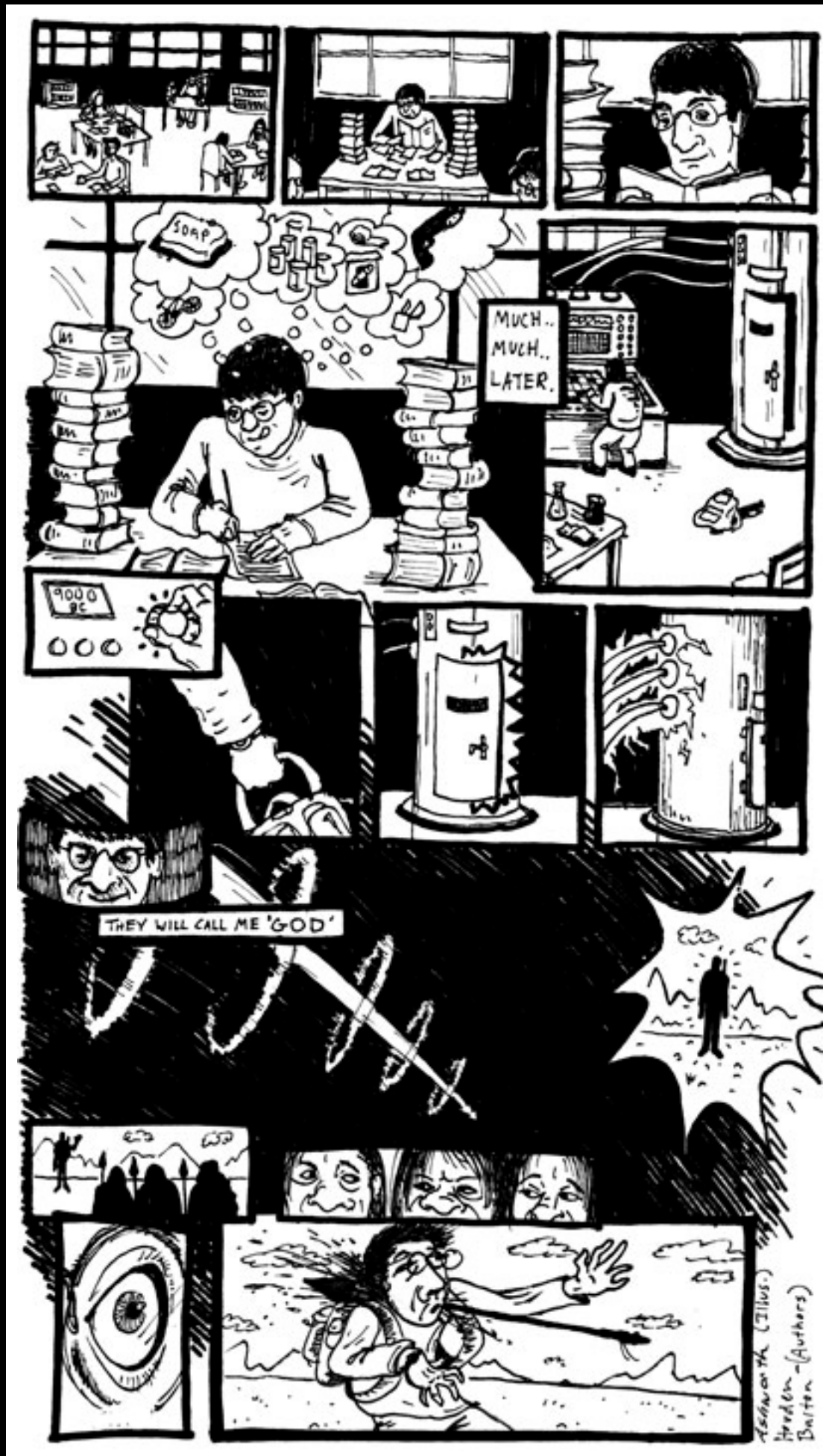
“But that’s not what we’re here to talk about,” said Ms. Flibbertigibbet through a wooden mask shaped like a giant bird. “Our concern is with the users themselves. Buzzing could become the next gateway...something. According to our statistical research, drinking and Buzzing will claim 300,000,000 lives by the year 2015 (see figure below). Also, Google Buzz might encourage our youth to become programmers who read Digg and use 4chan. And isn’t that greatest

tragedy of all?” Ms. Flibbertigibbet asked as she doused herself in chicken blood and offered a 12 year old boy in sacrifice to the heathen gods.

Google official spokespeople could not immediately be reached for comment but the Lunatic has learned that when Page and Brin, the founders of Google, caught wind of the protest they laughed so hard they had to have their butlers lay them down for a mid-afternoon nap on a mattress stuffed with \$20 bills. They then spent the evening playing whist and made bets on being able to travel around the world in 80 days. Ms. Flibbertigibbet, in contrast, danced around a bonfire for 13 hours chanting for rain.



COMIC STRIPS



Lolcats are often assumed to be nothing more than recent internet fad. They are usually negatively associated with 4chan, the primordial soup of the internet, and are regarded as stupid, immature, and annoying. In fact, nothing could be closer to the truth. Nevertheless, it is incorrect to dismiss Lolcats as a fading cyber-trend.

Indeed, Lolcats as an art form have enjoyed a long and rich history, according to Swedish Prof. Hans Lolkåt: "Images of Lolcats have been found in Egyptian tombs, on the walls of caves, and even chiseled into rocks at Stonehenge. They are not limited to any one culture or ethnicity. No artist is above a Lolcat."

Prof. Lolkåt is just one of many pioneers in the study of Lolcats – "Ridensfelinology" as it is more commonly known. Along with a team of dedicated researchers, he has recently published a book documenting the history of Lolcats. Today we at the Lunatic are privileged to present you with a few samples of his work throughout the magazine.



CECI N'EST PAS UNE LOLCAT

UNUSED JAMES BOND GADGETS

Over the years, James Bond has had his share of wonderfully crafted gadgets thanks to his the MI6 weapons expert Q. While Q's genius has contributed greatly to Bond's ability to stay alive and complete his dangerous missions, Bond has secretly told me in a recent interview that there were some of Q's gadgets that he did not use. As the only British writer for the Cornell Lunatic, I feel it is my duty to unveil what I like to call Unused James Bond Gadgets by D. James Watts.

1. In *Die Another Day*, James Bond brought down an Asian guy who turned into a white guy and then moved to the whitest place on earth, Iceland, and then hijacked a Direct TV satellite dish, pimped it out with some bling bling (diamonds), to induce global warming. That's right, that Asian dude went from being a colonel in the North Korean army to being Kernel Sanders. While Oprah Winfrey obviously owned the genetic engineering clinic which turned the Asian dude into a white dude, she did not seem to make an appearance in the film. However, after sobering up and watching this film for the first time, I figured out why Oprah did not make an appearance. Apparently, through cutting edge stem cell research, she was able to make herself look very much like Halle Berry. Once stem cell research is legalized, I got dibs on Brad Pitt! But I digress.

Q gave Bond his usual Aston Martin car, with one major modification: it could disappear faster than M.C. Hammer's money. That's right, Bond's Aston Martin could become invisible with the simple press of a button.

One option that Q offered was visible spinning rims for Bond's invisible car. After all, if your entire car (including your rims) is invisible, how the hell are the playa haters supposed to see that you're sittin' on 22's?

2. In *Tomorrow Never Dies* Bond teams up with a Chinese spy to fight a media mogul who wants to start a war between England and China. Despite the fact that I was inebriated while watching this film, I still found it slightly amusing that Bond did not decide to team up with Connie Chung if he wanted to fight the media.

In this film, Q supplied OO7 with a remote-controlled BMW that talked to Bond during the mission. Q also offered Bond the Samuel L. Jackson aggressive talking toaster. When Bond reached for his waffle, the toaster yelled, "Leggo my Eggo mother fucker!" If you want to see more of the toaster, just Google "When Leggo my Eggo arguments go too far."

Also in this film, Q supplied Bond with a decoder that he used to open up a safe in the enemy headquarters.

