

CORNELL LUNATIC

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**Great Depression
vs.
Clinical Depression
Issue**



THE CORNELL LUNATIC

CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

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THEM CRAZY LUNATICS

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BEFORE WE BEGIN, I'D LIKE TO BLAME THE STAFF FOR THIS ISSUE'S THEME

BY PETE HAAS

Last issue we went all high-concept on everyone and decided to do a "Requiem Issue," detailing the fictional fall of our magazine. It was going to have character arcs, a moving storyline, a chase scene - everything. We assumed that either A) we would fail miserably in creating the issue, or B) no one would care and everyone would wonder why we stopped insinuating bizarre sexual habits of fellow Cornellians. As it turns out, A and B aren't mutually exclusive options. We're proud of our little diseased stepchild of an issue though - let's just never talk about it ever again.

The theme for this semester's issue, "Great Depression vs. Clinical Depression," shows the interesting sort of results you can get from group decision-making. You gotta appreciate a theme that lets you rip on President Hoover *and* post-partum depression, though. Maybe after I graduate they'll continue making issue themes with completely unrelated ideas connected by a word (a few ideas: Super Bowl vs. Superfund, Black Plague vs. Black People).

I guess I should make some comment on depression while I'm filling space here, so here goes: though there is a big push to obliterate mental illness in any way possible - therapy, medication - one has to admit that

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there is at least *some* truth to common depressed thoughts. For example:

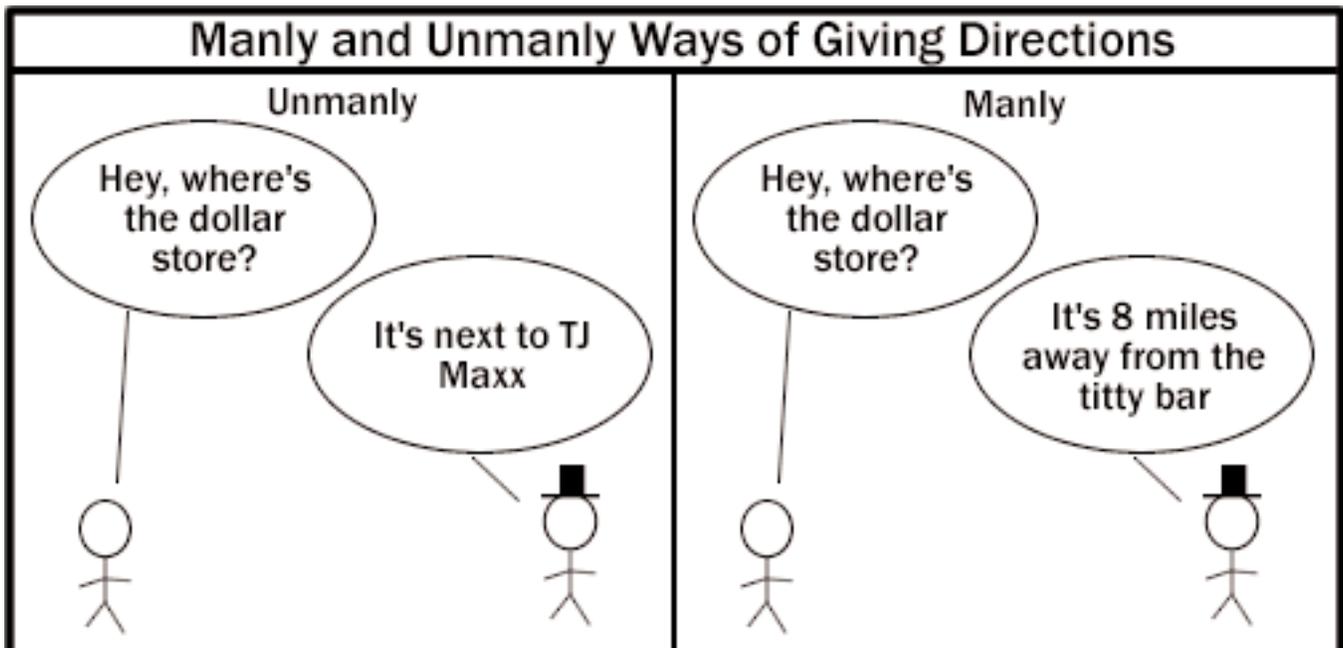
You really do have little to no control over your life. You can't even control the things you create - they take on a life of their own. The creators of the atom bomb realized this. More tragic is the story of the guy who invented the wire hanger. He made a simple device that allowed people to store their clothing without wrinkling it, and everyone starts using it to break into cars and perform back-alley abortions. It makes you wonder whether every innovation is just a perversion of its original form. For all we know, the inventor of the catapult meant for his invention to be used to *catch* giant stones.

Life is also horribly unfair. There are more women who would sleep with Rob Schneider just because he's Rob Schneider and he did that "making copies" skit on SNL, than there are surviving bald eagles. I'm not sure whether that's a true statistic (I could check but don't care), but it's close enough to truth to be depressing. Rob Schneider, by the way, has probably earned enough money from his horrendous movies to pay scientists to invent the traps from *Ghostbusters* and suck up the restless spirits of Chris Farley and John Belushi. What's also unfair is that as soon as Rob Schneider stops making movies, everyone will

start saying "man, whatever happened to him?" and act like he's broke or dead even if he retired by choice. A couple years ago a friend said to me, "Bill Murray...what happened to *him*?" He's been fucking loaded, that's what happened.

Everything comes to an end eventually. School, relationships, rambling editorials - none of them last forever. Even a quality show like *Love Monkey*, with a solid premise, good production values, and the charismatic Jason Priestly in a supporting role, will eventually - wait, just got cancelled, never mind.

With principles like these ruling our lives, it's easy to get depressed. But what depressed people lose sight of is that there's a flip side to all these rules. Having no control over your life means that you can afford to be lazy - I mean, no sense in busting your balls if it's gonna turn out the same either way. Life might be unfair, but that just means good stuff can come your way even if you don't deserve it (I plan on riding this "affluent white kid" thing to the top). And sure, all things end eventually, but instead of worrying about your youth slipping away, just remember this: every passing day brings Rob Schneider a step closer to his grave. I don't know about you, but that never fails to perk me up.



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The Lament of a Temple Guard from □Legends of the Hidden Temple□

Once again, I am standing here, lurking behind the walls of the Temple. Neither myself or my fellow guards dare make a noise, lest we alert the competing kids to our position. They keep us on a very short leash around here. We all know that anyone caught with one too many slip-ups is sent to a Malaysian sweatshop to assemble Stick Stickly figurines. And let me tell you, this is a fate worse than death.

My current assignment is the Shrine of the Silver Monkey. I can't say much about my life in this sick and depraved universe of ours, but I can say that I make due with what I have. I take great pride in disassembling the small simian statuette and placing its various parts throughout the room. Each time, I feel a small shimmer of hope that perhaps the kids won't find all the pieces, and I will emerge victorious. But every time, every single time, they find all the pieces in a matter of seconds, as if fate itself mocks me. Sometimes, when I emerge from my hiding place to capture the little brats who make quick work of my efforts, they simply smirk and hand me their token so that they may live to fight another day. As I accept the token from the competitor, it sickens me that as I look into his eyes, I am seeing a better man (or boy).

It wasn't long ago that I was a rising star here at Nickelodeon Studios. I was a referee on Guts, energetic and full of life. Some said that some day I might even replace Mike O'Malley as host. But in my youthful exuberance, I took risks, and living the high life brought about my downfall. Any hope of future success on Guts was crushed on that fateful day when I was caught trying to sell coke laced with pieces of the Krag. Now, all hope is gone. Since the Hidden Temple predates minimum-wage laws, I can barely afford to eat. The last meal I had was a whipped cream pie I stole from the What Would You Do? break room.

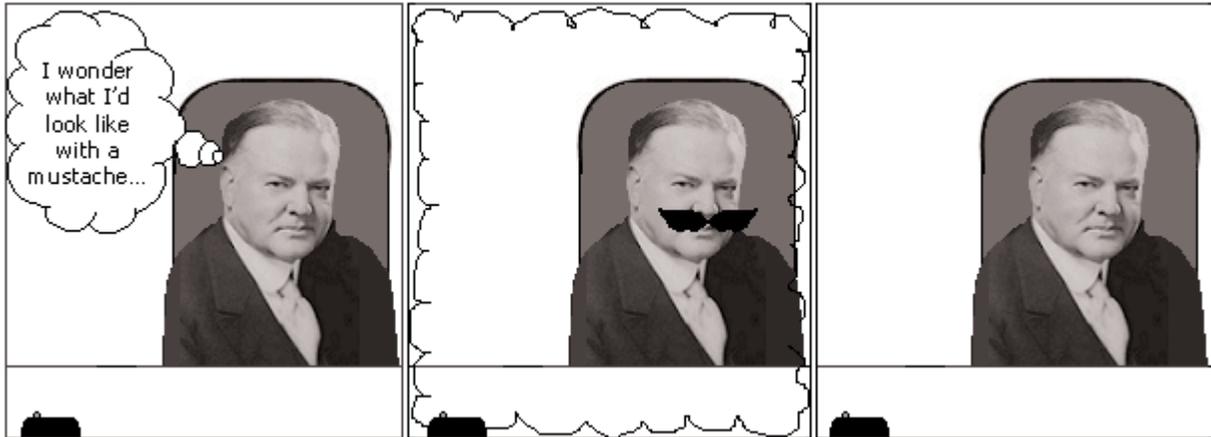
Sometimes, the pain of life itself is simply too great to bear and I pray for death. I when I watch Olmec as he talks about the Jockstrap of Alexander Hamilton or whatever the item of the day is, I secretly dream of placing my head in his gaping mechanical jaw so he may crush my skull into powder and snuff out my meaningless existence. But every time I try, I find myself lacking the resolve. I know that, as bad as things may be, I have not yet reached rock bottom. When I find myself wishing for death, one thought keeps me from going over the edge:

At least I'm not Donnie Jeffcoat.

