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Dining Hall Worker's Hatred for You Thinly Veiled

After the seventh attempt to swipe your ID, the dining hall worker you know only as "Liza" seems somewhat angry. She asks for your social security number begrudgingly, though you see her jot it down on a piece of paper while you recite it, as if she plans to use it for some other purpose. You enter Berkeley's luxurious kitchen area with a deep sense of unease, heightened by Liza's sudden decision to jump up and remove all the knives into the deep recesses of the dining hall. After accepting the ramifications of eating with only a spoon and a dirty fork, you notice Liza hunching over each food item as you walk towards it, pre-empting your enjoyment of Berkeley's delicious organic food by seeming to spit on it as you draw near. You fail to notice which specific parts of the chard casserole she hovered over as you help yourself. After taking your seat, Liza approaches your table with a bottle of hot sauce in her hand. Unbelievably, Liza trips, sending a stream of hot sauce hurtling towards your forehead. The sauce starts to drip into your right eye. You



You wonder how in such a short amount of time your ID managed to break in half, get scraped with an X-Acto knife, and melt so severely.

notice a suppressed smile on her face as she tries to dab your eye with a napkin and apologize.

As the vision in your right eye leaves you, you ponder the necessity of hot sauce with a meal composed entirely of chard, whatever that is. Liza scrambles away to

man the dining hall entrance, and you take your first bite of the casserole, not noticing the long strand of foreign spittle linking your food and the plate. You chomp down on the food, noticing its strange tobacco flavor, only to be confronted again by Liza, who insists that you snuck into the dining hall. You assure her that you didn't, marveling at her apparent short-term memory problem, but she takes your ID card to check anyway. She returns it five minutes later, and you wonder how in such a short amount of time your ID managed to break in half, get scraped with an X-Acto knife, and melt so severely. You think nothing of it as you get up to put your tray away. Leaving the dining hall, the pain in your eye slowly subsiding into terminal blindness, you hear someone mutter "I hate you, you fucker" in your direction. You turn around and notice only Liza, smiling sweetly at you as you exit. ☺

An Apology

Inbox

From: robert.kinzer@yale.edu
Sent: Sunday, November 16, 2003 3:13 AM
To: english217-list@yale.edu
Subject: Apology

Dear Students,

I would like to offer a heartfelt apology for my inexcusable behavior of the past few weeks. Many thanks for bearing with me as I work through some personal issues that have, unfortunately, prevented me from effectively performing my academic duties this semester.

As just one of many examples, it was completely irresponsible of me to spend the entirety of yesterday's 75-minute lecture quietly weeping at the podium. Even though I had my notes in front of me, I just couldn't find it within myself to deliver the scheduled talk on phallic imagery in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Just know that I really appreciate that you all remained relatively silent and attentive for the full duration of the class.

I realize that the papers which you handed in during the third week of class have yet to be returned. I wish that I could tell you that they are now graded. Unfortunately, I was forced to burn them for warmth last month after the electric company turned off my heat. Vincent, your essay on Milton's use of the passive voice in his early poetry burned particularly well.

It was also a clear breach of the student-professor relationship when I summoned each of you to my office hours for no other reason than to request "a place to crash for a while." I wish that my better judgment had not been so clouded by the effects of sleep deprivation, prescription drug abuse, and blunt trauma to the head. Who would have guessed that Dean Brodhead was such a scrappy fighter? But I digress.

While I may not be leading our class much longer, I have immensely enjoyed the time that we shared every Tuesday, Thursday, and when I would show up at your dorm rooms in the middle of the night asking for food. Without English 217 to anchor me during the past few months, I'm sure that my psychological, physiological, and kleptomaniacal struggles would have been much worse. Also, your generous handouts of loose change and cigarettes at the end of each class helped a lot too.

Hoping for the best,
Prof. Robert Kinzer

P.S. Seriously, does anyone have a place where I can crash for a while?

