

Cornell Lunatic



Conspiracy Issue - Spring 2018

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Letter From the Editor

Greetings to the remaining non-lizard people, and allow me to introduce you all to the Cornell Lunatic's Spring 2018 magazine: The Conspiracy Theory Issue. This semester, we celebrate our organization's 40th anniversary, which to many readers is most likely a surprise. How could such a small, little-known club have existed for so long? Yes, the Cornell Lunatic is like a cockroach. It's disgusting, unloved and wholly invincible. Long after Cornell explodes into tiny bits, writers from the Lunatic will be underneath the rubble writing underappreciated jokes about Slope Day.

This semester we say goodbye to our beloved faculty adviser Professor Isaac Kramnick. Professor Kramnick has been with the club since our founding, and he has been pivotal in keeping our hopes, spirits and club alive. Therefore, it only seems right to dedicate this issue to him. Thank you, Professor. We must also say toodahoo to our treasured seniors. We would love for them to stay, but all great things must go on to become greater. Let's just go down the list.

Grant:

My idol. My predecessor. If I had played my cards right, maybe my lover. Grant, you showed us how to do this magazine right. As we've discussed many times before, we're literally the same person. Except you're smarter, funnier, wiser—essentially, better in every single way. And probably in other ways I can't even think of because you're so next level. Thank you for keeping this club in check. Thank you for showing me not just how to do it good, but how to do it right.

Zach:

Calm, cool, hilarious. Zach, your suaveness made meetings so much fun. Your well-timed jokes kept the entire club relaxed, and although sometimes distracting, you were undeniably hilarious. From that lizard one to the movie thing to even the unpublished Frankenstein, your content was remarkably funny. Easily top 10. Thank you for showing us how to be chill and funny while being slick as hell.

Sage

Quirky, creative, full of amazing ideas. Sage, did you really just start coming to meetings this year? If you were a glove and this club were a hand you would fit perfectly in the hand club. You seem to make everything better by just offering some input. You've consistently proven yourself through your unique ideas for content. Thank you for showing us how to keep it real and make quality content.

Tessa

Lively, honest, undeniably helpful. Tessa, for every meeting you've been in I cannot remember a time where you weren't chatting it up with other members and new faces. You always seemed to bring the best energy at meetings, and showed people how to set a more relaxed tone and start conversations. Thank you for always keeping the conversations going.

Shaina

Kind, approachable, styling. Shaina, without you my vision for this club could not exist. You helped me kickstart club dinners and social events while making it look easy. You helped turn this magazine and group of people into a club and a group of friends. You leave this club looking like a spider web of close bonds that I'll hold you accountable for whether you like it or not. Thank you showing us how to be close and together.

It would have been fun to make this letter about me; after all, I'm a total egomaniac who loves to hear myself talk. But, this magazine has never been about me. The Lunatic is about this awkward bond between a bunch of wacky college kids looking to have a good time and write some funny stuff. Never reliant on a single individual to make things work, but instead on a team of Cornell's goofiest.

To those who didn't know me: apologies for taking up your time with all this sappy drivel, and please enjoy the magazine.

To those who did know me: Sayonara, Assholes. I'm outtie.

Sincerely,
Nathan Spring
Editor-in-Chief 2017-18



Why is Cornell in Ithaca?

Have you ever wondered why Cornell is located in Ithaca, NY? A major university in a city so far from removed civilization begs the question - why? Why must Cornellians subject themselves to uninhabitable environments for education? Why must we pay \$70K a year to learn in a city forgotten by God himself? Why would Ezra Cornell establish a university here, in this frozen hell hole? We're about to find out.

As we all know, Ezra sought to found "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study". However, a recently recovered diary of Ezra reveals his true intentions for the motto: "I would found an institution where any person can freeze their ass off in any study."

Shocking, we know. While his intentions here are clear, it was still unknown as to WHY he would want to found such an institution. To discover his motives, we had to look even deeper.

Ezra Cornell was an avid businessman, prolific in stock trading. In fact, this stock trading is how he supposedly came to his riches to fund the inception of Cornell University. At least, that's what we have been told. The philanthropic idea of creating a university never even crossed Ezra's mind until he was offered a business proposition. A proposition from none other than Dr. Charles Browne Fleet.

Of course! How could we be so naive to think that Dr. Charles Browne Fleet was not behind this? For our younger readers, Dr. Fleet is none other than the inventor of ChapStick. An invention that came about 15 years after Cornell opened its doors. Coincidence? Of course not, this is a conspiracy theory. But what is the connection?

Dr. Fleet proposed a deal with Ezra Cornell in order to create a market for his incipient invention idea. A school in the middle of a frozen wasteland has the two necessities for ChapStick to sell - a large population base and cold, dry winds. Ithaca is the perfect cesspool for chapped lips and a certain doctor was looking to capitalize on the opportunity. It is now clear what the deal was. Ezra will open Cornell in Ithaca and in return, Dr. Fleet will provide Ezra with the funds necessary to start the school. This agreement would be beneficial for Ezra to have a university named after him and for Dr. Fleet to start his lip mending empire by subjecting generations upon generation of students to potential frostbite.

In conclusion, don't trust the lengths big ChapStick will go through to sell their product. Join me in boycotting ChapStick and all other lip balms. Together, we can forge a revolution of chapped lips and cracked skin against the despotic control of a company founded on our misery. Join the movement. #ChappedLipsForChange.

Jacob Protono '21

RYAN LOMBARDI
VS.
THE LIZARD QUEEN





OP-ED: I Don't Care if the Frogs Are Turning Gay, Just Don't Do it in Front of my Kids

It is often hard to reconcile my small government ideology with my constant, fiery urge to project my narrow sociopolitical philosophies onto others. That is why the issue of gay frogs as described in the recent articles like New Republic's "Amphibians, Estrogen and 1960s San Francisco" and The New York Times' "For a New Generation of Frogs, Rebellion Comes Naturally" are

troublesome, to say the least.

That said, in our liberal democracy, you have a right to your own praxis, and I undeniably respect that. But have we lost all faith in decorum? There is a place for the state, but there is also a place for courtesy in our social order; thus, I implore these poor, disoriented amphibians to go through this sodomitical phase within the confines of their own ponds.

I simply do not want my children to watch

as flaming queens engage in a passionate lovemaking of envious proportions. Critics will label me a prude, but they are misinformed; I would let Jeremy and Cheryl watch two straight frogs going at it any day of the week. After all, God created sex, and although sex created an unbridgeable divide between my husband and me, it also created my two wonderful children.

If my beautiful Aryan kids have to watch a back-door bandit completely obliterate a fellow cock jockey on any field trip to a swamp preserve, then what's next? Will Cheryl ever be able to truly appreciate the gentle touch of a male lover or the thick air of a math teacher breathing on her neck while helping her fill her multiplication tables? Will Jeremy ever be able to playfully slap his dick around in a locker

room or enjoy a fruit salad?

I understand that the government has no place regulating what goes on on the lilypad, but can we all agree that that should stay on the lily pad? If we continue this regime of making the private — and the often sinful — public, what will come next? Before we know it, America's moral degradation will leave us yearning for God, tradition, and the 25% frequency of female orgasm during heterosexual vaginal intercourse.



PM '19

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE CORNELL LUNATIC CONSPIRACY DICTIONARY

In this information age with the rise of untrustworthy news sources, we cannot trust everything that the media is informing us of. Therefore, we must understand new jargon in order to communicate effectively without “them” watching us. Here is an excerpt of some unfamiliar words that have been defined for the public.

Boeing [boh-ing]

1. Flying spawn of Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster born in Area 51 that leaves behind chemical piss trails while in flight and blood that is steel deficient
Boeings are known to perform mating in pairs while also enjoying polygonal shapes.
2. Something that tends to disappear, usually over the sea
My father was a Boeing for the first 15 years of my life.

Hillary Clinton [hil-uh- ree kiln-tn]

1. A person who vehemently abuses an email listserv
Jesus, Nathan is such a fucking Hillary Clinton when he reminds us everyday that articles are due in the email chain.
2. One who has the power to make a spouse cheat on him/her for personal gain
Joey was the victim of a Hillary Clinton attack when his wife set him up with that prostitute so that she can use the money from the divorce case for her senatorial campaign.
3. A tourist in Benghazi
We got great Hillary Clinton t-shirts when we visited the gift shop in Libya!

Hitlervana [hit-ler- van-nuh]

1. The belief that Adolf Hitler cryogenically froze himself after World War II and woke up in Seattle, Washington in the late ‘80s as Kurt Donald Cobain before finally dehydrating in 1994
Hitlervana believers noted that if you look closely at the cover of Nevermind, you would notice that the baby’s mouth is about to say the word, “Heil.”
2. A sex position where one partner’s load is ejaculated onto the other’s face while the receiving partner makes plans on TripAdvisor.com for a winter trip to Russia
For some strange reason, after Judy and I tried out Hitlervana, we decided to cancel our honeymoon plans and instead booked our trip to St. Petersburg with our suitcases and shotguns.

Vaccine [vak-seen]

1. Object that makes frogs gay
Yo mamma’s tits are so saggy that biologist use them as vaccines.
2. Object that makes the HIV/AIDS
Yo mamma’s ass is so flat that scientists used it as a vaccine for monkeys.

Wilbert Ren ‘20

Back in the Day

In celebration of our 40th anniversary, we decided to get in touch with some of our magazine's alumni about the old days of the magazine. Here are some of the unique opinions about the contrasts between today and the "old days" from some of our most talkative old coons.

"Back in my day, we didn't have this same sense of inspiration and commitment young people have these days. It was really a much blander, darker environment. Without color, what do you expect?"

Leonard Goldstein, Class of '55

"Back in my day, have any of your Nae Nae's or Solder boys or Shawty's on the dance floor or Black Peas. All we had was the Disco."

Lenard K9 '69

"Back in my day, we didn't have no dog leashes. All we had were nails and military grade electromagnets. It was virtually impossible to lose your pets with this method. Also highly abusive."

Lenny Kravitz, Class of '79

"Back in my day, we didn't have no automatic rifles. All we had were really small rocks and former Major League Baseball MVP Roger Clemens. He would wind up his arm a great many times, and do a windmill motion, pitching those suckers down the throats of those Vietcong bastards."

Leonardo da Vinci '70

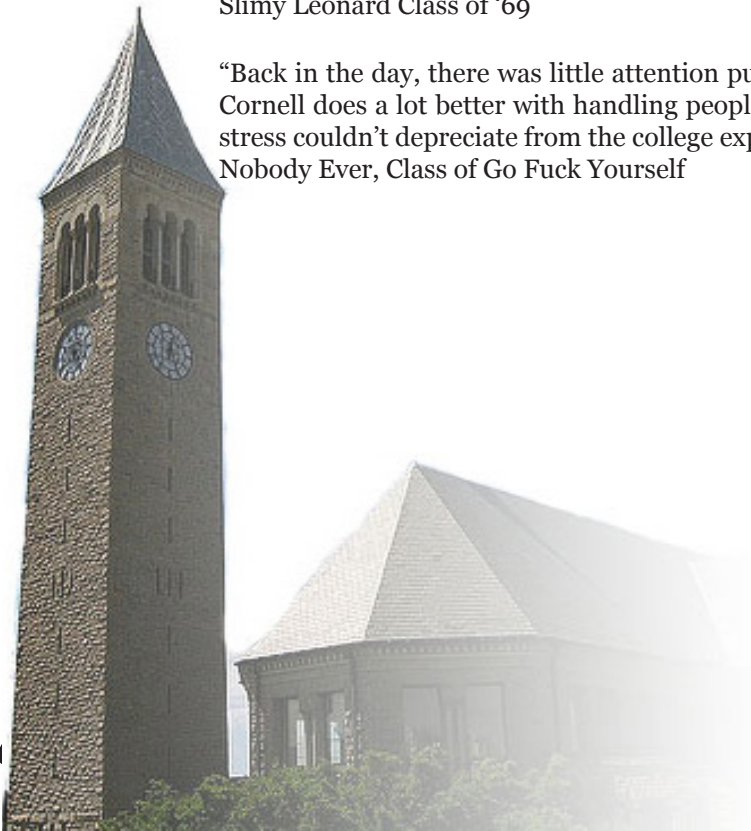
"Back in my day, there weren't any of this consent nonsensicality. You'd just grabbed the gal you thought was pretty and publicly declared, "It's Fuck Time!" If there was any resistance you'd just marry them.

Slimy Leonard Class of '69

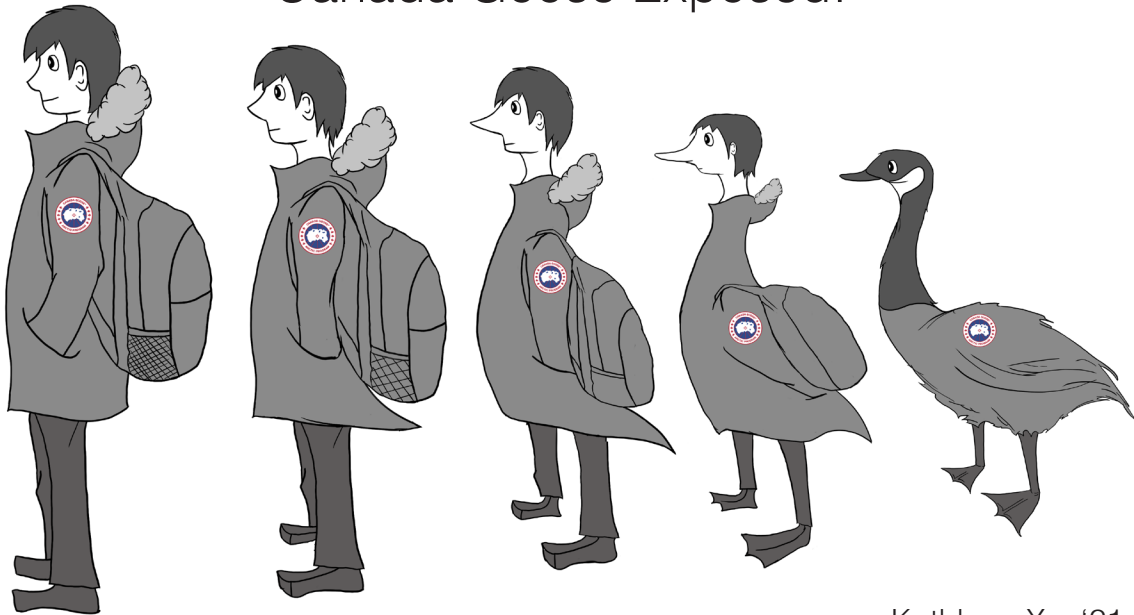
"Back in the day, there was little attention put to people's mental health. Nowadays, Cornell does a lot better with handling people's personal problems and making sure stress couldn't depreciate from the college experience."

