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OPIATE OF THE MASSES ISSUE



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subscribers, alumni, and friends.

Editorial

Look around you. The miracle of God's creation is everywhere. And it stinks. We could do better. If we were God:

On the first day, We'd create a huge pair of tits. This, to Us, is a pretty satisfying universe, so We'd rest for a while. For eons, this would be existence: a gargantuan, disembodied, intergalactic bosom. Eventually, by accident, We'd create the lever. And it would be good. Although initially dismayed that Our once pristine mammary splendor had been despoiled by this simple machine, We'd soon discover that it can be used to raise and lower the breasts at a pleasing rate.

Enchanted, We'd create more levers. The levers would proliferate, rapidly overpopulating the universe. To Our horror, they would develop intelligence and hold the breasts hostage, demanding objects to place on themselves and elevate efficiently using small amounts of force. We'd capitulate, creating millions of lizards, palm trees, and cubes of maple sugar. Then We'd rest again. More eons would pass.

Eventually We'd remember that We were supposed to be creating a world, and thus far had only managed a gently floating space-rack, several trillion sentient levers, and a smattering of cosmic bric-a-brac. Hurriedly, We'd create light, the earth and all its accoutrements. We'd create man in Our own image: short, pallid and unathletic. We'd create woman in, um, Our girlfriend's image: lithe, beautiful, and not-at-all-imaginary. Lovingly, We'd place Ron and Doris in the paradisiacal Olive Garden of Eden. We'd give them full reign of the Garden's family-friendly riches, with one caveat: they must never eat from the Tree of Shrimp Scampi. We'd soon be dismayed to discover that Doris had tempted Ron and they had ordered a Shrimp Scampi to share (just one because the portions are so large). Angrily, We'd cast them out of the Garden, ignoring their pleas that it was

“only 7.99!”

We'd try again, creating another man in Our own image, but this time with an allergy to seafood. The result would be the same, thus forcing Us to increase the Shrimp Scampi's price. Not even this would work; none would be able to resist the Garden's creamy, lightly herbed temptation.

Crushed by Our inability to create a perfect universe, We would unleash a primal howl of disappointment, prompting Our Mom to knock on Our door and ask what We were shouting about. “Shut up Mom,” We would say, “don't judge Us. We're creating the Universe. You wouldn't understand.” “Oh I know what You do with Your little Universes,” she would respond condescendingly. “You make sure You clean up thoroughly afterward! And keep it down,” she would add. “Your Father's trying to sleep, He's had a busy day at the extra-dimensional existential office.” “Nothing is ever good enough for You, is it?!” we would shout, bursting into tears of constipated rage. “How omniscient do We have to be for You to love Us?” Walking away, She would mutter under Her breath, “We should have sent Him to boarding school.”

*The Yale Record,
April 2006*





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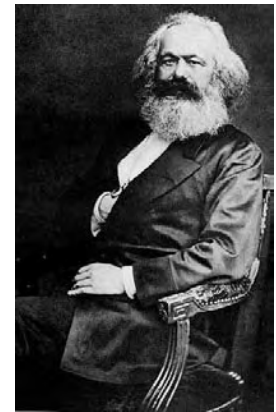
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Yale Record
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Mailbag

Dear ES, MC, and CC classes of 2010,
So to recap: two people spend \$120,000 on a car. One receives a Lamborghini Gallardo, the other a pre-owned Camry. Both cars work, although the Camry lacks climate control and doors. There are many ways in which this is not unfair.
-Yale College

Dear Sirs:
We request that you remove the likenesses of Chuck D and Flava Flav from your "Militant Black Scat Porn," Public Enema. Failure to do so may result in legal action.
Sincerely,
Def Jam Records

Dear Yale Record,
You probably think I'm writing because everyone has forgotten I exist, but I'm actually writing to inform you that I do not support social justice.
Sincerely,
Rocky Road Ice Cream

Dear God,
I've got ninety-nine problems but a - oh, you bastard.
-Adam

Dear Harriet Miers and Ashlee Simpson,
I'm making a pornographic film called "Unqualified for Many Things...But Not For Fucking!" Would you guys like to star?
-Larry Flynt

Dear Yale Record,
Hey! It's me again! I got a wombat!
-Boomerang

Dear Yorick,
Alas, poor you.
-Hamlet

Dear Legions of Fans,
Fine, I'll tell you. The call of the Cthulu is "Woooooooooooooooof." He also likes biscuits. Happy?
-H.P. Lovecraft

Dear Extremely-Standard-and-Boring Putty,
Man, I thought you would be as fun as silly putty, but yeah, that was pretty misguided.
-Jordan, age 12

Dear Billy Joel,
It was us.
-The Indiscriminate Arsonists Association of America

Dear Prometheus,
Could we cut back on the wine, man? I like my liver a little less cirrhotic.
-A Huge Eagle

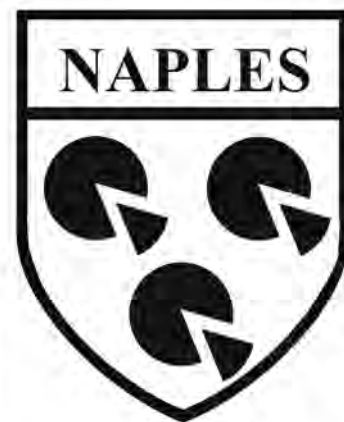
Dear Unsavory Grease and Animal Fats,
Get up off my grill.
-George Foreman

Dear Baloo,
You can spear melons on your claws, and I'm blind and elderly. It's time we joined forces to fight melons and time.
Sincerely,
Mr. Magoo

Dear Santa,
I am the King of the Owls!
Sincerely,
The King of the Owls

Dear Venus,
Ha ha! Your name rhymes with penis!
Sincerely,
Uranus

(continued on page 23)



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Paraphernalia

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The Dispassion of the Christ

MICHAEL RAE-GRANT

Lately, Jesus had seemed out of sorts. He had become increasingly sedentary, had not changed His robes in a month, and had taken to transmuting large quantities of water into wine. Not even the sight of an uncured leper child would cheer Him.

Thus was His mood when, after the Last Supper, a crowd of temple officers arrived to arrest Him for blasphemy. “Are you the one they call ‘the King of the Jews?’” shouted the mob. Jesus stared at them, and after several minutes of silence, the Son of God revealed His glory by declaring Himself and saying to them, “What?”

They took Him and dragged Him before Pilate – because He could not find the energy to walk and was as difficult to carry as is a half hekat of unbaked dough. There He was accused and sentenced to death by crucifixion. Wise as He was with the wisdom of God, and supposing it was His duty, He guessed, whatever, Jesus did not complain, and instead fell asleep, drooling His blessings onto a centurion’s boot. There He was whipped brutally, but the soldiers felt bad to do it because they could see in His eyes that He was already beaten.

A crown of thorns was placed upon His head, but it was lost amidst His wild hairs, which He had not washed within memory and which already contained innumerable sticks and jagged objects, wont as He was to curl up on the ground and lie there. Amidst the jeers of the faithless He was nailed to the cross. As the nails sunk into his wrists, He despaired further and was about to exclaim, “Father, why have You forsaken Me?” But then He thought of what His life had become, and He knew why.

When the soldiers were ready to lift His crucifix into place, they paused, for it seemed to them that He was already dead. And indeed He was – on the inside. Pity took their hearts, and they removed Him from the cross and left Him to lie next to it, where He died after several days during which He was often supposed deceased by children who found joy in poking Him with a stick.

On the third day after His death, the rock sealing His tomb was rolled aside by those expecting His resurrection. But they found Him dead as before, and perhaps even more so because His body had begun to decay while He languished in Heaven. Amen.

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A Very Short List Of The Ways In Which The First Part of the Hebrew Bible Would Be Different If It Were Written By Spanish Matadors

STAFF

· Toro!

• • •

Confessions of a Speed-Dater

DAVID LITT

Sure, I speed date. Just last night, for example, I put on my bowler hat and my Nike Shox and sidled into the People’s Democratic Republic of Lounge, the most fashionable Maoist

nightclub outside the Guizhou province. Once inside, I filled in my speed-dating card. Name: Slick Wilson. Occupation: Lust. Style counts. In 15 minutes I had dated 12 women and gotten 32 phone numbers, nine home addresses, and the deed to Baltic Avenue. It was wild.

They call it getting lucky, but in speed dating, luck is another word for game, which is another word for charisma, which is another word for charm. Charm also has several synonyms. Sometimes, you’ll see some poor schlub out there, looking like a fish out of water, or, to be more precise, like a fish who is awkward around women and looks like a dude. He tries to play it cool, but at the end of the night I’m the one the ladies want to walk them home. I always tell them the same thing: “Listen, honey, I’m a speed dater. I don’t walk anybody home.” Then I grab her by the wrist and sprint back to her place, and I sprint fast because I used to be a polo player and I’ve studied how horses move. This establishes me as the dangerous, uninhibited type – especially if her shoulder dislocates.

Who even goes on a regular date anymore? People in comas? Just saying.

I’m even good at breaking up, which is tricky, especially if you’re a nervous wreck, which I’m not, ever. Two weeks ago I was at El Ron Hubbard, a scientologist tapas bar outside of an underground complex in Washington D.C., and I was 15 seconds into date number six. If there is one thing that I won’t put up with in a woman, it’s ennui, and when she said things like “I am not going to have sex with you” and “you are a creep,” I noticed a distinct ennui in her tone of voice. A novice might have frozen like a Popsicle in headlights, but not Slick Wilson. Thinking fast, I screamed out, “IDONTTHINKWESHOULDSEEEACHOTHERITSNOTYOUITSME,” at the top of my lungs, and, stopping in front of the plate glass window to admire my reflection, jumped through it. Sure, it hurt. Love hurts. So does a ballpoint pen if you stab yourself with it – so stop crying and man up.

So would I ever get married? That’s like asking if Don Juan and Casanova had a kid – and that kid was named Don Juan Casanova – would he want to get married? Also, that kid is me. And the answer is yes he would, if it’s the right

woman. But my standards are high as a kite, which I know is usually a reference to drugs but this time refers to my standards, so back off, word-police. She'd have to have personality, brains, and a butt that won't quit. Being a butt. If that happened I could see myself speed proposing to her, and one day I would settle down and raise a speed family. Of course, the next day I'd be back on the town, because trying to hold me down is like trying to hold a large balloon, which is difficult to hold down, down.

So the next time you're in the Critique of Pure Bacon, the tastiest Kantian Kosher Deli outside of Jerusalem, keep an eye out for me. Maybe you'll spot me casually hiding behind a large plastic pickle. Maybe we'll get together for two bites of a sandwich, and then pick up our sandwiches and move to the next table. And maybe, if you're lucky, I'll run you back to your place for seven seconds in heaven.

