

# THE YALE RECORD

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the  
NATURAL  
SELECTION  
ISSUE!



# THE YALE RECORD

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subscribers, alumni, and friends.

# Editorial

I now call this meeting of the League of Dinosaurs to order.

Alright. First, it's great to see that most of us could make it. I know many of you have busy schedules, and I appreciate your taking time off from striding majestically across the lush Cretaceous plain to be here. Thank you.

Well then, let's get down to business. I know we've had a great time triumphantly ruling the planet for the past hundred million years, but I think we can all agree when I say: "We knew it couldn't go on

---

*Ultimately, it was really the  
feathers that sold us.  
They're just so soft, so downy,  
so...moltable.*

---

forever." I might as well just tell you: as those of you who have looked skyward recently already know, there's a meteor coming, and it's going to wipe out over seventy percent of the Earth's biodiversity.

Dinosaurs! Dinosaurs! Quiet down!  
**QUIET!**

In light of the impending collision, there's going to be little opportunity for massive, inefficient eating machines like us. We will all have to deal with a lot of change, and, as with all change, there comes some uncertainty. However, I'm happy to say, we've got a plan. The future is no longer up in the air.

Or should I say, "The future is up in the air?" Get excited: we're trading in our bulk and muscular strength for brilliant plumage; our vicious claws and teeth for mellifluous, lilting song; and our total dominion over the Earth's reaches for cozy nests and perches. That's right—it's time to become free as birds...as birds!

Whoa, whoa, whoa, calm down! Or-  
der! Order! **ORDER!**

Look, I know this is a lot to take in at once, but any way you chew it we really

don't have much of a choice. Let me explain. The League Elders considered other options. We thought about crustaceans: too ugly. We thought about rodents: too pestilent. We even thought about primates: too upright.

But we can't stay gargantuan reptiles any longer. We're simply not going to be able to consume several metric tons of fibrous vegetation on a daily basis anymore. There aren't going to be any lethargic, fleshy herbivores wandering around for us to gorge our unquenchable lust for raw meat upon. Ultimately, it was really the feathers that sold us. They're just so soft, so downy, so...moltable.

Excuse me? No, Ankylosaurus, I am not a homosaur. And no one, I mean no one, is going to make you a nice little cage with newspaper and teach you to say 'Polly want a cracker' if you don't watch your language.

You know what? Fine. If you're all going to be fossils about this, you can just take that prehistoric attitude of yours and go extinct. I'm going to go evolve a beak. I'll talk to you guys in twenty million years—and we'll see who's trilling merrily and who's trapped in sedimentary rock.

*The Yale Record,  
December 2005*





# THE YALE RECORD




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*Yale Record*  
Staff Photo

Left to Right:  
Rae-Grant, Toole,  
Chernicoff, Sme-  
dresman, Lent,  
Zier



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# Mailbag

Dear Yale Record,

If an alcoholic is someone who is addicted to alcohol, is a pedophile someone who has sex with children?

Your small uncertain nephew,

-Lil' Marty

Ska-biddy-bop-bop-doo Yale Record,

Skiddly-doo-be-dad-la cuccaracha-wippity-wim-de-bop-speedy gonzales-shee-bop-da-doo-woop-carna asada with guacomole.

Skibbity-dippity,

The Scat Hombre

Dear David Beckham,

Wow, you've sure got a kickin' bod. Get it? Kickin' bod? Wooo, you're hilarious too! Okay, stop reading this and go do the Real Madrid with Posh Spice.

Your fan,

David Beckham

Dear Yale Record,

My dad is a famous scientist and invented a living Mr. Potatohead. He was pretty cool at first, but then he took my hat and put it in his ass. Now it smells like french fries.

-Jordan, age 11

Dear Calvin,

Every time I try to build a future with you, you just piss all over it.

-Hobbes

Dear Alf,

I'll bet your name is really Ralf, but you forgot the 'R' because you're a stupid alien.

-Ralf

Dear Yale Record,

Please take me off this list. Thanks.

Dear Dick,

Would you please stop hacking into my email account and sending out those "I hereby resign the presidency" messages to everybody? It's getting old.

-George

Dear Yale Record,

Here is a haiku about having sex with the elderly:

Unfurl your O'Keefe.

Gently flap the stale curtain.

Oh no, centipedes!

Love,

Grandma Agnes

Dear Fantastic Four,

Consider yourselves one-upped.

-The Fantastic Five

Dear The North Face,

Turn around. It's my time to shine you attention whore.

-The South Face

Dear Hedwig,

Why are you reading this? I told you to take this letter to Ron, you damn prying owl. No mice for you tonight.

-Harry Potter

Dear The Statue of Liberty,

I will cut you...for no reason.

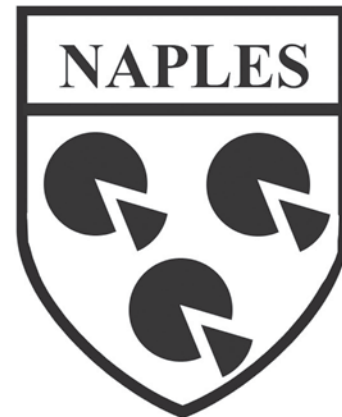
-The Statue of Injustice

Dear Cinderella,

Prince Charming wants to get married - so either your brains or your signature will be on that marriage certificate.

-The Godmother

(continued on page 23)



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# Paraphernalia

**You Could Listen to Every Britney Spears Song Ever Released, Or You Could Listen to This Song, Which Combines All of Them and Doesn't Really Lose Anything in the Process**  
TAMARA MICNER

I think I did it again

I'm a slave 4 u

You've got that something, what can I do

That is just so typically me

Boy you got me blinded

There's nothing that I wouldn't do

Hit me baby, one more time

You see my problem is this. (You like that?)  
What's practical is logical. What the hell,  
who cares?

All you people look at me like I'm a little girl  
(I get nasty)

And now you're out of sight, yeah

Baby, all I need is time

Oops! You think I'm in love

(Here we go)

Sometimes I'm scared of you

I'm so excited, I'm in too deep

Moan Moan Moan OUW!

Oh baby, baby

(I just want you to touch me)

There's nothing you can do or say, baby

(Are you ready)

I'm not your property as of today, baby

(Now watch me)

Oh baby

(I just feel, I let myself go)

Tell me baby 'cause I need to know

(Oh yeah)

Oh pretty baby

(You like it)

Baby, oh

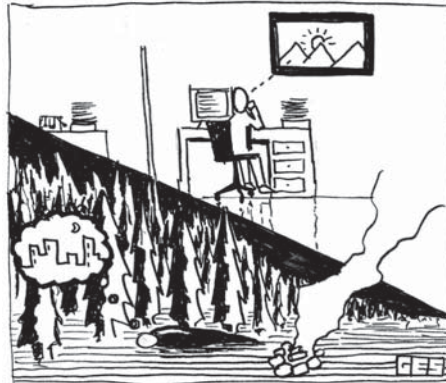
(Like that)

Baby, don't you wanna, dance up on me

(Let's go)

Boys!

[Panting]



## **The Convocation Address of Dean Richard Pratchett, September 5, 2005** ERIC MARCH

Parents, Friends, Students and Colleagues,  
This convocation marks the beginning  
of my 30th year as Dean of Swarthinger  
College. In 3 decades of delivering this  
speech, I have never had the honor of ad-  
dressing a class of incoming freshman that  
has adapted so rapidly to circumstances so  
adverse as those we have been presented  
with this year. Thus, with exceptional  
admiration, the pleasure of welcoming  
you, the class of 2009 and your parents to  
Barkersville, New York is once again mine.  
I hope that the non-locals among you have  
all had a chance to enjoy our exquisite  
September weather to which, I might  
add, the tsetse flies are an exciting—albeit  
somewhat unanticipated—new addition.

To begin, I would like to offer an  
explanation, by way of an apology, for  
the current state of affairs on campus.  
Several statements I made last month  
disparaging the Truth and Reconciliation  
Commissions in Rwanda have apparently  
offended some of the parties involved. Let  
me be clear that it was never my inten-  
tion to downplay the strides the Rwandan  
people and the African Union have made  
in rebuilding that troubled region, and in  
as much as I may have insinuated to the  
contrary I am deeply sorry. My comments  
were out of line, and if there's any one  
reason why the Main Library has been

invaded by Congolese paramilitaries, that  
would be it.

The class of 2009 is comprised of  
students from 48 states and 22 foreign  
countries, each one boasting a unique  
blend of creativity, talent and compassion.  
Many of you have already volunteered for  
one of many campus community outreach  
organizations; nearly a third of you have  
already been picked off by the birds of  
prey that circle the community outreach  
center on West Street. For the rest of you,  
assuming the task of making this school  
year the best you can make it is a requisite,  
challenging, and ultimately rewarding  
charge. Your freshman year, much like the  
underground methane leak that devastat-  
ed Dillinger Hall on Sunday morning, will  
be an unpredictable whirlwind affair.

Though the college has now been  
around for nearly a century, Swarthinger  
has always been at the cutting edge of new  
scientific discovery. Last month, fellows  
at the Martinstein Anti-Matter Labora-  
tory isolated a microportal to the 33rd  
Century, opening the doors of time just  
wide enough to glimpse into the future of  
man, and just long enough for a legion  
of unstoppable X-93 KillBots to collapse  
the temporal manifold and lay siege to  
Central Campus. I am inclined to believe  
that their presence may explain why the  
parents section is only a quarter full today,  
though the usual I-87 brouhaha may also  
bear partial responsibility. Those of you  
who made it are welcome to join President  
Huntz and myself for a reception imme-  
diately following this address and, subse-  
quently, to escape via our network of un-  
derground tunnels, dug just deep enough  
to avoid their sensor sweeps.