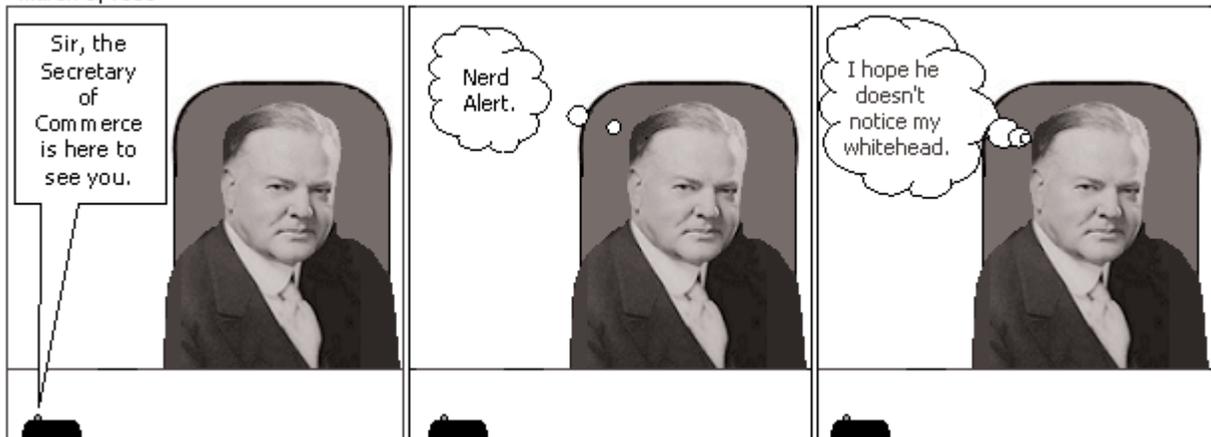
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Grace Under Fire: The Administration of President Herbert Hoover

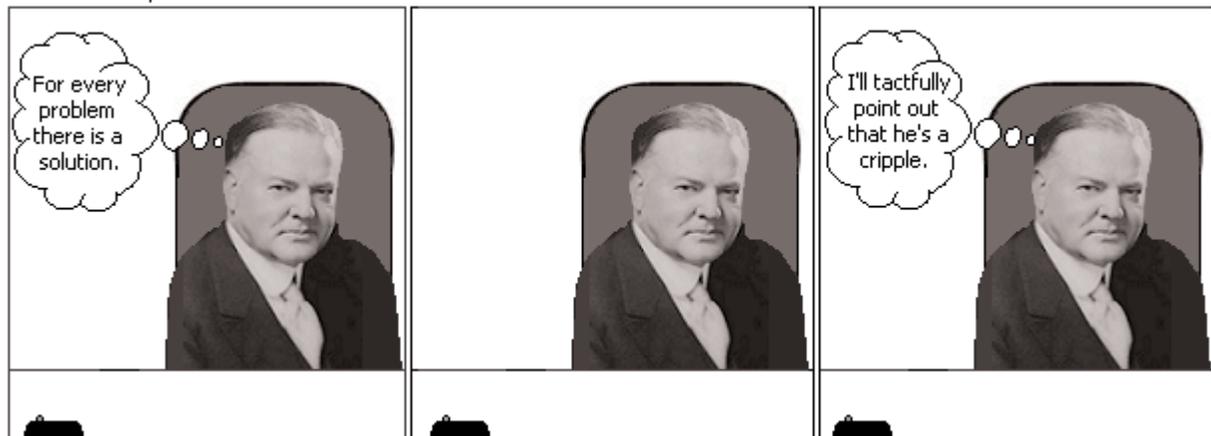
October 26, 1929



March 3, 1930



December 20, 1932





How to Pimp Your Daughter on a Budget



Down on your luck? Trying to feed a large family? Make your daughters earn their keep! Prostitution has been a very successful career choice for many young women down on their luck, and we here at the Lunatic want to help you get started on the road to riches.

If you are familiar with the luxurious brothels of old, you may be wondering, "How can I possibly whore out my daughter with such limited resources?" With these 5 great new DIY* ideas, you can use supplies that may easily be found in and around your cardboard box to turn your daughter into the vixen you knew she always was behind your back.

1. First, your daughter will need a sexy top to catch the eye of some men. Not a trained tailor? Not a problem! Find two coffee filters large enough to cover your daughter's breasts to your satisfaction. Place one over each breast and use packing tape underneath the bust to connect the filters together and give some lift to the breasts. Then rip the daily paper to shreds (like you've always wanted to) and tape the strips together edge to edge to fit your daughter's curves and cover the area between the bust and the waist. For the less inspired, the business section and a piece of string may suffice.
2. To emphasize the legs simply cut an existing skirt as short as you can bear. To prevent the bottom from unraveling, simply paint tar along the bottom edge.
3. Can't afford stockings? Simply draw a line up the center back of the leg with charcoal, eyeliner, marker, or whatever is available. For the artistic or desperate, garter belts may also be drawn on in the same fashion.
4. Bloomers too large to be hidden under a miniskirt and invisible stockings? Fashion a g-string out of the fanbelt from that Model-T that you can't afford anymore anyway.
5. To give some more oomph to her eventual strip tease, create nipple tassels out of beer bottle caps and broken shoelaces. Simply punch a hole through the middle of the beer bottle cap with a nail, thread the shoelace through, and tie a knot to secure. Completed tassels are easily attached with chewing gum or leftover tar.

It is also important to keep in mind that if your daughter becomes in the family way, the business is lost. We recommend that she carry around plastic wrap, a plastic bag, a rubber glove, or even foil to protect herself from pregnancy.

Good Luck!



**"Xanax"? More Like
"Friend of Man-ax"**

A review of the popular
antidepressant, by Clyde
Vestibule

The first thing that strikes me about this pharmaceutical is the bottle - an unsuspecting white canister which tells me to down the contents of it with water, no doubt to maximize the drug's impact on the palette. The manufacturer then adds, tongue in cheek, that it should not be consumed with alcohol. The untoppable joke is topped as the label insists that I keep it out of the reach of children. As if a child could even get within ten feet of the bottle without being gorilla-stomped by yours truly! But I digress. The humorous tone of the bottle, while refresh-

ing, does give the product a very middlebrow feel. I'm given the impression that yes, a famous rock star might intentionally overdose on this in a hotel room, but the hotel would be a Holiday Inn at best.

I open the bottle and take a deep sniff. There is a fresh mineral smell to it. I wonder: did the manufacturers of Xanax intend for it to smell like *Manzanilla* wine, or did the makers of *Manzanilla* wine intend for their product to smell like Xanax? The world may never know.

The one-milligram pills - a shade of blue as deep as my Arena Football gambling debt - roll about easily in my palm. They're cool to the touch, a calming sensation. It's as reassuring as the real-

ization that your ex-wife's new home in San Diego is within nuclear striking distance of Red Korea.

The pills race down my throat like supple children down a waterslide. They taste a lot like gin, though that might just be the gin I'm taking it with. After the third or fourth handful the flavor expands - I can taste it in my toenails. It's impossible to convey how delicious it is - the closest equivalent would be eating cookie dough off a D-cup. There is an aftertaste of peaches and nausea. They say that the best products are those that make a promise to the buyer and then fulfill it. Xanax keeps a promise, and that promise is: "You are going to a hospital."

My Life in Help Wanted Ads

HELP WANTED

Patient, unflinching, essentially gropeable girl sought for excruciating seventh grade dance. Required skills include Electric Slide, Ironic Macarena, and possibly shimmy-shimmy-with-partner. Attempts will be made to attach a corsage -- applicant must be comfortable with "busy wrists."

HIRING IMMEDIATELY

Bright, eager kid with palsy to join soccer team in inspirational endeavor and distract from legitimately worst player on team. Required skills include: palsy, or reasonable facsimile. Hemophilia a plus.

ARE YOU ANGSTY?

I am looking for an eager, open-minded, hopelessly platonic female friend to read my creative writing and offer vague, new-agey rejections of my work and self. Must know a shuddering sapling of sorrow from an eternal redwood ardor.

APPLY NOW!

Seeking bright, eager professional to follow me around in bars and yell various nicknames and shout-outs in my direction. Examples: "That's why we call him the Granary!"; "This fucker here!"; "Boo-ya!"

JOB OPPORTUNITY

Second Indian kid sought to join kindergarten with me. Must love crayons, be slightly uglier. Speech impediment(s) preferred; soccer skills a minus.

“Goldfish Closet”

On that October day, they picked their favorite place to sit and relax. They talked about the future. They always loved to sit on the bench in the park under the trees, the way they formed an archway of branches. Kate and her husband, Hamilton, looked out at the highway that now runs right behind the pond. She rested her head on his shoulder. And he took a little flask out of my pocket that he brought with him to ease the conversation. Even the most serene settings can require some alcohol to smooth over this talk.

She had been holding on to it for quite some time. She couldn't quite let go of the idea. There was something so intrinsically important about providing and always being there. By giving this up she knew she would suddenly feel that loss and be faced with wondering what to do next. But they talked it out. Tried to decide what was best.

"Honey, it's okay. It's time to let go." He said and gave her a supportive rub on her shoulders. She looked up at him with the kind of disappointed eyes their son had when his first few goldfish died, one after another. He kept winning those things at county fairs though. Hamilton always wanted to just leave the fish in the bags and throw them in the closet in the foyer. That way, when people came over, they wouldn't be able to put their coats in there.

"Why?" they would ask.

"Oh, that's our dead goldfish closet," He would reply.

Kate stared at that garbage can for what seemed like an eternity. But whenever Kate would take another long breath and let out a

sigh, Hamilton would just nudge her a little bit more.

After staring at that garbage can a little while longer, she was finally inspired. She spun around quickly and looked at me.

"I'm ready," she said.