• • •



-Do I have Prince Albert in a can? Well, actually...-

• • •

A New Haven Point-Counterpoint

BEN ORLIN

Point: "Yale Students are Naïve and Sheltered"
By Your Roommate Calling From His Cell Phone

Hey, it's me. No, not Pinocchio—it's your roommate. Wait, don't hang up. What do you mean you're expecting a call from Pinocchio? Are you drunk? Look, just

hear me out for a minute. I need to get this off my chest.

Yale students are naïve and sheltered. These kids think they're going to be ruling the world in 10 years, but they don't know the first thing about life past campus. Just look at the way everyone buys into Yale's demonization of New Haven. No, I said "demonization," not "semenization." You see, Yale would have us believe that every night at midnight black teenagers come swooping down York Street on bicycles to rob the reckless Yalies who roam the streets after dark. But it's all just propaganda.

Stop laughing, I'm being serious. In fact, you know where I am right now? Way down Broadway Street, three blocks past Payne-Whitney. Yes, I know it's 11:30 p.m. No, I'm not "rushing" a gang.

Actually, there's a disturbing parallel with Bush's War on Terror. The Yale administration and the Bush administration both promote fear and xenophobia. Bush puts the country on red alert without explaining why; Yale sends out alarmist emails after every mugging.

No, I'm not leaving you my laptop. I haven't even written a will. C'mon, you're not listening to me.

You know the worst part? It's the racial bigotry. Everyone at Yale pretends to be so politically correct, but how many of them run the other way when they see a couple of black kids on bikes? Would you react the same way to white kids, or South Asian kids? Yes, of course they have bikes in South Asia.

God, am I the only one in this whole university who knows anything about the real world? See, here I am in a part of the city most Yalies would be terrified of, and I'm perfectly fine.

Counterpoint: "Hey you, give me your wallet."
By a Mugger

Hey, you. Give me your wallet. Don't say anything, I got a gun. And your phone, give me your cell phone. What are you doing outside your dorm, kid? Just stay inside your castle walls. Shut up. Stop crying. I'll shoot your foot. Yale kids...

• • •

Which Opiate is Right for You? A Former Druggie Reviews His New Addiction: Religion.

SAM BAGG

When they told me in Sunnyvale Rehabilitation Center that I could turn to God to help me solve my drug problems, I groaned – "Yeah right," I thought, "is God going to pay Jagged Karl his \$200?" I never thought that being high on life could replace being high on, well, pretty much any drug you can name. But man, was I wrong! Check it out:

- Always liked the tranquil feeling you got from marijuana, but that commercial about helping terrorists got you wanting to quit? You can always count on a good mellow high from **Buddhism**. Every time you get a hit of the Buddha, you get really relaxed and chill, and you just start thinking about deep shit, you know? You'll be meditating and just realize, "what if everything was really just, like, all together," you know? Like if we were all one thing, and all connected and shit? That would be tight. No, like really. Because sometimes you just want to chill out with a real natural religion like Buddhism and you don't need any of these additives or synthetic ingredients like gods and devils.

- Decided to quit dropping acid after your most recent minigolf-windmill-related near-death experience but still want to feel like you're in another world? If you want to get crazy, let me tell you, there are some really wacko opiates out there. Get a little **Scientology** in you and suddenly you're seeing aliens all over the place, and having visions with weird colors and Martians and a ginormous intergalactic Margaret Thatcher. With Scientology, once you start tripping, you just can't stop. It's like falling down a never-ending staircase of interplanetary wisdom. Side effects may include contact with Tom Cruise.

- Crack was nice... until you got

caught rummaging through your little cousin's Barbie collection looking for loose change to pay off your latest purchase. Not into aliens, but still want an escape from reality to replace the snow?

Southern Baptism is a tried and true opiate. You get so excited and hyper after each hit of Jesus you take that you just want to run around and proclaim it to the world. Be careful though, the high is so good, you'll do anything to get a little more Jesus. Anything that gets between you and God has to go, and darn it to hell if a few negroes, queers, and baby-killing liberals have to die in the process.

· Haven't been able to get a good submissive fuck since your roofie dealer got busted? If you really need to get laid, and you don't need it to be consensual, there's no need to slip something in her drink – you can always count on a good dose of my favorite opiate, **Mormonism**. There's the old saying, there's nothing so obedient as a good Mormon girl. Ok, I just made that up, but you know it's true. Plus, you're living in Utah, which is close to Vegas. On second thought...nev-er-mind.

· Third visit to DUH got your alcohol counselor worried about your consumption levels again? Have I got the opiate for you! You can always excuse your drinking for religious purposes if you convert to **Judaism**, which has holidays entirely devoted to the drinking of cheap wine. Side effects may include persecution, Zionism, upset stomach, loss of foreskin, and being forced to call your Christmas tree a "Hanukkah bush."

Still skeptical? You'll just have to try it for yourself. Go out and get trashed on God. I guarantee that you won't regret it. Not even when you wake up the next day in a pool of your own religious fervor, twitching uncontrollably with the agonizing joy of praise.

■ ■ ■

A Day in the Life of the Pope

STAFF

7:00am – Wake up. Perform 150 squats.

9:00am - Meeting with Cardinal Murphy to discuss new line of Vatican City merchandise: cell-phone covers, ironic t-shirts, absolutions from sin.

10:15am - Call Amalgamated Plexiglass, Inc. for the fourth time to try to get replacement window for Popemobile. Fail to understand why I have to do everyone else's job for them.

11:00am – Lunch: PB+J cut into triangles, no crusts.

1:30pm - Take Segway on a sweet 360 off a jump.

2:00pm - Check to see whether Galileo is currently excommunicated. If so, pardon him; otherwise, excommunicate him.

5:00pm - Chase Cardinal Bozanic while threatening to tickle him.

11:00pm - Rip picture of Sinead O'Connor on Vatican Saturday Night Live.

11:45pm - View Catholic School Girls Gone Wild; decide which girls should be condemned to an eternity of torment.

1:00am - Pine for the tender, forbidden pleasures of the flesh.

3:36am - Devour cup of noodles while finishing papal decree due at 9 a.m.

6:00am - Dream feverishly of chinchillas. So soft, so sweet.

■ ■ ■

"Barney really screwed PBS this time."



Are you there, Margaret?

It's me, God

JESSICA POTER AND AMANDA LEWIS

First of all, I apologize for the delay in my response, but your platitudes about puberty failed to catch my interest for quite some time. I assume you're close to thirty now. Guess getting your period isn't that exciting anymore, is it? Don't send me another book all atwitter about menopause. You think you've got hot flashes? Try global warming.

I'm so tired of you humans complaining to me all the time about these boring, daily problems. Yes, you grew boobs. Don't you think that was part of my plan all along? If people would just trust me and wait and see what was going to happen a little down the line, then they wouldn't have to whine so much. You think you've got issues? Do you even realize the magnitude of the problem of evil? Or of how I created human beings from dust alone? Figuring out how a communion wafer is the same thing as the body of Christ is not like popping a zit. I'm the one that sits around and listens to all your crap, all day every day. I never complain to anyone, and I'm the one with real issues.

Like this omnipotence thing. It's sort of like Disney was reading my mind in Aladdin. That genie, I totally feel where he's coming from! It's like I'm all-powerful, but also bound by the shackles of responsibility to the human race. Sometimes I just feel so trapped. And in Return of Jafar, when the genie travels around the world and then sings "There's Nothing in the World Quite Like a Friend," I really felt like I could never have that. I don't have an Aladdin or an Abu in a palace to come home to! St. Peter keeps telling me that no one wants to be friends with me because they're jealous of my ethereality, but I think it's just because I'm fat!

And no one appreciates the sacrifices I'm making for them. All the popular deities have so many more followers than I do: Allah, the Buddha, Oprah, Paris Hilton. Even my own son has outdone me on the social ladder. "Jesus saves"? I save. But I've done so much more than he has, and all you ever hear is "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." Whenever we have a party

We've been "outed."

Unpretentious and underground, New Haven's best-kept secret has been "outed." Discover what the gay community has known for over 30 years: 168 York St. Café serves great food at prices you won't believe.

One Sixty Eight YORK Café

Just a few steps from Chapel Street, and a few steps below street level, this brownstone café offers home-style comfort food and pub-like fare. The menu changes daily, but certain traditional favorites include Prime Rib Thursday and Meatloaf Monday (a complete dinner for only \$3.50).

Dinner

Monday-Saturday 5:30-9:30

Sunday Brunch

Sunday 11-3

\$7 pitchers of Mimosas
and Bloody Marys

Happy Hour

Drink specials
Monday-Saturday

Beer Bash

Thursday and Sunday
\$1.50 domestic beer

Piano Bar

Saturday nights

168 York Street
New Haven, CT
(203) 789-1915

on Mt. Olympus, everyone asks Jesus to dance first. I always end up in the corner nursing a cup of punch with Hephaestus while everyone else talks about how good Jesus is at doing the worm.

I know I'm insecure, asking everyone to get on their knees for me almost every day, but, c'mon! I created you, you ungrateful bastards!

And don't even get me started on Satan. We were BFFAE back in angel school, and then all of a sudden he starts hanging out with this new crowd. Sure, they liked fire and brimstone a bit more than I did and used to hang out outside the gates of heaven smoking myrrh, but he didn't have to ditch me like that! All of a sudden, it's like, the angels and I were too "good" for him. Do you know what people say about you behind your back? That you're a horned, evil skank who is a less hot version of me. So... I never liked you anyway.

So listen, Margaret, I hope this letter has satisfied your complaints and convinced you that you're not the only one who has issues. Actually, you barely have problems at all compared to me. Maybe I'm not the best person to complain to. Perhaps if you still need to talk, you should call WALDEN at 2-4477. I hear they're open 24 hours. And the girl that's on duty on Tuesday nights is such a mensch.

■ ■ ■

The Nicene Cretins

GREGOR NAZARIAN

In the early fourth century AD, the Christian world was shaken by the rise of the so-called Arian heresy, a doctrine essentially denying the divinity of Jesus Christ. In response, the Roman Emperor Constantine called the first ecumenical council, composed of more than 300 bishops, to meet at Nicaea to work out the truth of the issue. The argument became so heated that the presiding councilor, Bishop Hosius of Cordoba, was forced to call the three leading bishops into a private chamber to settle the issue. This is the transcript of their debate.

HOSIUS: Gentlemen, we have before us a question of the greatest importance.

EUSEBIUS: What's for lunch?

H: No, not that.

E: I know. I'm just really hungry. I contemplate doctrine better with a belly full of falafel.

ALEXANDER: You didn't bring your own falafel?