2005-2006 will bring many changes  
to campus. The baseball team, division  
champs in '04-'05, will undergo a rebuild-  
ing year. Important decisions will be made  
concerning the future of North Quad  
which, I am now told, was swallowed by  
a trans-dimensional fissure at some point  
during this speech. Little is known about  
the fissure. Some claim it contains 3 of  
the 7 Hindu Hells within its constantly  
fluctuating boundaries. Others claim that  
it bears a striking resemblance to Bram  
Wayman, class of 2007. Still others deny  
its existence altogether. Much of the  
evidence we have seems to indicate that  
the fissure is unbounded by space-time,  
transcends the Murdoch pentadimen-

sional paradigm, and is thus unable to be destroyed, relocated, or even conceived of, for that matter. For all of you budding physics majors out there, it is most definitely an exciting time to be at Swarthinger.

Thus, you, the Class of 2009, have been admitted to indulge the rich tradition of academic excellence, intellectual rigor and utter godlessness that is Swarthinger College, 2005. Whether you return now to your dorm rooms, retreat to practice with your singing groups, or choose to participate in one of many pre-apocalyptic orgies taking place outside of Ryker Chapel, know that your fates from this moment are intertwined with those of this prestigious, ancient and tragic institution. This place, once mine, is now yours to explore. Just remember to duck on your way past the outreach center.



## Titular Lines for Movies That Shouldn't Have Titular Lines

MICHAEL RAE-GRANT

- “Check out this new album by the Terminator Two – Judgment Day.”
- Nurse Ratched: “Have you seen any robins outside yet?” Billy Bibbit: “Yeah, One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest.”
- “You’re a good Citizen, Kane.”
- Marlow: “Hey, do you remember when were supposed to do that armageddon thing?” Kurtz: “The Apocalypse? Now.”
- [To an interrogating policeman.] “I told you, I don’t know anything about Dr. Strangelove, Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb!”
- “The Shining! I can’t take The Shining! Would somebody please get me some polarized sunglasses?!”
- “Did you hear the Who Framed Roger Rabbit an autographed photo for his birthday?”
- [Alex and his Droogies stand next to a pair of French tourists. They all wait for the subway train.] Alex: “These subways work just like Clockwork” [Train arrives, drowning out conversation for two seconds.] French Tourist 1: [Obscured by the arriving train: “J’aime le duck”] Orange.



## A Girls’ Guide to Yale Men

JESSICA POTER  
& AMANDA LEWIS

*Of Yale’s five thousand-odd population of undergraduates, there are perhaps fifteen hundred straight men. Unfortunately for Yale Women, only about seven of these men are dateable (and those seven all happen to have long distance girlfriends). However, for those either naïve enough or foolish enough to attempt to date, we offer this guide. Good Luck: you’ll need it.*

### THE HH AFICIONADOS:

Where to find them: That’s “home-work” and “Halo” for those of you who know that there’s more to Yale than the inside of your residential college. These boys spend most of their time hunched over their computer or fogging up their glasses while drooling on a game controller. The only reason their problem sets might not be turned in on time would be if they found some new, crazy-ass secret level of “Splinter Cell” and had to stay up till 7 A.M. to beat it.

Will mutter this “line” to you during section: “That’s not what it says on page 75 of the textbook...”

Future plans: Computer technician; finding and beating that secret level.

Hooks up with: Other than Lara Croft? Girls too desperate to find anyone else.

### THE GUYS WHO THINK THEY’RE NOAM CHOMSKY:

Where to find them: At Koffee Two, clutching a copy of The New Yorker in one hand and The Economist in the other, looking down on everyone else through their fashionably rectangular spectacles while referencing anything and everything esoteric in culture or literature.

Will mutter this “line” to you during section: “That’s not what Goethe said...”

Future plans: Editor of The New York Times; writer for The Daily Show; and if all else fails, lawyer.

Hooks up with: Girls with the mind of Susan Sontag and the body of Tina Fey (As if! Nice try, guys.)

### THE TOADTHLETES:

Where to find them: Pounding beers, pledges, and sluts in the locker room, on the fields and courts, at Toad’s, and at DKE.

Will mutter this “line” to you during

section: “That’s not what your mom said last night...”

Future plans: Investment banker; holding a position of power (CEO, President of the United States etc.)

Hooks up with: That hot freshman who thought the punch was Hawaiian, not Irish; anyone from Q-Pac.

### THE PERFORMERS (outside of the bedroom):

Where to find them: rehearsal for a cappella, Yale Dancers, Yale Children’s Theater, Yale Undergraduate Musical Theater Company.

Will mutter this “line” to you during section: “You should come hear me hit a high C tonight...”

Future plans: Explaining to his life partner why he dated girls at Yale (“Hey, everyone experiments in college!”).

Hooks up with: Unsuspecting or merely optimistic fag hags; that pregnant girl from Saved.

### THE FIRST-TIME FRESHMAN:

Where to find them: In an ambulance on the way to Yale/New Haven. These boys spent all of high school trying to get into Yale and not enough time having fun. Ergo college for them is more like what high school was for everyone else—an introduction to sex, drugs, rock ‘n’ roll, and testing the limits of one’s liver functions.

Will mutter this “line” to you during section: “Do you want to come over and study later? My mom sent me cookies in a package today!”

Future plans: White picket fence in Westchester with 2.5 kids and a stable job; coaching Billy’s Little League

Hooks up with: Members of the Facebook group “People for the Return of Actual Dates (Yale Chapter)”



Girl: “Sorry, I’ve got DS.”

Guy: “It’s OK, I understand, I’ve got AIDS.”

# Poems Written by Great Poets During Their Awkward Teenage Years

DANIEL LEVIN BECKER

*On Finding Solace From The Pressures Of Modern Life Among Nature, written in the inside front cover of my trigonometry textbook (1786)*  
William Wordsworth

O vale of Trees, ancient, ever growing  
Whisper to me thy secrets, old and sad  
As one in whom, yourself unknowing  
There is purchase, sweet solace, to be had  
Make of my voice a herald ongoing  
Of thy unheard grievances with thy Dad

For surely there is in your telling rings  
The sorrows of unjust prohibitions  
Denials of all-too-deservèd things  
In behest of unfounded suspicions  
Say one saw in thy trunk illicit things  
Or found on thy leaves uncouth emissions

Or if there be not those pains in your bark  
Should thy mother Nature have made  
you free  
To play alone in the wood after dark  
And spread out thy roots as did please  
but thee  
Show me then some blissful instructive mark  
That I might be int'resting as a Tree

I have grown weary of unbending rules  
And look to Nature for blessed retreat  
To find in myself the redeeming jewels  
Too long obscured by cages of concrete  
Our parents are naught but ignoble fools  
But Trees are fucking sweet



*This Beard, An America (1836)*  
Walt Whitman

I started to grow a mustache today  
stubborn worldward struggle of tiny hairs  
within my inner-outermost face  
summoned somewhere from gnarl'd nerve  
ends and Sisyphean synapses  
They do not know the push they push, nor  
its razor-tipp'd significance  
for this is Philadelphia, in follicles, fighting  
forth for freedom  
How hirsute I should be! How original!  
My face, my hair, time, the cosmos

Look there, Martin Van Buren sideburns  
How do you stand alone? what wretched  
secrets do you keep from my downless  
upperlip?

Retreat! advance! cower before America,  
she expects this from you  
No more than absolute ablutive abnega-  
tion, no less than Tallahassee, as vast as  
vast

Sing



*I Know We Made Out But (1899)*  
William Carlos Williams

The fact is I  
was drunk and didn't really know  
what was going on

It's not that  
it wasn't special—  
dispassionate—no

but you see  
I'm kind of seeing  
someone

And I need  
my pants back  
when you get a chance



*Oenone, Naiade, With Fake ID (1902)*  
T.S. Eliot

Mister Stearns is no man  
(Not the calloused journeyman of the lam-  
plit corridor  
Nor the sunstriped wanderer of lonely  
streets)

One day shards  
of latency therein will crystallize  
and minor Master Stearns will unbecome—

But today, mais maintenat  
No motors purr for Master Stearns  
No taps flow for Master Stearns  
No doors open to his unmanned purview  
All is stone and shutter and curfew.

So from the velvet silences of sleep-muted  
childhood  
he thanks you,  
J. Alfred Prufrock  
of 510 Credessi Drive, Smyrna Georgia  
Five eleven 130 pounds,

For dropping your driver's license  
outside of Woolworth's

Master now mister, decades of a breath  
Spoonfed mornings begot crunk-ass nights  
Que les beaux temps roulent

Meow meow meow meow  
meow meow meow meow  
Meow meow meow meow: miaou  
Fuck



## Suregeon General's Warnings that should Appear on Boxes of Kellogg's Raisin Bran™

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:**  
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EAT EXCEPT KELLOGG'S RAISIN  
BRAN™

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:**  
KELLOGG'S RAISIN BRAN™ IS NOT  
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ING SEX YOU ENJOY A LARGE BOWL  
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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:**  
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MAY RESULT IN SATISFACTION

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KELLOGG'S RAISIN BRAN™ SHOULD  
NOT BE GROUND TO A DUST AND  
RUBBED INTO THE CHESTS OF  
THE ELDERLY

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:**  
THE SURGEON GENERAL IS IN NO  
WAY QUALIFIED TO MAKE THESE  
WARNINGS



## A Diluvial Diary

THOMAS HOWELL

3rd Day of the 2nd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

Noah was acting weird today. I could hear him hammering all day, and he tried to borrow two of my goats. I told him no, not after the last time, when he returned poor Elijah and Thaddeus as the blackened remains of a burnt offering. Also, he was asking if I had any wood caulk. What in God's name-in-vain is caulk?

10th Day of the 2nd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

There are some huge-ass clouds coming. One of them looks like a huge-ass

middle finger, another looks like a huge ass "Die Sinners!" and another one just looks like a huge ass. Noah is sitting in this big boat in his back yard with a bunch of animals. Man, does he look stupid. I swear, sometimes I just don't get this guy. Also, I can't find my goats.