Hamilton just nodded and got the flask out of his breast pocket. He poured some on the blade in hopes that it would sterilize it a little. And with one quick movement, they finally cut the umbilical cord.

And suddenly, I was hit with a pang of hunger, and a sudden confusion about how to forage for myself. Moments after they tossed the excess skin, Hamilton got a call on his cell phone.

"Dad, what do I do now?"

"Warren, I want you to give 'eating' a try. Just try it. You're on your own now."

"Yeah but."

"No. No, 'Yeah, but.' This is a big moment for you. Your mother and I can't take anymore and now you're going to learn to survive on your own, or else natural selection will kill your ass. I swear to God, son. You'll find a way."

"Well alright."

"That's the spirit!"

"How's the goldfish closet coming?"

"It's getting there. Just your mother's got a shaky arm. She doesn't sink as many as she should."

"Well, good luck all the same."

"Thanks. Now go figure out how to eat. I know you can do it."

I'll tell you what I did

instead of figuring out how to survive on my own. Instead of doing that, I called up my Uncle Rufus. My parents hate my Uncle Rufus. I mentioned my predicament, my need for food, and my feelings towards my parents. Uncle Rufus started taking me out for meals a few times a week and showing me how the system works.

"Ah... your mother. I always used to sign my letters to Kate, 'With love and an awkward and regrettable fondling of your breasts, Rufus'. She was a good woman. I'll miss her," My uncle Rufus leaned back in his easy chair and with a creak and a loud "KA-CHING!" the old foot rest popped out under his feet.

Most people don't understand my uncle. But for the same reason they don't understand him, I do. My uncle was bat-shit insane.

A couple of times a week my uncle comes to visit me now, and we go to brunch together. I always try to get him to experience a restaurant that's even marginally healthier like a diner or something, but he always insists on McDonald's. He's explained to me that the reason we eat exclusively here is that he can get a senior citizens coffee for himself, and as long as I hide from view from the counter, he can get a second one and feel the satisfaction of abusing power. Also, he has told me that he would like me to blame him when I inevitably develop high cholesterol. It was a part of a larger conversation that began with, "Warren, I would like, if at the end of your life, you could say that every single one of your problems was either directly or indirectly my fault. That

would bring me the greatest pleasure." And with that, he forced me to order another breakfast sandwich.

I promised him not to worry because I already do.

He smiled.

All the same, I really appreciated that he came by. On this particular day, he was the last step I needed in coming out of my stages of transition from losing reality to coming back into it. I was curled up in my bed, when my uncle let himself in to my house, came upstairs, punched me in the arm a few times and shouted "C'mon! I want a fucking McGriddle and they stop servin' them at 10am!"

Mid-breakfast I decided to tell my uncle about this story idea I had. I sketch out the story. The boys I'd imagined, Harold and Irving, are now two prominent heads of families in the town in America that's collectively in denial. Just beyond the last cornfield in Ohio is the last surviving loyalist colony. Defiance, Ohio has stayed exactly the same since colonial America. After a natural disaster, the jock, who is now the mayor of the town, sends a letter to Parliament requesting assistance in the rebuilding of the colony.

In a quick move to action, Parliament

announces that it's finally time to let the town know that they've been liberated. The shallow, but now self-aware jock is given the task of deciding whether or not to try and assimilate with America. He goes on a road trip, the wind blowing in his hair, to see what America has to offer. Returning home, he burns the letter and announces, "Parliamentary procedure can be so slow moving. Now is the time to show our commitment to the crown, and our self-reliance. We will rebuild this town ourselves and be the stronger for it!"

Soon enough though, the town becomes so enraged with England for its severe lack of sympathy and unwillingness to become involved in the affairs of its own colony, the radical members of the town hold a meeting where they decide to announce their intention to call for independence and cease being a colony of England.

The town drafts a Declaration of Independence and sends it to Parliament. The story ends with a beautiful envelope and stationary, framed on the wall above the jock/mayor's desk with the simple reply from Parliament, "We concede. You are freed. Best of luck." I said all of this while my Uncle silently listened,

and thoughtfully munched on his sandwich and hash browns. As I finished, Rufus slowly sipped his 35 cent coffee, slurping it to truly suck the taste out of every ounce. I don't know how he did it, the coffee here tastes like chicken soup. But as he drank, he thought. And he said, "Your father, Hamilton, was a real homo. Just like you. And I think there really is a town in Ohio called Defiance."

"Well, that doesn't matter... this is a different town. Like almost a mythical town."

"Like Brigadoon? Are you writing Brigadoon? If you write Brigadoon I'll shank you."

"No! I Swear! Just, please shut up and take me to that doctor's appointment I've gotta be at..."

While I was at my doctor's appointment, my Uncle was simultaneously seeking serious medical advice. How long have you been having these feelings of rage?" Buck Thalhimer asked.

Rufus put down his glass of beer on the bar ate a few peanuts and asked, with a mouth full of peanuts, "Why do you insist that they're feelings of rage? Couldn't they just be standard, average feelings?"

"Well, generally

people don't create elaborate fantasies about women that weren't actually ever married to them being murdered. That's why I felt I should ask." Buck then proceeded to drink a shot and then chase it with a beer.

"Well, you wouldn't know, you were never married to her." Rufus felt this defense would work heavily in his favor, "I know the evidence points towards foul play."

"Technically, neither were you, Rufus" Buck had a good point with that argument.

Rufus can't win now. Buck recognized the fact that his marriage to Kate has all been a lie. And Buck continues, "You do recognize the fact that you've never been married don't you?"

"Of course I do," Damn, how did he know? Rufus asked, "Buck! How did you know I was lying?"

"You've been coming to this bar since you were fresh out of college. Never married."

"You never fail to impress me." The next round comes through. In unison they drop their shot glasses of whiskey into their respective beer glasses and chug in unison, finally slamming the glasses on the table within seconds of each other.

"Still, in my medical opinion, I would like to recommend that

we sterilize you with a possible option to remove your still beating heart like they did in the second Indiana Jones movie if the first option isn't successful."

"Hmm," Rufus mused over the recommendation, "I've been telling women that I'm sterile since I was in my early 30's. Would any of this affect my ability to lie to women to get them to sleep with me?"

"No, you'll still be a lying sack of shit."

"Fantastic."

After meeting Buck at his office at a barstool at one of those Irish Pubs in the lobby of a hotel, my Uncle Rufus drove his 1986 Toyota Camry to the lake with dynamite in the trunk of his car. It was an age old trick that he'd learned from his fishing buddies at the coal mine. They would steal dynamite from the mine and go down to the lake, and throw the dynamite into the lake, and then pick up the fish that had been blown out of the water. My uncle and his friends were not patient men. And my uncle had recently started upping the ante by practicing this hobby at the lakes that belong to housing communities.

And so one October day, Kate and her husband ended up back at their favorite place in the park to sit and relax. They talked about the future. They always loved to sit on the bench under the trees, the way they formed an archway of branches. Kate and her husband looked out at the highway that now runs right behind the pond. She rested her head on his shoulder. And he took a little flask out of his pocket that he brought to ease the conversation. Even the most serene settings can require some alcohol to smooth over this talk.

Kate stared at that garbage can for what seemed like an eternity. The flames rose higher out of

the garbage, dancing as the contents turned to ash, and she was finally inspired. She spun around quickly and looked at me.

"I'm ready," she said.

Her husband just nodded and got the flask out of his breast pocket. He poured some on the blade in hopes that it would sterilize it a little. And with one quick movement, he sunk the knife deep into her chest. She kissed him one last time on the lips and whispered, "Hamilton, tell the kids it was their fault we got divorced," as she slipped away.

Hamilton drove home in their maroon Volvo station wagon. The Tom Waits album Blood Money was in the tape deck and it started to rain a little bit outside. When he hit a bump, Kate's body bounced up pushing the blade further into her chest. It was at this moment that he really wished he had pushed harder for them to get the sedan instead of the station wagon. Do you know how often they used that extra trunk space? Never. They hated car trips. She hated car trips. Yet, she insisted on the extra trunk space.

Sometimes my Uncle Rufus uses too much dynamite. Sometimes he uses so much dynamite that the bang blows him back and he knocks himself unconscious. That day in the park, in my parent's favorite park, my uncle awoke at the side of the lake. He awoke surrounded by fish, and looked at the park bench. Immediately upon waking, he witnessed the scene he had always predicted and saw my father, Hamilton swiftly stab my mother. It was that moment outside the coffee shop that I got a belligerent phone call from my Uncle. And I had to figure out what I was going to do.

Cleveland Steamers Stage Protest

CLEVELAND (Hearst)- Community Chest offices in several central Cleveland locations were shut down by protesting carpet-cleaning union, Local 3455-"The Steamers," who carried out a sit-in beginning Monday morning.

Union President Shatz says that the union has taken to squatting over strategic Chest locations, hoping to provide "A Steaming Hot Lunch!" for everyone involved. "We're just tired of being treated like crap...starving while we slave for pennies...we're ready to squat over ever Community Chest just to pinch a loaf or two for our wives and children," Shatz said in a statement

delivered late Tuesday afternoon. "I'm up to my elbows in dirty, steamy carpet all day--I don't want my wife to be ashamed of coming in from the empty kitchen ever night to a dirty Cleveland Steamer in the bedroom. We want our kids to eat what we squeeze out for them, we don't want Little Timmy or Janie to run and hide every time we come home stinking of carpet and want to kneel down and show our affection."

Chairman Sanchez of the Community Chest issued a statement earlier the same evening, expressing his concern that the city would just lay down, exposing the Chest the "mud-slinging tactics"

of the Cleveland Steamers. He proposed that the Union look to the "Community Pool," or system of horse-drawn carriages to pick up underprivileged families for soup lines scattered about the county-- "Drop your kids off at the Pool, they'll scoop em' up and have em' for dinner!"

He added that the logistics of this operation still needed looking after as there were not many stables left in Cleveland which could accommodate the Pool's carriage network and excused himself to "see some men about some horses."