Q also offered Bond the Hello Kitty Safe Cracker, which is the quietest safe cracker on the planet. It's also cheap. It's literally a cat that scratches the safe until it scratches a hole in it. Sure this could take several million years, but Bond never dies right? And again, this method is the quietest way to crack a safe.

3. In Goldeneye, James Bond teams up with a hot Russian girl with a Hillary Clinton haircut to fight a Russian porn star and her friends. Sorry to steal the thunder from Ben Strauss' horrible pun of the month but in this Bond film, that Russian porn star was certainly into Bondage! I'm not really sure what the Russian porn star and her friends were trying to do. I was inebriated while I watched this movie and its analogous porno version (Golden One-Eyed Monster). I know that the Russian porn star used sex as a weapon, so my best guess is that Bond was trying to stop them from changing Russia's national anthem to "Sex Bomb."

Q provided our hero with a pen grenade. Three clicks arm the four second pen grenade. Q also asked Bond if he'd like a dildo grenade instead. Talk about a bad STD! It only takes four seconds to kill you!

4. In The Man with the Golden Gun, Bond is responsible for taking down a dude who has 3 nipples and a midget butler. This dude was considered the world's deadliest assassin and was known for his golden gun.

Q claims that he provided Bond with a traditional standard issue bullet proof vest, but he also claims to have provided Bond with an optional bullet proof vest which turned into a Yao Ming jersey when any projectile would hit it. Q told James, sure, you'll get shot, but at least, since this movie took place in China, a die hard Yao Ming fan might help you out.

This movie brought in over \$97 million worldwide, but disappointingly, the Blaxploitation version of this movie The Brutha with the Platinum Gun, only brought in \$97.84 worldwide. Movie critics still agree, however, that The Brutha with the Platinum Gun is a better movie than Big Momma's House 2.

5. Many stand-up comedians do jokes about white people and the way that they always mess with wild animals and then get attacked by them. Well, Bond often gets attacked by wild animals. For example in Live and Let Die he got attacked by a snake, alligators, and some sharks, and in Octopussy he was even being chased by people on elephants. Despite how much Mother Nature has been a bitch for Bond, he never got attacked by a squirrel (unlike many comedians turned actors in America). This is why Bond has never used the Kill all Squirrels App on his Phone.

6. One very simple weapon used by OO7 has been throwing knives. In Octopussy, a movie whose porno version has the exact same title, he uses a throwing knife to kill a professional knife-thrower. It came as no surprise then that he refused to accept a throwing knife that turns into a wiffle ball bat when thrown.

7. In A View to a Kill, some white dude wants to control Silicon Valley. Instead of doing the obvious thing and robbing Bill Gates, he decided to get a blimp and a black girlfriend who can whoop someone's ass. If one watches the extended version of A View to a Kill, there is a scene where Q collaborates with Xzibit in an all new MTV spin off show called, "Blimp my Ride."

8. *The World is Not Enough* is one of my favorite Bond films with a crazy plot. Some princess of Scotland gets kidnapped by a terrorist who got shot in the head but didn't die. Somehow getting shot in the head made him stronger? Anyway, this princess falls in love with this terrorist and then decides she wants more oil. So, she's gone get her terrorist boyfriend to launch a missile to a city to destroy an oil pump line so everyone will have to get her oil from her. It's an intricate plan with many crazy stuff happening, but really when you break it down to its bare elements, as Chris Rock would say, she was literally fuckin' for gas!

Now, one slightly humorous part of the movie is when the terrorist is placing the missile in its launching slot and OO7 is looking down upon him from an elevated position. Q offered Bond one device which he could have used quite effectively in this situation: The R. Kelly toilet seat cover! This device makes urinating on people even easier. Just align R. Kelly's face in the center with where you want your urine to land. Not good at aiming? No problem! The edges are coated with a highly absorbent polymer used in tampon-making technology, so there are no nasty spills which you have to clean up and no waste of urine.



Transcript from "Inventions that Changed Our Lives." A series from The History Channel (for those who have a dead people fetish). Narrated by Morgan Freeman.

Shoes. The most stylish and innovative idea that came after fire. There hasn't been anything as significant since then. Without shoes, man would be walking on their hands. Blood would rush to the head and cause a mad head rush worse than the time you drank 3 slurpees straight. Shoes have been a hot commodity-spawning neon colored shoe laces to express your inner-most emotions, heels so women don't have to jump up to kiss their dates (and vice versa), and as acting metaphors.

"Try walking in another man's shoes."

Yes, shoes are what keeps the world going round and round. Or at least people walking the globe. But now, where are shoes going? Or at least, where are the people wearing the shoes going? Because they certainly are going somewhere unless they are living at home in their parents basement eating pizza bagels. They don't need shoes

Shoes haven't changed since the time of the wheel. While the wheelies were a hit with the mall crowd, they haven't been changed. Until now

It's the ISkate. Not Ice Skate. The ISkate. Developed by the gay men at Dolce & Gabana, the ISkate is the next generation of shoes. Combing man's love of sliding on slippery surfaces a la Tom Cruise, the ISkate is the next step in sliding and shoes. With patent "I" technology, the ISkate is a sneaker of your choice that contains a voice command of "Slide Away!!!!" to result in ice projecting from the front of the shoe, allowing wearers to slip and slide to their destination.

While the name is technically not patented yet, we are sure to get this technology out to you as soon as our giant brown bear attacks Steve Jobs and claims victory.

Shoes, it's where you are going and what you are wearing.

Cornell Engineers Discover the Elusive G-Spot

ITHACA, NY —Last week years of hard labor, grinding research, and sleepless nights yielded the greatest accomplishment for the School of Engineering, the discovery of the elusive G-Spot. Duffield was in an uproar as Craig Winters, senior in the School of Engineering, and project leader of the team announced: "We found it!"

"The G-Spot many would say is an undertaking for the biologists, but we felt as engineers our hands on approach would guide us to it in a more effective manner" says Winters, "It took us a lot of time to even figure out where to begin. We consulted our physics major friends

in the school of Arts and Sciences, but they had no idea what we were talking about. In fact, they suggested we try using the synchrotron." Students and faculty alike were astounded by this feat, even the upper echelons of academia commenting on this accomplishment. The dean of the College of Engineering simply had this to say to the Lunatic regarding the discovery of the G-Spot: "Shit son."

Although their successful was met with praise within the student body at Cornell, the project team has been met with criticism from other top-tier research schools.

"MIT and Caltech refused to believe our findings were legitimate, but what do they know? All they have to use there are Flesh-lights." Winters simply stated.

On the contrary, Winters was met with praise and congratulatory remarks from the rest of the Ivy League. Harvard, Princeton, and Yale all offered a round of high fives to Winters' team.



TECHNOLOGY 101: A HISTORY OF THE ARTFORM

By PROFESSOR ALVIN K. FROZZLEWOOD

First of all, let me say what an honor it is to be writing this. When I first heard that the Lunatic was doing an issue about technology, my particular field of study, I immediately contacted the good fellows on the executive board and offered to do a piece. They said that they'd never had a professor write for them before, but they were open to the idea since they needed something other than lists about the Internet to fill their vacant space.

Technology is an academic field that doesn't get a lot of attention. There are only a handful of students enrolled in the major here in our isolated wing of Lincoln Hall, and every year the department is threatened with being cut. However, in the spirit of "any person, any study," Cornell has retained its fledgling technology department throughout the years, and I hope this article widens awareness about the fascinating topics we examine. We're truly fortunate to be given a voice in such a beloved, widely-read, well-respected magazine! Let us begin our educational journey. We will start with the history of technology.

Technology is the study of techno music. The field encompasses all topics related to techno, including its history, performance, theory, and cultural presence. The first recorded piece of techno music was created in Austria in 1857, when aspiring pianist Baron Heinrich von Grummelstrach accidentally left his metronome ticking when he arose from his daily practice to use the bathroom. Upon returning from his gastronomic excursion, Heinrich was surprised to find the Baroness von Grummelstrach dancing in the parlor, enjoying the repetitive, monotone beat of the ticking device. This led to the Grummelstrach revolution in music. Before 1857, it was assumed that a melody, composed of harmonious sounds, and some modicum of talent were required to create music. Post-Grummelstrach, with the birth of techno, it was realized that all that is needed to make music is a beat and something making a noise. Baron von Grummelstrach went on to make a fortune reselling simple metronomes as "Grummelstrach's Marvelous Self-Playing Musical Contraptions," and died a wealthy man.

