

**Spring 2019**

**CORNELL**

**Price FREE**

# **LUNATIC**

**The New Yorker Issue**



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# CORNELL LUNATIC

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Drawings: Sam Karunwi, Obinna Abii, Frid Diehl, Adina Walzer, Alexa Saylan, Madeleine Chang

COVER ART BY MADELEINE CHANG

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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

First off, a story.

Early on this semester, right after winter break, I had to make the trip from my hometown of the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio to the wonderland that is Ithaca in January. Since my mother and father both told me to my face before that I am not their favorite child (my younger sister Vivian is my father's favorite because she is a walking stereotype of a good Asian child, and my mother adores my older sister Sisi because they can actually talk to each other in Chinese) and therefore were not willing to make the 10 hour there-and-back trek from one depressing wasteland to another, the only option I had left was to take America's eighth favorite form of transportation: the Greyhound bus.

If you ever have the fortune of visiting Cleveland's Greyhound bus station, I recommend against it. The basic function of any building is to keep things that are suppose to stay outside from entering the premises, and yet, when I arrived at five o'clock in the morning, the first thing I noticed were the multiple robin nests perched upon the lights and the several avian species that were chirping. The only thing that is supposed to smell like a zoo is, well, a zoo. In terms of odors, the whole place also reminded me of the nineties: cigarettes, fried food, and sweat from young adult grunge bands.

Did you know Amish people ride Greyhound buses? When I first boarded the vehicle, the first thing I noted was that around twenty percent of the other passengers were plainly dressed, bearded Swiss German Anabaptist Christians. It was troubling to me for some reason to see that the people who made my favorite homemade cheeses and smoked turkey wings were on an automobile drinking Sprite Lymonade.

Anyway, as one of the last people to get onto the bus, I asked this older man who was wearing a tank top if I could sit next to him. He grunted a bit but eventually placed his man-purse under his seat. After I was finally situated, I got a brief glimpse of his right arm (it is unusual to wear sleeveless shirts in sub-zero winters, after all). There was a giant solid black eagle, which is very unusual, since you would assume that most eagles would be decorated in the red-white-and-blue fashion. As I scanned upwards to his shoulder, in the darkness of the early morning, I was able to make out a three-inch square that looked like... a swastika. While I do admire his masculine toughness for being able to wear a gray Duck Dynasty cutoff in the snowy weather, I was also fucking terrified for my life. Therefore, I could not get my beauty sleep and instead had to keep occasionally glance to my left every so often to make sure the overweight public racist did not skin me alive into a pelt he can wear as a hood for his next KKK meeting.

Anyway, welcome to our spring issue of the Cornell Lunatic: The New Yorker Issue! This magazine that you are currently reading is the culmination of a semester of hard work from our dedicated writers, editors, and artists as we parody America's most pretentious magazine bought by people who try to seem educated and liberal while also gentrifying neighborhoods. I would like to thank the seniors, too. It is sad that this is the last magazine that they will ever be able to work on, but I know they are moving to better things in life (since they will be getting money, and money is a lot better than writing for no financial gain).

I hope that you have a fun time reading this magazine and smile/laugh every so often, but if you do think that this is a waste of print, I do recommend that you give this to your family to read. There is definitely an article or two in here that will give your grandmother a heart attack.

Sincerely,  
Wilbert "Mom, Please Don't Read This" Ren  
Editor-in-Chief 2018-2019

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Wilbert Ren '20** is the Editor-in-Chief of the Cornell Lunatic. He won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 2017 when his sonnet collection convinced Robert Pattison and J. Cole to have a goth-off.

**Matt D'Ambrosio '20** is the Lunatic's Executive-Editor and a why-wolf. Like a were-wolf, but instead of asking, "where?" he asks, "why?" He's trying to upgrade to a how-wolf, please donate.

**Ian Kranz '19** is the Layout Editor of the Lunatic and an overall great guy.

**Elizabeth Sharp '20** is the Art Editor and is currently possessing a Forman grill in order to ignore her readings more effectively.

**Amith Punyala '19** is 21, the Lunatic's Treasurer, a mom of two, astronaut, thought this club would get him into med school. It didn't. Secret lover of N.S.

**Alexa Saylan '22** is the magazine's full-time worshipper of the almighty Pug while also being the Sergeant-with-Arms.

**Matt Barker '19** is a staff writer for the Cornell Lunatic, which he frequently likens to a secret society in that no one knows who we are or what we do.

**Nathan Spring '19** is the long lost biological son of the character Gru.

**Cassandra Scarpa '20** is a staff writer for the Lunatic and definitely not a possum in a human suit.

**Alec Faber '20**, the Lunatic's critically-acclaimed Italian-American affairs correspondent, won the Honorary Italian Award from the James Gandolfini Center of Northern New Jersey. He is currently studying abroad at the Mamma Mia Spicy Meatball Center for Gabagool in Rome, ans is a regular contributor.

**Jake Stokes '20** is the figmented alter persona of writer/poet Robert Trent Stokes, known for his forays into the post-Gonzo narrative style. He lives east of Eden, New Mexico, with his wife, Shirley (née Jackson).

**Adina Walzer '20** is an ass-eating enthusiast and a writer for the Lunatic since 1969. Haha, nice.

**Brian Filipek '21**, international man of mystery, has not actually heard your joke but is laughing along anyway because he already asked you to repeat yourself once this conversation. In his free time he enjoys pina coladas and getting caught in the rain.

**Via Romano '21** is a staff writer for the Lunatic and won the Nobel Un-Peace Prize in Literature.

**Thomas Yu '21** is a staff writer for the Luna-

tic. He has no idea what an adverb is.

**Obinna Abi '22** only joined this magazine because this is the closest campus activity that is related to tattooing, and his skin is too valuable to tattoo right now.

**Madeleine Chang '22**, insists that a picture is worth an article's worth of words.

**Fridrik Diehl '22** hasn't shown up to a single meeting this semester, but he's still the best part of being in this group.

**Sabrina Giaimo '22** enjoys long walks on the beach, cuddling, and filling dead squirrels with sand.

**Carolyn Hale '22** was a writer for the Lunatic until she contracted a brain-eating microbe and now goes to Ithaca College.

**Sam Karunwi '22** is a staff writer for the Lunatic and only pretends to like emo-rap and wrestling because without those interests, he would actually have no personality.

**David Yu '22** is the magazine's flying fish representative. He won the 4th Millennial Fish Award of Human Study for his bravery and sacrifice while researching preferable bite flavors.

**Sage Magee, Alumni**, drew some stuff for this magazine because she misses us a lot and hates the real world.





# A HOT DOG FOR LUNCH

*Part VI of 2019 in America: A Twelve Part Docu-Series on the Life and Lies of Lady Liberty, exclusively on WashPo Premium+.*

BY MATT BARKER



I've lived in New York for two years as a high-functioning adult who does the whole laptop-in-a-café thing, so not only do I know New York better than you, I am better than you--statistically speaking<sup>1</sup>. I want to tell you about my experience getting lunch today. Because in one half-hour lunch break, I found the embodiment of this country's post-Trump, post-Y2K, post-Pearl Harbor sociopolitical climate. And I will just say this: if you want lighter fare, dear reader, the cartoons are on page six.

I left my standing desk, which partially attaches to eight other underpaid social media influencers in our open plan office. I walked past the maternity room, meditation room, and communal nap room where my co-worker, Betty, was breastfeeding her adopted Kenyan-Mexican child while listening to a Zesty Zazen™ session. My jaw tightened in disgust: that NapPod could have been used for someone else who didn't get their cold brew.

I pressed the cool elevator button and heard the whoosh of the elevator rising while listening to the moans and wails of the minorities. That is, those who toiled and sweated to flip this industrial typewriter manufacturing plant into a shared office workplace with roof access, a bike room, and riverside views. Every morning, I was literally elevated by those who were beneath me. Or, to be politically correct, those who were "less fortunate" than myself. I would make more money in a year pressing keys and consuming

artisanal beverages than they would ever make in their lifetime. The irony was néot lost on me nor was the near-century-old iron beams exposed between swatches of brick and mortar and visible through the glass elevator walls.

I emerged from a lobby decorated with modern art, freshly potted Eucalyptus, and African-American security workers hired for their formidable presence, cheap pay grade, and absolutely jovial urbane-Southern-RuPaul-esque morning small talk. The city air outside hinted at springtime. Everyone could feel that flowing sensation of almost-freedom, like the underarm hair and nipples of the roller derby enthusiasts skating nearby. You could see it, smell it, just feel it in the air. Friends called out to each other using preferred pronouns. Vape shops nearby only took Venmo or vinyl records.

But alas, the spring brings the dandelions, pollen, and greedy capitalist hawkers peddling obesity and cult propaganda under the guise of "Girl Scout Cookies." But my metaphor of morbidity took another form on my noontime walk: the typical American hot dog stand; or, my chosen lunch destination for this week's thinkpiece, Fresh Pretzels. Ice Cold Drinks. \$0.99 Per Napkin. The irony was not lost on me, and there's really nothing I need to elaborate on regarding the broader cultural implications of this statement.

With tongue so firmly embedded in cheek that it drew blood, I ordered a "Chili" "Cheese" "Dog." The maitre d' turned waiter turned head chef turned restaurateur turned dizzy from all these turns was named Pedro. Just by the way he carefully dipped sausages into the

boiling abyss, I could see the immense journey he made across land and sea to get where he is today.<sup>2</sup> His hand trembled ever so slightly as he prepared the relish and ketchup while wondering whether he could ever forgive his father and the belt shaking in his fist. A few pigeons pecked at the remains of a bun, and I knew Pedro had dreams far beyond this island of bed-rock and broken promises. Those pigeons would never know our hot dog entrepreneur's struggle to feed his family of seven because contraceptives are expensive, and Pedro has needs...like any American.

At last, the warmed cylinder of meat was ready for consumption. (Hint hint.) I licked my lips and bit into the fleshy tip of the weiner as I had done once before in college during my first time. I tasted ground beef, cheese, and salty-sweet juices accented by tomato and mustard seed. As it was the only processed meat I had consumed during that lunar cycle, I immediately vomited my chili cheese dog into Pedro's drink cooler. The chili somehow looked better than before. Embarrassed and slightly aroused, I shoved the contents of my pockets into Pedro's cashbox: my PETA membership card, a miniature copy of the Bill of Rights which I would ironically reference in arguments, and a Tamagotchi device on a keychain that I unironically started playing again. I staggered off into some alleyway, grabbed a selfie of the Banksy-inspired graffiti, and I ordered a ride back to the office in distress, tears, and a Black Uber XL.

I may be the first to truly say it (with respect to Mr. Childish Gambino, that's not actually his real name, so he didn't really say it) but... This Is America. Nevertheless and furthermore, my personal experience is likely shared by dozens of New Yorkers every other leap year. If you don't see what is wrong with my experience, then I'm afraid to say that you're part of the problem. But I'm not afraid to say it. Because I just typed it. Aggressively, where I give the last few keys a little extra oomph. But I'm not afraid to say it... out loud. And I just did. It's for my docu-series, stuff a chili dog in it, Betty.

<sup>1</sup> Did you actually think this footnote would lead anywhere? Fact: Fact-checking doesn't mean anything in 2019. Just ask Fox News. Actually, screw that and eat a bag of Chex Mix, Bill O'Reilly.

<sup>2</sup> Don't worry, our hot dog man is from Brooklyn. I asked as part of my research. But would you have, dear reader?

# CONSPIRACY THEORIES MY GRANDMA TOLD ME

*DISCLAIMER: I love you, Grandma.*

BY SAMUEL SHENTON,  
FOUNDER OF THE FLAT  
EARTH SOCIETY

New York is full of people practicing ultracrepidarianism. People want to talk, but they often don't know what they are saying, and this is how fake news spreads. I decided to make a list of the most ridiculous theories my Grandma has shared with me-in the name of preserving the truth and preventing the spread of fake news.

Christopher Columbus existed, and "proved" the world is round.

The government lies to us all the time, but this scheme devised by NASA (Not Accredited Source for Aeronautics) has taken it too far. How gullible does NASA think Americans are? I may not know much, but I do know this: if I drop a ball on the ground, it stays there. It doesn't start rolling downhill. Why? One may ask. Because the ground is FLAT. Just like the world. Nice try, NASA, but you can't fool us on this one! From now on, rapper B.o.B

is the only credible source we should use for science.

The government has been putting chemicals in our water supply that is turning people homosexual.

There's a reason that so many more people are outwardly gay now, and that reason is water. As a means of population control, since we are hitting our carrying capacity, the government has started putting chemicals in our water to turn people gay and thus less likely to reproduce. Ever wonder why there are no gay people in Flint, Michigan? Now you know.

