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September 2005

THE YALE RECORD

America's Oldest College Humor Magazine

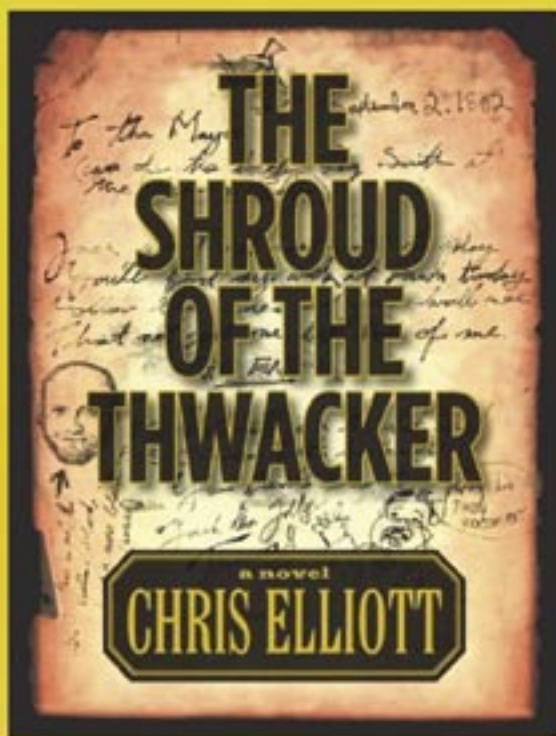
The Underwater Issue



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A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Since mankind's initial ascent onto dry land from the primordial depths of the Earth's oceans, one question above all others has fixated our thumb-toting, higher-reasoning-enabled species: which would win in a fight, a Grizzly Bear or a Great White Shark?

The implications of such a death-match, were it ever able to be fairly fought, make one's lymph nodes swell and ones testes and/or ovaries sing with happiness. Picture it: two stupidly dangerous animals kicking the shit out of each other, in a delightfully consumerist venue replete with popcorn and whimsical foam hats worn by spectators to display their predator of choice. Glorious. Of course, the hedonistic pleasure and the marketing schemes are hardly the point, no the important thing would be an answer...at last.

But such a scene could never come to pass on this, our sadly constrained planet. The two most glaring problems are these: first, where—which is to say, in what biome—would said title bout take place? And second, who would make the millions of whimsical foam hats necessary for success?

Were it held on land, the Grizzly Bear would clearly have an unfair advantage, since sharks on land are unable to use the lazer beams that normally shoot uncontrollably from their eyeballs. Were it held underwater, however, the Great White would have the upper hand, since bear fur turns into moths and flies off when exposed to water, thus exposing the Grizzly's internal organs and turning incidental fin movements into mortal blows. Therefore, a fair fight between the two would require the development of some sort of forest that is underwater but isn't, and doesn't have trees so much as water where the trees would be, except not really water. One can imagine how easy that is to produce.

As to the hats, due to the number of anticipated spectators, the amount of foam necessary is equal to roughly half the mass of the earth, and therefore would require the full efforts of all the globe's third world manufacturing na-

tions, for the next 14 years. Although this second problem is more easily surmountable than the first, it would leave the world bereft of sneakers and cheap knick-knacks for an intolerably long time.

Due to these staggering logistical problems, even the greatest minds of humanity have been unable to predict a definitive victor. Modern-day computer simulations might be capable of providing an answer, unfortunately, however, all simulations thus far have used data on bears and sharks collected at a time when measuring equipment was vastly inferior to today, and the research funding necessary to re-conduct data-gathering crucial to the resolution of the issue is nearly impossible. High-paid lobbyists employed by business interests that prefer hastily-gathered, inexact data have secured a virtual strangle-hold on major world governments: hence missile-defense programs that can only guarantee an interceptor missile will pass within ten miles of its target; WMD locators that consider rivers over fifteen feet wide to be "severe, unignorable threats"; and Bear Vs. Shark simulators that occasionally predict victory by such irrelevant creatures as llamas, caterpillars, and former Heisman Trophy winner Eric Crouch.

So what do we here at *The Record* think? Well, we don't really like fighting all that much, to be honest—there's a little too much of it in the world already, isn't there? We'd much rather spend the money on trying to find a way to get the Grizzlies and the Great Whites to mate, producing a super-race of fearsome bear-sharks, maybe with a single, giant paw protruding from their hairy, aerodynamic backs.

We know, we know: we're dreamers.



THE RECORD

THE YALE RECORD

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Yale Record Staff Photo

Left to Right:
Chernicoff, Rae-Grant,
Smedresman, Toole



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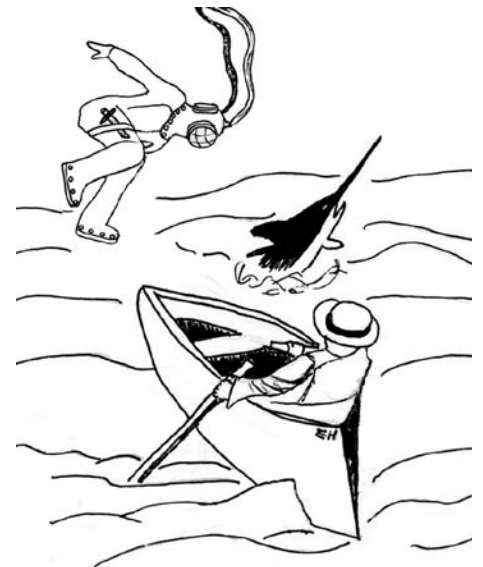
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www.yalerecord.com

MAILBAG

Dear *Yale Record*,

Print more palindromes in your magazine eniza gamru oynis emord nilap eromt nirp.

—Droc Erelay Raed

Dear MC Hammer,

We are sending you this telegram to inform you that it is STOP. STOP Hammer time. STOP.

—Telegit Telegram Company

Dear Yale Administration,

We are shocked and appalled at the rampant discrimination found on campus. After a careful survey of the current faculty at Yale, we have discovered that you blatantly favor intelligent professors over unintelligent ones. Please hire more dimwitted faculty. If you have trouble finding such professors, we can recommend dozens within our own organization.

Idealisitically Yours,
GESO

Dear *Yale Record*,

In an age of rampant deforestation, how do you justify the pages on which your worthless drivel is printed?

—Angela Irwin

Editor's Note: Left-align, mostly.

Dear Jacques Derrida,

What the hell are you talking about? I can tell you're talking, and all these sounds are coming out, but I can't figure out what they mean. Is that supposed to be Post-Modern?

—An Angry Comp-Lit Student Who Doesn't Know What "French" Is

Dear Yogurt,

Your days are numbered.

—Gogurt

Dear A Sesame Seed Bun,

You complete me.

—Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, and onions

Dear Rabbi Benjamin ben Miriam ,

I'm coming. Oh my God yes! I'm gonna come soon! YES OH SWEET WORLD I'M COMING; MY GOD YES! I'M GONNA COME RIGHT NOW!

—The Messiah

Dear Mos Espa Skeet Shooting Club,

It's a trap!

—Admiral Akbar

Dear Mickey Mouse,

Stop wearing my face over your penis!
Angrily,
Cecil the Yellow-Eyed Red Pants-Head Monster

Dear Yale Department of Orphanology,

As requested, I have compiled a list of things that orphans can't do:

1. Fly.
2. Have Parents.

Sincerely,

James Booth, Research Assistant

Dear Dunkin Donuts,

You may have told us where the center of the donut goes with your delicious "donut holes", but where do the part that goes outside the donut go? Hm? I think someone's hoarding the "donut exteriors" all to themselves.

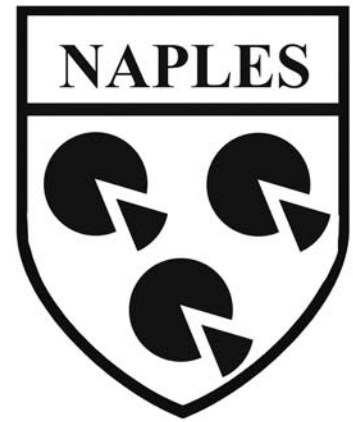
—Norman Kendall

Dear *Hippolytic*,

Your time will come. No, seriously. We'll fucking cut you.

—*The Yale Free Press*

(continued on page 19)



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PARAPHERNALIA

BEFORE THERE WAS BATMAN

DAVID LITT

A series of letters

Dear Mr. Kane,

We at D.C. Comics are pleased to inform you that we are very interested in your proposal for a new D.C. Comics character, "Bruce Wayne." We also like your idea of creating a human-animal hybrid as his alter-ego. But before we sign off on "Urchin Man," we should share a few of our concerns.