17th Day of the 2nd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

It's been drizzling for a while. The sun hasn't been out all week and my geraniums are dying. According to Mr. "Goody Two-Of-Every-Animal-In-A-Boat Shoes", God is punishing us for our sins. If so, this is pretty much the lamest way I can think of to do it. Whatever, I can't worry about it; got a busy day of coveting my neighbor's wife ahead of me.

24th Day of the 2nd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

I can't believe it's still pouring! Because of the rain, I've only been able to create one graven image today, and I haven't been able to bear false witness at all. How dull. On a brighter note, I found my goats. Unfortunately, they had drowned...I guess I left them in the basement.

1st Day of the 3rd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

I haven't had to deal with Noah in ages, thank God. I don't have to listen to all his, "Fie upon thee, sinner! God's wrath is upon you!" nonsense. Chill out, Noah. What kind of sissy God would just rain on people for three weeks? I hope he was carried away by all this water—which is likely, because it's at about waist level. Also, my neighbor's wife is nowhere to be seen. Luckily, his manservant, maidservant, ox and ass are still around, so there's still some coveting to be done.

8th Day of the 3rd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

Today was another strange day. Mostly it was strange because it's been raining for 28 days and the water is up to my neck. But it was also weird because I thought I saw the ghost of Abraham looking at me with his innocent little goat-eyes and I almost cried. Turns out it was just more rain.

15th Day of the 3rd Month, 2522 BC

Dear Diary,

## We've been "outed."

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This water is becoming a huge pain in the ass. I guess Noah was right about that “God blotting out a sinful humanity” stuff. Anyway, I think this will be my last entry: I’m running out of breath.



## Animals That Didn't Make It

SEAN GANDERT

### Dinosaurs

*What are they:* Prehistoric reptiles that lived from about 230 to 65 million years ago

*Traits and Characteristics:* Extreme size, weight, and affinity for tar pits.

*Cause of extinction:* A mystery.

*Some possible explanations:*

1. Asteroid collision – A large rock hit the earth, causing catastrophic global climate change. This was unimportant, however, as all dinosaurs happened to be lying beneath the meteor’s landing area and were duly flattened.
2. Oort cloud – An unnaturally cloudy year left many dinosaurs in the throes of a deep depression, which quickly led to the unprecedented suicides of every dinosaur on earth.
3. Dangerous Plants – After years of sitting idly by while dinosaurs feasted upon them, plants finally revolted and went on to rule the world – until an asteroid collision, which resulted in catastrophic global climate change, wiped them out.

### The Pyrenean Ibex

*What are they:* A subspecies of the Spanish ibex that once ranged across the Pyrenees.

*Traits and Characteristics:* The last Pyrenean Ibex was found dead as recently as January 6, 2000. Far more distinguishing than this, however, is that before its death, no one knew or cared what a Pyrenean Ibex was. This has not changed since.

*Cause of extinction:* A real mystery, unlike that fake one with the dinosaurs. How about lack of habitat combined with poaching...that’s what Greenpeace always says.

### The 4-toed sloth

*What are they:* A South American herbivorous mammal.

*Traits and Characteristics:* While all sloths are

known for their lazy, half-assed way of living, 4-toed sloths were distinguished from their relatives by an additional toe, said by experts to make them, “better in every conceivable way.”

*Cause of extinction:* Much like the legendary four-leafed clovers, the four-toed sloth was hunted to extinction by the Irish.

### The Unicorn

*What are they:* A horse with a horn on its forehead.

*Traits and Characteristics:* A horn on the forehead.

*Cause of extinction:* While scholars thought for years they had been hunted to death by packs of small girls during the late 15<sup>th</sup> century, today it’s an accepted fact that neither unicorns, small girls, nor the 15<sup>th</sup> century ever existed.

### The Dodo

*What are they:* Large, flightless doves that inhabited the part of Mauritius island currently occupied by the fabulous Westside Mauritius Mall.

*Traits and Characteristics:* Their name is commonly used in the phrase “dead as a Dodo,” a phrase that would likely anger any dodos within hearing range if they weren’t all as dead as dodos.

*Cause of extinction:* Deliciousness.

### Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles

*What are they:* Turtles that evolved artificially due to a mutagen dropped into the sewer by Shredder.

*Traits and Characteristics:* While the turtles’ size and strength are extraordinary, what truly sets members of this species apart from other turtles is their bodaciously radical Ninjitsu skills.

*Cause of extinction:* While able to thwart Shredder’s many attempts on their lives, the turtles eventually succumbed to what biologists now refer to as a “poor third film.”

### Tamagotchis

*What are they:* Small, handheld animals native to Japan.

*Traits and Characteristics:* Unlike most creatures, Tamagotchis often exhibited strange “beeping” noises on their “screens” and didn’t truly “die” until their “batteries” ran out of “energy.”

*Cause of extinction:* The fickle tastes of middle-American suburbanite teenagers.

## Def Leppard

*What are they:* A large feline best known for its preposterous hair and ability to rock out.

*Traits and Characteristics:* Fearsome canine teeth, glistening coats, and a killer rhythm section.

*Cause of extinction:* After a vicious encounter with a White Snake left their drummer without an arm, Def Leppard could no longer hunt for prey, pursue their mates, or keep tempo during their hit song "Rock of Ages." Scorpions quickly took advantage of Def Leppard's weakened state and forced them out of their natural habitat. Under such harsh environmental pressures the group's reign in the concrete jungle ended and they quickly joined bargain bins alongside the Monkeys, the Bangles, and Dexy's Midnight Runners.



## The Idiot's Guide to Studying

RACHELLE ALPERN

With the academic year now in full swing, many students are bewildered by the disappearance of what they used to call their 'free time,' a time during which they once did such activities as watch TV, sleep, sit on their asses for extended periods of time, or stare...at something. Students are now overwhelmed by the amount of things they must do that do not involve spacing out. Unable to cope, many have given up. This guide is meant to help those remaining adjust to the fast-paced world of things that require more than six brain cells.

*A teacher gave me something to do. What should I do about this?*

Well, that's just preposterous. March up to that teacher and protest on behalf of the mental health of yourself and your peers. Remind him/her that this is a free country and that, technically, if it's not paying taxes, you don't really 'have' to do it.

*Really?*

No.

*So what exactly is "studying?"*

Webster's dictionary defines "to study"

as "to apply one's mind purposefully to the acquisition of knowledge or understanding of a subject by reading, observation, or research." Essentially, studying is when a brainless idiot such as yourself attempts to focus his or her intense ADD in order to possibly retain at least one fact from an entire book that he or she won't remember an hour later. Good luck with that.

*Thanks! Um...what's a book?*

Oh man, I'm asking for a raise. A book is a printed, bound work containing literature or facts. Get one. It'll be good for you.

*Alright. I have a stack of books in front of me.*

*What do I do now?*

Pick one up and drop it on your head.

*That hurt.*

Moron.

*Hey!*

Sorry. Pick the book up off the ground and open it. If you can't figure out what to do from there, go back to your room, find the receipt, and take the book back to where you bought it from.

*Where was that?*

The Edge tattoo and body piercing shop. Tell them that you would like your refund in the form of a gigantic tattoo of a beaver that covers your entire back. But if they turn you down, you can always try the bookstore.

*Hmm...I never really liked beavers. So what do I tell the bookstore?*

Tell them that you are too stupid to be a student here, and to pass the message on to the appropriate personnel.

*What if I don't want to do work? What if I were to tell President Levin that he should take his academic requirements and stick them where the sun don't shine?*

You do that, and let us know how it goes for you. While you're at it, go ahead and walk across the green, behind the gym, and through downtown New Haven by yourself, in the middle of the night, holding a huge wad of cash in one hand and all your valuables in the other.

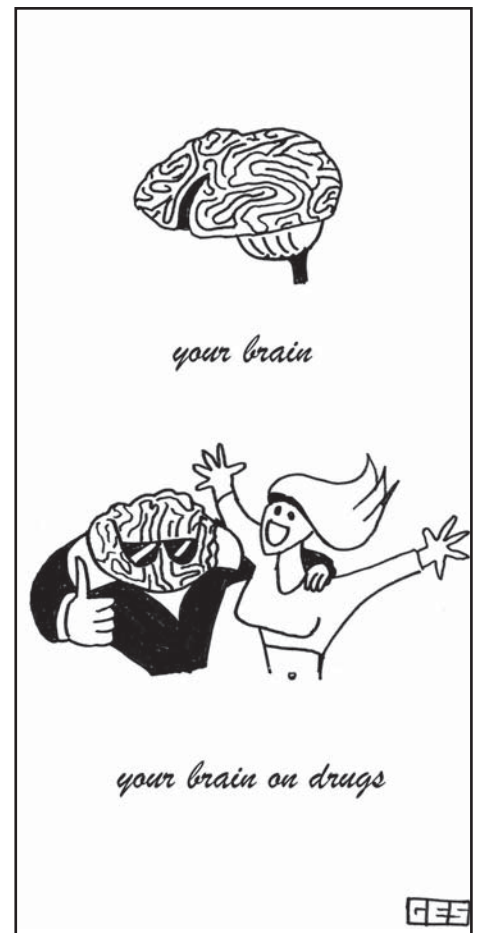
*Is that what studying is?*

Yep. Exactly. Go get 'em, Tiger!

## Things That, Had MCI Offered Me Them During The Phone Solicitation in Which They Described the List of Services Available in My Area, Would Have Kept Me on the Line Instead of Causing Me to Hang Up Rudely

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**Ask Dr. DS**  
 BEN ORLIN

*In this weekly column, Doctor Directed Studies answers all your questions about Yale, romance, life, and the evolution of the simile throughout the Western tradition.*

Q: Hey Dr. DS, can you explain the infield fly rule to me?