E: The invitation didn't say bag lunch. I assumed there would be a buffet.

H: Enough. We'll have a eunuch fetch you a sandwich for your repast.

E: A falafel sandwich. With low-fat tahini.

A: Oh does it really matter?

E: In fact it does. I'm not eating meat.

H: What nonsense is this?

E: I'm abstaining; it's the new thing.

H: Oh I see...you fast during the Lenten season to bring upon yourself the pain and hunger that our Savior Jesus Christ suffered as he fasted for forty days in the desert.

E: Well, yeah. Yeah. But also, you know, I've been gassy, and the doctor told me to stay away from fatty meats. Not to mention, it is written in Ruth 2:14 that "At mealtime Boaz said to her, 'Come over here. Have some bread and dip it in the wine vinegar.' When she sat down with the harvesters, he offered her some roasted grain. She ate all she wanted and had some left over." But mostly the Christ thing. He too was gassy, before his fast.

H: I find this difficult to believe, but we must move forward nevertheless.

There has been much talk and discord among our brothers about the relationship between God the Father, his son Jesus, and the Holy Spirit. We must settle this reasonably, and unify the church under one doctrine.

A: To be fair, the church already established this doctrine. All three persons rest in the One Spectacularly Large and Vociferous Lord. I'm just saying.

H: Yes, thank you, I'm familiar with the Trinitarian perspective. But we should never close our hearts to new ideas, as Jesus would surely remind us. I believe that Arius has an opposing viewpoint.

A: I do indeed. My fellow Monarchianists and I maintain that there is only one indivisible God, from whom proceed the Son and the Holy Spirit. And also the

moustache is Satan's mark, so anyone with a tainted upper lip should be excommunicated and burned.

H: Very well.

A: I should really mention, it's Our One Astounding Lord, Holy, Unified, and Unsettlingly Large, not just "God." Show some respect. He's the creator of the universe, not some common goat-herd.

E: You'd better not be debasing my sweet and fertile home, Nicomedia. Goats are the Lord's chosen creature. Surely you have not forgotten that the Lord himself said unto Moses in Exodus 26:7, "Make curtains of goat hair for the tent over the tabernacle—eleven altogether."

H: Eusebius, you speak wisely, but let's be civil. We have two competing interpretations —

E: Ahem.

H: Yes Eusebius?

E: I believe you are forgetting the third, and my own personal, explanation.

H: Very well. Let us not overlook the view of the esteemed Eusebius, who proposes expanding the Trinity to the Quinfinity, the Five Ultimate Warriors of Salvation.

A: Frankly, I just can't see where the Bible supports the notion of the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, the Impulsive but Gutsy Teenager, and the Cynical Former Pickpocket.

A: Yeah I'm pretty sure that's just 100 percent incorrect.

E: Heretic!

A: I'm not a heretic — I'm the most powerful church leader besides the Pope himself.

E: Oh you would bring Sylvester into this. Just because he gave you the Alexandria appointment doesn't mean you're not going to Hell.

A: If you don't shut your face, I'll have him excommunicate you so fast your omophorion will spin around your fat neck.

E: At least my omophorion was made by a local business. What is that one you're wearing, Persian? Be vigilant, my stylish friend, for in Zephaniah 1:8 it is written, "On the day of the Lord's sacrifice I will punish the princes and the king's sons and all those clad in foreign clothes."

A: I'm positive that passage isn't rel-

evant.

E: All right then, you'll just have to risk it.

A: Guys, guys. Let's keep in mind the things that bring us together. Here, maybe after this is all over, no matter how it ends up, we can instigate some pogroms against the Jews. That's usually makes us feel better about ourselves.

E: Now that is just offensive. You know there are no Jews in Nicomedia.

A: Eusebius...when is the last time you shaved?

H: Stop this at once! We must turn our minds back to the question at hand. It becomes increasingly obvious that there can be no compromise. This debate will be settled in the traditional way of Christianity, passed down to us by the first fathers of our church: trial by round-robin tetherball tournament.

A: It shall be as God wills.

H: I believe you mean Our Quite Lofty yet Disarmingly Amiable Savior

And of course, Bishop Alexander, called also the NetherBaller on the underground ecclesiastical pole-sports circuit, defeated the other two church leaders soundly on the Sacred Tetherball Pole of St. Leonard of Noblac. Trinitarianism became established doctrine, and the pope excommunicated Arius and Eusebius, who claimed to his dying day that he would have won if only he had ever gotten that falafel.

• • •

Other Ways to Skin a Cat STAFF

- With your teeth, like biting into a warm, hairy orange
- By combining its DNA with that of a snake so that every other month you find a furry layer of skin in your living room
- Tweezers
- By dressing it in women's clothing, having a tea party, and then skinning it.
- Atmospheric friction at terminal velocity
- Making it run really fast and then trip,

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online
on the phone
on campus
on the street

so that its knee grazes the pavement

· Dressing it like a banana and give it to a male silverback gorilla

· First give the cat a nice bath and groom it. Next, feed it catnip and tuna and pet it for a while. After that, make sure its all tucked into its favorite bed. While it's sleeping, cut its skin off

· Didactically

· By convincing your little brother that the cat is a Tootsie-Roll Pop and that if he licks it enough all of its skin will disappear and he will be rewarded by a vaguely chocolate treat

· Drag her screaming into the bathroom while brandishing a bread knife, then—oh! Cat! No 'e.' Right.

· By cooking it rotisserie style so that you can just peel its crisped skin off

· Put the cat through a carwash. Many many times in a row

· Tell the cat that everyone hates it and it will never fit in. Then give it the new Marilyn Manson CD and some black make up. You'll have to worry about skinning the parts other than the wrists yourself.

· Alive

• • •

A Letter to the Virgin Mary

CELESTE BALLARD

Mary, Baby,

Look, I'm sorry it's come to this, but I've got to put My foot down and stop this behavior of yours. Don't get Me wrong – it was funny at first. I was all, "Haha, Mary has shown up in the bark of the tree of knowledge again." And "Oh shit, now she's in My cheese fries!" But it's not funny anymore. I think it's creepy. And I created creepy! Just yesterday the lines of My palm transformed into a red, chapped image of your face. I went to Miss Shaka down the street so she could deign to interpret my fate and when I showed her My palm, all she did

was cry, "Oly voodoo, eetza miracle!" and repeat 10,000 Hail Marys. When your face appears on the hood of My Caddy as I roll down the street sippin' on gin and juice and the blood of Christ, I do not consider that as adding to the overall pimpitude of my ride. I had to write "Mary is my homegirl!" under it to cover for Myself. As you can see, this gotta stop. I'm done game-hatin' and now I gotta hate the playa, and Mary – you da playa.

In the past 24 hours alone, I have seen you in the mirror as I pop My Godzits, on the shower door glass when I shave My God-bits, in My holy water AND holy OJ, in My Divine-o's, and in the face of 17 different blind children. Oh wait, scratch that bit about Divine-o's. I guess all of our faces appear there in the little-chewy marshmallow form. Those guys at General Mills didn't get Jesus right at all. Too big in the hips. I mean, I'm just sayin': those aren't My hips! Maybe if you stopped appearing all over the place and clocked in more time training with the Holy Spirit Crunch Time video set I got you, people wouldn't think Our Son has big-booty hips...I'm sorry baby. I didn't mean that. What was I saying?

Look. I understand why you find it necessary to remind me of your existence everywhere I look. I'm late with my alimony payments; but I told you baby, once my miracle spring water infomercials take off the ground, I'm gold! I know I haven't called you in a while, but my Cingular has been cutting out for periods of more than four hours! As for these allegations that I raped you, maybe emotionally, I'll admit it, but that's the whole thing with Immaculate Conception! Gabriel said you were chill with it. You signed the contract. It was a done deal. Besides, I didn't even get near your nether-regions, ok Miss Virgin with a capital V! When I met you, you were still hanging out with that loser Joseph and his Hasbro tool set. I took you and made you a star! Without me, you'd probably be stuck in a manger and asleep on the hay not because of our amazingly conceived publicity stunt ("conceived" – Haha. I still got it. Bam!), but because that'd be your bed! Didn't God make sure to hook you up in heaven? Weren't you on the last episode of Cribs, MTV

Heaven edition? So quit complaining and, more importantly, get out of my life. For once, Mary, I'd like to take a walk and not find your image on the tongue of my vintage Nike Dunks. So give it a rest. The joke is old.

Peace out,

God

• • •

Coming into the Closet: The Grass is Always Greener on the Fab Side, Plus It Grows in Designer Spangles.

ERIN FREY

It's a common occurrence at Yale to have a long-time girlfriend, dance with townies at Toads, get a B in Econ with a 92%, and then wake up one morning and realize you're gay.

But what about those who do all of that – plus get a free t-shirt – and then one morning wake up...straight?!?!? How does the Gayalie adjust to life as a straight man – to life without party cages, fag-hags, or diesel?

The Record asked this question of ex-Gayalie David Rosenberg, MC '07: "He doesn't adjust. He faces adversity every day. He's stereotyped, picked on, pushed around. Life sucks harder than a Gayalie."

Before Rosenberg came out of the straight closet, he had been a celebrated member of the Gayalie community at Yale. In fact, he was one of a long line of Gayalies who had revolutionized Yale into the "Gay Ivy"; no longer did stuffy wasps rule the school. Today, the gay Jewish liberal provides the social standard for Yale life. Where do the most hook-ups happen? At the Gayalie parties. Who gets the most girls? Yale women no longer fight to be the girlfriend – they claw at each other for fag-hag rights.

Rosenberg almost regrets his return to the straight side. He remarked on his heterosexual epiphany: "It was the morning after a hookup. I was stretchin' and yawnin' in a bed that didn't belong to me, and a voice yelled, 'Good morning,

darling,' from the bathroom. A guy came out and kissed me, and to my surprise, all I could think of were the jugs on Jesse Jane. I was spooked, but ecstatic. I mean, thank god! I would never have to give a blowjob again! But the thought of facing the Gayalie community with shame scared me. I finally understand why those boys in Utah stay in the closet and really try to overemphasize their heterosexuality by marrying multiple wives."

What was Rosenberg so afraid of? "Turning back to the other side would be viewed as a step back for Gayalies everywhere. I'm like the woman who chose not to vote in 1988 because the living room needed vacuuming."

As Rosenberg soon learned, the straight team wasn't as accepting as the gay team: "My social life was shot. When I came out of the closet, all of the gay guys were SO friendly – I was a fresh piece of filet mignon and everyone was vying for the first bite. But when I came back into the closet, I became as desirable as a white castle burger.

"All of my girlfriends were fag-hags, the social elite of Yale. They refused to be seen with COACH purses – I had no chance. Candy, Sydney, and Charlotte no longer speak to me in public because they fear rumors will ruin their reputations. Cathy still phones me, but always from an untraceable number.