First, the action sequences. Urchin Man's preferred method of fighting evil—gluing thousands of tiny spines to his jogging suit and waiting for criminals to step on him—may not be the most exciting, or effective, crime-fighting tactic. In a similar vein, we do not believe that "POKE!" and "PUNCTURE!" are onomatopoeias that denote violent combat, or even onomatopoeias at all. And while we like the idea of a secret lair inside Wayne Manor that the superhero can use as his headquarters, the name "Sea Urchin Tidal

Pool" leaves much to be desired.

While we are on the subject of language, Mr. Kane, we should also remind you that phrases like "who's the prick now?" are not acceptable at a family-oriented publishing house like D.C. Comic; furthermore, that your character's nickname, "The Street Urchin," may be offensive to some of our lower income, more British customers.



As we said before, we like the general idea of your character, but we just don't find sea urchins very intimidating. Perhaps you could choose another human animal hybrid: perhaps "Tick Bearing Deer Man" or "Starved Feral Pig Man"? If you're willing to make this minor change, we can begin production as early

as March. (Feel free to send me some sample sketches).

Sincerely,
Stu Weathers, Director of Marketing and Development

P.S. What if the "Alfred" character was a charming old butler instead of a nineteen-foot colossus of molten lava? Just a thought.

Dear Mr. Weathers,

Let me set the scene for this drawing I'm sending in: you've just robbed a man in one of the back alleys of Gotham City, you're strolling back to your hangout, when BOINK! - you misstep and land on a curled-up man dressed like a sea urchin who pokes you with several small spikes. Before you can draw your gun—ATTACH! PEEL!—the Pointy-Suited Payer-Backer has duct-taped a red sea urchin, *Strongylocentrotus Franciscanus*, to your face. You try to run after him, but before you can say "Ow, these ossicles, or spines, are digging into my forehead," he's jumped into his Urchinmobile (a huge car shaped like a giant, jet-powered sea urchin) and is rolling back to his Sea Urchin Tidal Pool, where he degenerates into a near-sessile state and tries to reproduce asexually. Sound "not very intimidating?" I didn't think so. So please reconsider Urchin Man—as you suggested, I have tried to make the one-liners more appropriate.

Sincerely,
Bob Kane

P.S. I like the idea of Alfred as a kindly butler, but can he still be made of molten lava?

Mr. Kane,

We regret to inform you that, while we appreciate your enthusiasm for lowly echinoderms, we do not feel that audiences will respond well to "Urchin Man." We are willing to compromise on the animal, but the urchin will not do.

P.S. The lava butler's still okay.

Dear Sir,

As much as I resent your calling the noble urchin "lowly," I am willing to compromise. How about Lobster Man? I've drawn a sketch below:



P.S. I've actually decided to scrap the whole lava thing. It's too cliched. Instead, I'm planning on making the butler a flaming homosexual!

Dear Mr. Kane,

Lobster Man is better, but still lacking. We still like "Feral Pig Man," but if you insist on the sea creature motif we would also accept "Improperly Prepared Fugu Man." What do you say? Also, flaming's no good for the butler. How about closeted?

Dear Mr. Whoever,

Fine. How about Batman? The dialogue practically writes itself:



AND SO, THANKS TO A NEW WRITING TEAM AND POOR COPYRIGHTING, A LEGEND WAS BORN.

• • •

Places I Found Nemo

DAVID CHERNICOFF

- ☞ Huge and mutated in the Hudson River
- ☞ Freaking out in Hugh Hefner's water bed
- ☞ Trying out for the fish-circus
- ☞ The same place as several socks, the remote control cover, and my virginity
- ☞ My Wendy's chili
- ☞ Ann Coulter's butt
- ☞ Draped in dark seaweed, hanging out with a bunch of anemones he says are his "real friends" who "actually understand him"
- ☞ Hitting on Flounder
- ☞ In the Columbia River after "reconnecting with his identity as a salmon"
- ☞ A midnight train to Georgia
- ☞ The same place as Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction

• • •

How Historical Events Would Have Been Different Underwater

IVAN DREMOV

Millions of years ago, when mankind's earliest ancestors took their first historic steps out of the African steppes, they were faced with a choice: Man could either continue living on dry land, or migrate to the sea, where he could live underwater. Because early Man was accustomed to breathing air, rather than water, he chose the familiar path, and remained on dry land. However, many wonder how the course of history would have been different, had early humans chosen

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the aquatic path. *The Yale Record* submits for consideration mankind's greatest historical events and how they would unfold had they occurred underwater:

4500 B.C. A scheming, haggard eel tempts Eve into eating the forbidden Plankton of Knowledge. In response, Poseidon banishes both Adam and Eve from kelp garden of Eden and imparts the sperm-egg sac depositing duty on women.

2900 B.C. Poseidon punishes people for their idleness and decadence by evaporating all of the planet's water. He warns only Noah, who builds an airtight bowl that preserves water and prevents the extinction of Noah and all the species that could be fit into the bowl. Noah's Bowl is later uncovered by Indiana Jones and used as an award for the winningest finbowl team in the world, now called the Scuba Bowl.

1100 B.C. After the Greeks win the Trojan War with the seaweed-constructed Trojan Whale, one of their greatest warriors, Codysseus, foolishly curses God, that is, the land God, and gets lost at land for 10 years. While traveling over the mountainous Peloponnesus in search of his underwater home, Codysseus faces many adventures, which inspire the bard Homer to write *The Codessy*, one of mankind's greatest works of art.

44 B.C. Julyfish Caesar is stabbed to death by Brutus and Cassius, who lengthen their harpoons in order to penetrate Caesar's thick, gelatinous hide. Caesar's body is cremated, and the ashes accidentally ingested, inspiring a world-famous plankton salad.

33 A.D. Jesus Christ, believing himself to be Poseidon's son, is gutted and deboned by the Romans. He resurrects himself in the form of a whale shark, confusing his disciples, who cannot determine whether he is a whale or a shark.

410 A.D. Illiterate Celtic, Baltic and Viking peoples swarm on the Mediterranean in search of warmer currents and less temperamental thermoclines, sack Rome and erode much of it to the ocean floor.

1022 A.D. The Bubonic plague spreads along the European and Asian coasts via rat-like mollusks. One third of the Oceanic population is wiped out, but bottom-feeding peoples rejoice as the detritus settles, and a new era of feasting begins.

1135 A.D. Jellysalem ruler Baldfish IV signs a truce with the Musselims and starts the building his kingdom of plankton, which abruptly ends when he dies due to a hemorrhagic mouth cavity. Musselims, led by Sallafin, take over the city and eat all the plankton in celebration.

1431 A.D. The British punish Joan of Arc for being a competent French military leader by catapulting her on the French landmass, where she quickly dies of exposure. To add insult to injury, they relieve their swim bladders upon her ashes.

1454 A.D. German Yohannes Gutenberg builds the first underwater printing press using squid ink and paper made from terrestrial trees. However, his experiment fails when the books are ruined due to water exposure. Gutenberg dies alone and unheralded.



1492 A.D. Explorer Christopher Columbus crosses North America on his three water carriages and discovers the Pacific Ocean with its fertile fields of sugar kelp. Exploring western watersheds, he meets many native peoples whom he accidentally infects with furunculosis and infests with monogenean flukes, cleansing newly-discovered lands for European exploitation.

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1680 *A.D.* Britons fleeing from the law swim into the Australian landmass, which becomes the world's biggest penal colony and has high harvests of shells for handcuff making.

1776 *A.D.* The United States of America is founded by the people of British colonies who break away due to taxation without representation on tea and water-resis-

tant stamps. After a lengthy Revolutionary War, Americans realize that drinking tea is somewhat difficult and messy underwater, but are still irate about the stamps.

1812 *A.D.* Napoleon leads the French army through the cold Russian waters where his men become emotionally unstable due to shrinking testicles and get crushed by the acclimated Russians.

1850 *A.D.* The Industrial Revolution is in full swing as new capitalists exploit the minerals of the ocean floor to provide faster water carriages for land travel and rail-slipstreams for sea travel, not to be confused with Harriet Tubman's underwater rail-slipstream that secretly moved slaves to free states along the Mississippi and other north-south American rivers.

1903 *A.D.* Wright brothers invent the hovercraft and display it in the first float, which inspires the century's new fear of hovercrashes.