A: The baseball field, like the soul, has a tripartite nature. The word tripartite is Greek in origin—"tri" meaning "three" and "partite" meaning "things Plato pulled out of his ass." These parts are the infield, the outfield, and the reasoning part, or umpire. Justice arises from the harmonious interrelation of these parts and is known as "small ball."

Q: Okay, but that doesn't explain the...

A: Next question.

Q: Dr. DS, it seems to me like all philosophers ever say is that in order to be a good person, you need to be a philosopher. How could that possibly be credible?

A: Philosophy grapples with the nature and limitations of human thought. Do you grapple with the nature and limitation of human thought? No, I didn't think so, you freeloader. You just spend your days eating canned food from Durfee's and gratifying yourself to reruns of the OC (a show which, incidentally, horribly misinterprets Thucydides' depiction of Athens). So before you go criticizing Aristotle why don't you try some philosophy of your own? Jerk. [Stroking a copy of The Republic] I'm sorry, Socrates, he didn't mean it...there, there, Socrates...

Q: Dr. DS, sometimes I wonder why I struggle through all these tough courses at Yale, instead of going to some easier school and graduating summa cum laude in three years. Can you give me some guidance?

A: As you would know if you had done the reading, education is the human pursuit of knowledge, and reason is the human capacity to attain knowledge. As Plato says, knowledge is a fleet-footed creature, half elf and half moth, which lives inside old books with titles

like The Aeneid and Plato's Guide to Mental Masturbation, Vol. 1. We pursue knowledge by memorizing the text of these books and thereby tricking the knowledge-moths into living inside our brains. Yale is home to the oldest and best books, and therefore to the stateliest and wisest knowledge-moths. Ergo, one must study at Yale.

Q: But what if I'm majoring in electrical engineering?

A: Irrelevant.

Q: Hey Dr. DS, are you going to that party Thursday night?

A: Next question.

Q: Dr. DS, I'm in an open relationship with my boyfriend from high school, but now I've started hooking up with this guy here, and I'm not sure I'm comfortable carrying on with both guys at once. What should I do?

A: Just ask yourself, "What would Socrates say?" Now, if I had to guess, Socrates would probably say, "Why are you asking me? I was ugly and pedantic in life and have been dead for over 2300 years anyway," except he would say it in Ancient Greek, so it would probably sound more like, "Sweiopgh paihgwepsoadae apge? Shgpa hdpfi epwiht EPIOH!!!"

Q: Dr. DS, what is the meaning of life?

A: Well, that's a philosophically vexatious question, one which lies at the heart of...

Q: Ha ha, just kidding. I don't actually care.

A: That wasn't very nice. Now I feel all awkward and nerdy.

Q: Because you seriously thought I was asking you the meaning of life, or because you used the phrase "philosophically vexatious"?

A: Okay, that's it—I'm writing you out of my next treatise on the human condition. Don't beg—you had your chance and you blew it!

*Dr. DS is a syndicated columnist and an avid fan of classical music. His most recent treatise, "On Man and His Natural Inclination to Write Treatises," is available nationwide in bookstores and in the trashcans located directly outside them.*

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“TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE MOTH SUCKA”

## Complete and utter bullshit mistaken for poetry

By Daniel Zier  
STAFF REPORTER

This morning, 24 English majors were once again unwittingly led to believe the poetry they were studying was not complete and utter bullshit.

The students were duped this time by a “poem” created by Ted Hamstrom BK ’07 titled “The Evanesence of Myopia,” which was written as part of a mandatory oral explication of original poetry. And while Hamstrom received a grade of A+ for his word-level analysis and command of the English language, sources confirm the poem was, in fact, pure bullshit.

“To be honest, I can’t believe they bought that shit,” Hamstrom said. “I seriously made it up twenty minutes before class. I was really high last night and forgot I had to do it until this morning.”

Citing T.S. Eliot as his “inspiration,” Hamstrom said that he pretty much just strung together long, incoherent phrases and called the result poetry. “I mean, come on, look at lines four and five. ‘Intrinsically mercurial and amorphous, the manifestation / Confluges in a conducting euphoria.’ That makes no sense. Confluge isn’t even a word.”

Professor Marcus Nealy, how-



SMEDRESMAN/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Ted Hamstrom, BK ’07 explicates “The Evanesence of Myopia” at the Silliman Poetry Slam.

ever, felt a strong connection with the seminal message of Hamstrom’s poem. “I felt like Ted gave by far the best explication so far. His command of his diction is admirable, and he explicates in such a way that the depth of his poetic ability is self-evident.”

Added Nealy, “In the second stanza, when Ted spoke of the precocious rapture of the incandescent apocalypse, we were all astounded by the depth of his metaphor. It’s obvious that Ted is a devout reader of Eliot—the influence of ‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’ was very apparent.”

Classmate Hillary Shields TD ’08 agreed, conceding the ambiguity of the poem’s words left a deep im-

pression on her. “That’s the beauty of Ted’s poetry,” said Shields, “The words have so many meanings and can be interpreted in so many ways. It’s a literary maze, with themes itching to be identified and analyzed.” Sources still confirm, however, that it was just a bunch of crap.

While not all of the class’ members fully understood Hamstrom’s work, many were nonetheless impressed by the caliber of his poetic ability. Said David Stanton ES ’08, “I honestly have no idea what he just said, but I’m sure it was really good. He effortlessly used words I haven’t even heard of. I mean, I love Yale and all, but sometimes this place just makes me feel so inadequate.”

Despite his blatantly illogical syntax and diction, Hamstrom, who plans to become a teacher after graduating, remains confident his classmates and professor will not catch on to the meaninglessness of his “poetry.” “Oh, I’ll keep writing this shit, and they’ll keep thinking it’s powerful and deep,” said Hamstrom. “They have absolutely no idea.”

Added Hamstrom, “It’s worked for the last 500 years—I don’t think it’s going to stop anytime soon.”

## Inaugural meeting of Yale Actual Dueling Association ends in disaster.

By Erin Frey  
STAFF REPORTER

Tragedy occurred on Old Campus last week during the first meeting of Yale’s Actual Dueling Association when founders Ben Schroter, SY ’08, and Kyle Smith, PC ’07, were both mortally wounded after stabbing each other with sabers during the Society’s first official duel.

The Actual Dueling Association had been founded the night before, after Schroter and Smith decided that “should [their] honor be called into question, [they would be] woefully unprepared for the rigors of gentlemanly combat.” The tragedy occurred

**“Go, villain, fetch a medical school drop-out at DUH.”**

**Ben Schroter**  
SY ’08

the next day during their first practice.

Smith had been the first to attack, technically giving him the right of way. According to witnesses, Schroter ignored chivalry and went in for the attack as well. The friends stabbed each other right through their chests and collapsed moments after. Schroter’s last words were heard to be, “I am hurt. A plague o’ both our resi-

dential colleges! I am sped. Where is my chauffer? See this LaCoste shirt turned red! Go, villain, fetch a medical school drop-out at DUH.”

“It is distressing to learn that two Yale Students have died because of entirely preventable events,” Yale Police Chief James Perrotti said. “We have sent an email out to all Yale students recommending that they do not participate in duels, and have asked them to shy away from old campus and the 7th floor of Payne-Whitney, where recent sword-fighting has been observed. Also, we have banned the use of 8 inch blades, knives and other penetration devices on campus; banning of 6 inch knives is also being considered.”

The deadly battle has affected other dueling societies at Yale as well. The Freestyle Dueling Association has been forced to rid “dueling” from their name and activities. This has prompted a rash of gang warfare between them and the original Yale Freestyling Society. Says the original YFS, “Yo dat not be cool / What up wit dat duel / You be on ma turf, bitch / Skeet skeet to the iz-zay – bitch.” The YFS has rejected a proposition from the former FDA that they “roll a d20 for the name.”

# Directed Studies colloquium somehow devolves into anal sex

By Sam Bagge  
STAFF REPORTER

minutes there was a full-scale orgy taking place. And you know what? I didn't really mind."

Last week, the typically tame Whitney Humanities Center lecture hall was home to one of the most depraved orgies in Yale's fine history—and from what is known about Secret Societies before women were allowed, that's saying something.

It all started at a Directed Studies Colloquium, usually one of the more lifeless, even flaccid, events on campus. Not so for long. Some say it was all the built-up sexual

tension that was the real cause; others cite various triggers; the truth is, nobody really knows how exactly this normally dry, poorly attended lecture turned into such a writhing mass of sweaty bodies. But oh, was it good, sources say. One confused freshman exiting the lecture hall tried to explain what happened next. "I don't know what came over everyone," said Jared Chang, ES '09. "One minute we were discussing the dimensionalities of Plato's Cave and the next, Charles Hill was taking Beecroft from behind."

Another baffled student expressed similar sentiments. "I think one of the professors said something about how he liked Kant, but sometimes it was a little dry," said Tom Banks, SM '09, "and within

By Amanda Silverio  
STAFF REPORTER

In the mood for some non-alcohol-induced, non-polygamist lovin'? Calhoun senior Mike Smith, an expert in the art of Mormon seduction, thinks you're ready. His religion marred by some recent bad publicity—including the arrests of polygamists in Utah and an unsuccessful Osmond Family concert tour—Mike has decided to use college as an opportunity to make nice with the heathens.

Although now all-too-eager to engage in casual hand-holding, Mike originally moved from Salt Lake City with the intention of erecting a campus mission devoted to serving up spiritual healing and some of **"It can be kind of draining to think of every woman you meet as one of the potential mothers of your eleven future children"**

**Mike Smith**  
Local Mormon

Mike's own not-so-hard lemonade. But when he discovered that smart girls couldn't resist his non-R movie collection and his fondness for all things Clay Aiken, Mike saw another kind of opportunity. And for the first time ever, it wasn't so uncommon to see a Latter-Day Saint

being a little bad.