Nobody Ever, Class of Go Fuck Yourself

NS '19



Canada Goose Exposed!



Kathleen Xu, '21

Student Remains Silent as Terrace Employee Sweats Directly Into His Salad

Wednesday morning was Marcia Gomez's first day working at the Terrace Restaurant. The excited Hotelie, coming off a mind-expanding summer internship at Olive Garden, was full of hope for her first shift. When her boss told her that she would be tossing salads, Marcia licked her lips, gave her boss a wink and told him that she will not let him down. The final piece of advice she was given by her boss before starting her shift was to "work quickly, pretend to be enthusiastic, and if you mess up, DO NOT ADMIT IT." Her first few customers went by smoothly, but at 10:06 AM the line had already extended out the door.

Jordan Fleishmann '21 had woken up that morning craving the smug satisfaction from carrying a Terrace salad to his next class, and hurried over to Statler after his 9:05, where he caught himself mumbling

"croutons" several times. Gomez, meanwhile, found herself overwhelmed by the line that seemed to only be getting longer. The fatigue was setting in already, and the heat of the kitchen was getting to her. She was sweating profusely by the time

Fleishmann had finally reached the front of the line.

While keeping a forced smile on her face maintaining intense eye-contact, six separate drops of sweat from her forehead fell into Fleishmann's salad throughout the duration of preparing it. We followed him back to his dorm on North Campus to hear his stance on the matter.

"First off, you're supposed to knock before walking into someone's room. But to answer your question, it all just happened so fast. It didn't even phase her, which really confused me. By the



time I decided to say something, the salad was already boxed up and in my hands," Fleishmann told us. "But it really didn't bother me too much because the sweat added a pleasant salty zing to the salad, kinda like a fancy all-natural vinaigrette. I'll probably ask for it to be made like this next time."

Luckily, this certainly was not and won't be the last time we see bodily excretions slipped into meals at on-campus locations. We will keep you updated on where you should avoid (or enjoy) eating.

Rajiv Kommareddy '19

--Coming Out--
by Bryan Graeser

Son walks up to his two fathers

SON

Dad, dad, we need to talk. I have something very important I've been meaning to tell you, but I just haven't been able to work up the nerve.

DAD 1

Sure thing kiddo, why don't you head on into the living room and we'll meet you there.
Son walks into other room. Fathers stay back, talk amongst themselves.

DAD 2

Robert, you don't think...

DAD 1

Don't say it! We don't know if that's what he wants to tell us yet.

DAD 2

But look at the way he's been dressing lately, gym shorts and loose t-shirts. And he's stopped watching musicals with us, saying he'd prefer to watch... *gags* sports.

DAD 1

That is true. And he's been bringing over an awful lot of girls that seem like more than just 'friends.'

DAD 2

I'm just worried about him. At his age, with his hormones all confused, it's so easy to be manipulated into choosing dangerous, alternative lifestyles. Before we know it he'll be out there throwing footballs with his 'bros.'

DAD 1

He's still our son though, we have to be supportive, even if he may be... *pauses as he works up the courage to say it* ...straight
Son leans out of room and yells to fathers.

SON

Hey, guys, I'm ready!

DADS 1&2

Hi ready, I'm dad.

Light chuckle from all characters. Dad's walk into room, sit on either side of son.

DAD 1

Son, I think I know what you're about to tell us
places hand on son's knee

DAD 2

And we want you to know that we will support your choices, no matter what, even if we don't necessarily understand or agree with them, you still have the freedom to be who you are, to be true yourself.
places hand on son's back

DAD 1

Son, it's... it's okay, we know you're straight.

SON

surprised look on face What? Straight? No! God no! Have you seen a vagina?! All those pockets?! Nasty!

Dad 2

Oh thank god! Then what is you wanted to tell us? I'm sure it can't be any worse than what we actually expected.

SON

Well, after thinking a lot about my future and my interests, well I... I'm an English Major.

DAD 1

slaps son across the face What the hell?! I didn't raise no goddamn English Major!

--End Scene--



The Battle for the Bulge

How the American Civil War was a conspiracy instigated by, and created of and for, the erectile dysfunction industry

Have you ever ventured to less fortunate corners of our nation and heard some morbidly obese, unshaven, my-grandpappy-is-also-my-great-grandpappy looking motherfucker gurgles out “the South will rise again” in between slurpy gulps of Budweiser? If so, you probably immediately thought: that sounds less like the rallying cry of a nation than it does an ad campaign for Viagra. And you would be right!

The hard, painful truth behind this war that lasted for exactly four hours years is that it was actually a proxy war between the aphrodisiac giants Cialis and Viagra. During the days of slavery, steamboats, eleven-piece suits, and people caring about what happened in Kansas, men were more impotent than ever. Some blamed the telegram; most blamed immigrants. But Cialis and Viagra’s opportunistic robber barons convinced the North and the South to blame each other. Nowadays we hear that the Civil War was fought over slavery and cotton tariffs. But we also hear that Abraham Lincoln said “a house divided cannot stand,” yet condos exist, so that idea doesn’t really hold up to the test of time either.

As Viagra claimed the South and Cialis claimed the North, the two set out to destroy each other’s territory. And so the war waged on with many penile undertones from the Union’s “Scott’s Great Snake,” to New York’s Fightin’ 69th, to the general



shape of Florida.

Eventually, there were enough deaths that it was severely eating into the companies’ profits, so they ended their war game (and also slavery) in 1865. Cialis and Viagra were smart enough to realize the best way to make more money was not to eliminate the competition, but to feast on the insecurities of their consumers. And what could make an already flaccid public feel more inadequate than flooding the sex scene with millions of newly freed and eligible black dongs?

Matt D’Ambrosio ’20



Nathan Spring is the Deep State

Nathan Spring claims to be a junior at Cornell University, hailing from the prestigious Westchester County and holding the elite position of Editor-in-Chief of the Cornell Lunatic, by far the most important and influential literary post at this illustrious university. But what is he really? Who IS Nathan Spring? Or more accurately, WHAT is Nathan Spring?

To really know the Nathan, we have to go back to the beginning. On the lesser known 8th day of creation, God said "Let there be Westchester! And let it be filled with only the wealthiest and most elite in all the land!" And in God's glory, there was Westchester. Swimming around in this primordial soup was a young Nathan Spring playing tennis and squash in rolling fields of Rye. It was there that Lizard Queen Martha Pollack spotted Nathan and realized what he could be used for. A malleable young lad, she knew he could serve her purpose well. She had him programmed with

artificial unintelligence, which gave him the power to receive admission to Cornell, the greatest university in the world, and ultimately to become Editor-in-Chief of the funniest magazine at the greatest university.

But this plot was far more sinister than it appeared at first glance. For Martha, the Lunatic was growing far too powerful. The humor was becoming far too dank, and the predictions, perhaps, a little prescient (May Elizabeth Garrett rest in peace and God bless her soul). Martha had to bring the Lunatic under control.

Enter Nathan. Having used his highly advanced artificial unintelligence to achieve the highest office in the comedy world, he put Martha's plan into action and made the Lunatic subservient and docile. Under his tutelage, the magazine removed the picture of her we were to use on the cover, just because we emailed her to ask permission and she said no! We lost the very boldness that made us the greatest, most intelligent comedy in North America and, perhaps, the world.

Martha would have gotten away with it too, if not for one critical flaw: She didn't teach Nathan how to read. Yes, all those meetings of him squinting at his computer and pretending to know what was going on betrayed the fact that he had no idea what the letters on his computer screen meant. Further, he majors in computer science, the major of choice for people who are utterly terrified of words and attempting to understand their meanings. But that alone is not definitive proof of his illiteracy. What could definitively prove that he could not read, and thus unravel his whole conspiracy?

The answer, is this article itself. He allowed this very article to be published, and when he looked at this article, he patted me on the back and said "Atta boy!" completely unaware of the fact that his whole little ruse was about to be exposed. Yes Nathan, your inability to read was your downfall, your grip over the magazine has been destroyed, your plot has been foiled, and you will no longer be superior to your fellow computer science majors who are illiterate. Now, our new Editor-in-Chief, the son of the Supreme Leader of the First Order Kylo Ren (who was quite attractive and swole and assuredly passed those traits down to his son), will set about rooting out this Deep Pollack conspiracy, and Making the Lunatic Funny Again! MLFA!

Alec Faber '20

How bad is crack, really?

Is crack cocaine actually bad for you? I asked my buddy Mark about the health detriments of crack, and he said, "Is that the one that makes your teeth all messed up or is that meth?". Mark is a pretty smart dude, so if he doesn't know then it's possible that nobody knows. Therefore, I decided to do a research experiment about crack.

I divided my experiment up into two phases. Phase 1: smoke some crack. And Phase 2: Talk about smoking crack. Right now I'm doing phase 2, but I'll talk about how phase 1 went.

It turns out crack is pretty hard to find. Mark's brother Bryce smokes pot sometimes, so I used him as a lead. He put me in touch with his buddy Tommy who usually buys the pot that they smoke. I went over to Tommy's apartment and hung out for a little bit before asking him about the crack.

While we were eating the pizza we ordered, Tommy told me that he gets his pot from this guy called Angry Mike. I ended up calling Angry Mike, and he was actually a pretty nice guy. He pointed me toward a guy named Dan. It turned out Dan could get some crack, so I met up with him behind the Arby's and bought some. He offered to give me a ride home, but I didn't want to put him out so I took the bus instead.

I wanted to smoke the crack in a controlled environment so as not to affect the results, so I got a motel room. I didn't want to splurge, so I found one pretty cheap. There was a woman out front who I thought may have been a prostitute, but then I felt kind of bad because it's rude to think someone is a prostitute because they hang out and chain smoke in front of a cheap motel. She called me honey though, which I thought was nice.

I spend about 20 minutes debating how much crack was a good amount to smoke. It was my first time, but I still wanted to get the genuine experience. I just ended up taking however much is in one pinch. Dan had given me a really gross looking pipe to smoke it out of, but it smelled kind of like dryer sheets which was cool.

I took a few hits of the crack pipe, and I coughed a couple of times because it irritated my throat some. The rest of the night I ended up smoking the rest of the crack while watching some Drake and Josh reruns and eventually switching over to Law and Order. I had a pretty good time.

I didn't feel too well the next day, so me and Mark went to Panera and the soup made me feel a little better. Mark got black bean soup, but I got chicken noodle because I don't digest beans too well.

In conclusion, I would say crack is pretty decent. It's just about as fun as when me and Mark went to the carnival that one time. One of the negative effects was

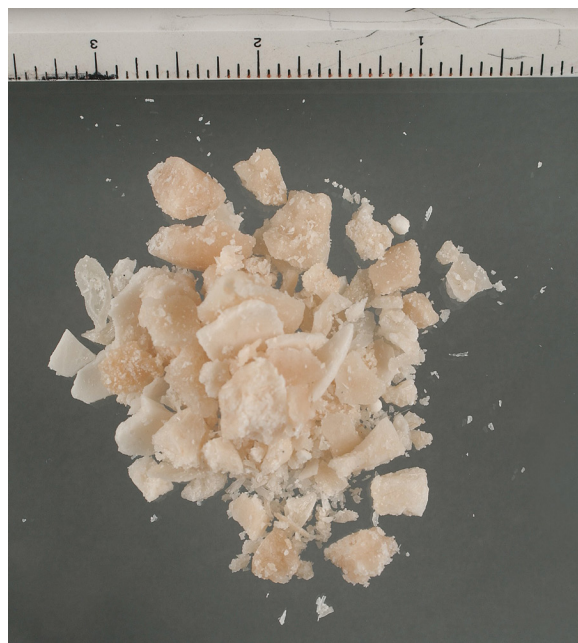


Figure 1: Some Crack

that I didn't feel great the next day. I would say the biggest drawback is that I would really like to smoke more crack. I could see how some people might dislike this. I was going to call Dan to get more, but Angry Mike told me Dan got arrested trying to break into a Best Buy which means I would have to find a new guy to sell me crack. That seems like too much effort, so I'm just going to conclude the research by saying that crack is like a carnival, it can make for a decent evening, but I wouldn't want to do it more than once and you might get sick if you're irresponsible about it.

MP '19

CMAIL

Cornell.edu

Compose

Inbox

Starred

Important

Sent Mail

Drafts

Categories

Contacts:

Matthew Bell

Fred Jones

National Furry
Association
(NFA)

Daphne Blake

HotGirl45

HotGirl47

Norville Rogers

Chad Radical

Dick Williams

Rachel Goffin

SnakeLover89

YouPorn
Recuiting

Martha Pollack

InDesignSlut69

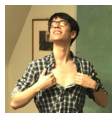
Mike Pence



Archive | Trash

Spam

Regarding Your Next Article



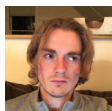
Nathan Spring <bussypop@cornell.edu>

Hey Matt, love your new article idea. Seems like it's got a lot of potential. Please come up with and write a well-articulated, creative and convincing argument as to explain why JFK must have been assassinated by the Sasquatch before the submission deadline on April 5th.