1912 *A.D.* The largest land carriage ever, the S.S. Titanic is torn by a tornado while crossing the American continent, losing its water and sinking into ground, killing most of its passengers. Its remains are later displayed in casino exhibitions along the Atlantic coast.

1914 *A.D.* Sea War I occurs after Archduke Franz Ferdinand is assassinated with a watermelon tuna. Trench warfare leads to widespread outbreaks of pressure sickness as soldiers sink ever deeper into trenches like the Marianas in search of cover from unending enemy fire.

1945 *A.D.* Sea War II ends for good after the Enola Gayfish sailcraft drops two nuclear bubbles on Japanese cities.

1947 *A.D.* George Kennan initiates the Cold Water War, declaring that the Soviets have put up an iron microphyte curtain along the middle Atlantic. The Soviets respond to American microphyte containment by building their own nuclear bubbles.

1969 *A.D.* Renowned cyclist Neil Armstrong becomes the first person to walk on Mount Everest after reaching it with two other forgotten men on a rocket hovercraft. Many Americans missed this mount landing because they were high on seaweed at the Floodstock music festival.

1991 *A.D.* The U.S.S.R. falls apart on account of Boris Yeltsin's inebriated visits to the octopus's garden. Meanwhile, octopi are really fascinating creatures.

2001 *A.D.* Terrorists upset at America's economic imperialism hijack planes and blow up twin coral towers in the Hudson river. U.S. administration uses the tragedy to hunt the terrorists throughout "the Seven Seas" all of which contain high levels of oil reserves.



Let that be a warning to the rest of you about turning in the screenplay for Jean-Claude Van Damme's 'Wake of Death!'

Rejected Acronyms For SCUBA Diving

DAVID LITT

Diver R**ebreathing** O**xygen** W**iring** Network Diving

Constant O**xygen** R**eflow** P**ressure** Systems E**nterprise** Diving

P**ortable** O**smosis** of O**xygen** P**roduct** Diving

Suddenly C**ollapsing** U**ntested** B**ar**-gain-basement A**irtank** Diving

Stalking Moby-Willy

ANDREW KAU

December 12th, 1991

"Call me, Ishmael!" I implored yet another job interviewer. "Sorry, Barry," he replied as he began to walk away. "We all recognize your experience, but the Sea World: Orlando aqua-family just doesn't think you're prepared to swim with the school." It was the same speech I'd heard fifty times already—few seem willing to hire a washed-up marine mammal trainer dogged by dark rumors of illicit liaisons in the sea lion habitat. Despondency threatened to gain the upper hand, yet whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a muggy Florida November in my soul, I stroll my old Sea World haunts, knocking Shamu hats off obese ten-year-olds, dousing couples in buckets of salt water, and gazing longingly at the Hall of Seals and Sea Lions. Sunk in one of these moods, I barely noticed the approach of a tanned man in dark sunglasses. "G'day," he said in an Australian brogue. Name's Simon Wincer; you may know me as the director of such suspenseful and/or heartwarming made-for-TV movies as 'The Haunting of Hewie Dowker' and 'The Girl Who

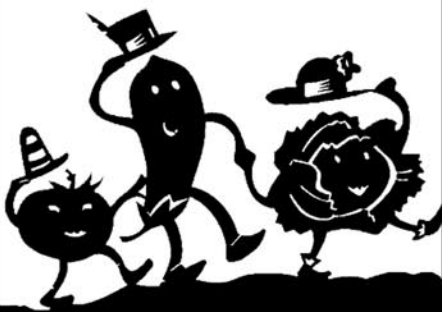


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Spelled Freedom.' But I have a grander cinematic project in mind that requires the skills of a non-unionized, easily disappearable old sea dog like yourself: scouring the seven seas for a develish monster till now thought only the stuff of legend, the mythical Keiko, a.k.a. 'Free Willy.' What do you say, mate?" Without further prompting, I quickly made my mark on his proffered contract.

December 15th, 1991

Wincer directed me to an address in St. Petersburg, FL on a seedy part of the docks that turned out to be an evil-looking dive bar, The Mutinous Cuttlefish.

Entering the dimly lit room, I recognized all the lowlifes of the aquarium/marine-themed amusement park circuit: Barracuda Pete, hounded from San Diego for selling zebra fish to Red Lobster; Jasper

"Salty" McPhee, who got his name from tampering with the pH balance in Stingray Lagoon; Hammerhead Jones, blacklisted after illegally betting on outcomes of feeding time in the shark tank. As I wondered which of these ruffians was my contact, a back door opened and a brawny dark-skinned man gestured for me to come with him. "Me Quisquid," he explained, indicating his heavily tattooed frame. Surveying this hulking cannibal, I wondered why on earth I'd been assigned to meet him. Then, the glint of a slop bucket in the corner answered my question. "Feedie Keiko me do quick-quick," Quisquid proclaimed, miming the tossing of grade-E halibut heads to a leaping sea otter with a practiced "yank 'n' chuck" manoeuvre. I gazed in awe at his flawless technique—if anyone could lure in this deadly behemoth and save our souls from a watery grave, it was the six-time winner of Busch Gardens' Aquapark/Safari Kingdom Wrangler of the Month Award.

December 31st, 1991

On board the *Peapod*. I finally met the leader of our insane venture: Captain Ahem, a lean and weathered old salt with a wicked scar running the length

of his left cheek. But his most distinguishing feature was a splintery wooden pegleg, humorously scrawled over in Magic Marker with get-well-soon wishes from local fifth-graders. ("Yar," Ahem explained abashedly, "I like to get involved with the community.") Ahem had remained holed up in his cabin until the night before we sailed, and I all I knew of him were rumors of his reputation as the most tyrannical tour-boat operator in the all the Florida Keys. Finally I marshaled the courage to ask the captain, "What *is* this 'Keiko'?" A mad look of determination and obsession filled Ahem's eyes. "Kraken. Icebergs. Red tide. The

The sea contains many mortal perils that frequently figure in Clive Cussler novels, but none so daunting as the fearsome Leviathan, greatest of sea beasts.

sea contains many mortal perils that frequently figure in Clive Cussler novels, but none so daunting as the fearsome Leviathan, greatest of sea beasts, whose sheer bulk and power have terrified puny man for millennia. Until 1923, that is, when an out-of-work Norwegian herring fisherman invented the explosive-tipped Whale-B-Gone repeating harpoon cannon, and single-handedly won the battle for man. But we pursue no ordinary quarry: Keiko is an Icelandic orca—a killer whale. You may hear that his name in Japanese means 'lucky one,' but that's merely a euphemism to disguise his awesome destructive power. For it was this same Keiko who stole my leg," Ahem said darkly, pointing to his stump. He paused. "Well, Keiko or a childhood thresher accident. Memory fails. The point is, I've made a solemn vow to the ancient unholy powers of tide and storm (and signed a binding contract with Metro Goldwyn Meyer) to never rest until that whale stars in a sentimentalized yet high-grossing children's film, and several excessively mediocre straight-to-video sequels." Ahem turned his piercing blood-shot eyes on me. "The *Peapod* sails at dawn and needs all the hands she can get—what say you, Master Shipman?"

January 1st, 1992

Dawn's rays shimmered beautifully on the oil slicks coating Tampa Bay. The brigantine *Peapod* bobbed gently on the

swell. I scrambled from the fo'c's'le to the mizzenmast, tying sheepshanks and cleat hitches, and thanking myself for acquiring a copy of *"Knot" If I Can Help It: A Guide to Nautical Lingo and Rope Lore* at Border's the night before. Quisquid lolled in a hammock idly tossing around his tomahawk and contemplating his status as the Other while Ahem paced the deck monologuing significantly. "You may have eluded me before, whale, but I'll tirelessly roam the seas driven on by obsessive spleen till I spot your telltale dorsal fin and playfully anthropomorphic smile. My ship will search the four corners of the earth in a no way allegorical quest to harpoon, kill, and skin you before melting you down into lantern oil and machine parts lubricant. We may sail where the sun never sets, we may become trapped in sheets of unyielding ice, we may well all perish in this foolhardy and maniacal hunt. Our journey may take years, but we must at all costs pursue—"

"Ahem!" shouted a voice from below—Simon's. "We've found Keiko living docilely, doing two shows a day at a Tijuana club. He'll be perfect for the two scenes we can't do with computers, animatronic robots, or scuba divers in whale costume. So you can call off your trip and get back to your day job of glass-bottom boat tour operator. As for you," he continued, gesturing dismissively at me and Quisquid, "I think baby seal season has started; go take a hike."

