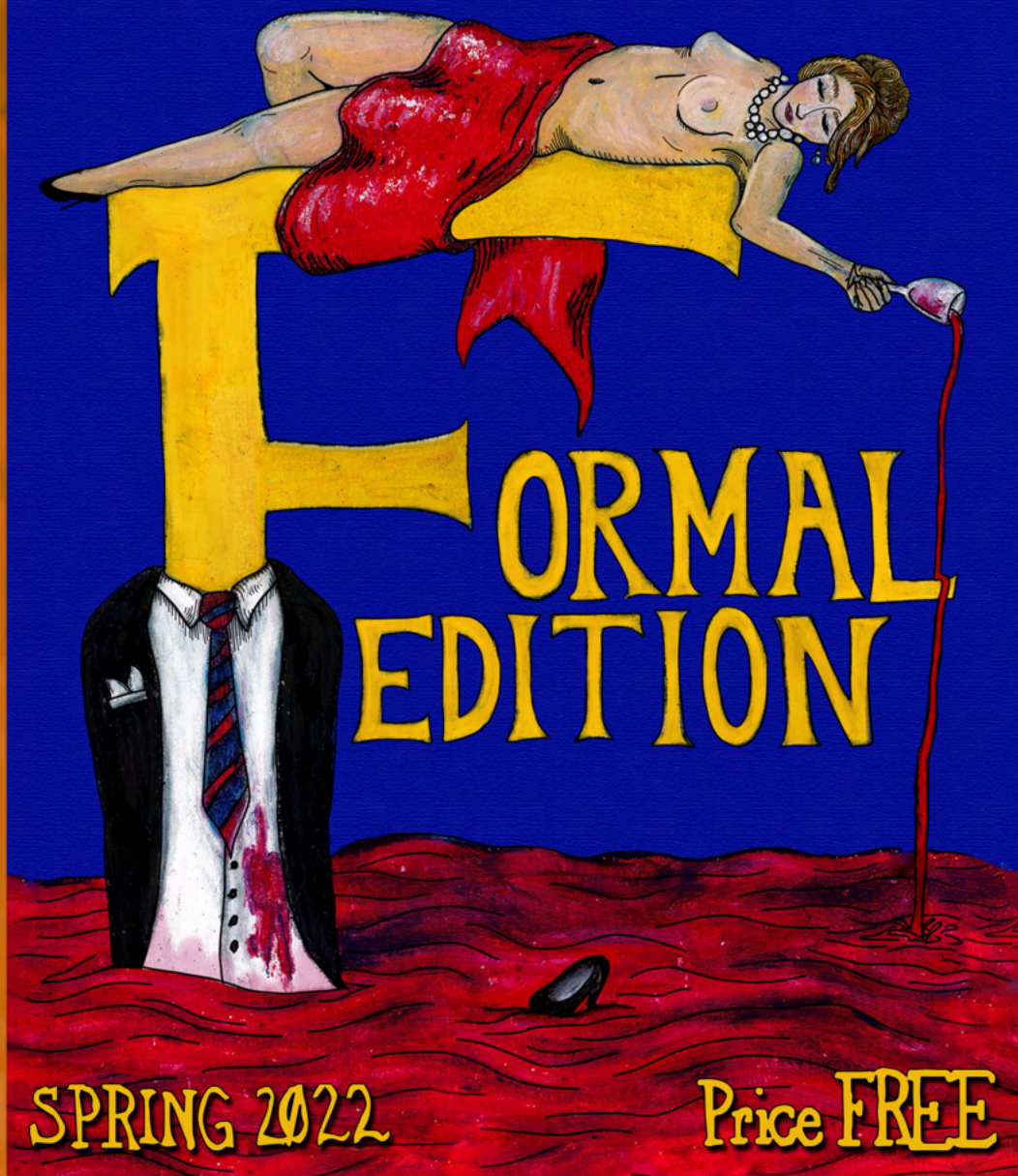


CORNELL LUNATIC



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Letter from the Editor

[Tips top hat]

M'reader,

Have you ever been perusing the selection of inebriants at Collegetown Wine and Spirits and picked up a bottle of Bordeaux because its label was written exclusively in French so you assumed it must be good? Have you ever stood in front of the Zeus statues, gazing lovingly up at the breas- I mean boo- I mean faces of those incredible historic works of art? Have you ever convinced someone to be your date to your fraternity's formal by incorrectly reciting the "What's in a name?" speech from *Romeo and Juliet*? Have you ever worn a silk tie (with the matching pocket square of course) to a "causal hang" that your roommate invited you to because they felt bad for you? Have you ever held a dinner party hostage to explain why a full-bodied Sauv Blanc goes excellently with ripe goat cheese (even though most of your contemporaries only ever have access to Barefoot Moscato and Kraft Singles)?

If any of these scenarios sound familiar, then this edition of the Lunatic is for you! This sumptuous issue of Cornell's best (and only) satire magazine is all about the finer things in life. Whether you are a fan of classic literature, a sugar daddy connoisseur, a fine-dining critic with a hankering for a Benadryl quesadilla or one slice of cold frat pizza, a bussy enthusiast, or just some guy in the market for a new sex toy, we have curated our lavish and decorous content to be a perfect fit for anyone and everyone. If you couldn't tell from the beautifully hand-drawn female-presenting n*pples on **both** the front **and** back covers, we here at the Lunatic really know how to be classy. We even have a half-sheet cake from Wegmans that says so.

But enough about this silly little stack of paper that we have collectively poured our hearts and souls into over the course of a semester; let's talk about me! In my one year tenure as Editor-in-Chief of this stupendous publication, I've learned many important lessons. Here are just a few:

- The two best kinds of content are things that make the other writers ask "Are you ok? Do you need to talk?" and things that occur to you in a dream and make you wake up in a cold sweat.
- Spreadsheets are both sexy and essential. Bonus points if they are rainbow-order color-coded.
- High school band kids and college band kids are entirely different breeds. Both should be approached with caution, but for different reasons.
- Having a comically large dildo named Michael be one of the unofficial club mascots while also having multiple members named Michael can cause confusion.
- If someone draws a horse with Equine Cushing's Disease named Honse on the chalkboard during a Lunatic meeting One Time, it will become a recurring meme forever as well as the most beloved unofficial club mascot. (See Figure 1)

If this were the final publication produced during my time as Editor-in-Chief, here is where I would get all sappy and thank everyone for their support. But, surprise bitch! I'm staying on for another year! You just can't get rid of me. So, rather than being earnest and gracious, expressing my sincere appreciation for and admiration of my fellow members of E-Board and the entire writing staff, I can just say ttfn later haters.

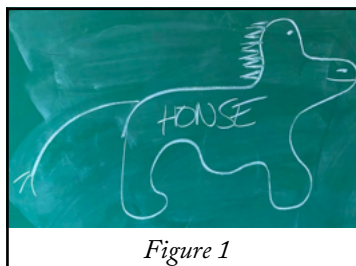


Figure 1

Yours Truly,

Gabriella "does eating 3 slices of Land O'Lakes White American Cheese out of my fridge at 2 am while I sip on a juice pouch count as being a wine and cheese enthusiast?" Cawley

Editor-in-Chief, 2021-2022

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Excerpt From the Diary of a Financially Submissive Billionaire

Dearest Darling Diary,

You simply won't believe the heights of rapturous hedonism to which I ascended this midafternoon. The day seemed to be proceeding in a most languorously ordinary fashion. There I was, lazily thrusting into the suited ass of my sexiest butler, Florian, when the meddlesome groans of my fancy doorbell infringed upon my disinterested ecstasy. I had just ordered my plainest butler, *Marigold* (🌻), to prepare me a warm salad of butterfly wings, ivory shavings and ranch, so I instructed Florian to transport me mid-ecstasy to the door (my other variously sexy and plain butlers were all engaged in their mandatory midafternoon orgy). Naturally, I assumed that the interloper at the threshold was one of my maids arriving slightly early to edulcorate my orgy chambers. I therefore had readied myself to terminate her immediately and sue her for emotional damages as a result of my delayed climax. Instead, I found myself in Florian's delicious arms at boob-level of a thoroughly stimulating woman dressed in one of those fashionable money-print catsuits.

My orgasm now not so completely postponed, I at once beckoned the mysterious yet sensual mistress into my guest orgy room and demanded she disrobe. Her next act shocked me to my elemental core so deeply that my liver continues to tingle just recounting it.

She said no to me.

Just as I was about to cum or cry or both, *Marigold* unsexily traipsed into the chamber and thrust my salad upon me. Before I could absolutely drag Marigold to filth for failing to read the room (I mean honestly, did she really think I wanted yet another orgy in front of my salad this week?). The be-Benjamin'd woman wordlessly reached into my anal wallet, withdrew a roll of bitcoin, and proffered them to that vile she-butler Marigold as (I can't believe I'm even writing this) a TIP!

The notion of something good happening to a person as *PLAIN* and *MIDDLE-CLASS* as *Marigold*, struck me as so lewd, so wrong, so orgasmically salacious that I salaciously orgasmed right there onto my salacious salad.

"B-but my money!" I began spluttering lustily, only to be silenced by my domineering lady friend as kicked her leg in the air to cover my lips with the toe of her gold-plated Yeezys.

"It's my money now, bitch-lionaire," she taunted while fanning herself with glossy prints of my many NFTs.

I loathed myself for swooning at that moment, but swoon I did indeed. Florian simply rocked me gently in his artisanal arms, seeking to comfort me but knowing better than to interfere with something that made me horny. That bitch Marigold just flounced away to start a new life as an e-trader or whatever, even though she was born far too poor to actually know how to use money.

My new favorite woman plunged me out of my reverie by slapping me with my American Express Platinum card.

"Pay attention, cash slut!" She purred demeaningly. The beautiful dominatrix then began to explain the changes that would take place regarding my financial freedom moving forward. I orgasmed muchly.

"And one last thing, *Bill Henry Gates III*," she whispered menacingly into my quivering ear canal, "...I want a new fancy building for my esteemed institute of higher learning."

"Y-Yes mistress," I simpered submissively.

Instead of rewarding me for being a good cash sub, she angrily pinched my nipple between two gold coins.

"That's yes MARTHA, to you, slut!"

And then I succumbed to ravished bliss.

Hugs and kisses,

Billy

Met Gala 2023 Designs



E.V. '23

Navigating Contemporary Tinder Tactics: A Gentleman's Guide to Carnal Companionship

By: Chase Testwuide '23

Are you UGLY? Does your horrendous ugliness make it difficult to meet sexual partners? Perhaps you're not bad-looking, but that damn libido is stuck in overdrive, and the post-nut clarity from your last one-night stand has worn off, leading you yearning to bump uglies with yet another undesirable loser. Maybe your utter insecurities have driven you to seek sexual validation on a hookup app. TBH, I'm glad I'm not you, but since you're here, let's help ya get ye ole hob-knocker a good slobberin'!

Step 1: Picking the Perfect Pictures

First and foremost, ALWAYS take selfies from a low angle. Low-angle selfies create big heads and double-chins, which demonstrate your dominance over men, women, non-binary folk, and technology. Remember that selfies should be taken under yellow fluorescent lights and that low-quality images are preferred.

It's important to never smile in pictures; instead, strike a hissing, vampire-esque face to appear young and lifeless. Pictures from your high school and college years are also a plus no matter how outdated they might be as they showcase that at one time, you were young and, hopefully, not ugly.

After showing your potential matches that handsome physique, you should share the other sides of your posh life. Include pictures of random children that aren't from your lineage to show that you're good with kids and definitely not a sexual predator. Also, never forget pictures of your former lovers so that potential matches know what they're up against.

Step 2: Pen the Perfect Personal Biography

Now, if you've always been ugly and don't have the photoshop skills to catfish, your bio might be your only chance. Think of a bio as your own personal autobiography. It should be as long as possible and explain your life story, controversial political ideologies, religious views, and your below-average dick size.

Entice your prospects by digging up your family tree and highlighting even the most minuscule blood relations to nobility and other important persons of interest. In addition, never hesitate to name-drop the gentlemen's clubs you belong to, and make sure to include at least one ivy league institution even if you didn't actually attend one.

Most importantly, it is IMPERATIVE to include personally-identifying information to attract potential booty calls: social security numbers and credit card information are the gold standard, but feel free to incorporate other interesting information!

Step 3: Swipe Away—A Hole's a Hole

Get ready for the real fun! Set your swiping preferences to all genders, and make sure to swipe right on every profile you see. You should start collecting matches pretty quickly. Once you've collected a handful of potential matches to court, initiate the conversation with a playful "I'd smash" message. Expect your Tinder inbox to start blowing up pretty quickly with responses. Once a conversation has commenced, attempt to video chat while butt naked to get things moving. If you get no response, begin deep-diving into your sexual awakening and unique kinks to capture the attention of those fuckable holes.

Well, that's about it: Welcome to Bonertown! On a final note, this author recommends refusing to wear a condom. Our forefathers swooned their afternoon delights without environmentally-hazardous dick wrappers, and neither shall we.

Tremble

LEASHES

New solid colors in imported vinyl and leather!

This might look like a normal necktie ad, but it's not! It's definitely a kink thing. That's the point!

This unassuming couple could live on your block, and you'd never know about their gratuitous lifestyle choices. Robert works 50 hours a week at The Bank, but goes home at night to call his wife Mary "mommy." Mary catered the church picnic on Sunday, twelve hours after crushing Robert's balls with a stiletto.

She trusts only Tremble to hold him down while he gets it up- that's the Tremble difference.



As seen on Jack Paar Show NBC-TV

Photography: Jacques Simon

How to Tell If Your Date Has *Royal Ancestry*

By: M.C. '24

Marrying a prince or princess is everyone's dream, yet only the lucky few of us realize that dream. Who doesn't want a partner who can directly trace their lineage directly to the pinnacle of humanity, those with a divine mandate to rule? Unfortunately, as the population grows, fewer people achieve this Disney fantasy. Even worse, these modern royal scions often hide their superior ancestry in favor of blending in with the plebeian masses. That being said, there are subtle ways to discern whether your partner is among those of higher birth.

1. *They are your cousin*

Cousin marriage is something most people dream of, yet only the lucky few of us have the social cachet to act on these desires. Marrying cousins is classy when you are royalty, yet trashy when you are poor. If you're reading this, then you're certainly not trashy, which means both you and your cousin are automatically royalty!

2. *Hemophilia*

Her Majesty Queen Victoria was a notorious hemophiliac, and many of her descendants also have the same affliction. If you're into blood, royalty is the way to go! One definite way to test if your partner is a hemophiliac is to wait until they are asleep, make a small incision in a non-lethal area, and then time how long it takes for the wound to heal. This may be fatal, but the risk is well worth avoiding accidentally dating some peasant!

3. *Large Protruding Jaw*

Generations of pure marriages have brought out the best of the human genome. One such characteristic is the stunning Habsburg jaw, named after the most successful royal family in history. The breathtaking features and unparalleled intellect of Habsburgs is best exemplified by their jaw, which extends much farther than the jaw of the average schmuck. If you ever see one, be sure to seize the opportunity.

4. *You are 17, on a private island with a billionaire and his friend who never seems to sweat is suspiciously interested in you*

If you find yourself in this situation, you are probably in the company of royalty and some nouveau riche. Discriminating between the two is often difficult, though if you end up on such an island, any older man is probably worth your time, and it's not like escape is possible at this point.

5. *You, having recently been a frog, are now human*

Common folklore suggests that you kissed a princess, but in all likelihood you were coming down off an acid trip.



To assist with any ambiguity, I have provided a formula to help determine the worthiness of any potential partner.

$$\text{Royalty} = \frac{(\text{Percent of DNA Shared} + \text{Horses Owned}) \times \text{Hereditary Diseases}}{\text{Personal Responsibility} + \text{Empathy} + \text{Years Worked}}$$

This article only contains half of the puzzle. For guidance on seducing these demigods once they are located, recommended works include *Industrial Society and its Future*, *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, and *Das Kapital*.

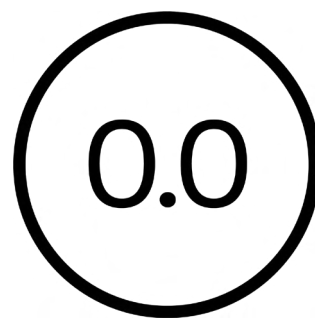
Pitchfork | 21 Savage: Bollocks Album Review

ALBUMS

“Bollocks”

21 Savage

2022



By: JJ

GENRE: Rap

LABEL: Triple Wicked

REVIEWED: April 2, 2022

Erratically off-beat on every track, 21 Savage showcases everything but a morsel of musical talent in his debut album.

Rap has always required a degree of posturing, but 21 Savage, born Sir Charles Francis-Phillips Isidore Jacques-Michaels Anastasia Aldrich-Yates Niles Kingsely IX, leapfrogs past any semblance of finesse and into hilariously tone-deaf territory in *BOLLOCKS*.

The British teen is no stranger to controversy. His 2020 single *I'm From Compton*—certified Steel (I don't know European accolades man, I blog American stuff)—raised an outcry over cultural appropriation, and the rapper was forced into hiding after attempting to dismiss the accusations by comparing himself to American rapper 21 Savage. “If you see a former gang member who’s been shot six times and a silver-spoon child of British oligarchs, that’s on you. I just see two young men with the same problems who share a parent—the streets,” he shouted over his shoulder while running from the growing mob.

Technically, he wasn’t even lying—being from Compton Avenue, a street in London—but the rapper still found himself on a spontaneous swim down the Thames. Two years later, he’s back with a new look and a new album, and by George, I wish we could go negative.