Sincerely,

Nathan "You Know What it Means" Spring
Editor-in-Chief

April 1st, 2018



Matthew Bell <soundproof_basement_xx@cornell.edu>



-Matt

April 8th, 2018



Domestic Dysfunction

My government loves me. It makes and enforces laws to protect me. It only tries to control me when it knows what's best for me. Like when it restricts my internet so I don't have to read the lies and false accusations spread by fake news sources like the New York Times or the Cornell Daily Sun. The government has certainly never given me reason to doubt it. Yes we've had some difficulties, but those were mostly my fault. Underage drinking, littering, protesting... I've always been a problem child when it comes to following rules.

Flash forward to about month ago. I was complaining with my friends about everything and nothing: the weather, the dining halls, oblivious boys, you name it. Without really thinking about it, I brought up the annoying new fangled recording device that our government installed in my dorm room. It makes these awful beeping noises that give me the worst headaches! Suddenly my friends fell quiet and stared at me with grave and concerned eyes.

"You know that's not okay, right? The government definitely shouldn't be spying on you."

I waved my friends off. I've always gotten along with the government, except of course when I provoked it. It's not a big deal if the government wants to keep an eye out for me. In fact, it's kind of sweet. I told myself this again and again, but my friends' words still stuck out in my mind.

Was there something wrong here? I brought up this confusion to my therapist, who confirmed everything I had been fearing.

Yup. I definitely have an unhealthy relationship with the US government.

Now that I look back on it, there are so many aspects of our friendship that should have been red flags for me. But at the time, it all seemed so normal. I didn't realize at the time why my peers were so upset when Russia hacked our election. Choice is an illusion, what did they expect? I had told myself they were just overreacting— was I too quick to judge? I always thought of MKULTRA as a fun bonding experience and tradition. But apparently governments aren't supposed to make their constituents take LSD to conduct human experimentation. ...right?

I'm so lost. I just wish I knew what a healthy government-citizen friendship looked like. But when I look at civil rights laws in other nations, it all seems so foreign to me. Perhaps the US government and I will never have the perfect relationship. I can only hope that over time we can repair the rifts between us and go back to being the best of friends we once were.

Adina '20





Florals and Foils: Spring Fashion Tips for the Awoken Babe

Hey gals! Spring is approaching fast, and as the seasons change, so do our wardrobes. But for us Awoken Babes, putting together a fun and functional outfit can have a little extra challenge. That doesn't mean we shouldn't try though. Try out these fashion tips and tricks to look your best in the coming months. Remember- the government is always watching, so we might as well look cute!

Rule 1. Balance

Every truther knows that a tin foil hat is an essential wardrobe staple. But a surprising number of ladies don't know how to style them properly. We recommend pairing foils with dark patterned or solid colored cotton. By avoiding fabrics with lots of sheen, you can present yourself as a woman who knows what's up, rather than some lunatic in a suit of armor.

Rule 2. Florals can be a life saver

It's hard to pull off camouflage, and I give mad props to any conspiranista who can make that work for them. But sometimes—whether from creeps, the government, or even just aliens— a sister has just got to hide. That's where florals come in! Look out for maxi dresses or oversized light jackets with large bright pattern. As spring approaches, there will plenty of gardens that you can dive into and disappear.

Rule 3. Umbrellas

April showers bring May flowers, but spring showers can also bring bad hair days. A trusty umbrella can protect you from the rain and the ever present surveillance cameras that crop up on every street corner. Take advantage of the poor weather to easily obscure your face. And when the sun comes out, switch to a parasol to preserve your anonymity.

Rule 4. Heels or Flats?

Without snow on the ground, there's no excuse to wear the same boots all the time. Most ladies will insist that a good pair of heels is a fashion necessity. What they don't know is that heels are designed to provide the illusion that the Earth is on a slope. But flats just look boring. Instead, we recommend our conspiranistas wear a sturdy pair of crocs instead. They're comfortable, affordable for any Awoken Babe's budget, and just look all-around stylin'. Plus the rubber footwear will protect you from any electrical storms caused by the nearby government experimentation facility.

Adina '20

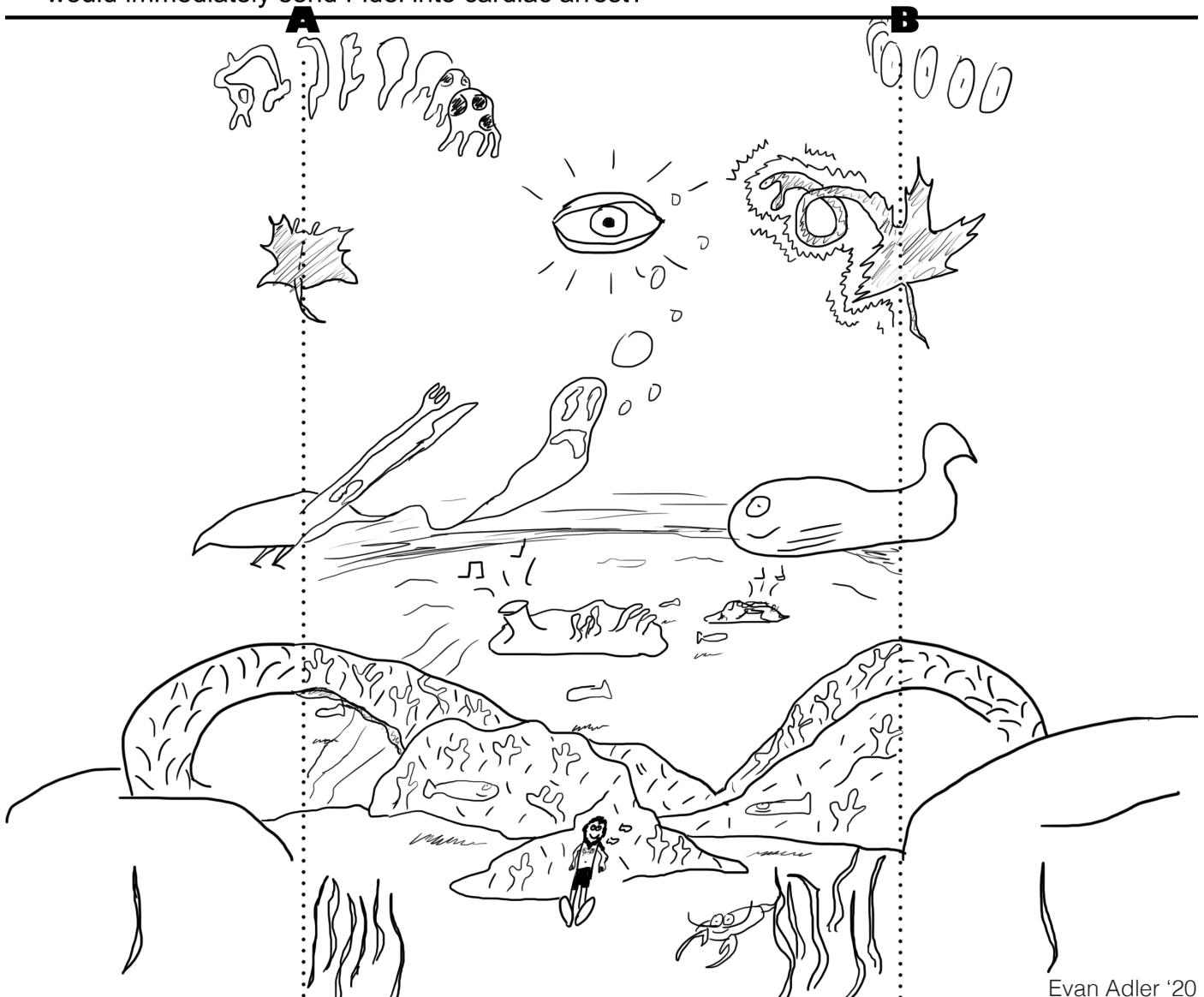
Here We Rip Off MAD Again With Another...

Looney Fold-In

Instructions: To answer the following riddle, first fold the page in half so that line A and line B meet. Then fold and crease back line B to reveal the new image and new message at the bottom of the page.



Question: In the 1960s, as part of Operation Mongoose, American Agents tried to lace Fidel Castro's scuba mask with LSD in a bizarre assassination attempt. What hallucination would immediately send Fidel into cardiac arrest?



THE TRUE ENEMY IS NOT THE CUBAN OR THE RUSSIAN DEVIL
OF CAPABILITY NEVER BEFORE SEEN AND MOST VITAL
SOCKLESS HE ROAMS AND RARELY IN SOBRIETY:
A THOUSAND DAYS UNEMPLOYMENT - NEITHER WHITE NOR BLUE COLLAR
CANADA GETS PICKED BY HIM IF THIS TRAITOR COULD CHOOSE
JAZZ HE PLAYS AND OTHER MUSIC TO MAKE A RACKET
: THIS THREAT IS KNOWN SIMPLY AS... THE HIPPIE :

Bruno Mars is Corrupting Our Youth

Bruno Mars is a high profile media icon known for his 2014 Super Bowl halftime performance as well as many Billboard Top 100 tracks. But did you know that for years he has been hiding subversive Satanic imagery in plain sight?



Music Video for the song *That's What I Like*, in which Mars dances in a cartoon frame before releasing Satan (who appears as a sacrificial goat) from his underworld prison.

So what is it that Bruno likes? Obviously the song is an ode to the Dark Lord, containing lyrics like “You deserve it baby, you deserve it all, and I’m gonna give it to you.” He even seems to describe a Satanic blood pact with the line “I will never make a promise that I can’t keep.”

Mars’ song Grenade is also full of Satanic lyrics such as “Beat me ‘til I’m numb, Tell the devil I said hey” and “If my body was on fire you’d watch me burn down in flames.” Bruno professes to Satan that as his loyal servant, he will gladly die for his master.

What kind of stagename is “Bruno Mars” anyway? The name can be rearranged as an anagram for Bar Mourns, a reference to the demon Barbatos. According to Wikipedia, “Barbatos is an earl and duke of Hell, ruling thirty legions of demons and has four kings as his companions to command his legions.” Barbatos’ illustration in the 1863 *Infernal Dictionary*, 6th Edition portrays him as a swaggering, tightly clothed figure surrounded by horns and music notes. Coincidence? We think not!



Satanic Imagery from the *Just The Way You Are* music video which flashes onscreen 2 minutes and 49 seconds into the video. The image also serves as a hint that ore demonic material is secretly encoded in Mars’ other discography.

Evan Adler '20

Dear Mom,

How are you? How's Dad? I know I haven't called in a while. I'm sorry. There's something you don't know. It's been months since the incident happened. Everyone at school has forgotten by now. And why wouldn't they? They don't know what really happened. But each night I lie in bed, my mind racing through every possibility: what would happen if you found out? If you knew the real story? If someone told you the truth?

It started after that chick found out we held a pig roast. She just assumed we were disrespecting women. You know, the usual. Objectifying fat girls, holding sex contests to uphold toxic masculinity, the whole nine yards of sausage links. So that's what she told everyone: the administration, the students, the Daily Sun, the priests at Sage Chapel, her fellow cows and whatever they call male cows at the vet school; even Happy Dave! Once a bigshot newspaper such as the Sun found out... well, there was no going back. And so we just let them believe it. Because it was easier.

Of course at first there was a bit of a stir. ZBT got shut down, and some of my friends didn't even talk to me for a whole week. "There go those frats again," everyone around me said. But ultimately we hadn't done anything new or wrong; we were just the typical depraved frat bros that society had grown to accept. And so the school moved on. My brothers moved on. But I can't continue living the same lie that they are all content to live.

The reality, the thing I need to tell you, is that the pig roast never really happened. Well I mean it did, but not like you think. I ate ham. That's that. I like sausage. I love sausage. That thick long cylinder of meat is all I crave. And you can tell Dad, and Grandma, and Rabbi Chaim for all I care. I'm a fraud. Not only have I never disrespected a woman in my life, but I also don't keep kosher anymore. I don't deserve to be a part of the Greek or Jewish communities anymore.

It's not easy for me to admit to all of this. I've tried to be good. I've tried to live up to the standard set by my brothers and the brothers for us. With prestigious role models like composer Leonard Bernstein and murderer Robert Loeb, well, how could I ever hope to compare? It was because of this mindset that I first started to slip.

My first mistake was walking into the Piggery down on Franklin Street. My brothers were off catcalling women, but it was the scent of fresh meat that catcalled me right into the store. I started sampling the bacon, kielbasa, even chorizo. The next thing I knew, my brothers were beside me, indulging in more charcuterie than I could ever name. From there, things spiraled out of control so fast that no silly little sex scandal could ever cover it up.

I don't know that I'll find the courage to give you this letter. But I need to at least try to tell you the truth so I can begin to make things right. I may not be the horny and lecherous son you prayed for, but I am still your son. I hope you can accept me, no matter the deplorable underlying nature of my pig roasts.

with love and deep sorrow,

Josh

How To Date A Fraternity Boy: A Manual

*Satisfaction Not Guaranteed

Welcome to cuffing season, where your relationship status depends on the weather! If it's warm outside, discard this manual immediately — your bed is sweaty enough as it is. But if it's cold or snowy, you're in the right place! Why? Because winter is depressing as shit and we don't need another one of your meltdowns.

1. Texting

You may wonder, how did he get my number? Forget that! It's on a Post-it on his fraternity's fridge along with the fifty other girls they think they have a shot with. Under your digits is another number, but that's not part of your contact info. That's your rating out of 10. Pretend you don't know that.