So ended my short-lived chase for the not-so-elusive nor deadly Keiko. Months later I took my nephews to the Omiplex and saw the seemingly docile Keiko cavorting on the silver screen, but only I knew the number of brave mariners-cum-theme park workers who had gone to the bottom stalking Free Willy.

. . .

Books That Fish Would Write

STAFF

- ♣ The Bass of the Mohicans
- ♣ The Gilliad

- ♣ The Codessy
- ♣ "That Doesn't Even Vaguely Resemble a Worm, You Retard" and Other Survival Tips
- ♣ Anemone of the People
- ♣ The Great in Omega-3 Fatsby
- ♣ Grilled Salmon with Red Wine Reduction and Other Scary Stories
- ♣ Winnie the Aquatic Pooh
- ♣ The Postman Never Rings Because Fish Don't Get Mail
- ♣ The Catfish in the Hatfish



- ♣ Tadpolar Express
- ♣ Lady Chattely's Blubber
- ♣ Catch 22 Fish
- ♣ The Unbearable Lightness of Peeing (In the Ocean)
- ♣ Brine and Punishment
- ♣ The Hitchhiker's Guide to the East Australian Current
- ♣ One Human Two Human White Human Black Human
- ♣ Finnegan's Lake
- ♣ The Humpback of Notre-Dame
- ♣ Their Eyes Were Watching Cod
- ♣ Sea Urchin of Venice
- ♣ As I Lay Dying Because I Am Out of the Water and Cannot Breathe Oxygen
- ♣ The World According to Carp
- ♣ No, Captain Ahab is the Dick ☹

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Volume CXXXIII

"BUT THINK OF THE CHILDREN"

Number 1

50 Cent Takes Elementary School Kid to Candy Shop

By Tamara Micner
STAFF REPORTER

BRONX, NEW YORK—Popular rap artist/coin-denomination 50 ("Fitty") Cent was spotted walking into Lopez Candy with an elementary school-aged boy last Monday. Sources say Cent was going on an after-school sugar run with fellow G-Unit member Young Buck's son, affectionately nicknamed "Younger Buck."

This latest jaunt is a little known part of Cent's daily routine: friends say the rapper's sweet tooth is almost as insatiable as his sex drive. "Fitty puts the 'sugar' in 'G-Unit,'" Lloyd Banks, a fellow member of Cent's rapping crew, said. "We don't like to tell nobody, but the 'G' really stands for 'glucose.'"

Cent especially likes lollipops, as his recent hit single "Candy Shop" confirms. The rapper makes sure his bodyguard carries as many Jolly Rancher and Tootsie Roll 'pops in his pockets as he does bullets.

At Cent's most recent visit to Lopez Candy, owner Alejandro Lopez helped the rapper and elementary school-aged boy pick imported lollipops. "Fitty asked specifically [sic] for a creamy

chocolate one," Lopez said. "He love [sic] the chocolate." When asked whether Cent's penchant for lollipops makes him a "sissy," Lopez cried, "He been shot nine times! Nine times!"

After Cent paid for the candy, Lopez saw him offer his lollipop to Younger Buck, saying, "I'll let you lick the lollipop. Keep goin' 'til you hit the spot (whoa)."

According to Lopez, Cent also asked if the candy shop carried any "magic sticks." Unfortunately, they do not; however, Cent and Lil' Kim are reportedly in the process of creating their own "magic stick" candies based on their hit single of the same name. The rappers intend for the candies to accompany foreplay as an aperitif to the digestif of cigarettes. "Sh-t, we want the sticks to really be magic, you know. We tryin'. Buy my new album, what," Lil' Kim said.

Cent's publicist stated that, if the "magic stick" candies take off like Lil' Kim's underwear, the rapper plans to release other foods based on his hit singles. Ideas in the works include "P.I.M.P. Juice," "In Da Club Soda," and "Grate it or Love it Cheese."

AIDS Extends 26-year Winning Streak in "Fight Against AIDS"

By Sean Gandert
STAFF REPORTER

Despite a weak performance in the spring, AIDS came roaring back over the summer and, according to a statistics reports from the New England Journal of Medicine, has clinched the win for the 26th straight year. Improving its record to an undefeated 78,000,000-0, AIDS handed humanity yet another stinging defeat this season, solidifying its place in the history books as one of the top epidemics of all-time, alongside such powerhouses as the plague, small pox, and disco fever. Few now doubt the potency of this virus' afflictions, and many are in fact wondering if its domination over vaccines and treatments will ever end.

"I remember AIDS back when it was just a young illness, working its way up through the public school grounds. Then, through its training in colleges and developing nations, AIDS has finally grown into the mature virus we see today," said medical researcher Lyle Norelli. "What we see now is a crisis at the top of its game."

In the last week alone, AIDS has scored nearly 100,000 times with no signs of slowing down. Despite its

incredible success and the absurd numbers its been able to put up night after night, many claim that AIDS' domination isn't so much a result of its individual strength as it is from the amazing support it has received from other players.

Douglas McFarlane, a practicing physician at Washington Memorial Hospital and part-time consultant for the coaching staff of the LA Lakers, commented on AIDS' success. "Of course, no one doubts that AIDS is a great player. However, it's really the virus' ability to work with a team that's made it such a winner year after year. While it would still be able to play the game and put up a showy fight, there's no way it could have achieved any of its major accomplishments without the assistance it has received from the Roman Catholic Church, men who find condoms emasculating, or HIV."

What many people are asking is: how long can this domination last? When will the dynasty finally topple? Sadly, it appears that AIDS may have enough adaptability to hold onto the crown for at least a few more years..

"What's AIDS' weakness?" asked Dr. McFarlane, "Well, at *continued on Page 22*

Bear Shits Outside Woods

By Doug London
STAFF REPORTER

SIBERIA—At long last, the feeble-minded will be freed from puzzlement, as a beloved rhetorical truism has been permanently laid to rest. At 11:34am Byelorussian Standard Time, Growlisy G. McGrowls, a feral Kodiak bear and native of the Uralian Forest, voided the age-old cliché "Does a bear shit in the woods" by courageously marching precisely three feet out of the Uralian Woods, growling ferociously, and shitting even more ferociously. For the first time in



SMEDRESMAN/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Even the great Kodiak has some modesty.

Condom Factory Workers Slain by Contents of Giant Horse

By David Chernicoff
STAFF REPORTER

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE—

Chaos broke out late last night in the Trojan Condom factory when a wooden horse, which had been wheeled onto the floor during the daytime, turned out to be full of burglars.

“We were pretty sure it was some kind of trick anyway,” a factory worker told the *Record* on condition of anonymity.

“Especially when we saw how big the reservoir tip on the horse’s head was, then we knew something was up. The reservoir tip is meant to be a small, unobtrusive addition to an already effective prophylactic, not a giant cube with a bunch of weapons sticking out of it. And besides, it’s not like this is a new trick: I mean seriously, who hasn’t read the Bible?”

Despite their fears, however, the factory worker and his cohorts simply left the horse unattended in the factory overnight, a crucial lapse in judgment that cost most of the plant’s night staff their lives. Evidently, the perpetrators opened a secret trap door and began rapelling out of the horse’s scrotum sometime after 1 A.M., wreaking havoc on the lamb-skinners and dental-dam flavorers who often work late when other



ANONYMOUS/STAFF SCULPTOR

An artist’s depiction of the confrontation.

factory operations have ceased for the day.

And as the tawny lion marauds through the farmer’s fields, rending the flesh of each creature within grasp of its murderous claws; so ran the invaders through their enemy’s factory, slashing down their foes with ribbed cutlasses and studded cudgels. O! that the scales of fate should deal such blows to earnest Trojan workers! Hard-hearted Sal met young J.D., the son of gloried Albert, and sliced him from crotch to shoulderblade; and red death came plunging down before his eyes.

Spokespeople at rival Durex Corporation said they had no comment on the Trojan invasion, but snickered loudly as they did so.

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Tomorrow: Torrential surfers bearing similar messages, dude

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Baha Men Follow Up “Who
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Adorable Graduates Play Union

By Aaron Margolis
STAFF REPORTER

Inspired by the history of the civil rights and labor movements, graduate students Jordan Taney GRD ’07 and Shelley Michaels GRD ’10 decided to stage a labor protest of their own. And, according to everyone involved, it was “the cutest thing ever.” For one week, graduate students marched throughout campus, disrupting classes and demanding recognition of their union, in a darling imitation of an actual strike.