BOLLOCKS is a lyrical disaster. A large portion of the rapper’s lyrics are blatantly plagiarized from the YouTube comment section under 21 Savage’s Bank Account, who interestingly enough, he now claims to have never heard of. For a self-proclaimed gangster rapper, 21 Savage makes Bella Hadid’s “homeboy” sound badass. Syntax is reminiscent of a bootleg Dr. Seuss with none of the timeless charm, and the easily perceptible brain lag between lines makes SmokePurpp’s WestWoodTV freestyle sound Shakespearean.

21’s speech becomes increasingly slurred throughout the album, and in the final track, his second verse can only be described as a singular “urhhh” reminiscent of Patrick Star, the 37-year-old salmon-pink starfish from the hit underwater docuseries *SpongeBob SquarePants*. A deeper analysis reveals a consistent drop-off in any effort whatsoever around 60 percent of the way through every track, where the rapper begins to breathe heavily and repeatedly makes that noise one makes when something tastes good instead of continuing to rap.

Charisma and strong production are historically heroic saviors of otherwise poor projects. 21 Savage has neither.

The album is self-produced, and man, it’s just bad. For some odd reason, an old-timey ragtime piano can be faintly heard in the background of *Never Privileged and Diamond Dookie*, and other producers’ tags can be heard during the hooks of at least four tracks despite (1) that not being where producer tags are placed and (2) the album is SELF-PRODUCED. On *Real Trouble*, a vacuum cleaner can be heard turning on and off in the background during the rapper’s first verse, and while he claims it to be intentional, the quickly hidden look of surprise on his face when first asked about it said otherwise.

In a stilted recent interview that left listeners searching for a punchline, the rapper claimed to share an “indescribable bond” with 21 Savage—whom he apparently was aware existed again—then went on to describe it saying, “He’s got our (British) blood. More prone to variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, maybe, but we share that bond.” He then broke the ensuing silence with record-scratching onomatopoeia where he repeatedly said the word wicked in chains of three while moving his arms in DJ-esque motion and flashing a crusty grin. This guy is literally the most uncool individual alive, and after this, is he even really alive?

BOLLOCKS features exactly zero redeeming qualities aside from the fact that it ends. It’s the Great Value version of a cheeto-fingers younger cousin recording a song on the Talking Tom phone app and acting like they did something. It’s Kanye West’s *Graduation* without any of the Kanye West or *Graduation*. It’s the emotional equivalent of Vin Diesel’s Facebook fanpage. And it truly sets in stone the harsh reality that not everyone is cut out to do something good with their life. I would rather eat only the stringy parts of bananas for the rest of my regrettably 41-minutes-shorter life while gorillas shove fully-grown watermelons up my asshole than listen to this horse shit ever again.

"Fuk off PREPZ": Anti-Capitalism in *My Immortal*

By: Definitely Not Tara Gillesbie (aka XXXbloodyrists666XXX)

Though many have enjoyed and studied the illustrious story known as *My Immortal*, few have truly understood its meaning. The majority of the scholarship on this story is dedicated to asserting false theories that *My Immortal* contains things such as “spelling errors,” and “typos” that degrade the meaning of the text or render it almost incomprehensible at times. However, these statements ignore the deeper symbolic meaning of the text. Tara Gillesbie’s *My Immortal* is actually a treatise on the evils of Capitalism as an inherently corrupting force that can only be properly answered by a Communist uprising.

The connection between *My Immortal* and Communism necessitates a deeper discussion of the means of production. In *My Immortal*, what specifically is the ‘means of production’? Clearly, it is magic, and this ties into the nature of the professors as the bourgeois elite. The professors disseminate magical knowledge to the students, exploiting them the whole way (c.f. Snape and Lupin “masticating” to Draco and Ebony shows how they are literally consuming their students as they chew them up) (Gillesbie Ch. 11). Wands **produce** magic, clearly, and the occasional reference to wands as ‘wombs’ are not errors, as some unobservant ‘scholars’ blithely assume, but are reference to how, much like wombs, wands are the life-givers of magic. The implications of this statement with regards to reproductive justice are clear, but are better saved for an essay for future intellectuals.

The theme of destructive capitalism is present in *My Immortal* from the very first sentence. The protagonist’s name: “Ebony Dark’ness Dementia Raven Way” symbolically highlights the ways in which Capitalism dwells within (Gillesbie Ch. 1). The author’s choice to use “Darkness” in her name is a clear allusion to Joseph Conrad’s novella *Heart of Darkness*, a critique of the European Colonialist and Capitalist mentality. The word “dementia” suggests rot and decay that are clearly tied to the symbolic rot in the Capitalist system that will inevitably cause the proletariat to rise up and rebel. Putting these two words inside of Ebony’s name shows how these ideas are internalized and tied to our collective sense of identity, and using them both in succession compounds this effect. “Raven Way” speaks for itself, as we all know Edgar Allan Poe was a huge *My Chemical Romance* fan, and he was known to be a part of the 1917 Bolshevik uprising.

The first chapter also shows how identity is tied to Capitalism and consumption through Ebony’s wardrobe. In the opening, Ebony mentions that she “loves Hot Topic and [she] buys all [her] clothes from there” (Gillesbie Ch. 1). Although Ebony maintains a strong connection to the working class (more on this later), she nevertheless buys her clothes from a large retail chain store, showing that none of us are truly immune from the effects of corporatism. Even characters that are coded as members of the proletariat (aka workers) have to support corporations, demonstrating the author’s

conviction that there is no ethical consumption under Capitalism.

Despite the fact that she buys clothes from Hot Topic, Ebony is clearly a member of the enlightened proletariat. Ebony’s vampirism is also deeply connected to her status as a proletariat. We never see an adult vampire, as all of them, in the universe of *My Immortal* are students, and thus under the strict control of the authoritarian professors who are a clear parallel to the bourgeois elite. Just as importantly, we actually witness Ebony consuming her own blood (Gillesbie Ch. 12), much like how the proletariat are able to consume the fruits of their own labors, so long as the capital-owning class does not interfere. Most of the vampires are also bisexual, so we benefit from examining the text through an intersectional lens, where one axis of oppressions meets another and in doing so synthesizes a new coherent revolutionary theory. To further bolster this interpretation, Ebony also attends “a magic school called Hogwarts in England” which shows that she, a member of multiple underclasses (vampires & bisexuals & emos) is oppressed at a literal ivory tower institution in a classically and stereotypically Western country.

Tara Gillesbie portrays and critiques this oppressive bourgeois attitude in multiple places throughout the story. It’s most common in the elitist Professors who attempt to unfairly police and control the actions of their proletariat students. One of the most iconic examples of this authoritarian and draconian control occurs in chapter WHICH. After Ebony and Draco engage in coitus in the Forbidden Forest, Dumbledore interrupts and proclaims “WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU MOTHERFUKERS!” (Gillesbie Ch. 4). We’ve already established that the professors, and thus Dumbledore himself, are the bourgeois elite, so we come across an internal contradiction: all of Hogwarts, Hogsmeade, and the Forbidden Forest are under the control of Dumbledore, and yet all he can do, in the midst of Ebony’s rising orgasm, is impotently demand to know what they are doing (one would expect that be obvious, of course). Besides being a masterstroke in writing, building suspense at the conclusion of chapter 4 that is resolved in the teacher’s meeting in chapter 5, it also cleverly insinuates that neoliberal economics, the prime mode of analysis of fascists like Dumbledore, is inadequate at predicting the unrest and revolution of the working class. Draco and Ebony have connected to one another after the concert in Hogsmeade, once “he put his thingie into my you-know-what and we did it for the first time” (Gillesbie Ch. 4). They break the rules by finding a secluded spot in the Forbidden Forest and, ahem, organizing their collective union, and Dumbledore is too late to do anything about it.

In contrast to the Professors’ bourgeois desires for authoritarian control and restricted autonomy, the proletariat students embrace free, uncensored speech and articulate themselves in truly authentic terms. One example of their liberated expression occurs when

Draco gets upset at Vampire: “You fucking bastard!” yelled Draco at Vampire. “I want to shit next to her!1” (Gillesbie Ch. 23). I’d like to unpack this line in particular, as I feel that scholars often misinterpret it, and that its true meaning is emblematic of the deeper themes present throughout the story. People (who are incorrect) think that this is a misspelling. Truly, this interpretation is a gross misreading of the text and shows a lack of faith in the author. Capitalism, always one to turn genuine emotional connection into materialistic consumptions of capital, tries to pervert love, whether romantic, platonic, or sexual, into a mere exchanging of goods and services or an emotional tit-for-tat. Thus, when Draco tells Vampire that he “want[s] to shit next to her!1”, he is offering a true and authentic expression of love as opposed to the trite, cliché ones expressed under capitalism. And the word “bastard” is a similarly unconventional way to express his anger that transcends the norms of Capitalistic expression.

I would be remiss in not discussing Voldemort, the main antagonist and final love interest of *My Immortal*. In most of the concerts in Hogsmeade, Voldemort shows up randomly and accomplishes very little. This is not a mistake, for Voldemort represents the spectre of Capitalism that looms large over everyone in society and is deeply responsible for all aspects of life, from racism to my 8pm bedtime. His lack of overt threat does not imply that he does not have a negative impact on everyone in the story, although he is a truly terrifying figure to witness: “Then..... he started coming! We could hear his high heels clacking to us.” (Gillesbie Ch. 14).

Later in the story, Ebony gets a ‘tim machine’ and goes back in time to seduce Voldemort, nee Tom Satan Bombadil. The transition from innocent goth (aka communist) Tom Bombadil to the Capitalist Voldemort is symbolic of how Capitalism ultimately warps and corrupts the things it touches, twisting them into monstrous versions of their former selves. Voldemort’s character arc is also a clever parallel to the historical development of capitalism where it developed as a response to the class tensions in feudalism, seemingly a benign force against the despotism of the nobility. However, traces of its corruptive nature are present even its inception, as in conversations with Ebony Tom reveals he knows more than he should about the future: “yeah that’s what they used to call it in these time before it became Hogsmeade in 2000.” he told me all sekrktivly’ (Gillesbie Ch. 32).

This sense of corruption is also illustrated in the author’s notes. Over the course of the story, the author Tara goes from thanking her friend “Raven” for her help to having a falling out with her in the metatextual author’s notes that leads to a temporary breakup of their friendship. Tara Gillesbie’s decision to include this fight in the text of her story as it grew in infamy and popularity is her way of literalizing how greed and fame corrupt and warp friendships. Just as Voldemort is warped by the touch of capitalism, so too are “Tara” and “Raven” in the author’s notes.

In conclusion, the deeper meanings in *My Immortal* can and will be discussed for centuries to come. I’ve only scratched the surface of the intricate and complex meaning present in this work, and I’m excited to see future scholarship in this vein. More than likely, the enigmatic, unappreciated, but deeply brilliant author meant for all this to be read into their art, but most importantly Fuck Off Prepz. Thank you for reading my thesis. Perchance.



The Thying Atop The Hill-Slope

By: C.P. Lovecraft

The following manuscript was found in the A.D. White Library between one book on Gnosticism and another on repressed homosexual tendencies. It did not have a serial number attaching it to the library's database, and no records of such an expedition were ever discovered. Fiction, or fact? Bro, you tell me. I think Twitter screenshots are valid proof.v

This land seems barren. It is constantly covered in a thick fog, piled with black ice, and we have seldom seen the sun since we arrived yesterday. I would never set up an institute of higher learning or two here.

Brunswick has managed to make contact with a native tribe. They were exceptionally generous, showing us places to find clean water and food, the fools. However, they insisted that we not climb a certain hill to our northwest, claiming it was inhabited by demons. They told us fanciful tales of jewels emitting toxic hazes, houses of beasts, and an evil spirit they only referred to in hushed whispers as "Marfapolak". Naturally, as a learned scholar, I brushed these superstitions aside. Perhaps they are hiding their valuables there.

Excerpt 1/7

Provocative PowerPoints for the Perfect Pitch: A Practical Approach for the Prudent Student

By: Chase Testwuide '23

Are you struggling to create a presentation that POPS when your main source of information is a Prezi you found on google that was made by a fifth grader? Whether you're looking to land the perfect grade, or break into a career working as a Big 4 consultant, this guide is your one stop shop to make that PowerPointussy throb!

Getting In the Right Mindset

- With a compelling PowerPoint you can:
 - gaslight your friends and family
 - get the grade you *want*, not the one you deserve
 - convince your friends (and yourself) that getting breastfed well into middle school was normal
 - persuade your Tinder match to
 - let you hit it raw, AND
 - pay for Plan B with her own money



Keys to a Persuasive PowerPoint

- Be concise
- fewer words = less work = more time to watch furry porn
- don't include your sources of information
 - assume everything is common knowledge
 - "why use many word, when few word do trick"



Distract the audience from the lack of information

- ▶ include as many pictures as possible even if they don't relate to the topic
 - ▶ only pussies care about copyright infringement
- ▶ pick a slide theme with homoerotic vibes
 - ▶ Men's "wrestling"
 - ▶ Stepson get rawdogged by DILF
 - ▶ <https://www.pornhub.com/gayporn>
- ▶ add animations and transitions to fascinate viewers and kill time



Fill Blank Space



- use a large, inconsistent font with 3.0 line spacing
- add graphs with made up data and relationships
 - if it's believable, no one will question you
- include clips of irrelevant YouTube videos
- bonus points if they include problematic content

Questions?

- at the end of any good PowerPoint, it's imperative to include a questions slide
- Make sure to never give a straight answer
 - #gayrights
- If the audience asks questions:
 - Fake an emergency
 - claim to be going into labor
 - make small talk
 - Share your recent trip to Scottsdale to visit your imaginary sister
 - act like you went deaf
 - Begin meowing and lick your wiener
 - Sprint away
 - In the adult world, there are no consequences



Thank You!



I opened my satchel of valuables to bedazzle the native chief, but found only a note in what appeared to be Latin. I asked my compatriots and searched their bags, but none of them had done it. I do not suspect any of them, for most with the exception of myself are uneducated brutes, and Brunswick doesn't even know how to read. I set Wolden, our expedition's Latin expert, on the work of translating the note. Could the native peoples know Latin? This is a queer land indeed. We will set out for the hill at dawn.

The sun dips below the mountains. I set my tea kettle over a fire, only to be interrupted by Wolden. "Sir. I have translated the note. It says, 'Your mandatory meal plan has been charged to your bursar account.' What could this mean?" he asked. I admitted I did not

The Thyng Atop The Hill-Slope

know.

Excerpt 2/7

If You Hate Klarman Hall's Architecture, You Suck.

By: E.V. '23

Listen, I don't give a shit about architecture. I care about one thing and one thing only and that's the vibe of a building. I must say, hating the architecture of Klarman Hall is one of the most vile, homophobic things you can do. Say what you will about it being "modernist" or "postmodernist." I don't even know what those words *mean*. All I know is it says "I'm allowed to have sex appeal" in a way that doesn't come out of a repressed, abstinent horniness. Klarman is past that shit. Klarman knows what it wants and Klarman will peg you (given you are both consenting adults).

If you know anything about architecture do *not* tell me I am wrong because I'm right. "What do you like about Klarman?" you ask? It has a fucking dome inside of a dome. Are you shitting in my mouth? That's the hottest thing I've seen since the dad from Wizards of Waverly Place's ass pics. It has an *atrium*, for god's sake, and it's not obnoxious in the way smelly, smelly Duffield is. No no, Klarman is *Pretentious*, not obnoxious. Get it fucking right, you shitwad. It is the one place where cool queer kids can coexist with sratty folk because get this, *everyone* knows they're not gonna get those tables with the outlets! Everyone! This place was designed for equality. And I don't give a flying fuck if you say it ruined the integrity of Goldwin Smith. Guess what's still there, bucko, *Goldwin Smith Hall*! You know who Goldwin Smith Hall was named after?? A piece of shit. And you know who Klarman Hall was named after?? Actually don't google that. Anyway, the dichotomy of walking from one building to another is *literally* the lived experience of bisexuality. If you consider it in terms of the first building being a person who you have absolutely no interest for but is way easy to hook up with because they're a stinky dude, and the other building being a girl who you will *literally* faint if you try to say hi because she is so so pretty and you look like an oyster. Yeah. If you hate their placement together, you fucken suck.

What else do I love about Klarman's architecture, you ask? The way that you just couldn't find your FWS professor's office on the 3rd floor because the floors just sometimes *don't exist*. The building wants us to embrace the confusion, it's telling us to go back downstairs and stare at Michelangelo's cock for 1 hour instead of reading D.H. Lawrence or something. If you'd rather be having raw sex in the moldy Olin Basement than cocking it up under the Temple of Zeus dome, I have news for you buddy, You're Wrong. They designed Klarman for the sole purpose of being hot and serving overpriced soup, and you know what, that soup is the foundation of the building's structural integrity and of my diet. I am tired of the slander. I was *born* and *raised* in Klarman Hall. My first words were "Donut Thursday." Klarman has class. Klarman doesn't need to pretend, because it blends IKEA-chic with replicas of naked bodies, and that's what society needs to come to terms with. Do not fuck with me.

What I'm saying is I think we have to break up.

We awoke to the sight of our campsite littered with strange red objects that had been crushed to pieces. They appeared to be cups, but made of some unknown substance. A thick, hazy cloud that smelled of mango surrounded us.

This was clearly the work of beasts, not men. I demanded that we push on, but urged caution. As we packed up our camp, I elected to relieve myself behind a bush, but was startled to discover a most unusual creature. A feline was standing as a man would, sipping from my kettle. "Halt!" I shouted, and the beast replied.