George Soros funds caravans of migrants so they'll come to the US and spread communicable diseases.

88-year-old, billionaire George Soros is organizing caravans of migrants from Mexico and Central "America" to spread communicable diseases. As a holocaust

survivor, George Soros has been through enough. He is ready to wreck some havoc of his own now. I would tell you more about who George Soros is and what counts as a communicable disease, but I honestly just didn't want to ask my grandma for details.

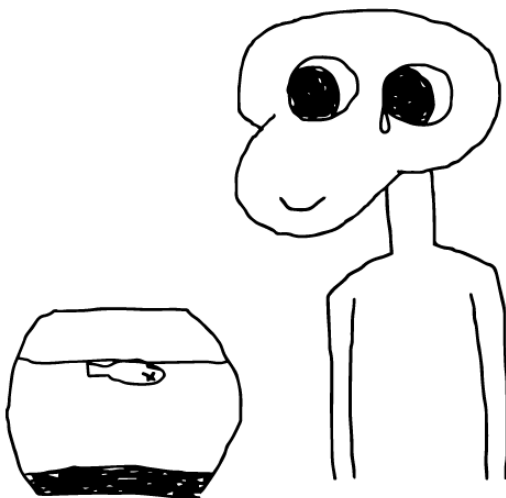


The government has climate weapons of mass destruction and can control the weather.

Trump just likes the world hot. He is naturally cold blooded, and that's why he's been making "global warming" a thing. Why use a heater in your office when the WORLD is your office? The California wildfires were just a way for Trump to punish Californians for undermining the country with their socialist propaganda.

The government can control your mind through microwaves.

Once the government realizes you're on to them, they're going to try to brainwash you so you can't expose them. How do they do this, you ask? Through your microwave. See, microwaves emit wavelengths at high frequencies which can interfere with normal brain activity, and this interference can cause you to forget everything you know about the government. People used to think that tin foil helmets were sufficient protection, but my grandma knows that if you really want to stay safe, you need a full body cast made out of tinfoil. It must be something that represents traditional armour that knights would wear. Thanks for the safety tip, Grandma!

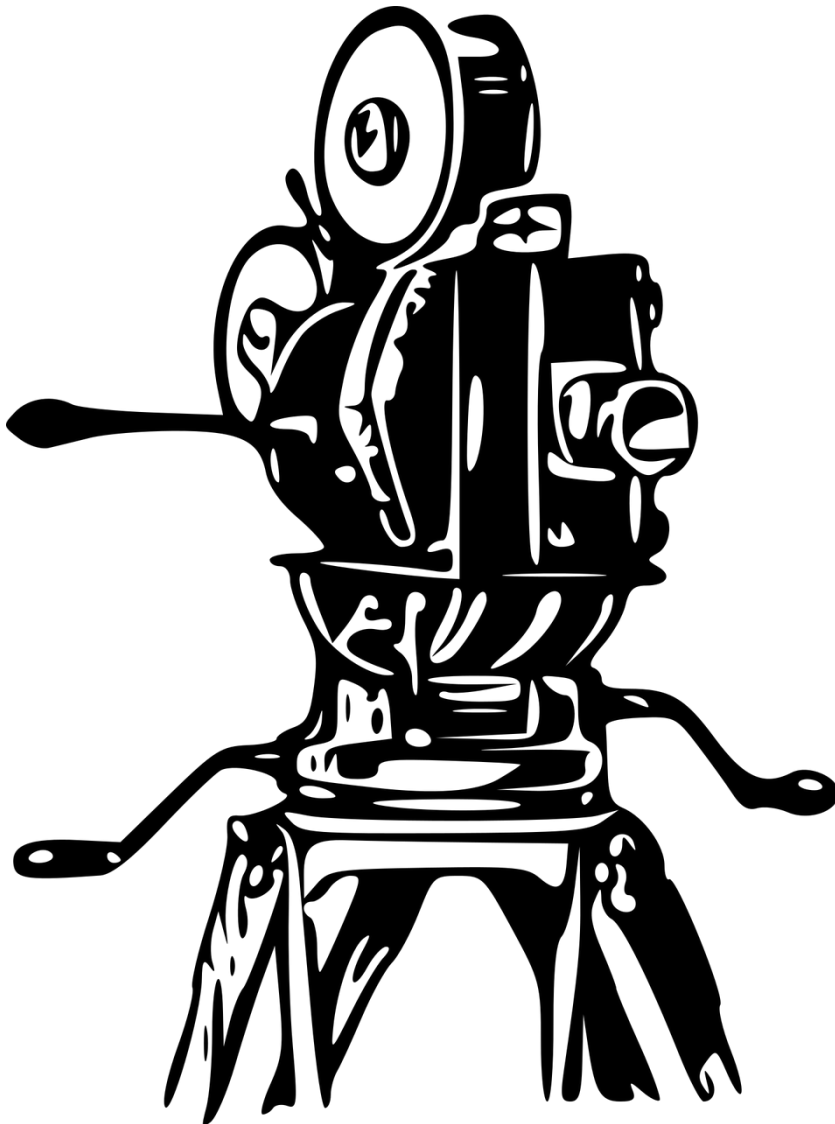


*Mormo's dead fish reminds him how glad he is to be alive.*

# THE SUDAN FILM FESTIVAL: IN REVIEW

*The intern was supposed to write about the annual Sundance Film Festival that takes place in Salt Lake City. The intern no longer works for The Cornell Lunatic.*

BY ENLIGHTENED IMPERIALIST



## *My Big Fat Sudanese Wedding*



When two young singles meet unexpectedly at a local funeral, they were surprised to learn that they were second cousins. Despite their immediate sexual tension, both sets of parents were not pleased: only first cousins would do. Some other shit happens and then the couple gets engaged even if they were already

hardcore fucking, or at least substantially dry-humping. There's a wedding paired with an epilogue showing the woman popping out eight kids over the course of nine years and the couple living happily ever after, until the mom finally dies while giving birth to the ninth. The plot could have been more original, but the full-circle crap with funerals and the irony of a big fat wedding in a notoriously malnourished country were delightful.

## *The Breakfast Club, but in South Sudan*



Five misfit teens—the orphaned refugee, the government sympathizer, the child soldier, the sadistic war tourist, and the naive humanitarian worker—put their differences aside in their attempt to find a breakfast. Widely considered the most inspiring film since *The Blind Side*, this Oscar contender shows the world that even if South Sudan can't change its status as the antepenultimate country on the Human Development Index, it should rank highly in the hearts of America. Despite the heavy topic at hand, comedic relief is seamlessly integrated into the narrative when they all get killed by an obscure rebel faction before actually obtaining any food.

## *Finding Osama*



In this thrilling docufilm, three white supremacists disguised as neoliberal reporters from VICE get out of their comfort zones to explore the uncharted territories of Sudan. The mission? Tracking down the illegitimate family that Barack SADAM HUSSEIN OSAMA has been hiding in Africa since 2007. Facing challenges such as language barriers, blacks, Muslims, and black Muslims, the brave group attempts to find Barack's secret clan while recreating the good old days of peak nineteenth century imperialism. The docufilm shocks viewers with an anti-climatic, but brilliant, ending: they realize they screwed up big time and that Barack's family is in some place called Ken-yah.

## *A Nuanced Political and Economic History of Sudan*



theyre fucked

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# THE SEMESTER IN ART

*A semestral recap in the form of art criticism*

BY VIA ROMANO



The Cornell Spring 2019 semester has been a strange and turbulent one, characterized by various setbacks and stumbling blocks. However, there has also been a “coming towards the light,” especially as the semester reaches its end and slope day approaches. And what better way to reflect on a semester full of both stymied dreams and unexpected success-

“Void” (2019)



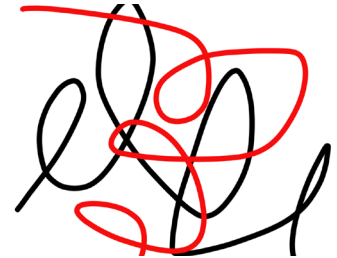
es than by examining art? So without further ado, below are a selection of paintings that truly embody the scope and spirit of this most recent semester:

This first art featured here is a painting by artist Atticus Roberts-Vale, called “Void.” Its nuanced and subtle use of color and shading evoke the despair of Cornell students at the semester’s beginning when Prelim season first starts. The black in this painting is evocative of prelim season’s work, and it is expansively encroaching on the remaining happiness of the semester. When shown to a Cornell student, her comment was: “This painting makes me think of every prelim I’ve ever failed.

Painting #2 is titled “Playful

Squiggle in Red” by Sebastian Hoopsalot and it really transports us to the middle of the semester. The red and black designs embody the tangled chaos of work every student must undertake before the relief of February and Spring break. The overlap of the colors is symbolic of how the current of work at Cornell never abets, and shows how sometimes we can become so absorbed in our own work that we focus

“Playful Squiggle in Red” (2015)

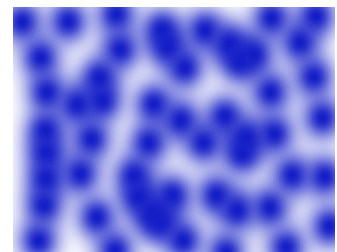


on little else. When asked to comment on this painting, another Cornell student responded: “I don’t get it. This is just a bunch of squiggly lines. Is this supposed to mean something to me?”

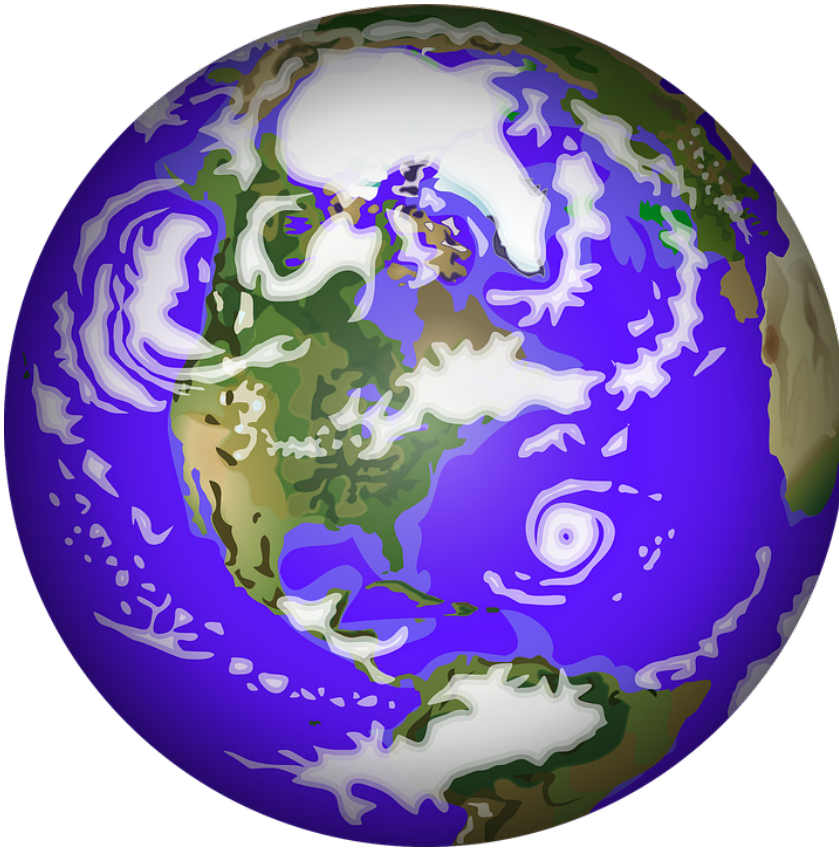
The last painting featured in this article takes us to the great relief of the semester: it’s end. “Minuet in Blue” by Blair Münche symbolizes the great light at then end of the tunnel that is Slope Day. Here, the blue splatches indicate joy, and their fuzziness obviously relates to the obliterating effect of alcohol and its beneficial, healing effect on the student population. The repetition in this painting also gives the painting an overall hazy feel, symbolic of the true slope day experience.

Every semester at Cornell brings its own set of challenges, and with that in mind, it is always good to engage in laidback, ordinary activities like reflecting on and critiquing art. On that concluding note, farewell, adieu, and good luck next semester!