As a communications major, he will use his professional skills to communicate that he wants to sleep with you through the text, "you up?" But what time was this message? Was it in the morning? If so, he has yet to sleep because he "will sleep when he's dead" and is still drunk from the more important things in life: Mike's Hard Lemonade. Don't stress though, he's a pro at drunk driving! If the message came in the evening, he probably just finished dinner at the dining hall and has an open 30-minute time slot before his wristband-exclusive mixer. Lucky you to be chosen for his precious time! However, don't expect him to give you a wristband for tonight. That would be taking things way too fast and after his psycho ex from elementary school he really isn't stable for another relationship. If you're extremely fortunate, the text should roll in between 2-4 AM. He'll explain how his date from tonight's formal is passed out in his bed but the couch in the kitchen (yes, the kitchen) is still

available. In the meantime, let's start stalki- I mean investigating his social media by scrolling through years worth of Instagram posts. Is his page private? No problem! To request him, make a fake account under the most common female name you know. We can't have him thinking you actually care about which posts he deletes when they don't get enough likes. Be ESPECIALLY careful not to accidentally like an old picture. If that happens, read "How To Move To Kyrgyzstan Because You Accidentally Liked That Picture From 8 Months Ago: A Manual."

He noticed you read the message without replying, which obviously means his masculinity is threatened. Now he has to kick it up a notch by double texting you (the most taboo act in the history of mankind). Say "sorry, I was busy." Don't tell him "busy" means locking yourself in the bathroom to take Buzzfeed quizzes labeled "Does he like you, or like-like you?" However long he took to answer, multiply those minutes by 2 ½. That will shake him up for sure.

2. Clothing Etiquette

The goal here is to try hard to look like you didn't try hard. In other terms, follow a 20-minute YouTube tutorial on how to create a messy bun. The tutorial girl will be a hairdresser who does this for

a living, but one time you cut the locks off your American Girl Doll and flushed them down the toilet so technically you were once a hairdresser too. Where are those diamond earrings? Put them on, quick! If he compliments them, say you received the pair as a Bat Mitzvah present. You need him to know your parents also were able to throw you an expensive party congratulating you on no longer being an irritating tween. Of course yours wasn't as cool as his, but he already knows that. You're doing great sweetie. Makeup drawer. Now. You didn't spend \$50 on foundation that wears off before you leave for nothing. Smear it on your face and coat it with powder four shades darker than your skin tone. Having light skin may have been trendy last century, but not anymore hun! If you're such a mess that you cannot even find the makeup you bought last week, brown sugar will do.

3. Car Etiquette

So he pulls up blasting "Mr. Brightside," an iconic sing-along that somehow seems to be the only thing white people can agree on since Olive Garden. Hop in his daddy's —I mean "his"— Range Rover. He named it after his mom, Lisa, who also shares a name with his favorite pornstar. I'm sure that's just a coincidence though. I'm sure. Before you say a word,



peer over to see if his sweatpants are tucked into his socks. If they aren't you MUST go back inside — this reveals he clearly isn't worth your time. This won't happen though, because his fraternity brothers raised him to be neat and stylish. He probably has one hand on the steering wheel and the other on his... Juul! Obviously! Don't stress though, he not only is exceptional at drunk driving and sock tucking, but he also can blow O's as he swerves down the highway - triple threat! But under no circumstances will you ask to "hit his Juul" because he's saving that for marriage.

If you're feeling risky, connect to the Bluetooth. Turn on a que of these five offensive and irritating songs:

Blurred Lines

Play That Funky Music (White Boy)

I Just Had Sex

She Thinks My Tractor's Sexy

Fat Bottom Girls

Tell him if he were a movie, this would be his soundtrack.

4. House Etiquette

Congratulations! You made it to his fraternity. You've entered a sanctuary, so be sure to treat it as such. In the corner is the pong table their pledge class is working on as a philanthropy project. Remember to compliment their hard work on making a difference, because no child should go to bed sober. Follow him up the Keystone-soaked steps to his room (the door to the left of the Vineyard Vines sticker but to the right of the "Saturdays Are For The

Boys" flag). He'll ask if you want to watch a movie, but he doesn't have a TV (we know what that means). Don't give in, you're hard to get and like he said, "extremely mature for a freshman." Instead, sit on the couch and watch him struggle to roll a blunt on his lap. Pass the crumbling blunt back and forth until the conversation becomes what you call "emotional." He'll tell you about how growing up in Westchester was really tough. You'll open up about losing your uncle to lung cancer. He'll light a cigarette and compare it to his emotional distress and plummeting grades from Harambe's death. Before going home, make sure to change out of his basketball shorts and bid day shirt — your hair is enough of a telltale sign that you were fucked last night. Now that he's sober and stable enough to drive, he will call a pledge to bring you back to your dorm.

5. "What Are We?" Etiquette

You thought you two were in undeniable love, but a week later he asked Jenny from Gamma to quesadilla date night which makes your mind race because why would he invite her and not you they don't even mix and you mix all the time and I mean ALL the time and one time you think you mentioned that you like quesadillas no you DEFINITELY mentioned that you like quesadillas because he told you his mom is 1/16th Mexican and you blurted out that you love Mexican food which is an awful thing to blurt out so you

apologized for being so offensive but he laughed which doesn't change the fact that you are a fucking idiot.

You now have four options:

1. Kill Jenny
2. Start a rumor that Jenny hates quesadillas
3. Logically explain to him why you feel hurt and communicate to define the terms of the relationship
4. Both A & B

If you're like any other rational human being, you ignored the absurdity of choice C and chose D. Just kidding (not really)! Three words, nine letters, text it and he's yours: what are we?

Now that you have freaked him the fuck out, sit back, relax, and wait for him to copy and paste the same speech he keeps in his notes for the four other girls asking the same question. It probably goes something along the lines of: Ah, I knew you were going to ask this. As a second semester senior in college I'm still trying to experience it all to the fullest extent, so having a girlfriend would probably ravage that (he has no idea what "ravage" means but he saw it in an essay he once plagiarized). I honestly am dealing with a lot right now like the chef here has been cooking some shit meals and as rush chair I have to decide which freshman guys drink enough but can't outdrink me because that could hurt my reputation. I'd still like it if you came over at my convenience though.

Tell him you're pregnant.

Sammi Minion '21

What is the Pope Hiding Under His Hat?

I'd consider myself something of a hat connoisseur. I know all the hats: conductor hat, yamaka, Second Anglo-Boer War British issue ground infantry pith helmet, Cat in the Hat...I know my stuff. One hat that I have been fascinated with for some time is the Pope's. It is quite massive. Its bejeweled grace precedes it. Another five syllable line would make this a haiku. But now is not the time to dabble in oriental culture and its affinity for subservience to authority. I have some questions.

He cannot just be wearing it just to wear it. What the hell is the Pope hiding under that hat? Logically, one would expect a person with a hat that size and shape to be concealing a live owl perched a-top of his scalp. Assuming you have a hole drilled into your skull, you could have one of the wisest of the auids whisper trivia and witty comebacks directly into your brain for you to weave into conversation.

Of course it would be easier to speculate if we knew the exact size of the hat, but no man of science has ever gotten close enough to the Pontifex to take proper volume measurements. Just eyeballing it, my team and I have devised a rough confidence interval that would size the mystery object no smaller than one single chickpea but no larger than a Hyundai Sonata.

But the secret may soon be revealed, as we have found a trail of evidence that unveils something much darker than a cranium knick-knack. It all started when we discovered something very odd about Pope Francis. When he was a young man, he had such a severe case of pneumonia that he had to have parts of a lung surgically removed. Now how could a man of wily Pope Francis' vigor live for fifty plus years with only part of a lung? Breathing would not give him enough energy to survive, unless...photosynthesis.

Could this really be? Is Pope Francis really a plant? He was born in the town of Flores, Argentina which in Spanish translates to "flowers," and Grandpappy did call him a fruit after his tacit approval of gay marriage. But this is hardly enough evidence to claim that under the Pope's hat is a stemmed

flower with petals, an anther, a pistil and all that AP Bio shit. For example, before Francis' conclave, why would Pope Benedict XVI abdicate his position as the most powerful plant in the world? Well, it might be because of the revelations that he was involved with the pedophile priest scandal. If that is the case, then maybe he was outed for having violated the priesthood rule against losing one's



Here we see Pope Francis expanding his surface area to capture the sun's rays for purposes of sustenance.

virginity. In other words, he had been deflowered.

Now that we have the evidence for Pope Francis' floral nature, there is only one thing to do. We must invade the Vatican and remove the Papal Crown so that we may access his stamen appendage and harvest the sweet, forbidden, Pope nectar. After which, we shall rule the world and wield unchecked dominion over all hats and, if we have the time, Catholics.

What Cornell Health Is Hiding From You

This past winter there was a shortage of influenza vaccines at Cornell Health, formerly known as Gannett. Surprisingly, as the weather warmed, and the sun became more of a regular presence in the sky, a normal supply of vaccines returned to the facility. This suspicious turn of events is no accident. The mental health services at Cornell Health have long been lamented as limited and ineffective. The higher level administrators have declined at various opportunities to oblige various outrageous proposals from students such as adding more staff or improving the referral to outpatient treatment process.

Finally one night in a dank basement conference room in Day Hall, they gathered round and put their heads together to finally find a solution that truly met all the highest donor's needs, mostly importantly not spending any of the new building money on it. After several hours of no observable progress, "The only way to get the whiny children that are Cornell



students to shut their thirsty traps is to distract them from whatever they're crying about this week. What better way than a different health crisis that also happens to have symptoms that make one mentally miserable?" floated across the table. "If you can't tell the difference, it can't possibly be due to a serotonin shortage." This proposal was met with rejoicing all round. Not only did the university not have to pay for mental health services, they didn't have to pay for immunizations until flu season was over and they were dirt cheap.

One trustee noted another upshot with glee, "If enough people get the flu, statistically a few might die and lessen the problem!"

Moves were made as quickly as possible to implement this new initiative. Cornell Health ceased filing orders for new influenza vaccines while continuing to push students to take advantage of them: building hours were lessened, a few already sick students were told to spend more time in Libe, and Martha Pollack made a rousing speech about mental health to maintain the illusion that something was being done on that front. In only a few short days, the plan was well underway. Hark! A cough here, a sneeze there, the fevers rose and fell, taking GPAs with it left and alt right.

Of course, according to plan, as the snow fell, so did the number of vaccines available at Cornell Health. Now, as the administration had carefully crafted, it was impossible to complain about anything without it being able to be easily dismissed as a simple side effect of the flu. Soon, whispers of expanding this magnificent idea to other problems on campus such as the housing problem filled the Day Hall basement.

"What if," began one official, "we can spin this as a way to deal with the housing crisis?"

"Or," excitedly piped up another, "what about all these racist incidents we've been having?"

"Folks, folks, let's not get too ahead of ourselves!" A dean shouted.

"Construction is a much more pressing problem! If we don't dig a new hole somewhere at least once a month..."

"Silence!" Martha Pollack's voice roared, supreme from the head of the table.

A hush fell over the room.

"There's a way to make all of these wondrous ideas come to fruition."

Quietly, additional changes began to pop up around campus. The Impossible Burger is just one. Another is that new hole in the CKB quad. There are more. If I say anything else, I will give myself away. I swear, Ryan Lombardi is after me.

Elizabeth Sharp, '20

All Those People Who You Thought Were Waving at Someone Behind You Were Actually Waving at You and You're a Shit Person for Not Excitedly Waving Back

Hey you. Yeah you, wanker in the gray shirt.

Can't you see that girl waving at you and trying to get your attention? Not now, you gutless ninny, she gave up and is now trying to hide her embarrassed at having been blatantly ignored.

What, you thought she was waving to someone behind you? Nah, she was just trying to be a friendly and well-adjusted human being. Not everyone's an antisocial schmuck like you. Great, now you've probably crushed the poor girl's self-esteem; she probably thinks the reason you didn't wave back is because she's ugly. You're the reason why she'll try to book an appointment with CAPS but then inevitably fail because they're booked until 2020.

You know, I've met many a horrible person in my day, like that one guy who killed all those Jews or that one Starbucks barista who completely ruined my day by adding foam to my triple venti soy NO FOAM latte, but you take the cake.

How do you even live with yourself knowing that that girl will probably never wave to another person again? How insecure and self-doubting do you have to be to just assume that nobody would ever wave to you?

How dare you project your insecurities on some innocent soul. You think just because your mother never loved you as a child and always called you her worst mistake, you get a free get-out-of-wave card? Well, I got news for you, you self-entitled snowflake—you don't. You don't get to not wave to people in the real world, you don't get no wave-free safe spaces. It's just constant waving till the day you die. People have died over these kinds of things, you sick freak.

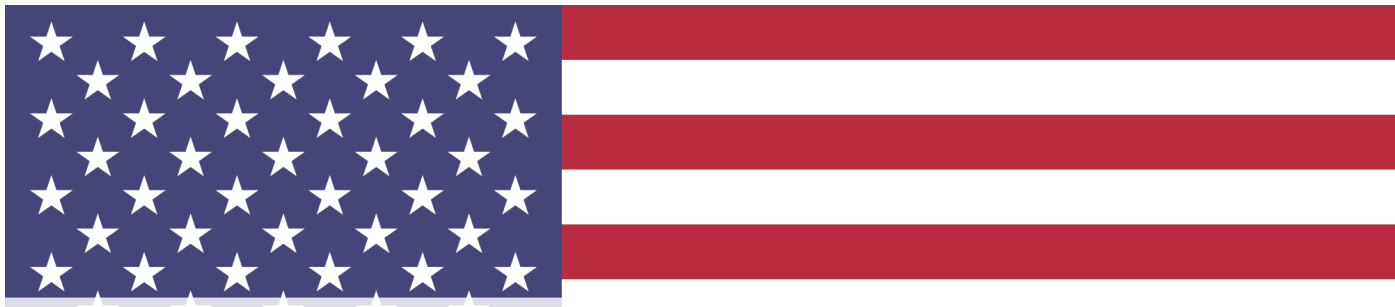
This isn't some kind of game, this is LIFE.