"I thought I'd still have my guy friends, but I realized that I didn't have any close straight ones. I tried to make conversation with male acquaintances, but they all thought that I was hitting on them. Straight guys aren't as clued into the gossip reel – it would take years and a wedding invitation before half of my straight friends would figure out the truth.

"It's like I'm in the darkest closet, tryin' to figure out just how I'm gonna get my crazy ass up outta this house. And I don't have a Facebook group willing to help me out."

Rosenberg remains stuck in a never-ending story without a berretta for protection or friends to ring his phone so that he can live the second chapter of his identity crisis. "Will anyone open up this damn closet and help a fellow out?"

• • •

Signs That You Are

Really Awkward

LAURA STRITTMATTER

In the library: There's nowhere else to work and you really need to study, so you sit down at a table in CCL already occupied by one person. You turn on your computer and stare fixedly at the screen, trying to memorize an obscene number of organic chemistry mechanisms for your test the following day. You get so absorbed in your studying that you don't notice the grimaces, labored sighs, and low moans you are producing. Suddenly you feel your tablemate staring at you, so you look up and realize what you must have been doing. You open your mouth a few times in an attempt to explain, then give up and watch as your tablemate quickly packs her things and moves to an adjacent, already full table.

In the bathroom: You walk into the bathroom at the same time as someone else. Even though you don't know him, the fact that you both felt the urge to urinate at the same time compels you to say something to him, so you comment on the lovely blue color of the tiles behind the urinals. Once he responds, you take the opportunity to continue the conversation, picking the urinal directly next to his out of the seven empty urinals on the wall. You finally realize how uncomfortable you have made him when he zips up and hurriedly leaves the room without ever actually peeing.

In the entryway: You're leaving a friend's room after watching the OC and have to say goodbye to three boys in the room. One of them is just visiting for the night before he goes back to his real school, so you hug him goodbye. The second one is your good friend, and you always hug him, so of course you're going to this time. The third one, well, you've never really hugged him before, so it might be strange if you start now. Then again, you've just hugged the other two boys, so he might be expecting it. You decide to give him a hug anyway and quickly move towards him. However, your split-second hesitation was apparently too long. By the time you reach him, he has turned away, but it is too late to stop the inertia of your gesture. You trip forward,

flip over the couch, and land sprawled out on the ground. The boys laugh at you, especially when they realized that somewhere in the tripping and flipping you have managed to twist your ankle, and have to tell this story every day for the next week when people ask why you are on crutches.

Online: You ask a cute girl out to the movies on AIM, then sign off before she has a chance to respond. When you sign back on, you wait for her to IM you, and since she doesn't seem immediately enthusiastic about the date, you launch into a long-winded and mostly gibberish explanation about the virus that has attacked your computer, causing you to message people randomly. You apologize for any strange message she might have received from you in the past three minutes, thus excusing yourself from having asked her out in the first place, and leaving you dateless for the weekend.

In the library II: There's nowhere else to work and you really need to finish your paper so you slide into a weenie bin that already has someone's jacket and books in it. You sit down, and in the process of reaching over to plug in your laptop, you fall out of your chair, knocking over both chairs and spilling your Nalgene all over the other person's books. Just then, the owner of said books returns to find you on the ground covered in water and chairs. You bolt out of the weenie bin, leaving everything behind, and hide between the Greek History and Spanish Literature bookshelves until he leaves so you can collect your laptop. ☹

• • •

The Civil War?



"No, Gerald, you're too kind."

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"IT WAS THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT"

Batman gives up

By Amanda Silverio
STAFF REPORTER

Late Saturday night, the police were desperately in need of assistance in preventing an armed robbery at the Gotham Trust, so, as usual, they flashed the Bat Signal across the skies—confident that Batman would bail them out. But, unbeknownst to them, after decades of crime fighting, Batman had finally given up.

The police, accustomed to assistance from the Caped Crusader, waited hours for his arrival. But by 4:00 am, the bank vault empty and the masked intruders long gone, they were forced to conclude that Batman was not coming.

When we approached the Wayne Manor for a comment, Batman himself said only, "Though I am concerned for the city, I cannot continue to serve a public that cares little for me and knows nothing about me." When asked why he was hanging upside down, he replied cryptically, "Batman, jackass. See? This is the kind of shit I'm talking about!"

The winter season is traditionally a difficult time of year for the Dynamic Duo. All over the city, the Batman Overture is replaced by a rip on "Jingle Bells" detailing Robin's gas and

the Batmobile's poor craftsmanship. Aside from the usual annoyances, however, analysts agree that the bulk of the Bat's troubles are the result of the continual stress and decreasing recognition.

An informant at the police station reveals, "With all the stress, his physique suffered and, sad to say, in no time that muscular breast plate wasn't fooling anyone. Off the record, neither was that ridiculous cup."

Citizens of Gotham were further forced to watch as the Bat franchise hit an all-time low with the addition of less-than-subtle nipples to the Bat costume. Indeed, the Caped Crusader's transformation into an overweight has-been who's apparently always cold has paralyzed the city, causing Gotham to suffer at the hands of its old foes.

In the world of superheroes, Batman has always been the underdog – just your average chronic insomniac with a black leather fetish who lives with a stoic manservant and an acrobatic ex-carnie. His "regular guy" image has suffered, however, due to persistent accusations of involvement with performance-enhancing drugs.

In September, a former girlfriend, who has asked to remain nameless,



The Caped Crusader, hiding from photographers after a foiled bank heist foil

approached the police commissioner claiming she suspected drug use based on our hero's sometimes erratic behavior. A tendency on the accuser's part to get on all fours, arch her back, and hiss a request for warm milk detracted from her credibility, however.

Regardless, most agree the Bat is past his prime. As one animated Gotham resident tells the *Daily sNews*, "It used to be the toys could get him out of any tricky spot. But not anymore! heeheehehahaHAHAHAHAHA!"

Another anonymous, eccentric insider added, "With his best years behind him, all his efforts fall flat. What will happen to Batman; may I riddle you that?"

Indeed. What's to come, friends, what's to come?

Hot sluts actually waiting for student's cock

By Sam Baggs
STAFF REPORTER

New Haven, CT – Jaleel Hathorn TC '07 got a pleasant surprise this past Monday when he discovered an email in his inbox entitled "Click H3Re 4 H0tt sl00ts." The junior, who followed up and found them eagerly awaiting his arrival, said he always likes to investigate all of his options.

"I guess I would call myself an optimist," he said. "I'd replied to several thousand of these emails before and hadn't gotten a genuine response yet, but I figured that if even one of them yielded a result... oh man." He proceeded to groan as his eyes rolled towards the back of his head, apparently recalling the events of the night before.

When he arose from his memories, he recounted what exactly had happened. "I was actually in the process of quitting when it happened," Hathorn explained. "I had just gotten back from my first Suckers Anonymous meeting when I found this e-mail in my inbox. I almost deleted it but curiosity got the better of me, and I said to myself, 'This one is different.'"

And so it was. After clicking on the links which the email provided him and entering his age, email address, phone number, home address,

social security number, SAT score, and mother's maiden name, he expected to be turned down as he normally was. But this time, he was not disappointed. "Suddenly a message popped up on my screen that said, 'Go To 45 Main St. 2 Receive Your Reward!' and so of course I was ecstatic and hurried over," he said.

When he arrived, hot sex ensued. "I'd never experienced anything like it," Hathorn continued. "Before, I'd only seen real boobies once, and it was by accident. Now I'm fully experienced in all kinds of sex you've never even heard of."

Industry expert Samos Gurandi said he'd never seen anything like it. "I've never seen anything like it," Gurandi remarked. "Usually people give up clicking these emails after 10 unsuccessful tries, at most." He was baffled as to why this one time would have different results, but offered regret that he had not known beforehand that it was possible to cash in on such offers.

His one hypothesis was that the senders of the emails had somehow kept track of Hathorn's site usage. "Maybe he tapped into some heretofore unknown frequent clicker rewards program," Gurandi said.

Grammar Nazis announce "final solution" to split infinitives

By Kendall Rice
STAFF REPORTER

Irked into action by the historical mistreatment of their favorite part of speech, the members of an elite fascist organization styling themselves the Vigilante Essayists, Raconteurs, and Bad-Ass Linguists have outlined harsh new measures to deal with those who perpetuate its oppression. Starting next month, anyone caught violating the basic requirements of the English language will be arrested by the VERBALS' own Grammar Gestapo and relocated without trial to one of several freshly erected detention facilities, or "conjugation camps," where they will atone for their crimes against philology as their captors see fit.

"You split an infinitive, we split you—like, with an ax," said Rich-



MARCH/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

An elite VERBAL Kommando checks for perfect punctuation

ard "Adverb" Hitler, long-time GG storm trooper and current Fuhrer of the VERBALS. "You dangle a preposition, we dangle you—like, over a pit of slaving bloodthirsty crocodiles. It's perfectly equitable."

Not all English-speakers agree, however. "If it was me, I'd concentrate on problems what actually matter," declared one opponent, adding, "It's not like I care or nothing."

Despite the occasional dissent, ***"You dangle a preposition, we dangle you - like over a pit of slaving bloodthirsty crocodiles. It's perfectly equitable"***

- Richard "Adverb" Hitler, Grammar Gestapo

most literati support the VERBALS' quest to purify their tainted tongue, and the first wave of conjugation camps is already on its way, rumored to focus on pronoun errors, dangling participles, and breaches of the subjunctive mood in addition to the infamous split infinitive. So between you and I, if while speaking one of these guys was to come up to you, you'd be wise to immediately UURRGH!

Really sweet BMW ruined in fatal car crash

By Daniel Zier
STAFF REPORTER

Tragedy struck earlier this week when New Haven, CT, resident David Flynn ruined his brand-new, charcoal black BMW 540i in an accident on I-95. Flynn had been speeding aggressively when he rear-ended a school bus, slamming his V-8-powered Bimmer into the bus' fragile backside.

The accident and subsequent fires damaged the German automobile beyond repair, and instantly killed Flynn as well as sixteen schoolchildren. The car, compacted and scorched, was towed to a New Haven junkyard, while the injured schoolchildren were taken to the Yale-New Haven hospital where two more died upon arrival.

Said New Haven police officer James Heff: "This is truly a sad day in for our community. Tragically on such a scale is rare—it's days like this that make me want to quit my job. Cars like that don't come around often, you know."