America, you lost your swing

An op-ed by Bagger Vance

Well, uh, lookee here! It seems that 'ol Bagger Vance gotta here my own column in this very very humble Savannah newspaper of ours. Well, that's just dandy. I couldn't be more...excited.

Actually, thinkin' about my situation here. It seems like America's lost its swing. And through this column me and you are gonna go find America's swing, if you know what I mean. Y'all know I's seen some mighty depressing things around the golf course as of late. Why don't y'all sit around and listen to what I got to say:

America, you couldn't hit the broadside of a barn with a pitching wedge from one hundred yards out. For all y'all who don't appreciate the fine genteel sport of golf, that means that this here great nation has failed to realize its potential in the last three years now. The stock market crashed faster than a colored man such as myself runnin' from the local Klan boss, one Archibald X. Harrington. That burly whippersnapper is one crazy cracka. Anyway, America, I was a listnin' to the president's good ol' fireside chat, and I heard him say, This is getting embarrassing. America, wake up, it's been embarrassing for quite some time now! America, whujuh please let me caddy for you? Maybe I can show you one or two things that'll help ya' fix yo' game.



Arigh now listen up, the first piece of advice I'd recommend to ya' is to move your hips with a more fluid motion as ya; go through your swing...

Aw wait, this idea is too ridiculous. Just ridiculous and inappropriate; what in the world was good 'ol Bagger thinking?! America, you might not hear anything more depressing than this; Bagger prolly won't be able to fix yo' swing. Why ya' ask? Y'all elected a president that is just as crippled as the economic situation he presides over. The man is confined to a wheelchair for God's sake! How is Bagger supposed to teach him to swing? Don't give me that sentimental rooster's dung! You will not be able get that ball in the air without swiftly swinging your hips through the ball, oh you will trust me, I have been telling these little 'ol tidbits to the best for some time now. True you do have a point that he won't have a problem planting his feet.

But still come on...the man has polio! He doesn't have Roger B. Taney's chance in hell to ever be a great ball striker. I thought the reason why people choose other people to help them out is because they exude a certain swagger and energy that the recipient seeks to regain? Am I wrong, but does this guy look ganglier and depressed than a top flight pro that just put their ball in the lake behind the 18th hole? Why do you think an alcoholic washed up white man like Rannulph Junuh chose a man like me, a fresh and healthy colored man with the dashing presence of a prince? It all seems to make a boatload of sense to me, but America, you just can't get it through your thick 'ol head of yours. I'm afraid I won't be able to help you with your swing, so don't come a knockin' on my door!

I think I'll just go back to my shed in the trap of the side of the 8th green. I'll go back to my everyday routine of watching those rabid gods perform coitus in the middle of the fair way and Cletidius the bum distill some peach moonshine from the weeds that have overtaken the green. Go on now America, I ain't got nothin' to say to you.

OBSCURITIES OF THE

Of-Forgotten Historical Events from the Great Depression

September 1929: National trendsetter and hip stock trader John Franklin jumps out of his 30th story apartment window, causing hundreds of posers to do the same.

June 1932: Herbert Hoover further inflames the Bonus Army with his insensitivity by eating five veterans for brunch

November 1932: After defeating Herbert Hoover in the presidential election, FDR loses use of his legs in a celebratory kick-boxing match with the Lincoln memorial.

August 7th, 1933: Possibly caused by the lack of feeling in his legs, the infamous FDR "Accidentally Gets Too Close to the Fireside" Chat takes place

1933: Hollywood announces the release of King Kong. Confusing the movie for the actual beast, the French government diverts all of its spending away from National Defense and toward the incineration of its zoos and destruction of the Eiffel Tower. Hitler waltzes in unannounced 7 years later.

1933: To boost his New Deal programs, Franklin Roosevelt borrows the abbreviation of his favorite Nashville strip club, the Tennessee Vagina Authority, for one of his famous work programs.

1934: The first moron dies of glue poisoning after eating his food stamps

September 8, 1935: Responding to Louisiana Governor Huey Long's calls for the redistribution of wealth, assassin Carl Weiss attempts to evenly distribute bullets

amongst Long's vital organs. His plan fails when the kidney ends up getting more bullets than the spleen.

1936: The prequel to *It's a Wonderful Life*, appropriately titled *Gee Whiz, Life Sure Does Suck Lately* bombs at the box office, mostly because no one has any money to go to the movies.

1937: Everyone inexplicably wins the lottery on the same day, temporarily ending the Great Depression, which resumes the next day when everyone realizes they misplaced their winnings during a drunken celebration

1938: In an unprecedented act of appeasement, British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain lets Hitler ride shotgun on the way to the Munich conference.

1939: In an exhibition of military might, Hitler invades the moon, but nobody notices amongst all the chaos of his invading the rest of Europe, so he leaves

September 1940: In a stunning display of muckraking journalism, The London Times reveals to the public that Winston Churchill is neither a church nor a hill, let alone a hill upon which a church sits. The scandal goes unnoticed, perhaps due to the intense German bombing of Britain at the time.

1945: The Great Depression ends. Everyone is sad and disappointed, because it was so great.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

Lesser Known New Deal Agencies

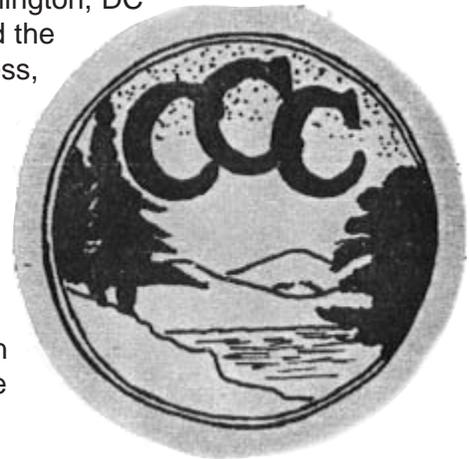
Time Travel Administration (TTA): Massive government investment in time-travel technology, with the aim of traveling back to the twenties and preventing the Depression from happening in the first place. After several unsuccessful tries, the program eventually settled on the design of one Professor Simeon B. Finsterwankel of Ball State. Unfortunately, his machine was improperly calibrated and he ended up several centuries too early, leading him to accidentally kill off the unicorn before dying of plague. The program was disbanded soon after.

Civilian Cock-Sucking Corps (CCSC): Paramilitary organization designed to harness the power of the nation's unemployed prostitutes, who were organized into camps and sent out to service the young men employed in other New Deal work programs. The program was a success, but had to be terminated when hobos began killing the whores and selling their hearts of gold. The resulting shortage of workers forced the Corps to dissolve.

War On Dust (WOD): Brief attempt to combat the Dust Bowl by firing machine guns at tornadoes. Discontinued one week later after the deaths of three cows in the Oklahoma panhandle.

Muckraking Progress Administration (MPA): Attempt to find employment for the many destitute investigative journalists hanging around Washington, DC by letting them dig for dirt around the White House and the Capitol. Literal dirt, not corruption; it was pretty pointless, but it kept them from finding out that the president was a cripple.

Guatemala Incorporation Administration (GIA): An organization devoted to studying the possibility of invading Guatemala and annexing it to the U.S. in order to plunder its vast natural resources and thereby pull the country out of the Depression. Scrapped when it was discovered that Guatemala doesn't actually have vast natural resources.



Jewish Security Administration (JSA): A plan to invest government money in the Worldwide Jewish Conspiracy to take advantage of their usurious interest rates in both gold and pounds of flesh. Abandoned after objections from Hitler.

Alphabet Soup Coordination Committee (ASCC): Crack team of unemployed lexicographers tasked with collecting and organizing all the acronyms for the various New Deal agencies, then processing them into soup to be handed out to the poor. Continued until the outbreak of World War II, when the equipment was reconfigured to convert the acronyms into tanks instead.

Selected Passages from
THE 50 GREATEST CUMSHOTS OF ALL TIME,

A book by Vance Yuletide

#1- WHORE OF THE WORLDS

THE YEAR: WHATEVER

THE PLACE: ORSON WELLES'S PLUS-SIZED, LARD-SCENTED DEPENDS.

The corpulent Orson Welles, in the world's first radio-broadcast porno scene, unloads a frightening torrent of bacon flavored semen onto a shocked race of Martians, who immediately succumb to his late-stage HIV due to their un-acclimated immune systems. A gullible audience mistakes the broadcast for a real news bulletin, and riots ensue over runs on Kleenex in all the nations' CVSes. The broadcast eventually escapes the earth's atmosphere and is picked up by a highly advanced race of subterranean-dwelling Martians. Due to solar interference and interdimensional tomfoolery, the broadcast is commingled with one of the many yet-to-exist episodes of Family Matters in which Urkel breaks some of Carl Winslow's shit and then giggles like a Fran Drescher with a deviated septum.

Outraged, they devise a fiendish plot to enslave earth using a clone army of sexually frustrated Jaleel Whites. Landing their pods across the southeast of the continental US, the clones start their rain of terror with unseasonal showers of deadly radioactive anthrax Martian semen. A brave group of Southerners decides to confront the menace wearing armor woven from the only material they are sure will repel semen: sheets from their mothers' linen closets. They proceed to fuck up the clones old school. Some other southerners see their besheeted brethren fucking up the Jaleel White clones and get the wrong idea. One of them gives birth to a nation, right there in his dungarees. Those guys are major douche bags-which is why it is completely acceptable, nay encouraged, to hurl handfuls of ones own ejaculate at Klansmen to this very day.

CUM FUN FACT!

Human semen contains salt, vitamin D, protein and fructose. You're welcome, baby.

#37- THE BOSNIAN SNEAK ATTACK

THE YEAR: 1914

THE PLACE: THE LATIN BRIDGE, SARAJEVO

Disgruntled radical Gavrilo Princip throws himself onto Archduke of Austria Franz Ferdinand's car, ejaculating wildly. When the dust settles the Archduke and his wife lay mortally wounded- blasts of salty ejaculate tearing into their neck and abdomen, respectively. Legions of freshmen show up at the funeral, having heard over facebook.com about a "Powder Keg" ...or something "being ignited." Whatever.