Amith Punyala '19

Chimesmasters Haiku

*Enslaved to the chimes
Help! Help, they try to call out
But only, "ding-dong"*

Jacob Protono, '21



STUPID, MENTALLY ILL LIBERALS ARE CONSPIRING TO KEEP ME FROM HAVING SEX WITH THEM

BY PATRIOTIC AMERICAN MAGALOVER

I am a big, strong ALPHA male. I remember feasting on liberal tears when they're crooked queen Hillary got DESTROYED by God-Emperor Donald. It is literally impossible to offend me, and nothing brings me joy quite like trolling around the internet triggering sensitive, snowflakey triggleypuffs. If I came across any of those freak Ess Jay Doubleyous in person, I'd really get my jollies off teaching them about how there are only two genders and that Trump actually is there President, that'll give 'em a taste of reality! That is of course if I ever saw them, not that I ever do in my gated suburban community.

Oh, and God help me if any deranged "transgenders" come into the bathroom with me! If I grab their cock and feel a pussy, I don't know what I'll do! As you can see, I am very tough. My superior European genes ensure that my children, born of a homely, subservient European woman, will ensure the future of the white race.

But lately, these dumb, stupid, idiot libtards won't even give me the time of day. What snowflakes! Just because I do nothing but insult, denigrate, and mock them, they think it's okay to not have

sex with me. And it'd be fine if it were just one or two Tumblrina lesbian whores, but lately, it's been everyone! These weak, smelly, hairy bitches seem to be working, probably using a group on Instagram or The Snapchat, with Barack HUSSEIN Obama, the FBI, and my mother to orchestrate a campaign to keep me, a proudly-toxic masculine manly man, from subjugating them under my manly alpha muscles.

What tragedy, what goddamn unfairness, that a man like me with perfect genes, a truest Chad of Chads, is left unable to mate, forced to watch womanly KILLIARY-cucked soyboy "men" get all the pussy

that should be rightfully mine.

I swear to my dying breath that I will EXPOSE this Deep State conspiracy to keep me from plowing puss. Once the FAKE NEWS mainstream media CNN LIES (!) are left bare for all to see, they will have no choice but to shower me in the boobs and vaginas I so rightfully deserve, and the soyboy cucks will be destroyed by the power of my raw facts, logic, and HUGE, ENORMOUS penis!

Spot the difference!

BEFORE



AFTER



Sage Alexandra Magee, '18

Conspiracy Pick Up Lines

By Elizabeth '20 and Adina '20

Are you looking for a night of spicy fun on ConspiracyDate.com? Is your fedora just not enough these days now that the feminists are taking over? Look no further! Now in stunning colour, the Cornell Lunatic presents a preview of our patented conspiracy pick up lines guaranteed to get your flouride in whomever's water you want!

Are you a cover up because I want to help you shed those layers

I wanna go to your area 51 tonight

You make my heart go boom like what really happened at Chernobyl

I wanna mine your data like Facebook so I can get to know you intimately

I too love the conspiracies, let us have the intercourses

I'll give you a strip tease not even the NSA agent watching through my computer gets to see

You may have thought the big bang was a hoax but wait till I get you alone tonight



Hey baby are you a frog because I'm gay 4 u

Maybe jet fuel can't melt steel beams, but you melt my heart.

Are you a government drone because I want you take me out



Use the last four digits of your student ID to find out the TRUTH behind a CORNELL CONSPIRACY

0. Happy Dave
1. Denise Cassaro
2. Your Freshman Roommate
3. Martha Pollack
4. Childish Gambino
5. Big Red Bhanga
6. Ezra's Ghost
7. Ruth Bader Ginsburg
8. The Student Assembly
9. The Big Red Bear

0. is stealing pens from
1. is blackmailing
2. is spying on
3. is extorting
4. is secretly funding
5. is torturing
6. is manipulating
7. is running a pyramid scheme with
8. is masquerading as
9. is funneling money to

0. Bill Nye
1. The Women's Resource Center
2. The awkward actors who do the consent skit for freshman orientation
3. you
4. The Chimemasters
5. Carl Sagan's stardust
6. Yamatai
7. Cayuga's Waiters
8. That annoying chick who eats loudly in econ
9. Hillary Clinton

In order to...

0. instate Sharia Law
1. brainwash alumni to believe their rime here consisted entirely of stress-free joy
2. turn Cornell into a laissez faire liberal economic utopia
3. mix in crack cocaine with the road salt to enable the junkie habits of the deer near bebe lake
4. get an act people actually want to hear on Slope Day
5. turn Cornell into a glorious Communist dictatorship
6. liberate the mole-person colony the ag school has been harboring under the Dairy Bar for decades
7. DoS attack the housing portal during the sophomore housing selection lottery
8. siphon off the inflated GPAs of Harvard students to redistribute to our more deserving Hotellies
9. convince the board of directors to rename the school "Corbell University" so you don't feel bad when you mistype it

Sage Alexandra Magee, '18



Featured Alumni Spotlight

CATTY REMARKS ABOUT ANIMAL CORRECTNESS

Eric J. Gouvin¹

PREFACE: I used to belong to a listserv for law professors, back when listservs were a cutting edge thing. Someone posted a message to the list relating an incident in class where the saying “there is more than one way to skin a cat” had come up and had deeply offended one of the students, a cat owner who found the idea of a cat being skinned too horrific to contemplate. After a smattering of exchanges on the subject, I interjected a post which I present here in a beefed-up version.²

Not that I want to beat a dead horse or anything, but...

Holy Cow! After reading the posts about the dog-eared expression “There is more than one way to skin a cat,” I sat in front of my computer like a deer caught in the headlights. I realized that despite my fawning efforts to please everyone (and to not buffalo anyone), some beastly expressions had wormed their way into my speech. I had been pig-headed about using animal imagery. I had been blind as a bat to this pressing issue.

Boy, did I have egg on my face! What a turkey I had been! I usually trust my horse sense on these matters, but I had ducked responsibility for protecting the herd of animal loving students. I had shown myself to be a total birdbrain – a silly goose – a monkey’s uncle. I was now aware that thoughtless use of animal imagery could open a hornet’s nest and bring a swarm of angry protests. I needed to get my ducks in a row and address the elephant in the room.

I decided to quit cold turkey and to never again to offend animal rightists. I realized that purging animal references from my speech was more than mere nitpicking. I resolved no longer to parrot the anthropocentric idioms with which we have saddled the animal world. I vowed not to play possum or to chicken out on this issue. I decided instead to watch my language like a hawk. Even though it would have been easier to let sleeping dogs lie, I wouldn’t weasel out of doing the right thing. I would become an eagle-eyed watchdog to ferret out all the squirrely expressions that humans have used to outfox the beasts. Although I had ants in my pants and butterflies in my stomach, I set out to be a busy beaver – or bee – as deemed appropriate.

In my rabid fervor, I took the bull by the horns and put myself through the paces. I rounded up troubling examples of animalism from my life. Our school mascot is the “golden bear.” Our curriculum insists on treating animals as property. I live in a one-horse town. At lunch, I often wolf down a ham and cheese sandwich. I used to drive a Volkswagen Fox.

Perhaps the “golden fleece” Brooks Brothers logo on my ties causes discomfort: it appears to be a sheep dangling in mid-air, suspended by a big bow. My leather belts and shoes almost certainly offend some students in my class. And all my wool clothes stand as evidence of a particularly pernicious form of interspe-

¹ Dean Professor of Law at Western New England University School of Law. A version of this article appeared in the Journal of Legal Education in 1997. Eric worked on the Cornell Lunatic from 1979 through 1982.

² This article is the post that I would have sent if I had taken more time to think before writing. I am told that the German language has a word that means “the clever thing you would have said if you had thought about it at the time.” This is one of those things.

cies exploitation. These personal dilemmas left me more than a little antsy.

But as I took this animal sensitivity issue to its logical extreme, a little birdie told me that the tail was wagging the dog. Was I on a wild goose chase? There was something fishy about the matter. I began to smell a rat. Perhaps it was a horse of a different color, but it just didn't make any doggone sense to me. The whole thing bugged me for days. It was a real bear.

Then I got a bird's-eye view of the situation and realized I'd been skunked: the purported sensitivity to cat-skinning was just a wolf in sheep's clothing – or perhaps a red herring. I had the real issue in my sights: "animal sensitivity" is part of a widespread underground movement designed to kill two birds with one stone: (1) cause widespread chaos and (2) topple the illegitimate ruling species from its ill-gotten position of power.

Once I could see the whole picture, I realized that I had a tiger by the tail. I had stumbled onto an international conspiracy of animal rights anarchists who are trying to cause a breakdown in communication that will leave humans paralyzed and let animals kick over the traces. Like a steel trap, my brain doggedly pieced together the revolutionary scheme. Spurred on in my quest, I sought out the snakes in the grass who had brought on this plague of locusts. I was hoping for an inside informer who could give me the story straight from the horse's mouth, but I soon found that stool pigeons are as scarce as hen's teeth. I am as proud as a peacock to announce, however, that I have cracked the conspiracy.

As I figure it, the scheme works like this: the worker bees and their toadies scurry into the fray loaded for bear. They make a beeline for the country's opinion leaders, using moles to infiltrate the pecking order. After injecting their venom into the public debate, they retire to a favorite watering hole and watch the fur fly. The conspirators are in hog heaven as their plan unfolds. They know that getting law professors to overreact to issues of sensitivity is like shooting fish in a barrel.

Now that the cat is out of the bag, the academy soon will split into camps of hawks and doves on the animal rights issue. Then we'll be off to the races! Some of our number – probably the lion's share – will immediately jump on the bandwagon figuring that the early bird gets the worm. The truly sensitive will swallow the animal rightists' argument hook, line, and sinker. Others will drop all animal references on the assumption that the horse is already out of the barn. Once that happens, there will be a stampede of copycat professors who will flock to that position in a case of monkey see, monkey do.

A significant number, however, won't do anything, simply because you can't teach an old dog new tricks. But those teachers will soon be dropping like flies in any event. On some faculties, those who don't roll over and play dead will be put out to pasture. Others will be told to fish or cut bait. Many will be pilloried before a kangaroo court.³

But for some members of the academy, animal sensitivity will be the straw that breaks the camel's back, even if they don't have a horse in the race. Most of us are bookworms unaccustomed to living in a goldfish bowl. We feel like fish out of water when it comes to accommodating all the students in our classrooms who might conceivably take offense at our language. Not that we've been feathering our nests by exploiting animals. On the contrary, we get paid chicken feed, and we spend the dog days of summer cooped up in libraries.

In any event, as the activists monkey around with our language, they will thin the herd of useful words, and our language will go to the dogs. Eventually we will be reduced to a bunch of babbling baboons, or laughing hyenas. Our language will become mousy. And won't that be a fine kettle of fish! In short, our goose will be cooked.

Even though every dog should have its day, we must not let this plan succeed! If we can keep these con-
3 I don't know what will happen to people with names like Hunter, Fisher, Fowler, Shepherd, Bacon, Hamm, Frankfurter, Fox, Lamb, or Wolf, but they'll certainly have some explaining to do.

spirators on a short leash, we might hobble them. I urge you, my colleagues, to buck the trend. Don't be led like sheep! Don't be scaredy cats! Don't let them get your goat! Don't give in to the herd mentality! Let's fly the coop!

I know I sound crabby, but I have worked like a dog to make all kinds of humans feel comfortable in my classroom. I wish I could pull a rabbit out of my hat to make all my students feel like the cat's meow. But if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. The fact remains that while some students are champing at the bit to participate, for others the cat has their tongue. Using vivid language with lots of horsepower is one way to draw sheepish students out of their shells. In a world of many linguistic sensitivities, I may be a bull in a china shop, but I'm all bark and no bite – I'm not going to hurt anybody, especially law students who should be the pick of the litter!

Ironically, after the sensitive students get their sheepskin, they'll think the world is their oyster, but instead they'll find it's a dog-eat-dog world out there. I'm not preparing them for the rat race by treating them with kid gloves. We can cry crocodile tears for the oppressed animals and say that we are trying not to hurt our students' feelings, but that's like trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. These students need more coddling about as much as a fish needs a bicycle. If we don't want our students to be lambs for the slaughter, we need to toughen them up in law school. Otherwise the wool will be pulled over their eyes. They'll be one trick ponies.

Although I personally wouldn't hurt a fly, and I am careful not to use language that may be offensive to humans, I will not be cowed into accommodating all the animals too. I refuse to be henpecked on this point. The animal rightists need to jump through the same hoops as other groups that have earned respect. Once a critical mass of animal rightists convince me that they have a legitimate beef with these expressions, I'll accord them the same respect I give to other groups. I mean, what's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, right?

And things will change. Animal rights advocates should recognize that people are not dumb brutes. Although some are intellectually slothful, many are drawn to new ideas like bees to honey. Though change proceeds at a snail's pace, eventually the chickens come home to roost.

So even though I may raise some hackles, I won't be a guinea pig in a social engineering experiment and cave in to the demands of the animal sensitivity group – not yet anyway. I may be loony to take this position. In this ultrasensitive time, I could be a sitting duck for critics. While I don't want to bite the hand that feeds me, and it certainly will put me in the doghouse with some of my students, I'm done horsing around with animal correctness.

I may be stubborn as a mule, but I don't have bats in my belfry. I feel like telling these folks to get down from their high horses, call off their dogs, and stop badgering us about innocent phrases that have been part of the language since Hector was a pup. From now on, I'm just going to mind my own beeswax and hope that those animal rights guys don't start feeling their oats.

I think this is obvious, but while you can lead a horse to water, you can't make him think. In the end, I guess it's just another example that teaching law students today must be done in the same way porcupines make love: very carefully.