New England Reconsidered

New England—Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island—came into existence back in the day when the country was but a collection of tiny entities ruled by Ye Olde Caucasian Gentry. But times have changed: America stomped westward, bigger became better, and, thanks to the tireless work of visionaries like Susan B. Anthony and Martin Luther King, Jr., the country is now run by Old White Men. With all of these changes, it's time someone reevaluated the New English states.

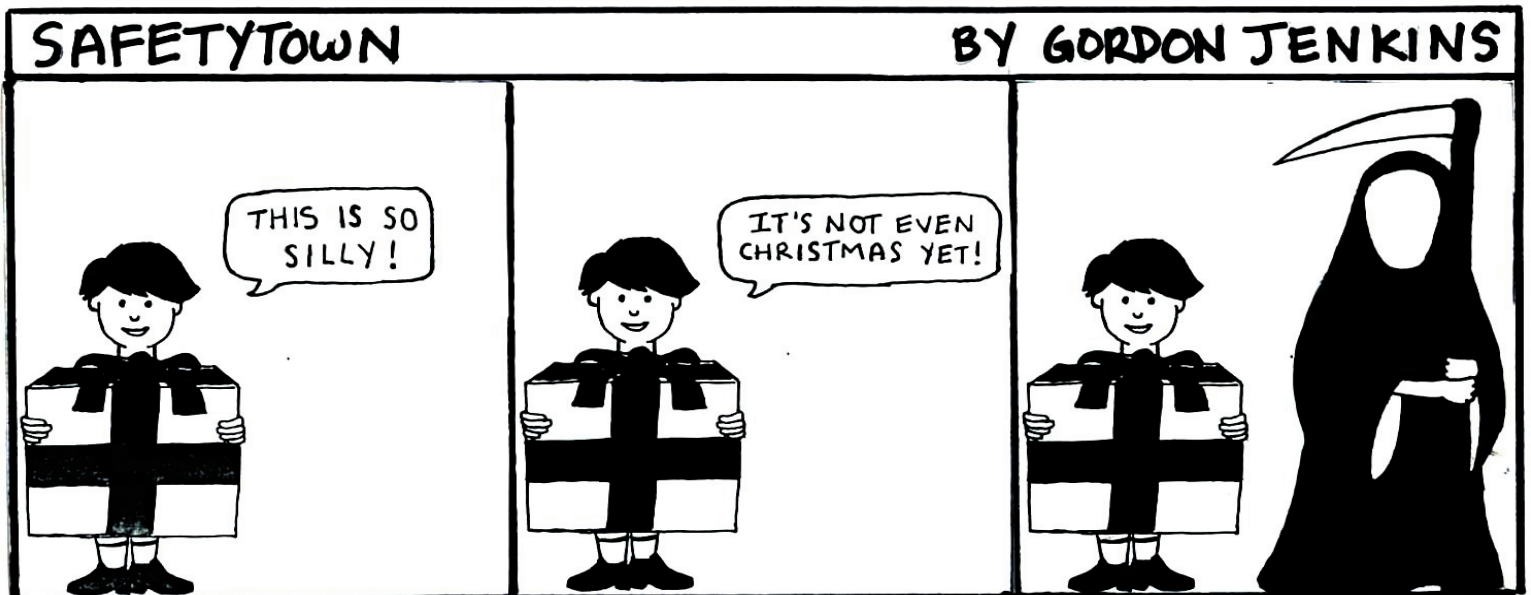
For instance, Rhode Island is (a) not an island, and (b) not a state. It's a highly motivated city, perhaps, but Providence's Caesar-sized ambition alone cannot validate the existence of a state that's half the size of Delaware. Its northern neighbor, Massachusetts, deserves some credit for being the Official State of Revolutionaries Doing Important Shit, and for inventing Thanksgiving. But Massachusetts harbors Rat Bastard University, which negates the state's entire worth. Even copious amounts of turkey and pumpkin pie can't make up for the generations of Hardvaarks that Massachusetts has produced. Further up lies Vermont, renowned for its maple syrup. That's just what this country needs—a state whose sole role in the Union is to make America fatter. While Vermont

