

WHERE DO YOU GO TO SCHOOL?

Where (exactly) do you go to school? Welcome (back) to Cornell University.

For those of you who got off the bus thinking this was Cornell College in Iowa (Yes, there is such a place. Google it.), now would be a good time to get back on the bus.

"Where the hell are we?" I heard one Freshman say to

asked if they had any Republican paraphernalia, to which the clerk responded, "My man, you are in the wrong city."

Ithaca: 42°26'36"N 76°30'0"W: Some say Ithaca is 10 square miles surrounded by reality. I sometimes think the phrase should say "10 square miles filled with people who can't even spell relaty, er, reality."

Ithaca is not the real world. But college isn't, either. And just when you start to think it is, remind yourself of the very sheltered life you lead here

went for John McCain, too. I guess we know how to pick 'em).

But let's talk about the place where you'll be spending the next four (or five, or six) years of your academic career: Cornell University.

"Far above Cayuga's Waters, there's an awful smell! Some say it's Cayuga's Waters ... Some say it's Cornell! — Anonymous, but most assuredly a disgruntled Townie.

Congratulations! You worked your butt off to now attend a university that ranked 11th in Best Food, according to Princeton Review. You also attend a university that spent thousands of dollars (which I'm sure you'll be paying back long after we're done here) on research to tell us that "Thin People Eat Differently at all-you-can-eat-Chinese buffets."

And your e-mail ... well ... don't expect that to work all the time. The same goes for the tools you enroll in courses with.

Soon, you'll be joining the same ranks as many of our esteemed alumni.

You must get goose bumps to know that you now walk the same hallowed halls as Anne Coulter, Huey Lewis (who did not graduate), Keith Olbermann '79, and two convicted murderers.

Don't forget also about Fat Balls (from 30 Rock), Sideshow Mel (from The Simpsons), and Andy Bernard (from The Office.)

Cornell has a variety of different people from all walks of life studying all different types of things. I often to like to ponder the situation where a Hotelie, an Aggie, an Engineer, and an Architecture student all walk into a bar ...

I ponder it, you see, because it

would never actually happen.

You have returned to a University in a time of change. As the search continues for a provost, vice president for finance, and chief diversity officer, the current administration continues to work to maintain the highest level of excellence.

And aside from barring us from Schedulizer, they do a pretty good job...

This will be an exciting year with a lot of controversy. We have already seen the University's response to the tragic death of sophomore Doug Lowe over the summer: a large fence surrounding the gorges. A good move, I think, by the University — under the circumstances, it was the best they could have done.

The University continues debating itself with regards to college rankings and US News' decision to rank us 14th (down from previous years).

And that's just a taste of some of the fun.

But the start of the school year is upon us.

Freshmen: Welcome. You have a lot to learn and only a few years to do it. Meet as many people as you can and do not sleep with anyone on your floor.

Seniors: Rule Number One about Senior Year — you're not allowed to talk about Senior Year.

Let the fun begin ...



C.J. Slicklen

Closing Time

another as they drunkenly walked through Collegetown in front of CTB this past Orientation Week.

"Outside of Mary Donlon, I think," replied the second.

Freshmen have a lot of orienting to do over the next few months (beyond Huggy Bear and all the other nonsensical "ice breaker" games). When exploring Ithaca, I would recommend you do so on foot, using a map, and not wearing your "John McCain '08" baseball cap that you may have acquired from home. (I humor myself thinking that someone at Cornell ACTUALLY HAS a John McCain hat).

During my freshman year move-in, I made the mistake of walking through the Commons with my (right-leaning) father, who walked into a store and

atop your perch in Olin Library and make a plane reservation to "Anywhere-but-here."

There are three colleges in Ithaca (Cornell, Ithaca College, and TC3). Apparently the locals refer to one as "Harvard on the Hill."

What an awful insult ...

Ithaca is an extremely interesting place and if you have a free Saturday afternoon, I recommend sitting on The Commons and taking it all in. You'll see something that you've never seen before and you probably won't ever see again.

You'll note that Tompkins County went 57 percent to 40 percent for Barack Obama in the Democratic primary — the only county in New York State to go to Senator Obama (If you're even interested, Tompkins County

SUNY CORNELL

I know that you still cry sometimes about that fact that you weren't good enough for Yale or Harvard, but face it: you don't go to a real Ivy. The sooner you start taking advantage of your state school benefits, the better.