The incident ends the tyrannical Franz Ferdinand's indie-rock reign of terror over the UK; his second album failing to live up to the artpop standard set by his self-titled first outing. Critics say the album was rushed, with incomprehensible vocals. Ferdinand's publicist maintains that the unpolished nature and gurgling lyrics were due largely in part to the entire record being recorded in the few moments after he received the massive spurting neck-wound he would imminently succumb to. His last words were: "Take me out...no, wait...take me to the hospital."

#13- THE CUM SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

THE YEAR: 1775.

THE PLACE: OLD NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

A ragtag militia of premature ejaculators gathers to defend a rebel arms cache hidden in the nearby village. Though the soldiers had been practicing by themselves in their darkened rooms since they grew their short hairs, they find themselves jumpy and nervous-fumbling with the protection (of their fledgling nation) at the moment of truth.

Leftenant Brigadier Pudding of His Royal Majesty's Regimental Fusiliers meets the ragtag group of so called "Minutemen" and issues an order to disperse, giving them a count of 5 to put down their arms and flee.

He doesn't get to 3 before the "Minutemen" opened fire; wildly ejaculating all over Pudding's men and striking a mighty blow for democracy and freedom.



(Please don't kill us, Oprah)

LARRY'S HOUSE OF SHOE EATIN'

"If there was an award for best footwear-based food in town, we'd be a 'shoe' in!"

MENU

BOOT BLACK ANGUS.....	2 APPLES
FILET W/ SHOE LEATHER.....	5 BUTTONS
MOX-A-RELLA STICKS.....	DAUGHTER
MEAT LOAFER.....	3 EARS OF CORN
HAM AND K-SWISS.....	TURKEY DINNER WITH ALL THE FIXIN'S
BIRKEN'S TACOS.....	3 EARS OF IRISHMEN (OR 5 EARS OF CHINAMEN)
CAESAR'S SANDALS SALAD.....	KNEEPADS FOR GROVELING
MOO-SHOE PORK.....	DOOR KNOB (MUST BE GOOD FOR PUNCHIN')
TIRAMISHOE.....	A FRESH JOKE ABOUT THE SMOOT-HAWLEY TARIFF
REKOKCHOI.....	DAUGHTER WITH JAW STAMINA
NIKE LIME PIE.....	2 TICKETS TO YIDDISH THEATER FESTIVAL IN WEIMAR REPUBLIC
CREME BRU-L.A. LIGHTS.....	RELATIVELY UNSOILED PICTURE OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
FILET OF SOLE.....	UNBITTER READING OF TEN PAGES OF 'THE GREAT GATSBY'
CHILI CONVERSE CARNE.....	2 IRONIC 'PROHIBITION IS PROHI-BITCHIN'' T-SHIRTS

Great American Novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald died of heart attack on December 21, 1940. The Lunatic staff has recently found, on Ebay, an abandoned draft of the work which secretly occupied Fitzgerald's nights throughout most of the mid-1930s: a sequel to his masterwork, "The Great Gatsby," entitled simply, "The Great Gatsby 2," a depression-era account in which the soul of man is laid bare...

TGG 2 (cont.) Hollywood, 1936.

protagonist: needs down-to-Earth moniker that still rings.
_____ Thamesman.

Harold _____ rais.
'Le Harlequin?'

Something with a touch of Irish promise
- Patrick O' _____.

Find books on bindles. Read said books and return to library on completion.

"...his very being unsettled by the revelation of a fate..." re: man in suit vomiting in alley.

Foods that symbolize underzealousness:
Kidney pie } too expensive for
Ales of any kind } poor people?
Potato chips
Some kind of bootleg chocolate bar?

poverty as metaphor

Greed > avarice > olives > green

Narrative poems have ambivalent endings;
lyrics, none at all.

Contact Time about some kind of
"Handsome Man Alive" award

Communist character says "See?" a lot

"Sparkling through their diamond rings.
Laughing into their Chardonnay." 'writing about poor people!

In Case of Emergency: Start with the ending and work backward.

Noah: Loneliest man on Ararat.
Surrounded by animals.

Proust? Preposterous! Conrad can write.

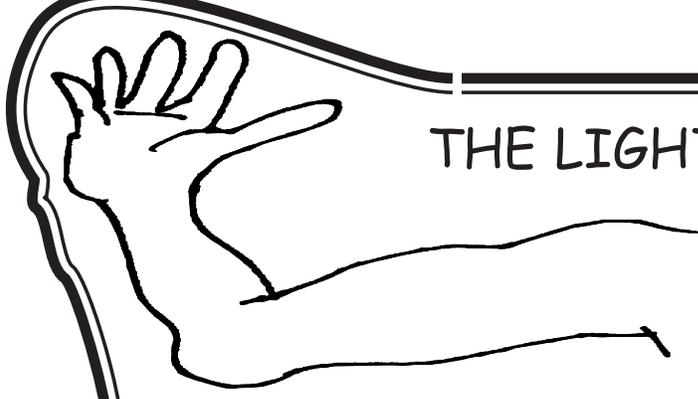
Re. Chapter 3: Q: Why was Celia not present at the oil-rag burning?
A: She was fellating a former Olympic track star.

Overheard: Hirsute Chinaman to self:
"Not another day."

Possible project: Lovelorn, disenchanted type has to choose between girl, nation.
Mickey Rooney stars or bust!

Consider use of light and darkness.

Call Max Perkins and tell him to stop bringing soup to my wife.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DEPRESSION: PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST APPENDAGES IN COMBAT

Iggy the insurance salesman was very depressed. Most of his co-workers assumed it was because he lost his arms in battle. But it wasn't. No, that wasn't the reason at all. Iggy was depressed because those pathetic excuses for execs at the networks had executed his favorite prime-time TV show, *The Honeymooners*, ten years before he had even been born. Because of those nitwits, he would never be able to watch an episode aired for the first time ever. His was a meaningless existence.

He would walk down the hall at his office with his head down and the sleeves of his dress shirt drooping at his side, since they had no arms in them. Most people thought he was depressed because he lost his arms in battle, so they felt guilty about giving him work. When the boss would finally get fed up and say, "Well if he's not going to do any work, what's the point of giving him a paycheck every week?!", his secretary would say, "Hal, how can you send a poor armless old vet out on the streets? Have you no heart?" The boss would then reply, "Goddamn it, Judy! You've worked here for three years, and you still can't remember that my name is Jonathan!" Judy would then say, "Sorry, Hal," sending him into a frenzy that usually ended with him hiring a prostitute in broad daylight and getting busted by a vice cop, when really all he wanted was someone who he could pay to remember his name. "Poor Hal," his subordinates would say as they watched him get led handcuffed into a squad car for the eighteenth time. "Yeah, but at least he doesn't have it as bad as Iggy. He lost his arms in battle."

The thing was, Iggy hadn't lost his arms in battle at all. He was simply so depressed about *The Honeymooners* being canceled before he was born that part of his moping routine included pulling his arms up through his sleeves and hiding them under the torso of his dress shirt. Amazingly, no one found out in the 13 years he worked at the insurance company until his office going away party. Everyone at the office pitched in to buy him the complete DVD set of *The Honeymooners*, mostly because they felt bad for him for losing his arms in battle. He thanked them kindly, slid his arms out into his sleeves, picked up *The Honeymooners* DVD set and walked home. After that, whenever someone with a disability got hired at the office, people made sure to punch them in the face, just in case.

Brett Greenberg Presents...

“The 5 Most Depressing Things Of All Time™!”

Act III of "Arlington Road"

When Tim Robbins orchestrated the whole operation so Jeff Bridges would be killed and then charged with the bomb, I was left crying my eyes out for 6 days and 7 nights on my black futon. Seriously, Jeff Bridges entered against his will the marathon race against time and the society that didn't believe his crazy terrorist next door conspiracy theory, but in the end, he just came short of the gold medal. I couldn't believe it. They say when you receive bad news, first you deny it, then you get angry, and finally you get sad. Well, medical experts...bravo! That's exactly how it went for me when the end credits of "Arlington Road" started to roll...Tim Robbins, if you're out there reading this, know this: the character you played in the movie, Oliver Lang, is pure evil. I haven't recovered from his vice and scheming. Boom.

The Cancellation of "Emily's Reasons Why Not"

Was this Heather Graham pilot not the greatest exhibition of human greatness this or any world has ever seen? When I first switched it on, I thought, "great another 'Sex and the City' clone...if I were to write that down on paper I'd need to use the rare single quotes because it's a TV show and they require quotation marks but since I'm also in speaking mode I need to decrease by half the amount of quotes!" I thought that. Oh but how wrong I was. Heather Graham, as Emily Sanders, has so many rules and regulations governing her daily life...well had so many rules and regulations governing her daily life. I need to get used to saying that. Sorry, the grieving process is taking over. ONE EPISODE! That's all this gem of America was given to thrive. Warner Brothers Television, why did you take this show away from us so soon? It wasn't her time! It just wasn't her time! She was only 22 minutes old. I'm sure we'll see Heather Graham again one day; I'm not too worried about that. It's the whole "reasons why not" thing. I'm not so sure we'll get to see her reasons why not again...and because of that I will never be the same again.

Sierra Mist

"No thank you, Jennifer...Sierra Mist is not fine...if I wanted Sierra Mist, I would have asked for Sierra Mist!" We've all thought that, haven't we? Some places just don't have Sprite®, and that depresses me like no other. Alas, we are too afraid to let our hearts sing the song of truth, so we have to tell Jennifer that Sierra Mist's fine. But it's not fine. We want to Obey [Our] Thirst™! So who's stopping us? I'll tell you...the man! He doesn't want us to drink Sprite®, because he knows we'll start snowboarding down mountains while savoring each lemon lime droplet of defiance. Soon we'll start eating what we like, making our own lunches too...Before you know it Nickelodeon's taking over our school and Mrs. Applebee's getting slimed! WHOA.