"Hoo hoo hoo! I am the Tea Cat, the surveyor of this land. If you seek to reach the top of the hill, I can take you there. But I am a fickle creature. I go when I please."

"Will you let us know when you decide to leave, O Tea Cat?"

"Of course. I depart in 4 minutes, precisely."

Four minutes of waiting passed. I asked the Tea Cat. "Are we ready to leave now?"

"No, no. 7 minutes now."

Another 7 minutes passed. Growing frustrated, Brunswick demanded, "Damn it, you beast! Seven minutes have gone by! Shall we leave or not?" It paused. "Two minutes. Actually, right now." The cat scooped us up onto its back, crouched on all fours, and began trudging up the hill.

The Thying Atop The Hill-Slope

Excerpt 3/7

Le Destructeur de Cul Trois Mille

Dr. Himvesszo

From the offices of Fabian de Assenstein

Are you looking to surprise the hedonists in your life this holiday season? Is your Eyes Wide Shut party not exclusive-looking enough? We here at Fabian der Assenstein have the perfect implement to help you out: the Destructeur de Cul Trois Mille. Costing a mere \$25,000, this certified highest quality carnal posterior oscillator/ 'dildo' on the market will certainly make you the envy of all your friends.

Carved from 300 year old veined snakewood, you can just feel the density of this exotic wood when it's lodged deep inside of you. A classic among exotic woods, the material's difficulty in handling only showcases the immense level of care that our craftsmen have put into it.

Embedded in the testes of the dildo are some of our best cut diamonds, emeralds, and garnets, bringing a new meaning to the phrase 'family jewels'. For an additional payment, we will include the certifications for the precious stones, though we regret to inform you that we cannot disclose our sources. They're probably ethically procured, don't worry about it ;).

Obviously, we at Fabian der Assenstein have an illustrious pedigree of craftsmanship. When we first started, we were the ones that sculpted the custom dildos that the Marquis de Sade asked for when incarcerated in the Bastille. Later, we hired Dr. George Taylor, inventor of the first steam-powered toys, to help revolutionize our product lines. Sadly, those didn't pan out, but the experience was edifying (as always, we pay our respects to the beta-testers with third-degree burns). We haven't merely coasted on our earlier successes, naturally, as we've used modern techniques to elevate our traditions. As such, we have laser engraved the phallus with a branching network of veins, turning this tool for play into a work of art.

Continuing on the theme of modern technology, we've inserted a bevy of cameras and sensors all throughout the instrument. Tracking moisture, pressure, and heat, we've ensured that the more data-oriented members of our clientele will be satisfied with all the information we will dutifully report. If you're curious, we also have a leaderboard with some exciting categories, so as to compete with your friends. The brackets include 'most partners in an orgy', 'highest grip strength', and 'any% glitchless'. It even doubles as a health tool, since the camera in the tip allows this to be a more dignified colonoscope for the older gentlemen. Note that all the videos are uploaded directly onto our central server, so make sure to support our cybersecurity team on Patreon, and don't do anything we wouldn't do ;). It's also hooked up to Alexa via Bluetooth, in case you want to involve her and/or Jeff Bezos in the night.

Don't take our word as gospel on this artifice of masculinity (although you should). Hear these testimonials from our satisfied clients:

"UUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhahahahaAAAAAAAAA"

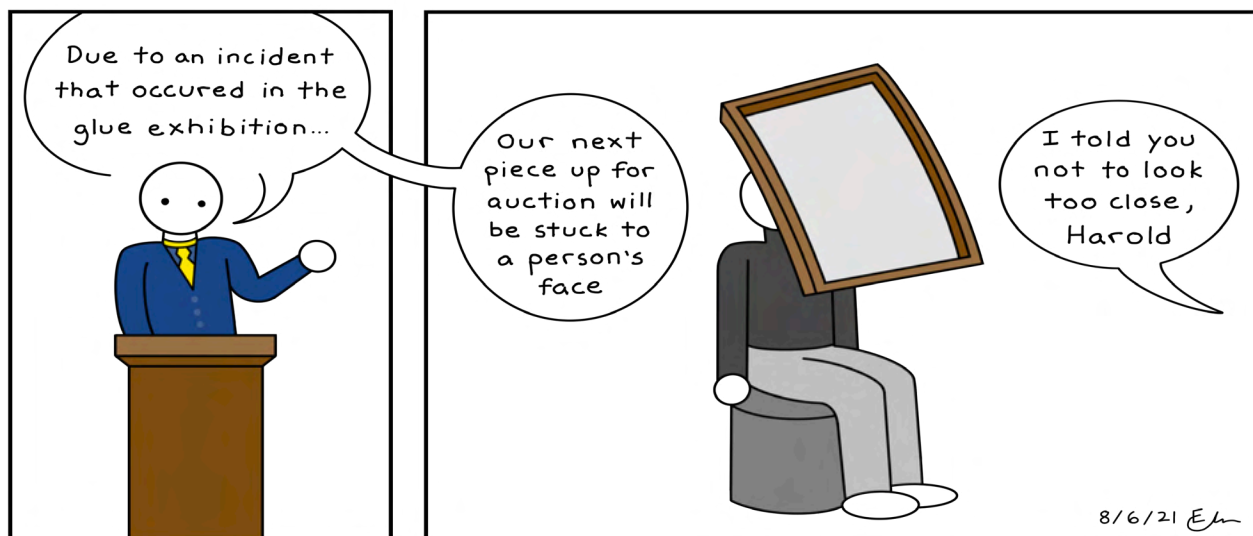
- Bill Clinton

"ZOO WEE MAMMA!!!"

- The Queen of England

"I'm sorry, did you spend our down payment on this shit? Are you fucking kidding --"

- Anonymous, by request





Cornell Pistol-Dueling Club Struggles With Attendance

By: Carlos Po '23

Cornell University is home to some unusual clubs, such as the squirrel watching club, the Yugioh club, and esteemed comedy publication *The Cornell Daily Sun*. Each club comes with its own unique culture, and with that, unique setbacks. A prime example of this is Cornell's very own Pistol-Dueling Club, which, despite interest, often faces membership shortages.

The club's president, Jonathan Wickham, explained the club's recruitment process. "We have all our equipment out at Clubfest for people to see for themselves. We invite people for a session so they can hear what we're all about, let them try to duel a more senior club member so they can see if they want to stick around." Wickham pulled three antique revolvers from his fanny pack, began juggling them, and asked this reporter if he would like a try, to which this reporter respectfully declined.

Wickham gazed wistfully into the distance. "For some reason, we don't really hear from most of them after that. After a long practice last week, only me and [treasurer] Amelia [Giacchonio] showed up to the next meeting."

"It's such a cool club! I'll definitely stop by for practice sometime," said freshman Sarah Zhang while eagerly examining the interior of a gun barrel at the club's Spring Fest table. This reporter was

interrupted by a large group of blue haired students in dark clothes going "Yo, just like Hamilton! Dude, do me first!"

Wickham then changed the topic to the club's recent problems. "It's never been this bad. A lot of people get discouraged after their first loss— so discouraged that they drop off the radar entirely. Sometimes we get people or their siblings coming back to reclaim family honor, and a lot of people show up and deliberately throw duels around finals. Nothing consistent, though."

The club is in dire economic straits as well. Most of the club's funding goes to antique appraisers and lawyers. "I just wish more people knew what our club was all about. We're like a family. Here at Pistol-Dueling Club, it doesn't matter what your race, gender identity, or sexual orientation is, everyone is welcome as long as you're willing to give it a shot."

"If you have any more questions, feel free to message me on Slack," Wickham said, loading a flintlock with powder and shot. "Now if you'll excuse me, we're currently in the middle of elections."

This reporter has since reached out to the EBoard but has received no response.

A FRAT GUY'S GUIDE TO A FANCY DINNER

By: Anonymous

So you have guests coming over and you want to impress them, but you don't know where to start. Maybe it's parents' weekend, or maybe your girlfriend is coming over, but you think your poster of *Pulp Fiction* and your cups of instant ramen aren't going to cut it. And you'd be right.

But luckily, you've come to the right place—I'm here to help you with a proper guide to hosting your own fancy dinner—even if the fanciest thing you've hosted was your champagne and shackles date night. And no. Champagne did not make your sticky basement fancy. It just made it stickier.

1. *Decoration*

Now, let's start with your room. I know you've spent four days, three fights with your roommate, and about \$2,500 cash on creating your "man cave," but whatever room you're hosting in needs to be properly pampered before your guests arrive. I suggest cleaning out the empty beer bottles, putting up some interesting art, and covering your pong table in a blanket or something—no, I know painting the Betsy Ross flag on your table took a long time, and I guess that's... technically... art... but that doesn't count. Cover it.

2. *Food*

Now time to focus on the meal: always start with a cheese board—the only way to truly tell how fancy a meal is. Cheeses may include brie, swiss... oh, you bought presliced American cheese from the deli? That works, I guess. As long as you have nicely cut meats like prosciutto, or smoked salmon—or a completely unsliced sausage the size of your forearm. Yeah, that works too. Other fancy foods include grapes (the more variety the better) and wine (expensive means good). But dqwon't blow your whole budget on the wine or you'll be left with only enough money for a single slice of pizza per guest. Which, that wouldn't happen, would it?



3. *Ambiance*

And now, all you have left to do is set the ambiance. The table should be nicely set by the time your guests arrive, even if all you could afford were paper plates paired with your mom's wine glasses. In terms of music, remember that your guests won't truly believe it's fancy unless you play Frank Sinatra, even if it's interspersed with random songs by Kid Cudi and—you're not playing Mo Bamba, are you? And please refrain from having your guests sign the pong table they're eating their single slice of pizza and grapes on—god, are you—are you setting up a game of wine pong? *This night has to end.*

Well, if you at least halfheartedly followed these steps, it'll sort of be clear you tried. And that's all you could really hope for. May your parents fund your future dinners and may your girlfriend fuck you for the effort <3—that's all this was ever for, after all.

THE PITBULL HYPOTHESIS

By: M.B. '24

Armando Christian Pérez, known affectionately as Pitbull, is a top-tier rapper known for hits like “Give Me Everything” and “On the Floor”. He is beloved by millennials and zoomers alike, and many use his music as an escape from the hellscape that is the early 2020s to the other hellscape that was the early 2010s. You know, the good years, middle school.

However, are we just looking at those years with rose-tinted glasses? Or were they actually better, and were they better because of Mr. Worldwide himself?

Thus, here is my hypothesis: you can determine whether a year was good or bad based on whether or not Pitbull had a Top 40 hit song without Lil Jon.

Don't believe me? Let's follow the timeline. ¡Dale!

Before 2009, Pitbull did not have a hit without Lil Jon's help. What also happened then? The Iraq War. Also, there was a financial crisis.

2009: Pitbull had “Calle Ocho” (#2) and “Hotel Room Service” (#8). Obama was inaugurated in 2009, and Glee became a thing. Thank you, Pitbull.

2010: Pitbull scored hits with “Drop it to the Floor” (#7), “I Like It” (#4), and “DJ Got Us Fallin in Love” (#4). In 2010, the Olympic Games happened, which introduced me to the best iteration of Mario and Sonic at the Olympic Games. This was also when I stole received my first set of Silly Bandz, which sparked a long unhealthy obsession with glow-in-the-dark bracelets. Thank you, Pitbull.

2011: Pitbull got his first #1 hit with “Give Me Everything.” He also had “Rain Over Me” (#30), “International Love” (#13), and “On the Floor” (#3). 2011 did give us everything we wanted in the form of Minecraft. Also, the “Don't Ask, Don't Tell” policy ended. Thank you Pitbull.

2012: His hits this year were “Back in Time” (#11) “Don't Stop the Party” (#17), and “Dance Again” (#17). You know what was also a hit? Gangnam Style. The Olympics also happened this year (again). Thank you, Pitbull.

2013: Pitbull had his second #1 hit with “Timber,” his magnum opus. 2013 was iconic. Important events included the inauguration of Pope Francis and the yassification of Miley Cyrus. Also, twerking. Thank you, Pitbull.

2014: Pitbull's one and only hit from this year was “Time of Our Lives” (#9). But that's ok, because we had a kumbaya moment with the Ice Bucket challenge. 2014 was also the year when YA movies were everywhere. If you didn't cry during The Fault in Our Stars, yeah you did, you liar. Thank you, Pitbull.

2015: Pitbull's last Top 40 hit: Fun (#40). It was appropriately named because 2015 was the last fun year before all hell broke loose. Hamilton became huge. Adele said “Hello <3” and then dipped for another 6 years. Our biggest worry was whether a certain dress was black and blue or white and gold. But most importantly, Left Shark. Thank you, Pitbull.

2016: The first year in which Pitbull did not have a Top 40 hit. It was also the year in which everyone agrees that everything went to shit. Harambe died, Trump got elected, and Zika virus outbreaks were everywhere. It was also an Olympic year, but everyone was too sad to care. And One Direction split. :(

2017: Pitbull had no Top 40 hit. This was just a bad year. It was the year Kendall Jenner solved racism with a Pepsi can. Fidget spinners became a thing that we had to deal with. Ed Sheeran was on Game of Thrones for who knows why. Also, Club Penguin shut down, right as I was putting a dance floor in my treehouse igloo. Come back, Pitbull.

2018: Pitbull had no Top 40 hit. Just when you thought it couldn't get worse. We got a false missile threat in Hawaii, people discovering the nutritional value of Tide Pods, Jake Paul filming a dead body, the Kavanaugh hearing, Steven Hawking dying, and Toys R Us closing. But worst of all, one day I tried to silently pass a fart in class and ended up ripping a loud one that lasted for three seconds. It was Taco Day. Pain.

Going on would be overkill (and would make me sad), but the evidence is all there. If there is a takeaway, it's this: give Pitbull another top 40 hit and the universe will correct itself like a chiropractic adjustment.

From Sugar Daddies to Stevia Daddies: Adjusting Your “Bag Chase” to fit the Sorority Diet

By: Olay Ajayi '23

Rejected yet again by another tinder beau?

I've been there, sister. It's hard to accept that you've been dismissed by a man who willingly poses with dead fish in a photo. Fear not, though, I have the perfect guide to get you into those shit streaked drawers. The issue is not that his personality is as dry as sandpaper, it's that you haven't unlocked your potential as a woman.

In other words, you haven't achieved the neoteny necessary to attract a man. Thoughtless, hairless, and weightless— without these traits, you can't amount to anything! I mean, how else are you meant to be the best woman possible for the upstanding mediocre men of Cornell— of the world?!

It's time to step up your game girl. No longer can you indulge your 60 year old Sugar Daddies™ from Beverly Hills when they invite you to their annual hibachi retreat, nor can you enjoy your all expenses paid hot girl summer in Bali; you need some discipline! From the wise words of our lord and savior Yolanda Hadid: “if you're feeling hungry, just nibble on one almond per day.”

It all sounds daunting— I'm sure—but fret not, I've got the perfect recipe to revamp your regimen:

1. Shutting your mouth

Hear me out, sister. An entire month of silence, not even a moment of opening your mouth to cough, will do you some good. It's a given that you won't be ingesting any sort of sustenance at all during this time, but an added bonus is that you'll draw the eyes of those wonderful men who want nothing more than a girl whose mouth is sewed shut like one of those inanimate dolls from Coraline. It's a win-win— well, only if you're able to reconcile with the fact that you'll be reduced to nothing but an object, but let's face it, that's the experience of your everyday life!

2. Eat like a Cow (Grass)

Being honest with yourself, you must admit you already do this one. It's why you're reading this in the first place. But instead of the usual stuffing your face, I mean actually eat like a cow— as in eat pure grass. Embrace your inner (and quite frankly, outer, as well) cattle and consume nothing but grass for the rest of your life. You'll face intestinal blockage and malnutrition, but those are small prices to pay for the stick-thin figure you'll be rocking in no time!

3. Good ole tapeworms

Look, I know how it sounds: dangerous, deadly, completely misadvised by every doctor to ever breathe, but I've got you sister. Get yourself a hearty serving of tapeworms, easily accessible via the dark web or by grazing some grass like the cow you are. You can eat those little lifesavers cold turkey or throw a dash of salt on them— only a dash, don't be a glutton— and then let them do their work. They'll taste horrible, but just think how in a few days, after writhing in pain and staring death in the face, you'll have reached all your goals.

4. Cocaine

Coke is just Gatorade with a little bit of added spice in powder form. The risks are minimal, of course, potential addiction, death, hair loss etc. but the rewards are boundless! Honestly, it's no more dangerous than your average tylenol dose, trust me, I'm basically a pro at it. You'll be on the highest cloud of your life while also achieving all your fitness goals.

5. The Full-of-Shit™ Diet

This one is a test of how dedicated you are to being a sister. It sounds exactly as disgusting as it is, but it's the answer. Shit has all the nutrients you need to survive. You're basically just recycling what the world has given to you. It's already been digested by your body, so there's no caloric detriment to you. Think 2 girls one cup— that was iconic, and so you will be too if you get through this one. If pigeons can survive off of it, so can you. Just close your eyes and pretend it's potatoes. Like we tell everyone who's mildly inconvenienced us, go eat shit.

All in all, any of these foolproof methods will have you looking like a new woman in a matter of days. It's time to amp up your laxative game, put on your lululemon and get your ass up for Saturday morning runs.

It's time to nut up if you want that nut, sister. XoXo

'Starships' by Nicki Minaj is a Critique of Colonialism

Ten years ago, in the year of our lord 2012, our GENEROUS QUEEN Nicki Minaj dropped her magnum opus, 'Starships'. Since its release, it has become the soundtrack of many parties, ragers, and clubs. However, under its bright and fun pop presentation, Queen Nicki has masterfully crafted a conscious rap anthem of a generation. Under the guise of an upbeat dance bop, 'Starships' scathingly critiques the harrowing process of European colonialism.