Fireman Adam Grainger, who pulled several young corpses from the inferno, expressed similar sentiments. "I had a difficult time looking at all that beautifully crafted metal just lying there in a mangled pile," said Grainger. "You could tell the



KENNEDY/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The tragic end of some really, really pimp wheels

Rachel Nielson, whose son Joey was crushed by the BMW's signature kidney-shaped grill, expressed grief over the loss. "I just can't put everything together quite yet," said a trembling Nielson. "Everything is just floating in circles around my head. Why would they let such a bad driver own such an amazing car when he's just going to ruin it?"

While investigators seek to answer that very question, the rest of the community must grapple with the loss of a gem. Several somber onlookers placed wreaths and flowers at the site of the car's destruction, while others simply stood teary-eyed and motionless, at one point joining together to sing "We Shall Overcome."

Meanwhile, a full emotional recovery is expected for Grainger, Heffner, and the other emergency personnel who tended to the accident. Funerals for the nineteen deceased will be held early next week.

"It's days like this that make me want to quit my job. Cars like that don't come around often, you know?"

- James Heff, Police Officer

headlamps, dual exhaust pipes, 18" sport rims, and tinted windows. Flynn's Bimmer was race bred, featuring a short, 6-speed manual gear shift and further adding to the scope and catastrophic nature of the accident.

While Flynn's family was unavailable for comment, family members of the deceased children were outraged by the accident.

News

Stiles freshman checks into DUH after being told to "get pumped for IMs"

Page 5

New updates ready for your computer

Page 6

Promise to wife not to get another Vegas wife falls through again

Page 8

Weather

Today: Great!
Tomorrow: Ridiculous!!
Thursday: Woah!!!!
Friday: Hell Yeeeah!!!!

Page 7

Columns

Dear Five-Ball

Sound Advice From A Modern College Personality

Dear Five Ball,
My girlfriend and I used to have a healthy relationship, both emotional and physical. But lately, the physical side of things has really been ailing, if you know what I mean. It seems there's always an excuse, like, "I'm tired," "I have a test tomorrow," or "I'm in the hospital." Yeah, I know she's dying of leukemia or whatever, but I have needs too. I don't want to pull the plug on this relationship; is there anything I can do that is both sensitive and will encourage her to sleep with me more often?

– In Need of some E.R.oticism

Dear In Need,
Yeah man, girls are a bitch. Either you have to chase after 'em or dig 'em up, and either way it's work work work. Just tell her exactly how you feel, and if she's unwilling to change, I'd say dump her ass. Who needs a bitch that will only let you bone her if it's followed by the words "marrow" and "transplant"? Fuuuuuuck it.

– 5 Ball

Dear Five Ball,

I just turned 13 and lately I've been noticing some changes with my body. I'm worried the other boys will make fun of me because I've grown a lot, my voice has started to sound more like my dad's, and I've grown some hair, you know, "down there." Also, I've started to unearth corpses at the local cemetery and fornicate with them. Am I going through puberty?

– Muddled in Middle School

Dear in Middle,
Whoa, look man, I'm not gay, so I don't want to hear about your hairy little pe-

nis. Since you asked though, it sounds like everything you're going through is pretty much normal. Well except for that one thing...you think your voice sounds like your dad's? Looks like you've got an Oedipus complex, yo. Chickity check that shit, unless you want to end up a blind hermit haplessly adrift on the Peloponnesus. Aight. Sophocles, what.

– JB5B Stunna

Dear Five Ball,
I just wanted to tell you about this really awesome stunt my friends and I did. First my friends lit a stick of dynamite and then I held it in my left arm until it exploded! Yeaaaaah caaaaaaaaale! Anyways, do you know of a good place to get a prosthesis, keeping in mind that I am allergic to silicon and most other synthetics?

– Blowin' Up Tha Partay

Dear Up Tha Partay,
That trick sounds totally sweet. I knew a guy once who held some lava for like a whole minute. It was never clear where he got the lava, but oh man this guy was a beast. Anyways, I would recommend maybe wood or maybe if you get a used arm from a friend or something. I guess even a rake might work. Yeah that sounds about right. Do like yard work? Whatevahs. Keep the party hard dude.

– Five Bax

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.



Barry Bonds Reviews:

A Panoply of Workout Supplements and Techniques

Hey, kids! It's me, your favorite neighborhood slugger Barry Bonds, here to help clarify a thing or two about some different products that are out there to help you get in



shape. Barry Bonds remembers what it's like to be a scrawny, frustrated little guy and Barry Bonds knows that it's no fun. So let Barry Bonds help you get into the best shape of your life, without the fucking Narcs getting all over your ass!

1. Wheat Grass. Everyone keeps asking Barry Bonds what his secret is. Well, now I'm going to tell you straight up: it's wheat grass. Every morning Barry Bonds wakes up and drinks a gallon and a half of wheat grass at his local neighborhood Jamba Juice outlet. Barry Bonds doesn't like the taste of wheat grass, but he knows he has to drink it if he wants to be a winner. You're probably wondering why Barry Bonds never mentioned this secret before, either in front of Congress or the Grand Jury: well, that's because nobody ever asked Barry Bonds about it. Barry Bonds would have told if anyone had asked. But they didn't.

2. Milk. Got it? I do. Ha ha. Drink lots of milk, kids, and someday maybe you, too, will be able to flex your mandibles.

3. Thinking About How Much You Love The Fans While You Work Out. Nothing motivates Barry Bonds quite as much as pleasing the hometown crowd. Barry Bonds loves San Francisco, and when he thinks about San Francisco he gets really pumped up! People who've never been athletes don't understand this, so they assume that whenever Barry Bonds breaks a leg press machine or bench presses an airplane it's because he's on steroids. No way. Barry Bonds breaks leg press machines because he loves them. Or because they were broken when he started using them. One of the two.

(continued on page 23)

Dining Hall Suggestions

YALE DINING SERVICES

COMMENTS

To whom it may concern:

I write as a concerned, nay, dismayed denizen of this culinary wasteland. I live a busy life, I have important sections to attend, and functions to co-chair, and I believe that I have been graciously wronged. Attempting to return my tray to the rolling tray-return device, I was dismayed to find every slot full. Do you expect me to risk soiling my Yale sweater turning around another said device? To paraphrase Shakespeare: to thine own responsibilities as dining hall employees, stay a little longer. I hope this stern approach will ensure that this situation is not repeated. I straighten my tie at you, sirs.

Yes, masech.

YALE DINING SERVICES

COMMENTS

As an aficionado of post-modern music, art, and theory, and a devotee of recent realization, I am intrigued by the possibilities of your clam-bat-squid-patty-grandma-thunkan-pair-stew. The grotesqueries of post-industrial life! The pain! The awful bitterness!

The carbohydrates!
 We'll take that as a compliment, I guess. 😊

YALE DINING SERVICES

COMMENTS

COOOOOKIES.

Me want COOOOOKIES!

OUR RESPONSE

Cookies are a sometimes food.

YALE DINING SERVICES

COMMENTS

As a vegetarian, I appreciate your veggie options. The tofu cutlets and veggie enchiladas delight. However, I question whether your grass-fed burgers are an appropriate option for organisms with only one stomach. Also, the cud fries needed salt.

OUR RESPONSE

Thanks, glad you like the food!

YALE DINING SERVICES

COMMENTS

I GREATLY ENJOYED THE MEXICAN-THEMED DINNER LAST NIGHT. THE GUACAMOLE HAD A WONDERFULLY RADIOACTIVE GLOW. THE MIGRANT WORKERS LANDSCAPING OUTSIDE - THAT WAS A NICE TOUCH TOO! STILL, YOUR ATTEMPT TO COVER EVERY AVAILABLE FOOD WITH SALSA WAS A BIT MISGUIDED, ESPECIALLY IN THE CASE OF THE "MEXICAN CHOCOLATE BANANA CAKE."

Que bueno!

YALE DINING SERVICES

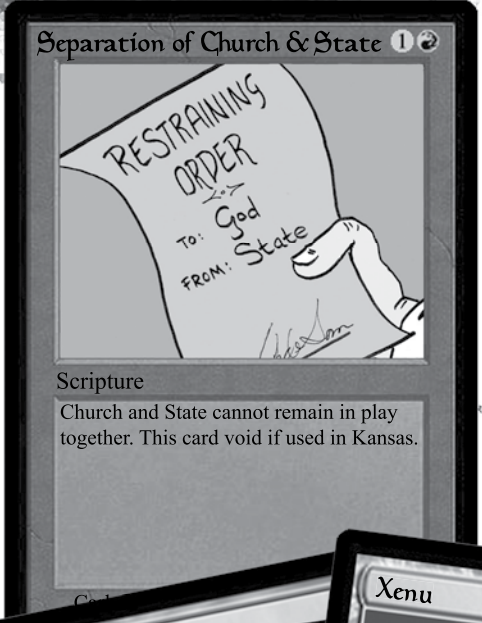
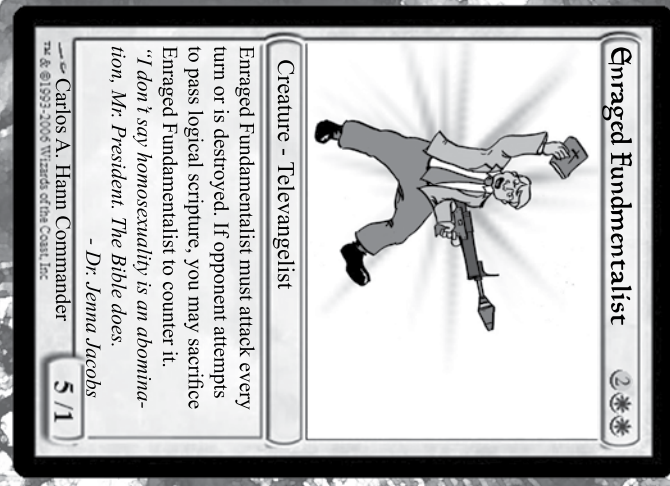
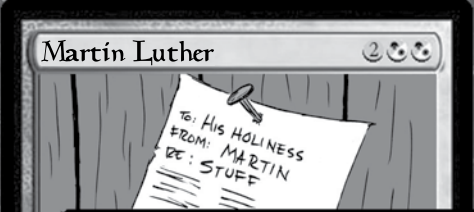
COMMENTS

Peanut Butter + jelly cutfish?
 What the fuck.

OUR RESPONSE

Right back at you.

Religion: the Gathering®



Lesser-Known Parables



Matthew 13:2-14

2: thereupon jesus went down out of the city and addressed his disciplines in the house of zechaniah son of zechariah the dry goods wholesaler. and he spake unto them in parables, saying.

3: behold, a sower went forth to sow.

4: and the lord saith unto him, thou shalt sow millet in thy fields at chezib during the month of kislev.

5: and thou shalt sow flax in thy fields at beth-tappuah during the month of zif.