The Epilogue of the Alphabet Song

Wow...What a sad way to end little Caleb's first song! "Q-R-S, T-U-V, W-X, Y and Z"...At this point, confidence is pretty high. Just think, the kid's 3 years old, and he has mastered the alphabet, the framework through which millions of people currently understand and communicate, the gateway to our bank of logic and knowledge for generations to come...kind of a big deal, right? Oh wait a second...there's more to the song. "Now I know my ABCs, next time won't you sing with me?" Who's the brain surgeon who added this sick verse to the song? Was it some sort of remix? Whatever it is, it sure does lower the self esteem of the singer. "YEAH I KNOW THE ALPHABET...MAYBE NEXT TIME I SING IT YOU WON'T BE SUCH AN ASS AND HELP ME OUT! SERIOUSLY I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT OVER HERE! WHO WANTS TO SING THIS SONG ALONE?" Maybe the kid's not sure if he's doing it right and needs some positive re-enforcement! "Um...next time, if it's not too much of a hassle, could you possibly sing the words with me...just until I get the hang of the lyrics...we're not talking every time here." Either way you look at it, you're ending the song on a sour note, and I'm not buying it.

Darrell Hammond's Arnold Schwarzenegger impression

Are you serious, Darrell? You're better than this. I remember the days of Regis Philbin, Dick Cheney, Sean Connery, Bill Clinton, and Chris Matthews. Your Arnie just doesn't cut it by comparison. I get sad every time you come on screen with that goofy gap in your teeth and slicked back black hair. It might have something to do with the fact that I'm watching SNL instead of interacting with humans at 11:40 pm, but I think it's that you just are dropping the ball. When your accent kicks in I usually feel like huddling in a ball under the stairs and humming Sisqo's "Unleash the Dragon" or watching a Tyler Perry movie on my video iPod. Just to show you how depressing this impression is, I mentioned Tyler Perry and Sisqo as ways to MAKE MYSELF FEEL BETTER AFTER HAVING HEARD THE IMPRESSION. Under normal circumstances, those two things would make a person really upset, but in this case they're both pick-me-ups. In conclusion, Darrell, I expect you to bounce back big time from this with one killer Brian Dunkleman impression.

Business Club Fucked by Rising Interest Rates

By **STERLING OCTOROON**

Sun Lifestyle Writer

A Labor Day trip to the Saratoga Race Course by the Cornell Business Club resulted in an embarrassing and uncomfortable surprise when their chosen horse did something unexpected. The group's pick in the fourth race, Interest Rates, ahead by three lengths with 100 yards to go, unexpectedly reared up and lost out to Flawed Filter in a stunning upset.

"Interest Rates totally fucked us by rising just then," said Saunders Cheney '06, Club President and organizer of the trip. The horse had odds of 5-1 before the race, and the Business Club bet a collective \$1100 on him to win. When he jumped to an unexpected lead early on the club expected a handsome return on their money. However, the rearing at the end allowed Flawed Filter, a 20-1 longshot, to gain the advantage and leave the Club grasping for explanations.

"I just feel violated," said Executive Vice President Lincoln Seward Hamblin III '07, wondering at the unprecedented experience of losing at something. "It's like that time I almost got a C in AEM 330, except that then I just paid some freshman to take my final for me. Good times. But this, this is bad."

When asked if this spells the end for SAF-funded gambling junkets for student organizations, Treasurer Lucien Radford '07 replied, "Oh, I don't think so. Nobody really cares what we do with the money, they just keep giving it to us. God, I love this country."

TIPS TO EASE YOUR DEPRESSION

- Gorge yourself on ice cream and other sweets. Let hard rock candies and gushing rivers of chocolate syrup -- and whatever other treats haunt your dreams -- meet an irreversible end in your stomach. Yes, fill up your gorge with unspeakable acts of deliciousness.
- Forage through your mind for memories of happy times and people who meant something to you. Like everything on earth they are temporary, but it's still nice to think of the past, now isn't it?
- Watch snowboarding on ESPN and scream yourself hoarse rooting for your favorite athlete. Shaun White makes other competitors look like miserable failures!
- Watch a movie by Preston Sturges. His "Morgan's Creek" is a classic! You'll engorge your kidneys laughing!
- Go hang-gliding! Make sure you go with a trained professional of experienced tutorage, otherwise you may make a bad landing, and you don't want to hit the ground and start hemorrhaging, spiritually or otherwise!

TROPICAL DEPRESSION

It's not fair.

Hurricanes and tropical storms get all the fun: they have pretty names like Katrina and Rita and everyone pays attention to them. The weathermen are always crowding around them, and they even get the cute news anchors to come down to the Gulf and do days of covering nothing but them. Their movements, their strength, what they're going to do next, everything - it all gets on TV and everyone talks about them. They're so big and powerful and they have such pretty eyes. Why can't I be like that?

I have an eye too! Well, maybe not a clearly visible one, but I do have a closed isobar indicating an area of lower pressure in my center. Really I do! It even has clouds rotating around it! Okay, so my wind speeds are below 37 mph, but they're still pretty strong! I'm serious! I'm a real storm, honest. Please pay attention to me!

It's hard, you know, sitting here in the Caribbean and being overshadowed by all the bigger and more developed low pressure systems. They're not better than me, they've just been around longer and had more time to develop. I'll get there someday, I just know it. Then I'll be the center of attention and everyone will want to know where I'm going and what my windspeeds are. I'll even have a nice name, like "Mildred" or "Hortense." I'll make something of myself, you just wait and see. Then you'll wish you'd been nicer to me.

Some day I'll make it. Some day.

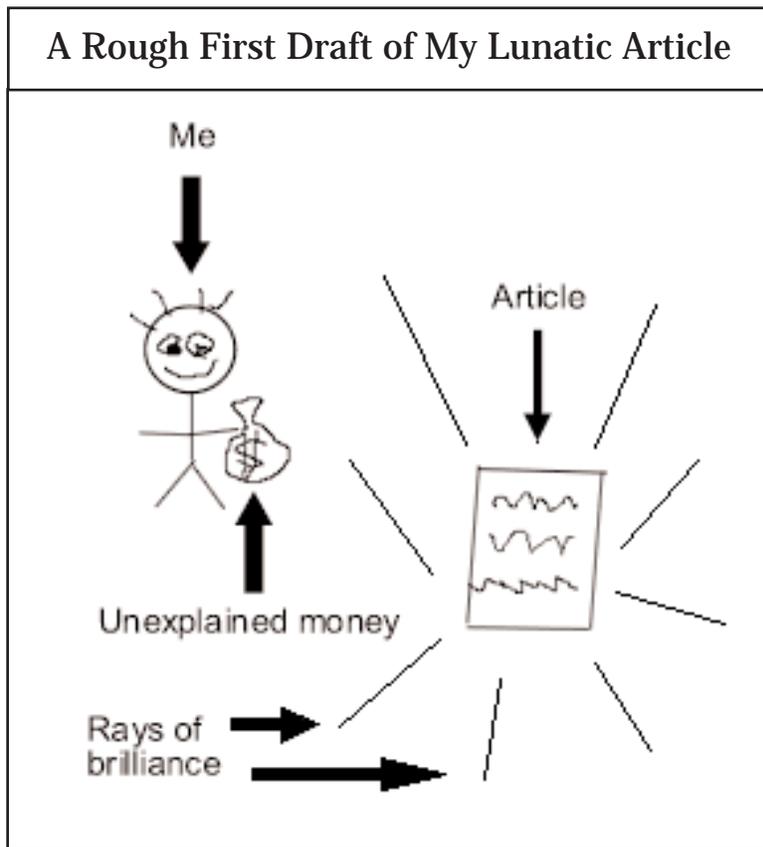
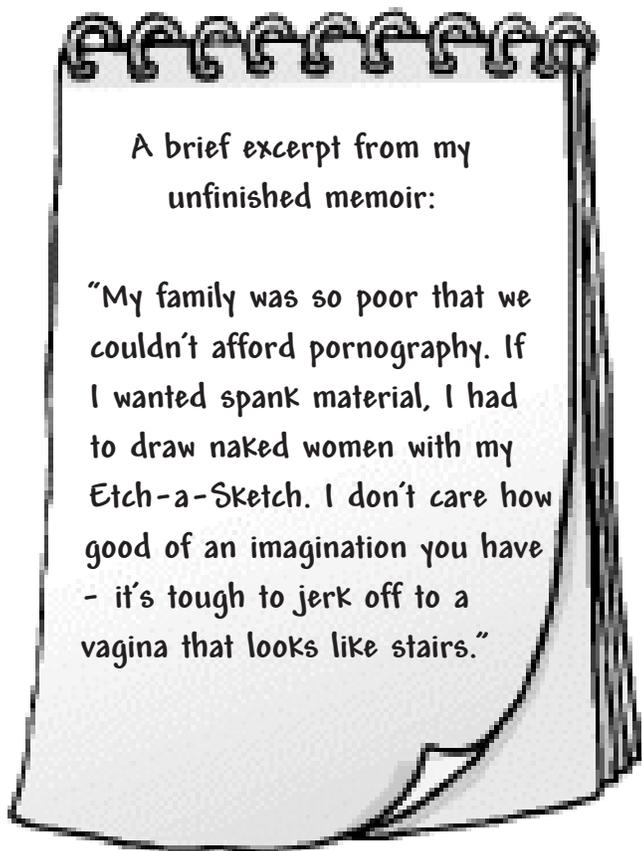
"WHY I DON'T WANT TO BE AN INTERN THIS SUMMER"

A SHORT ESSAY BY PERCY HIGHTOWER, A DIAGNOSED PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC

The word "intern" immediately reminds me of the internment camps that Japanese Americans were forced into after the Pearl Harbor attacks, so right off the bat being an intern makes it sound like you're some xenophobic round-eye. Then there's Internal Affairs, who're always breathing down the chief's neck because Detective Malone has been such a loose cannon ever since Ortega killed his partner and his family and now he's got nothing to lose. This time, it's personal. So yeah, you definitely don't want to be associated with people who are all up in Malone's proverbial grill. "Intern" also makes me think of internal bleeding, which is what the First Lady in "Independence Day" died of. There wasn't anything the doctors could do - you can't stick an "internal band-aid" on that shit, can you? No, you can't, because they didn't do that in "Independence Day" and that movie prides itself on being firmly grounded in fact. This leads me to internists, who deal with all that nasty internal medicine crap like pulmonary disorders. Once an internist stabbed my grandpa.