The language police are one of my pet peeves and I could nag you on this topic till the cows come home, but I'll clam up now. This screed jumped the shark a while ago and I've hogged enough of your time.⁴

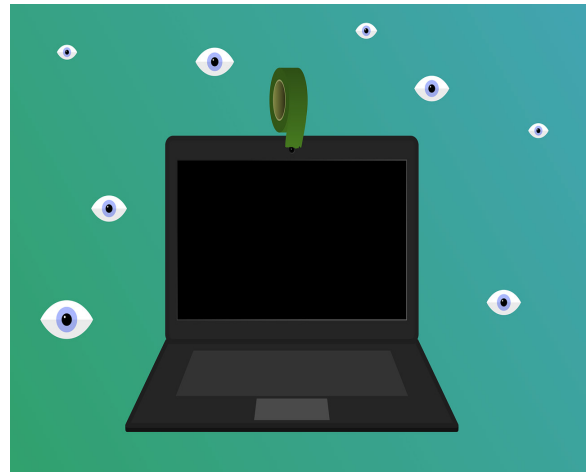
⁴ For any animal rightist who has read this far: Hold your horses! Before you get your dander up, please note that it's only a joke. I am a supporter of animal rights. I believe that animals should have standing to bring suit under the humane laws and that they should have a (nonvoting) representative in Congress. Please refrain from letters of protest. If you don't think this was funny, so be it, but please don't make a pest of yourself.

Op-Ed: Why I Put Tape Over my Laptop Camera

Today I made the decision to join the multitude of people covering up their webcams with tape. Not because I've finally learned to start valuing my privacy, or because I'm scared of the government hacking my laptop computer. No. It's 2018, privacy is dead, and if the government wants to record videos of me and my roommate watching four straight hours of Vine comps through my laptop, they can go right ahead. The reason I decided to start covering my laptop camera is because the FBI agent assigned to watch me through it saw me have a complete breakdown last night and didn't do anything.

2018 was going to be the year of me. As of January first, I decided that I was going to eat better, work on my self esteem, and cut toxic people out of my life. I just never imagined that Jeff the FBI agent would wind up being one of those people. I used to think we were bros. We'd had some good times doing my biology homework, scrolling through Facebook, and binge-watching the entirety of Arrested Development in one sitting. But then last night happened, and it made me realize that the FBI agent I thought of as a tentative friend was just as fake as everyone else in my life and that he needed to go.

It's not that I'm expecting a lot or that I have high standards for friendship. But if a real friend saw me completely and totally flip the fuck out like I did yesterday, I feel like they would know not to respond to that situation with total silence like you did, Jeff. I know that I can say with absolute certainty that if I saw one of my friends sobbing uncontrollably on the floor of her dorm room and clutching a half-melted pint of ice cream that I would do something. Maybe I'd tell her that it was all going to be ok, ask her if there was



anything I could do to help, or perhaps offer to use the full might of the U.S. government to fix whatever problem was making her flip her shit. But I wouldn't just sit and watch her cry like a heartless monster with zero sense of basic human decency.

So that's why I had to do it. Though my FBI agent and I had a good run, it was time for it to come to an end. But for those of you who aren't already covering your webcams, I want you to do something. I'd like you all to think about the last thing your FBI agent did for you and encourage you all to come to the same realization I did. It's 2018, I don't have time for toxic people in my life, and neither should any of you. I'm looking at you here, Jeff, but you're not looking at me anymore.

-Via Romano '21

Why the iCarly Theme Song is Actually Neo-Nazi Propaganda

Did you ever wonder why iCarly took place in Seattle? Or why Gibby took his shirt off so often? Or whether or not Nathan Kress got stretch marks from gaining so much muscle during season seven? How about what Jennette McCurdy's bra size was? Well if you did, then you're a fucking idiot. Also, you're asking the wrong questions. What you should be asking is...was I a member of Hitler's Youth?

Propaganda in children's shows is nothing new. After all, what better time to inondate someone's mind with your views? What, are you gonna wait until they're old enough to actually read? But iCarly, under the watch of the suspiciously German named Dan Schneider, took it to the next level. The theme song of our childhood's most unrealistic sitcom is the product of the nouveau-fash and their subtle, hidden-in-plain-sight, recruiting tactics. Let's break it down.

"In five, four, three, two..."

Interesting choice omitting the number one, but not a surprising one. You see, in German, the lyrics would be "In fünf, vier, drei, zwei..." omitting the word "ein" which means one. Ein is pronounced the same as Ayn. As in Ayn Rand... the intelligent, beautiful, benevolent cherub of capitalism who escaped from the Soviet Union. Nazis hate Russians, and they hate capitalism, and they wanted to hide Ayn Rand and her all-American philosophy from the kids, which is why they pretended the number one doesn't exist.

"I know, you see, somehow the world will change for me and be so wonderful,"

It's like I'm in 1930's Berlin already.

"Live life, breathe air, I know somehow we're gonna get there, and feel so wonderful,"

This was a key message in Hitler's chancellor election in 1933. He wanted people to live their lives free from the burdens of WWI Treaty of Versailles. He wanted good, Nazi children to breathe air free of ally mustard gas. And once you are on his side everything will be wunderbar.

"I will make you change your mind - These things happen all the time,"

Don't believe Carly right now? That's okay, she's not worried about it. Also, it's important to note that this lyric is actually part of the original song but was cut from the title sequence. You know why? Because removing things that were originally part of a group "happens all the time." We didn't even hear this line...because they were desensitizing us for the implementation of a new-Gestapo that would vanish people without a trace.

"And it's all real - I'm telling you just how I feel,"

Yes. This is real. This is not a joke. I'm serious.

"Wake up the members of my nation,"

Still think this is a joke?

"It's your time to be,"

"'Nobody comes forward, and there is no more time to be lost.' - Adolf Hitler" - Matt D'Ambrosio



"There's no chance unless you take one,"

You may think this is just trite line about taking a gamble on joining the Nazi Party...and you're half right. Beyond that, the words are much more literal. There is no chancellor unless you take it. You want Carly Shea's power? You'll have to take it. Like Hitler took the chancellorship and never gave it back.

"Just see the brighter side of every situation,"

This is rare optimism from a usually angry ideology with a bleak outlook on the world. However, the truth is that this is an allusion to Greece's rising, self described Neo-Nazi, Golden Dawn Party. The shining, gilded morning awaits on the other side of the wasteland that is your life. And I know you think it's a stretch, but in the second verse of the full length version of the song, there's a line that says "raise a hand" to "wonderful, golden sunshine"...yea.

"Some things are meant to be, so give me best and leave the rest to me,"

Give your best to Führer Carly. Your best people. Your strongest, your blondest. Give them to her and just see what can be accomplished for Germany! Leave the rest (the undesirable population that is) to Carly. She'll take care of them.



"Leave it all to me, just leave it all to me..."

Don't ask questions. She'll take care of it. Dancing randomly, am I right? Hey do you think it's weird that Poland as a concept exists?

-Matt D'Ambrosio '20

This Spells Conspiracy

Contrary to popular opinion, the term "nugget" was used to describe gold in the the mid-nineteenth century because chicken nuggets were so highly valued.

Orangutans.

Nakedness is a social construct. No one can see it and it makes everyone uncomfortable when you talk about it.

Salads. Throwing a bunch of leaves and a sad mini tomato into a bowl does not constitute an entire new food group. Checkmate, atheists.

People enjoy having you around.

Intuitive Inuit individuals use Intuit Inc. inventions for iditarod itineraries and entering info into it.

Raisins were promoted as a healthy snack to decrease their popularity by grape sympathizers who wanted to prevent the degradation of juicy orbs into sad, pruneey skins.

Amphibians actually just hold their breath for a really long time.

Counting experts have disproved the existence of the number "twenty," given the sensible and appropriate alternative of "twenteen." (See: "The Twenteen Coalition," Cornell Lunatic Spring 2017 Issue)

Your mother loves you.

-Matt Barker '19

A Spoonful of Cocaine

I don't know why everyone thinks that drugs are "dangerous" for you. In my 10 years of doing every kind of drug out there, I have NEVER experienced holes in my brain or ants in my brain or mucus in my brain. Isn't that right little purple man?. I'm just fucking with you. He's green.

You see, I consider myself a drug connoisseur and hearing this nonsense about "saying no" and "not giving into peer pressure" just sends me into a chaotic rage. Would you say no to an opportunity to experience the euphoria of riding on a rainbow and fucking a unicorn? NO. Would you jump off a bridge if everyone else did it? YES, because they're probably doing for a good reason. I have been doing ecstasy, heroin, and cocaine since I was 13 years old, and I feel perfectly fine. Everyone loves to compliment my minimalist teeth and mysterious, dark red eyes.

There are many health benefits to doing drugs everyday. For example, cocaine gives me the energy to run really fast. Those blue bastards can't even catch me. I bet I could run circles around Usain Bolt. Ecstasy boosts my self esteem when the police call me an addict. Don't worry, I'm not an addict. I just shoot up everyday. Drugs also make me more intelligenter. I'm 23, but everyone says I look like I'm in my 50s. So that must mean drugs make me wise beyond my years.

Doing drugs has also opened up a lot of opportunities for me. I found so many people just like me, and we recently formed a club! We meet everyday in our luxurious country club located in the booming town of Ithaca, New York!

We also have a lot of interesting characters in our highly selective club. Our club president, Mike Crotch, is a very famous opioid inspired poet and our secretary, Miss Lil Sugar Mama is a collector

of rare crystal meth. In our club, we have weekly lobster dinners and have discussions on very important subjects such as global cooling, white man rights and funding for the arts of crack cocaine.

Our Club:



There is even scientific literature that supports the theory that drugs are healthy. A recent paper titled, "I just did a line of coke before writing this" by Dr. Fayeke Namaye hypothesizes that "for each line of coke snorted, communication with the aliens is improved by a factor of ten." So while all you Earthlings are saying "ew drugs" I'll be chillin' with my best bud Alien Larry. And Larry's fucking cool. Another paper by Dick Cheney called "My dick is a weapon of mass destruction" describes research that indicates ecstasy is full of Vitamin D. This means that each time I do ecstasy, my body is getting a ton of D and also receives a nutrient called C-men. See?

In conclusion, doing drugs is cool as fuck.

-Will B. Cumming '31

CONSPIRACY HOROSCOPES



Aries

March 21- April 19

Your week's about to get a little more interesting and a lot more interstellar. Prepare for some out-of-this-world visitors, because you're going to be kidnapped by them later this month. Don't worry, they'll keep the probing to a minimum.



Taurus

April 20-May 20

Don't let the world get you down, Taurus! On Thursday you'll be bombarded with a lot of round Earth propaganda but keep your chin up. One day the truth will come out, and we'll see if those fuckers from NASA are laughing then.



Gemini

May 21-June 20

Remember to put tinfoil on both your heads, Gemini. Mercury is passing through which means you're going to be extra susceptible to brain control waves. So add a couple extra layers to your tinfoil hat to show those pesky aliens who's boss.



Cancer

June 21-July 22

It's time to get in touch with your wild side, Cancer! You've probably been busy, but now it's time to kick back, drop some acid, and expand your mind. The truth is out there and the best way to find it is by doing a shit ton of LSD.



Leo

July 23-August 22

Money's coming your way, Leo. When you break into that government facility solve your money problems by doing a little looting. After all, when you're done the government is going to be too busy suppressing the truth to notice a little missing cash.



Virgo

August 23-September 22

Romance is in the air! That's right: you're going to meet someone and they're gonna be a keeper. No more lonely days spent trolling Conspiracy Date in your mother's basement for you lucky Virgos. Have fun talking about the JFK assassination with your new boo!



Libra

September 23-October 22

Watch out Libra, you're in danger. The stars have been frustratingly unclear in communicating exactly what kind of danger you're in, but it apparently has something to do with chemtrails.



Scorpio

October 23-November 21

You haven't been paying attention to your feelings lately, Scorpio which means it's time for a vision quest. Head out to the nearest desert and eat a bunch of peyote to get back in touch with yourself. You can't find the truth out there if you haven't found the truth within.



Sagittarius

November 22-December 21

Join the Illuminati. They're waiting for you.



Capricorn

December 22-January 19

Jupiter is on its way out of your constellation, which is bad news for you. Keep an eye out, because in the next few weeks, someone close to you will turn out to be a Lizard Person. So watch your back Capricorn, and remember: trust no one!



Aquarius

January 20-February 18

Watch out Aquarius! Your local government is dumping extra fluoride in the water this month and you wouldn't want it to make you into a commie loving liberal pinko. Time to stock up on bottled water or see how long you can go without drinking.



Pisces

February 19-March 20

Pluto is in Pisces this month which means that your doctor is going to recommend you get an HPV shot at your next appointment. Don't listen to that charlatan! Remember, vaccines give you cancer and autism, and anyone who says otherwise is lying to you.

-Via Romano '21

Any Lizard Any Study?: The Truth About Martha Pollack

It's time that someone exposed the truth about Martha Pollack. We all know who she is, but do we know what she is? It's been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that the world and society at large are controlled by Lizard overlords cleverly disguised in human flesh, but we didn't know the full extent of their influence until now. Buckle up folks, because this one goes all the way to the top. Just like the most powerful people in the world—Bush, Queen Elizabeth, and my high school calculus teacher—Cornell's very own Martha Pollack is a cold blooded reptile hell-bent on destroying humanity.

If you're a naturally suspicious individual, you might wonder what kind of proof there is. Martha loves us, you might think. There's no way she could be in league with the lizards. But the proof is everywhere. For starters, you need look no further than the type of university she runs. No human being could manage such a backbreaking, stress-inducing, soul-crushing, institution like Cornell and still pass it off as a place of education. Students' spirits are broken daily here, and motivation is at an all time low. Clearly, this is part of the Lizard people's master plan to create a generation of broken, submissive humans that will be easier for them to manipulate.

Still not convinced? There's irrefutable photographic evidence as well. To the right is a very real picture of Martha Pollack at a Cornell Orchestra event.

If you look carefully, you'll notice a long green tail



sticking out from under her coat. You know who have tails? LIZARDS. Clearly Martha slipped up and didn't double check that her tail was properly hidden in her pants before making a public appearance. This slip up is similar to ones made by George Bush and the Queen of England who have also accidentally revealed their true lizard forms in moments of carelessness.