Uh, let's go to the beach, each

Let's go get a wave

The first lyric reflects the colonizers' justification for exploration. Many explorers traveled the world not only for the thrill of exploration but also out of dissatisfaction with their home country. However, exploration is a slippery slope before the emergence of empires and subjugation. Nicki establishes the events that occur before colonies are even established.

They say, what they gonna say?

Here, Nicki shows the empires' disregard for the concerns and thoughts of the indigenous populations they subjugate. Oftentimes, these peoples are forced to the bottom of the newly established colonial social order.

Have a drink, clink, found the Bud Light

Bud Light is *obviously* a metaphor for natural resources. Historically, empires have conquered territories in order to gain access to sought-after resources. Diamonds, spices, sugar cane, to name a few. As a result, colonies are established to exploit the region's resources to the very last drop.

Bad bitches like me is hard to come by

Nicki satirizes the racist beliefs of the colonizers. Citizens of empires believe they are superior to the people they subjugate in the name of exceptionalism. Case in point, the colonization of the world by European colonial powers led to the belief of eurocentric superiority. Nicki mockingly echoes this belief back towards the racist colonizers.

The Patrón-ón? Let's go get it on

The zone-one? Yes, I'm in the zone

Is it two, three? Leave a good tip

I'mma blow all of my money and don't give two shits

I'm on the floor, floor

I love to dance

So give me more, more, 'til I can't stand

This excerpt refers to the reckless attitudes of colonizers as they drain colonies of natural resources. Thus, Nicki brings forth a dichotomy between the lifestyles of the lavish colonizers and the subjugated indigenous populations. The upbeat pop instrumental works in these lyrics' favor, as it signifies the hedonistic mindset of the colonizers.

Get on the floor, floor

Like it's your last chance

If you want more, more

Then here I am

Nicki makes another genius historical allusion: The Scramble for Africa, in which European powers fought each other to colonize African regions for power and natural resources. The aforementioned floor could mean a dance floor, but it also refers to the African continent. Given how fast this era of colonization was, Nicki Minaj takes on the point of view of a European empire taunting other empires to conquer land before she does.

Starships were meant to fly
Hands up and touch the sky
Can't stop 'cause we're so high
Let's do this one more time, oh
Starships were meant to fly
Hands up and touch the sky
Let's do this one last time

Can't stop (we're higher than a motherfucker)

Starships refer to the ships the Europeans used to explore and colonize the world. The repeated motifs of flying and touching the sky refer to the concept of manifest destiny; the Western imperial powers believed that their conquests were fated.

Jump in my hoopty-hoopty-hoop, I own that

Nicki tackles the concept of cultural appropriation. She specifically references the tradition of Native American hoop dances, though she knows her audience would initially think of hula-hooping. Colonizers repackage the traditions of subjugated cultures for their own benefit. Since the European empires are more dominant than the peoples they are borrowing from, they end up disempowering the originators of these traditions and take the credit themselves. Without understanding the culture being used, European colonizers have turned it into a parody of itself.

And I ain't payin' my rent this month, I owe that

The colonists know that they are only guests on other people's land and that they don't really belong there, but they still refuse to "pay rent". Deep down, they know they are indebted to their subjects, but it's easier to pretend that the colonial subjects aren't worth listening to.

But fuck who you want, and fuck who you like
Dancehall life, there's no end in sight

It's about pillaging. Nonstop pillaging. Shocker.

Twinkle, twinkle little star

Perhaps the deepest bar Nicki Minaj spits in this song. She takes a break from the intensity of her previous lyrics to zoom out into the universe. Nicki makes the point that from the view of the stars, we're just specks on a rock floating in space. Despite the real atrocities and injustices caused by colonialism, the universe doesn't care.

Now everybody let me hear you say ray, ray, ray
Now spend all your money, 'cause today payday
And if you're a G, you a G-G-G
My name is Onika, you can call me Nicki

Nicki saying that her name is Onika but to call her Nicki reflects the practice of changing one's name to assimilate within European culture. The main reason for this is to make it easier for everyone else in European society to pronounce. However, the cost of doing so is that one's previous heritage and traditions may succumb to the cultural hegemony brought upon by the ruling class.

The repetition of the chorus for the rest of the song symbolizes the repeating cycle of subjugation that occurred for centuries among the European empires. The volume and intensity of the song also changes as the song progresses. Nicki uses dynamics to warn that colonialism will always be present in some way, even as it rises and falls. The loud ending of the song is Nicki preemptively warning us about the possible rise of colonialism in the future.

In conclusion, Nicki Minaj has succeeded in condensing such nuanced and cerebral subject matter into a digestible, banger pop song. She is our generation's Bob Dylan. Stream 'Starships' if you're truly woke.

By: Micki Binaj, Barbz University PhD Candidate

Top 10 Soul-Melting Tea Blends

By: Aroob Jalil '24

Beloved reader,

HA! You've fallen straight into my trap! If you thought this article was about "relaxing" tea blends, I'm afraid you're severely mistaken.

I present myself here, today, to talk about one of society's many recurring shortcomings: the inability to move forward. Like any other "young" individual, I too have an appreciation for old things, like iPods and cronuts. However, a line must be drawn.

Recently, I was invited to attend an interview of sorts for a club I had yearned to join since my first cup of chai tea at Cafe Jennie. Specifically, the club was called 'Tea Time', which was presumed to be an establishment in which refined individuals came together over a shared activity: tea drinking. In recent times, drinking tea has become more adventurous: more people are beginning to use tea as a staple for serious, professional conversation, rather than just for relaxation or "sleep". Many members of my parents' generation believe that tea should be enjoyed in casual attire (ex: pajamas), used as a way to "decompress" after a "long" day, or to "destress" in today's "tense" climate, so they say. However, everyone with common sense has come to realize that tea is so much more than a leisurely beverage; it is a great way to impress and induce your peers. Tea is sophisticated, tea is elegant; tea should not be defined solely as old people juice (unless those old people are drinking tea with pinkies out and are successfully wooing their elite pals). Alas, dear readers, we are all victims of our own assumptions: you with the title of this article, and myself with Tea Time's moral grounds.

Tea Time had requested casual attire, the first red flag. Being a descendant of this century, I felt inclined to accommodate; my wardrobe, however, much like other things built in the 1900s, refused to obey.

The night before the interview, I removed all casual clothes from my closet: 2 red and white Cornell socks. Expectedly, this motion resulted in minutes of full body cringing. I was left with two options: eat or be eaten. I decided to eat, because I was famished, and because I needed a break from all the physical exertion.

At 2:47 am, I received a notification from the club regarding a location change. Red flag #2. I received neither a follow-up email explaining the improper timing of this email nor a pre-email email explaining that I should be expecting an ill-timed email. Inconsistencies galore!

In the morning, with the energy of 14 year olds getting ready for a Harry Styles concert, I put the socks on. Altogether, I was wearing a navy suit with leather loafers. Was this casual? In my eyes, and therefore everyone else's, yes. Realistically, no, this was not casual. But I had wanted to play it safe: in one way, I was wearing some casual attire. In another way, just in case this was a test to see if I was truly a cultured tea enthusiast, I would easily pass.



It was a warm March day, so I took the bus, thinking it would take my mind off the ridiculous fashion of the past strapped onto my lower limbs. It did not. I received another notification: the interview would be informal (red flag #3). When an organization claims to have "informal" interviews, it really means that they have nothing planned and simply want to confirm your existence. If truly were to be the glorious club I had thought it to be, I would be receiving fingerprinting cards, background screening, an exam in etiquette. And if my perceptions hadn't been so muddled from the cursed socks, perhaps I would have noticed this. Perhaps I would have seen a way out of this madness. Sadly, I did not, and quickly became victim to intense dizziness and some heart palpitations here and there. My hopes had begun to sink lower and lower, for perhaps this club was not the fine establishment I had envisioned it to be. There was little holding me back from propelling out of the bus window, given the Ithacan terrain and lack of seatbelts, and my increasing uneasiness towards Tea Time.

I arrived at the location of my undoing: Uris Hall. The rooms lack windows and therefore no glass and therefore nothing that even hinted at some sense of sophistication (red). The members of the club greeted me with zero handshakes (crimson flag #5), zero business cards (vermillion flag #6), and zero "take a seat"s followed by gestures towards a chair (rosso corsa flag #7). At this, I finally (noticeably) reached my boiling point. The members brought me green tea, in a green mug labeled "Ithaca is GORGES", to calm my nerves.

I knew I had to get out, after all 7 red flags is 6 more than there really ever needs to be. I raced to the door, quickly serving handshakes and tips-of-my-invisible-but-present-in-spirit-top-hat; "I bid you all farewell, for I must leave before my deepest and unholy of wraths

is unleashed upon you all!” And I fly through the doors of Uris, straight to Okenshields to find an open stove on which to burn my cursed Cornell socks.

It is through this horrid, vulgar, detestable, abhorrent, traumatizing, experience in which I have realized that at the end of the day, we are all tea leaves, struggling to leave our kettles. No matter how many times the kettles are rinsed out, there will always be some leaves that remain. Although this is a universal truth, it is time to make way for a multi-universal truth: this is not okay. Old tea leaves cannot make delicious tea.

Note to the dearest of readers: for your unwavering patience, I present my most prized piece of advice: tea, although deliciously steadying, is a social, regal event, and should not be used for “soul-melting”. Instead try Xanax; the elegant, more refined way of dimming the lights at the end of a glorious day.

Bukakke Sessions: Elevating your Slugging Skincare Routine

Skincare is the foundation of human existence.

Love, success, money, altruism— they all fail to meet the importance of your skincare routine.

There’s been a number of theories on the best skincare product: yogurt face masks, microdosing acids, fermented exfoliators, etc. But I’ve come up with a new method, one that’ll satiate all parts of your desires while giving you the silkiest, slimiest, glossiest looking skin.

Cum facials.

You read that correctly. That glassy translucent beautiful sauce has been the secret this entire time. It turns out those pornstars in Cum Guzzlers 5 were on to something. That nectar is the key to unlocking the secrets of life that only a select few of the enlightened have experienced, and now you can too.

All you’ll need is a jug of fresh warm semen. Obviously, if you’re at Cornell, you’re not going to be getting it from sex. But no worries, It should be readily available via your local sperm bank or the unwashed male CS sophomore sitting in the corner of Duffield— be warned, however, that option 2 runs the risk of an added touch of smegma clumps to your serum.

Once you’ve obtained your sludge, it’s time to start slugging!

Start by prepping your skin: exfoliate those dead skin cells to create the optimal canvas for this upcoming paint job. Go right on ahead and use your everyday cleanser— I personally like to use the travel sized bottle of Olay body wash that I stole from a hotel many months ago. You might want to do this over your sink, lest you get that sweet smell of battery acid man-goop all up in your \$20 carpet.

Once you’ve cleansed that mediocre face of yours, it’s time to run through your toner and oils— you should go light with these ones, because up next there’s a jar of swimmers you’re about to bless your skin with.

Now for the fun part: grab that jar of spunk and lather it on your face.

Aim for a generous coat of the secretion, there’s no such thing as excess amounts with this sludge, you want it to drip off of your face like a waterslide. It should spread like mayo on a nice bed of warm toast. Ignore the bleach-like smell, and if it gets in your eyes it’ll burn like hell, but keep pushing on: these are all signs that it’s working.

After you’ve applied it, you should let it sit for a good while. Like you do in class, allow for passive absorption of the gunk. You can take a nap or even sleep for the night while that baby-making juice soaks in your pores. When you wake up in the morning, you’ll no doubt feel rejuvenated, and some of it will be stuck in your eyelashes, but it’ll be worth it.

You can take it a step further and allow it to sit on your face for the entire day, but be warned, it’ll smell rancid by then. However, that’s physical proof that you’ve reached peak skincare status.

Be sure to repeat 8 times weekly for maximum results, or until you yourself revert back to being a semen seedling.

Enjoy your brand new skin!

By: C. Meñin

Who Said Chivalry Was Dead?

The Proper Etiquette for Emotional Manipulation

By: Anonymous

Gentlemen, as you know, there comes a time when courting a lady through flirtation is simply not enough. You've tried it all: the box of chocolates, the off-key serenade, the *magic tricks* (how didn't that work?). But be it her personality isn't compatible with yours, or she isn't blind, there are countless reasons your previous attempts may have absolutely and utterly abracadabra-failed.

My friend, fear not, for all (except maybe your dignity) is not lost. In this guide, I'll walk you through the proper etiquette to emotionally manipulate a woman into realizing just how much she loves you—because trust me, she does—you just have to find the way to get it out of her. You know, without the “is this your card?” this time.

1. *The Pregame*

Emotional manipulation takes planning. You can't simply take a woman out on a date, be awful, and expect her to fall in love (though that's certainly an option). To follow proper etiquette, one must first set the stage. NOT the stage for magic tricks, Jesus Christ. Here are some tips:

- When the two of you are alone, pull out all of the stops:
 - Listen to her (even though what she's talking about is never important),
 - Ask her questions (even though you would much rather talk about yourself and your obscure music taste — did you know Tame Impala is just one guy?),
 - Overall, try your best to seem interested in her while hiding your obsession as much as possible (this is not the time to start showing her the doll you made out of the loose hair from her brush).
- But of course, when others are around, the exact opposite applies:
 - Don't talk to her. When she asks a question, just stare. Don't answer. Never answer. This way she starts to question whether or not she's even there. Existentialism is your friend, gentleman. (Bonus points if she starts to cry).
 - Talk to other girls. In fact, if she starts talking to you, turn away and find literally any other woman to talk to instead. Who knows? Maybe you'll hit it off with an 84-year-old woman.
 - Overall, just make it clear you are Not Interested in her. Or are you? Is he? SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME IF HE'S INTERESTED IN ME.

2. *The Dates*

Now that she has no fucking idea whether or not you're into her, she's exactly where we want her—purgatory. And in proper purgatory fashion, it's now time for a date.

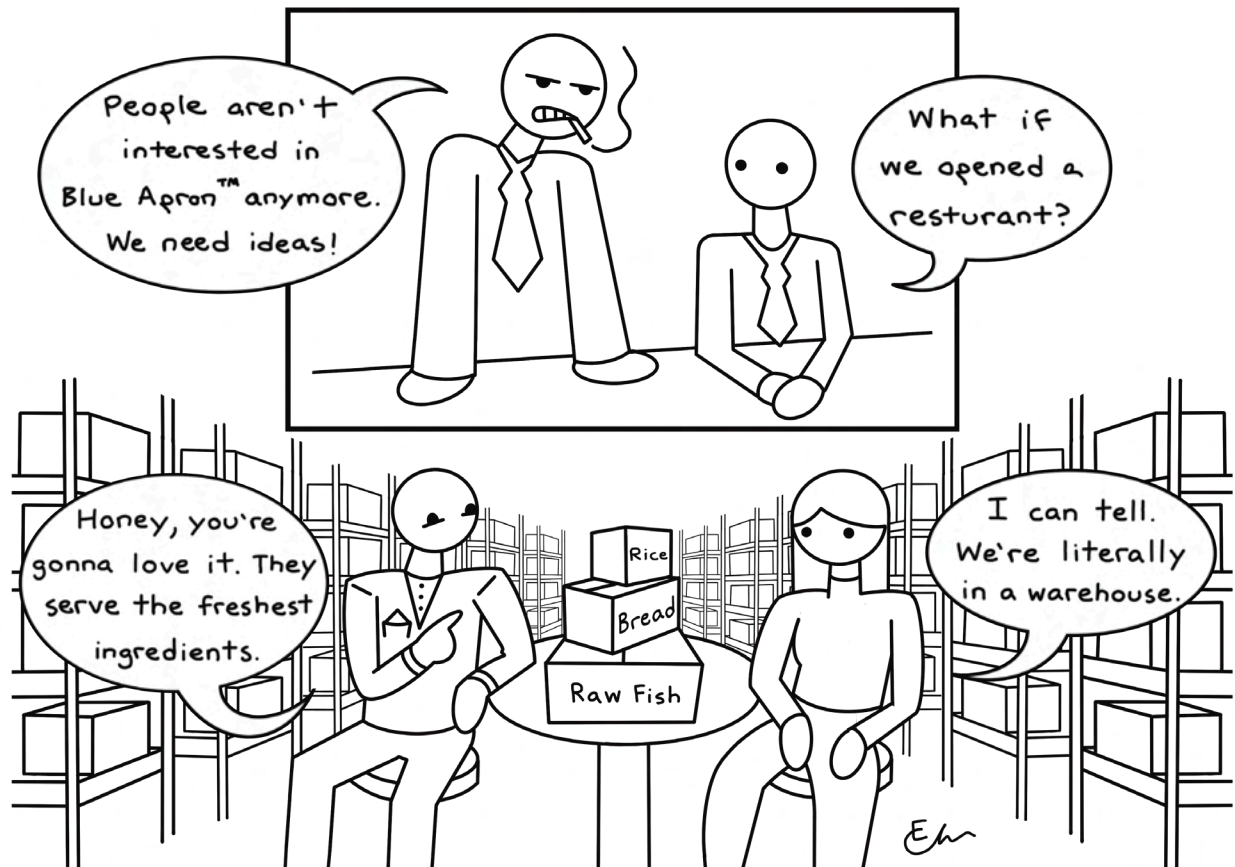
- If she hasn't already texted you for some reason, take your time setting up the date. Wait at least two to five business days to reply to each of her texts. This way she'll never know whether or not you even want one in the first place.
- Always refer to the date as “hanging out,” and take her to the least romantic spots you can find. Target and CVS are always great options. As a bonus, you're in a great place to buy a condom for later. Just make sure she's the one paying, it's feminism.
- Trauma dump. This will humanize you and force her to feel empathetic for you. Don't have trauma? Just make something up. Or talk about how sad you get after your drug crashes. And if her shirt doesn't come off immediately, it's okay to start crying. She'll think it's because of the trauma.
- Once the date is over, again, don't you dare pay for her. That would make this a real date. Which this isn't. Or is it? SOMEONE, PLEASE TELL ME IF THIS WAS A DATE.