You don't want to stab my grandpa, do you?



COLIN QUINN'S FIRST OF MANY FAILED JOKE DELIVERIES

(Age 5)

Colin: Hey mom! I've got a funnnny joke for you! I'm gonna be a comedian some day!

Mom: Okay, dear. Let's hear it.

Colin: Knock knock!

Mom: Who's there?

Colin: Banana.

Mom: Banana who?

Colin: Knock knock!

Mom: Who's there?

Colin: Banana!

Mom: Banana who?!

Colin: Knock Knock!

Mom: Who's there?!

Colin: Bagel.

Mom: Umm...bagel who?

Colin: Bagel ya glad I didn't say banana?!

Mom: Honey, maybe you should be a coroner or something.



Mundane Super Heroes
#45 - "Rich Girl"

Help, Rich Girl!
Someone just stole
my car!



I'll compensate you
for your losses



FLORID CRUCIFIX

A SONG PARODY

When I've looked at porn enough
I start to look around for love
See a young exotic face
My mind begins to twist and race

But when I start to feel all cool
Turns out I just fooled myself
She would never go with me
Were I the last ese on earth

I'm dumb she's a Mexican
I thought she was half-Japanese
We were good as married in my mind
But papists my children cannot be

Oh, florid crucifix 'round her neck
Let me know the truth, let me know the truth

Might have skipped some church in my time
But never thought it was a crime
Knew that I would someday find
A girl I could control and call mine

When I think I've found a good malleable girl
Then she puts me in my place
She seemed so perfect and demure
So how come she's from the wrong race?

I'm dumb she's a Mexican

I thought she was half-Japanese
We were good as married in my mind
But papists my children cannot be
Oh, florid crucifix 'round her neck
Let me know the truth, let me know the truth
Let me know the truth



WHAT SONG IS THIS A PARODY OF?

Send an e-mail (subject line: "Your mom gets plowed more than snow") with the answer to jsd36@cornell.edu. The first person to send in the correct answer will receive a signed pair of underoos from Lunatic staff member Jedidiah Drolet.

The (Unemployment) Office

Stay tuned after "My Name is Earl. Can I have a dollar? My family needs to eat." for "The Unemployment Office"! Manager Michael Starve and his crew of bumbling misfits try desperately to keep up with the ever increasing amount of jobless, starving and hilarious hobos of Scranton PA.

The OCD

Beautiful, rich, west coast teens spend their carefree days relaxing, drinking, falling in love, and killing people (oh Marissa). They also enjoy washing their hands, repeatedly locking their SUV doors, worrying, checking high school facebook every period, and arranging their indie rock CDs at right angles.

Maid!

MTV searches the country for the most destitute and unpopular middle schoolers and then forces them in to wage labor. Who will they work for? Why popular cheerleader Tammy McPhearson, whose fiscally conservative dad happens to have profited nicely off this "recession"

Lost My Job

Survivors of a horse and buggy accident realize their lives all have several things in common: they are all unemployed, hungry, recent immigrants, live in tenements, smell, and inexplicably always have dirt on their faces.

What modern television would be like if mental illness and the Great Depression were popular themes



Destitute Housewives

Without their wealth, its kinda just like they're whores. With dirt on their faces.

8-BIT!

A new sitcom coming to NBC this fall!

From the since-unemployed creators of *That's My Malignant*, *Talking Tumor!* and *Chub-Chub the Monkey, P.I.* comes a new comedy about four mismatched characters from popular Nintendo games who come to live together in a bachelor pad, with hilarious results!

Recently divorced from long-time sweetheart Princess Toadstool, Mario the Plumber (*Super Mario Bros.*) moves into an apartment in San Francisco with his old pals from college: neat freak cyborg Mega Man (*Mega Man*), dim-witted boxing champ Little Mac (*Mike Tyson's Punch-Out*), and free-spirited giant simian Donkey Kong (*Donkey Kong*). You'll be in cyber-stitches as the four of them try to find love and success in the big city without killing each other first!

Coming Up This Season:

"Press Start!" (100) - 9/15

Mario moves in with his new roommates. Seeking to cheer up Mario after his divorce, Donkey Kong throws a wild party in the apartment. It's source code for non-stop laughs as an irate Mega Man turns his hand-cannon on the rowdy partiers when they interrupt his MCAT studying, provoking an all-out pixel war. Elsewhere, Mario wakes up next to Princess Zelda the next morning and has to sneak her out before her crazy boyfriend Link finds out!

"Super Mario Bros" (101) - 9/22

Mario's brother Luigi comes to visit and the two Italian stereotypes go out for a night on the town. Mario wrestles with his conservative values when Luigi takes him to a gay bar. Meanwhile, it's almost 'game over' when Little Mac and Donkey Kong try to invent a free life machine, and almost blow up the apartment in the process. Jeff Goldblum guest-stars as a neurotic proctor for Mega Man's MCAT examination.

"Title Fight" (102) - 9/29

It's a very special episode of "8-Bit" when Mega Man finds steroids in Little Mac's gym bag. Will he tell the other roommates, or let Little Mac use them in order to compete against racial stereotypes twice his size? This is an episode no family should miss. Reginald VelJohnson (Carl Winslow from *Family Matters*) guest-stars as Doc, Little Mac's tough-as-nails boxing trainer.

Brett Greenberg Presents...

The Top 8 Greatest Time-Related Things Of All Time!

1. "Time" by Hootie and the Blowfish

Never have I heard anyone put into words the meaning of the subject of time. An interpretation of how we live in accordance with the eternal clock is "Time" by H&tBF. The first time I heard Darius proudly proclaim that he "[doesn't] believe in time," I thought to myself, "WHOAAA...this guy really knows how to stick it to authority." I mean, not believing in Santa is one thing, same with the tooth fairy, but time? You really have to be a rebel to not believe in time. I guess it's a good way to get out of a strict life schedule. Let's say your boss yells at you for being late for work; you can just bust out the "actually I don't believe in time therefore I can't be late, early, or on time...I'm just me."

2. Time Cop

This could be the best videogame ever made by human hands. I've never actually played it, but I've seen it in hundreds of arcades. It's the game you always see, but alas a game on which you never take the risk with your last token. So I confess, I have never played Time Cop, but have I watched the demo clips that feature a flashing "insert 4 coins"...OF COURSE I HAVE, and believe you me, this game looks really fun. If ever anyone took any advice in this world, take mine now: risk that last token and forget that final race in "Cruisin' World" or that skiing game. I don't usually say the words "Best Game Ever," lightly, but with Time Cop I have no choice.

3. "Time (Is on Our Side...Yes it Is)"

Vanessa Carlton knows how to put things into perspective. Her words do not only apply to life but more importantly to Time Warner Cable. Whenever I see her hold just one ear of her headphones up to her face while jamming in the recording studio I think, "Hey, maybe time really is on my side." On more than 2 occasions I've picked up my phone and ordered Time Warner digital cable, only to realize that, "you fool; you just said time was on your side, you can call later." Usually then what happens is I slam down the phone with pride and a little confusion. Another great thing about this song is that Vanessa Carlton constantly re-assures you that time is indeed on your side. Most people might here the line and not be totally convinced, but once she ad-libs "Yes it is" for the 671st time in that week, you start to take her word for it.

4. The Time I Tried to Swallow a Spoon-full of Cinnamon

Wow! If only you were there. My friend Adam said, "Brett you need to eat a spoon-full of cinnamon; it's really fun." "What's the worst that could happen?" I thought. Well I'll be damned...however that translates into the past tense...well I was to have been damned, it was not really fun. Eating the cinnamon was not only painful, but it was a lonely sense of horror the likes of which I had never before experienced in my 16.5 years on this planet or any other. My head felt like it was about to implode. I couldn't eat cinnamon for like another 2 weeks, the taste would not leave my mouth. In short, Adam lied.

5. Thyme

If you can honestly think of one better natural herb or spice on this planet then please e-mail me, and I will personally shake your hand and say, "what can I say...you got me. I thought I was pretty slick offering that open challenge, but uh...well...a man knows when he's been beaten so good work. I'm not the kind of guy who won't admit it, that's not what I'm about, see. Why don't we bury the hatchet and part as friends?" After the cinnamon debacle, I had to re-arrange my whole list, which resulted in Thyme taking center stage. Seriously, thyme is so special, it was on G-d's list for the 7th day of cre-

ation, had he not taken that last-minute breather. It's your time to shine, Thyme...so drink up the sun and lose the SPF-42! Move over, parsley and/or McCormack's lemon pepper...Thyme's movin' on up.

6. "Clockstoppers"

How did this not win best picture at the 2003 Oscars? A masterpiece by Jonathon Frakes is this film. Jesse Bradford (Ben from "Swimfan") and Paula Garces (Maria from "Harold and Kumar go to White Castle") give two of the most compelling performances this world has ever seen. They play Zak Gibbs and Francesca, two friends who stumble upon a mystical time-stopping device. What happens to them I cannot reveal, but definitely be ready for French Stewart to enter the picture. All I'll say is that Zak's problems become a lot tougher than who he should take to the senior class box-social.

7. "Time"

All that is known about this movie is that it was released in Ireland in 2000...in color and in English! Renowned filmmaker Matt Naughton directed, edited and was the movie's cinematographer. Talk about your team-effort.