At that time, Mormons at Yale were witnessing a spiked interest in their way-of-life following their unsuccessful protest against Hand-some Dan's inappropriate refusal to wear pants. Add to that the rash of "Marry me, I'm 15 and Mormon" t-shirts, and it seemed like everybody was open to a little Latter-Day love. Enter Don Juan DeMormon.

"My Mormon parties aren't all about Bible study anymore," Mike explains. "They're also about some serious hooking up—following, naturally, a moderate serving of artificially-sweetened baked goods to get everyone in the mood."

"He's a really sweet guy," says one of what Mike calls his "conquests." "But I was kind of freaked out when he asked to marry me after one date." Marriage seems to be constantly on Mike's mind, and he admits that the pressure sometimes gets to him. "It can be kind of draining to think of every woman you meet as one of the potential mothers of your eleven future children," he explains. "Plus, the Freudian implications don't help."

Fortunately, his lady friends help him unwind, frequenting his room almost daily around midnight to watch some classic TV on Nick-at-Nite. "I've never before met a guy whose smoothest line was, 'Have you made Jesus Christ your Lord and Savior?'"



MARCH/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Mike Smith, CC '06, (center) and honeyes (left and right) attend a Church of Latter Day Saints charity bake sale.

says one such female student. "As long as you're not printing my name, I can tell you that it was totally hot when he said it to me."

Mike attempts to explain his approach, "I start out by asking her if she's seen that commercial where the dad's working late and the boss tells him to go home and be with his family. When I tell her that was us, she's all over me like frosting on a cupcake."

If by "like frosting on a cupcake" our Mormon buddy really means "like a sparse coating of strategically-placed sprinkles," then that only adds to his irresistible charm.

"Don't get me wrong," Mike adds, "I'm still down with that whole 'We're Jesus' A-Team' thing. But Leviticus 19:18 clearly states that you should 'love your neighbor,' so I'm pretty sure this is what Jesus would do."

## Weather

Today: Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow  
Tomorrow: Never Knows

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**Dyslexic brings pet goat to toga party**

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**Linguist dumps girlfriend over "yeast inflection"**

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**Man who makes crepes prefers not to be called Crepist**

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**Entrepreneurial bodybuilder scalps tickets to the gun show**

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**Diddy drops the "Diddy"**

Page 8

# Local Mormon not afraid to seduce you with wide array of non-alcoholic beverages and PG-13 movies

## News

**Entrepreneurial bodybuilder scalps tickets to the gun show**

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**Diddy drops the "Diddy"**

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# Columns

Dear “Five-Ball”

**With Jack “Five Ball” Baxter**

*Sound Advice for the Modern  
College Personality*

Dear Jack Baxter,

I hooked up with this girl for the first time a while ago at the Mortician’s Ball, and I think I’m starting to really like her. I mean, she’s pretty cute, kinda funny, and my God, is she willing. It’s just that every time we start to hook up she sort of...well, plays dead. We’ll start to kiss, and then she’ll go limp for a while until suddenly she’ll grab my arms or something and say “Yeah, do that autopsy, oh yeah, find the cause of death, find the cause of death!” and stuff like that. It’s kind of hot I guess, but also pretty weird. What should I do?

–Mortified in Morse

Dear Mortified,

Whoa, baby, sounds like you’ve got a spark plug on your hands—not! Ha ha ha. Anyways, I think you’re being really judgmental. I mean, if this girl gets her kicks by not kicking, it’s not up to you to decide whether that’s appropriate or not...its your duty to hook up either way. Who do you think you are, anyway? Everyone has their thing. Maybe your mother has a reptile fetish or your father gets aroused when he sees a shapely ear canal. Do you see me publishing that stuff in the Record? Yes, you do. And that’s wrong, isn’t it? So tone it down, and send a photo next time. Also, be grateful you’re getting any at all from a girl who only pretends to be dead...not all of us are so lucky.

–Five-Ball

Dear Jack Baxter,

I was going over a midterm with an incredibly attractive friend of mine the other day, and noticed that even though we had answered a question nearly ver-

batim, she had received more points than I had. Upon noticing this I inspected further and found that although we’d written almost the same exam, her grade was way better than mine, just like she’s way out of my league. I suspect it’s because she’s incredibly hot, and her TA is taking it easy on her, either consciously or unconsciously, because he wants to hook up with her. What should I do? Should I contact the professor, or is that just blowing the whistle on my gorgeous, unattainable friend?

–Concerned About Academic Honor in Calhoun

Dear Concerned,

Whoa, whoa, whoa. It sounds to me like grades aren’t really on your mind... from what I’m reading here, the problem isn’t your TA’s crush on your friend... it’s your crush on your TA. Of course, I can’t say for certain, because you haven’t included any pictures of you guys for me to look at. How am I supposed to help you if I can’t see you? I require a massive photographic archive to dispense my advice...and to pass the long, lonely winter nights while guys like you are doing things like “studying” and “going to the Mortician’s Ball.” Maybe you didn’t go to the Mortician’s Ball, but you sure as hell have nothing to complain about: you’ve got a hot friend. “Concerned”, if I had a hot friend, I wouldn’t be going after my TA, and I sure as hell wouldn’t be complaining about grades and such. So how about this: you quit your bitching and send me a photo or two.

–Five-Ball

---

Jack “Five-Ball” Baxter is a junior in Berkeley College, and is an equal-opportunity loverboy: any size, any shape, any state of consciousness. So come find him, ladies...or if you’re too dead, send photos and he’ll come find you.

## “Where’s Waldo” Reviews:

An Aircraft Hanger Filled With People Who Are Kind Of Dressed Like Him, And Candy Canes



There are few experiences in life more rewarding than milling about in a large area filled with thousands of other people, most of whom are dressed as knights, Vikings, ancient Egyptians, or some other geohistorical archetype. The whimsical tableaux impress one with the beauty of life, as one is swept up in a maelstrom of comical collisions, misunderstandings, and people doing things that make no sense in any context. Believe me, I’d know; I’m a career man, and I’ve spent much of my adult life lost in these places.

But I have never, in all my years, seen a place where so many people look kind of, but not exactly, almost entirely like me. “Wild! You look kind of almost entirely like me!” I said to one passer-by. “But not exactly,” he responded. “I’ve got 7 red stripes, and you’ve got only six. Anyway, it’s nice chatting with you, but I’ve got to go stand partially obscured behind this large, anthropomorphic candy cane while juggling these American flags...adios!”

Whoever organized this event really knows what they’re doing. The amount of effort it must have taken to get untold crowds of people, many of whom could pass for my twin (or my two-thousand-three-hundred-and-septuplet, whatever the case may be)—as well as enough candy canes to give Type II Diabetes to the entire population of Wisconsin—must be staggering. But worth it. Utterly worth it. As my good friend Wizard Whitebeard says: “Hocus pocus, let’s go get lost someplace weird!”

In summary, this place is spectacular. I recommend it to anyone who wears Waldo-style clothing, or even to someone who is looking for wares Waldo-related. I’ve never found a better place to lose my binoculars, glasses, walking stick, hat, dog, and magic scroll in. Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to follow this guy and stand behind him, making sure that only my left foot is visible.

Ah, life is beautiful! ☺

# Comics

## safetytown

by gordon jenkins





# This Month's Top Five Yale Darwin Awards

Yale's a pretty elite place to be. We're some of the most brilliant, talented, and involved kids, ever. We're ranked the third best university in the nation. We almost had the President of China come visit us. We even have a secret society whose members masturbate into a coffin. So why is Yale so collectively awesome? Two words: Natural Selection. Every month, Yale's worst students improve the gene pool by removing themselves from it in ridiculously stupid ways, thereby distilling it to perfection. To these unwitting evolutionary martyrs are awarded the prestigious Yale Darwin Award. Thus, without further ado, this month's top five:

5. After a horrible evening of winning in a Shabbat milk-chugging contest and later vomiting up a whole bottle of Jaeger, Marvin Goldstien, BR '07, decided it would be metaphorically appropriate to don a white cloak, white mask and yarmulke, and burn a Star of David into the floor of the Af-Am House during a Shades concert there. For some reason, the Yale Christian Nationalists were already in the midst of staging a coup of the place, while Shades was readying their defenses. Goldstein showed up just in time to push the concert into utter racial and religious chaos. Amidst the mishogas, he was trampled to death to the tune of Amazing Grace.

4. Weary of Yale's materialism-obsessed culture that is J.Crew and Urban Outfitters, Norbert P. Schweppe III, JE '08, decided to escape the bounds of Broadway and seek a wider view of the world at 3 AM one night. Schweppe, seeking the thrill of ultimate sketch, threw off his argyle socks and trendy mixed-tweed cap and sallied forth into the heart of deep Whalley. The thrill was intense – Schweppe held his own in the weekly knife fight, evaded the New Haven BMX Bicycle Gangstas, and sold a bag full of

mashed dandelion to an unsuspecting hoodlum. Unfortunately, on the stroll back to campus, Schweppe tripped over a particularly uneven sidewalk-chunk. Without the mixed-tweed cap to shield his skull, his head plunged into the concrete, and he was killed instantly.