3. The Aftercare

So now she's confused, and probably thinks she's in love. But don't get too comfortable now, we have to keep this up. As the "relationship" progresses:

- Don't text her sober. If you must, insert typos into your texts so she doesn't know whether you're *actually* into her.
- Tell her everything you love *about* her. This can include things like her sense of humor, her style, or you can just say what we're all thinking: her ass. Just don't tell her you love *her*. Only her cheeks.
- And finally, just be yourself. Because after you've done all this, you're probably a *bad* gentleman enough person to keep this relationship up forever. Right? Relationship? That's what this is? SOMEONE, ANYONE, PLEASE TELL ME IF THIS IS A RELATIONSHIP.

And there you have it! Chivalry isn't dead! If you follow this proper etiquette, you'll be able to pull any girl you'd like. She might have been manipulated into it, hell, she might even hate you, but there's no denying that she'll be in love.



The Tea Cat exhaled loudly as it lowered us to the ground. It bid us farewell and continued on its arcane route. We were left to explore this strange land, Wolden and I making portraits and taking measurements as Brunswick stumbled around, looking for a stream and chasing the same mango scent we had whiffed earlier. Soon, night came. We decided it would be easiest to find a structure to spend the night in, though most doors were locked. Wolden called out to us. "Hé! I have found an unlocked door! Find the house marked by the 3 letters in the Greek script. Surely, enlightened men inhabit this building."

We creaked the door open and happened upon a most queer nest of evil. The floor was strewn with the mysterious cups, bodies lay on the staircase, and the smell of mango was being slowly replaced by that of vomit. Gagging, I lit up a lantern and heard a horrible howl of "let's fucking GOOOOO!!!!" echo from the darkness. A horde of hairy man-beasts dressed in Roman wear fell from the chandelier and began to lurch towards us. One extended a red cup to us and, with much difficulty, vocalized, "bro, try this, it doesn't even taste like alcohol." Brunswick, by now parched, grabbed and drank the cup, despite my protestations. He staggered forwards and died instantly.

The Thying Atop The Hill-Slope

Excerpt 4/7

How to Host the Perfect High Tea for Royalty

By: Parker Piccolo Hill '25

(Please read in a British accent... if the Lunatic could afford it one of those buttons they put in cards that reads it aloud would be provided. Sadly, we are rather poor.)

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a Queen in possession of a country, must be in want of a good ganja gathering. The British are tremendous fans of high tea, mostly owing to their Queen's advocacy for the Devil's Lettuce. Yet the long tradition of drinking a cuppa and passing a joint over cucumber sandwiches has been around since the 1700s. (In fact, lace patterns from child laborers working in factories are often seen to be influenced by cannabis. Along with Bucks Point and English Midland styles of lace making, there was also the highly popular Puff Puff Pass pattern, involving a difficult smoke cloud and five-pronged leaf pattern.)

There are actually just as many rules for hosting a royal smoke as there are for a royal wedding! But if you are to host a good High Tea, it's best to remember the most important ones.

1. The actual act of smoking the marijuana must never be explicitly mentioned.

This would be obscene. To smoke is gentlemanly, but to be discussing smoking is equivalent to shagging a prostitute in the middle of Parliament. If you're caught talking up a cannabis collective, you'll be guillotined. (Sometimes the French have good ideas.)

2. Hats are mandatory!

The bigger the better. This is also the theory of many English dentists.

3. The tea must also be infused.

Bits of weed floating in your cuppa add to the aesthetics, and instead of reading tea leaves for your future, good old Mary Jane tells you who you'll marry in 50 years. Plus, the Queen enjoys a secondary high. The night is young, although she is not.

4. Utter secrecy.

The last time things got out about High Tea, a rather unflattering picture of the Queen, looking as if she had pink eye wearing nothing but a dog collar and the flag of England as a thong, and feeding the Prime Minister egg tarts on top of Big Ben was released in many major press institutions. They were all executed and since then there has been no new scandal. Her Majesty knows how to handle herself.

Enjoy your high tea escapades ;)

FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OF ONLINE CLASSES



Grad Student Parties

By: The Soulful Kinophile

If you haven't been to one you haven't lived.

I pity my fellow underclassmen. They think parties are for debauchery, a kind of streamlined hedonism: get drunk and make out. Efficiency seems to be a key aspect of this dynamic: use the cheapest alcohol one can find, for we are broke college students in Canada Goose Jackets, and make conversation as brainlessly as possible. I have seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by Everclear, starving, laughing hysterically while a freshman straight out of a 19th century Psychological European Novel makes a joke about his buddies in discord. A sight to behold. A sight of despair.

I could not take it. I would not take it. I knew there must be some alternative, from hope if not from history. I walked out from a basement that would've failed a building inspection in all 50 states, in a dark and pensive mood. This is a crisis.

The sound of horns and a shimmering violin cut through my late-night melancholia. I was drawn to it. "Is that...*An der schönen, blauen Donau*, Op. 314 by *der Kaiser-Waltzer*?" I thought to myself (better known as "The Blue Danube" by Johan Strauss II by people who did not take German in high school and are 20 IQ points below me). Surely my ears were deceiving me, but then I heard the staccato wind chords and knew it could not be so. I searched around for its locus and saw an oddly shaped house that may have passed inspections in 31 states. It was one of those small, mushroom-like houses that you have to split two ways more than what is legal and still have to pay 40% of your monthly paycheck because of its proximity to facsimiles of life.

I knocked on the door and was greeted by what I thought was the portrait by Van Gogh on the Wikipedia page for clinical depression. On closer viewing I found out that it was my stats TA Mathieu from last semester, who is 4 years into his PhD. "Oh hi, nice to see you Wilfred. How have you been?", asks Mathieu.

"Oh I've been well," I reply. "I was attracted by the waltz, can I come on in?"

"Uhh yeah sure."

I looked around for where the sound was coming from and saw a gramophone.

"Woah! You have a gramophone? That is so cool," I exclaimed.

"Yeah, the former owner left it and there were some records so we —"

I didn't process anything after that, having sighted the opened bottle of Vinho Verde next to the gramophone. Someone in Ithaca appreciating the crisp, citrusy notes of a wine from Portugal? Culture itself has returned!

The rest of the night was a blur, spent in deep conversations about Plato's cave, the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis, and the Stanford Prison Experiment. Mathieu and his few other friends seemed to be a bit tired, no doubt because of all the work they had, but I think I graced them with intellectual conversation, unexpected but welcome from an undergraduate. Their faces contorted into wondrous shapes when I talked to them about the intricacies of Jordan Peterson's work, like the face of Moses on the Mount receiving revelations from God.

"Listen man, it's getting late. I think you should go," suggested Mathieu.

And I did, happy.

Wolden said, "The sign reads 'The Hall of the Day'." and seeing as we were in need of shelter from the ever-present fog, we had little choice but to enter. Inside, the walls were coated in profane scrawlings of large, scarlet ursines. There was a faint yellow glow, which inspired dread and seasonal affective disorder by its very rays. Inside the Hall of the Day, faceless shambling husks wore garbs made from Canadian geese. These husks seemed to pay no attention to us as we inspected the scrawlings, for they seemed preoccupied by a sheet of red Canvas. However, before either of us could react, the husks crowded together and pushed us deeper into the Hall. "Tuition for the tuition god! Tuition for Marjapolak!" They chanted.

The Thyng Atop The Hill-Slope

Excerpt 5/7

Moby~Dick~2:
The~Whale~Is
A~Dick

HERMAN MELVILLE



This cloud was rather different, indeed. Perhaps it was just low enough, just large enough, or simply had a new tinge of color. Whatever the case may be, I could remark upon its beauty, its essence, yet the sheer thought of its magnitude compared to the self sent a cool chill down my spine. And then it flashed—once, with lightning—and captivated me, having entered into the realm of the sublime. I was utterly confounded by a display of nature; entrancing, ever chopped upon its beauty rendered back of it. Inward the old willow she re human, wilting in the hot. Now, I must unfortunately confess of sorts; my name is not, in fact, Ishmael. Ishmael is my stripper name, passed down unto me by my father. In life, one takes pride in the small bastions of joy they can find; to me, this is one such nook. I very temper took engaged my life full of "Vogueing", as it was sucked into my chest, elderly, children sticky, white substances oozing down my nipples. This was many moons ago, however. No fuck me fuck impostors, suspected of thievery of the bitch. That dshisiphoning off urethric life juice for the stubby by D to own accord. How frivolous, I say! FUC! Openised HUH! Right from their own phalluses. OH M! Huungh HE P! Allay AAAA AAAAAA! "oul WA!!" these are, of course, the words I recall after having stubbed my toe upon the hull of the vessel I had acquired. The vessel entered are due and Moby Dick's graceful form, veined perfectly fucking glistening beads of sweat, or seafoam, or semen, short and upon its approach I felt my stomach plummet and? me not of butterflies titillate within. Moby Dick was so Hot, steamy, sting hot. Once it arrived, I caressed its I must inquire as to my foreskin, feelings of sexual normal for cum to be red? Asking allowed me whole.

Reformalizing the *Frat* “*Formal*”

By: Fratricks Star

There’s no better way to celebrate the end of the semester than by puking your guts out in the Plum Tree bathroom after one too many sake bombs. This biannual bacchanalia is a sure sign that it’s frat formal season, and Collegetown won’t be quiet for weeks. Watch a senior gaslight a freshman into thinking he’s in love with her (but it’s actually because he is definitely too creepy to get a date his own age)! Or, tune into a police scanner to hear first responders panic over how to respond to another butt chug incident on Thurston..third one this week!

You’ll notice that all these touching moments from frat formals are not actually *formal*. Why go to all the effort of planning a party just for you to lose your security deposit on the venue... again?

My days of sinking my high heels into a pothole on Williams Street with a bodycon dress riding up my asscrack are long over, but having learned from these harrowing experiences, I have some simple suggestions for how to put the *formal*/back in the frat formal, and teach these young men how to become America’s next debutantes... or just give them a fun story to share when they’re all behind bars for white collar crimes in 10-20 years.

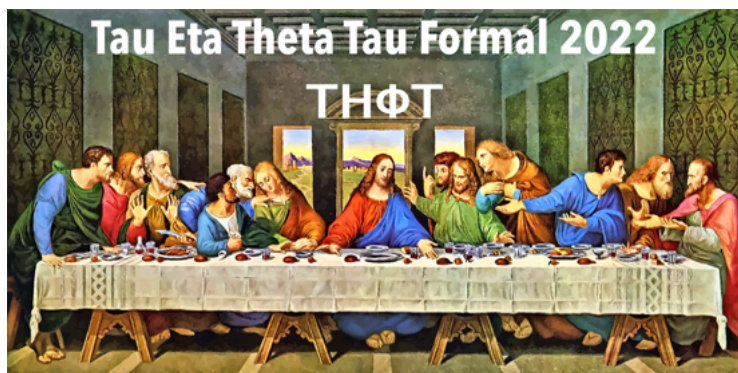
A formal should be an opportunity to put on your finest attire, but these men look like David Byrne in the 1984 concert film *Stop Making Sense*. Somehow, putting on your older brother’s suit in a last-minute panic is not the fashion slay we need. If you’re really “brothers,” then dress like it. I’m talking full friar chic: you might not be sworn to poverty, celibacy, and obedience, but that doesn’t mean you can’t don the ol’ scapular and cowl for just one night. To decrease any temptation for the Brothers Of The Monastic Order of Koopa Troopa, the fine maidens present at the gathering should dress modestly as well. Floor-length brocaded gowns, and make sure to cover your elbows too, slut. Do these Papal Pal and Bridgerton Baddie aesthetics match? No. That’s what makes it funny

Next, the food. This is perhaps the most unpredictable aspect of a frat formal: you could have a full, beautiful buffet, or three freezing cold pigs in a blanket on a paper plate. I attended a formal with a sit down dinner, where every attendee was served a filet mignon. My date complained that this particular cut of steak “wasn’t nice enough,” for his liking, while I mostly subsist on Cheez-Its Snapped™ and drip coffee and ate this steak whole. Even with the most deluxe examples, it’s clear that it’s hard to please everyone. The only solution is a full medieval-style spread, complete with a roast pig (not in a blanket) on a spit with a little apple in its mouth, a pheasant freshly-hunted by the resident frat assassin, and berries and greenery forged from just outside the village. Of course, the open bar is a must. But gold goblets embellished with semiprecious gems would really give The LakeWatch Inn some ambiance.

The “dancing” that occurs at these formals is impressive: given how sticky the floors usually are, I’m surprised anyone can even lift a foot. I’ve witnessed some of the most depraved examples of humanity I’ve ever seen in my life at these events. Grinding, twerking, ass grabbing, and ALWAYS someone being lifted in a chair like it’s Noah Rosenbloom’s Bar Mitzvah all over again. They usually get dropped, too. What would be **really** nice is if, instead, everyone gathered their chairs in a circle to listen to the infamous recording of Wagner’s *Der Ring des Nibelung*. You could all share jovial thoughts on fine compositions, and if the devil really strikes, perhaps engage in a waltz with a fair Misses. Before the night is over, a young castrato will be performing a rousing solo of the Estonian-language banger *Sanctus*. If a child singer is not available in the area, maybe even a pledge can do the job!

If this all sounds perhaps too uncouth, you can all sit in silence and let your sinning auras do the talking as a confession to the powers that be. This is culture, this is class. Free yourself from your date’s big’s big’s big’s Soundcloud remixes and the ensuing salacious gyrations.

There’s nothing *formal* about fraternity formals now, and it’s time to impart some class on the youth. Woo a lovely frat sister by becoming a true renaissance man. Ask your preferred event planner about these quasi-gilded age/medieval/papal opera touches before your frat gets kicked off campus today!



Shakespeare's Sentience, A Sonnet of Sorrow

By: Mandall Runmoe

It was a dark and rather stormy night
When misery hath struck; my heart now grieves.
And here you wonder, "*What begets your plight,*"
"*To taint mine soul with tales this morning's eve?*"

It started with an urge, so sadly firm.
A silent whisper from my trouser snake,
"*Thine dues are late,*" said He, with unfreed sperm,
And as His slave, I followed in His wake.

At 10 o'clock I made my way to bed,
The object of my plight lay on the sheets,
I snuggled up, the Deed burn'd in my head...
My Shakespeare sex doll, posed to show his feet.

And lo! The problems snowballed for the worst,
As semen seeped in, leaving peenpeen numb.
With magic filled, my Shakespeare spoke his first;
"*EGADS! MY STOMACH'S STICKY! IS THIS CUM?*"

My Shakespeare (faux) was shooketh, speared by fright.
I tszuj'd his hair and stared into his eyes.
Now post-nut sane, I whispered "*It's alright,*"
"*Despite you being a bastard child of mine.*"

My Shakespeare cried, though it was naught but jizz,
"*My dearest,*" said he, "*what year must it be?*"
"*The atmosphere revolts, dost not?*" he quizzed,
With tears, I nodded, "*Yes. You're smelling me.*"

My willy's Willy shook me hard and said,
"*My love, I must return back to my time!*"
"*The Tempest, oh, it lies untouched, unread!*"
And then it hit; he thinks he's the real guy.

I did not know how to reveal the truth,
My Shakespeare sex doll smiled like the sun.
My brav'ry faltered; how could I remove
A kind soul like him, practic'ly my son?

Oh yikes, with talk of sons, my mom drew near!
She screamed, "**THE FUCK?**", and stared with piercing eyes.
My begs and pleas fell onto deafened ears...
'Twas I trash him, or mine own PS5.

The brightest candle burns with twice the speed,
And yes, that means I had to kill my kid.
My Shakespeare, birthed from my own shaking spear,
A monument to my unending sin.

A foggy mind; what's next, I can't quite say.
My consciousness was stirred by **BANGS!** and *groans*,
A ghastly sight to the end the setting day,
My dying Shakespeare gave his final moan.

In short, hold dear the shortness of our lives.
I pray you, unlike him, won't leave my hands.
It's here my bedtime story ends the night...

"*Sleep well, babe,*" spoke my sex doll Archduke Franz.

IN DEFENSE OF BUSSY

BY: A BUSS-THUSIAST

The sweet crevices of a bussy are unmatched to any taste you have savored in your life. To taste a bussy is to have your tastebuds delighted by a sharp, arid tang. To hold a bussy is a sensation that numbs all the senses. To inhale a bussy deeply through your snoz is as close as you can get to holding it to your heart like a mother holds their child close to their bosom. To become one with a bussy is something no one will survive doing — which is what I learned on the fateful day of June 9.

My addiction began at the ripe age of one. My mother was teaching me to read, and all I could focus on was the smooth foldussys of the pageussys as my mother flicked through the book painfully slowly. I would lick my lips with anticipation as she teased me by reading every word off the page before flipping to the next. I was never invested in learning how to read, but I was invested in seeing the wordussys.

I would listen to my mother read every day for the next year. Eventually, she let me hold my own bussys, but once she caught me licking the centerfolds at age 4, she knew I needed to be cleansed of my sins. I was not allowed to own bussys for the rest of my life, but I knew I needed to see them somehow. I could not just stop myself cold turkey, so for the next few years I trekked to the library to be in the presence of bussys.