The first great techno musician was Avery Pondswill, a London native born in 1876. Pondswill was first noticed on the London tavern scene, where he would perform every night hopping from pub to pub, banging on a cast-iron pot with a wooden spoon for hours on end while maintaining a steady upbeat tempo. His success led him to perform for the royal family in 1902, at which he struck two flawless crystal glass bells one after another with one hand while snapping his fingers with the other for an hour and a half, creating a catchy and infectious beat which led Queen Sebastiana to famously declare "This shall be Pondswill's century."

Sebastiana was wrong of course, as Pondswill went mad shortly after that performance and spent the World War I era alone in his basement trying to disprove salt until his death in 1923. However, if we interpret the Queen's prediction as implying a techno century, as the 1900s have often been called, she was spot-on. When techno reached the shores of America during the Great Depression, it combined with local flavor to birth the subgenre of techno jazz, which mixed the smooth, soothing saxophone of American

jazz with the forceful staccato of European techno, creating a sound described by noted technologist Annabel Prangleshwanz as “resembling the cry of mallard as it is slowly but elegantly beaten to death.”

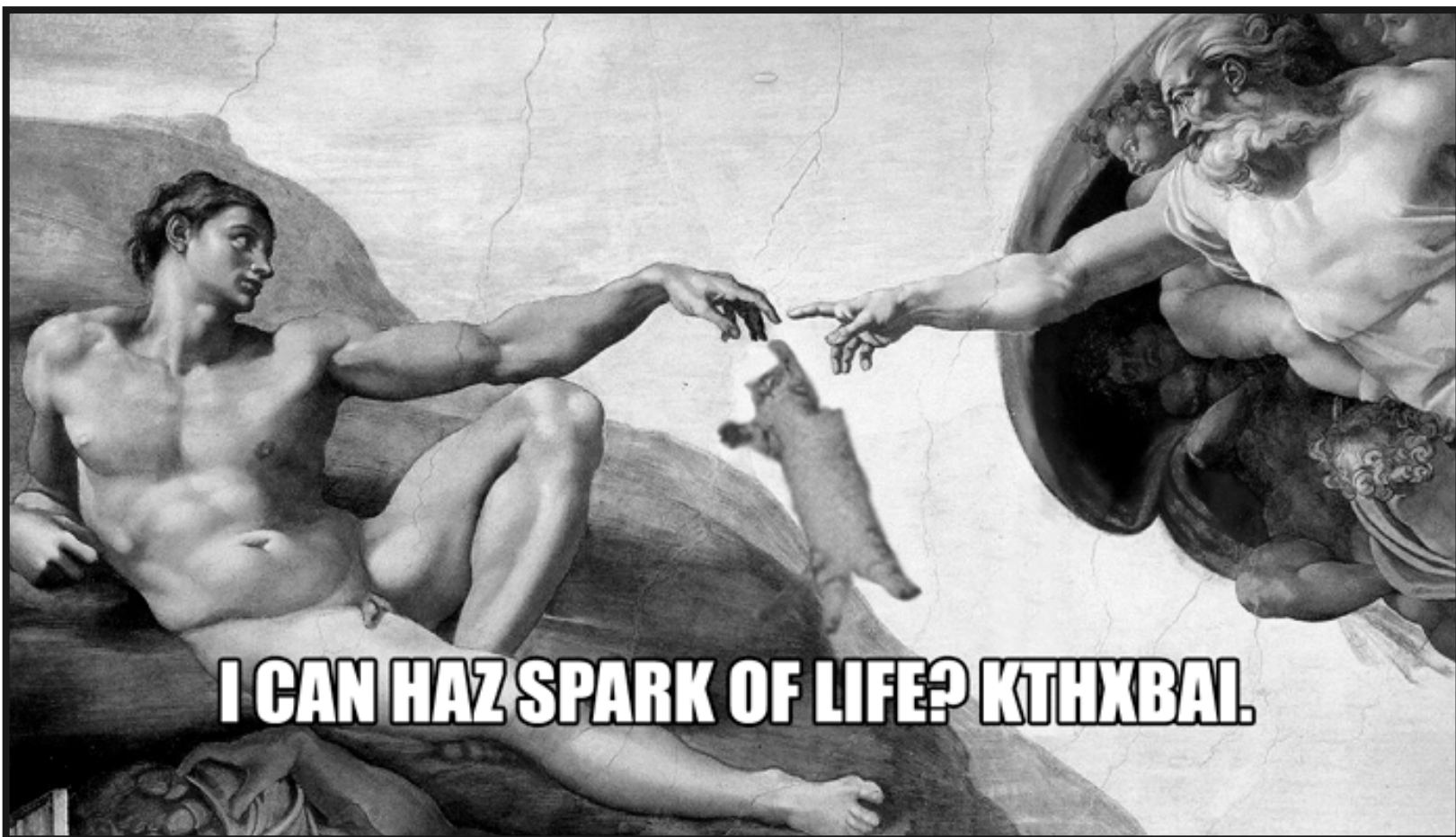
After World War II and the philosophical devastation it wreaked on the thinkers of that era, abstract techno became the sound of a generation. This unusual genre is best exemplified by Ernest Floon’s revolutionary piece “Ruminations on a Crimson Mien,” in which Floon blew a sustained and unwavering C-sharp note through a trombone for three hours, stopping only twice to inhale. “Ruminations” took the techno scene by storm, and imitators cropped up everywhere, the only notable one of which is Victoria Marmogran, who is remembered for her effective use of sound frequencies only perceived by dogs.

Techno faded into the background during the seventies and eighties, though its influence could still be heard in the heavy beats of disco, rock-n’-roll, and neo-punk Tuvulan throat singing. The dawn of the computer and the Internet age brought beeping machines into the homes, allowing for a resurgence of techno during the 1990s. The use of these modern technologies for the creation of techno music lead to the popularization of technotechno, a genre in which...

Hold on. Oh shit, you guys are doing an issue about the other “technology,” aren’t you? I knew it. This happens all the time. EVERY GODDAMN TIME.

This is pretty embarrassing. I got my hopes up that somebody finally cared about the history of techno, and I wrote this whole thing...ugh, this is awkward. I really screwed this one up. I feel like such an idiot. CLARIFY NEXT TIME.

Um...Take my course next fall! Please.





Mozilla Firefox is the most popular Internet browser at Cornell University. Trust me, that might be true! One of the reasons for Firefox's popularity is that it's "open source." What does this mean? "Open source" is a term geeks use to describe a program whose code is publicly available for anyone to modify and make their own. Firefox is the whore of the Internet. Now, the good thing about open source is that it allows for easy customization. In Firefox- AND NO OTHER BROWSER SO DON'T EVEN BOTHER LOOKING- you can download tiny add-ons that change the way Firefox works. Want to integrate Gmail into your browser? Can do. Want to change the way tabs work? Possible. Want to change Firefox from a web

browser into a real-time strategy game about 13th-century France? Ambitious but doable. With that, dear readers, take a look at some exciting new Firefox add-ons that have come out these past few

90's Nostalgia Experience

Miss the America Online days? This add-on makes you wait three minutes before you can reach your home page, during which you'll be treated to a chorus of beeps and screeches. 25% of the time, it'll completely fail to connect! Once you're on the "information superhighway," enjoy sites like Yahoo! and Geocities, and test your patience as each page takes several minutes to load! Includes the "you've got mail" guy!

Meme Blocker

Pro: Blocks all websites containing the words "IT'S A TRAP!", "ALL YOUR BASE ARE BE LONG TO US", cat macros, and Chuck Norris jokes.
Cons: Redirects to a Rickroll.