6: but during the month of tammuz thou shalt graze thine oxen on the slopes of mt. hebron.

7: and in the month of elul, thou shalt harvest olives, but not flax, unless the flax be from thine fields at beth-horon.

8: and the lord thy god is a jealous god and will smite thee, if thou presumest to graze thine wild asses on mt. gerizim during the month of abib before thou hast harvested thine millet, unless thou hire ishmaelites.

9: but if and only if thou sowest thy wheat before thine olives then thou shalt harvest both thine sorghum and thy date palms concurrent to or slightly following thine pomegranates, assuming pom kippur falls on a wednesday.

10: and jesus said unto simon peter, the disciple he loved best, which grain canst the sower not sow in the month of svan?

11: a) millet b) sorghum

12: c) flax d) kalamata olives e) ishmaelites

13: and simon peter said unto jesus, what is none of the above? but he was unsure in his heart, for he had the devil in him.

14: and jesus said unto simon peter, behold, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a standardized test, and the fool who says that was wicked easy shall go to fordham law school.



Luke 10:29-39

29: on one occasion a pharisee came to him and asked him the following question, hoping to confuse jesus and make off with his donkey.

30: master, he inquired, who would win in a fight between behemoth and leviathan?

31: and jesus spoke unto him in parables, saying, think of it this way, a levite, a maccabee, and a zoroastrian walk into a tavern, run by nicodemus of euboea, the hall of fame discus thrower.

32: and the zoroastrian ordered a lamb souvlaki, praying nicodemus to go easy on the tsatsiki.

33: and the levite saith, i ll have what he s having.

34: but the maccabee saith, levite, thou knowest it is written, thou shalt not partake of the flesh of a kid prepared by a gentile.

35: to which the levite responded, i believe you are mistaken



35: quoth the maccabee, ah, my bad.

37: whereupon nicodemus smote him, for he was sore aggrieved, mistakenly thinking that the word gentile had homoerotic overtones.

38: and i saith unto you, which one of these men loved his sandwich meat the best?

39: while the pharisee cogitated on this riddle, jesus slipped off with the pharisee s donkey, saying unto him, you snooze, you lose.



John 10: 1-13

1: jesus was doing leg-lifts before his morning faith-healing when they came unto him and said, master, we overheard josiah of capernaum in the marketplace badmouthing you to a fisher-woman. ought we smite him?

2: and jesus said unto them, is it not written, sticks and stones shall break my bones, but words will never hurt me, except in the rare case where a dictionary is used as a blunt instrument?

3: but the disciples were unsatisfied, so jesus spake unto them the following tale:

4: once upon a time there lived a rich man with two sons, who we ll call goofus and gallant.

5: gallant spent his day tending the crops and herds on his father s farm, while goofus experimented with hallucinogenic berries in the basement.

6: at age eighteen, goofus announced his desire to see the world, so he cashed in his share of the goat herd for shekels at the local stockyard and set off on a grand tour of asia minor.

7: the good jewish son that he was, gallant kept his nose to the grindstone and applied to university of nazareth medical school.

8: after dissipating his fortune at gambling parlors and houses of ill repute throughout the near east, goofus was reduced to penury and had to become a bar mitzvah dancer to make ends meet.

9: realizing the error of his ways, goofus decided to return home. his father met him on the road.

10: my son! so delighted am i by the sight of you that i will ignore your prodigality and indeed tacitly encourage it by feasting you for several days.

11: but gallant was bitter in his heart.

12: father! he complained. i don t particularly cotton to the moral of this allegory. i thought christianity valued hard work and piety, not endearing but ultimately soulless rakishness.

13: and his father said unto him, god, you are such a prick.

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Chief Pontifex Zoroaster Expires Search for Successor Underway

By Scribbly McPriestly
(THE GUY WHO WROTE THE BIBLE)

HEAVEN—Early this morning, Zoroaster, long-time Chief Pontifex of the Supreme Religious Court, died in an Iraqi suicide-bombing accident. While details of the accident are highly classified, sources assure us that it was as bitterly ironic as it was hilariously tragic. A native of Mesopotamia, Zoroaster began his career as the founder of the aptly named Zoroastrianism, but is most famous for his unprecedentedly long tenure at the helm of the universe's highest court. Although his conservative views on topic such as eminent domain, the unitary divinity, and medical marijuana made him

unpopular with the younger 25 generations, Zoroaster was widely respected in religious circles for his clear and strident religious reasoning, his uniquely exhilarating odor, and his sparkling sense of humor. Heaven is abuzz with speculation about the search for a New Chief Pontifex to replace Zoroaster, who was often regarded as the crucial "swing vote" in many 4-3 decisions in recent controversial cases on issues such as the legal definition of piety, affirmative salvation, and a woman's right to exist. God is expected to announce his short list of nominees later this afternoon.

continued on Page 22

List of Received Applications:

L. Ron Hubbard, Scientology
Joseph Smith, Mormonism (too many signatures on spousal release form)
Charles Fox Parham, Pentecostalism
Jerry Fallwell, Church of the Profitable Christ
Obi Wan Kenobi, Jediism
Bab, Baha'i (religion sounds made up)
Charles Darwin, Science
Anton Szandor LaVey, Satanism (covered in human blood, screams when touched)
Neo, Unitarianism
Animist-Spirit, Voodoo (a child feels a stabbing sensation when impaled with pins)
Flying Spaghetti Monster, Flying Spaghetti Monsterism
Jah, Rastafarianism (application smells illegal)

Constitution (excerpt)

Article II.
§1
The executive Power shall be vested in God. He shall hold his Office during the Term of all years...
§2
God shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Supreme Council, to make miracles...and he shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Supreme Council...
§3
God shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or any other kind of high Blasphemy or Heresy.
§4
God shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Sacrifice, which shall be of burnt meat, or fly virgin honeys, or his own son...and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument...
Amendment IV:
The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and natural disasters, shall be violated, and no Warrants shall be required, but upon probable cause of sin, divine wrath shall ensue.

Name: L. Ron Hubbard SSN: 562-09-9422
Sex: M Age: 75 Religion: Scientology For Profit: Y
Current Church: Church of Scientology
Current Home Address: 420 Xenu Lane
Tilden, Nebraska, 72926AR
2004 Presidential Vote: Bush

Education:
Some High School
Hoboken Community College, Associate Degree in Liberal

Experience:
40 years as unsuccessful Science Fiction Writer/Hack
Said "I'd like to start a religion. That's where the money is," 1949
Founded Church of Scientology, 1950
Spiritually migrated to another galaxy in 1984

Skills:
Incredible personal wealth
Ability to exploit and destroy millions of lives
Making bullshit sound credible

Personal Statement:
I am confident that I will make an excellent Chief Pontifex. I have excellent powers of analysis, after freeing my mind from the parasitic influence of thetan space ghosts in 1992. I am certain that my opinions will be well-written because I have spent 40 years writing bad Sci-Fi, which is basically the same thing anyway. I dissociated my soul from my body (some might call it "dying"), and now exist as pure spirit energy, so I can control many beautiful celebrities, such as Tom Cruise and John Travolta, like the glass-eyed puppets they are. Moreover, I'm the only person who can save us from the evil giant space Octopus Xenu, who is probably planning to put another H-Bomb in a volcano. Space Octopus! H-Bomb! Volcano! I rest my case.

There will be a retroactive fee of \$450 for the privilege of having read this application.

Obi Wan Kenobi

JESUS: Mr. Kenobi, thank you for your time.
OBI: Time is not important. Only life is important.
BUDDHA: (under his breath) Life is suffering.
JESUS: Very well. On the subject of life, what is your opinion of this court's ruling on Roe v. Women, the 1984 case in which this court upheld a woman's constitutional right to exist?
OBI: I believe there is no constitutional right to existence. However, Roe was obligated by his prenuptial agreement to obtain parental permission before aborting his wife. This court was right to issue a mandate of mandamus.
VISHNU: Very interesting Mr. Kenobi. Next we would like your opinion of Udwe...
OBI: (interrupts, waves his hand) These aren't the answers you're looking for.
VISHNU: Apparently, these aren't the answers I'm looking for...
testimony cut short by intrusion and ensuing light saber duel.

Jah

JESUS: Mr. Jah
JAH: Massive and crew, respek, Jesus my homeboy.
JESUS: True love Jah.
JAH: What you cracks be want knowing?
BUDDHA: First, we would like your personal opinion about the extent of God's authority to...
VISHNU: (interrupting) Excuse me Mr. Jah, but you can't smoke that in here.
JAH: This?
VISHNU: Yes, that.
JAH: I can't smoke this?
VISHNU: No.
JAH: Why not?
VISHNU: (points in many directions) As you can clearly see, there are numerous "no smoking" placards.
JAH: Mon, Jah don't roll wit no placards.
VISHNU: You can't smoke in here!
JAH: Pointlessdeitysayswhat
VISHNU: What?
rest my case. Peace be wit you.
exits in a puff of smoke *

Supreme Religious Court Confirmation Testimony (excerpts):

L. Ron Hubbard

JESUS (acting Chief Pontiff): Mr. Hubbard...
LRH: (interrupts) That's Mr. Hubbard to you, Jesus.
JESUS: Very well Mr. Hubbard. We've convened here to investigate your fitness to join this court.
LRH: Ask away.
SOLOMON: I'll take the obligatory first question. Mr. Hubbard, what is your opinion of Marbury v. Euthyphro, the landmark case which granted this court jurisdiction over piety?
LRH: That will be \$350.
SOLOMON: Excuse me?
LRH: My legal opinions are available only to those who join my Church. And, of course, "join my Church" is synonymous with "give me \$350".
SOLOMON: This is highly unorthodox, but alright. (throws him a gangster roll)
LRH: Thank you, your honor. I believe that Marbury v. Euthyphro was rightly decided because this court had adequate authority, although ironically, this court had adequate authority because Marbury was rightly decided.
MOHAMMED: Very well, second question. Your application shows that you spent 40 years as an unsuccessful science fiction writer. Is this true?
LRH: That'll be \$1,500.
MOHAMMED: Por Que?
LRH: That knowledge can only be granted to Level 3 Thetabots. Of course, "Level 3 Thetabot" is synonymous with "gave me \$1,500".
MOHAMMED: I see. Do you have change for the deed to my house?
LRH: Let me see...yes. (they exchange). Yes, I was a questionably successful writer.
BUDDHA: It also says on your application that you founded Scientology entirely for personal enrichment. Is that true?
LRH: That's a lie! Slander! The Thetans are controlling you! Xenu! Xenu is loose! CHECK THE VOLCANOES!!!!
BUDDHA: The volcanoes are secure, Mr. Hubbard.
LRH: Oh. Well then I'll have to unleash the true power of my religion: frivolous harassing lawsuits.
JESUS: (bangs the gavel) Thank you Mr. Hubbard, that will be all. We won't call you.