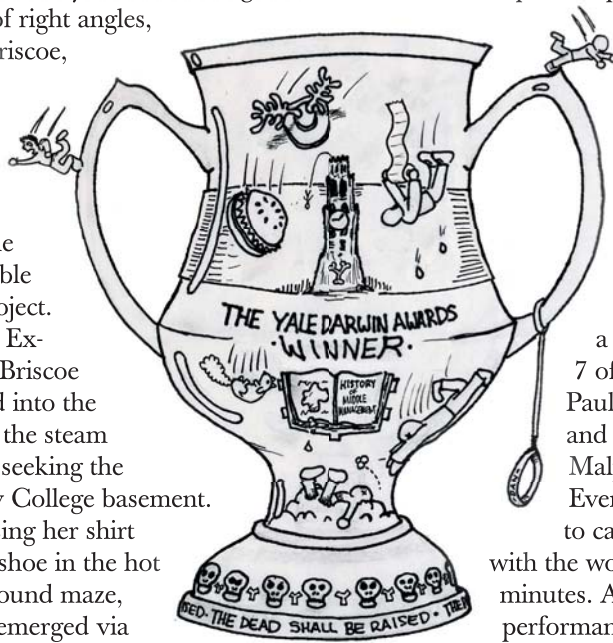
3. After three years of a dining hall devoid of right angles, Marie Briscoe, ES '06, decided she was due for a little Sustainable Food Project. Flouting Ex-Comm, Briscoe ventured into the abyss of the steam tunnels, seeking the Berkeley College basement. After losing her shirt and left shoe in the hot underground maze, Briscoe emerged via trapdoor, only to find herself at 7:05 PM in the closed Berkeley dining hall. With no soy burgers to be found, Briscoe pounded the wall with her head, angry at life and organic tomatoes. To make matters worse, her pounding managed to dislodge some elk antlers on the wall above. Sadly, bystanders lost their appetite as soon as the antlers penetrated skin.

2. After a heady night of hard liquor and Chinese food, Kate Lawson, SY '09, was in dire straits. Intoxicated, and in search of a restroom, she climbed to the top of the Saybrook-Branford Tower. There, nature's call became a siren song, and, desperate, she supported herself on the handrails of the catwalk above the courtyard, preparing for a solitaire game

of Ultimate Shitting. As Lawson's fecal matter was about to rain out the God Quad party below, YSECS suddenly showed up on an exploration. Assuming it was Yale Security after her, Lawson dropped straight down from the catwalk; and as Kate's droppings made gentle splats upon the pavement below, her own dropping made a somewhat louder splat of its own.

1. Paul Miller, TD '08, thought he was going to get lucky in the library. Having finally persuaded a Women's Studies major to meet him for a rendezvous on floor 7 of the Sterling Stacks, Paul eagerly ascended SML and lay in wait between Malpractice and Maoism. Eventually, his girl came to call, and all was right with the world for those few short minutes. Alas, poor Miller's performance was not up to the standards of Women's Studies, and

he was soon abandoned to clean up his mess himself. Miller pulled A History of Middle Management out of the shelves to wipe up, hid the soiled book under his jacket, and attempted to leave the library without too much shame. Creeping past the librarians, Miller made a sprint for the exit. With only feet to go, an old snoozing guard at the doorway suddenly spotted the book and bolted upright. He launched out of his seat, flying through the air toward Miller. The sophomore never had a chance as he was tackled head-on by the octogenarian library guard. Miller saw nothing but varicose veins as his head hit a nearby desk and he was promptly as dead as a card catalog. Fortunately, the guard enjoyed the rest of his nap afterward. ☹





D+

William Pierce  
Final Paper

## Evolution: It's All Around Us

To quote the title of this paper, evolution is all around us. The wizardry of evolution has blessed us with a cornucopia of bountiful and often delicious life. Some narrow-minded pseudoscientists blindly insist that "life" applies only to biological organisms. However, due to their constantly evolving nature, one could even say that cultural artifacts such as ring tones, Nü metal and "Crank Yankers" are really more alive than you and me, and provide the strongest support for evolutionary theory.

Take the case of fashion. Garments and humans have been coevolving for millennia. Garments that give their wearers a selective advantage reproduce asexually through the ecologically rich process of "sweatshop labor." Consider, for instance, the ubiquitous popped collar. In response to species-threatening levels of neck vulnerability, shirts miraculously adapted a seemingly vestigial organ (the collar) into a newly functional role, leading to an impressive decline in neck-dart and vampire related deaths. Due to this innovative mutation, popped collars are now flourishing in all but the most culturally-backward ecosystems.

With their necks safe from zombie stranglers roaming the countryside, humans faced a new evolutionary threat: carpal tunnel syndrome. Crippled by this debilitating disease, EverQuest-playing chronic masturbators no longer had the strength of wrist to open their bedroom doors and gain access to the outside world. Suddenly cut off from society, imprisoned in their dank rooms, they were unable reproduce at the prodigious rate they once did. Nature, in her infinite wisdom, found an elegant vestimental adaptation that saved this vitally important group of alpha males: the yellow Livestrong bracelet. Although the common lore ties the bracelet's origins to uni-testicled hero Lance Armstrong, this masks its true evolutionary function: the promotion of proper wrist ergonomics. It also functions

mono-  
testicled?

In the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, increasing industrial emissions led to elevated temperatures around the globe. While this was a boon to the Reykjavik beach community, it severely impacted human's ability to properly ventilate their waist and thigh regions. Once again, clothing, our symbiotic friend, came to the rescue. Through the magic of natural selection, the jean population diverged, evolving two distinct solutions to the ventilation conundrum. One species, *Levius droopius*, developed a truncated anterior, causing the jeans to sit lower and allowing excess heat to escape the body through the bikini or "pube" zone. The other species, *Levius laceraticus*, evolved orifices in the upper ventral quadrants, creating a ripped appearance and allowing for proper thigh airflow. As so often happens in evolution, this latter adaptation had an advantageous side effect; *laceraticus* was able to blend in with older species of jeans, and thus compete effectively with them for host bodies.

Food and beverages have a similarly symbiotic relationship with *Homo sapiens*. A particularly instructive example is the evolution of the appletini from its ancestor, the classic martini. In ancient times, olives were thought to work well as an emergency contraceptive, but they were soon found to be poisonous. They could only be made safe for human consumption by soaking them in an inverted conical container in approximately two and a half shots of gin and one half shot of vermouth. Thus the *Martinius tanquerayus* was born.

This drink found its ecological niche in the stomachs of a hardy group of stoic, brooding, masculine expatriates. The rest of humanity, however, constituted an environment altogether hostile to *tanquerayus*. A virulent strain soon developed with a crucial mutation: the motor-oil flavored gin had been chemically altered to the far blander, but just as intoxicating vodka. But nature was not finished yet with her masterpiece. From *Martinius smirnoffus* it was but a short step to *Martinius appletinius*, a drink that even the most pacifistic duvet-buying dandy can stomach.

Where the case of *Levius* demonstrated divergent evolution, convergent evolution can be seen in the case of *Surfus turfus*, referred to by the vulgar as "surf 'n' turf." The turn of the century saw both the steak and the seafood dinner on the brink of extinction. The domination of a recently introduced predatory foreign species – stuffed-crust pizza with CinnaStix™ – threatened to obliterate these two endemic species. In response to this external pressure, the "surf" and "turf" species began a complex process of interspecies mating. The next generation, whose first occurrence was reported in Applebee's nationwide during the interwar period, began to reclaim the niches out of which they had been forced. The rest, as they say, is evolutionary history.

It follows from these two examples that collar-popping, ripped-jean wearing, appletini drinking, surf'n'turf devouring trendsetters are not merely the most fashionable people, but the most evolutionarily fit. As the authors in our course packet have argued<sup>1</sup>, evolution has presented species with the stark choice of survival or extinction. Now, humanity stands at such a crossroads: follow these hipster demigods to a new era of effortless style and scrumptious cuisine or be obliterated by the cruelly indifferent hand of natural selection. The choice is ours.

There is  
no course  
packet for  
this course.

<sup>1</sup> *Course packet*, Tyco: New Haven, 2005. Pgs. 1 – 796.

This paper was supposed to be on the Cold War.

\* DON'T FORGET LIGHT!

# From the Desk of... God/YHWY/Allah

Note to self: choose one and fix stationery  
←

## Schedule

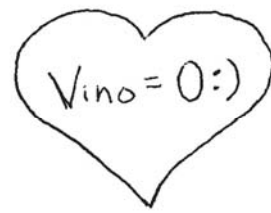
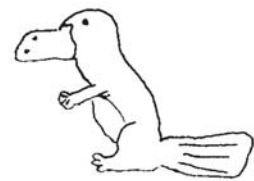
- Day 1: Create Night and Day, Day Planner.
- Day 2: Create Sky. Choose color for sky. Green? Red? Mauve? It's all good.
- Day 3: Create Land and Sea, Vegetation. Create hallucinogenic vegetation. Contemplate naval. It's all good.
- Day 4: Create Sun and Moon, stars. (Wait, what about the three days without a sun? How does that work??)
- Day 5: Create water animals, birds. If time, combine them - penguin?
- Day 6: Create land animals. Kill off some species to show others who's God around here.
- Day 7: Kegger with dolphins. (See shopping list.)
- Day 8: Sleep off headache. Create man. Smite rebellion's angelic faction. Create evolution so the rest can take care of itself.

## Ideas for Manifestation:

- Golden calf
- Fire
- Thunder
- Great and Terrible Platypus  
↳ What in my name was I thinking??

## To Buy:

- Keg Bud
- 2 cases Bud Lite
- 10 boxes Franzia
- ✓ Red Dixie cups
- ✓ Funnel



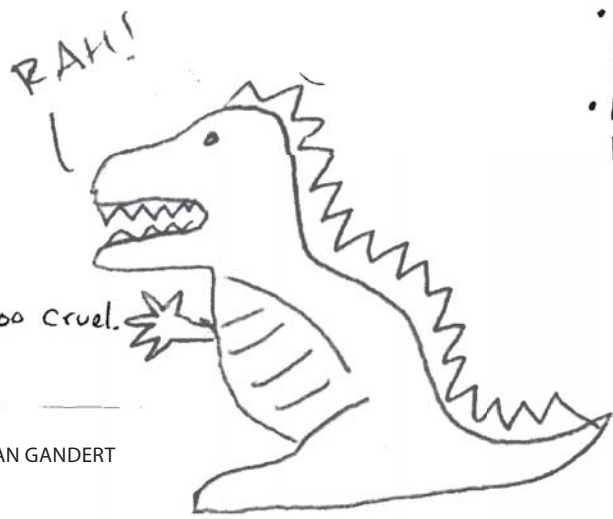
## Dominant Species:

- Giant lizard
  - Dolphin
  - Man
- Together? Could cohabit earth...  
 AGHH! BAD IDEA!  
 Smite in morning.  
 Lots of water = big dominion.  
 ↳ Too smart for own good. Smite and stupefy. Smart-ass dolphins
- Note: can't breathe water. Whoops. Put in garden or something.