Vaccinator Pro

Infects your computer with weakened versions of viruses to prepare it for an actual attack. Never run H1N1.exe unprepared again! NOTE: Basing computer security measures off of medical practices, and vice versa, is not advised by most "experts."

Get With the Times

Redirects you to Facebook whenever you visit MySpace, to Gmail whenever you visit Hotmail, and to TroutLove whenever you visit the Single Fishermen's Network. I mean seriously, SFN's been nothing but creepers for years, and TroutLove's couple-matching-and-bait-supply combo offer can't be beat.

Firefox Blind

A popular new theme that removes all menus and buttons and turns all backgrounds, images, and text to solid black. For minimalists!

Shame On You!

Changes all pornographic images into a .gif of your grandmother shaking her head in disappointment.

What Does This Button Do?

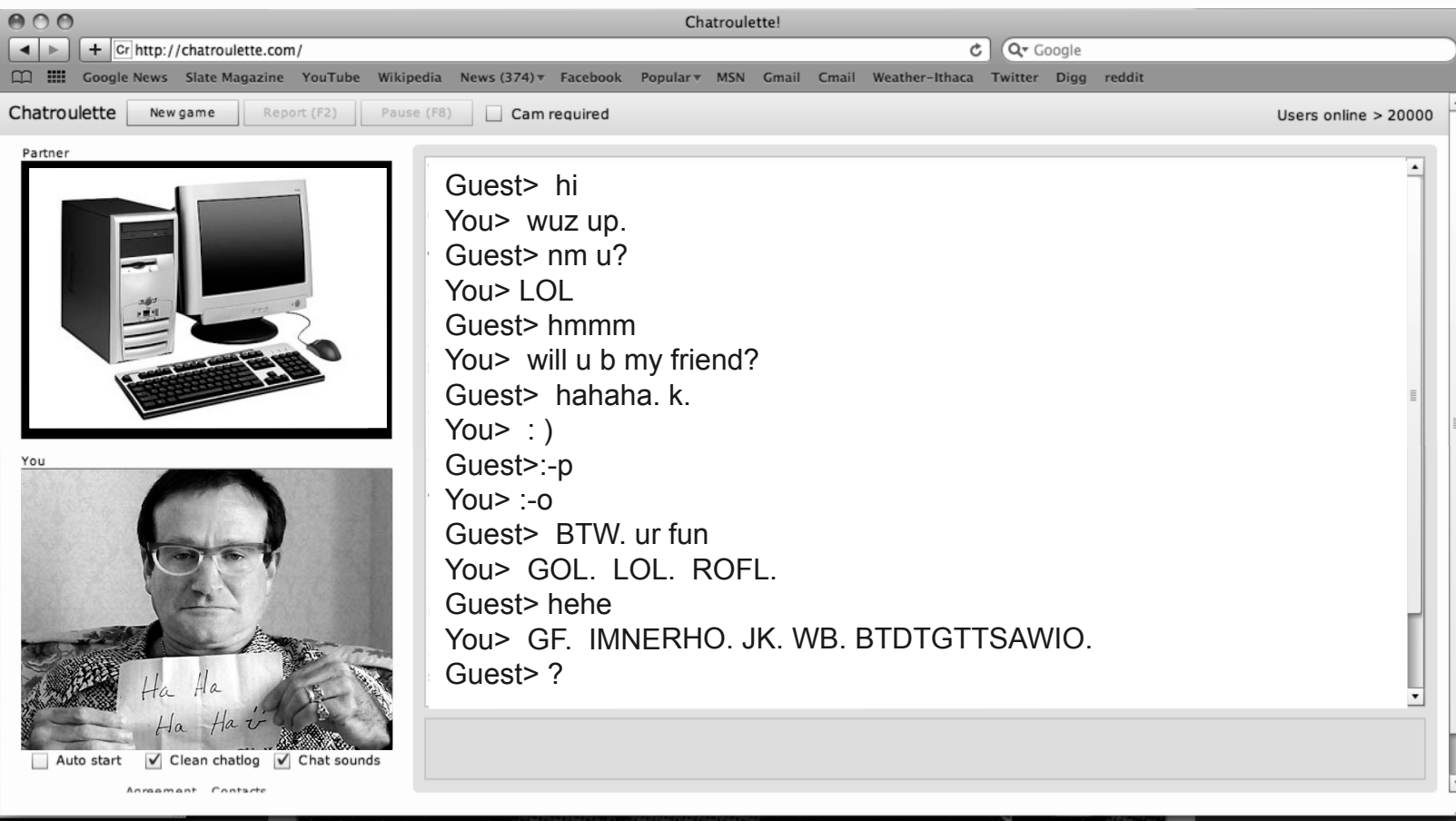
Every time you press the Pause/Break key on your keyboard, this add-on generates a window to explain exactly what that button does. Self-referential!

Expensive Rice	A UN World Food Program download that lets you sell bags of rice to poor foreigners at outrageously high prices, but only after they answer a trivia question.
Amazon Adventure!	Adds a new toolbar button to the browser. Each time you click it, \$1 will be credited to your Amazon.com account, but with a 0.01% chance that a venomous snake will be suddenly ejected out of your disk drive.
Automatic Image Enhancer	Hold CTRL and right-click on any image to add moustaches to all persons in the photo graph. Hold CTRL and middle-click for mutton chops.
More Realistic Gmail	Makes Gmail more like the actual postal system. Messages take roughly three days to arrive, and occasionally you'll receive your neighbors' attachments. Does not work on Sundays.
Crypto Challenge	Changes your password every time you visit a login page and offers a riddle or logic puzzle you must solve to retrieve it.
Futility	Uninstalls itself immediately. New version 2.4!
Calendar -ator	A calendar app that randomly changes or deletes tasks and events without notifying you. Makes life interesting!
Funny Words!	Press Alt+C+S to change all of the text on your current page to Comic Sans, the silliest font. Great for kids, because they're silly!
Instant Popularity+	Edits your Facebook so that you appear to be friends with Mr. T, Jackie Chan, and Mother Theresa, and occasionally posts messages from them on your wall. Paying members (\$5/month) are be edited into photos with them, and receive invitations to nonexistent parties which you can nonchalantly decline to make yourself look really, really important.
It's Like My Fifth Grade Book Report All Over Again, Oh God Why	Brings Clippy the paperclip from Word 2000 to Firefox, except he doesn't offer any help this time. He just watches and waits.
New Perspective	Tilts all web pages slightly to the left.

TURING

EST

The Turing Test, a test proposed by Alan Turing in which a machine would be determined to have human intelligence, has been passed. The greatest minds from Joseph Weizenbaum to Ray Bradbury have been awaiting the moment when a text based chat conversation with a computer would be discernible from that of a human. That moment has finally arrived, but with the greatest unforeseen disappointment. Out of 100 subjects, 76 were not able to discern artificial intelligence from human intelligence after completing a fifteen minute conversation. The reason, however, was not because of the great progression and accomplishments of computer science, but rather the rapid degradation of human language. A language which was once great Victorian prose, is now childish gibberish comprising manufactured acronyms and emotocons. Nothing more than LOLs, ROFL's, and :-p. FML. So we are now left to ask, WTF? And can anyone understand what I am writing?



Ancient Technology Discovery



North Dakota (AP) - An employee of Tony's Movie Rentals in Bismark, North Dakota has made an amazing discovery in the store's storage closet that has scientists and movie goers all scratching their heads. Hundreds of archaic plastic rectangles, labeled "VHS", were found just sitting in the closet, perhaps untouched for millions of seconds.

Experts believe the rectangles represented an ancient form of movie-watching dating back to sometime between 1980-1990 A.D.

Bismark resident Linda Parker, 88, immediately mailed a letter to the local news stage upon hearing about the discovery claiming that her 20" Zenith television in fact had a "VHS" player. When asked why she didn't just call or email she responded, "e-who?"

Once the rectangles were played on the "VHS" player, the results were shocking. One movie entitled "Indiana Jones" displays what appears to be a younger version of the now decrepit Harrison Ford.

"I couldn't believe my eyes" said Steven Parkour, a self-entitled movie critic, "he was actually a pretty good actor."