Graduate students brought in drums to help undergraduate students join in the fun. “They woke me up at 8:15, but it was so precious watching them pretend to be really oppressed,” said Jason Stambovsky BK ’07. “It was definitely worth it.”

Even genuine working men and women, whose long struggle for fair benefits was studied by these students, showed up. A few even joined in. Local 34 member Jerry Connor remarked, “I loved watching those sweeties protesting. They had drums and posters; it was just like a real union rally, except I’ve never seen anyone with a Ralph Lauren shirt and Gucci purse demand higher wages.”

The little angels harried members of the Yale administration as they entered and left an important meeting, just as actual picketers might do to a real business. When



SMEDRESMAN/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Graduate students, identities protected by juvenile protection laws, play protest asked about their “demands” for “recognition,” President Richard Levin replied, “I recognize that they’re adorable. And I was positively tickled when they called me Pharaoh and compared researching their theses to being my slaves. I’d like to meet with them and tell them how I enjoyed their charming spectacle, but the law says that the meeting could cause them to gain the legal status of an actual union.” Levin chuckled and added, “Maybe when they’re older.”

Organizers brought in famed civil rights leader Reverend Jesse Jackson to address the crowd. “Despite the fact that these people are mostly white, have plenty of economic opportunities and don’t work for a living, I’m happy to support their strike, because it’s so darn sweet!”

Taney and Michaels plan on turning this into a semi-annual event, until they get recognition or get bored, whichever happens first.

recorded history, a bear has shat out of the woods.

Mr. McGrowls recounted the harrowing experience. “I was sick of it,” he said, “I just couldn’t take the stereotype anymore. Here I was, a ferocious Kodiak bachelor, living ferociously in my bach-bear-pad, two months into my ferocious hibernation, and all of a sudden, in come these two hunters. They just barged right in. At first I didn’t even notice they were there, what with the hibernation and all. But they sure saw me. The one says to the other: ‘Holy crap man, is that a sleeping bear?’ And the other thinks he’s being clever and says, ‘Is that a sleeping bear? Does a bear shit in the woods?’ Then they both crack up.”

Mr. McGrowl’s Wife, Renee Zellweger, told us, “Growlwise likes a good joke as much as the next ferociously cuddly bear. He’s generally a pacifist. Instead of meat, salmon, and guys named Logan, he prefer berries, salmonberries, and loganberries. But sometimes people just take things to far.”

Eye-witnesses report that Mr. McGrowls swiftly disemboweled the hunters while screaming, “Does a bear shit in the woods,” followed by, “Does a baby shit in the woods?” and finally, “Do the Japanese shit in the woods?” After the gory murder and a brief reenactment of the big dance

continued on Page 22

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safetytown

by gordon jenkins



Everyday Whale Songs

DAVID CHERNICOFF and GORDON JENKINS

For decades scientists have recorded “whale songs,” the sounds whales emit to echolocate and presumably, to communicate with other whales. Despite their many musical qualities, however, calling these sounds “songs” has long been considered an anthropomorphization. We at the Record decided to find out once and for all. Equipped with keen intellects and passing grades in introductory marine biology courses, we learned to speak whale and began translating some recordings that were being sold commercially to nature-loving idiots across the globe. The results were startling: it turns out that not only are whale songs songs, but also that they sound remarkably like hit pop songs. It also turns out that whales and humans share a lot in common, after all.

Whale Song ONE

An underage whale at the whale liquor store. Sung to the tune of Blink182’s “What’s My Age Again?”

Underage Whale: Here I am, on a Friday night.
I need this beer, to get the feeling right.

Whale Cashier: Well if your blowhole’s dry, then this whale beer will help.
But I still need to see ID.

Underage Whale: Wow, you guys take this carding thing too seriously.
It doesn’t matter ‘cause I’m twenty-three.

Whale Cashier: This ID card says that you weigh four tons.
But you weigh fifteen, clearly.
I think this ID’s a fake.
What’s your date of birth?
What’s your date of birth?



Underage Whale: Holy Neptune--what should I do
(aside)
(to cashier) I only know that it says ‘82.
Okay, I’m underage. Look, please don’t call the cops.
I’ll give you krill if you’ll agree
To sell a hundred gallons of that Hennessy.
I want to breach tonight unsoberly
With that cute sperm whale with huge barnacles.
Come on buddy, sell to me.

Whale Cashier: I guess this once should be okay.

Underage Whale: Where’s my cash again?
Where’s my cash again?

Whale Song TWO

Free Willy’s wife’s lament. Sung to the tune of Def Leppard’s “Pour Some Sugar On Me”

Willy’s Wife:

Love is like baleen, baby you know what I mean,
Filters out the plankton but the water flows between.
Swimming through the sea, my husband was so free,
But now you poachers have him in captivity.
Out afloat, saw a boat, tried to swim away
Blubber slowed him down ‘cause he was overweight.
Caught him in your nets in his favorite blue lagoon
He couldn’t fight back ‘cause you had pointy harpoons.

I hate Sea World
He does too
We’re killer whales
But I feel blue

Free my husband Willy
In the name of love
Free my husband Willy
Come on, give him up
Free my husband Willy
We have had enough
He was born in the deep blue sea
He deserves his liberty, yeah.

Whale Song THREE

A whale waking up from surgery. Sung to the tune of Louis Armstrong’s “It’s a Wonderful World”

Partially anaesthetized whale:

I see reefs of green; red coral too;
I see them reproduce asexually for me and you.
And I think to myself, I’m a big humpback whale

I see waves of blue, and foam of white;
The bright epipelagic zone, the dark hadalpelagic zone.
And I think to myself, I’m a big humpback whale.

The colors of the rainbow, reflected in the seas,
Are also on the bodies of sessile sea anemones.
I see friends shakin’ fins, sayin’ “How do you do?”
They’re really saying “If my mouth were big enough I’d eat you.”

I give birth to live young; I have vestigial leg bones;
I eat lots of plankton; I roam the deep unknown;
And I think to myself, I’m a big humpback whale.
Yes, I think to myself, I’m a big humpback whale.

Ask Poseidon, Lord of the Depths



Poseidon is owner of Burger King of the Sea, a self-styled 'Crab Shanty...but with ketchup', author of several popular self-help books, including "How to Make a Quick Killing as a Restaurateur" and "Poseidon's Turbo-Carb Diet and 9 Point Life Success Plan," and a demigod.

Dear Lord Poseidon,

I am a first time writer long time reader of your advice column (big fan here in Iowa!). Anyways, I have a bit of a problem. My aunt Edna who is the sweetest lady in the whole world has suddenly been invading my life! She insists on licking a Bowie knife in a suggestive manner at the dinner table, and has taken to wearing my good black stockings over her face. In addition, she nags me when I bring the kids to soccer practice because "I should spend my time doing more important things like looking for my husband's body." Granted, I haven't seen my husband in 2 weeks, but regardless Edna keeps creating annoyances, like putting some of his fingers in my make-up up cabinet. I think she just wants attention. Should I let her stay or give her the ol' boot and replace her vitamins with rat poison?

Exasperatedly,
Auntagonistic

Dear **Auntagonistic**,

Woe to all who dare cross Poseidon's depths! I was granted this kingdom through the drawing of straws with Zeus and Hades themselves. Do not show hubris mortal, it shall be your downfall. To solve your problems, slaughter 5 of your fattest black sheep to me and burn one virgin white goat to commemorate my sovereignty over the land of the dolphins! Errr sea! Of the dolphins! If this Edna still does not comply construct a trident out of the flesh of infidels as I have, and summon the winds Zephyr and Eurphris to blow her into oblivion. TREMBLE BEFORE ME!

Lord Poseidon

Dear Lord Poseidon,

Thanks for the gift coupons you sent me in exchange for sacrificing my first-born son to your holy name. I used them last night to eat at your newly developed fried fish franchise, Burger King of the Sea, where my company was having an important business dinner. Unfortunately one of your surly waitresses accidentally spilled cocktail sauce all over...well my cock and thus ruined my favorite shirt. The management replaced my shirt with a complementary t-shirt displaying a picture of a crab with large lettering saying "BITE ME." Needless to say I was slightly aggravated, considering this dinner was a black tie affair and I was stuck sitting at a table in front of my colleagues with a cantankerous crustacean on my chest. I am writing to ask if you could give me a refund for my dinner or at least my first-born son back.