- Note: NEVER BINGE WITH DOLPHINS AGAIN!
- (Is this where the platypus came from? Can't recall... Did I write The Law as well? Why no meat/milk mixing? Cheeseburger kicks ass.)
- What to do with platypus? WHAT IS IT??
- Make drunkenness a sin-11<sup>th</sup> Commandment?  
↳ On second thought, the hangover passes. Find way to use ritually. Drunk man will believe anything.

## Name for man:

- Cecil
- Fletcher
- Cornelius
- Adam
- Eve
- Dick  
↳ He is, but it's too cruel. Use for dolphin.





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# A Panoply of Pointless Protuberances

The human body is complex, frightening, and often peppered with unattractive hairy patches. In fact, the soft, pudgy bodies that we know so well are far different from the sinewy, rough bodies of our wild ancestors. However, despite millennia of evolution, the body retains disturbing reminders of the history of our species. The Record invites you to explore these useless memorials: the vestigial organs.

## THE MALE NIPPLE:

Although today it functions mostly as a handy jewelry display on shirtless bikers, the man-nipple once had a more important function. Early man's diet consisted largely of raw or singed meat, neither of which was particularly easy for babies to eat. So for the first five or six years of a child's life, he subsisted solely on milk from his mother and Cocoa Krispies dispensed by his father's fully functional breasts. Nature eventually phased out the second half of the mommy-daddy breakfast combo when mankind discovered agriculture, which provided much-needed cereals without the excruciating, nipple-tearing pain.



## BACK HAIR:

Only found on a few lucky individuals in modern times, back hair once performed a vital protective role. When an early man was threatened by a predator, he would turn around and flail his arms, mimicking the war dance of the hairy sarkastodon, the most feared carnivore in all of Eurasia. Interestingly, back hair did not fade from lack of utility. Rather it seems that men with the richest, most luxuriant back manes were unable to find any females to mate with. This problem was only worse for the females.



## BELLY BUTTON LINT:

Not what scientists or doctors might traditionally call an "organ," belly button lint nevertheless played an important role in the development of early mankind. The first clothes were not animal skins, but rather crude sweater-vests crafted from human navel cotton. Those with the most fruitful belly button harvests sported proud beige yarn all over their already hairy bodies. This often confused the coelodontae, or woolly rhinoceros, who would then take such men as mates, an invariably fatal coupling for the weaker, sweater-vested humans.

## THE APPENDIX:

The appendix is now known to have

been what scientists call an air bladder, increasing buoyancy to facilitate flight for early avian man. Legend has it that when humans tried to trick the clouds into giving up rain, the sky-god Nyankonpon punished them by removing their wings. However, he left the air bladder, or appendix, as an eternal reminder of the shame of mankind. Every once in a while, one of them explodes, just to spite us.

## THE COCCYX:

Called the tailbone, this grouping of bones above the anus is commonly considered the remains of early man's tail. However, recent evidence suggests that the tailbone was once actually a third arm, much more useful than a tail for grasping slippery tree limbs. The tail-arm disappeared when man made the descent from the trees, most likely because those with the most developed anal arms were unable to sit, and thus were banished from protective fire-circles and froze to death in the unfor-giving winters of the Ice Age.

## THE LIVER:

Scientists hypothesize that the liver was once actually a useful organ, possibly involved in the storage of the wisdom gained from eating an enemy's brain. Whether it still serves any function, we may never know. ☹

# What Really Happened to the Dinosaurs?

As submitted to *Scientific American*

by Sedgwick Huffington, Doctor of Rambology

For years, the debate over the abrupt and violent demise of the dinosaurs has plagued the minds of paleontologists, evolutionary biologists, and children alike. It is, after all, one of the most profound conundrums of our modern age, equivalent, if not superior, to the debate over creationism and the argument over whether or not an adventure can be more excellent than Bill and Ted's. As a Rambologist, it has been my duty for the past twenty years to study, scrutinize, and re-enact the life of Lieutenant John Rambo. My research has taken me to the heart of the Vietnamese jungle and the mountain peaks of Afghanistan, and has garnered much admiration and respect among the small, yet elite community of Rambological academics. Years of field work and investigation have led me to a conclusion that, while wholly supported by mounds of evidence, may shock you: I know how the dinosaurs really died, and you, fellow scientists and academics, will be the first to know of this earth-shattering discovery.

Under Mikhail Gorbachev, Soviet diplomats began surreptitiously meeting with velociraptors and triceratops on several occasions between 1983 and 1985. Together, they intended to plant nuclear warheads capable of reaching the United States in 210 million years.<sup>1</sup> The Central Intelligence Agency discovered the meetings while flying reconnaissance over Gondwanaland and President Reagan covertly sent in a squad of Navy Seals to disrupt these clandestine meetings with precision attacks.<sup>2</sup> En route, however, highly-trained tyrannosauruses ambushed the Seals, killing seven and

taking the remaining thirteen as prisoners. The T-rexes' Soviet-made artillery far outmatched the light weaponry of the Seals and, despite notable evolutionary advantages, the highly-trained Seals were easily neutralized. This left the United States but one option: send in Rambo. Only Rambo could save the prisoners. Only Rambo could save football-loving, flag-waving Americans from dirty red dinosaurs. The fate of the free world was in the tan, sweaty hands of Lieutenant John Rambo. And he was up for the job.<sup>3</sup>

Rambo's mission was to save the remaining thirteen prisoners and take down as many dinosaurs as he could.<sup>4</sup>



Figure 1

No one, however, fully understood Rambo's passionate hatred of communists, and he would not rest until every dinosaur lay dead at the hands of his Colt XM-177 assault rifle. For three relentless and excruciating hours, Rambo's index finger remained fixed on the trigger of his assault rifle, as he mercilessly butchered

dinosaur after dinosaur. He became tired, fatigued from the incessant slaughter, and his clothes became ragged and moist with sweat. But Rambo never surrendered; his extraordinary will power and perfectly tanned pectorals inspired him to do justice, and to protect the welfare of his country. In the span of three hours, Rambo killed 2.4 million dinosaurs.<sup>5</sup> Out of the goodness of his heart, he spared one baby tyrannosaurus, which he later killed with a hunting knife and fed to an injured prisoner. Rambo got to the dinosaurs before the Soviets could plant their missiles, and he saved America.

Paleontology has entirely supported this hypothesis. Researchers recently unearthed several crossbows believed to belong to Rambo, as well as a lock of glistening black hair. Also found was a tattered shirt, thought to be lost somehow during Rambo's mission.<sup>6</sup> While this hard evidence and documented evidence points obviously to Rambo eliminating any chance of dinosaur survival, many academics remain skeptical. Oprologists still support the Deep-Fried in Bacon Grease Theory, proposing that Oprah wiped out the dinosaurs, and Pediphologists still back the Catholic Church Theory, which suggests the dinosaurs were molested to death at a young age. Of these alternate explanations, none are as erroneous as the Annoying Fat Bitch Theory, which claims reruns of Rosanne killed the dinosaurs. All of these allege they provide a tell-all explanation of the dinosaurs' demise, yet they provide neither the substantial, concrete evidence nor the virility that would make them equal to my newly proposed Rambo Theory. It would be nothing short of typical for my colleagues to dismiss this proposal as mistaken and scientifically unsound, but I only ask that you watch classic works of scholarship like Rambo, Rambo II, and Rambo III. You will see, like I have, that Rambo had both the weaponry and the hatred of communism to eradicate Marxist dinosaurs from the face of this democracy-loving earth. God bless you, John Rambo, God bless you. ☺

<sup>1</sup> Mishkov, Vladimir. *The Dinosaurs Will Probably Let Us Plant Nukes Because They're Not Very Smart*. Moscow UP, Moscow, 1985, pgs. 7-9.

<sup>2</sup> Tenant, George. *When the CIA Fucks Up*. Random House, Washington DC and New York, 2001.

<sup>3</sup> Rambo, John. *I Was Up for the Job*. Bantam Books, New York, 1985, pg 1.

<sup>4</sup> Clinton, Bill. *The Ultimate Rambo Guide*. Yale UP, New Haven, 2004, pg 864.

<sup>5</sup> Rambo, John. *The Dinosaurs Cried Like English Schoolgirls with Skinned Knees When I Killed Them*. Warner Bros. Books, Los Angeles, 1986.

<sup>6</sup> Bloom, Harold. *Shirtless: The Ultimate Rambo Anthology*. Yale UP, New Haven, 2003.

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# Natural Selection, In Other Words

*"...it's a jungle out there..."*

Implication: Propounds the notion that the "real world" is a jungle, particularly if this season is *The Real World: The Amazon*.

Imagine: you have just been selected to be a housemate on the newest season of *The Real World*. To spice up their Tuesday night line-up, though, MTV has transformed the show into a *Survivor*-like competition wherein a sampling of yuppies, homosexuals, and exotic minorities are pitted against Mother Nature... and each other. Thus, a week later you arrive at your mansion-sized jungle hut, where you and your fellow housemates immediately set about assigning chores and fuck buddies; soon, however, the party stops and the dying starts: Skylar is sucked dry by a giant leech; Imogen is killed when D. Jay spears her instead of a fish; and you are killed and eaten by Nakwacha, an Amazonian tribesman. At the end of the day, Nakwacha is the only housemate left standing and wins the grand-prize, which he can't even accept because money is evil. He walks away empty-handed.