Perhaps the most shocking discovery was a set of purple VHS tapes labeled "Barney and Friends". Paleontologist Arthur Porkar claims that these latest findings will "change everything we thought we knew about the dinosaurs".

The video chronicles the episodes of a purple Tyrannosaurus Rex that "sings" and "frolics" with various children in the course of the series. "These tapes offer irrefutable evidence that there was a time when humans and dinosaurs not only lived amongst each other, but also sang together" says Porkar.

Eight year-old Johnny Parkur claims to have "known this all-along" and cites another finding in the collection entitled "The Land Before Time", which shows a group of small dinosaurs who can talk and feel emotion.

"It's ironic" says paleontologist Arthur Porkar, "all along we thought Tyrannosaurus Rex would rip your heart out with its razor sharp teeth, but in actuality it's more likely to melt your heart with its unyielding friendship."

A CONSUMER REVIEW ON THE



iPad

Before you spend an upwards of \$500 on the iPad, please reconsider how you value your life and self-dignity. The iPad, frequently mistaken for a high tech tampon, is indeed a bloody mess. I admit, I was giddy with excitement and my loins were on fire that fateful day in January when the iPad was first revealed. Being the rabid Steve Jobs fan boy I was, I wasted no time to order my own iPad and in retrospect it was the most foolish and costly investment I've ever made. No good has come out of my iPad. I advise that everyone boycott all future Apple products for the life and cash guzzling abysses they are.

I remember the day like any other day. It was a late day in March and I had just gotten out of my math discussion and lugged my ass to North Campus to check my mail and then to hopefully pass out in my bed. I wasn't expecting anything in my mailbox, but when I saw the delivery slip the only thing I could think was, "oh mai gah, is that mah ipad?" Surely enough there was a flat-rate priority shipping box from UPS await-

ing me. I scurried home like Charlie Bucket.

I opened the package carefully, using the box cutter knife to remove the tape. I gingerly removed the iPad from its box and was immediately met with disappointment. The iPad itself seemed very lackluster in sheen, and the packaging within its box was done half-assedly. Somehow the fuzz from the package padding material got into the box. As I turned on the iPad I noticed that there were dead pixels everywhere and the screen itself was very blurry and fuzzy. Whenever I tried connecting it to my laptop it would stutter and make low almost growly sound as if the internal electronics were going to fall apart. Being the stubborn fool I am, I kept my defective iPad for a week, hoping I could resurrect my expensive piece of hardware. At the end of the week the iPad just refused to turn on. Fed up, I punched the iPad in the screen. It let out a roar and started to snarl. It was then I realized what I had bought wasn't an iPad; it was a bear disguised as an iPad.

My roommate Michael woke up startled at the sound of the bear, but sadly I don't think he even saw the paw come across his face. His lower jaw splattered against the window and he started screaming, making the most awful sound in the world (bear in mind he only had half a mouth to do so).

"Fuck! I should have just bought a Kindle!"

Needless to say I was scared shitless and tried crawling out, but the bear saw me and kicked me through the door and I went flying through the window. From the ground I looked up to see what was left of Michael being mauled by the bear. I summoned what was left of my strength and lugged my broke body to the RPCC upper lobby. The sorority girls and passer-bys gathered around my bloodied body, inquiring what the bloody fuck happened to me. I was only able to utter a couple of words.

"Der Bär. Es kommt."

I tried played dead because Bear Grylls said that doing so makes bears loss interest in you. But that god damn bear was too clever. It smelled the air and realized I still had the will to live. This only angered the bear. A surge of adrenaline coursed through my body as I darted out of RPCC with what energy was left in me.

While I fought my way through the maze of screaming freshmen, Cornell dining staff, and chairs the bear simply careened its massive force through anything standing in its way. The students working in the lounge dove behind counters and jumped the railings

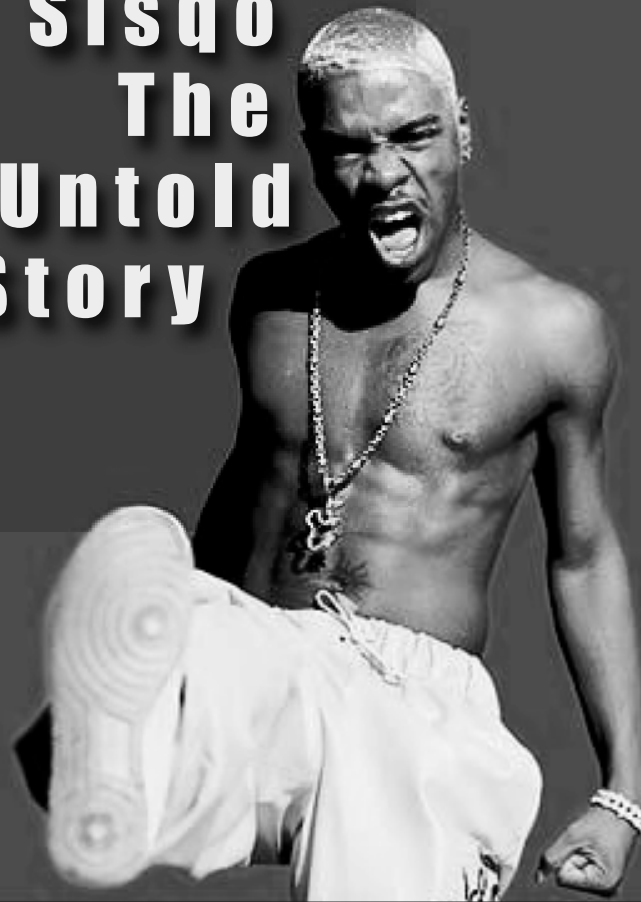
to escape the onslaught of grizzly force that was barreling down the stairs. The bear was gaining fast. I had no other option but to make my way towards Thurston Bridge. I maneuvered my way through the chaos towards the exit of RPCC. A tour group of prospective students was little more than a screaming annoyance for the bear. Its massive paws cut swaths through the sea of people with each swipe. I used the precious time these poor souls had afforded for me to make my escape towards the bridge. I scrambled up railing of the bridge, carefully trying to balance my body. My goal was to bait the bear onto the railings of the bridge and then to push it off. I let go of all fear and climbed over the protective railing. I leaped for the apex of the arch just as the bear's enormous girth came plowing through the entire structure. I grasped the truss tightly as the bear collided with the bridge, sending itself into a daze. I saw this as my one opportunity: not for escape, but for victory. I provoked the bear with my boyish charms and forced it to climb onto the arch. The bear was slowly coming to and was making its way up the arch, so I had to act fast. I ran to the beast and chucked my iPhone at its face, throwing it off its center of mass. The bear, unable to keep its balance, fell off the arch and tumbled down into the gorge.

I had defeated the bear. I shambled back to my dorm, in pain but victorious.

Do you remember back in the day when you were watching MTV and you happened to hear the "Thong Song?" Then you saw Sisqo dancing around in a music video that had more camel toes in it than a butcher shop in the desert. Sisqo is an African American male whose dyed hair calls into question his relation with Dennis Rodman. Conspiracy theorist David Watts, future Ph.D., claims that in 1999, the famous "Thong Song" was released. It was also -in the 1999 that Dennis Rodman mysteriously disappeared from the NBA, after winning three straight NBA championships with Michael Jordan and the Chicago Bulls. Clearly, Dennis Rodman used Oprah's stem cell research facility to turn himself into Sisqo hoping to use his singing skills to continue his pursuit of hot white women. He was so depressed after a ten day marriage with Carmen Electra in 1998, that he decided to turn to Oprah for help. I cannot understand why Oprah recommended Dennis turn to genetic manipulation. After all, if Dennis just wanted a white woman, he should have just picked one up from Oprah's studio audience. But why did Carmen Electra leave Dennis after just 10 days? My best

Carmen Electra was auditioning for the movie *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*, or she was just annoyed that Dennis kept wearing her leather boots and Bikini Line Waxer 9000. Long term relationships have never been for Dennis. The only long term relationship he could keep was with himself, so he married himself. He now faced a real

Sisqó The Untold Story



dilemma. While he loved himself, he wanted his significant other to be a white woman. That meant he had to transform himself into a white woman. Talking to Michael Jackson, he realized that without the kind of money that Michael Jackson had, he could not be white. Realizing that he could not

be white, he decided that he would try to be Asian instead and hence transformed himself into Sisqo, a black man who's trying to be R. Kelly and Asian at the exact same time. Oh, you don't believe me? Yes, I said it. Sisqo is trying to be Asian. Look at this evidence. He calls himself "The Dragon." His albums are titled, "Unleash the Dragon" and "Return of the Dragon." He's also flying, like the Asian folks in *Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon*. Oh, random tangent: funny movie idea: *Crouching Tiger Hidden Camera Phone* (sorry, cheap Tiger Woods joke). Anyway, Sisqo's hair is grey. This is funny because most folks dye their hair to hide grey hair and hence hide the fact that they are getting old. Sisqo, on the other hand, decided to make himself look like he was getting old. It was his music, however, that seemed to be getting old. After his popular "Thong Song," he had trouble selling music. He tried to change his image slightly, by imitating R. Kelly. In his "Dance for Me" music video, he literally is hitting on high school cheerleaders. He redeemed himself, however, with his classic love song, "Incomplete."