is detrimental to the nation's health, New Hampshire is simply a waste of statehood. Hemmed in by Ver-"Pancakes"-Mont and Maine "the Moose," it completely lacks an identity; it's the Iowa of the Northeast. And then there's Maine, or "Southern Canada." Its population is composed of two distinct races: plaid-clad lumberjacks and chum-scented sailors. Worse, Maine was actually part of Massachusetts until 1820, meaning that it was the home state of *Insert Derogatory Harvard Euphemism University* for 184 years.

But don't worry, America, this situation is redeemable! We'll just make all these states a part of New York. Surely New Englanders won't protest—after all, they were blathering about how "we're all New Yorkers now" just a couple years ago. The potential benefits of this action go far beyond superior organization of the Northeast. This plan will actually further America's quest for world domination. By eliminating New England, we will be able to incorporate six more states into the Union without redesigning Old Glory or adding more seats to the Senate. Now that we've stopped bombing them, Puerto Rico will be the first state to join America. Giving Puerto Rico statehood will double America's GNR (Gross National Rhythm). We'll have to leave Mexico alone, as

implementing American laws there would eliminate the cheap whores. But Canada will make a fine addition to the Union, eh? Suddenly, more than two Americans will actually watch hockey! Next is Djibouti, because the capital of Djibouti is Djibouti. France will be state number forty eight—it deserves a hearty dose of liberation, American-style. The next new state will be China. That way, products manufactured by ten-year olds who work seventy hours a week can proudly be stamped with "Made in America." Of course, state number fifty will be the entire Middle East or, as it will soon be renamed, "New Texas."

This transition won't be easy. Former Rhode Islanders, whose state was founded as a haven for religious freedom, may not welcome the addition of China, where religious practice is restricted to government-sanctioned organizations. It will take even longer to reconcile those who were once citizens of Vermont, where same-sex couples could enter into civil unions, with the residents of Saudi Arabia County in New Texas, where men are beheaded on charges of homosexuality. But with a little bit of peace, love, and understanding—and a whole lot of Halliburton—the reorganization of the United States will be a profitable endeavor for every American citizen. Or at least for the Old White Men. ☺



Why Yale Needs a Hobbit Ethnic Counselor

By Samwise Gamgee

In a place like Yale, it can be easy to fall through the cracks. This is especially true if you're smaller than most. In some ways, college is more dangerous than the deep mines of Moria, or even the dark plains of Mordor. That is why we need a Hobbit ethnic counselor.

We Hobbits are a quiet folk. We do not know how to deal with vomiting friends, non-violent protests, and dining hall workers who won't let you double swipe at the Law School. I'm still having trouble coping with the twenty-one meal plan; I need a thirty-five meal plan. Commons is the only place that serves second breakfast, and it's impossible to get a decent five-course afternoon tea in New Haven. All we Hobbits want to do is to sit at home and smoke our pipe-weed, which, by the way, no one back in the Shire ever asked to buy a "quarter" of. Is the simple life too much to ask for?



-LR

Yale has Asian ethnic counselors, Hispanic ethnic counselors, but no Hobbit ethnic counselors. You say their skin is a different color? I'm two feet shorter than anyone else, and twelve years older! I'm thirty-three, damn it, and everyone thinks I'm ten. How many ten-year olds have feet this hairy? I need someone to guide me through these difficult times, like Mr. Frodo led me through Sauron's kingdom to Mount Doom.