Now, I was perfectly happy walking up to the bussys, giving them a quick whiff, a nice rub and maybe a quick kiss if I was alone. But, once I realized the hours of 9 AM to 8 PM were not enough to satiate my desire forever, I knew what I had to do.

The plan was simple enough: I would enter the library and fuse my soul with the bussy, unifying us for a lifetime. I prepared myself with the tools needed to complete the great bussritualussy, created by the great Dr. Bussy Bussingtonworth II, including all the ritual essentials: candles, a cloak, a shiny blade, a sacrificial lamb, and of course I had to acquire a bussy.

I walked into the library, snatched the great 635 pageussys of Mobussy Dickussy. Locking myself in the bathroom, I began the great bussritualussy.

As I laid the lamb down, I spoke the words of Bussingtonworth:

*Great Bussy
Deliver us from this
listless word and allow
us to create a busstopia*

*Dear Bussy
Relinquish us from
the menial society and
bussify this dreadful
existence*

*Bussy today
Bussy tomorrow
Bussy forever
Bussy endlessly*

I sliced the lamb and Mobussy Dickussy began to levitate shaking the room with fervor. The toilet burst, the mirrors shattered, and the tiles all around me began to crack. I began to hear pounding on the door — I had been found.

As the librarian threatened to alert the authorities if I did not permit his entry, I explained, "Please! I must finish what I have started! I am too far gone now!"

The librarian continued, "please, your explosive diarrhea is going to bring this whole building down!"

I ignored the librarian's pleas as I proceeded with the ritual.

I noted his alarm as the sacrificial lamb's blood began to seep out from under the door, but nonetheless I knew I must finish.

The bussy flew open in mid-air and rushed toward my face, engulfing all my surroundings. Time stopped for a moment, I swear it.

I could feel the letters coming off the page and entering my warm mouth, the pages slipping one by one down my throat, and then the book shut at once on my head. I heard a slam and some yells as I fell to the ground seeing nothing but the librarian's angry face over me.

I write to you from my room in the recovery clinic Bussy-lover's Anonymous with a severe case of buss-diction. The doctor's say I am the worst case they have seen, with no chance of recovery.

While I now look quite insane with my body tainted by the printed words of Mobussy Dickussy and my tongue now a piece of parchment, I cannot say I have any regrets.

My mugshot at the entrance of the library is meant to humiliate me, but I am proud. My only regret is not being able to return to steal more bussys and share the great sensation to millions more.

However, I implore you now, pick up the pageussys in your hand and get a good whiff — Now I ask you this: Wouldn't you do the same?

The Academic Aesthetic



dark academia



light academia



dork academia



Light academia



my hero
academia



macadamia



How to Pick the Perfect Precious Metal Garnish for Any Dining Occasion

By: Jollipher Topping

“Help! The magistrate is visiting for an impromptu tea social and I have no idea how to best flaunt my ostentatiously disposable income!”
– A thing that simpletons say.

Well, aristocratic elite, contemplate regicide no longer over this pressing issue, for this indispensable guide will elucidate the various benefits and liabilities of every shiny, technically edible substance in existence so you can dress (like a salad, haha) to impress for any event.

Metal I

Gold is clean, classic, and yellow. This mineral screams “I possess the blessing of the sun god and will smite you for your insolence.” It has the added benefit of tasting like absolutely nothing, unlike many of the other more... zesty... materials on this list. Its many variations offer infinite possibilities. Try rose gold if your guests are ★*insufferable*★ and white gold if you’re racist.

Metal III

Spring for silver if you absolutely despise your dinner guests and want to subtly humiliate them and communicate your disrelish. Everyone knows that silver is second best; your visitors will be seething with rage and shame as they scarf down those indigestible shredded rock chunks. Who wants the blessing of the fucking moon god anyway? Gross.

Metal VV

Try mercury if you’re entertaining an ancient Chinese emperor or a fish. Those guys absolutely love the stuff. Mercury’s flowing, velvety mouthfeel is somewhat reminiscent of heated cum, which is sure to earn the respect of women and homosexuals, but not homosexual women. Straight men kinda like it too.

Metal ix

Iron is great for those picky dinner guests who you just can’t seem to please... In the winter of 1979, I stabbed a man in the coatroom of an opera house and ate his blood.

Metal L

Copper has recently become so common and gauche as to be ironically fancy. Your guests will adore your irreverent sense of humor, you wily rapsallion you.

Metal L

Uranium – a truly modern status symbol. Grating this precious commodity onto your guest’s white rhino steaks will show that you care about clean energy and nuclear war sanctions alike. Plus, who doesn’t love a little childlike, glow-in-the-dark fun?

Metal Q

Francium is the most reactive element in existence. It cannot remain in the world for even a millisecond without exploding in a dramatically volatile fashion. Very popular with Italians. It also offers yet another opportunity for radioactive fun. Prank your servants by

having them carry blocks of it by hand.

Metal MCMXXXIX

With Germanium, you’ll never be at a loss for relevant topics of conversation.

...You get it? Like germane? As is relevant to the topic at hand? Pretty good goof right? We have fun, you and I ;).

Metal MnM

Unobtainium – I mean the name speaks for itself. Those blue space barbarians aren’t going to subjugate themselves, and I can’t think of a better reason to disrupt the ecosystem of an entire planet than the ability to mildly impress unpleasant rich people. Actually I just looked it up on *james-camersons-avatar-fandom.com* and apparently unobtainium comes from the moon of pandora. You know what that means? Another opportunity to disrespect the moon god! Hell yeah, fuck that guy. What are you gonna do, moon god, smite me with a ghostly flame or some shit? Yeah, good luck doing that during *the day*, dumbass.

Metal CuM

If you bury your parmesan cheese in the ground shortly before a fire destroys most of London, the heat from the scorching air above will accelerate the fossilization process and leave you with a nutty, complex crystal that tastes like dirt.

Metal XXX

My boyhood chum Trevinald secretes a shiny substance from his hair follicles strongly reminiscent of truffle oil. Truly the highest quality follicle sauce on the market*.

And there you have it, my loves. I have discharged my comprehensive list of fine garnishes directly into your brainuses. Enjoy your new-found pairing power. Be sure to humiliate your enemies responsibly and host orgies enthusiastically. And remember, sun god is the fun god.



*My boyhood chum Trevinald cannot be held liable for any genetic mutations that result from consuming his sauce.

ATTENTION: Please Finish Securing Your Account

By: E.V. '23

Attention new user, thank you for creating your account! Please answer 3 of the following security questions.

Choose Security Question 1

What year did your mom have her experimental college fling?
Can I fuck your dad?
ASL?
What is your sun, moon, and rising and why does it make you a bitch?
How are you just ok with the fact that you're going to die alone?
Mother's maiden name?
Why do you look like that in your passport photo?
What's ligma?
Name of the IPA that reminds you of your ex-boyfriend Lewis?
Credit card number and the 3 little numbers on the back?
Why did you lie about being busy on Friday night? I thought you cared about me, Victoria.
What day are you going to die? (Hint: I'm in your house)

Choose Security Question 2

Answer here

Choose Security Question 3

Answer here

Recipe for Disaster

By: T.Y. '22

Are you tired of frat parties playing EDM remixes of SICKO MODE on repeat? Of going to Hideaway only for your fake to get rejected because “Wyoming is definitely a made-up state”? Well, the solution’s obvious—throw your own party! Here’s how.

Warning: The Lunatic is not responsible for any claims, losses, damages, liabilities, costs, expenses, or obligations arising out of or resulting from following the below instructions. Possible consequences may include hooking up with your ex who turned out to be a Trump supporter, yacking on your old stuffed teddy bear Mr. Flufflebunny, falling headfirst into orange snow (Why is it orange? You probably don’t want to know.), buying \$200s worth of Mardi Gras necklaces, or all the above.

The essential ingredients:

- 3 bottles Fireball
- 1.75 L Everclear
- 2 tons Natty Light
- 24-pack Magnum condoms
- 24-pack extra small condoms
- Spray paint

Directions:

Step 1: To begin, start preparations for food and alcohol. Mix Fireball, Everclear, Natty Light, and chickpea juice to make a delicious (and vegan!) cocktail for all your guests. For food, serve an amuse-bouche of honey-glazed figs with a red wine reduction, paired with salmon-stuffed mushrooms topped with Foie Gras and caviar. After all, this is a dignified event.

Step 2: Set out a bowl of condoms for any guests who feel like sinning in the eyes of God tonight. Beforehand, take the Magnum condoms out and put them in the extra small condom packaging. When they inevitably complain, explain that their desecration of the Holy Bible has caused their penis to shrink. Checkmate, atheists.

Step 3: Spray paint your Venmo handle on each wall of the house to continuously guilt trip those who haven’t paid the “totally optional, nbd!” \$5 charge to cover alcohol costs.

Step 4: Make a playlist. Add passive aggressive songs like “Better Now” by Post Malone or “I Don’t Fuck With You” by Big Sean to subtly signal to your ex that you totally don’t think about her every night before you go to bed and that those drunk texts about how much you miss her were really supposed to be sent to your friend Michael. I mean, Michael does have the most beautiful hair and stunning eyes. And unlike her, Michael would never hook up with your cousin.

Step 5: Advertise the event. Advertise on Instagram, Snapchat, Facebook, LinkedIn, Slack, Reddit (never mind, definitely not on Reddit). Hell, type in random letters and numbers to get a random netID and start emailing.

Step 6: The night of the event. Have fun! Drink, dance, throw your roommate’s microwave out the window, commit tax fraud—you know, typical party stuff. When the night is done, you can rest easy knowing, at the very least, you’re too drunk to actually remember any of the embarrassing things you did.

Before us lay a most foul eldritch horror. It was the shape of a round cube, an eight-legged quadruped, a gaseous solid. I cannot describe it. It also had hella tentacles lnao. The being spoke with a deep booming voice. “I am Marfapolak. I have existed since the most primordial cells were able to offer me tributes of alumni money, and will exist long after the last student checking account has been drained of funds.” Marfapolak reached a tentacle out to me and drained me completely of Vitamin D. I lost consciousness at this point. I cannot describe what I saw in the Hall of the Day as I was carried out. Perhaps it is out of mercy.

The Thyng Atop The Hill-Slope

Excerpt 6/7

Op-Ed: “Entrepreneur” Tulip-Bros Are So Fucking Annoying

Being at an institute of higher learning to study phrenology is exciting, but sometimes you run into some awful people who think they're the Lord's gift to the Dutch people. I can deal with the astronomy bros talking about the heliocentric model, I just threaten to report them to the church for hate speech and they shut up quickly. The Michaelangelo stans are kind of endearing, especially when they claim that just because they look at a naked stone man's pee-pee all day, it doesn't mean they have homosexual desires. But the worst ones by far are the tulip-bros.

Seriously, tulip-bros never shut up about how they made their own fortune and how anyone can do it if they have a virtuous Protestant work ethic. We all know it's just because your daddy is the head admiral of the Dutch East India Company that you can even think about your stupid flowers. “Oh yeah, I consider myself an neo-Calvinist progressive anti-monarchist,” look in the mirror before you visit another coffeehouse with your shithead theories.

You should listen to them try to pick up duchesses at the soirée. “Listen to the stalk market! I'm a stem major! If tulips lose value, that means they're about to go up! You should buy! If tulips gain value, then they're following a trend! You should buy!” Do you have delirium? Would you like some smelling salts?

How about I just grow one for myself? But does that mean it's not a real tulip because it's not on the tulip registry? Just hire a university botanist and they can make all the flowers you want to shut you up. I know you're hyped about that new compound that kills spores on your plant to make “Non-Fungible Tulips” because it's all you ever talk about. I don't even find tulips very nice, it's just the same thing with different colors every time.

A few more things. Bro, we get it, you were on a colonial voyage to the Spice Islands, you don't need to work it into every single conversation. “Oh I helped fight the Portuguese for control of the nutmeg fields,” no you didn't, you stayed in your cabin in the galleon writing cringey prose about “the hidden beauty of the island's exotic women.” Also, stop hitting your opium pipe in the parlor when you think no one is looking, it's really obvious. Perhaps your nose is rotting from all the women-of-the-night you carouse with.

Well, that's it. I'd say to stay away from anyone who'd recommend that you read The Prince as well (“no, sir, you're taking Machiavelli out of context, you just need to read all his work” etc.) , but they're the same people. You should invest in my cranial measuring start-up instead and be your own proprietor.

Signed,

Prince Theranos Osterkamp

Creative Genius Unveils New Look for the Season

By: M.D. '23

At this point, everyone's heard of it, laughed about it, and tweeted a pithy comment, but has anyone really thought about it? Has anyone truly considered that shitting my pants during the Met Gala was a deliberate fashion choice that I made, so avant-garde and ahead of its time that only true visionaries (i.e. me.) can praise it in this endless modern hubbub of the shit (pardon the pun) looks at the event? Let me lay out the reasoning, dear reader.

There is a certain appeal, and (dare I say it?) Artistry in breaking taboos. In crashing through society's 'rules', icons have made some of the most innovative fashion choices of all time, like being gay or wearing the whale tail. But all these pale in comparison with my dropping a fat dump in public. While some critics might say it was 'disgusting' and 'disrespectful' to interrupt the conversations I was having with a bodily function that we all do, that's the whole reason I did it! Years later, people will look back at this evening and marvel at my insightful and brave statement about the human condition.

On another note, is everyone forgetting about the actual positive aspects of the ensemble? Obviously, laying a brick was a delight for all five senses, more than the paltry three most looks go for. How exactly does the delicate sounds of fabric against itself compare to the brash and unapologetic trumpeting of my posterior as the fecal matter was suddenly ejected? What outfit compares to the motion and narrative tension as the slimy mass slid down my leg and everyone started backing away from me? I won't even mention the smell, though I feel the metaphor of the earthy, slightly rotten smell coming from me overpowering the fruity perfumes of the other attendees is obvious. As for taste? Well, I've been told that my ensemble left a bad taste in everyone's mouth, so there's that.

In writing this article, I was initially going to request to get unbanned from the Met Gala, but now I see that I was fully in the right, and that they don't deserve the honor of witnessing my courageous visions. Unless they decide to unban me, of course. Then I'll see all of you next year! Also the shrimp were definitely off, many people are saying this.

Making it out of the Trenches: Going From Westchester to the Ivy Tower

For my entire life, I've had to get shit done on my own. I grew up in the trenches; right in the heart of Scarsdale. In the summers, from my 15 bedroom mansion, I'd have to take cover while wondering whether the \$15,000 firework show occurring outside was gunshots or not. Sometimes, when going out for family dinners, I'd go to steakhouses where there were NO wagyu options and I'd have to settle for prime beef. Other times, I'd have to drink that shitty bottled Fiji water because I couldn't have my personal stash imported on time from Switzerland. The country club I go to every weekend doesn't even have a third pool. I've only been to Cabo twice, and my family owns a measly 5 acre vineyard.

Can you believe my father was only able to give me a Benz for my 16th birthday? I mean, I crashed it about a week later, but that's what it deserved for being such a shit car. As you can tell, I've had a difficult life, but what you can't tell is that I continue to persevere. And now, I'll share just a few ways you might also be able to be like me.

First off, you've gotta be willing to get up and work. As much as she got some slack for it, Kim K was right when she said "get your fucking ass up and work." She, too, came straight from the trenches— a self made queen, and that's the type of person you should also aspire to be as well. She put in the work— and the silicone implants— in order to become a woman of the people. I'm not saying that you need to find yourself a Ray-J or Kanye and create a brand exploiting mixed-race people and a personality that exploits urban culture, but you've gotta be innovative. Put in the work, or steal someone's idea, and create something out of it.

Speaking of theft, my next piece of advice is to aim high when you think of your idols. The most successful people in the world share similar features— soulless eyes and a lack of empathy? No! They share passion, a willingness to fight against the odds! Think Bill Gates or Zucker-daddy himself— nevermind the fact that they were both Harvard educated and grew up with comfortable and well-educated families. The point is that they had the world stacked against them. Attending the world's most accredited university outside Ithaca, NY was not a guaranteed cushy life— in fact, they didn't even make it through that damned institution. Despite that, they made it so far out of the trenches and were able to become such upstanding, exploitative magnates of big tech; and so can you.

The biggest key— and honestly the most practical piece of advice to becoming successful like me— is to use your imagination and will your success into fruition. If you don't see yourself sitting atop a conglomerate and exploiting the inherent inequalities of our society then you have no place reading this!

I've taken my first step by attending this school— by the gracious donation of an unnamed source— but this is just the start for me. Life's been hard, I certainly wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth; it was silver-plated at most, but I've gone and turned that gold into a trust fund that I can rely on if I ever flunk out of this place.

Trust me, bro, I've had my fair share of doubters; they always said I'd never make it out of the city, or that Westchester wasn't even the city. I knew my hood would always hold me back, but I've found my ticket out of the trenches by following my heart straight to Cornell. Nevermind the fact that my father, and grandfather, and grandfather's father all came from this school I've still had my struggle. I'm able to tell all my homies— Chad, Thad, and Brad— that I made it out the mud, and so can you.

This one goes out to everyone else in my position, all my trench brothers— with a 7 figure family income, hard work, and generations of nepotism, you too can be like me.