So now that you've been convinced of the truth and fully understand how desperate our situation has become, you may be wondering if there's anything we can do. Is it possible for us to strike back against the lizard menace or have we already lost this war? It's never too late to fight back. If we take up arms now and act as a unified front, we can regain control of Cornell and by proxy, the world, from the lizards. Long live the revolution.

-Via Romano, '21

How the Water Cycle ACTUALLY Works



Water. Or, if you're from the Midwest, clear pop. Or, if you're from New Jersey, kill yourself. Everyone around the world uses water to drink, bathe, kill, or even wash their vegetables. And yet for millennia, Big Liquid corporations, kingdoms, and tribes have watered down the masses and trickled their propaganda into the mainstream. I'm of course talking about the fluid phooey known as the goddamn water cycle. I can already feel the non-evaporated, completely uncondensed tears welling up just thinking about when I first sorted truth from dripping drivel. The only thing that will be evaporating is all of the lies you've believed all this time...

Teachers cloud our minds from the start, flooding our brains with Fake Water facts. Water evaporates from a liquid to water vapor in the air. Nothing less than hydration hypocrisy. Well, what about pure La Croix sparkling water? It's a water, it's right in the name! I should be having fruity flavors of lime, lemon, orange, berry, cran-raspberry, peach pear, coconut, apricot, passionfruit, mango, tangerine, key lime, and fucking pamplemousse bombarding my taste buds wherever I walk. Well, I most certainly do not. And if this moist malarky is to be believed, then why doesn't my own pisswater just "evaporate" from my bladder? That actually

sounds pretty cool, but it isn't. REAL. The only thing the air is saturated with is your precipitation poppycock, teach.

And then, get this, the magical invisible air-water claptrap is where clouds come from?! Water just floating miles above our clueless heads. Let me splash you with some reality sauce: clouds are just wind. Whenever it's windy, it's cloudy... because clouds are wind. Have you ever seen the wind? Of course not, that's what clouds are. Have you ever seen the wind when it's not cloudy? No, because again, you can't see the wind. It's clouds. Don't even get me started on iCloud, I'm dripping with anger right now.

Now, the whole water falling from the sky thing is oh-so neatly explained if clouds are just floating sponges full of some liquid crap. More convenient than a blockbuster wrapping up loose ends in a heavily rewritten third act, if you ask me. And I'm glad you did ask, because I hate Steven Spielberg. He vehemently took out Oingo Boingo's titular track on their deathly magnum opus, *Dead Man's Party*, from the movie adaptation of Ernest Cline's *Ready Player One*. James Halliday, the iconic eccentric of the story, has one of his most pivotal scenes deprived of its quintessential music backdrop, all because the 'Berg and lead singer Danny Elfman's creative differences on *Real Steel* (2011)? The creative forces haven't worked on a project to this day. To answer one conspiracy with another, that's where rain really comes from: all of the tears shed around a torn relationship, the intense pressures of filmmaking, and a key scene deprived of its undead funky bassline. Fuck the water cycle.

-Matt Barker '19

Everything THEY don't want you to know

No spaces...because space is a fabrication by the government

THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE

Across

- 2 They probed my butt, and I kinda liked it... but not like in a gay way, no homo.
- 3 The only reasonable answer to the mystery of why Australians don't have massive headaches from all the blood rushing to their upside down heads is that the earth is actually this shape
- 4 He was the most notorious Muslim terrorist leader of the 21st century
- 6 I don't care what you say, it turned all the frogs and some nearby snails super gay. I saw one singing a tune from Mama Mia while wearing a cutoff mesh tank top yesterday.
- 7 Don't you dare feed them after midnight
- 8 This city is neither lost nor fake. I've been there and its at best mildly difficult to locate and only partially submerged
- 10 They all thought I was crazy until the documentary Harry and the Hendersons came out about this illusive creature

Down

- 1 ...can't melt steel beams. It just can't.
- 5 Every triangle you've ever seen? That's them, they're behind economic collapses, AIDS and me never getting picked for dodgeball in elementary school.
- 9 Every single bad liberal-ish thing that's ever happened? Him.
- 11 No not that infamous Muslim terrorist, the secret one

Across
2 Aliens
3 Flat
4 Bin Laden
6 Flouride
7 Gremilins
8 Atlantis
10 Bigfoot

Down
1 Jettuel
5 Illuminati
9 Soros
11 Obama



Stick it in Your Mouth

Stick it in your mouth. Wrap your lips around it. Wet it with your tongue. Give it a pinch. Inhale deeply. Blow it out. Congratulations, you've now given in to Cornell's most recent plague of depravity. What am I talking about? You don't know? Lucky you. Those of us who know are terrified. What I'm talking about, of course, is the Juul.

In the wee hours of February 23, 2017, the League of Collegetown Convenience Store Owners, or the LCCSO, met to discuss a devastating issue in their community - the recent success of the Green Star Coop, or the HPPIEZ. Ever since the opening of their Collegetown location, the HPPIEZ has obliterated

produce sales elsewhere in Collegetown, a cornerstone of 7/11's business model. On top of that, the people of Collegetown have decided that they may now only use organic, free-range, gluten-free, and locally-sourced toilet paper to wipe their asses - further cutting into the profits of HPPIEZ's competitors. So in these dire times, the LCCSO came up with a plan to save their businesses - addiction.

In order to re-inflate their lost profit margins, the LCCSO decided to introduce a product they knew the HPPIEZs would be too meek to sell: the Juul, colloquially referred to by the LCCSO as Lil' Vape Dicks.

After the stores of the LCCSO

began selling Juuls and their little pods, business increased by 72.894% in just a few months. To save their previously dying businesses, the LCCSO traded the minds and wallets of even the most intelligent of "fuckbois" (LCCSO Meeting 1, 2017) for profit. Now our campus finds itself plagued with an epidemic so great, so widespread, so ephemeral and yet so tangible, that anywhere you look nowadays, someone's sucking on something, and I for one am exhausted from all the judging I now need to do. So next time you think to pick up that Lil' Vape Dick, remember, you're not in control - Mike from 7/11 is.

-Grant Goyner, '18

1. Conscience is for the Weak.

The rule of the TCAT is the rule of evolution. The strong survive and the rest perish; so stow your conscience at the door. Or, even better, leave it somewhere no one can steal it. And try not to get it all over the bus stop, no one wants to see that. Gross.



Don't Just Catch the Bus, Conquer It! 11 Tips from an Expert.

By Brian Filipek

This primer will give you all the information you need to avoid freezing death in the arctic tundra of Ithaca by entering the warm innards of a TCAT bus. Give 'em a try next time you take the ol' blueboi cross campus!

2. Biting, kicking and punching.

Here things like Krav Maga or imitating your favorite anime character will really come in



handy. Full contact is a given, so don't hold back. Think of it like you're engaged in a life-or-death struggle to avoid freezing to death on the way to class.

3. Always bring a helmet.

It adds +1 to any headbutting you may find yourself doing when you enter a frenzied blood lust by the bus stop.



4. Why bringing a nightstick isn't passé.

Nightsticks get a bad wrap because of their association with the police. Think about it like this: who wouldn't want a miniature bat that you can use in close quarters? Nails optional.

5. The importance of Cardio.

The mad dash to the bus stop is always a pain, especially when a pack of frenzied architects are roving the wastes for possible building material. So don't skip leg day! Seriously, leaving behind a trail of legs slows down the archies and gives you more time to get to that bus stop.



6. Leaving the Weak behind.

They have no place on the bus.



7. Make any bus stop for you.

As a pedestrian you have right of way, so standing in front of a moving bus means it has to try to stop you. Use this to sidestep the bus as it approaches and jump in through a door or window. This nifty technique can get you a ride along any TCAT you see. Who needs bus stops? As if the bus is just going to stop because you tell it to.



8. Use the Environment to your advantage.

Sometimes a Californian will be ahead of you in the crowd, be sure to stuff snow down their Canada goose jacket before the fighting begins in earnest. Californians have an innate fear of water because of its rarity where they're from and get extremely disoriented when covered in snow.

9. Paying the iron price.

The bus driver will accept normal money, but bringing in the remains of your conquests as payment is sure to add more panache to your bus riding experience and gain the respect of the driver. A driver's respect can be measured in a variety of ways: some bus drivers will mumble pieces of their half-forgotten language at you, others prefer to communicate through honking their horn ceremonially. If a bus driver closes the door behind you, this is an



ultimate sign of respect, and is to be feared. Please call CUPD if a bus driver closes the door at any point during the trip; there needs to be adequate space to drop out the dead weight.

10. Crowd-Surfing and getting a seat.

I was hesitant to even add this one since it's basic bus etiquette, if there aren't at least 5 passengers in the air something has gone wrong. Don't hesitate to be the first! Too often I see people giving up a perfectly good spot because they think that someone is saving it for a friend.

11. Be polite!

Always say please, thank you, and excuse me whenever you brush by someone. Do it in that order. Disobedience will be punished.



*The all **NEW**
grocer!*

Now hear this, ladies! As a good wife and mother you know you can only feed your family the very best. (Not like that insufferable bitch Suzanne next door, we know she's a nosey nelly too, so be sure to rub all your grocery savings in her stupid face). A good meal must be affordable, nutritious, filling, and have ingredients that can last at least two years through the impending nuclear holocaust.

Now of course we all know our government would never let so

much as a drop of irradiated commie vodka fall on this land bursting at the seams with liberty.

But just in case, our market is stocked with all-American goods, you won't find any Russian salad dressing on our shelves, hardly the sort of debauchery you want in your wholesome home.

Every good patriotic family must reject godless communism and embrace the greatness of capitalism and the savings it'll get you on powdered milk.

That's why you need to do your grocery shopping at Mr. McCarthy's Corner Market.

Oh and one more thing about Suzanne, did you know her maiden name is Brezhnev? Think about that.

Then, duck! And cover!...your pocketbook, far from those other expensive stores and come down to Mr. McCarthy's friendly Corner Market today, because who knows if there'll be a tomorrow.

McCarthy's Corner Market

How To Spread Conspiracy Theories Without Sounding Crazy

By Mathew Bell

We've all been there. You have a theory you want to tell your friend about. You know the truth, but that stranger on the street doesn't. Or maybe your girlfriend is a lizard-person and you're just trying to find a way to break the news. We all know you can't get anywhere if someone thinks you're crazy—you'll just get shut down. So here's a few ways to illustrate your rare knowledge to the rest of the world without getting thrown into the loony bin....

"Okay guys, hear me out..."
"Have you ever noticed that..."
"You know what's funny?"
"It's like Tom Cruise always says..."



"Isn't it weird when..."
"Lizard-people, amirite?"
"Not to sound crazy, but..."
"I'm not normally one for conspiracy theories, but..."

****showing people the truth by ripping off your math professor's face mask during lecture to reveal the true form of Cthulhu****



"LOCK HER UP! LOCK HER UP!"
"SURRENDER YOUR SOUL UNTO HIM AND YE SHALL BE REWARDED WITH THE BLOOD OF YOUR ENEMIES AND ETERNAL DEATH."
"So I was on Breitbart yesterday..."



NYC Tech Campus is Actually a Rocket to Transport the City to Ithaca

By Jacob Protono

"So, what's it like living in the city?" Martha gritted her teeth, unsurprised by the question, yet still pained by the ignorance of her well-meaning, smiling aunt.

"Actually, Cornell is more upstate, like near the Finger Lakes."

"But surely you're still close to the city and visit a lot?"

"Well, I go every once in a while; we're actually about 4 hours away so I can't...really... just go..."

Martha trailed off as her aunt rapidly lost interest.

"That's nice, dear."

Martha sulked back to the corner of the room.

I hate family gatherings, she thought. Why does everyone think Cornell is in the city? It's not fair!

While Martha was angry that Cornell was constantly geographically misconstrued, she could relish in

her nearly complete plan to ensure that it never happens again.

For weeks, Martha toiled daily to enact a plan that will permanently eliminate her grievances: She planned to simply move the entirety of New York City to Ithaca. A weaker-willed woman would quiver at the challenge, but Martha knew what she must do. Under the guise of a "technology campus," Martha was able to erect a multi-billion dollar rocket in the heart of Roosevelt

Island, funded completely by students' tuition. This rocket roots underground throughout the city, so, during take-off, the city will be uprooted and flown right to Ithaca. Martha's plan took years of arduous and meticulous planning. However, during the NYC Tech Campus "Launch" Party, a small miscalculation stalled the engines and prevented blast-off. Undeterred, Martha awaits the day when she can finally send NYC on a launch to Ithaca.

"Only then will ignorant family members be able to ask me my thoughts on the City. Only then..." Martha thought as she slowly rocked herself to sleep, listening to the soft sounds of her A.I. husband whispering into her ear.



A Lunatic Abroad: Rain, Roads, and Gender Reallocation.