Only a Hobbit ethnic counselor can give me the advice I need. My ethnic counselor is Turkish. I think someone misread "Middle Earth" as "Middle East." Akbar doesn't know jack about Hobbit problems. Like when someone sits in front of me in class, I can't see the blackboard. What does a guy whose grandparents came here from Asia Minor know about dealing with tall people? He's a five-foot-ten-inch freak. He invited me to a hookah party, and I felt totally out of place. I tried to impress the guys by smoking out of one of those wizardy-looking things. I figured it's just like pipe-weed, right? It's not. I ended up in DUH with tobacco poisoning. I'm the only case they've ever had! How do you think that makes me feel? Worse than an ent doing a keg stand.

I'd settle for a dwarf or even a freestyle duelist. Sure, dwarfs smell worse than orcs and the duelists use wussy foam swords, but at least they've heard of the Shire. There's no one here who can sympathize with me or offer me tried-and-true advice. I need guidance that only another Halfling can give. And some more pipe-weed. I'm running out. ☹

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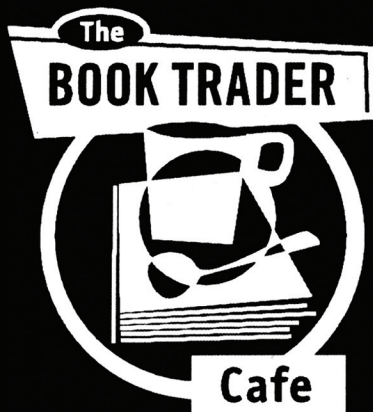
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A Sexciting Discovery

Finding ourselves “sexiled” one Saturday evening and pondering the origin of this delightful neologism, we hit the stacks to do some research. Scouring Sterling’s “sensitive” sexology section late into a salacious night, we came upon a dictionary containing several other similarly composed words. Below is a hardly “sexhaustive” selection which, if incorporated into the lexicon, could enrich all of our lives.

sexacerbate *vt* : to worsen an already uncomfortable situation by having sex. *Kyle got a D on the midterm, and then he sexacerbated it with the TA*

sexasperate *vt* **1** : to annoy one’s partner through consistently poor sexual performance **2** : to annoy one’s roommate by constantly having sex

sexcommunicate *vt* : to formally proscribe all future sexual intercourse with a certain individual. *After Dave bluntly suggested a ménage à trois with his girlfriend and her sister, she quickly sexcommunicated him*

sexfoliate *vt* : to disrobe someone for the express intent of engaging in sexual intercourse

sexhume *vt* : to disinter a body in order to have sex with it. *Having always been attracted to skeptical philosophers, Tracy went to the cemetery one night to sexhume David Hume*

sexistentialism *n* : a philosophical framework which holds, among other things, that a person’s essence or identity is determined by who he or she has sex with. *The landmark sexistentialist work Waiting for Godot’s Big Black Cock*

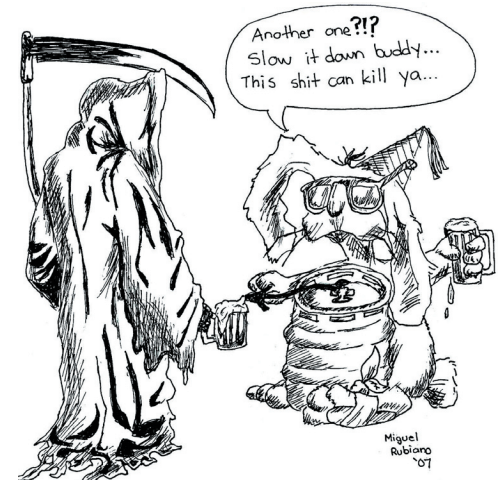
deus sex machina *n* : a dramatic device used to resolve plot tension in which two characters engage in extremely implausible sex. *At first, it seemed that Julia would forever hate Edward for pretending to be her long-lost father just to see her in the shower, but a deus sex machina cleared everything up*

sex nihilo *adv or adj* [Latin for “sex out of nothing”] : characteristic of impromptu or unexpected intercourse. *“Dude, I met this chick last night, and like 30 minutes later I was nailing her, totally sex nihilo”*

sexodus *n* : an en masse departure from an organized event, e.g., a prom or screw, in order to have sex. *Although the music at the rave was of the utmost quality, the E-rolling partiers quickly disappeared in a sexodus*

sex officio *adv or adj* [Latin] : scoring sex by using one’s occupation or position. *Danny Luhrman, rhythm guitarist for Skulldrag, frequently gets laid sex officio*

sexoneration *n* : conclusive evidence that a particularly frightening drunken hookup did not, in fact, occur