“Minuet in Blue” (2017)







## CLIMATE CHANGE IS GOOD FOR THE EARTH

BY ANONYMOUS  
CONSERVATIVE STUDENT

Liberals are always getting mad at Trump for not seeing climate change as a legitimate issue, but they fail to consider why global warming is good. Here are just some of the many reasons why I support my president's stance on climate change:

Accidents like the Titanic will never happen again. These incidents wouldn't have happened if the ice caps would have just melted already! These silly liberals are always complaining about "the ice caps melting" or whatever, but they don't realize that these ice caps are

taking our lives--69,000,000 lives to be exact (human lives, to specify...I obviously don't care about wildlife!). We could have saved all those innocent people. Jack and Rose could have lived happily ever after, and the world would have been saved from the sappiest tear-jerker movie ever produced. Better yet, Leonardo DiCaprio may have never risen as a movie star, and we all would have been saved from his disgusting environmentalist speeches as he accepts awards.

Parkas are expensive. We could collectively save a lot of money if we didn't

have to buy those. Finally, the struggle for Canada Goose dominance between Greek life and international students would end since there would no longer be a need for Canada Goose! People could prove their wealth through other means. They could obtain their own hunting licenses, steel traps, and water tanks so that they can personally torment coyotes, ducks, and geese. I mean, that is the behavior they are supporting with their Canada Goose purchases anyway.

The nation's greatest scam (Santa Claus) will be debunked if there is no longer a north pole. The North Pole, after all, is just one, thin, ice sheet. With rapid global warming, it can melt soon! Remember the awful day in your childhood when you realized that Santa, the North Pole, Rudolph, and all that jazz were made up? Well, global warming can spare trillions of poor children from your disappointment by getting rid of the North Pole, Santa's "home," and Santa in general. America will no longer be a liar to sweet, innocent children. And the holiday can go back to meaning what it's supposed to--celebrating our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ's birthday.

No more crippling seasonal depression. Do you remember how happy students were during the first week of February when it was 40-60 degrees outside? Students were throwing Frisbees on the arts quad, people were sitting outside to watch the sunset...it was as if it was truly spring. In February no less! Isn't that magnificent? Global warming not only has the power to save lives, but it also is very important for mental health, which is something Cornell seems to seriously struggle with!

We can have all the red meat we want, and it will expedite the process of global warming! "Red meat is bad for your heart," the American Heart Association says. "Global warming is bad," scientists declare. Who should I believe now? Not the American Heart Association and DEFINITELY not scientists.

THE ROMAN  
BY ALEC FABER



This semester, I eschewed the frozen tundras of Ithaca to become a European man of culture in the beautiful, exquisitely cultured city of [gesturing wildly] a-Roma! I knew I would have no problem with this, since I myself am descended from Europeans. Over the course of 100 years up until 1949, my ancestors poured out of Europe, fleeing oppression by the British, the Cossacks, and the Nazis, dreaming of a brighter future for themselves and their descendants in the city with streets paved of gold, the one city that may objectively be called the Greatest in the World: Newark, New Jersey, the City So Nice They Named It Once and It Didn't Get Greedy and Demand to be Named a Second Time. This personal history of being violently oppressed in the peripheries of Eastern and Northwestern Europe means that I will easily reintegrate into European society in Italy. And further to my benefit, I was born and raised in the great state of New Jersey, which, as anyone who has ever seen Season 2 Episode 4 of the Sopranos ("Commendatori") would know, Italy and New Jersey are basically exactly the same, so I would walk off the plane and instantly blend and do as the Romans did.

I got off the plane in Rome, cargo shorts fastened and "Kiss Me, I'm Italian" graphic tee gracefully draped over my torso, and my nostrils were suddenly assaulted by the smell of sauce and organized crime. It was then that I knew I had arrived in the Old Country. I marched up to passport control, and to show my familiarity with the ways of the Italians, I affected my best Italian accent and loudly exalted "BUONGIORNO!" to greet the officer. I don't know what it was, maybe my hair was fussed or maybe my belt buckle was askew, but I must've made some sort of faux pas, because the officer immediately leapt out of his booth and began pummeling me. Security came to break up the fight, but after the officer said something to them in Italian, they joined in pummeling me. After about a minute of this they got a nicotine-craving and left to take their government-mandated thrice-hourly 10-minute cigarette break, thus saving me from a far more severe injury. They were going to deport me, but during the melee the officer's spaghetti and meatballs that he had been saving for

## PORNO: OR I'VE SEEN IT ALL

I watched a porn yesterday with two Amish girls,  
"Electric-Proof Twins Bedecked with Pearls."

I've seen deflowerings and scenes of implausible durations  
or horny stepsisters and full penetration.

I've seen Homer screw Marge or Lois mount Peter  
or Daphne "chase clues" (and permit Fred to eat her).

I've seen indoor and outdoor and shower and bath  
in science class and music and history and math.

I've seen upwards and downwards, vanilla and exotic;  
I've seen tastefully ugly and beautifully erotic.

I've seen swingers and orgies and holes-in-the-wall,  
or the people who don't need other people at-all.

I've seen payment and wagers and sex games aplenty;  
I've seen geriatrics and teens that pass as twenty.

I've seen horses and dogs and waterworks and scat,  
from the frighteningly thin to the concerningly fat.

I've seen choking and spitting and biting and cuffs,  
with closeups of bent wood or hammy muffs.

But today I saw something that made me morose:  
I saw a couple in love – gross!

—Jake Stokes

his government-mandated twice-hourly 10-minute pasta break spilled all over my passport, which meant that legally under Italian law I was not only allowed to enter the country but given Italian citizenship. Score one!

At last, I was in the city of Rome, and I did as the Romans did. I bought a heaping pizza pie and a hot lasagna, and went walking down the street with one of my newly acquired traditional dishes in each hand. Suddenly, I was accosted by a large mob of Italians. I thought at first they were there to welcome me, an Ashkenazi-Polish-Irish-New Jerseyan-American back to my true home and offer me well-wishes in my studies in the place where I belonged. But, I must've made another faux pas, maybe it was my tattered sneakers, or maybe it was my tasteful Sopranos-themed knapsack, or maybe it was the "Kiss Me, I'm Italian" shirt again, but once again I was pummeled by this group of angry Italians. My lasagna splattered

all over the graceful cobblestone street, and my pizza was drawn and quartered as my attackers, momentarily distracted, jockeyed for a slice. And as quickly as the crowd came, it broke, and the assailants scattered to take their government-mandated once-hourly 15-minute salsiccia break.

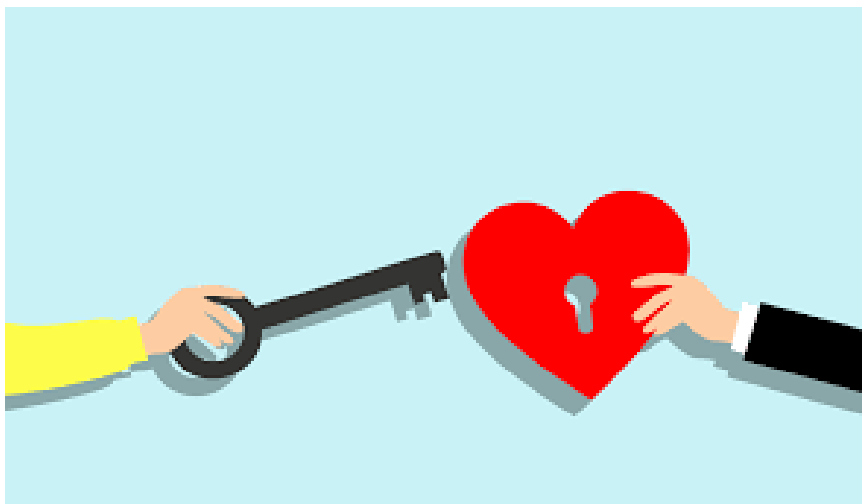
I was beaten, and bruised, and sad, but I was emboldened. I knew that this had just been the residents of Italy "jumping me in" to their society, and had nothing at all to do with any cartoonishly stereotypical attitudes I displayed towards them (not that I did that, anyway). Truly, they now saw me as one of them, and I was well on my way to becoming a European Man of Culture. A smile broke on my bleeding face - That was surely the last pummeling I would receive, and I had a whole semester of harmony and understanding with the locals to look forward to. Mamma Mia! I'm-a going to-a like it-a here!



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# HOW TO FIND TRUE LOVE

BY T.Y.



So, you've found the woman of your dreams. I mean, just look at her. Moderately attractive, more-or-less your age, within walking distance of where you live... she must be the one. True love is within your grasp—don't blow it. Here's what you need to do.

Step 1: Observe her. The way she walks, the way she speaks, the way she sips her nonfat mocha latte with a shot of pineapple juice, a dash of cocaine, and extra whip. Psychoanalyze her using the skills you've learned in PSYCH 1101. After all, you[r parents] didn't spend 200 grand on an Ivy League education for nothing.

Step 2: "Accidentally" bump into her on your way to class. Make sure to hit her hard enough that she drops all of her stuff—recreating the iconic teenage romantic comedy-drama moment where the popular girl (her) falls in love with the fucking loser (you).

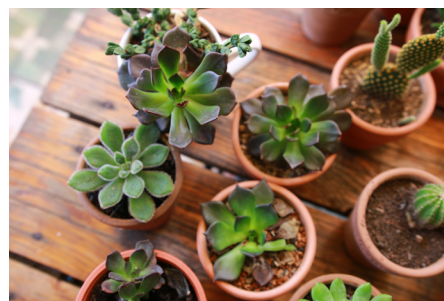
Step 3: Strike up a conversation. But not a normal one, of course. No, this is the conversation where you lie about all the great things you've accomplished and all of your common interests. "You like succulents? Me too! I love succulents."

Step 4: How to find her again, you ask? It's simple. Just skip all your classes to attend hers. Ride the bus all day

in the slim hope that she'll be on the same one. Eat 29 meals a day, and hit up each dining hall until you see her. Destroy your own life in a desperate attempt to be a part of hers.

Step 5: Invite her someplace romantic—but also strategic. A skiing trip, perhaps?

Step 6: Now it's just you and her at the top of the world. Look into her eyes, and tell her how much you love her. Tell her all the crazy things you've done for her and every detail of your future life together. She'll appreciate the honesty, trust me. There's no way she'll say no.



Step 7: Huh. She said no. Like, not even in a nice way. With total disgust and contempt and threats to pursue criminal charges. So much for true love. Not to worry though. Remember when I said this place was strategic? It's time to make your escape. Full speed down the mountain.



Step 8: So that didn't work. But there's still a chance to win her back. You just need another plan.

OR Alternative Step 1: Ask her out like a normal fucking person instead of being a waste of meiotic division, you goddamn, moronic, degenerate, fucktard.



# LETTER TO THE EDITOR: I VERY MUCH MIND THE GAP

BY MATT D'AMBROSIO

My name is Edgar Jack Midas Will and Grace Fulbright, and I am writing in response to the heinous article, "Mind the Gap." As a Savoy graduate and longtime resident of Herbert's Phallus, I must weigh in on the pox of sloth afflicting our youth.

Simply put, these kids are soft. The idea of adding yet another gap year to their education is ludicrous. At this rate, they will not be out of school until they are practically thirty. You know, my great-grandfather never took gap years. That is why he was a licensed doctor by sixteen. He won the 1885 Massachusetts mediciner of the year award for his work electrocuting masterbaters and his research on tooth decay in swans. Of course, these lazy brats would not know a thing about that.

Furthermore, the lack of respect displayed by the current generation of Savoyers is appalling. Just last month I was

taking a stroll in the school courtyard, and a student who "wished to learn about the alumni" had the audacity to approach me and ask "what I do."

How do you answer that question? Even though I was visibly flustered, the ignoramus persisted in his mission to identify my occupation. The little bastard actually thought I worked for a living. I do not think I need to tell you whether or not he was a Viscount. Back in my day, the school's name was a few words shorter--if you know what I mean.

The school is going to hell, and a big reason why is because it has forgotten why it was founded. Our tax bracket first started sending our kids to the backwoods of New England, so they could be insulated from the riff-raff and Italians running amok in the cities. The point of education is to create gentlemen and ladies. These gap years are ruining the key isolation element and uprooting the very

essence of higher schooling.

My nephew took a gap year in Belize three semesters ago, and he hardly even remembered proper fore-supper etiquette when he returned. For the vulgar readers, fore-supper is a one course meal after lunch but prior to late afternoon sex. It includes many back-handed compliments and plenty of under-the-table stroking of the knee. It is a delicate dance that any nineteen-year-old with his background should know, but the boy failed to woo a single debutante. At this rate, he will probably have to marry outside of his own bloodline like a barbarian.

Now he attends Cornell University, which is fine enough, but I would have rested easier at night if he had enrolled a year sooner rather than romping around in the colonies. Confound these gap years, and curse Savoy for allowing them.