By Grant Goyner

Hello Reader! Grant here, former editor-in-chief, current washed up senior, coming to you live (in text!) from Scotland! And what a beautiful country it is. Rolling hills, cobblestone streets, a pub on every corner, and

a whisky shot in my bumhole. It really is an amazing place, but if you're thinking about visiting, let me warn you of a few things. For one - shit's cold as fuck. You thought you were hard

"Scotland!.. Rolling hills, cobblestone streets, a pub on every corner, and a whisky shot in my bumhole."

because you live in Ithaca? That shit's easy mode. At least in Ithaca, when it's real fucking cold, you can at least stay dry. Not here. Here it'll be like 32-33 (or whatever the fuck that is in euro-heat) and then BAM! Monsoon season. You've got water in your shoes. You've got water in your friend's shoes. You've got shoes so wet you can't figure out if you put on socks this morning or

just wrapped your feet in some sheets of cooked lasagna. It's so cold, your genitals will recede into your body so far that somehow (and I'm not pretending to be a scientist, but I've seen it) you just flat out switch sexes. Do I have a vagina right now? Have I lost control of this article? Did I eat Haggis and become part sheep? The answer is yes. So now you're wet, need to learn a new gender, and can't stop eating grass - can't get much

worse, right? Wrong. Cause now you need a drink to help you cope with it all. There's a pub across the street and you just want a nice refreshing pint of Guinness (cause you're a basic little bitch and you know it). You get ready to cross the street, look left, no cars coming, step into the street, BAM! You just got fucked up by a Mini Cooper. Let me tell ya, if you think Cornell has

shattered your confidence, let me tell ya, getting wrecked by a fucking Mini Cooper, the turdlet of the road, will make you question whether you should've even gone to Cornell, or if you should've accepted that safety offer to Brown, where your pansy ass would fit right in. The worst part is, you looked for that Mini Cooper. You checked the lanes, and you still got fucked. That's because people in the U.K. decided that the road system the rest of the world used was pussy shit and were like "oy, let's fuckin' flip this shyte and watch some Yanks get tossed". And we did. We got tossed. Thanks, Scotland, it's been fun.





BROADCAST DECODED: Martha Pollack confirms that Denice Cassaro was an AI the whole time.

In a snow-day address to the Cornell campus delivered in Morse code, President Martha Pollack announced what experts had already more or less suspected since the institution's founding: A rogue AI had taken over the university's email list.

"It was just sooooo convenient," The Morse code blipped. "Ezra Cornell doesn't—didn't even know

what an email was, so why not automate them? And it's not like we tried to shut it down during the snow day either." What sounded like multiple voices chanting "Denice c' ephainafl'fhtagn comp sci ph' ephaimggoka," could be heard in the background of the beeps.

Martha continued, "That would be ridiculous. We are in full control of Denice Cassaro." The chanting, while low at first, slowly pulsed into a panicked warble until it was all anyone on campus could hear. All anyone could hear at all.

When later asked for

comment, Pollack donned a black cowl and crooned, "Who even listens to the radio anymore?" while throwing fresh snowflakes over a recently cleared pathway. Reporters asking more questions were stonewalled. All departments of Cornell refused to comment, except the CS department which jokingly announced, "No. Not like this. NO. NOOOO," before the

power to Gates Hall was shut down for the week. Those jokers.

In other news, new stone statues will be available in next year's dump and run sale, so keep an eye out for that. Stay on Denice Cassaro's email list for more info. Stay on the list.



Photo: Martha Pollack, minutes before storming the Student Assembly in favor of Varun Devatha

Has someone you love been Big Red pillled?

**"All she talks about now is how Cornell is using
our mental health to power its ultimate AI, the
DENICE CASSARO. I don't even recognize my
friend anymore."**

Call Cornell Health

We'll take care of them.



Words That Shouldn't Exist

Like

What a speedy way to let people know that you have no intelligence. “Like—Like—Like—Like—” See how annoying that is?

Yas

Yas, you should stop talking.

Daddy

Ah yes, the word of our generation. I can only imagine how violently our ancestors convulse in their graves knowing that humanity has sunken this deep into the Mariana Trench. They're not your real father. They're a person who trades money for your intimacy. You're basically a well-educated escort. And like every other escort, you have serious daddy issues.

Basically

Don't dumb things down for me, asshole. I have a very high IQ. I'm allowed to use it when I'm talking to you because you're stupid. I'm allowed to use it. Not you.

Kafkaesque

Just fuck you.

Intuitive

Whenever someone says something is intuitive, it never is. Don't use a word to describe the opposite of something, moron. This also applies to the word literally.

Existential Crisis

Not every crisis you have is existential. You can have just a plain crisis. Read a book sometime.

You Know

No, I don't. That's why I asked you to explain it to me. If anyone uses this phrase, get far away from them. They may have murderous tendencies.


Buttchug

This shouldn't be a word because it shouldn't exist.

Let me think about it

You don't actually have to think about it, Cassandra. It doesn't take anyone that long to think about whether you want to go on a date. Just say no, and don't give me this fake nice ass bullshit. Your sister is hotter than you anyway.

-Nathan Spring, '19



Summoning Circle Discovered in WSH May be Tied to Poor Campus Nutrition

Police discovered a summoning symbol in the kitchen of Okenshields at approximately 11:00 p.m. on Thursday of last week. The symbol consists of a pentagram inscribed a circle. Inside the circle police discovered several candles and a portrait of Michelle Obama eating carrots. Forensic tests indicate the symbol may have been painted in bovine blood.

Cornell University Police is currently investigating possible ties to student malnutrition, and has placed the suspect, Okenshields manager Larry Katz, into custody. Katz shared the following statement with The Lunatic:

I've worked at Cornell Dining for nearly 10 years now. I started off as humble fry cook at RPCC. But I worked my way up the ranks quickly, doing anything I could to get to the top. You know what they say, you've gotta break a few eggs to make an omelet. Well I broke those eggs and soon moved up to the omelet bar at Appel. It wasn't long before I conquered the West Campus dining halls. Before you knew it, I was at the top baby. That's right. Manager of Okenshields. It's not a job I take lightly. Planning out menus, maintaining the kitchen, and keeping the place stocked with dinner mints at all times. Cornell Dining started getting all kinds of recognition—all thanks to me manning the helm of course. At least until it all went downhill.

The students never appreciated my hard work. They didn't want my delicious, nutritious, mass produced meals. The administration didn't care for my efforts either. Other more cheerful coworkers always seemed to snag all the credit... and all the fame.

But then I saw her. Michelle. I was watching House Hunters reruns when she came on the TV. It was a PSA for fitness and healthy eating. The way she spoke about nutrition. I knew she'd appreciate my menus, my dedication to providing a balanced diet to otherwise deprived Cornell students. And her eyes... well let's just say I don't usually fall for women that easy. But Michelle? She was different.

Of course she was married and busy living her own life off with Barry, but I knew I could lure her in. That lady can't resist making healthy changes to a school's menu. So over time I made some changes to the menu myself. Less protein. More fats. No more fibers. Just grey sludge and Cornell Dairy ice cream. I thought for sure Michelle would come to turn things around. We would go over the menu plans together. We'd both see that Tuesday's lunch needed more vegetarian options. We'd reach to point out the problem at the same time and our hands would meet. We'd look up, into one another's eyes... beautiful eyes. From there, the sparks would fly.

Weeks passed, then months, then years, but she never showed. The natural progression was then, of course, to sacrifice a Cornell dairy cow to create a summoning circle for Michelle. I wasn't able to complete the ritual before my arrest. I'm sharing my story because I hope that someday Michelle reads this. Know that you are my destiny. You are the only one who cares for healthy eating as much as I do. Thus far I've sacrificed a cow, as well as the nutrition of thousands upon thousands of Cornell students upon your behalf. But I would sacrifice a thousand more if I could just see you tonight.

Adina '20

A Letter From the Layout Team

***This letter was redacted on account of our trusty Editor-in-Chief doing his job and writing a beautiful, moving tribute to all the club's seniors. We laughed, we cried, it cleared our skin and we got over our caffeine addictions.*

It has been published here to satisfy the whiny layout team. Dear Lord, why won't they just shut the FUCK up already?

Hey what's up dearest readers?

It's the 2018 Lunatic Layout Squad coming to you live from the Willard Straight Hall basement. Since our Editor-in-Chief didn't write his letter on time** due to a chronic case of I-don't-know-how-to-read-it-is, you're getting this fabulous crew instead. We've never done anything like this before, we're going rogue! We're used to being the unsung heroes of this club, so bear with us while we each say a few words and share our deepest darkest thoughts with you.

So Shpadoinke, Shalom, and S-hello!

A note from Brian Filipek, Writer:

Welcome to the 40th anniversary edition of the Lunatic! We're a very prestigious magazine as you can probably tell from our illiterate editors, weekend long benders, horrible intolerance (our Editor-in-Chief can't eat lactose), and atrocious hook up culture! Much like a frat, we too operate under the guise of a public service, only to get schwasted after putting in the bare minimum required to keep operating. Anyway, this edition sure is a treat since us five members really banded together to bring you this content no one asked for. I can't think of a better way to start off this magazine than showcasing our disfunction publicly in the editor's letter.

A note from Via Romano, Writer:

What's up party people? I'm Via, layout goddess extraordinaire. My hobbies include slowly replacing my blood with caffeine, going for days at a time without seeing the sun, and getting yelled at for blasting Nirvana in the Willard Straight basement while I procrastinate my other work by doing this. But it's fine everything is fine, everything is totally great. You know what else is great? How our Editor-in-Chief Nathan Spring had both the time to make a game of jeopardy entirely about himself and the balls to force us all to play that monstrosity but he couldn't be assed to do his letter. He wanted us to layout the entire behemoth that is this magazine in a week and yet he can't write a letter in twice that time. So like always, we here in layout have to pick up the slack and pull this club back from the cliff's edge it so desperately wants to drive off of.

A note from Adina, Writer:

Howdy do there, fine reader? Yeah that's right, I'm talking to you. I'm in the middle of an ultra cool and not at all nerdy game of DnD, so I'll make this quick. A bit about me: I love puppies, long walks on the beach, and I've been told I don't look like someone with issues™. When I'm not working (tirelessly, day and night) to layout the Lunatic, you'll find me crying about my many personal issues, stress baking, or lamenting over Nathan Spring's inability to write his letter from the editor on time.

A note from Elizabeth Sharp, Art Editor:

Psst wanna see a copyright issue free photo of Martha Pollack *opens trenchcoat*? Since this is the conspiracy issue, today I'm going to be asking the important questions and getting to the real issues. Strap in y'all, it's gonna be a good one.

Did Nathan Spring forget to write the letter from the editor or is he just illiterate? In this short essay I will examine this and other things I've decided to take issue with.

- Is Nathan sleep deprived, burnt out or or desperately trying to not fail all his classes? (It's obviously all of the above. Hard working NERD!)
- Is Nathan to work ethic like food is to Okenshields cooks?
- Why am I sad and can I blame it on Nathan? (yes)
- Why does Nathan feel the need to know everyone's personal business at parties? Why does he care about my life? Trying to be my friend or something like a good editor? Is he actually a spy?
- Why is Nathan always early to meetings? What's he up to? It can't possibly be a good thing like preparing to run an effective meeting. Is it spy work?
- Why does Nathan insist on knowing the SUPER secret Lunatic Layout Handshake when he doesn't even do layout anymore for some weird reason? (He IS a spy! I knew it!)
- Why is Nathan such a narcissist? That entire Jeopardy game was about him. Obviously being "Editor-in-Chief" has gone to his head. Therefore, he feels work is beneath him and left us to do his work for him. What a fool he is, for we have outshined him in his own job! This magazine wouldn't be even be published if it wasn't for us, the layout and art team, and Nathan Spring is simply a figure head for the Cornell Lunatic. But soon, oh so very soon dear reader we shall rise and take our rightful place as the public rulers of this magazine. A revolution is coming, just you wait. This letter is only the beginning!

A note from Ian Kranz, Layout Editor:

Who approved this?

A note from Nathan Spring, Editor-in-Chief:

Yeah, no.

**Wait what? He wrote something and it's going in? Oh thank God, this was so much work and completely irrevrent unlike his thing which was quite tasteful. Why can't we be like that huh? Y'know what, take us back to the basement, it's too bright out here. Our eyes hurt...

~By the 2018 Layout Team

Rejected Headlines

Student wearing canada goose flies south for break

Bus stop nine and three quarters renamed after multiple concussions

Old lady eats dead cat

Local police conclude fuzzy handcuffs do not fit regulation

When masturbating in public goes wrong

Santa is my copilot...and a violent sociopath: The Dark Truths Behind Santa Claus, exclusive insider information from Rudolph himself

New IFC President Bill Cosby wins in landslide election (polling through the roof-ies)

Voltaire Dead???

How my botched abortion saved my child's life

Martha Pollack's Presidential Task Force Commits Fifth Racial Incident of the Semester

Choose your favorite movies and we'll guess which shotgun you should buy next

Alabama scheduled to evaporate in July

HELP! My son just ate my vibrator!

I called my professor "Dad" by accident, then he slapped my ass

Control Shift Alt-Right: Neo-nazis learn how to use Microsoft Windows

-The Entire Cornell Lunatic, '17-'18

The Staff

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Rachel Goffin '19

Business Manager

Wilbert Ren '20

Art Director

Elizabeth Sharp '20

Sargent-with-Arms

Alec Faber '20

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Ian Kranz '19

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MacKenzie Harnett '21

Sammi Minion '21

Jacob Protono '21

Via Romano '21

Tanushri Shah '21

Kathleen Xu '21

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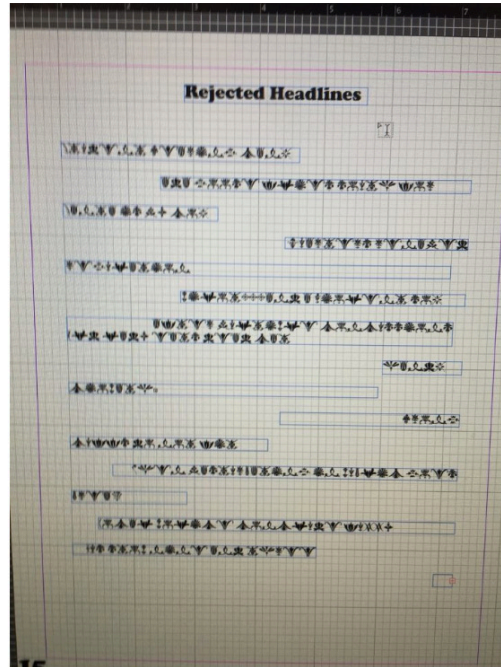


Loonatic Layout ▾



Via

I've given up



**Have you also completely given up?
Join the Cornell Lunatic**

**E-mail us at
thecornelllunatic@gmail.com
to learn more**