Claims that Cornell is the worst Ivy — or that it shouldn't be an Ivy at all — are both valid and deeply seated in



John-David Brown

Country Club Cockfight

reality. According to Radar Magazine (and numerous other sources), we are "overrated" and "anti-intellectual," have the ugliest girls and boast an oppressive Greek system. In case you don't know yet, all of these things are true. We also jump into gorges and stab West Campus visitors. But so what? Cornell is a great university — not in spite of these things, but because of them. Except for the stabbing thing.

So you don't go to a real Ivy. But it's nothing to despair about. Instead, you should accept your lesser standing and embrace the fact that you go to a Big 10 school with an Ivy League misnomer. Cornell is way more of a state school than you may think: it has too many students who all share a passion for hockey and frat parties. What real Ivy can say the same? I don't want to sip tea and play croquet at Dartmouth or Princeton. No, I would much rather be able to get loaded in a toga and bang randoms

all week long.

In my opinion, Cornell's best state school feature is its rampant sluttiness. Even if we do have the ugliest girls, at least our ugly girls put out. In another part of this Radar feature — where Harvard was deemed "Most Overrated" (we were runner up) — the following statistics were cited: "According to the annual senior survey, members of the class of 2008 slept with an average of just 2.75 people while at Harvard. 25 percent of students did not have sex at all, and half of all undergrads had one sexual partner or less over the course of four years." WTF!? We might be graduating from the lamest Ivy, but at least we'll have banged more than two people.

Cornell is a perfect breeding ground for sluts. Just look around and see how many of us suffer from Korean mothers, Orthodox Jewish upbringings, or high school years as friendless fatties. Add to that the freakishly cold weather and the widespread desire to commit suicide because we all ended up at our safety school, and you know exactly why

we all turn to frequent and anonymous sexual encounters. Instead of treating our sluttiness as yet another reason Cornell doesn't deserve to be in the Ivy League, you should appreciate the many benefits it affords us. As some of you go into your first official weekend as a Cornell student, please remember that like the early bird, the early slut gets the worm. Don't take more than 12 credits, because you'll need the extra time to start working on the things that really matter. Here's what you can expect when you start embracing your sluttiness: you'll get free shots from potential bedfellows, everyone will want to be your partner during group projects, and — if you're lucky — last night's trick might even drive you to class in the morning.

And that's just the beginning. The long-term benefits of developing as a slut at Cornell are abundant. Who really wants to enter the workforce ill-equipped to sleep their

way to the top? In the real world it doesn't matter where you went to college — as long as you are willing and able to flirt well and have sex with people, you will always succeed in life. Being a Cornell slut can get you what you want and where you need to go faster than any real Ivy reputation. Take our last sex columnist for example: Jenna B. opened her legs for 20-plus of Cornell's finest during her time here and look at what it got her: a book deal. Don't worry about that sorority girl who rolls into your Tuesday 12:20 with a massive hangover. I promise you she'll be exceedingly successful at office parties. Consider also one of our most prominent graduates: Ann Coulter gained her fame not by touting her fake Ivy status, but by harnessing the skills she learned during her time as a DG.

I too am a testament to how valuable these Cornelian skills can be. Over the past three years, Cornell has taken me from a heterosexual batting zero to an all-star homo with a batting average to match. This summer I enjoyed the many added benefits that come with being a ladder-climbing slut: trips to Chicago and Miami, endless free drinks and cabs, tons of Marc Jacobs gifts, tickets to galas and movie premieres, and sleepovers in lavish apartments in TriBeCa and SoHo. What did the sexless Ivy Leaguers get? Nothing. This safety school is starting to sound pretty good.

Once you're at the top of your field, you will be up there right along with the kids from real Ivies. The only difference is that instead of using your intellect or displaying an H-bomb on your resume, you slutted your way there. Rankings don't help Cornell grads succeed — the scarlet C's on our breasts do. Get over the fact that we aren't a real Ivy and appreciate Cornell for the state school that it is.

John-David Brown is a senior in the College of Arts and Sciences. He can be reached at jdbrown@cornellsun.com. Country Club Cockfight appears alternate Fridays this semester.