# A CLOSE READING OF “SHE THINKS MY TRACTOR’S SEXY” AS A METAPHOR FOR THE EVOLUTION OF HUMAN AGRICULTURE

BY A.S.

## **[Intro Music]**

By the eve of the First Agricultural Revolution, we can already see how significantly humanity has progressed in its leisurely activities.

## ***Plowin’ these fields in the hot summer sun***

This particular society is quite advanced: it is already heavily invested in cultivating the land.

## ***Over by the gate lordy here she comes***

Moreover, this society has clearly defined boundaries and an established religion (see “lordy”). Note that a foreign woman, symbolic of a foreign society, is intrigued by agricultural methods.

## ***With a basket full of chicken and a big cold jug of sweet tea***

The foreigner clearly belongs to a hunter-gatherer society because she brings some dead meat that someone killed.

## ***I make a little room and she climbs on up Open up a throttle and stir a little dust Just look at her face she ain’t a foolin’ me***

The look on this woman’s face portrays just how amazed she is by sedentary agriculture. She, a representative of her people, quickly adopts agriculture after seeing how efficient it is. This is also the part where female sexual subordination to men and the whole misogyny thing comes from. Andddd I had to cross out some stuff because it’s not historically accurate but whoopsies XD

## ***She thinks my tractor’s irrigation’s sexy It really turns her on***

***She’s always starin’ at me***

***While I’m chuggin’ along***

***She likes the way it’s pullin’ while we’re tillin’ up the land***

***She’s even kind of crazy ‘bout my farmer’s tan***

***She’s the only one who really understands what gets me***

***She thinks my tractor’s irrigation’s sexy***

Here, the magnitude of women’s sexual gratitude from being immersed in an agricultural society is underscored. These lines can also be read as an indication of how increased free time, due to increased agricultural efficiency, leads to more hanky panky. The piece of shit who wrote this trainwreck also thought it would be funny to replace “tractor” with “irrigation” to further the sexual innuendos by hinting at wetness.

## ***We ride back and forth ‘til we run out of light***

***Take it to the barn put it up for the night  
Climb up in the loft sit and talk with the radio spinning jenny on***

We’re skipping a few thousand years and are now at the 18th century’s Second Agricultural Revolution. The barn shows that these people are concerned with protecting their livestock and that humanity can now make a building that isn’t made of fucking mud.

## ***She said she’s got a dream and I asked what it is***

***She wants a little farm and a yard full of kids***

***One more teeny weeny ride before I take her home***

However, it seems that we have not progressed that far into the Second Agricultural Revolution. This woman wants a shit ton of kids, which means that agricultural technology has not advanced enough for people to realize they don’t need to have 7+ kids.

## ***She thinks my tractor’s crop rotation’s sexy***

***It really turns her on***

***She’s always starin’ at me***

***While I’m chuggin’ along***

***She likes the way it’s pullin’ while we’re tillin’ up the land***

***She’s even kind of crazy ‘bout my farmer’s tan***

***She’s the only one who really understands what gets me***

## ***She thinks my tractor’s crop rotation’s sexy***

Damn. The thought of having a smaller, but still quite high, probability of dying during childbirth really gets this woman going.

## ***Well she ain’t into cars or pickup trucks But if it runs like a Deere man her eyes light up***

Finally, we reach the illustrious 21st century in which no agricultural practices are irreversibly hurting the environment. Despite technological innovations occurring in the current Green Revolution, farmers will always maintain their country roots by utilizing John Deere machinery. Furthermore, “Deere” is a homonym for “deer”, which shows that we have entered the Deep South--where folks grill deer and associated roadkill for sustenance.

## ***She thinks my tractor’s***

***She thinks my tractor’s sexy***

***It really turns her on***

***She’s always starin’ at me***

***While I’m chuggin’ along***

***She likes the way it’s pullin’ while we’re tillin’ up the land***

***She’s even kind of crazy ‘bout my farmer’s tan***

***She’s the only one who really understands what gets me***

***She thinks my tractor’s sexy***

***She thinks my tractor’s sexy***

***She thinks my tractor’s sexy***

We’ve now reached the age in which repetition isn’t seen as an unnecessary waste of space but rather as a profound poetic device. Additionally, take note that the final line is repeated three times. The number three is an allusion to the Holy Trinity. This highlights how Christianity will always be associated with the quintessential American lifestyle, and you heathens can’t do anything about it.

# CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE LUNATIC

BY T.Y.

I was 5 when I realized I wasn't like the other kids. They were still making poop jokes and focusing on frivolous things like making friends and having fun. What imbeciles. I had already ascended to a higher plane of thought, one with witty banter about male genitalia and wordplay on the integer between 68 and 70. So what if Joe didn't want to be my friend? He's a pooppy-head anyways. At least they were all laughing with me. Or at me—I could never tell the difference.

High school was a mess. Who knew that teachers were just as stupid as the other kids? They kept going on and on about the importance of learning calculus and chemistry and how to read. As if anyone uses those skills in real life. Joe dropped out btw. Something about his parents getting divorced and his house getting set on fire. Serves him right. Such a tragedy. I'm sending prayers and FB likes his way.

Fun fact: the college application process was designed to institute the hegemonic ideals of the de facto ruling class by perpetuating the patriarchy's heteronormative views on monetary value in the modern economy. More importantly, it was designed to torture me. It was a very stressful time. I didn't know if the admissions officers would appreciate my

brilliance or if they were just dumb fucks. Luckily, the wonderful people at Cornell University recognized my superiority over the other applicants, and they practically begged me to attend. I guess I was going to Cornell.

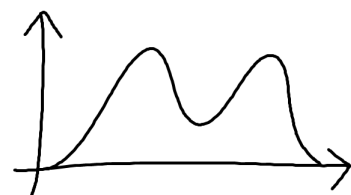
After being accepted into the nation's finest and highest ranked university (in terms of hotel administration and entomology programs, which are all that really matter), I stopped caring about perfect attendance or straight A's or being a good person. I went from the top of my class to a D+ student. All my grades were 69% (on purpose, of course). Except my AP Physics class. I got a 68.5% and Mrs. Von Dickson refused to round me up. What a bitch.

The time between high school and college was a blur. Might have been because nothing significant happened. Might have been because of all the narcotics I took. Might have been because Joe's friend hit me in the head with a surprisingly heavy sex-ed textbook while screaming something about "revenge" and "you fucking sociopath." Oh well. Onto the next chapter of my life-college.

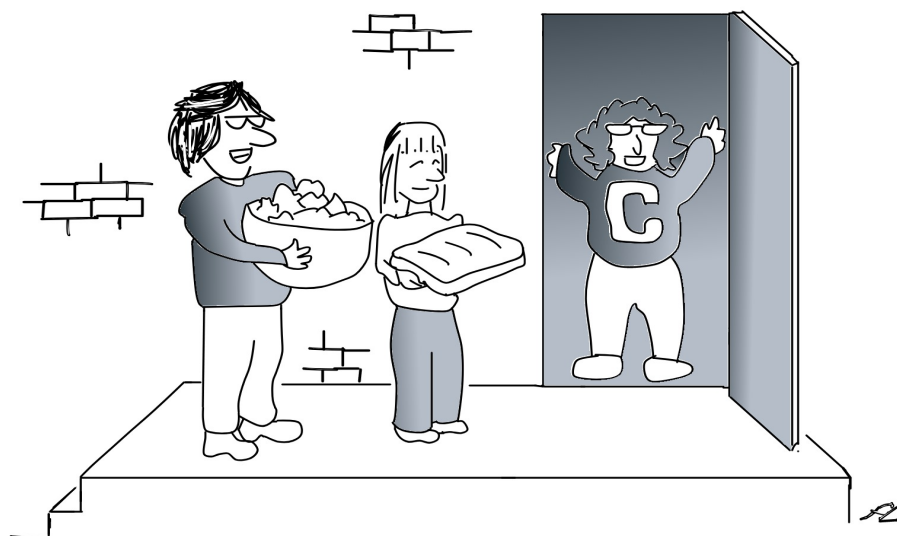
From the moment I stepped foot on Cornell's campus, I was in love. I loved the pointy end of clock tower and the air of depression exacerbated by the lack of

sufficient mental health resources. You know, all the things that define the perfect college experience. I also loved my major—statistics. The classes were fascinating. Did you know that a normal distribution looks exactly like a penis? My classmates disagree, but that's probably because their dicks aren't normal. And bimodal distributions look like boobs. Haha. Boobs.

What was I saying? Ah yes, Cor-



nell. It was perfect—almost. There was just one thing missing, and I couldn't figure it out. Was it friends? Companionship? Love? No, of course not. It was the Cornell Lunatic. The Lunatic was the missing piece in my life. A group of ragtag comedians writing for an underappreciated magazine that was, by all objective measures, the best humor magazine on campus. Or the nation? Okay not the nation, but definitely the best at Cornell. Suck it, Joe (my condolences to his family and grieving widow).



*"Martha Potluck"*

# TRANSCRIPT FROM FDSC 1102

## HARD DRUGS

*Students learn a new skill besides day drinking*

BY CAROLYN HALE



*New Course Fall 2020 (3 Credits)*

### **FDSC 1102**

### **Hard Drugs**

*FSaSu 2:00 AM - 3:15AM*

*Just like CS classes but instead of projects, it's an expensive and frankly stupid habit. As in, if you even think it's a fun idea you just suck by default. Taught in Cocaine™.*

*Instructor: Bush? The top 1%? Take your pick*

*Pre-Requisites : FDSC 1100 - Day Trading  
FDSC 1101 - Day Drinking*

Settle down everyone please. In an effort to prepare you for a world with a dismal job market and few options [sniff] for true freedom from student debt, Cornell has decided to offer a class on hard drugs, as it is, no doubt, the way that many of you will be seeking solace from your [sniff] misfortunes in the future.

We will be starting off the course with a favorite [sniff] of the few of you who will actually end up making money after Cornell; cocaine. Coke also often goes by the name snow, blow, nose candy, and [sniff] Yeyo, for future reference.

Now, I will ask you all to come up to the [sniff] front of the room and collect your supplies for the day, which are this small ziplock bag of that sweet ice ice baby, a square of plastic, a bill, and a small mirror. Do not take more supplies than I have authorized. Unless, of course, you

are [sniff] really looking for a fun time, or if you have a prelim tonight.

Now that you have regained your seats, please [sniff] follow the instructions on the board carefully. First, dump the bag out on the mirror. Now, if your bag contains a bit extra, wet your finger and rub a little bit of it over your teeth. This action displays to [sniff] those around you that you are a true connoisseur of coke and that you can taste the difference between the good and the bad. It's similar to swirling wine in your glass and sniffing it, or describing literally whatever is in your glass as "oakey", of just full-on-taking a swig and spitting it back out again, as those fancy wine-tasting people do. For those of you with a bit less, lets begin setup. Usually, you would use a [sniff] credit card, but for those who don't have one with you, the plastic square is fine.

Debit cards won't work for this, nor will your Cornell ID; part of the point of using a credit card is to display to [sniff] those around you that you have the means to do coke. If you are going to use a debit card to cut it, you might as well just use heroin instead.

Now, once you have your line [sniff] lined up, you are going to roll your bill up nice and tight, creating a small tube. Once again, like using a credit card, the type of bill you use will display to those around you the same notion as the credit card. Needless to say, if you are [sniff] using this as a networking opportunity, a crisp one hundred dollar bill is the best to use. That being said, in certain circles, a dirty one dollar bill can invoke a sense of kinship with other people living on the edge. It is up to you to decide which [sniff] would work best in this situation.

Now that we have set up our coke, lean over your mirror grasping your rolled up bill gently but firmly, and, while plugging the other nostril, inhale [sniff] the coke. You ought to feel the effects relatively soon. You will start to feel euphoric, which is often coupled with [sniff] superiority. For those of you unfamiliar with this feeling, it has been described as how [sniff] engineers feel in the presence of hotelies. Some of you might also be feeling nauseous, sweaty, or that your heart is beating at an irregular rhythm. These are all perfectly normal feelings. If you don't like these effects, then perhaps the wines course [sniff] is a better fit for you.