Number 1

Surprise Court Pick Stuns Universe
Charles Darwin Initiated as 3rd Chief Pontifex

By Richard Dawkins

KANSAS CITY, ARKANSAS— Today God announced his selection for the New Chief Pontifex: Charles Darwin, high priest of the obscure "science" religion. Few expected God to even nominate Darwin, and fewer expected the United Nations to confirm him, especially after the stress of his hearings caused his long-dead and poorly preserved corpse to collapse into a puddle of icky goo. Religion has never been wont to prioritize the possible over the preferable, but this selection may nonetheless signal a departure from the court's violent orgy-filled history. Although no one is sure how Mr. Darwin will perform, several other Pontifs seemed to welcome their unconventional new colleague. Pontiff Vishnu, speaking off the record, told this reporter that "all these other religions are just bullshit anyway."

Darwin

JESUS: Mr. Darwin.
SOLOMON: Mr. Darwin, please respond.
BUDDHA: Mr. Darwin, this is ridiculous. We're prepared to hold you in contempt if you continue to withhold information.
DARWIN: (makes a wet squishing sound, as if rotten organs collapsing)
VISHNU: Thank you for your cooperation.



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IF LENIN WERE A BEATLE

By Damien Berliet

In August of 1960, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Vladimir Ilyich Lenin formed a new pop-band named "The Beatles." The rest is music history...

September 1960 – Lenin and McCartney, friends since boyhood, heatedly debate the name of their band over tea and crumpets. Whereas McCartney favors "The Beatles," Lenin is partial to "Джордж Мичаелс" The band casts secret ballots to decide, Harrison's being the deciding vote: "The Beatles," it is. Lenin, tearful, blames his defeat on Democracy and orders the McCartney-Harrison "duma" to bugger-off. "траханье gulag!" he yells.

August 1962 – Ringo Starr, a drummer, joins the band. Lenin makes a poor first impression, though, when he sucker-punches the percussionist in the kidney. "But that is how we greet each other in Mother Liverpool," he later explains. All is forgiven.

January 1963 – After sampling LSD for the first time, Lenin hallucinates that McCartney is his rival and arch-nemesis, Tsar Nicholas II. He deems it necessary to inflict upon his friend and/or Tsar what he calls "the will of The Proletariat." Unfortunately for the puppy-eyed McCartney, this entails Lenin removing his pants and reciting passages from The Communist Manifesto half-naked. The incident inspires Lenin to write "Day Tripper."

February 1964 – To promote the release of their first album, Meet the Beatles, in the United States, Lenin and his comrades make an appearance on The Ed Sullivan Show. During the interview, Lenin admits that his greatest fear is "kulaks" and that if he had his way, "men would be able to breast feed." When Ed laughs, Lenin sucker-punches him in the kidney on live television.

June 1965 – The Queen awards The Beatles the order of "Members of the British Empire" at Buckingham Palace. Lenin has an acid flashback and is thrown out of the ceremony pant-less when he attempts to impart upon the Queen and/or Tsar the will of The Proletariat.

February 1965 – Lenin draws criticism after he informs a group of dotting fourteen-year-old girls that they and their reproductive organs are the property of the State and that, as such, they will be required to "birth sturdy boys in preparation for the Communist takeover." He is also adamant that they, upon giving birth, inform him in letterform of how it feels to have an infant suckle one's jumbles.

July 1965 – Lenin realizes the propagandistic potential of the film-medium when he sees Comrade Sergei Eisenstein's Battleship Potemkin for the first time. The Beatles consequently release HELP!. Unbeknownst to the other members of the group, however, Lenin laces the picture with subliminal messages encouraging Westerners to purchase Soviet grain and to sabotage the RAF.

May 1966 – During an interview, Lenin tells a reporter that The Beatles are more popular than Jesus and that all religion is "bullocks." Jesus refutes Lenin's claim in a letter to the editor of The London Times, writing, "The only thing bigger than Jesus is Jesus." Lenin concedes this point and apologizes.

November 1966 – Lenin meets Japanese artist Yoko Ono at her one-woman show in London. It is her contention that Japan did not actually win the 1905 Russo-Japanese War – Lenin could not agree more. That night, he shags her on a wooden bench in his

ГЕТ ИТ БË



Above: the album cover to The Beatles' 1970 classic ПОЗВОЛЪТЕ ЭТОМУ БЫТЬ, translated as "Let It Be."

hideout, an abandoned military bunker outside of Bath. Mid-coitus, Yoko pretends that she and Lenin are the Shinto deities Izanami and Izanagi and that their coupling has produced a beautiful land over which they rule with a firm hand.

January 1968 – Increasingly temperamental, Lenin insists that the band's next album – The Red Album – bear ideological song titles such as "Rocky Raccoon Purchased Russian Grain Stores and So Should You," "ob-la-di, ob-la-da Leon Trotsky is Not the Name of My Horse," and "Vanguard of the Revolution #9." Nevertheless, McCartney has his way: the songs will be renamed "Rocky Raccoon," "ob-la-di, ob-la-da," and "Revolution #9," respectively.

May 1970 – Let It Be is released almost a month after McCartney, his relationship with Lenin having grown unbearably tumultuous, publicly announces that he is no longer a member of The Beatles. Lenin convinces Harrison and Starr to form a new group without McCartney. They disband, however, when Lenin begins referring to himself as "Party Leader Lenin" and purges the band's crew.

October 1975 – Yoko births a sturdy boy, Sean. Lenin immediately extols the infant for his virility: Sean was born with a full beard and consumed an entire wheel of haggis within ten minutes of having emerged from his mother's womb. Yoko saves the placenta and eats it later that night in a festive celebration of female fertility.

December 1980 – Lenin wanders outside to have a smoke while Yoko meditates and does yoga and praises Buddha and worships her family's kamis and practices kabala and drinks a young virgin's blood all at the same time. He is gunned down by Mark David Chapman, a Jesus enthusiast and self-proclaimed pacifist. Imagine that.

Record

CELEBRITY DEATHMATCH SCIENCE vs. RELIGION

Stan: Good evening, and welcome to this week's edition of Celebrity Deathmatch! I'm your announcer, Stanley Jones.

Mike: And I'm your other announcer, Mike Tipton. Tonight, we present the battle of the ages, the ultimate showdown between right and wrong, good and evil, rationality and superstition...

Stan: Little hyperbolic there, aren't we, Mike?

Mike: Not at all Stan, and while we're at it, we'd like to take this opportunity to remind you that Celebrity Deathmatch is brought to you by the best, finest, most stupendous restaurant on earth:

McDonald's.

Stan: McDonald's: I'm lovin' it!

Mike: If by 'it' you mean 'gratuitous televised violence,' then I'm right with you, Stan.

S: But it'll take more than hormone-enhanced meat products to help these teams tonight! We're here to argue: who's right, Science or Religion?

M: It's an epic battle - God versus the geeks!

S: Very sensitively put, Mike. Since these two camps are unable to reconcile their differences, we've brought a team of scientists and a team of religious leaders here to our new McDeath Arena™ in Dodge City, Kansas, to solve this problem in the only way possible: a battle to the death.

M: Hopefully with chainsaws this time. Or really large mallets...

S: Right. Let's introduce our contestants.

M: Representing Science, in the lab coats, we have Dr. Skippy "Cannibal" Clark, Anthropology, Harvard; Dr. Muffy "Bone Saw" Brewer, MD, Yale; Dr. Bunny "Elixir of Death" Fordham, Chemistry, Princeton; and Dr. Fred "Hulk" Ames, Penn Foster Career Night School.

S: Wait... "Doctor"?

M: He got degrees in Auto Detail, Bridal Consultation, and Gunsmithing, and sort of added them together.

S: That explains it. And representing Religion, in the vestments, we have Father Patrick "Catechism"

O'Sullivan for the Catholics, Pastor George "Evangelical" Miller for the Protestants, Rabbi Eli "Chutzpah" Schwarz for the Jews, and...wait, who's this last one?

M: Starflower. She's here with the Wiccans.

S: How'd that work out?

M: Well, the rules say you need at least one woman on the team, and you know how tough it is to find female clergy...

S: They're entering the arena...the crowd's erupting.

M: Who's the Harvard guy, the blond?

S: No, that's "Bone Saw" Brewer from Yale.

M: My bad, Harvard doesn't believe in female scientists. My, she and "Cannibal" Clark don't look too pleased with each other. It's a good thing Ames is keeping them apart...

S: Fordham's trying to squeeze in, but no one seems to care.

M: Ah, a Princetonian. Doesn't matter, anyway.

S: It appears that "Chutzpah" Schwarz has similarly

placed himself between "Catechism" O'Sullivan and "Evangelical" Miller. And what's Starflower up to?

M: She appears to be...dancing. It's hard to tell. Her teammates are ignoring her.

S: Tough luck for Starflower. Let's go to our McField Cam™ for a closer look. I think this is the part where the combatants talk smack!

M: Hmm...yes...it appears that the science team is attempting to intimidate their opponents...no, sorry, my bad, the scientists are actually attempting to intimidate each other. Seems to be a bit of departmental squabbling down there.

S: Rabbi Schwarz is trying to get their attention...

M: ...but there's just no reconciling hard science and social science, is there, Stan?

S: Look who's talking. I think that's O'Sullivan and Miller in the fistfight, Mike.

M: Ooh...I'm glad one of those doctors actually holds a medical degree. Speaking of which...

S: Yes, "Bone Saw" Brewer is really putting the hurt on "Cannibal" Clark. He tried to compare his National Geographic photo spreads to her work in obstetrics.

M: It's people like Dr. Clark who make National Geographic worth reading, Stan.

S: If you're completely illiterate, then yes, Mike, I suppose so. And has your God Squad settled its theological differences yet?

M: Um...no, I think there's still an ongoing discussion between the priest and the minister. And maybe the rabbi...

S: "Discussion?" Mike, they're bleeding!

M: Starflower appears to be unharmed.

S: Starflower appears to be casting a spell...uh oh, I think Pastor Miller just noticed. Ouch! Man, that had to hurt. Talk about your Christian charity, Mike.

M: Hmm? Sorry, I missed it; I was watching the scientists dismember each other.

S: So that's why they call her "Bone Saw." Huh. Scintillating.

M: Does our audience know what that word means?

S: Well, the science half does. I think some of your folks are a few fries short of a Happy Meal™.

M: I'm going to forget you said that, Stan. So, you think these guys are ever going to fight each other, or are they going to concentrate on maiming their teammates?

S: Ames just pulled a gun on Fordham, so I'll take that as a "No" for now. How about the God Squad?