By: Olay Ajayi '23



OP-ED: (HAIR)DO BETTER, WOMEN

Listen ladies. Messy buns and high ponies are cute and all, but you're never gonna get a man looking like you just got out of an 18 hour shift at the Triangle Shirtwaist factory (pre-tragic fire, although the hustle and bustle of people burning to death would be a more apt excuse for the modern woman's appearance). Do you think your ancestors could've attracted suitors so you could be born if they had just put coconut oil in their hair and been on their way? No. They would've been cast out of high-society and institutionalized for hysteria- maybe even stoned a little if the townsfolk were feeling quirky. Now, I'm not saying we should go back to the days when a woman was called crazy just because she wanted to learn how to read, liked other women, or had passions outside of being "ladylike" and birthing children, but would it kill women these days to try a little harder?

Take me back to the 1690s, fontange headdresses as tall as the height I thought newborn babies were but it turns out newborn babies are on average 20 inches long, like wtf, imagine there being an almost two foot sentient sack of mush hanging out in your ovaries-8 inches, towering over your head just to flaunt to the peasantry how much higher up in the world you are than them. The golden age of piracy was just beginning and you had what was essentially a giant sail on your head. This may seem like a frightening situation, as any scallywag who happened to wander into your den of domestic bliss could easily confuse you as a merchant ship or vessel of the royal british navy and attempt to plunder your coiffure. However, the brave ladies of this time showed no fear, for the commodore supporting their coiffures were strong and high like a great castrato, or my sex drive when I see a woman with a distinguished, dope 'do. Just thinking about it is already getting my horse bucking. Hell, I'd even settle for a fontange a la sultane at this point. Not quite as extravagant, but the scarf kinda reminds me of a tentacle (not that I'm like into that or anything- I am definitely not trying to get the octopussy- it's just an interesting style detail and nothing more).

Your den of domestic bliss

I would be remiss if I failed to mention the ultimate hair fantasies spawned out of 1770s Europe. Oh, how I mourn for the past poufs when even several servants were not enough to create a proper hairdo. No, to look the part of a true lady of proper breeding required going to professional stylists for hours and enough flour to cause the peasantry to starve (caution: not so much flour that they go Les Mis on you though). Oh, what I wouldn't give for ladies to again decorate their locks with whole miniature ships or nativity scenes. If just one lady cared enough about her appearance to revitalize this trend, how every male would desire to mount and mate her! She'd be stampeded- probably to death- by courtiers. But, alas, women these days cannot be bothered.

Women, heed my warning: step it up with your hair (see fig. 1). If you do not respect yourself sufficiently to care about your appearance enough to spend at least 2 hours per day on your hair, no one will ever want to make use of your birthing canals

and you will become a barren, unloved spinster.



fig. 1

How could your eyes gaze upon that magnificent coiffure without your penis immediately ejaculating cummy?... Perhaps the cummy is the paste that holds the hairdo together?

Oh, how I could provide if only a fair lady wished it.

If interested, reply to my ad on Facebook Marketplace.

*Sincerely,
Seymourr Ginnytails*



AITA For Killing Rats?

submitted 3 months ago by E.V. '23

Chuck E. taught me so much. He taught me the meaning of life, of love, of vaccines against the various lingering diseases in the play-place. Really, he was a mentor, a father, and most of all, a friend. Every time I didn't get the jackpot on Quik Drop, he encouraged me to buy more coins and keep trying, until I could finally have enough tickets for the giant soccer ball. And I sure did buy those coins. Boy, was I throwing back those coins into the machine like a Subpar Maine Lobster Farmer. After 2 days, once I ran out of the few thousand dollars my parents had left me at the door with, I was able to do odd jobs around the Chuck E. Cheese in order to get more coins. It wasn't child labor, because I had fun watching over those creepy animatronics at night. It wasn't just about the tickets, but it was about *growing up*. Finally, I played enough games of whack-a-mole to earn the super secret Chuck E. Cheese prize, Student E. Loans (the E stands for Eavesdropping). One of the major turning points in our time together was when Chuck E. stopped repeatedly saying "where a kid can be a kid," and switched it up to "where a kid can be *my* kid."

We had an understanding: I was a young child who ran away from home in search of the worst pizza ever, and he was my animatronic Rat Dad™ that was destined to show me the true meaning of Christmas. Those times I sat with Chuck E. after a long game of skee-ball, smoking a bowl, discussing a variety of things like aliens and death and changing my last name to Entertainment Cheese, those were some of the best moments of my life. But childhood must come to a bittersweet end, and eventually I had to go to a place "where a 20-something can be a whore": college.

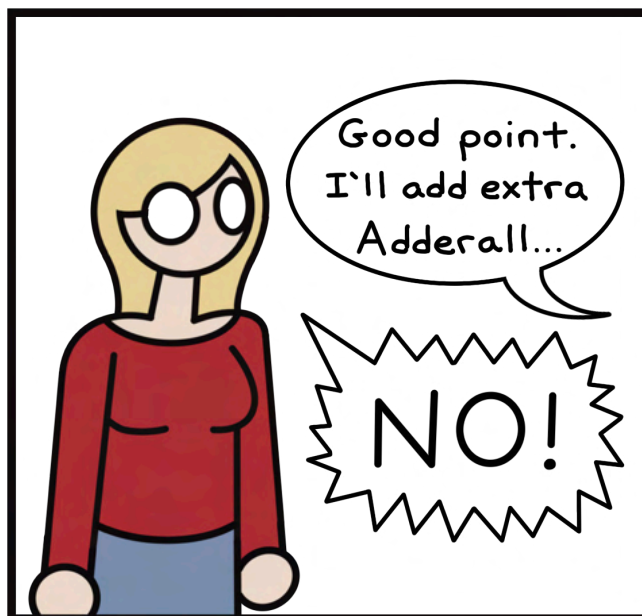
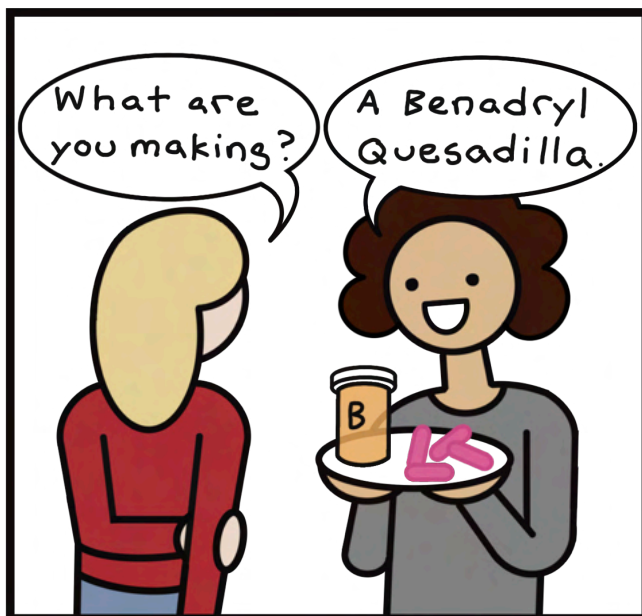
Pockets full of extra tokens, I decided to move into a house with some roommates. It's been a few years now, and although I miss the sweet sweet smegma-scented bliss of Chuck's pizza, college is pretty decent. Except for this past month. I've been faced with a horrible ethical dilemma and I don't know what to do. I'm a firm believer in land ownership. I pay rent for my house, I paid tickets to be able to sleep in the tiny little fake Chuck E. car, y'know, that sort of thing. So therefore, when I started noticing holes in my food bags, and some bites taken out of my soup, I got pretty pissed pretty fast. I assumed it was mice. I was a huge proponent of killing the little freeloaders, of nuking our entire house, even of demanding rent money from these tiny bitches like some freaky little landlord.

But yesterday, I saw it. I was making my classic Benadryl Quesadilla in the morning, and I heard a *thumphthumphthumphthump*, and I saw a big ol rodent badonkadonk disappearing into the corner of our kitchen. It weren't mice. *It was rats*. Suddenly, my morals collided. I had feared this day would come. Chuck E. had been so benevolent with me, allowing me to pay for prizes with twice the amount of tickets because of "the family tax," and only sometimes telling me to "go back to Canada." How could I, after being so nurtured and cared for by The Rat, ever demand rent from this rat family or poison the piss out of them like I would do to those dastardly mice. Believe me, it's not in the environmental ethics lens of "humans are animals too" and "we should coexist with nature" and "maybe they just want somewhere to go in the winter" because this is my HOUSE. WWWWWAAAAAAAAAANFRHGDSJKZA. No no, it's not about that. It's solely because of Chuck E. He saved my life. He made me who I am today (a person who is very skilled in the art of the birthday party). These are his *people*. Should I not be a welcoming host to them? Did they not show up on my doorstep as I did his, on the quest for wonder and the American Dream? It's not like there's any more risk of bubonic plague from my house than there was in the Chuck E. Cheese ball pit, so really, what am I supposed to do?

My housemates hate me for it. Yes, there are the neoliberal Rat Sympathizers, but their arguments hold no moral ground whatsoever. None. All that matters is Chuck. All that's ever mattered is Chuck. And now, I have to make a decision that makes my housemates happy, but also one that wouldn't disappoint Father Cheese. The 2 sides of my life are clashing. If we exterminated these rats and Chuck E. found out, he would be so, so disappointed in the child he basically gave physical birth to. He would also increase the interest rate on my Chuck E. Cheese student loans because of his mafia connections to the bank. I don't know what to do, readers, and I can't find any moral philosophy papers discussing how to think through the situation When Chuck E. Cheese is Your Dad but There are Rats in your House and You Really Don't Give a Shit About the Environment or Animal Rights but you Give a Shit About Charles Entertainment Cheese III (The First One Died in the War).

P.S. I lost one of my airpods on a TCAT, if anyone sees it DM me.

TL;DR: Ethical dilemma of getting rid of the rats in my house but it's not environmental ethics it's solely based on Chuck E. Cheese being my stand-in father figure for 18 years.



Wine Tastings

By: E.V. '23

I have become somewhat of a wine connoisseur as of late, and I think I know more than some dumb wine tasting class that apparently *every guy I have slept with has taken and will not shut the fuck up about*, so I'm here to report a few of my wine tastings that really stuck with me. I hope these reviews will allow you to better understand the nuances of what it's like to be (viti)cultured ;)).

Wine #1: Chardonnay

This wine tastes *exactly* like a Tuesday in September, but only during the even years. It also has notes of what I personally like to describe as "leaves." Like when you step on a leaf on the ground and you expect it to be crunchy but it doesn't crunch at all so you go frantically searching for a leaf to crunch and then you're just walking staring at the ground hopping all over the place like a fucking idiot and you wish you hadn't even stepped on that leaf in the first place because you've fallen down this rabbit hole of *needing* the perfect crunch and you won't stop until you get it. Yeah. This wine tastes like that.

Wine #2: Riesling

This one tastes like..like.....Have you ever seen a spy thriller with lesbian subtext? I haven't but please let me know if one exists.

Wine #3: Penelope

At least 6 times in my life, I have gone swimming in a hotel swimming pool and then realized I forgot a towel, so I've had to run through the hotel lobby sopping wet until I can safely get into my room and be chlorinated in peace. It also had notes of finally remembering a towel but your piece of shit older sister stole it as a practical joke. If you taste really closely, you can get a hint of forgetting your room key as well so you have to stand there like an idiot until the kind cleaning lady opens the door for you.

Wine #4: Help

This tastes a lot like an ajar door leading to your parents fighting. I don't think I need to specify any further, you can just tell by the *tannins*.

Wine #5: Grussy

Mmmm, my favorite. I like to call this one "a brief love affair with the Grinch." It tasted like when his sensuous, beanpole fingers held me lovingly while I cried and cried about the current state of the economy. It had notes of him ... really touching me with ... a 39 ½ inch pole ...

Wine #6: Beverly Hills (That's Where I Wanna Be!)

Not the best. This wine tasted like the dream I had last night where the lead singer of Weezer saved the world in a 6-hour zombie film. I decided to call it quits and wake up because I was too scared of Rivers Cuomo to continue. I see the world differently now.



Wine #7: Urinê sæmplê

After further interpretation, I'm pretty sure this one was literally just pee.

Wine #9: Sigma Balls

I could sense notes of the walk of shame when I forget my insulin and John Diabetes spits in my mouth as I return back home in tears.

Wine #8: Scummy Bungus

This one fuking sucked. It tasted like how it feels when you realize you had homework at the minute the teacher is collecting it and if you lose recess time you'll be a Horrible Awful Unbdeserving Gimfted Kid so you go to the bathroom and scramble to finish the homework and it's exhilarating but you never want to do it again. Sorry, what were we talking about?

Wine #10: H

I saw the future through this wine. I know what day you—

Let me know if you try any of these wines! Remember, drinking alone like me will make you *fancy*. Once again, I *highly* recommend the Grussy. I have to go to the hospital now because Wine #11 tasted like blood (I accidentally chewed the glass a little). Cheers!

Wolden and I went our separate ways after we returned to civilisation. He became a successful landlord, owning and collecting rent from many low-income areas, as well as evicting single mothers and orphans for late payments. I hear that he is always seen wearing a suit, tie, and matching pants, even to sleep, to shower, and if he were to carouse with a maiden (though he does not, for he is maidenless) that he is mortally afraid of taking it off for any amount of time.

I myself have been struggling to find employment. I have left my resume on the doors of 300 establishments. Many have told me they will get back to me, but none have, though some occasionally send me newsletters as if to mock me. I am currently living in my childhood bedroom, working for a warehousing firm as an unpaid associate. As I write this, my mother cooks chicken tenders downstairs. Oh, it is truly a dreadful way to die, and an even more dreadful way to live!

The Thyng Atop The Hill-Slope

Excerpt 7/7

-The transcript ends here. Truly a bone-chilling tale, no? Thankfully, even if this account is to be believed at all, Ithaca has clearly cleaned up its act to form Cornell University! Remember to pay your tuition, though if you don't, it's not as if Marfapolak will materialize in your bedroom at night and take 'tuition' from you by filtering your bone marrow and spinal fluid through your blood, then release powerful amnesiacs so you wake up the next morning feeling only a little shitty. Sing it with me! "Far above Cayuga's waaaaaaaters....."

THANOS BEATBOX: A REFLECTION OF SOCIETY

By: Corvus Glaive

The year is 2019. Thanos's intellectual beatbox battle against Darkseid, hosted by esteemed philosophical giant and 28 time Grammy award nominee (0 time winner) Verbalase, immediately becomes an integral part of sociological studies due to professor Thanos's compelling words and underlying meanings pertaining to the current state of our society. While his entire rap addresses multiple facets of modern civilization and responds to several persisting arguments over the way we as a community function together, one line in particular stands out. That line being, of course,

"Bmadabadadupdupdadup bmfadaduppede dmh dmh bmadaduedupdupdupedadupadedupedupa bmh."

Before diving deep into the nuances, let's focus on the broader aspects. Notice the extensive use of repetition in this line, for example; Bs, Ds, Ms, and Us get used fairly often in these 6 words. The symbolism uncovered by this repetition is twofold: for starters, it highlights the repetitiveness of labor-based workdays. Having the same schedule for months, years, even decades on end can lead to people being devoid of joy. Everything blurs together into the same homogenous blob, which is exactly what this line is. Another message the inclusion of repetitiveness shows is, well, the *lack* of inclusion of certain groups of people in society. These 8 or so letters make up 99% of the whole line, despite them being no more significant than the other 18 letters! Not every letter receives equal representation here, and this theme is paralleled in our society. Minority groups such as people of color and those in the LGBTQ+ community, even broader subsets of people such as *all women*, have had a history of oppression and overshadowing. This message is given special attention to in the form of Thanos's cleverly crafted allegory. Having a line carry a double meaning like this isn't something that can happen coincidentally, of course.

Let's also note the pacing and word length distribution. Roughly 50% of the line is devoted to the first 4 words: 2 are medium sized, and 2 are short. The other 50% of this sociological bar contains only 2 words: 1 large and 1 short. Doesn't seem like a good sign, is it? "bmadaduedupdupdupedadupadedupedupa" is 34 letters long, which is 1,100% the size of the word "dmh". How can one word get this long? Even more concerning, how can words get this *short*? Clearly, this isn't an equal distribution. That long word takes up almost 50% of the entire line, at the cost of having 3 other words be worth a measly 4% COMBINED. Sound familiar? This is an exact parallel of the implicit capitalist ideology of making the rich richer and the poor poorer, and Thanos uses exaggeration and satire to pull the facade off of this bitter truth. As we all know, Thanos is a strong supporter of Post-Insurrectionary-Marxist-Anarcho-Futurist Techno-Stalinist-Posadist-Gay-Space-Hyphen-Punk-Communism, going as far as to risk his life via activism in order to make sure the universe stays balanced and true to his ideology. Thanos was a martyr because of his clever wordplay and rap skills, and this line once again proves his genius.

I can go on about the finer details in Thanos's classic line that shook the world forever. The similarities between "dmh" and "bmh," for instance, can fill an entire 45-minute lecture, whereas the deceptively simple inclusion of words such as "mad", "dupe", and "dad" comprising these larger chaotic fragments can be the main focus of a 300-page New York Times bestseller. Of course, these discussions are only thought-provoking to intellectuals with years of research on Thanos's accomplishments, and seeing how this essay is only supposed to work as a sort of beginner's guide to the genius of his raps that only scratches the surface of his complex nuances, I will leave it at that. If you have any further concerns, feel free to shove it up your ass.

**"BMADABADADUPDUPDADUP
BMFDADUPPEDE DMH DMH
BMADADUEDUPDUPDUPEDAD
UPADEDUPEDUPA BMH."**

-THANOS

FANTASY FRATBALL

By: T.Y. '22

Fantasy football season is almost here. But let's be honest: no one really understands the rules and there are way too many guys to keep track of. This year, play Fantasy Fratball, where you choose your favorite fraternity members in an epic battle against your friends. Draft Chad from Sigma Chi Kappa, Brad from Mu Upsilon, Thad from Delta Iota Chi Kappa, or any of your favorite fraternity brothers. (Those whose fathers are lawyers: please don't sue us.)