Nooooooooowwww that were settling in lets talk everybody get to know each other someone come talk to me maybe have a bit more coke does anybody know why they hired me for this thing I know that Hotel School classes are pushing it but does anybody-else-think-that-this-is-going-a-bit-too-far-has-anybody-talked-to-Martha-recently-I-know-that-she-is-pretty-busy-but-who-actually-approved-this-shit-like-come-on-guys-but-anyway-if-anyone-wants-to-join-me-I'm-headed-to-the-Big-Red-Barn-to-be-with-the-other-depressed-grad-students-I-think-I'll-run-there-at-full-speed-so-catch-me-if-you-can-HA-HAHA-no-I'm-kidding-I'll-take-the-bus-you-never-know-what-type-of-people-you-can-meet-



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# MUCH ADO ABOUT HOUSING

*How to deal with the way Cornell housing fails sophomores completely*

BY CAROLYN HALE



As sophomore year is on the rise, freshman get the amazing opportunity to be included in the super-fun housing lottery that puts a small fraction of the students into the beautiful houses on West campus. However, as for Cornell's official stance on where the rest of the students will end up, the paraphrased version is, quite simply, "fuck you". Rather than end up in Skyler thanks to your second-to-last time slot, here are some other options that will suffice.

1. In the clock tower

Pro: Get to hang upside down like a bat to sleep

Con: Chimes, all day, everyday.

2. The net under the suicide bridge

Pro: The police will come tuck you in at night because weight on the net triggers a 911 response

Con: someone might hit you when they jump

3. A tent in the arts quad

Pro: Ezra Cornell is always watching you.

Con: Ezra Cornell is always watching you.

4. TCAT #32

Pro: Easy access to the airport

Con: A man with a face tattoo and an air plant WILL sit uncomfortably close to you

5. A hammock attached to the statue in the Ag Quad

Pro: a chance to become a living, breathing, aspect of an art piece

Con: There are none.

6. An empty classroom in Uris

Pro: It vaguely resembles an actual dorm room

Con: has anyone actually successfully found a room in Uris

7. The sixth floor of Willard Straight

Pro: Evict the Cornell Lunatic

Con: Stairs

8. Tomb room in Sage church

Pro: All of your roommates are verrrrrrrry quiet (hopefully)

Con: Ezra Cornell's dead body is your roommate

9. Ithaca College

Pro: You are free from the crushing pressure of Cornell at last

Con: Will you get a job? Your choice to take that super fun gamble

10. The Woods

Pro: Forest animals might do your chores if you sing well enough

Con: Other forest animals might eat you

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# AN INSIDER'S UNTOLD PERSPECTIVE ON THE CLINTON PRESIDENCY

BY A.S.



Don't get me wrong, I was honored by the prospect of serving the President of the United States. But the minute I was brought into the White House, I felt suspicious. I was summoned on the pretext of "protection", but not exactly sure in what capacity. Bill had also asked in advance to meet me alone; he had to give me information of the utmost confidentiality. When it was just the two of us in the room, Bill told me that he needed to ask me a favor. After he said what it was, I realized just how much of a secret service I needed to provide. I am, quite literally, an insider into history: I was one of the condoms used during his affair with Monica Lewinsky. (Yes, there was vaginal penetra-

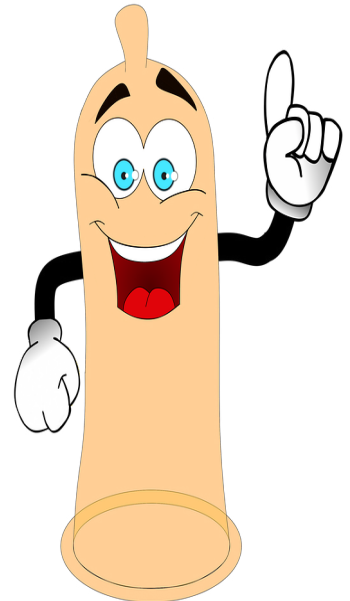
tion, not just oral.) Out of respect for my man Bill, I won't go into details about the sex, but I'll disclose that it was just peachy. Enough to be impeachy, perhaps.

Fast-forward to an average day in January 1998—just another day just rotting in a fucking landfill. As I made a niche for myself amongst long-forgotten neon windbreakers and a promotional poster for the musical masterpiece *Spice-world*, I saw a crumpled-up copy of *The New York Times* with Bill's image on the front page with his now infamous quote bolded as the headline: "I did not have sexual relations with that woman." At that moment, I knew the secret that Bill, Monica, and I shared would eventually be

revealed to the rest of the world. As the events played out, I saw Kenneth take the leading role in Bill's impeachment, but even being a mere condom involved in the affair made me feel like a Starr in my own right. Admittedly, I let my ego get the best of me during this time of my life. I'd brag endlessly to my acquaintances in the landfill, not realizing how much they resented my fame. Even my closest friend, an abandoned limited-edition VHS of *Space Jam*, turned on me.

Why, might you ask, do I come out with this information now? My life peaked when Bill did. Since my arrogance irreparably damaged my social life twenty-one years ago, the only thing I've done is jerk off, which is quite the metaphysical experience as a form of sexual protection myself. Nevertheless, the philosophical gratification soon wore off and now I'm a certifiable sex addict. I've decided to reclaim my dignity through the medium of creative writing, and what better story to start with than the one that simultaneously defined my entire life but only lasted a couple minutes? (I swear, I thought Bill was going to go longer... but whatever.)

Look forward to my next piece, "Toxic Masculinity: One Condom's Experience in the Waste Industry" in the next issue of the *Lunatic*.





# PLAY REVIEW: DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THE WIZARD OF OZ

BY C.S.



Last week, when I was invited to a rendition of *The Wizard of Oz*, I was thrilled. As a freelance play critic, it can be difficult to find work, and *The Wizard of Oz* is a timeless classic that I am always happy to watch again. To make things even better, my 8 year old brother Joey would be starring as the Tin Man. However, despite my nepotism and other biases, I unfortunately must report that the play was a disaster.

I came in, as usual, with pretty high hopes. Even though the play was being performed at an elementary school, which is not a classy location, I was excited to see it. After all, some of the most brilliant plays were first performed at hole-in-the-wall establishments, and would not have become famous if it weren't for the brilliant critics like me who saw potential in them.

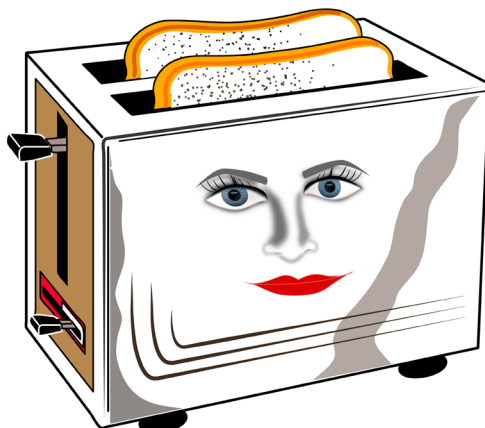
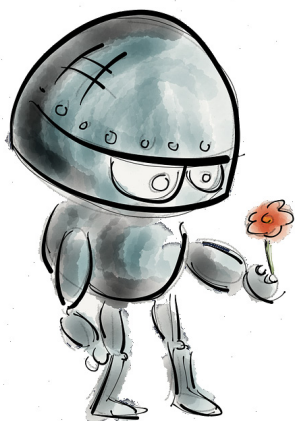
Everything started to go down-

hill when my mother and I pulled into the school parking lot. The school had not reserved a VIP space for us, so we were forced to park all the way in the back, next to a questionable sandbox and a slide with vomit on it. As we walked into the auditorium, it was immediately obvious how little effort had gone into the production. The backdrop looked like it was finger-painted. Nothing is sadder than when amateurs attempt to create modern art without any formal training. A more classic style would have provided a much better atmosphere. The costumes were poorly crafted as well. A great performance could have overshadowed the paper and pipe cleaner lion masks, but the show did not deliver.

In fact, the acting itself was also rather blasé. The actors had no idea how to project their voices without screaming, or in Joey's case, mumbling under

his breath. The cowardly lion forgot his lines and pissed himself onstage, which I thought was clever until Dorothy did the same. They say that it is important to fund the arts at schools, but I don't think performing the same play year after year, each time worse than the last, benefits anyone. Perhaps the money would be better spent on food - the afterparty served a measly meal of chips and m&m's, which I'm pretty sure multiple children sneezed on.

To make matters even worse, the director banned me from the school, all because he is afraid of a little constructive criticism. However, I refuse to be silenced. The public needs people who are willing to speak their minds, and clearly I am the only one who is brave enough to do it. So I conclude with this: I'm sorry, Joey. You are a decent brother, but you don't have any future in theater.



# EVERY REFERENCE TO BATTLESTAR GALACTICA THAT WILL GET YOU LAID

*Finding love in the digital age.*

BY BRIAN FILIPEK

Nowadays, to really flex on your date and assert dominance, you've got to verbatim quote entire episodes or albums without pause. If this sounds like your style of dating, then boy do we have an article for you. Unfortunately, Universal Pictures has blocked our attempts at publishing entire episodes for you to memorize on copyright grounds, but we found some creative ways to help you show mastery over your niche little kingdom of passive entertainment. Try throwing in these conversation hooks to seal the deal:

- 1) Remember when they shot that pregnant lady? That was pretty fucked up.
- 2) Yo, what was up with all the aliens, or robots, or whatever?
- 3) My favorite part is the Trump cameo where he just comes in and gives the main characters directions to the colonial battlefleet.
- 4) Do you remember when Ross and Rachel were on a break, but then Ross slept

with the copy girl? The Cylons totally should have just dropped a nuke on the whole cast from orbit instead of trying to repair that relationship.

- 5) Should they really have crashed the battleship Pegasus into a Cylon cruiser? Wouldn't it have been less costly to use a civilian ship for that purpose and save vital war materiel?

- 6) Why the hell did Starbuck start cooking meth in season four?

- 7) Gaeta's rebellion had legitimate criticisms of Adama's administration; however, the overall arc was rushed and killed lots of main characters for drama instead of fleshing out the issues in the fleet's governing structures.

- 8) When the Cylons split into factions and started fighting, why didn't the oracle mediate? Or at least reveal the krabby patty formula to appease each side?

- 9) Did anyone else think it was pretty weird that there were naked-ass Indians spear hunting when they actually did land on earth?

- 10) Hey, do you want to never talk about Battlestar Galactica again?

- 11) Let's each say our favorite characters from the first season then commit ritual suicide!

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## THIS STORIED RAG

BY JAKE STOKES

"We can't print this issue!" says editor Ed. "It's not up to standards, there's no chance it's read!"

The cover's a doodle of Trump getting canned, with torn-up subpoenas in each little hand!

The drawings are raunchy, the writing's a crime – the crossword's got 'feminism' thirty-eight times!

'Entertainment' is dated and 'Culture' detached, we've devoted a page to an egg being hatched!

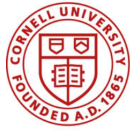
The shouts and the murmurs have silenced in pair, why, soon the ladies won't know what to wear!

We simply can't do it, the quality's lapsed – this storied rag cannot be allowed to collapse!"

Ed paused in his tirade, expecting a clash, but his boss simply smiled, and stroked his mustache!

The Boss Man said, "Yes, well that's all very true, but we're the New Yorker – that's just what we do!"





The Hotel School  
Cornell  
SC Johnson College of Business



## The World's Most Expensive Toilet

*"We have the smartest soap"*

OBINNA ABII

# THE AFTERMATH OF LOSING A BET AND HAVING TO GO VEGAN FOR A WEEK

BY HMMH

### Day One

Today I learned that being a vegan sucks. I wanted chocolate. Milk. Chocolate. Could I have it? No. I was not happy. Today I ate at least 5 lbs of tofu, and I still felt as weak as old lady bones. I tried going to the gym to get #gainz, but my muscles deflated and laughed at me for trying. :(

### Day Two

Today I felt like one of Pavlov's dogs. My mouth salivated at the sight of a pigeon I saw.

### Day Three

Today all I wanted a highly processed, sugary dessert. Unfortunately, there were no vegan options. I complained to my friend all day about it. Finally, at dinner, she had had enough. She told me to close my eyes as she brought me a special vegan dessert. My mouth watered. I was ready for the sugar overload. As a sheltered, privileged, Ivy League student who had never dieted before, these were the hardest three days of my life. I heard a bowl get set down on the table in front of me, and I had never been more excited.

"Open your eyes" she told me. I did so.

"I present to you...nature's dessert" she said. In front of me were two cherry tomatoes. I had never been more under-

whelmed in my life. The amount of disappointment I experienced even surpassed how my mother felt when all the other Ivy League schools rejected me :((

### Day Four

Today I went on a walk around Beebe Lake. I desperately needed to clear my head. I was surrounded by nature! I realized that all the wildlife was now my friend. I saw a duck.

"Hi, little ducky," I whispered. I thought that we would be friends now, since I am above eating meat.

I am single handedly saving the world



by restricting myself from the pleasure of eating. The duck stared into my soul. There was a hint of indifference in his eyes. He seemed to not be able to tell that I was vegan. How dare he! I was instantly offended as my four day streak of veganism had become a central part of my identity.