HEY!

HEY!

STOP!

**U IZ STEP ON
MA TAIL!**

Okay, let's hash it out. Right here, right now. This needs to be out in the open.

Technology is great, I think we can all agree. But there are limits to the gadgetry that any normal, well-adjusted human being needs. We all knew that there had to be a line, some sort of boundary that could be crossed where the abilities of our pocket-sized machinery would finally stop being useful and would instead become fucking insane. We may not have been sure where that line was before, but I think we've found it. I'm so happy I could piss myself.



the
next
generation

Projector phones.

We all saw that ad, right? The one where the excited white-collar white guy sprints into an office break room because he just has to show his coworkers the latest Avatar trailer? Those unfortunate enough not to have seen it might be saying to themselves now, "How would you do that? Did he carry his absurdly heavy laptop with him? Did they hunch over to view his preposterously tiny 14" screen? Did they gasp watch it on a television?!"

No! Instead this prophet of portability whips out his 6G or whatever phone and holds it sideways out in front of him, showing in glorious detail the trailer for Avatar to a commendably indifferent black woman and a positively stupefied white guy who cannot believe the majesty he's witnessing. Enlightened Projector Phone guy then pauses the trailer so that he can take a call. "There's no such thing as a projector phone!" Stupefied Guy cries out,

the simpering idiot. Enlightened Projector Phone Guy then ignores his call and whips the contraption into his face and ta-das all over that jackass's worldview. Clearly there is such a thing as a projector phone and lo it is good.

Now, before I lose control and make this an article about shitty advertising, let me state my thesis, baldly and loudly:

WHO THE FUCK NEEDS A DAMN PROJECTOR IN THEIR POCKET AT ALL TIMES? CAN SOMEBODY ANSWER ME THAT? IS IT SOMETHING THAT IS REQUIRED ON THE GO? PROJECTORS ARE USED FOR LIKE TWO THINGS: BUSINESS MEETINGS AND CLASSROOMS. THOSE ARE BOTH STATIONARY SITUATIONS THAT HAVE CHAIRS AND FLAT SURFACES TO PROJECT THINGS ON TO WITH THE AID OF SOME MINIATURE POWERPOINT SHOWER THING. I'M SO MAD RIGHT NOW.

I'm imagining an example scenario where I'm stranded on the side of the road. My car has a blown tire, and I've got a spare, but darn it all, I never learned how to attach the darn thing. And I'm a visual learner...

BAM WIFI PLUS PROJECTOR PHONE BITCH. NOW I CAN PROJECT A YOUTUBE VIDEO OF SOMEONE CHANGING A TIRE ON TO THE FUCKING PAVEMENT AND I CAN FOLLOW ALONG. THANKS PROJECTOR PHONE! YOU SAVED ME FROM...SOMETHING!

I believe these recent developments in cellular phone technology are a clear indication of the end times. Projector phones today, rectal thermometer iPods tomorrow, and so on until hellfire is raining down upon us.

If you seek salvation, you can join me on my secluded island where all technological developments post-2007 will be prohibited. You will be safe there. We'll have Facebook, reasonable wireless speeds and AT&T. If I see one person pull out a projector phone, well, let me just say I cannot be held responsible for my actions when I'm hulking out.

THE FIRST



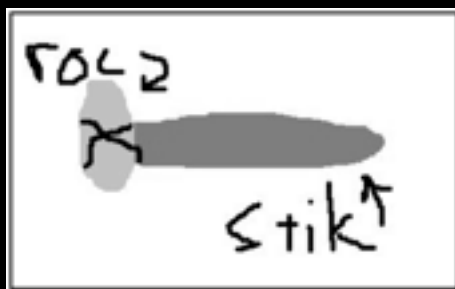
Urg urg, ogg ogg, and good day, my cave-dwelling brothers. Chief Togrokk here, updating you on the status of our fair and glorious tribe and the struggles that it faces.

As you all know, for the past few thousand years we Homo sapiens have maintained a delicate and uneasy rivalry with the Neanderthals of Mammoth Pie Valley. Their prominent brows and broad nostrils have been spotted in our lands uninvited many times over our long and turbulent history. Some of our women have been kidnapped. Many times, we wake up to find that mischievous Neanderthal vandals have infiltrated our caves, drawing crude and vulgar drawings of buffalos and horses all over our walls.

Recently, increasingly larger bands of these villains have been spotted at our borders. With their hairy faces sticking out from bushes or around rocks, they spy on us from afar as if waiting for some sort of opportunity. The Elders and I have decided that now is the time to strike.

Now, I know we all remember the last war with the Neanderthals, back during the Middle Paleolithic. Indeed, our losses were many, and we certainly do not wish to repeat this atrocity. However, in this new Upper Paleolithic Era, state-of-the-art technologies only recently developed by our top scientists will make this new war quicker and easier than ever before.

The primary weapon of the earlier Neanderthal wars was the pointed stick, an old standby of our armed forces. An upgraded form of the regular stick, the pointed stick as we know it is capable of unprecedented penetration of flesh, whether it is that of a man, beast, or Neanderthal (or am I being redundant? Ha ha!). However, one of the things that made earlier wars so costly was Neanderthal possession of this awesome technology. With both sides wielding equally powerful pointed sticks, casualties were unnecessarily high on both sides. Now, it is with great pride that I introduce the future of stick combat: sticks with rocks on the end. See the following schematic drawing for a sketch of this technological marvel.



With the rock attached, the stick is now capable of destruction never imagined before. Time-wasting stabbing will be replaced by more efficient pounding, while reducing the need for precision. Traumatizing blunt force will make simple laceration seem merciful. Hand-to-hand combat among the advanced primates will be brought to new levels the Neanderthals have never envisioned. Their hoards of fat-faced warriors, wielding their obsolete pointed sticks, will cower in fear before our new killing machine.

For long range combat, our military advisors have devised yet another new take on the pointed stick. In a rather humorous turn of events, General Hurrkk recently threw his own personal pointed stick to the ground in outrage after learning that his entire family had died from hypother-

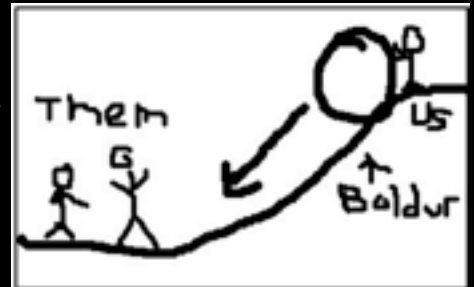
ARMS RACE

mia. When the stick impaled his own foot, he realized that pointed sticks make excellent projectiles. He reported his findings to the Elders, and then died from blood loss.

Using a method we call “Hurrkk’s Flying Rage (HFR),” our soldiers are now being trained to throw pointed sticks instead of merely jabbing them. Used effectively, a well-aimed HFR can take out a young deer from thirty feet away. HFR using sticks with rocks at the end has proven less effective due to center-of-mass issues. Rocks will continue to be thrown sans handle.