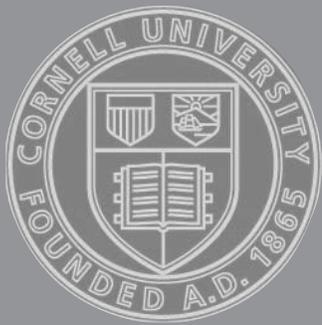
8. Arthur Radley's Pocket-watch

Hey, Boo! You keep leaving your stuff in that tree and someone's bound to swipe it. I know you hang out in the basement all the time, but have you ever heard of finder's keepers? Seriously, wake up. I'm actually surprised that Scout didn't try to sell it. Sure, eBay wasn't around back then, but I bet she knew a few people who would have paid a hefty dollar for that time-piece...maybe some of the lawyers down at the courthouse who know Atticus...I don't know. Either way, saving it sure doesn't put money in the bank. That's just like Scout to not put the family first. Regardless, what a watch!

Things I Learned from the Pro-Life Display on Ho Plaza

- Apparently abortion is a pretty gruesome process. I always just figured the doctor lured the fetus out with candy or something.
- You can get pictures of your aborted fetus in poster size. Those girls walking around with wallet-size photos are really missing out.
- Taking into account the baby's perspective, abortion cannot be summed up as a "win-win situation."
- If you can't beat em, gross everyone the hell out.
- Being an abortion clinic janitor is probably not as glamorous as the Help Wanted ad would have you believe.
- Those storks are doing a piss poor job at delivering babies.





Cornell University Speech Code

Recent incidents involving free speech have demonstrated the need to set forth certain guidelines for the responsible use of the first amendment. Don't think of these rules as walls or barriers, but rather as fences around a beautiful playground where children of every ethnic background can frolick and slather themselves in Fair Trade chocolate.

“What constitutes a violation of the speech code?”

If you're asking this question, odds are you are in violation. A good rule of thumb is to imagine your self sitting around a dinner table with people of every religion, race, culture, nation, sexual orientation, body shape, and personalty type. Would one of them conceivably not be pleased with what you're about to say? If so, don't say it. Sure, you might have a great joke about tugboats, but maybe one of the people at the table was raped by a tugboat captain when he was six. You can never be certain so you should probably just never talk.

“What happens if I violate the speech code?”

First offense: Violator will be mentioned as “villainous” in the Daily Sun's “Heroes and Villains” column*, alongside parking shortages and bad weather. Ouch!

Second offense: Violator must apply a fresh coat of black paint to the windows of the program houses.

Third offense: Cornell American will be kicked off campus.

“If we're unsatisfied with the speech code, how do we change it?”

Why do you hate black people?

* - The Daily Sun, of course, is a good example of freedom with responsibility. They are careful not to shock the reader's sensibilities: for every acerbic political columnist, there are three columnists who talk at great length about a weird television show, something wacky that happened to their friend Tammy, or an interesting article in another newspaper. In fact, the word “newspaper” is misleading when describing the Sun. It would be more accurate to call it a hobo blanket with a crossword puzzle. In summation, thinking while reading the Sun is as likely as masturbating during “The View.”

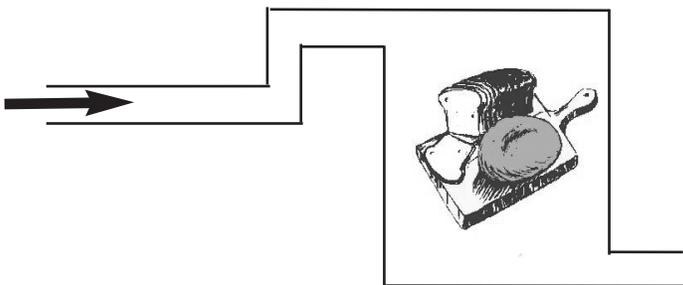
FUN PAGES



On the bright side, people are finally putting their knot-tying merit badges to use

Emaciation Maze!

Eep, it's the Great Depression! Find your way through the maze to get to the bread line!



(This guy stabs you and takes your bread)



Parapalegic Puzzler!

Breakfast Boulevard: Part Deux!

Q: Which of the following disabilities does Count Chocula suffer from?

- a) Manic depression
- b) Post-traumatic stress disorder
- c) Sickle cell anemia

A) All of the above, according to his street pharmacist!

Give a good reason why FDR constantly attempted to cover up his infirmity with a blanket. Christ, did that fool ANYONE? It didn't make you look unhandicapped - it made you look like a handicapped guy covering up a deuce stain. Blankets: the "comb-over" of the handicapped.

THE BLAME PAGE

Cover: JTC
Crappy Stick Figure Cartoons: PTH
Temple Guard: JAG
Hoover: YAP
Pimp Your Daughter: MES
Xanax: PTH
Wanted Ads: YAP
Goldfish Closet : ASE
Cleveland Steamers: MJP
Bagger Vance: JHF
Oft-Forgotten Events: BMS
Lesser Known Agencies: JSD
Cumshots: MJP
Shoe Eatin': Staff
Gatsby 2: YAP
Lost Appendages: BMS

Most Depressing Things: BBG
Business Club: JSD
Depression Tips: YAP
Tropical Depression: JSD
Intern: PTH
Memoir: PTH
Colin Quinn: BMS
Florid Crucifix: JSD
Television: CSN
8-Bit: PTH
Top 8 Time: BBG
Pro-Life: PTH
Speech Code: PTH
Kids' Corner: JCC
Fun Pages: Staff
Layout: PTH

Some people say the Lunatic has lost touch with its readership...



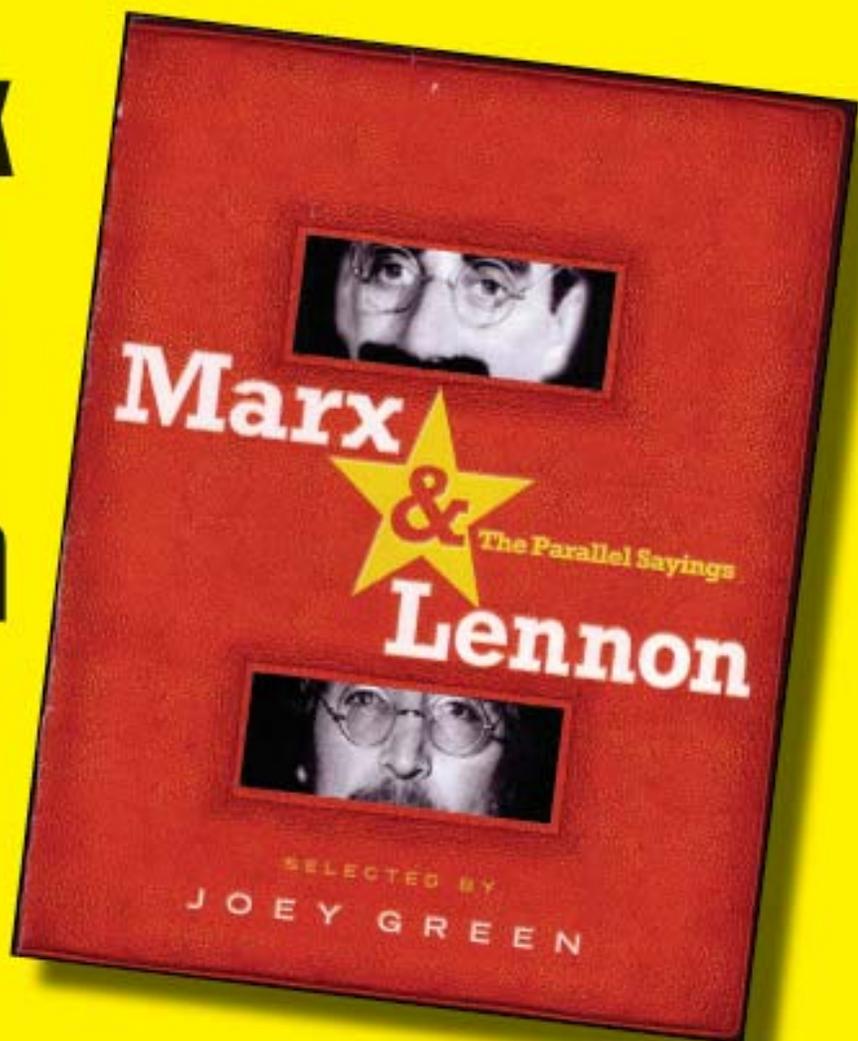
Did you hear about the French wine enthusiast who fell asleep at a dinner party?
It's because he was so *Bordeaux!*

Help us get back to our comedic roots, back to those good old "log cabin and hard cider" dick jokes that'll make Joe Sixpack squeal with delight! We need writers, artists, layout people, business types, pranksters - name a skill and we're sorely lacking in it! Interested? Contact mjp58@cornell.edu for more information.

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**“This book
will plant
a seed of
revolution
in your
mind.”**

—YOKO ONO



Each page of this delightful book features a pair of matching quotes—one from Groucho Marx, the other from John Lennon—juxtaposed to reveal their hilarious and unexpected similarities. Selected by bestselling author Joey Green, this hysterical collection of 400 quotes reveals that Groucho Marx and John Lennon shared a zany, irreverent, and revolutionary perspective on life.

“One for all and all for me and me for you and three for five and six for a quarter.”

—Groucho Marx

“I am me as you are he as you are me and we are all together.” —John Lennon

“Behind every successful man stands a woman. Behind her stands his wife.” —Groucho Marx

“As usual, there is a great woman behind every idiot.” —John Lennon

“As a member of a four-man comedy group inspired by the four Marx Brothers and the four Beatles, I actually met both Groucho Marx and John Lennon. Reading Joey’s book is even more fun. I recommend you read it naked in bed.”

—Phil Proctor, Firesign Theatre

Available at your favorite bookseller.
Visit Joey Green online at www.wackyuses.com