### Day Five

Today I felt so good. So clean. I'm such a good human being! Veganism

is everything to me. It was hard at first, but I feel like I am making a real, positive impact on the world around me! I wanted everyone to know how good of a human being I am, so I changed my relationship status on Facebook from "its complicated" to "vegan." I put "plant based" in my Instagram bio. I went on Redbubble and ordered 5,758,439,734 vegan stickers to decorate my macbook air with. The world MUST KNOW that I am a vegan. (Did I mention in this article that I am a vegan?)

### Day Six

Today, God himself came down from heaven and asked me for some lifestyle and health tips. I was officially declared health ~queen~. I chugged my 69th bottle of water because I know how important proper hydration is, and I told God he should probably do the same if he wants to look this good.

### Day Seven

One week had finally passed. I no longer had to be a vegan! But veganism transformed me into a kind of moral saint, and there was no turning back now (the Redbubble stickers on my laptop won't peel off anyway). I realized what I really wanted was a new challenge. And that is why I decided to switch over to a strict raw fruit and nut diet. Gotta stay #hip and #trendy!



# SPRING BREAK TRAVEL GUIDE

*An Everlasting Experience with Virtually no Budget Constraints*

BY LONELY PLANET

Planning out a memorable trip for college youth is like a penny-pincher seeking great principality: they want everything they can see and yet have the money for none of it. College students today complain about how impossible it is to facilitate such an “ideal” trip around the globe, but look beyond the bling-bling light and moneyed cities. Your ideal trip is much easier to find right here, in the US of A, and this secret Eden, is the federal prison systems.

In our latest series of travel guides, we have introduced you multiple sites of the Federal Prison, and it needs not to restate the hospitality of the employees, the dedication of transportation, and the close and welcoming neighborhood in each of them, and yet each of them is distinct. Whether you enjoy the supernatural feeling from the modernism concrete building design, or you are a more “party” person who wants a really close community to celebrate with, there is a site for you. Now, without further ado, we will introduce you to the prison at Guantanamo Bay, a place with indefinable magic.

## WELCOME TO THE GUANTANAMO PRISON

With the satisfying Caribbean climate of Cuba and the modern American society clashing together, Guantanamo Bay Prison is a place of true wonders. In here, things slow down: you will have time to talk to travelers around the globe (although many of them don’t know why they are here), you get to enjoy as much sunshine as you would possible image, and you will leave with a dazzling life-long memory.

## EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

The Guantanamo Bay Prison provides a brand new way of interpreting the words “vacation at a beach.” This is the place where rules and assumptions you might have about beaches change dramatically: there are no crowds, no tents, no people sunbathing everywhere, no life-guards, no hot girls, and even no access to the water! Instead of the same old view of water washing ashore, you can now enjoy the view of sandy beaches, endlessly

expanded to the horizon. When it reaches sunset, the enchanting view of the sky, the burning sun, and endless wilderness and barbed wire (and possibly your urine near the sea) all add up to an even meditative environment. Imagine watching this spectacular view every day for the rest of your life. How peaceful. This is the new definition of vacation at the beach.

## SLEEP IN THE GUANTANAMO

Unlike other hotels at Caribbean beaches that charge more than \$100 per night, here in the Guantanamo, every room is free. There are no standard fees, no taxes, no service fees, no anything! The standard room arrangement is 95 square feet, equipped with a bed, restroom and nothing else to provide a post-modern minimalistic experience for everyone. In your room (or cell, in local language), you should feel safe just like home since you are protected by a reinforced door, a bunch of armed security, and several layers of fences on the outside. (Laundry service is included but no WiFi).

## THE PERFECT TIME TO VISIT

Anytime! The Guantanamo Bay prison is open around the year so you can enjoy the very same experience anytime you prefer.

## HOW CAN I APPLY?

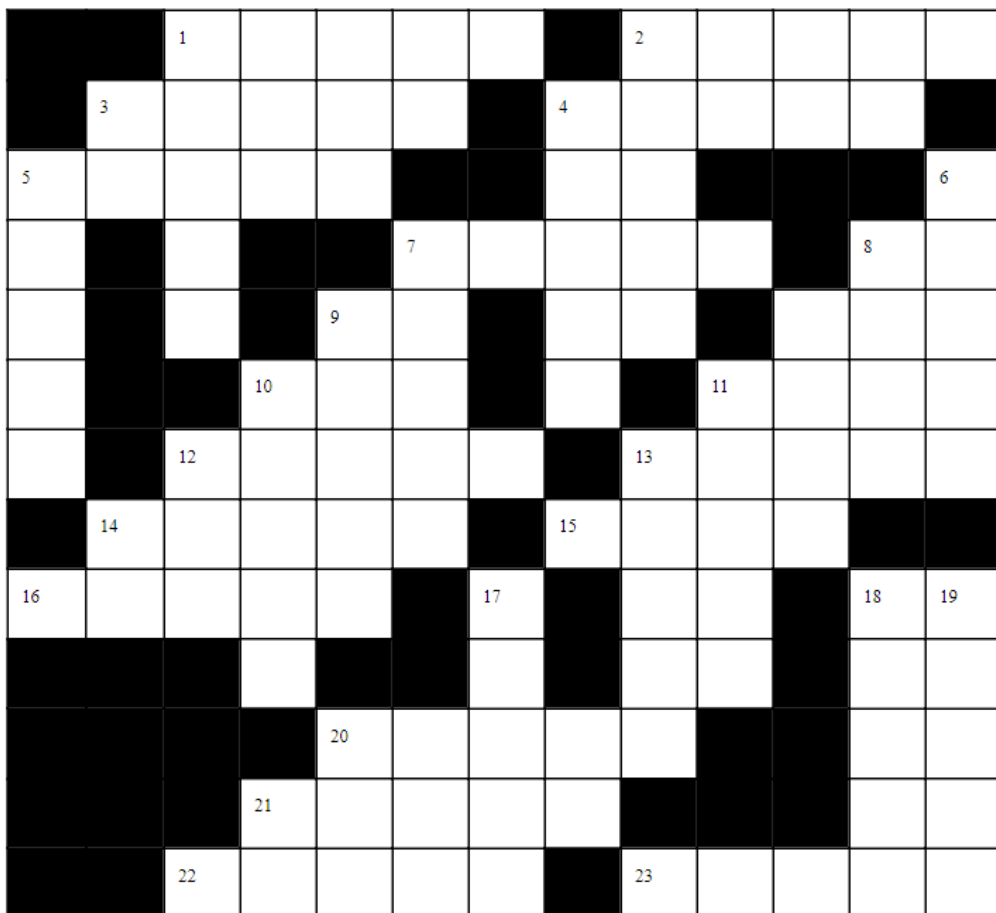
With all the benefits mentioned above, you must think this trip to Guantanamo Bay must be in hot demand and requires preparation years in advance, but the Guantanamo Bay Prison do not have any quota on enrolling additional members, (and they mean it). Detailed info on how to get in and how to get out will be in our next travel journal, so please subscribe to stay updated and informed. The Guantanamo Bay, like other federal prisons, has a loyalty program: you will be rewarded with more travel time here as a frequent traveler.

## HOW CAN I GET OUT?

Life-long experience, remember?

# THE LUNATIC MONTHLY CROSSWORD

BY SABRINA GIAIMO



## ACROSS

1. Garbanzo \_\_\_\_\_
2. Pinto \_\_\_\_\_
3. Jelly \_\_\_\_\_
4. Coffee \_\_\_\_\_
5. Anal \_\_\_\_\_
7. "The magical fruit"
12. Ultimate movie theatre snack: Bush's Baked \_\_\_\_\_
13. Good thing to fill your backpack with
14. My bathtub without these is like my life without beans: empty
15. Hint 14, word 10
16. Put this on your teacher's desk for an "A"

20. "To \_\_\_\_\_ or not to \_\_\_\_\_"

21. Skin a baby, fill it with these, add a ty tag, and sell it for big money
22. Cute pet name for your lover
23. Nic Cage wants to steal this

## DOWN

1. Tall, dark, and \_\_\_\_\_
2. Humans are full of \_\_\_\_\_
4. How to make romantic times: roses, Alvin and the Chipmunks soundtrack, and \_\_\_\_\_
5. Sexiest canned food
6. Similarity between coffee, burritos, and how I spend my saturday nights

7. You know what they say: \_\_\_\_\_ in the bum, you'll never be glum
8. I wish Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ would ravish my body
9. Reason Karen left and took the kids
10. Late at night, I lay in bed and slather myself with \_\_\_\_\_ to fill the void left by actual human touch
11. The only light in my meaningless life
13. I love when daddy fills me with his \_\_\_\_\_
17. The "B" in BDSM stands for
18. The best pornhub category
19. Lima \_\_\_\_\_



# OP~ED: EATING A BLOCK OF CHEESE AT 2AM EVERY NIGHT OVER THE SUMMER BETTER PREPARES YOU FOR ADULTHOOD THAN ANY INTERNSHIP COULD



BY BRIAN FILIPEK

Recently I've gotten lots of questions regarding my blog like, "hey Brian, why don't you get a job?" and, "what are you going to do with your life?" as well as, "do you know how expensive college is?" and more recently, "if you don't go to classes and just stay indoors all day we're going to stop paying for you." Well in answer to these questions, mom, I'm showing my blogosphere the tenets of dilettantism.

Now to many of you that last sentence may have seemed like nonsense, this merely elucidates the inequity between our IQ levels, I'd encourage you to donate to my GoFundMe in an attempt to vicariously gain some intelligence. Someday you too may be able to beg for money while holding a superiority complex over those who give it.

Becoming a dilettante is easy, however you do need to make a few sacrifices. First, you gotta bring toxic people into your life; this may seem counterintuitive but I've noticed that they have a lot of money for you to use. Beggars are the real choosers because they choose to get something for nothing. By creating a mastery over normal idioms you can real-

ly allow your bigbrain muscle to flex. This isn't an essential skill, but it's fun to throw a few of these around when people question your lifestyle. Here's an example:

"Choose a job you love, and you will never have to work a day in your life." –Confucius.

But if you shorten and reinterpret it:

"Choose a job you [as long as they] love [you], and you will never have to work a day in your life." – Also Confucius.

It shows the exact relationship I set up with my parents.

Another fact: Starcraft is net-



working. You're literally on a network with other people who are also networking. I don't see what's so hard to understand. People literally make jobs of playing Starcraft, if I had a little more time in my room I could do that too, Jesus. Yes it's a real career and yes paying a trainer WILL help me later. That's all people do in the school library; if a platoon of foreign students are shirking sleep to play Starcraft it's clearly important and should fill my cultural analysis requirement, CORNELL.

And the real purpose of this article: if I eat an entire block of cheese in the middle of the night and you wake up from

the ravenous sounds of my consumption: Go. Back. To. Sleep. This is between the me, the cheese, and Satan. Intervening to stop me in the middle of dark lunch is literally a human rights violation as per Article 26 of the Geneva Convention. When the cheese hunger calls I will listen, consequences be damned.

Ok, well, I hope you learned lots because this wasn't free. Time is money and I've just absorbed a chunk of yours. Goodbye goodnight get out, I want to eat cheese in private now.



## MIND THE GAP

*They're Young Enough to Get Hurt*

BY MATT D'AMBROSIO

It is tradition for upper class youth to take time off between high school and college. Gap years broaden horizons and allow our children to get really good at sex by practicing on foreigners before their four year vacation. While the term conjures up images of headstrong eighteen-year-olds, kids who still have soft skulls are joining in on the fun too. The latest trend is for students to go on sabbatical between elementary and middle school. The Lunatic sent its top investigative team to the Savoy Academy for Viscounts and Urban Tokens in Herbert's Phallus, Massachusetts to learn more.

One force driving children abroad for a year is the lack of dining options at school.

"I've lost two teeth in the past year, and I'm not looking forward to losing a third," quipped ten-year-old Ja-

cob Ritzwald Morse, second heir to the morse code fortune. "The food here is really sticky, especially the raw honeycomb. And when my mom makes me rinse with listerine to avoid cavities, it burns really bad for some reason," Mr. Morse went on--shuddering in-between sips of his gin-and-juice box.

It is obvious that students at these schools are under more stress than we realize. Eleven-year-old Sethright Halfquarter IV Jr. told us that he plans on using his time off to take a break from cocaine. His cousin Xavier, however, plans on using his gap year to get more into it.

"More so than anything, I just want to step back from the social pressures here in New England," Sethright explained. "It's hard. We're not all Kennedys, you know. Some of us actually do make an effort to mask our Boston accents. Do you know how annoying it is to speak in fucking Transatlantic?"