At the Easter Bunny’s kegger



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sexpelliarmus *interj* : a Dark Arts curse which causes one's opponent to prematurely spray his shorts. *Harry Potter exacted his revenge on Draco Malfoy by performing the dreaded sexpelliarmus curse while Malfoy was on his first date with the coveted Cho Chang*

sexpiration date *n* : the age at which a person ceases to be sexually desirable. *She used to be a MILF, but now she's past her sexpiration date*

sexponential *adj* : progressing from holding hands to full sexual intercourse in faster than polynomial time

abstract sexpressionism *n* : spontaneous, automatist display of ejaculation, ostensibly to explore the ejaculator's psyche and/or create a universal language of wankery, e.g., Jackson Bollocks's "seminal" *Number 17A: Politically Erect*

sextol *vt* : to praise another's virtuosic sexual abilities. *"Tim is such an asshat. He was cock-blocking me when he should have been sextolling my prowess"*

sextradite *vt* : to be forced by lack of sex to return to an old partner. *"I thought I'd never get back with Courtney, but after six months away from her, I had to negotiate a sextradition treaty"*

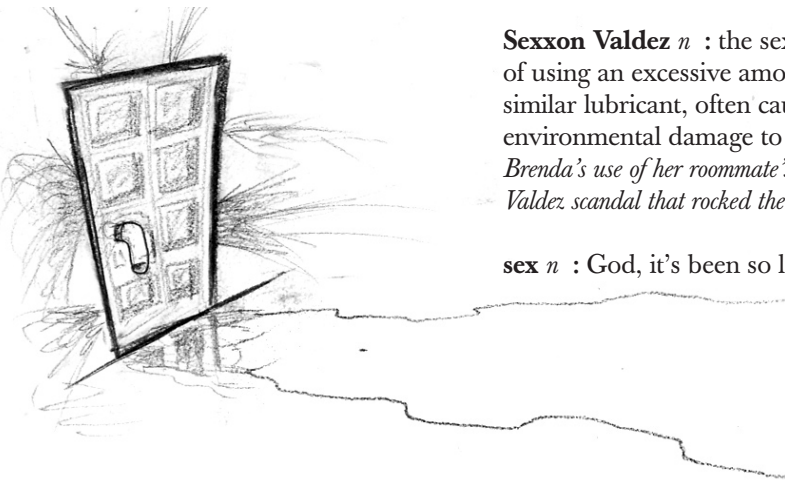
sextraneous *adj* : syn see FOREPLAY

sextrapolate *vt* : to estimate the quality of a possible sexual encounter. *Based on a preliminary sextrapolation from her wind-tossed hair and suggestive piercings, Trent thought doing that girl in his section would be totally sweet*

sextricate *vt* : to sneak (oneself) away after waking up next to an unwanted, still sleeping sexual partner

Sexxon Valdez *n* : the sexual faux pas of using an excessive amount of KY or similar lubricant, often causing irrevocable environmental damage to one's bedsheets. *Brenda's use of her roommate's bed led to a Sexxon Valdez scandal that rocked the suite*

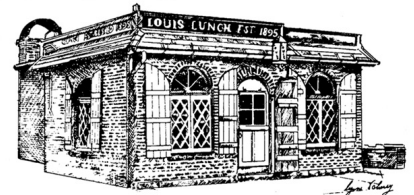
sex *n* : God, it's been so long!



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