For widespread decimation, engineers are looking into the possibility of rolling really big boulders down hills to crush our Neanderthal foes.

The project, codenamed “Operation Let’s Roll Really Big Boulders Down Hills to Crush Our Neanderthal Foes,” is highly secretive, but the research team looking into the prospect has produced a schematic diagram to illustrate the concept:

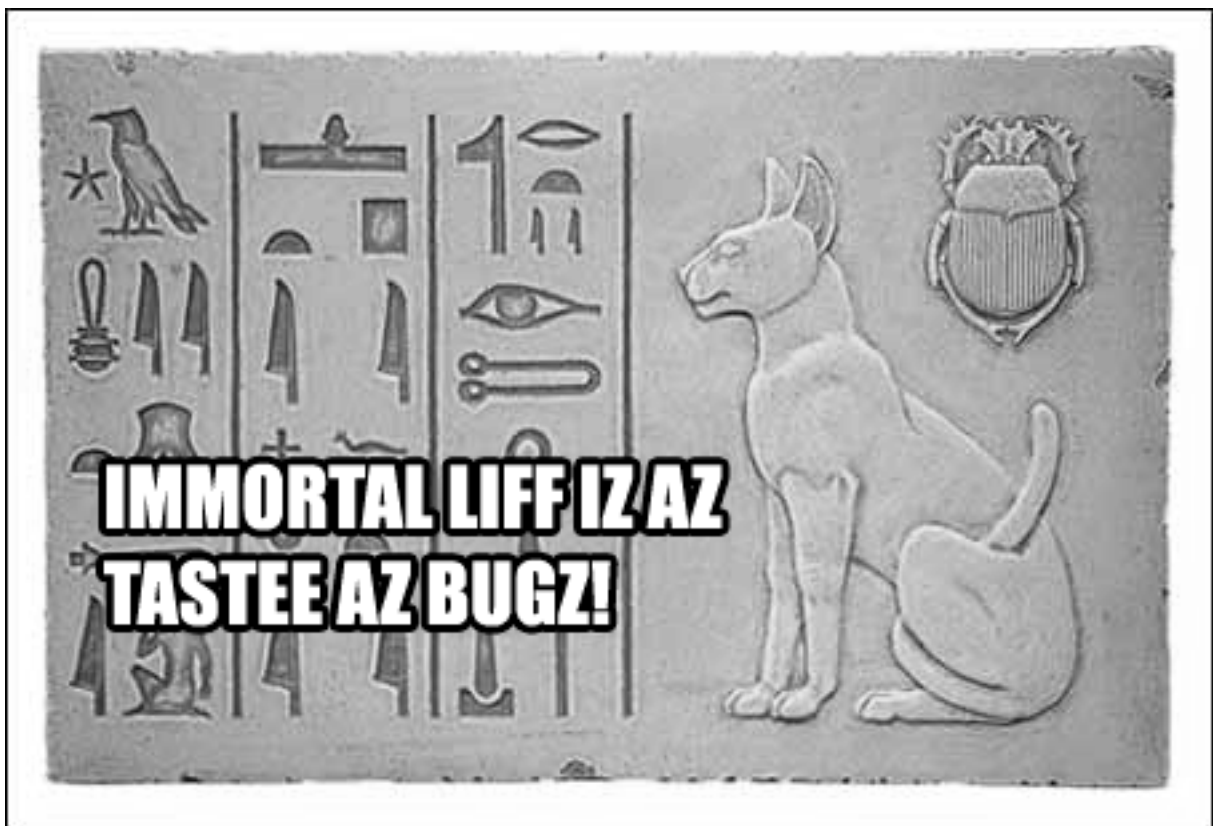


In a related project, some of our brightest minds have been working together to develop what they call a “thin cylindrical apparatus capable of translational and rotational motion.” Upon hearing about their idea, I asked them to explain it in simpler terms- and what they said astonished me. I am proud to announce that if all goes well, we should have a fully functional prototype of a wheel ready for testing within the coming months! The Neanderthals haven’t even conceived this sort of raw power. Think of the many simple carts we’ll be able to make- our economy will soar!

Now, amid all this promise, I suppose I must address the issue in the back of everyone’s mind: fire. We know the Neanderthals have it, and yet we have been unsuccessful in obtaining this mysterious force. A specimen was stolen by our spies earlier this month, but it disappeared when one of our researchers attempted to dissolve it in order to examine its chemical makeup. Our scientists have only managed to produce fire for fleeting moments at a time in the laboratory, using a method called “Manual High-Velocity Geo-Collision,” more commonly known as “banging two rocks together.” For now, fire is the Neanderthals’ to use- which makes it all the more imperative that they are eliminated.

My cavemen brothers, we may not have reached the Iron Age, nor even the Bronze Age, but there is no doubt that we are on the verge of a golden age for prehistoric technology. The coming millennia will feature growth and development unprecedented for our people, largely owing to the fact that we haven’t really grown and developed all that much yet. More importantly, we shall establish ourselves as the masters of this planet, above the lowly Neanderthals. With these new weapons, we are on the road to victory. Let’s send these heathens back to the Stone Age!





A PHONE INTERVIEW WITH THE AMISH:

Lunatic: "So, is it a rolling thing? Like, 150 years from now, will you guys all be on Twitter?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "Are clever people just expelled from the community? If one day someone says, 'you know, if I put some fuel in this container, then compress it and ignite it, it should push this rod outward, and when it comes back up I can repeat the cycle, thereby generating useful work,' are they taken out and shot?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "How are relations with the Iriquois? Have you been in any circle-the-wagons-type skirmishes with them lately?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "What's the difference between you guys and the Mennonites, anyway? Who would win in a barn-raising competition?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "If a rooster lays an egg on a roof, which way does it roll?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "Roosters don't lay eggs!"

Lunatic: "Are you guys allowed to do Sudoku? I mean, it could've been invented five thousand years ago, all you need is paper and numbers."

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "How has the Amish economy been affected by emancipation? Has business slowed?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "Some speculate that the Amish vote would have won the 2008 presidential election for John McCain had many states not switched to electronic voting machines. What is the Amish community's take on this?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "Was everyone Amish before 1600?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "Do you believe in dinosaurs? How about fax machines?"

Amish: [DIAL TONE]

Lunatic: "I can see we're not really getting anywhere. Could I speak to the lady of the house? Or is she not allowed near the phone, you fascist?!"

Amish: "We're sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service. Please check the number and try again."