M: Well, Miller is trying to get Starflower to accept Jesus Christ as her personal Lord and Savior. Schwarz is kvetching about something or other with the referee. I don't think the pigs-in-a-blanket in the locker room were kosher. From the look of things, it could be a while before our teams get around to noticing each other.

S: Hey, Mike, want to make a McDonald's run while our teams figure things out?

M: Couldn't have said it better myself Stan!

Application for post of: Religious Zealot

Do you believe that your generous, free-spirited, and liberal minded religion just isn't cutting it anymore? Perhaps you think that "caring for one's neighbor" and "honoring thy father" are dated platitudes that no longer apply in our grizzled post 9/11 world. Please fill in the below form to see if you are a certifiable religious zealot who is fit to set him/herself on fire at the drop of a hat.

Identification

Name _____ DOB (mm/dd/yy) _____
Object of Birthright _____
Your favorite rival religion to annihilate _____
Favorite Cereal _____
Your least favorite religion to annihilate _____
Your least favorite cereal to annihilate _____

Multiple Choice

Answer five (5) of the following questions.

I would best describe the women's rights movement as:

- A. Decent, but we still have a long way to go.
- B. I dig it, except for that whole abortion thing.
- C. I like my women like I like my coffee: silent and shackled behind me.
- D. All of the above

Your best friend invites you to his wedding. To your dismay you find his wedding to consist of a religion of one other than you ascribe to. How do you respond?

- A. Accept your friend's differences and appreciate his culture: variety is the spice of life!
- B. Swallow your pride and invite him to a non-confrontational barbeque where you internalize your anger, swelling it to epic proportions but merely vent it to him in sly passive aggressive comments that slowly chip away at your relationship.
- C. Squash him like the evil spawn he is. There can be no mercy for the weak of faith and black of souls for the New Beginning will purge the world anew. Purging is the spice of life!
- D. Put something on fire on his lawn. People hate fiery things on their lawn.

What is your war cry?

- A. I'M GOING TO ATTACK YOU!
- B. LUGGAGE!
- C. DEATH TO PEOPLE WHO DO NOT HAVE THE SAME BELIEFS AS ME EVEN IF THEY ARE IN THE SAME ARCHING RELIGION WITH A SIMILAR TEXT BUT IN A DIFFERENT SECT THEY SHOULD STILL DIE!
- D. STAY TUNED FOR AN ALL NEW 2 AND 1/2 MEN!

What does this ink blot look like to you?



- A. The entrails of my enemies as I cut them down upon my Altar of Light™
- B. A butterfly
- C. The entrails of a butterfly as I ruthlessly cut it down upon my Altar of Light™
- D. A Rorschach Test

You just ran back into your middle-class house after an exhausting softball game. Panting with your friends, still in their uniforms and sweaty caps dying of thirst, you hurriedly rip open the refrigerator. What trendy yet nutritious beverage that even your mom would approve should you consume?

- A. Let's see we got some: Milk
- B. Water
- C. Purple Stuff
- D. SUNNY D, Alright!

Oh Sorry, that's not an inkblot, that was some coffee that I accidentally spilled at the printer.

- A. It's cool

Thanks man I'm glad you were so understanding because we wanted an inkblot test but you know, it was a hectic week, and a lot of zealots are applying and its really stressful for us.

- A. No problem

While on an elevator to an important interview you realize that it is your holy day of rest and you are forbidden to engage in work (i.e. pushing a button). How do you circumvent this inconvenience?

- A. Take the stairs
- B. Point behind the gentleman and say "Hey, look over there and jam in the kidneys with your ice pick, named Susan the Bane of Kidneys. Take his finger while he lays crumpled on the elevator floor and use it to push the button for floor 2.

As a religious zealot when is it acceptable to kill someone:

- A. For speaking blasphemy only
- B. For not being tolerant of your religion
- C. For wearing white after Labor Day only
- D. For wearing white after Labor Day while speaking blasphemy

MEDICINE : ILLNESS ::

- A. my thumbs: your thumbscrews
- B. Oh GOD the agonizing pain: in my thumbs
- C. I'll do anything please STOP : I see the road to redemption and it's the way of not screwing my thumbs
- D. Haha I didn't really convert : No backseays

Essay

Answer three (3) of the following questions on a separate sheet of paper.

1. Many people refer to zealots with a frown of contempt and using negative terminology such as "terrorist," "extremist," or "zealot." What sort of measures can be taken to improve the image of the religious fanatic? Specifically, what can be done to turn these frowns upside down (Note: an upside down frown is a smile).
2. Why do YOU want to be a religious warrior spreading the good word across the world in the name of your faith? What is your word anyway? Is it 'cheese'? If it is 'cheese' what kind of cheese is it? Many casual followers believe Gouda to be the appropriate cheese for a religious extremist. Do you agree? Why or why not? While answering this question, please refrain from using any words that might be scary to me or use the letter 'r.' Please include a Ven Diagram to support your answer.
3. Explain the path that has led you to pursue an MBA as the next step in your professional/personal development. Describe your short and long term post-MBA career goals. What or who influenced your choice of schools, and what is it specifically about Chicago GSB that is going to help you succeed?
4. Should we covet our neighbor's ass? Discuss. Show all (all) work.

Congratulations, there is no more application to fill out.

Zealot Hopeful signature

Grand Zealot of All that is Fervent, Fanatical, and Generally Zealous signature

Notary Public

God

(continued from page 3)

Dear Thomas J.,

I thoroughly enjoyed your Fourth of July barbeque last week; you prepare a delicious hot dog-style sausage (although I fear I may have consumed more than my fair share of beverage.) Speaking of beverage, my memory of that afternoon is a touch spotty. I fear I may have, in my altered state, signed some sort of legal document, but I cannot for the life of me remember what it was. Can you be of some assistance on the matter?

Yours,
John Hancock

Dear Yale Record,

It has come to our attention that you have quite the prowess on the battlefield. HQ has reported that you were actually able to punch the elusive Osama Bin Laden with an oversized boxing glove three times. We would love to grab a soldier of your caliber for the Marines. In fact, if you enlist now we will give you a FREE XBOX 360 and an IPOD NANO! Be a Marine, be a leader, be a leader OF Marines.

Semper Fi,
Corporal Jennings

Dear Yale Record,

Q: Should Yale invest in genocide?

A: Only if it is sustainable!

Best,
Yale Sustainable Genocide Committee

Dear J. Press,

I am coming to J. Kill you.

-J. Crew

Dear Yale,

You're right, we do suck. But only if you ask nicely. Or pay. It's expensive to live in Cambridge.

-Harvard

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



(continued from page 14)

4. "The Clear" and "The Cream." Barry Bonds just can't understand why everyone makes such a big fuss out of everything he does. So he likes spring water and listen to a lot of Clapton. Big deal! That can't make him any better at hitting a baseball. That idiot Roger Maris listened to Duke Ellington and drank chocolate milk throughout his record-breaking 1961 season, but that didn't make him a better dancer, now did it? Hell, no. Babe Ruth ate everything in sight and never had to worry about it, so why should Barry Bonds? Huh? I thought not.

5. Human Growth Hormone. According to wikipedia.com, Growth Hormone is a polypeptide hormone synthesised and secreted by the anterior pituitary gland which stimulates growth and cell reproduction in humans and other vertebrate animals. According to Barry Bonds' personal trainer and best friend Greg Anderson, Growth Hormone is a lot like Lucky Charms: it's magically delicious, and everyone wants to get their hands on it. Barry Bonds can tell you right now, kids, nothing feels better than filling up a hypodermic needle and injecting some HGH into your ass...except maybe hitting 73 jacks in a season. Now kids, that was a joke: I never did either of those things. Except the second one.

Well kids, Barry Bonds hopes that clears up a few things about certain things that he does and does not do in order to be the most supremely awesome baseball player ever. If you have any questions, please direct them to his attorney, Tony Serra, or to the office of Senator John McCain (R-Arizona). Otherwise, just follow the tips above and Barry Bonds will see you soon...in the Hall of Fame!



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"Words to live by!"
- The Nashville Christian Quarterly

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- Woden, Norse God of Wednesday

"Sinfully good!"
- Satan

"The best posthumously published work I've read in years."
- Friedrich Nietzsche

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- Harold Bloom



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About the author:

God is an omniscient, omnipotent, benevolent divine being. His works include *The New Testament*; *The Koran*; *The Five People You Meet in Heaven*; *The Making of the Divine Comedy*; *God Quixote*; *Immaculate Conception for Dummies*; *Chicken Soup for the Teenage Soul III*; *the universe*; and *the Last Judgment* (in stores November, 2006). He is also the founder of both *Time* and *Life* Magazines. Though He resides in each and every one of us, He currently lives and works in SoHo with his labrador, Rocket.

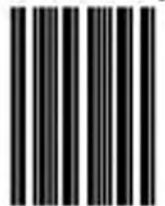


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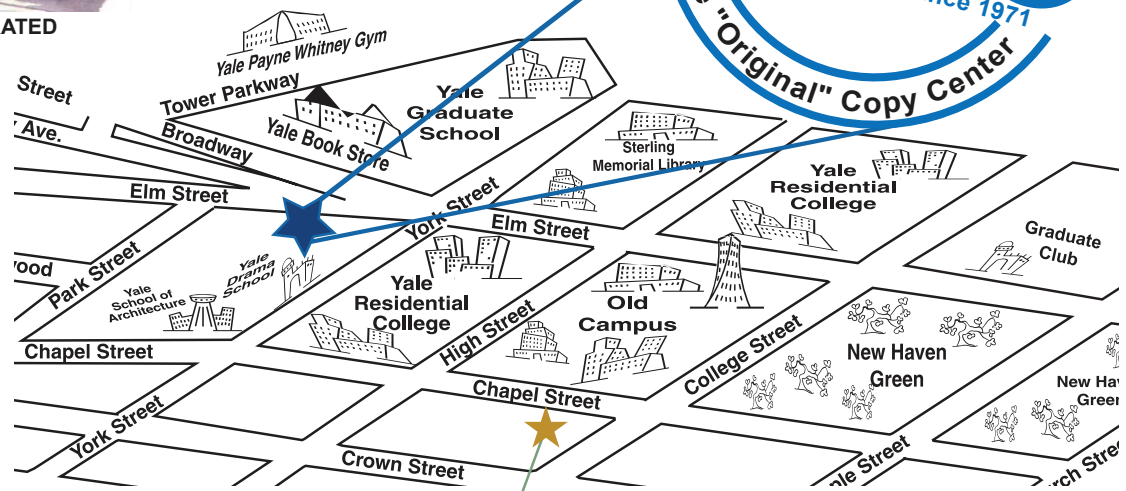
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