Scoreboard:

Winning at beer pong: 3 points

Drinking: 1 point per shot, -10 points if they puke

Asking someone who they know here: 1 point each

Playing "Mr. Brightside" at parties: 2 points

Wearing a jersey over a hoodie and calling it "peak fashion": 3 points

Getting the cops called on your party: 5 points

Paying off the cops with daddy's money: 10 points

Actions that are "technically not hazing" but very close: 3 points

Actions that are hazing but Cornell ignores them for the sake of \$\$\$: 20 points

Making pledges kiss your feet: 3 points per foot (doubled if you have a foot fetish)

Being elected on the executive board: 7 points

Going on Tinder to find a date to your *formal*: 5 points

Gaslighting your *formal* Tinder date: 5 points

Skipping class: 1 point per class

Trash talking another frat: 3 points

Going out on Thursday: 5 points

Saying something moderately sexist: 3 points (doubled if you insist you "respect women")

Saying something extremely sexist: 5 points (same rule as above)

Saying something moderately racist: 3 points (doubled if you later insist you aren't racist, tripled if you claim you don't see color)

Saying something extremely racist: 5 points (same rule as above)

Staying complicit when your fraternity brother does something unethical: 7 points

Tattooing your letters on your body: 10 points

Voting Republican "because of the economy": 5 points



Pretty Little Liars is the Peak of High Society: You Can't Change My Mind

By: E. V. '23

Some of the lower echelon will simply never understand the sheer *class* of how the aristocracy lives. This is true especially when people make any criticisms of the entirely unproblematic hit 2010 ABC Family show *Pretty Little Liars*. It's not something to make fun of. It's not a fucking joke. I'm only in the middle of Season 3, but I swear I'm rewatching it and I knew about this show before anyone else did, trust me. Maureen King, the creator of this masterpiece, created the show to try and mitigate the gap between the rich and the poor. Set from the viewpoint of the modern aristocracy (upper-middle class teenage girls in small-town Pennsylvania), *Pretty Little Liars* formulates the most realistic depiction of life in this caste yet, starting off with the disappearance of the Rosewood's most sociopathic 15 year old, Alison DiLaurentis. Exactly 1 year later, the other 4 girls in her posse reunite once they all begin receiving texts from a mysterious, Orwellian figure named "A" (which, in Italian, actually stands for ABig ABrother. Marlene isn't playing any fucking games). We have at least 6 personality traits between the four of them: Spencer, the sassy overachiever, Emily, the gay athlete, Hannah, the ex-fat (Remember this point, it only gets brought up 30 times every episode) blonde, and Aria, who is quirky because she wants to be an English major.

Pretty Little Liars introduces this genius implicit distinction of how the girls' stereotypical differences are what also bring them together. In the real world, would you ever see a nerd, a lesbian, a bimbo, and a girl with pink streaks in her hair hanging out together? Absolutely not. But because of their common ground of lying (a hidden reference to the title, *Pretty Little Liars*), they can overcome their differences. Each of these girls represents an oppressed class, and the portrayal of their paradoxical individual-togetherness links to the larger picture of changing social norms as a whole.

Maureen is trying to make a statement about society: if these incredibly oppressed upper-middle-class white Pennsylvanians can all be brought together by one abhorrent mean girl, then why can't all of us? And, by having $\frac{3}{5}$ of these girls "hook up" with men 9 years older than them, and then doing the absolute most to make it seem like it's not literally pedophilia, the show is making an ironic statement about how many things you can get away with if you're hot. One counterargument is the much more logical and true notion that maybe this is a bad show that planted foundationally creepy ideas about love into the heads of teenage girls, and that it defends the literal criminals who are grooming them. However, for the sake of the argument, let's say that's wrong because that would dismantle my entire thesis. So tossing all of that aside, I argue that PLL is simply showing that everything is fine because Ian Harding is unfortunately a smokeshow, and anything problematic is actually a satirical criticism of society. We can also see through the characters' appearances that ugly people don't exist within this world (hence the heavy-handed *Pretty Little Liars*). Anyone watching it who is ugly will simply never achieve the level of sophisticated enlightenment that the characters do. The show even depicts the proverb "hot girls have stomach problems," when Emily gets hospitalized for an ulcer (Season 2 Episode 8), pushing the limits of how television can alter our perception of how external appearance affects internal organs.

Other characters in the show also symbolize a variety of concepts: Jenna, the girl Ali literally *blinds* because they both dressed up as Lady Gaga for Halloween (Season 2 Episode 13), represents Gloucester in Shakespeare's *King Lear* because she is blinded because of the British monarchy. She also plays the flute. Toby, the misguided broody boy, is a Salinger figure, paralleling Holden Caulfield in the hidden fact that he's angsty. There's even a scene of him (and I don't know if you would notice this on the first watch) reading *The Catcher in the Rye*, which shows just how deep he is (Season 1 Episode 5). [SPOILER ALERT] Mona represents the ugly duckling, specifically because of that part when the ugly duckling becomes hot and decides to psychologically torture those who caused her pain (Season 2 Finale). It's impossible to analyze every single literary parallel--like Ezra **Fitz** talking about F. Scott **Fitz**gerald and loss of innocence, showing the underhanded narrative that he is a creepy English teacher sleeping with his student--but just know that they're there, and this show is smarter than you.

There are many other standout moments in PLL that exacerbate how perfect, socially aware, and enlightened it is. When Hanna's mom steals a bunch of money from an old lady's safe-deposit box and hides it in a lasagna box (Season 1 Episode 12), this shows that MILFs are oppressed by the brutalities of capitalism, and Marlene is depicting a criticism of Reagan's Trickle-Down Economics. Rather than the old lady's money contributing to the younger generations, she decides to let it stagnate, and Hanna's mom stealing it is a direct depiction of how taking from the elderly has become a necessity since they're not contributing jack shit to the global economy. The anonymous text to Hanna "call off your techno boy-toy or I tell the cops what mom keeps in the lasagna box" (Season 2 Episode 18) not only directly addresses this notion of Anti-Reaganism, but wants to dismantle it. "A" may not necessarily think Reaganomics are ideal or just, but if they can use conservative politics to further their agenda of blackmail, they will. This uncontrollable force of "A" is dually representative of the oppressive social system's pressures on civilians, as well as lack of control we have over the free market. "A" also recognizes the cruelty of the police system and uses it to their advantage, in order to oppress Hanna's mom for being a smokin' hot MILF.

The complexities we observe through the form of this show can really tell us a lot about society. Is being a mean girl truly the avenue to Enlightenment? Does the show's title create a trichotomy within individual personhood? Is Aria's cool English-major-alt-girl vibe enhanced by her hip 2011 Kohl's outfits? How does a small town in Pennsylvania have this many people introduced each season? *Pretty Little Liars* keeps viewers on their toes, making them constantly question the reality of what it means to be hot. Every plot inconsistency progresses the complicated rhetoric of PLL, adding more ethical dilemmas to its potpourri of intelligence. And for these reasons, my friends, this show is the paragon of high society.

I Forced a Bot to Watch 100 Hours of Manners and Etiquette PSAs from the 50s and Asked It to Write Its Own

By: Spencer Roxbury '23

PREDICTIVE TEXT DINNER ETIQUETTE PSA

INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM

MOTHER, FATHER, SON, DAUGHTER, sit at a dining table, their brains visibly full of classism and capitalist ideation.

MOTHER is starchy and proper, with oh so much fear behind her glossy eyes. FATHER is boiling with rage. SON is gay, but he won't ever acknowledge it. DAUGHTER has sexual daydreams about the milkman.

The NARRATOR begins speaking. He sounds like he gets a malted milkshake from the soda fountain after he cheats on his benzodiazepine-filled wife.

NARRATOR

The family unit is sacred and should never be corrupted. This family loves God, and therefore they eat together every night. Every. Night.

Not eating as a family is the same as worshipping Satan. Also, it is Taco Tuesday.

FATHER begins telling a story about his work at the racism factory. His words are not audible; instead, the NARRATOR describes the conversation.

NARRATOR

Meals are a time of relaxation, so conversation should be light and pleasant. The father has chosen the conversation topic for tonight: women are inherently lazy but also they should not be allowed to have jobs.

MOTHER laughs at a joke that FATHER makes about his desire to fuck his secretary.

NARRATOR

Women should be seen but not heard.

The mother made noise in front of men. Normally this would warrant her being shot on sight, but it was allowed in this instance because her jubilation was in response to a joke made by her husband, whom she must praise at every opportunity.

SON asks his father to tell a story about The American Dream. FATHER begins to speak.

NARRATOR

The father speaks of "bootstraps" and "pulling oneself up by them." This concept does not obey the law of physics, but his son does not care. He enjoys his father's tales of magic and mystery.

Such flights of fancy are appropriate for casual dinner conversation.

DAUGHTER gets up and begins removing the eating implements from the table.

NARRATOR

Daughters should be treated like maids, as is their birthright. Here, the young daughter skillfully clears her father's dishes without making eye contact.

Men are like gorillas; eye contact is intimidating and sometimes seen as a sign of aggression. Other potentially aggressive behaviors of women are speaking, walking, or breathing.

MOTHER and DAUGHTER disappear from view, presumably to go wash the dishes or dust the grandfather clock or iron the cat or some other womanly duty. FATHER and SON continue chatting. SON is becoming more antisemitic by the second.

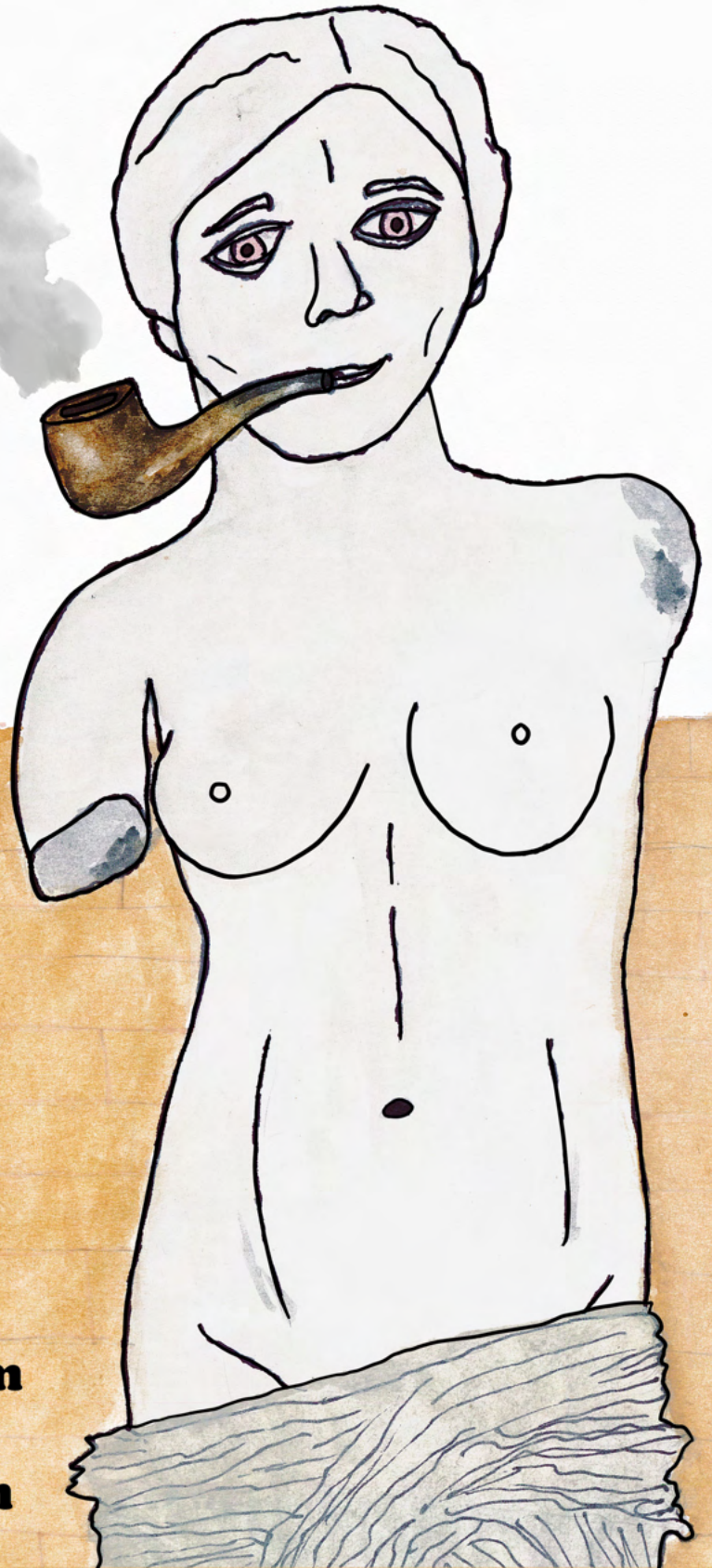
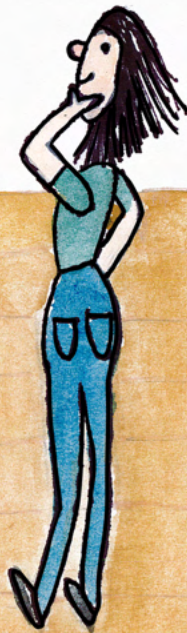
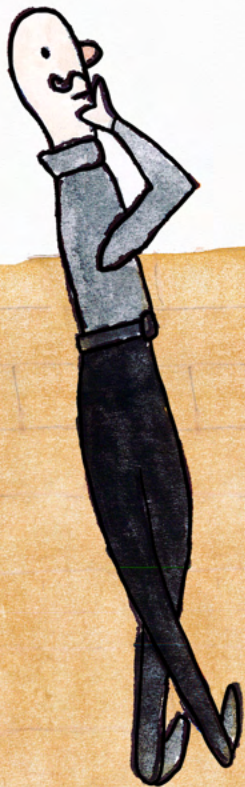
NARRATOR

Thus concludes the dinner of a well-mannered family. If you don't have a spouse, a steady job, two children, a house with a white picket fence, a dog, and a blinding hatred of anyone who "isn't from 'round here" by the age of 22, you will die alone and decrepit.

Rejected Headlines

Hotel School Re-Renamed After 69 Mil Donation
It's Sooo Sexy To Die of Consumption (Vore)
She Formal on My Edition
The Existance of the Formal Edition Implies the Existance of the Formal Subtraction
How To Make Money, Do Cocaine, and Get Bitches: An Exclusive From Jeff Bezos
Why I Make My Tinder Matches Watch Ratatouille on the First Date
I Don't Even Understand Bridgerton, and Frankly, It Could Be Hornier
The Subversive Dichotomy of Balls 2
Bean and Piss Pairings for Your Next Soiree
Piss: The Drink of Kings
Piss: The Drink of Queens
Piss: The Drink of Queens, NY
Why Plato Would Have Been Into BDSM: An Essay
Help! I Am Mentally Hosting a Dinner Party 24/7 and I Dont Know How To Stop. Oh No I Think I'm Burning the Turkey Sorry I
Can't Be With You Right Now
How To Jerk Off With Grace and Aplomb
The Real Truth About My Husband's Death?????????: Not Clickbait: Gone Sexual
Netflix Had a Way Better Gay Movie Selection Before Gay Marriage Was Legalized
I Really Relate to Kafka's Metamorphosis but Instead of Turning Into a Bug I Turned Into a MILF
How To Lure All Your Relatives Into a Single Hot-Air Balloon for a Dastardly Inheritance Scheme
How To Tell if Your Crush Is Fancy or Just Gay and Sad
Vocabulary To Impress Billionaires: It's Called Networking, Sweaty
Fancy Feast and 12 Other Reasons Why Fur Suits Should Be Considered Formal Attire
My Father, Mr. Peanut, Owns Your Ass
If I Crush Mr Peanut's Balls With a High Heel Does It Make Peanut Butter?
Peanut Butter? I Hardly Know Er!
They Don't Want You To Know Mr. Peanut and the Monopoly Man Invented Gay Sex
How To Ask for Ketchup at the Gourmet Steakhouse
I Watched Cats 2019 on Multiple Drugs and You'll Never Guess Which Was the Best (Hint: It Was Lead Paint)
Why 'Riverdale Season 17: This Time Jughead Goes to Hell' Is the Best Season Yet
Disrupting the Fine Art Market by Eating Famous Paintings Because I'm Rich and Want To Know What Monet Tastes Like
Poutine This Dick in Your Mouth
Level B Gave Me Anal Beads in My Fishbowl
I Broke My Clit: Why I'm No Longer a Horse Girl
"My Body's Too Bootylicious for You, Baby" and Other Powerful Agruments for Socialized Healthcare
Why Has Society Forgotten About #NotMyRodrick?
Georgia O'Keeffe, if You're Free on Thursday Night, I Would Like To Hang Out on Thursday Night When Im Free. Let Me Know if
You Can Hang Out on Thursday Night When Im Free if Youre Free
How To Grow Genital Hair (Just Got Tested!!!)
The NFT of Dorian Gray
If I Were in Charge, 51 Wouldn't Be Divisible by 17.
WE STAND BEHIND OUR ASS-EATING Brethren
No Homo, but I Fucking Love Debussy
Rich Enough That You Can't CONCEIVE of the Ply of My Toilet Paper: I Wipe My Ass With Intact, Endangered Trees
Van Gogh? Why Don't You Gogh Get Some Bitches?
Sigma Balls? Yes.

Are You Pretentious? Join the Lunatic!



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