Covered In Ketchup and
Worcestershire-ly,
Cocktail Shenanigans Man

Dear **Cocktail Shenanigans Man**,

Sorry no refunds. In ancient Greek times it was considered the highest of high honors for a cocktail waitress to spill cocktail sauce all over your cock. Such accolades were originally reserved for heroes such as Hercules, Achilles, and Stan of the Peloponnesus. As for your son, his revival is impossible; as we speak he is my cabana boy, serving me piña coladas and fanning me with giant leaves. What's that? How can you fan someone in the ocean? Don't ask questions! Tremble... TREMBLE!

Lord Poseidon

Dear Lord Poseidon,
I wanna be where the people are.

I wanna see,
Wanna see 'em dancin'.
Walkin' around on those
(Whad'ya call 'em?) oh - feet.
Flippin' your fins you don't get
too far,
Legs are required for jumpin',
dancin',
Strollin' along down a
(What's that word again?) street.

Up where they walk,
Up where they run,
Up where they stay all day in the
sun!
Wanderin' free,
Wish I could be,
Part of that world!

Tremblingly yours,
The Little Mermaid

Dear **The Little Mermaid**,

You cannot be part of that world because you will asphyxiate as a result of your inability to absorb oxygen from air. Your lack of lungs will cause you to choke within minutes. In addition, because you have no legs, you will flop along the sand in a manner similar to a beached trout, albeit one with sumptuous cartoon bosoms. The only part of that world that you can be is a forlorn, dead part! TREMBLE!

Lord Poseidon

Dear Lord Poseidon,
Why do my inner thighs smell
like low tide?
Concerned,
Madeleine Albright

Dear **Madeleine Albright**,
That is the deepest mystical
secret of the ocean! If your
cooter emits the aroma of brine,

Lord Poseidon suggests Vagacil.
TREMBLE!

Lord Poseidon

Dear Lord Poseidon,

You two faced ass monger son of a bitch! I make one miniscule statement after our victory over Troy and you fuck me over by having my schlep my ass across the Mediterranean for another 9 years! What kind of a lousy fuck of a deity do you think you are? I haven't fucked my wife Penelope in 18 years and my crib is crawling with free loading suitors all because of your "Hubris is your downfall, mortal" bullshit! I swear to some other gods that I will find where you live and insert your trident up Pirates Cove...and by Pirates Cove I mean your anus!

Odysseus

Dear **Odysseus**,

I am terribly sorry for the inconvenience. Enclosed are two complimentary tickets for dinner at my popular fast fish frying franchise (Lord Poseidon is also Lord of alliteration) *Burger King of the Sea*. Please enjoy your splendid oceanic cuisine.

Hubris is still your downfall,

Lord Poseidon

Dear Poseidon and Odysseus,
Yarr! So that's why the Cove
be smellin' so rank!

Disgustedly,
Captain Hookbeard

*Poseidon can usually be found
completely sauced at an area
Crab Shanty, or reached 24/7 by
pagan ritual sacrifice and prayer.*

**POLLUTION
LOATHING
AND
NEATNESS
KEEPERS
TOGETHER
OF OCEAN
NEWNESS**

OFFICIAL SEAL OF P.L.A.N.K.T.O.N.



Dear Mr. Davy Jones,

The Pollution Loathing and Neatness Keepers Together of Ocean Newness (PLANKTON) has taken upon itself to inform you that you have committed an environmental crime of disastrous proportions. Pollution is a war that we are fighting on multiple fronts, but never in the history of the Keepers of Richness of Low Lifeforms, (KRILL), have we seen such a blatant disregard for the sanctity of harmony of God's erector set, otherwise known as earth. It both shocks and offends us that you would consider the entire body of water known as the ocean as your personal locker. The ocean is not Davy Jones' Locker. The ocean, Mr. Jones, is nobody's locker. Thus, accordingly, we must inform you that if you do not remove some of your personal belongings, there will be a harsh punishment and fine. Items we have found include:

- A pair of gym shorts labeled ARRRR Academy, embroidered D. Jones
- 22 sunken galleons
- A jarrrrrrrrrrrr full of pirate's booty
- Jimmy Hoffa's body
- Atlantis
- One cassette copy of "Ayyyee of the Tiger"
- Gagged and bound Italians
- 4200 doubloons
- Captain Morgan
- A Yearbook with a heart encircling around the girl voted most likely to be a Pirate's Wench, connected to a picture of Davy Jones, voted most likely to Plunder Your Wife
- One Buccaneer's log
- Zanzibarrrrrrrrrrrr
- Both Yo-ho-ho *and* a bottle of rum
- Scurvy laden sailor zombies
- 7 pairs of leotards, one eye patch, one glass eyeball, one frilly cravat
- Ariel
- Ye olde drinking cup
- A hook
- Skull & Crossbones Secret Society induction manual
- Captain Crunch
- A carrrrrrr – specifically a 92 Ferarrri
- The Heart of the Ocean
- One copy of Swashbuckling for Dummies
- Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
- A chest full of pornographic scrimshaw
- One black beard
- An incomplete map of the world in which most of North and South America is represented by "Here be monsters"
- An unopened package of trident gum – flavored Wintarrrrgreen
- A note saying Long John Silver's new nickname is Long Dong Silver, signed D. Jones
- A complete set of Britannica's Encaayyyeclopedias
- Pangaea

Once again, Mr. Jones, this behavior will not be tolerated. Remove said items at once or face the consequences.

Sincerely,

R. Stevenson

R. Stevenson
Director of Underwater Maintenance
P.L.A.N.K.T.O.N. a subsidiary company of K.R.I.L.L.

The Middle Aged Man and the Sea

DAVID LITT

He was a middle aged man who sailed in a bright red yacht around Martha's Vineyard while his wife was looking after the kids and he had gone eighty-four days now without feeling personally fulfilled. In the first forty days he had been playing golf with a new set of expensive irons, but after forty days without them satisfying him she had left him for a real estate developer with more hair.

The old man was pudgy and round with jowls on the side of his face. The deep blue stains of sweat a flabby armpit brings from a brief walk up a flight

"I could try and go tuna fishing," he said to himself, "but tuna are not big enough to make me feel like a real man."

of stairs were on his shirt.

"Remember how you went eighty-seven days without feeling good about yourself and then you bought that Mercedes" the receptionist had said.

"It cannot happen twice," the middle aged man said.

"I'm sure you can find something," said the receptionist.

"We shall see," the middle aged man said. "I am not as self-confident as I used to be, but I have many tricks and turns."

He went to sleep and when he slept he dreamt of sticking with his high-school rock band instead of going to business school. He awoke before his wife could call from Manhattan. He unfolded his Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian shirt and put them on. He took his credit cards and real Oakley sunglasses and he went down to the mooring, feeling the red carpeting under his



Doc Martins, and slipped the boat into the water.

Today I'll work off the coast and hunt for marlin, he thought to himself. If I catch a big enough one, maybe I'll feel manly.

The sun rose thinly from the sea and he looked into the chestnut paneled global positioning system and navigated offshore.

He had gotten an intern back on land to look up a good marlin fishing site on fishingsecrets.com and when he reached it he moored his yacht and put on his sunglasses. He switched on the sonar which showed a school of tuna two-hundred feet below them. "I could try and go tuna fishing," he said to himself, "but tuna are not big enough to make me feel like a real man."

Just then, watching his twelve-thousand dollar fish monitoring system, he saw a marlin deep below him. He lowered the designer marlin lures he had ordered specially for his yacht. "Come on," he said out to himself, "bite the

lures. Just come over. Don't they show all the trappings of wealth? Don't be shy, fish."

He remembered the time he had first had an affair. His therapist always told him not to do it but when he had not felt vigorous for sixteen months he stopped seeing the therapist. He had found her in the mailroom of Stern Capital Management, which was his company, and her name was Jessie and she was a brunette. Her college had arranged an internship and he took her out to a fancy three-course dinner and rented a room in the Plaza Hotel. Then he humped her until he felt his heartburn acting up. The next time he humped her they went to a Days Inn and he took Pepcid AC.

Now the fish appeared on the sonar and he shot him with his harpoon system he had purchased when the Enzyte natural male enhancement pills had not worked. He reeled the marlin onto the

(continued on page 23)

The WORST CASE SCENARIO Survival Handbook

AQUATIC ENCOUNTERS A Handy Reference

The modern professional will unavoidably encounter certain awkward social situations, often involving oxygen deprivation, leaking seabed pineapples, and pirates. With these urgent needs in mind, *The Yale Record* has assembled a star-studded council of celebrated international experts to provide definitive assistance in one slim waterproof brochure.