The parents of Savoy Academy's twelve-month-truants seemed indifferent.

"It's not that we don't care about their education so much as it's that we don't care about them," commented Sethright's father, Sethright Halfquarter IV the Younger (son of Sethright Halfquarter IV the Elder).

"I didn't even know I had a daughter," John Salazzar reflected.

To what extent the trend catches on remains to be seen, but there is ample money to fund it and few enough guard rails to moderate it. Will kindergarten gap years be next? How about an extra six months in the womb? Something to keep in mind is how inevitable the muddying of age cohorts will be in such a system. Although The Lunatic has been assured that if the boarding school designed for seven- to eleven-year-olds sees a spike in pubescent pupils, it will require a hefty kickback for them to look the other way in the dormitories.

THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS

"I tried heroin once and now I smile at all the kids"

**DAVE APPROVED** ✓

Available at your local pharmacy afterhours

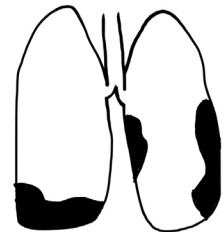
OBINNA ABII

## AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK~PEEK INTO RUPI KAUR'S NEWEST POETRY BOOK

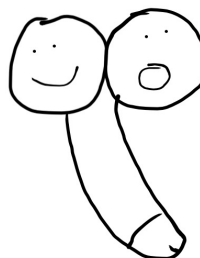
BY A.S.

i like  
your sadistic tenden-  
cies  
and when you hit  
it from the back

meso  
thelioma

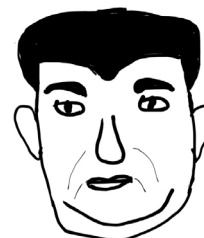


fuck me daddy.  
not you,  
eddie redmayne



moan

you illuminate  
my life  
illuminati  
john gotti





# THE NEW DORKER



SAGE MAGEE

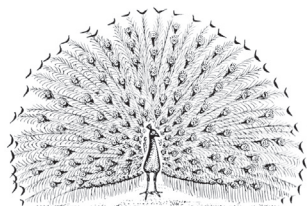


BRIAN FILIPEK

## HOW TO KNOW WHAT'S FANCY

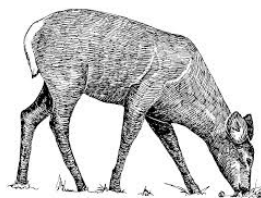
BY MATT D'AMBROSIO

Are you an elegant, fashionable, dandy? Or are you a vulgar, grubby swine? In this article, we list all things which are fancy, as well as those things which are not fancy. It's quite comprehensive. We've pretty much categorized all of the things there are.



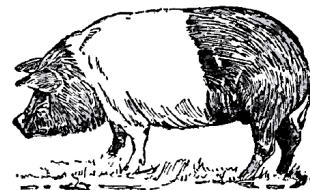
VERY FANCY

Rain that reflects the mood  
Very small hats  
Grey  
Irony  
Depraved group sex  
Death  
Gratuitous side-boob



MAYBE FANCY?

Devout abstinence  
Græy  
Balloons  
Left-handedness  
ASMR  
Greeks  
Side boob



MOST ASSUREDLY NOT  
FANCY

Sand  
Regular rain  
Gray  
Missionary Sex  
Feeling "excited"  
Chiropractic medicine  
Cleavage



# HARVARD STUDENTS FED UP WITH WHISTLEBLOWING IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE

By A.W.

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY



In a bizarre attempt to maintain their University's high ranking, Harvard College students have completely ceased performing fellatio. More surprising? The initiative is proving effective.

After a short lived scandal, Harvard had begun a campus wide crack-down on whistleblowers. This past spring, a number of students were found to have falsified applications and bribed admissions offices. The public was disgusted, yet unsurprised, to learn that the admissions process was more about sucking up than about academic achievement. Shortly after the scandal surfaced, the university sent out an email urging students not to reveal the illicit ways in which they gained admission to Harvard. This was done in hopes to "preserve the reputation of our elite university."

After a misunderstanding, the clampdown on whistle blowing led to a significant decrease in fellatio amongst students. Coincidentally, abstaining from oral sex proved so effective in raising Harvard's prestige that even after the miscommunication was cleared up, students continued their penile temperance.

According to an op-ed published anonymously in the Harvard Crimson, "Oral sex is viewed as an inherently submissive and debasing act. Our high quality education, privilege, and parents' money have taught us that we do not need to stoop to such lows--literally in this case." The piece, which was anything but tongue and cheek, has garnered over 3,000 face-

book shares. Some male students have complained about the new campaign; however, they have largely agreed it is worth it in order to continue stroking their ego.

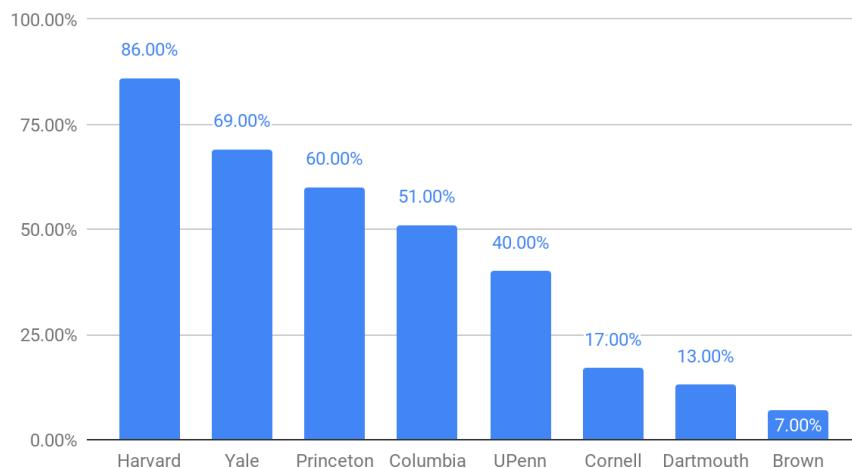
The Cornell Lunatic interviewed Arts and Sciences student Michaela Hammond after her visit to Harvard's campus. "I know she isn't better than me just because she won't shovel dicks in her mouth, but...then isn't she?" Hammond mused about one of the women participating in the movement.

Harvard faculty have expressed mild concern in response to the movement. "We want to make sure this does not get so out of hand and harm university funds," stated Rakesh Khurana, Dean of Harvard College. "We've long sustained our school by milking our students for everything they've got. That's not going to stop just because they won't bend the knee."

Yet it seems unlikely that Khurana will take action. Public sentiment indicates that the new policy has successfully blown over the original scandal. Our polls show that Harvard stands first in the Ivy League with an 86% prestige rating whereas its closest competitor, Yale, is unable to surpass 69%. These results secure the rights of Harvard students everywhere to feel superior even despite bribery accusations.

While the Harvard student bodies are still adjusting to these changes, student leaders remain optimistic. Class council member Marcus Langley states, "I believe that by eliminating whistleblowing on our campus, my peers will be able to safely retain a big head without having to give it."

Prestige Ratings Across Ivy League Schools



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# TAKE THIS TEST TO SEE WHAT COLOR BEIGE YOU ARE!

*Calculate your score by adding each answer and see where you land!*

By BRIAN FILIPEK

What is your favorite color?

- 0. Beige

What color would you paint your bedroom?

- 0. Light Beige
- 1. Beige
- 2. Dark Beige

If you had to choose a non-beige color, what would it be?

- 0. Eggshell
- 1. Greige
- 2. Tan
- 3. Taupe

What do you see when you close your eyes?

- 0. Beige
- 1. Those weird eye floaty things
- 2. The void
- 3. I don't

What color food do you like to eat?

- 0. I'm easy to please: Anything beige
- 1. The healthiest food group: Gray
- 2. I live dangerously: Greige is my pick
- 3. E g g

What type of film is your favorite?

- 0. Grayscale
- 1. Black and white
- 2. Noir films
- 3. Daguerreotype

What kind of eyes are the most sexy?

- 0. Gray
- 1. Cataracts
- 2. Closed
- 3. Black

Finish this lyric: If you're having girl problems I feel bad for you son, I got 99 \_\_\_\_

- 0. Shades of gray whaddup
- 1. Synonyms for beige and primary colors ain't one
- 2. On my last prelim yet still feel like the emotional equivalent of a plastic-bag-tumbleweed

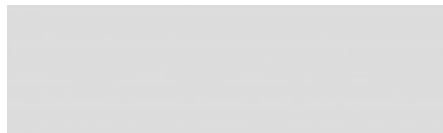
What part of the book do you read?

- 0. The cover
- 1. Words
- 2. The white space around the words
- 3. I'm one of the 781 million people who are illiterate and I find this question offensive yet have no means to write and tell you this information.

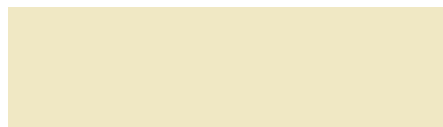
In February-April 2014 numerous bombs were sent to recruitment offices in Southern England and a PSNI vehicle was hit by an explosive projectile. What connection do you have to the New Irish Republican Army and what are your political viewpoints regarding the independence of Northern Ireland?

- 0. God Save the Queen
- 1. I was in Northern Ireland
- 2. I've built a car bomb but just for fun.
- 100. Tiocfaidh ár lá!

## RESULTS



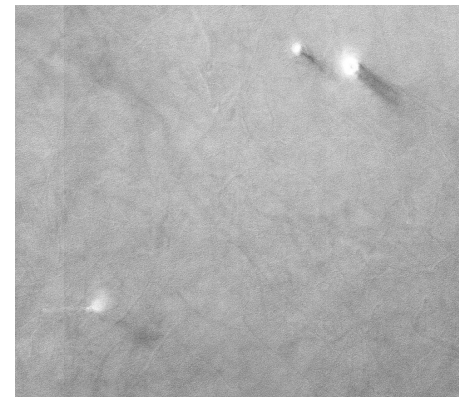
0- You're grayscale-beige, the most benign of the beiges. I bet you were bullied in school and liked it.



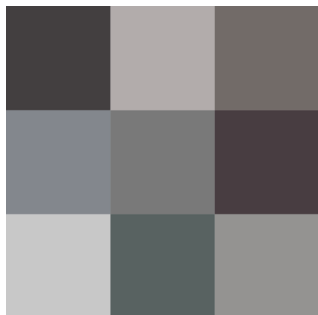
1-11- Dunmore Creme. It's not the most exciting beige but it gets the job done



12-15: It's ok, I know you're affiliated with the compton crips. It'll be our little secret. Be more careful next time you fill out a magazine quiz though.



16-20: Greige



21-23: Skirting the line between monroe bisque and pavilion gray I see. Or perhaps you'd prefer something closer to taupe? Those in this category are the pushers, the beigentrepreneurs; you are the kind of person to invent the color greige and post it to a home decorating website.



24. Oh. This isn't a color of beige at all. It's orange, the color of betrayal. I bet you thought "Hey what would happen if I did all of the highest ones but didn't incriminate myself as a member of the IRA? I'm real slick, no one's going to catch on to this!" Well here we are. I hope you're happy.



100+ Hey! You're not a color at all! You're just a member of the New Irish Republican Army, a terrorist group that rejects the Good Friday Agreement and is committed to the total unification of Ireland. Acting as a radicalized splinter group and spurred on by recent ethnonationalist sentiments, the NIRA is one of Britain's deadliest terrorist organizations.

## THE INTERVIEW WE WOULD'VE DONE WITH ERIC ANDRE

*Basically: The CUPB and us have like very non-existent beef*

BY WILBERT REN



On March 23rd, 2019, comedian Eric Andre was able to grace our campus' presence with his standup show while also promoting the newest season of his Adult Swim show, The Eric Andre Show. The Cornell Lunatic, being a lucky member of the press, was able to receive passes to witness this beautiful show. However, the Cornell University Program Board did not grant our wishes for a chance to interview Mr. Andre, which fucking sucks, considering that our last interview with a comedian was a success (Check out [www.cornelllunatic.com](http://www.cornelllunatic.com) for our interview with Ron Funches. He later invited me to watch the WWE Survivor Series with him that night, but I had a prelim the next day).

Anyway, here are a list of questions that we would've asked Eric. And if anyone from the CUPB is reading this, I, Wilbert Ren, editor-in-chief of the Cornell Lunatic, challenge any member of your organization to a mud-wrestling match for the rights to interview any future comedian who comes to Cornell.

- What do you have to say about people who are lactose intolerant and can't relate to your "Ranch it Up!" skits?
- Out of all the celebrities you interviewed, did you ask for anyone's number afterwards and go on a successful date with them?
- Why is it that Hannibal Buress has more successful standup comedy albums and tours than you?