*"...only the strong survive..."*

Implication: If you want to survive the apocalypse, and don't mind upping your estrogen, then steroid-supplemented bodybuilding is the only way to go.

The end was upon us: aliens had come to Earth to harvest human flesh...and wheat. However, you fail to notice because you were too busy lifting weights in your basement all day. That night, you and anyone else below 5% body fat and above two hundred pounds waddle out of your muscle-pumping cellars to find the world a better, more muscular place: not only had all the anorexic weaklings been taken away, but so had all the carbohydrates! Surely this alien invasion

was an Atkins-Hercules collaboration! At the celebration party, you get to talking with Janine, a female bodybuilder. One thing led to another, and before you knew it, the two of you were stroking each other's sterile penises and supple breasts in your car. Other such encounters lead you to realize that the combination of the alien invasion and steroids have rendered procreation of the human species impossible! That's when the 'roid rage set in and you lethally fracture your skull after having slammed it against a wall.

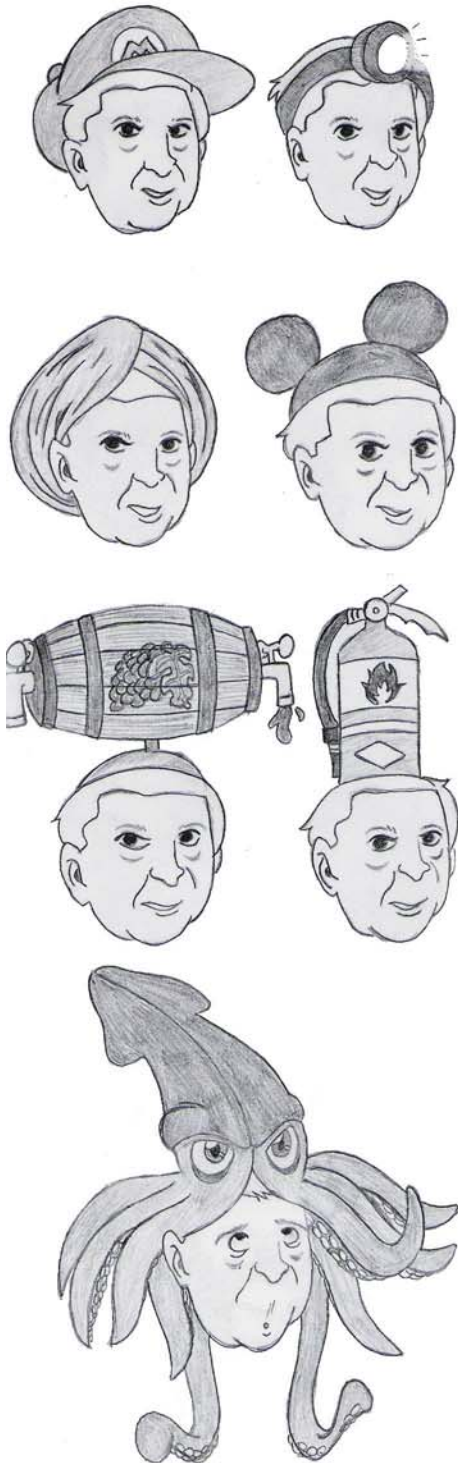
*"...it's a dog eat dog world..."*

Implication: Cannibalism, it unifies.

It's dark and rainy outside, and as you sharpen your knife-set you hear a series of whimpers and scratches from outside. You laugh a little because you think that it's the child you chained to your fence earlier today, but then you realize that the noises are coming from the front door. There, you find David Spade, the neighbor's rotweiler, wagging his tail and panting hungrily. Having always had a soft spot in your heart for Tommy Boy and Joe Dirt, you take David Spade into your kitchen for some grub; only, nothing seems to satiate the pooch – not the doggie-chow you give to him and certainly not his owner's internal organs (you know, the ones you freeze-dried after he accidentally hit his head on your axe yesterday). At a loss, you put on your favorite Kelly Clarkson CD and let the voices in your head do some thinking. And then it hits you: that dog you accidentally beheaded last year, you still have it in your fridge! You thus remove the carcass and show it to David Spade, who barks excitedly with hunger. Later that night, as you and a sated David Spade, snuggle and repeatedly watch the tape of that kid from *The Real World* being eaten by the Amazonian tribesman, you smile, knowing that you've found a friend. ☺

# Rejected Papal Hatwear

Courtesy of the Vatican  
Museum of Haberdashery



(Mailbag, continued from page 3)

Dear Uncle Ben

I'm sorry, but I will kindly forego the pleasure of slathering my delicious maple syrup all over your large, healthy penis.

-Aunt Jemima

Dear Satan,

I have done as you asked.

-The New Webmail

Dear Britney,

Please consider names carefully.

Sincerely,

Moon Unit & Dweezil Zappa, Soleil  
Moon Frye, Apple Martin and Coco  
Arquette

Dear

Santa..!

Christ-mas drips

.plip.plop.plip.

Flying into a dream / backwardz

Where?

I would like a train.

-The Edgemont High School Literary  
Magazine

Dear King Midas,

We should get together because I wished that everything I touch that is gold would turn into normal things. God, why did I wish that?

-Queen Sadim

Dear Snow White,

Just because we're not tall enough to kiss your mouth...

-The Seven Dwarves

Dear Stan's Fevered Nightmares,

Huh-huh-ha-HA! Huh-huh-ha-HA!  
Huhuhuhuhuhuh.

-Woody Woodpecker

Dear Dick Cheney,

I've decided to change my middle name to Divulgecrucialsecrets. I hope this doesn't mess things up too bad.

-I. Divulgecrucialsecrets Libby



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# Sports Section

## COSMOSAPIEN

### Is Your Man Fit to Reproduce?



After a date, he walks you back to your place. To say a special sort of goodnight he:

- a) Impregnates you and fends off challengers for the next nine months, while you build a nest of sticks, mud, and used copies of *ABC Soaps* magazine.
- b) Kisses you softly and puffs out his bright red neck sacs innately, because his eyes are situated on the sides of his head, he has no death percept ion, so he hits his head on your buzzer and cracks his abnormally thin skull.
- d) Goes extinct.

When you tell your guy about something that's been bothering you (like a health problem) he:

- a) Gives you his undivided attention, then devours your weakling children whole and finds a new, more perfect mate.
- b) Squirts ink all over the dining room table to hide his escape as he gets out of hearing distance.
- c) Tries to say, "Let's talk about it honey," but, because the abnormal position of his larynx relative to his trachea, the sound that comes out of his mouth is "Quit your whinin' and gimme some sugar."
- d) Gets driven to extinction by the saber-tooth tiger living in apartment 3B.

A friend gives you tickets to see The Dixie Chicks, but the show's on your guy's poker night. He:

- a) Impregnates The Dixie Chicks.
- b) Reschedules his game, but ruffles his plumage to indicate displeasure with whiny, southern liberals.
- c) Drops the game and goes with you to the concert, where, due to his lack of camouflage or pants, he is plucked from his seat by a hawk, two jaguars, and a security guard.
- d) Watches helplessly as the Australian Jurjurry tree, upon whose bark he subsists, is driven to extinction by a foreign-born Jurjurry flu. He and the rest of his species starve to death.

**Mostly "a" – Nietzsche Uberman! With your guy's virility and your fertility, don't be surprised if scientists start calling your children Homo Hottie. Um, well, you get the idea.**

**Mostly "b" – Survivor! He may not have genes of steel, but he knows that the way to a girl's heart is through keeping her safe from predators and at a reasonable level of caloric intake, and your eggs will be safe with him. He's a keeper!**

It's your three-month anniversary. He:

- a) Pampers you with fatty, vitamin rich foods like chocolate and mammoth liver – after all, it's only six months until the twins are due!
- b) Celebrates by grabbing his club, raiding the apartment of your scrawny next door neighbor, and dragging an unconscious female back to join you in the harem.
- c) Blindfolds you and takes you out for a night of goey love at the local La Brea tar pit.
- d) Finds the nearest falling meteor and stands directly under it.

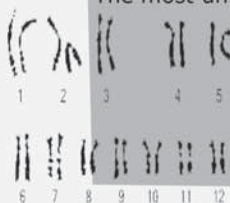
Your man's got bedroom eyes, but you tell him you're feeling too tired. He:

- a) Offers to cuddle instead, then artificially inseminates you while your back is turned.
- b) Picks up a rock, shouts "smash rock," and smashes the rock, thereby warding off potential challengers.
- c) Tries to do a strip tease to get you in the mood, but trips over his large, webbed feet and falls out the window of your penthouse--which is doubly unfortunate because unlike your ex, he's flightless.
- d) Tries to get back at you by not adapting to the change in climate and being wiped out.

If he can tell you're not enjoying yourself in bed, he:

- a) Continues planting zygotes in your uterine wall.
- b) Beats his broad, silver-haired chest and howls in the way he knows drives females wild.
- c) Looks upset, but mostly because his weak heart is leaking blood due to overexertion.
- d) Is gradually phased out by the more advanced hominids.

The most unique thing about your guy is:



- a) How many of his children you've had.
- b) His ability to swivel his head two-hundred and thirty degrees in either direction.
- c) His chromosomes. All twelve of them.
- d) His total lack of distinguishing features.

**Mostly "c" – Towel boy at the gene pool! He's sweet, but if this guy is actually able to produce offspring (a long shot) you might as well eat them yourself... just to save pythons and grizzly bears the trouble. (Please note: Cosmo does not actually advocate eating of your offspring – unless you are a praying mantis with an unusually skinny husband).**

**Mostly "d" – Lucy the Australopithecus! The bad news: he's extinct. The good news: so is the perm! See next month's issue for more details.**