SEAN GANDERT

My boat is sinking.

If your boat has an adequate supply of lifeboats, then you're fine. If not, consult the correct section below for advice:

1. If you're the owner or a crewmember of the boat, immediately remove all signs of your office and shove them at the next passenger you see. Then spring towards the lifeboats pointing and screaming at the passenger, "Look! There he is! That's the captain, make sure he doesn't get a lifeboat, he killed us all!"
2. If you're a passenger on the boat, get to the lifeboats as fast as possible and avoid all members of the crew like the plague.

I'm drowning.

Swim. Quit breathing in water.

I'm drowning because I don't know how to swim.

Why didn't you say so in the first place? You would have saved us both a lot of time. That's what happens when you're not direct with these things, and I for one am not the slightest bit surprised that a person like *you* can't swim. Have you ever tried taking swimming lessons? Jesus, if you can't help yourself, don't look at me to drag you kicking and screaming out of the water. You know what? If I help you, you'll never learn for yourself. If you manage to learn how to swim in the next... 78 seconds you have before losing consciousness, then we'll talk.

Sharks are circling me. Ouch! One just bit me, help!

Those aren't real sharks, those are just people wearing some of those hilarious fake shark fins on their back. The bite must've just been for added realism.

That bastard over there splashed me.

Nobody likes a crybaby. You just splash him back.

A whale has eaten me.

Unless your name is Jonah, you're fucked.

I'm accidentally having a magical adventure under the sea with a band of musical sea creatures.

*The newt play the flute
The carp play the harp
The plaice play the bass*

And they soundin' sharp – so don't let them play the bass, keep them on the drums.

I've fallen in love with a mermaid.

That's just sick. You're trying to... with a fish? How does that even work? The cloacae? Wait, never mind, I don't even want to know, just don't do it.

A gang of rowdy yet secretly kind-hearted pirates has boarded my ship.

Now's your chance! Join them and travel around the world plundering from overly rich boat owners then donating the spoils to various charities such as the Sierra Club, the Red Cross, and the burying under a spot marked 'X' fund.

Turns out they're not so much a gang of rowdy yet secretly kind-hearted pirates as they are a gang of bloodthirsty pirates.

Shit. Umm... run, or something.



My corporation has accidentally spilled trillions of gallons of oil into the ocean.

Blame it on the liberal media and threaten to move your economically valuable corporation's headquarters to China unless found legally unaccountable.

I'm on a life raft slowly running out of food and water.

First, look around the raft for any hot members of the opposite sex. Yeah, I agree, she really is out of your league. But that's the beauty of it, who else is she going to choose? Bearded McGrimeencrustedwifebeater over there? That guy who is still somehow wearing too much cologne? Mr. I-Only-Have-One-Leg-Because-I-Drew-the-Short-Straw-So-Now-Bearded McGrimeencrustedwifebeater-Is-Eating-My-Other-Leg? Now's your big chance. Start slowly but make sure she understands what you're thinking. If all goes well, you'll be able to switch this situation from slowly dying in a hopeless life raft to slowly dying in a hopeless life raft of love.

A Diver's Journal

Day One:

Today I went scuba diving for the first time ever! The ocean was a beautiful blue-green, and the water was very warm. I really liked jumping into the water and I only missed once! Those people on the rowboat were really sorry. The other jumps I made it, but I had a tough time breathing. After Tristan the medic pulled me out of the water and did CPR, he told me you're not supposed to jump into the water, you have to fall in backwards, or else your mask comes off. I guess that's why breathing felt more like drinking. You learn something new every day!

Day Two:

Scuba diving was great today too! I tried the new way to go into the water and it worked like a charm. I saw some great stuff underwater. When I first went under the words "whole new world" flashed into my head and it reminded me of that Aladdin song. I started humming Disney tunes, and after a few minutes of that I got caught up in the music and tried to sing. When I came to, Tristan was giving me CPR and humming "You ain't never had a friend like me." What a coincidence! He told me that he too is a devoted Disney fan, and he even bought me a whole set of Disney DVDs. What a great guy!

Day Three:

In hospital.

NOTE: Sea cucumbers are misleadingly named. I felt fine when I woke up in the emergency room after having my stomach pumped, but Tristan insisted on giving me CPR for 15 minutes "just to be safe." I've never met a medic so devoted to his job.

Day Four:

Today I had a religious experience. Fellow diver Tina dared me to put my finger in a shark's blowhole, so I tried my best. I later found out I was going for the shark's nostril and that sharks don't even have blowholes! The shark slammed me into the side of the boat and I passed out. I think God spoke to me then. He said, "Thou shalt not die here, because thou dost not want to ruin my insurance rates!" I'm not sure it was God, because dive leader Ted has a beard and a deep voice, but it was just so beautiful that I have to believe. When I came to, Tristan was giving me CPR, but this time he was humming the "Beauty and the Beast" theme and I think he may have called me "Beauty." Anyways, I will never donate to the Discovery Channel again - edutainment my foot! When it comes to shark's blowholes, I didn't get anything but tainment from them.

Day Five:

Today was the second-to-last day of my diving course. I decided to make myself some food to celebrate but it was hard to find any - you'd think sushi would be easy to get underwater! I grabbed one fish that looked like a tiny little guy, but then he blew up like a basketball. Later found out that it was called a "blowfish" and that I'm going to die because they're toxic. Hah! I don't believe that for a second - he was too delicious to be deadly! Anyways, I only ate part of him because I didn't want to ruin my appetite for dinner - it's going to be fellow diver Justin's specialty! He said it's called "Let's-see-how-many-different-rotten-fish-we-can-get-Tom-to-eat Fondue." What a weird coincidence that my name is Tom too!

Day Six:

Still alive, but having trouble moving my legs. I had a hard time swimming and sank to the bottom. I think I came up a bit too quickly because I had a terrible headache this afternoon and Ted said I was experiencing "decompression sickness." I had to sit in this little room called a hyperbaric chamber for a few hours, and it helped a bit. When I came out Tristan gave me some flowers and got down on one knee. I think he was demonstrating what he planned to do for some lucky lady, but I couldn't hear what he said. The nitrogen bubbles were still in my ears, so I just smiled and nodded. Ted said that the bubbles were probably an arterial gas embolism going into my brain, so after that I decided to take it easy and just looked at fish. I'm done with diving for a while - I never knew that it could take so much out of you! Still, it was a fabulous week and I'm sure next time is going to be even better!

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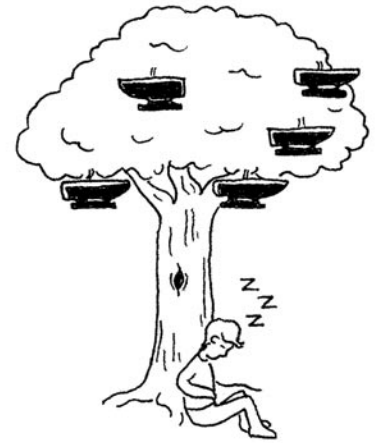
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(Bear Shits in Woods continued from sNews)

Mr. McGrowls stared blankly for a moment, and then began walking. He walked an entire three feet out of the woods. Then came the shit heard round the world.

Growlsy's historic shit puts an end to an era of intolerance, but ushers in an era of uncertainty. The search has already begun for a phrase to replace the now defunct "Does a bear shit in the woods?" Early contenders include, "Is cotton candy somewhat annoying to eat?" and "Can Paris Hilton fit a midget inside her vagina?" and "Are Uzbeks funnier than the French?" Mr. McGrowls was assassinated shortly after his heroic deed by a white man who feared this act of ursine heroism might somehow advance civil rights. His tombstone now reads: "He did his duty, he did his dookie. Here lies a defiant bear. Ferociously defiant." ☹

(AIDS Extends Streak continued from sNews)

Dr. McFarlane, "Well, at first glance it's a perfect player, with incredible stamina, textbook fundamentals, and an incredible level of adaptability that's been able to get past the best defense humanity has to offer. The only way to shut it down is to change the game. Don't play by the rules that AIDS is familiar with. But I'll give you the same advice I gave to Pistons about shutting down Kobe, 'stop 'im from screwing and you'll have the win for sure.'"

Still, this new method of containing AIDS has come under fire almost immediately.