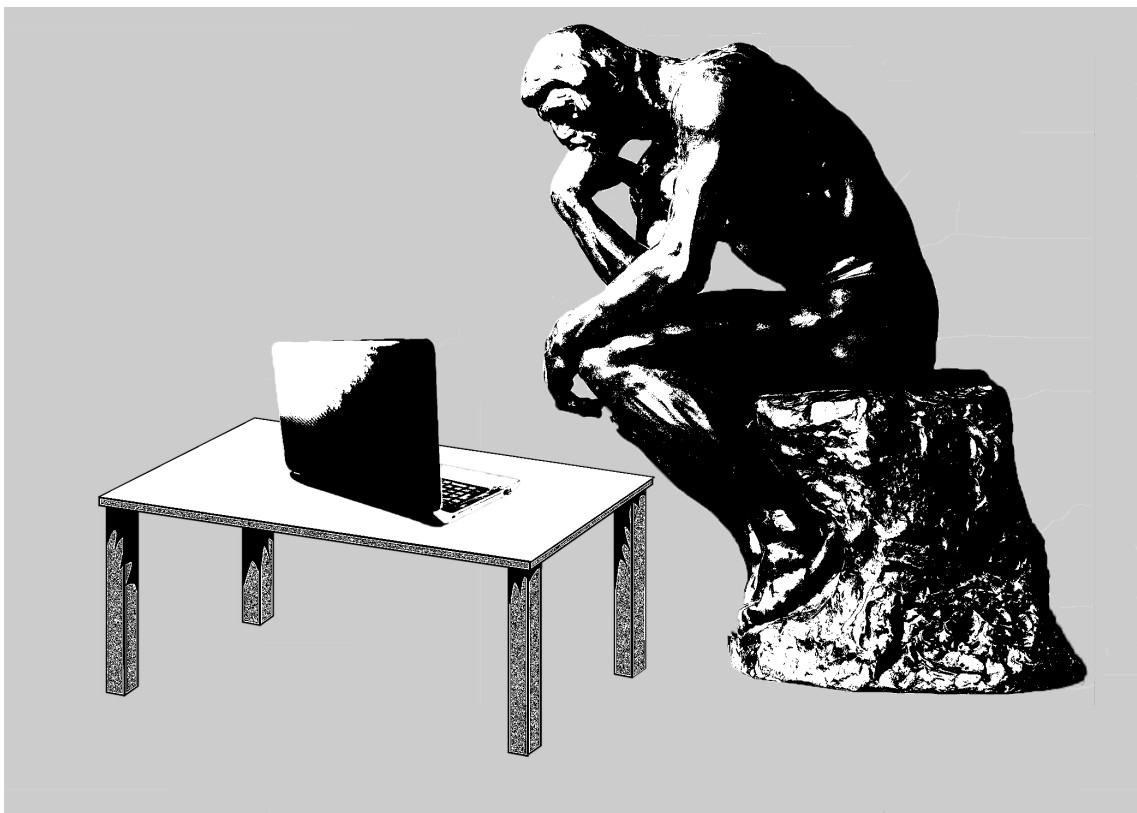
- Currently I am having an argument with my parents about pursuing my dreams in entertainment versus what my parents want for my future. What should I cook in my family remedial dinner when I finally come back home during the summer?
- Don't you think it's ironic that you hate giving out interviews when your whole show is based on the premise that you give uncomfortable interviews?
- As a Coachella veteran, what advice would you give to music festival-goers this summer?
- What advice would you give to people who want to enter the comedy world?
- Our magazine this year has a theme of "The New Yorker." If you were to write anything for us, what would it be?
- Did you remember seeing me in 2016 at the RNC in Cleveland? What do you think of Cleveland? Because I'm from Cleveland. Do you like Cleveland? Would you like to live there and trade lives with me?
- What percentage of your Twitter right now would you classify as liberal propaganda?

And yes, this article is written solely because if we did not do anything about it, the CUPB would be angry with us.



# POPULAR GOOGLE SEARCHES TEACH US ABOUT THE HUMAN CONDITION

BY IAN KRANZ



Does my father love me? Starting off with a strong question we have all pondered at one point. I'm not sure what you might expect Google to tell you about your father. Perhaps you are hoping Google can connect you with a foster family that doesn't sell your science fair project to another kid in your class. Nobody really understands paternal love, and that comes out here. For example, when I asked my dad if he loved me, he said nothing and went to the basement to fix the sump pump.

Should I like Drake? In many ways, the country is divided. In politics, we always see how people on the Right and the Left are constantly arguing, but there is a group of moderate folks, sensible people, that are hardly ever seen. These are the same neutral group of folks who ask, "Should I like Drake?" Drake is absolutely unavoidable. Who would've thought Jimmy from Degrassi would ever roll his way into the big spotlight? Regardless of

whether you like him or not, his existence divides people, leaving many folks unable to choose a side. The pressure to choose a side will exist as long as there is society. Fortunately for us, we are not picking sides in a war but instead on the artistic merit of "Hotline Bling".

How do I tie a tie? Ties are completely unjustifiable as clothing. The other articles can at least be justified as keeping you covered and warm, but a tie has no place being considered clothes. Ties exist to make your outfit look nicer or to make idiots look trustworthy or both. Why know how to tie a tie? Most of the time you're better off knowing how to tie a noose.

How to tie a noose?  
See previous answer

How do I make slime? There is a lot to this question. In my opinion, slime is one of the most interesting concepts known to humankind. There is no official chemical composition for slime, yet there are many

ways to make it. There are many uses for slime, but the main one is dumping it on the heads of celebrities for the entertainment of children. In *Ghostbusters*, Bill Murray says, "I've been slimed." In "Look at me Now," Lil' Wayne raps, "what's poppin', Slime?" Slime has, and always will, permeate our culture; embrace the slime.

What happens when you die? This question doesn't have much to do with the human condition, but I needed another question for this article, so there you go.

Can I pee in my Brita filter, and drink it? On some level, we all have a desire to ingest a part of ourselves. In some cultures, people eat with their hands because they believe it imparts the food with their essence. Apparently, the modern American version of this is drinking our own piss. How lovely! Believe it or not, sometimes we drink piss-water, but the people who make that piss-water have better equipment than a Brita.

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# REJECTED HEADLINES

*Because we are the Cornell Lunatic and not a respectable magazine.*

12 Ways to Moisturize Your Home

Ornithology Labs Files Lawsuit Against Big Bird; Claims “Cultural Appropriation”

How I Got Billy Ray Cyrus to Give me a Prostate Exam

Is 100 Too High of a Number?

Best Places to Fall on Campus

The Best Ice Cream is Made by Kids

How I Accidentally Butt-Ordered a Drilldo

R. Kelly Never Called Back: The Troubles of an Ugly 5 Year Old

How Fucking My Toaster Gave Me a New Appreciation for *Blade Runner*

The Orcas Had it Coming: What *Blackfish* Got Wrong About Seaworld

Netanyahu Elected for 47th Term

Should We Abolish the Deep State? Bert Debates Ernie

How Getting a Lobotomy is the New Pro-Life

Sea Turtles Riot Recycling: They Want to be Choked

I Shat in My Sock and Beat My Girlfriend, What is Wrong with My Relationship?

Are You Sad, or Do You Just Need to do More Cocaine? A Psychoanalytical Approach

Jeff Bezos to give Keynote Lecture on How to Give the Female Orgasm

Why Putting Meth in Your Morning Cereal is Better than that Starbucks

I AM GOING TO SMITE YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY WITH A WHACK-A-MOLE Mallet

Racism, but in 4D

Sitting, Standing, Squatting: Are Legs Worth It?

Met Exhibit Highlights Pointillism Art Made with Dippin Dots

My Dong is the Size of the Clocktower. No, Really

How Cornell's Campaign Against Hazing Made Me Realize I'm Being Hazed by Cornell

Martha Chingchongbingbong: I Want My Cornell President to have a More Racist Surname

Dora Being a Teenager in the New Remake Makes it Less Weird

Black Hole Voted for Bush, Cheney, Therefore Racist

Hi Mom, it's Your Son, I Peed My Pants in Okenshields, the Nurse Won't Let Me Go Back to Class, Can You Come Pick Me Up?

Photo Gallery of Freshmen in Various Stages of Alcohol Poisoning

Osama bin Laden Cameo in *Avengers: Endgame* (SPOILER FREE)

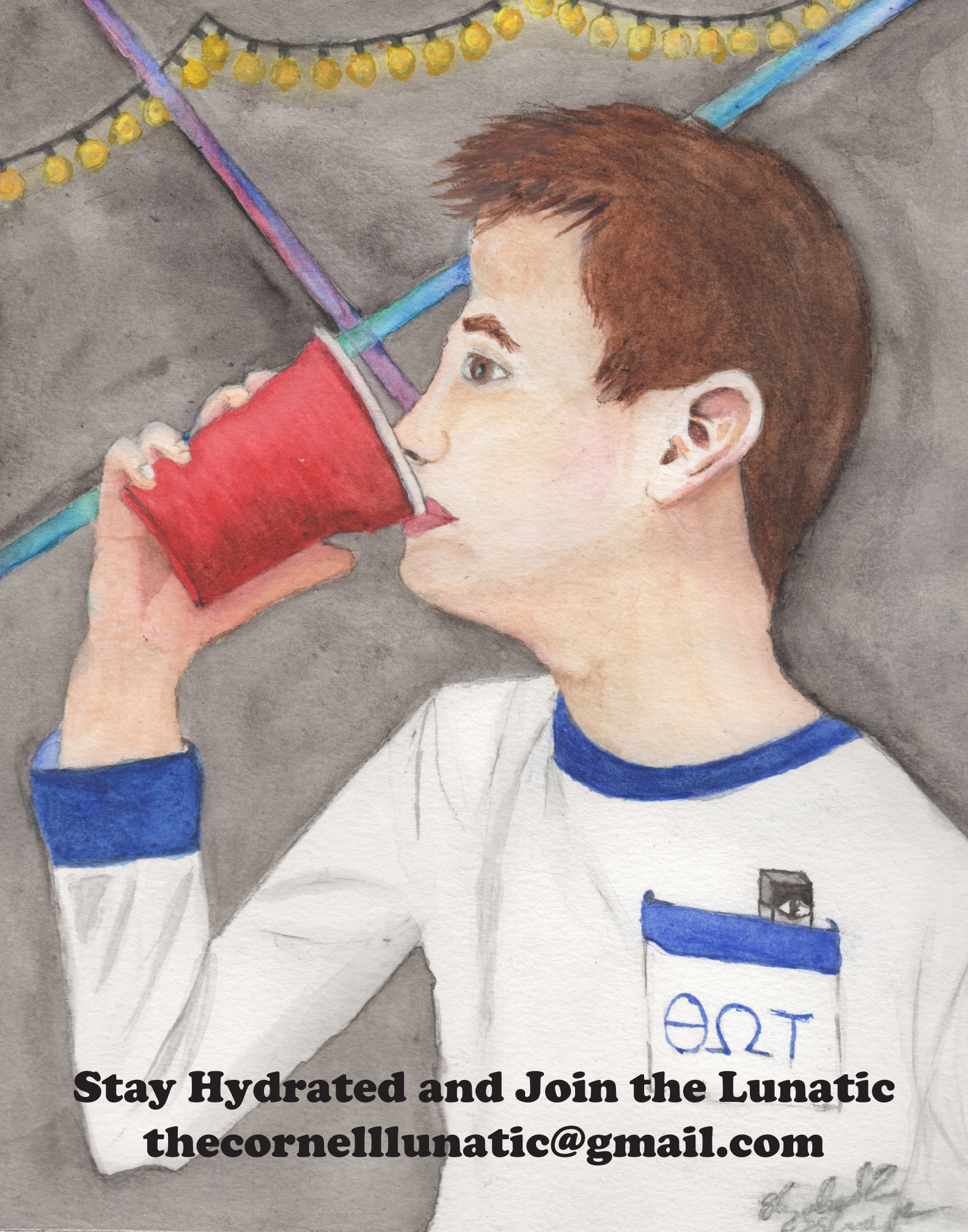
Project Team Visits the Baltimore Projects

How to Smoke Three Cigarettes in Your Ass

Flat Mars Society Will be Founded in 2030

Fox News Exclusive: “I’m Not Racist, but All Latinos Don’t Deserve to Live”





**Stay Hydrated and Join the Lunatic**  
**[thecornelllunatic@gmail.com](mailto:thecornelllunatic@gmail.com)**