THE
PROTAGONIST

THE
ANTAGONIST

Climax

Rising Action

Falling Action

Exposition

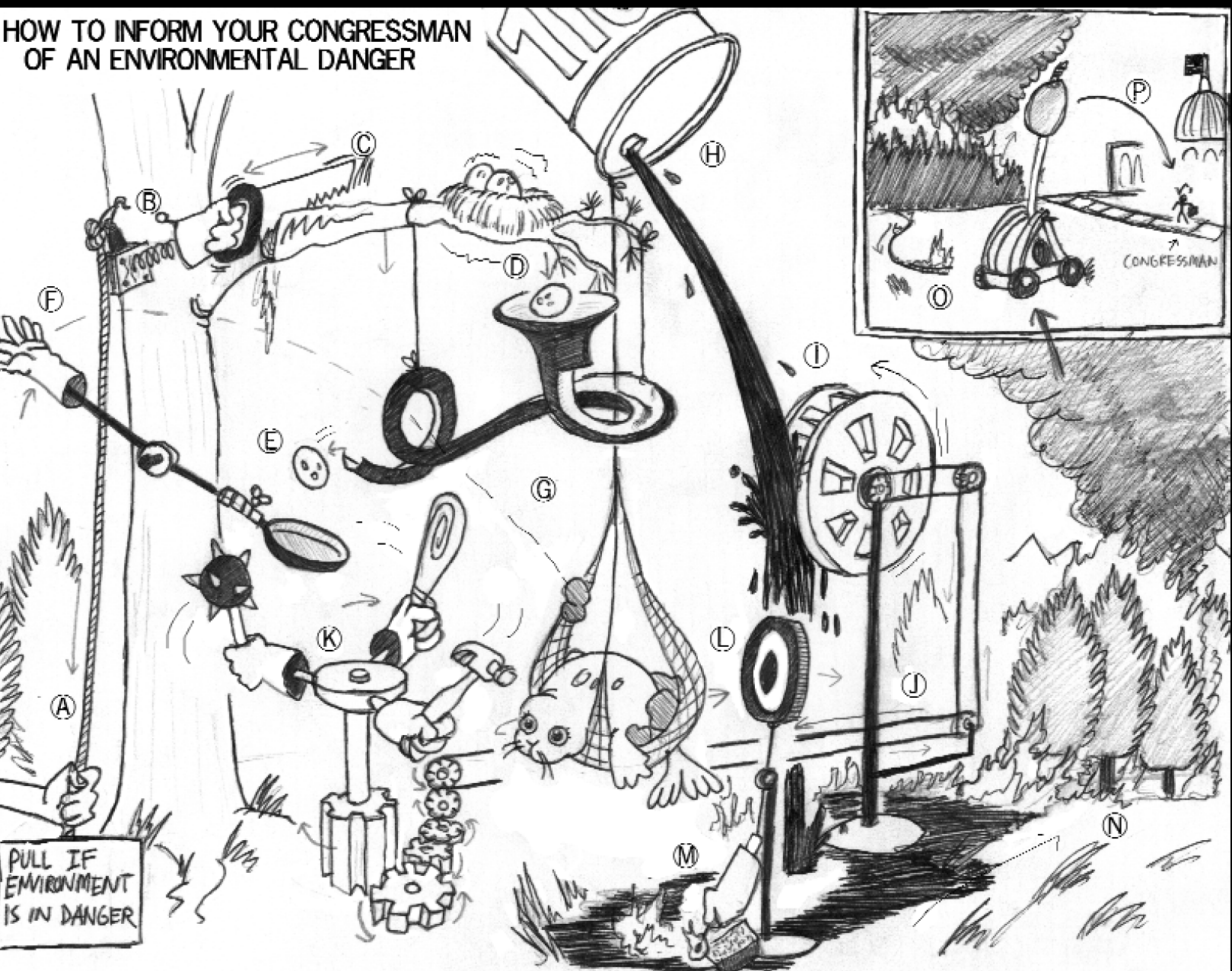
Denouement

X VS Y

CORRELATION. CAUSATION. BEST FIT.

THE CORNELL LUNATIC PRESENTS A COMPLETELY MADE UP FILM X VS Y
THE PROTAGONIST THE ANTAGONIST THE GENERAL LOVE INTEREST THE TALKING DOG
HEY THANKS FOR TAKING THE TIME TO READ THIS BUT YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME PENIS PENIS PENIS PENIS
SO I PUT MY HANDS UP THEY'RE PLAYING MY SONG, AND THE BUTTERFLYS FLY AWAY NODDIN' MY HEAD LIKE YEAH

HOW TO INFORM YOUR CONGRESSMAN
OF AN ENVIRONMENTAL DANGER



PULL ROPE (A) WHICH UNHOOKS SAW (B) WHICH HACKS THE BRANCH (C) AND CAUSES BALD EAGLE EGG TO SLIDE OUT OF THE NEST (D) INTO FRYING PAN (E), THEN MOVES HAND (F) TO CATAPULT THROUGH THE LOOP AND ONTO WEIGHTED NET (G), LEADIN THE EXTRA WEIGHT TO CAUSE OIL DRUM (H) TO TIP OVER, SPEWING OIL OVER WATER WHEEL (I), CONSEQUENTLY ROTATING BELT SYSTEM (J), CAUSING BEATING MECHANISM (K) TO LAUNCH BABY SEAL INTO TARGET (L), STRIKING MATCH (M) THUS IGNITING OIL ON GROUND, AND FINALLY SETTING FIRE TO ENTIRE EAST COAST(N). THEN FIRE REACHES ROPE ATTACHED TO TREBUCHET (O), LAUNCHING ROCK WITH LETTER DENOUNCING GLOBAL WARMING AT CONGRESSMAN, WHO MUTTERS ABOUT "THE YOUTH OF TODAY" AND WALKS AWAY (P).

a ttysl to David Skillet Jeremiah Watts </end>

The Cornell Lunatic is a publication devoted to delivering to you, the Cornell community, humor articles of the highest caliber and quality, and we take pride in our persistent failure to do so. We are a family here at the Lunatic—a dysfunctional, abusive family—and each of our members is cherished for his or her unique talents, except for my dear friend Ben Strauss, who is a talentless hack. We are a community, and like every community we enjoy our elusive highs and confront our devastatingly frequent lows, and, sadly, we must endure the passing of giants.

David James Watts is not a giant. He is a normal-sized person. He does not trample around saying fee-fie-fo-fum or grind bones to make his bread. Passing by him in the quad or on the street, you'd barely notice him among the crowd as he scurried his way to this or that class. Perhaps you'd see his rosy, typically smiling face, and think, "There is another of my fine Cornellian comrades. He seems a decent fellow! He is probably a normal person, who thinks normal things in a normal manner. How swell!" Oh, how wrong you would be.

So as not to isolate the reader, I shall attempt to sketch out Watts's character through the medium the reader is most familiar with; that is, his style of writing. Have you, in your studies of this Lunatic issue and others past, encountered any articles that made superfluous mention of spinning rims? Or insurance fraud? Have you, in your late-night readings of this publication, found yourself immersed in a piece wherein the author mentioned his Asian heritage incessantly, though it had nothing to do with the topic at hand? Are you familiar with any pieces where Oprah, R. Kelly, and Chris Rock made bizarre cameo experiences? If you answered "By Jove, yes!" to any of the above questions, then you have encountered a David Watts original.

And yet that is only a fraction of the chaos that has emerged from David Watts's mind and into the annals of Lunatic history. Whereas these magazines only have so much space and thus can contain only the best of his ideas, we Lunatics at our weekly meetings bear witness to the Watts Machine at full blast, pouring out an endless stream of non sequiturs and Bill Cosby impressions that would bring Seth MacFarlane to his knees. When Watts did a stint as our Sergeant-at-Arms, the scribe position at our meetings, he kept two records: one of ideas he suggested, and one of ideas everyone else did. His was usually longer. At the end of meetings we'd read his list aloud, and all leave a little less secure in our place in the universe.

When I first met David Watts, I thought he was actually insane. I was convinced that the poor boy was a legitimate basket case, brought onboard to give the magazine some real excitement. It was only later that I realized the true genius of Watts. He's not crazy at all, in fact he's worked as an RA, charged with the safety of other students. Let that sink in for a while, and realize what this means. It means that all that stuff I mentioned before—the spinning rims preoccupation, the fixation on Oprah, the suspiciously complete knowledge of fraud law—is all the intentional product of a functioning, normal, Ivy-League mind. Somewhere, right now, Watts is sitting out there, plotting the next perfectly Wattsian thing to do, completely aware of how bizarre it's going to be. This is Andy Kaufmanesque stuff, people. If you don't understand Watts's jokes, dear friends, it's because the joke's on you. At least, I hope so, because the alternative is too weird for me to handle.

David James Watts is graduating this year, and the Lunatic will march on without him. Starting next fall, the number of articles about R. Kelly is going to reach new lows not seen since before any of us were enrolled here. Watts is moving on to the real world, and whether it's going to destroy him or if he's going to destroy it I can't be sure. You'll be missed, Watts, so keep your head high and your rims spinnin'.



BLAME PAGE

LOLcats: IRT

Rube Goldberg: JGF

ttyl to Watts: MJC

X v Y: JGF

Amish Phone Call:

Staff

The First Arms Race:

MJC

Projector Phone: DS

Sisqó: DJW

iPad Review: DDK

Tech Discover: MEB

Turing Test: RMH

Firefox Add-on: MJC

Technology 101: MJC

Engineers: DDK

Shoes: ABM

Unused Gadgets:

DJW

Comic: RMH

MADD: DS

Twitter Baby: DS