When asked about it, Yale student Kim Picroux TD '07 said, "Wait, you mean to avoid AIDS I can't have unprotected sex or use dirty needles for my heroin? Thanks but no thanks, I'll take my chances with AIDS." ☹



"It is a curious thing, the death of a loved one. It's like walking up the stairs to your bedroom in the dark and thinking that there's one more stair than there is. Your foot falls down through the air, and there's a sickly moment of dark surprise as you try and readjust the way you thought of things." -DANIEL HANDLER

Rachel Marie Speight
May 4, 1984 - June 19, 2005

Rest in peace, Ramie. We miss you.

-THE RECORD STAFF

(Mailbag continued from page 3)

Dear Logitech Incorporated,

Recently, I purchased one of your Access™ Keyboards. I have searched through the entire warranty but was unable to find the phrase “jizzed all over.” Am I entitled to a refund, or at least a free pack of Kleenex?

—Jim Daniels

Dear Baby Seals,

How about trying a different sort of clubbing? Arctic Night, this Friday, \$1 off all drinks.

—Alchemy

Dear Yale Record,

I'm just writing you regarding...they wait a minute...what was that? Oh my god, there's a masked intruder in my house! He's right behind me! Oh god, now he's stabbing me in the back! He's doing it again, oh the pain! It's horrendous! I can feel my lifeblood seeping from my wounds, yet I'm too paralyzed with fear and agony to do anything about it! Wait, why am I writing this down? Who's going to mail this anyway? Oh god! Now he's pouring vinegar into my knife wounds...Hah, that guy just died. I'm really the masked intruder. I've been writing since the part when the stabbing started, and you morons didn't even realize it. Score one for the masked intruder. Actually, make it two.

—The Masked Intruder Right Behind You ☹

• • •



Shuarp!

(Middle-Aged Man continued from page 19)

deck. It was at least eighteen feet from sword to tail. “After three minutes and seventy-thousand dollars worth of equipment, I have caught you,” he said. At two dollars and twenty cents a pound, he thought, it must be worth ... then he realized that would definitely be less than he made in an hour at work and he felt empty inside and took a picture with it and threw the carcass overboard. And four hours later his friend Bernie Waintraub told him that the Cuban Offshore Marlin was on the endangered species list and poachers were subject to heavy fines.

He opened his box of Just For Men and applied it to his ponytail. Out loud he said “I wish I had the receptionist.” He turned up the coast and started sailing toward Manhattan.

Just then his wife called him on his cell phone and her name on the caller ID reminded him of death and it rang. He let the voicemail pick up and sailed on.

The prosecutor who had jurisdiction over maritime issues off of Martha's Vineyard had picked up the scent of a big publicity stunt. Sometimes he lost the scent, but then he would call and ask about the fish carcass and bring up the endangered species act. The middle aged man wondered if he had an ulcer and talked to his friend at Weintraub, Lewis, Weintraub and Stern. For two more days after he called in his favor the lawyers stopped calling, but on the fifth day he received another call and a fine and he wrote out his check and mailed it. “Take that, lawyers,” he said, “and make a dream you've ruined a man's already shallow life.”

And that night the middle aged went home to his Park Avenue duplex. He straightened his ponytail and took his Lipitor and avoided his wife and kissed his children and went to sleep. And the middle aged man lay there, dreaming of prenuptial agreements.



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LAST CALL

National Amateur Manatee Befriending and Lagers Association

Dear The Yale Record,

Thank you and congratulations on your adoption of a manatee! You are helping to save one of nature's most majestic endangered species. My name is Carl the Manatee and I'm **your** manatee! Let me tell you a bit about manatees like myself:

The name "manatee" comes from the Greek *manatos*, which translates loosely to "manatee." There are two types of manatees: the "standard manatee," which is grey and looks like most manatees you see; and the "squirrel manatee" which is also grey, but is smaller, has a bushy tail, lives in trees, and occupies itself primarily with collecting nuts for the winter.

A manatee's natural habitat is the tropical rainforest. However, because of rampant deforestation, manatees were forced underwater, where they have remained to this day, living in manatee cities constructed of shattered dreams and an unquenchable thirst for vengeance.

The average manatee grows to be 10 feet long and weighs over 1,000 pounds. If you made a life-sized manatee costume, you could fill it with 125 healthy newborn babies... or 50 morbidly obese newborn babies and one trashcan! You wouldn't want to put it in the water though, because, unlike manatees, newborn babies are not protected by the Endangered Species Act, and are thus prime targets for poachers.

A manatee's diet includes metal and ham. Each day, manatees eat several thousand pounds of metal and ham, and excrete them in the form of solid gold doubloons.

Fun Facts about the Manatee

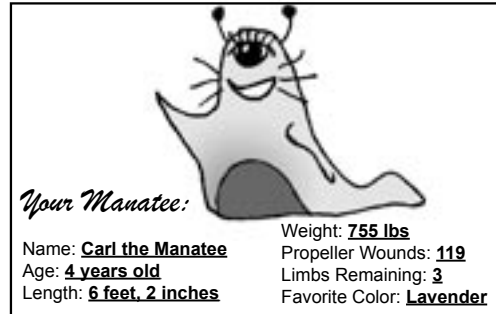
- The Norwegian manatee was hunted to extinction in 1893; hunters prized its luxurious coat, which was used for burning.
- Unlike kangaroos, manatees do not have a "pouch."
- A manatee's tongue is sixteen feet long and is used in contests of supremacy, as well as for licking things that are far away.
- Manatees are nicknamed "the Cows of the Sea," because they are cows.
- Manatees do not wear shoes.
- When manatees are born, their skin is a brilliant gold. However, as they age, their skin turns a dull grey because they use their life force to sustain the earth's rotation.

When not eating, a manatee's favorite activities are floating and avoiding motorboat propellers. All manatees love a good game of "Watch the fuck out—propellers!" Unfortunately, manatees are very slow and have the agility of an oak tree, so they are often unsuccessful in their sport.

Once again, I would like to thank you, The Yale Record, for adopting me, Carl the Manatee: through your donations and support, I will continue to be able to afford enough ham and metal to satiate my lust for not dying of starvation. I look forward to sending you additional letters informing you of my wonderful manatee life!

Sincerely,

CARL



Did You Know...

the legend of the mermaid comes from manatees? Sailors often used to confuse manatees for mermaids. That is because in olden times women were much fatter and had less hair and arms than they do today.

Did You Know...

the legend of Santa Claus comes from manatees? Children often used to confuse manatees for Santa Claus. That is because, in olden times, manatees would hunt for food through chimneys and under lavishly decorated pine trees, often inadvertently leaving their golden excretions in the shape of toys and chocolates.

Did You Know...

the legend of King Arthur comes from manatees? Members of the peasantry often used to confuse manatees for King Arthur. That is because, in olden-times, King Arthur was a manatee.



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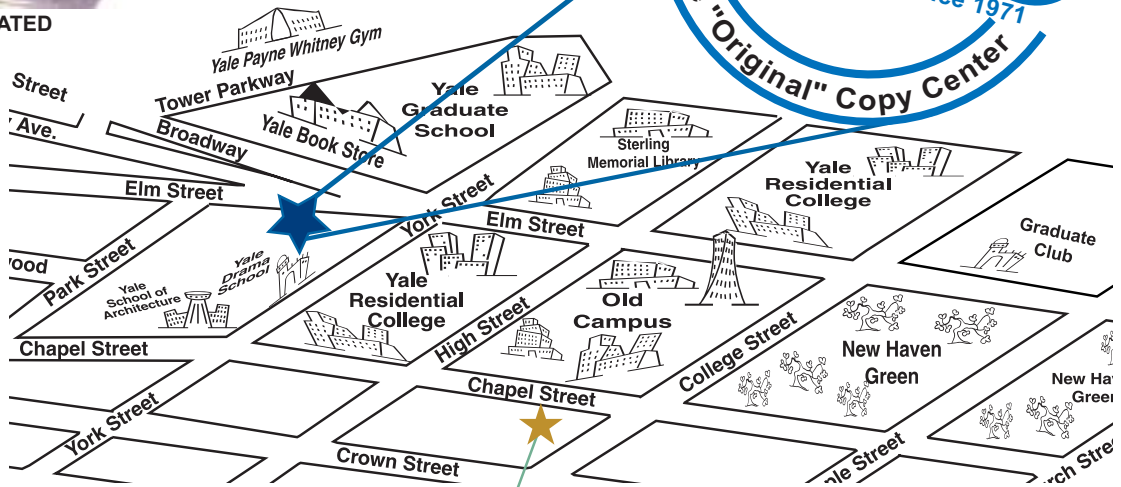


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