

Mailbag



Dear *Yale Record*,

Sex sex sex sex sex sex bananas sex.
—Your unconscious

Dear Prime Minister Tony Blair,

You may have the power, but we've got the funk.
—Parliament

Dear *Yale Record*,

While I am satisfied with the humor quotient found in your publication, I believe that it could be even better. For example, you use too many fonts in the *Record*. Or perhaps too few. At any rate, the total number of fonts should be changed in some way. Also, more jokes with the word "weasel" in them. Weasels are fucking hilarious.

—Jennifer Reynolds '06

Dear *Yale Record*,

I'm a mailbag from the future!
—Mailbag from the future

Dear *Yale Record*,

You know what's fun? First you drop a dollar in front of someone, and then when they bend down to pick it up, you kick them in the face.

—The Anti-Homeless Association

Dear Dick Brodhead,

Please reconsider your decision to leave the deanship of Yale College. Without you, we'll lose half of our punch lines.

—*Rumpus*

P.S. Do you think that anyone on President Levin's "short list" would consider changing his name to Farty McAssboobs?

Dear Brown,

Why aren't you anyone's favorite color? Is it because poop doesn't come in green, blue, or red?

Sincerely,
Sammy Leary, age 7

Dear Sammy,

It comes in red.

—*Yale Record*

Sweetie,

I'm going to the store! And I'm gonna get spinach! And I'm gonna get butter! And I'm gonna get PIE!!! LOTS of PIE!!! AND THEN I'M GONNA GET DOI-LIES!!! AAAIIIEEEEEEEEE!!!

—Howard

Dear Binary Code,

100101010 1010001 001 010005
—A man who dared to dream

Dear Mensa,

If you're so smart, then why is your building on fire?
—*Yale Record*

Dear Parole Board,

Let's start over. I realize now that the statement, "Voices tell me that I need to kill" is not what you wanted to hear. What I meant to say what, "I understand what I did was wrong and am now ready to be a useful, functioning part of society...where the voices tell me that I need to kill."

Respectfully,
Inmate #54642

Dear *Yale Record*,

Need! Balls! Need to eat more balls! Want them in my mouth!
—A hungry, hungry hippo

Dear *Yale Record*,

You know how when magicians do that trick where they saw a girl in half, they say, "Don't try this at home?" Well, it turns out they're right about that one. Bad idea.

Very Much In Trouble,
William Foxe

Dear *Yale Record*,

When Poland Spring tells me that their natural spring water is "what it means to be from Maine," does that imply that the meaning of Maine is rotten leaves with a hint of deer shit?

—Bemused in Bangor

(continued on page 19)



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Sinbad Shows off the Goods

“Gosh, you’re sure beautiful”

Sinbad of the Seven Seas, a 1989 gem not to be confused with the recent animated *Sinbad and the Legend of the Seven Seas* or the halfway decent 50’s Sinbad movies, is a masterpiece of complete lunacy. From the overacting to awful fights, from befuddling dialogue to a soundtrack made entirely on a \$50 synthesizer, this beyond-B-movie is a treasure trove for anyone who enjoys watching films that should never have progressed beyond the cocktail-napkin stage.

The story starts with Sinbad (*Incredible Hulk* Lou Ferrigno) and his crew at sea. Sinbad’s crew is a hilariously diverse gang: a mace-wielding Viking with a Swedish accent, a “Chinese Soldier of Fortune” with a haircut that could out-phallic-symbol Alfafa, and the gaily-dressed Prince Ali. And who could forget Poochie, the moral support midget, whom Sinbad orders to hide whenever combat beckons. The crew returns home to find that Jaffar, the “Satanic Wizard of All That is Evil,” has put the caliph under a spell, imprisoned the Fair Princess Alina in a Plexiglas slushy machine, and banished four of the five mystical protective gems of Basra, unleashing terror and fear on the town, mainly in the form of falling fruit carts.

The crew is imprisoned in a laughable torture chamber from which they quickly escape, setting out to find the gems and return peace. On the journey, Sinbad fights gymnast Amazons, ghost-warriors who can be defeated by fatally denting their armor, a laser-shooting snot monster, and a rock golem with a suspiciously loosely-attached head. (All this in glorious pec-rippling slow motion.) And finally, gems in hand, Sinbad returns to face off with Jaffar in a steel gyroscope above a lake of lava. I won’t reveal the action-packed ending, but I *can* tell you that there is no “final showdown on the surface of the moon,” as the movie jacket inexplicably guarantees.

Because so much of this movie cannot be adequately expressed in a short review, it will instead be crafted in a drinking game (see below). Suffice it to say, it’s never even

entirely clear whether this inexcusable production is a big mockery of itself, or if it’s an attempt at serious story-telling that falls so completely flat that it has given itself a concussion.

I give this movie 5 mystical gems for being the best worst-movie experience in the history of film. I command you, in the name of all that is evil...get a copy today, before The Most Evil Wizard of All grabs the last one for himself!

Play the *Yale Record’s Sinbad of the Seven Seas Drinking Game!* Just take a sip of grog whenever:



- ◆ Sinbad draws, then throws away his sword
- ◆ Jaffar says ‘HA!’
- ◆ Sinbad addresses the camera directly
- ◆ Sinbad’s pecs ripple
- ◆ Sinbad sneers
- ◆ Dialogue is badly dubbed (drink only once per quest)
- ◆ Chinese warrior quotes Confucius
- ◆ Someone falls into sock-puppet piranhas
- ◆ Poochie whines
- ◆ Narrator mentions ‘winds of utter destruction’ or ‘caverns of nothingness’

If the acting seems to get more competent, then it’s working. ☺

iGoons

A few months ago, Apple finally released a Windows version of iTunes, its much-hyped jukebox software. Now it’s possible for all computer users to combine obsessive voyeurism with tenuous legality, as one can spend hours browsing through the iTunes libraries of fellow Stilesians, Saybrugians, or Sillimanders.

The libraries on iTunes range from slavishly mainstream to mind-numbingly obscure to utter shit. They also run the gamut from obsessively correct labeling to the “I’ll just trust the good music pirates on Kazaa for my song information” approach. Any OCD student would be pulling out his hair upon seeing such songs as “I want to fuck You like an Animal,” ostensibly by “(Nine_Inch_Nials).” iTunes sharers can also choose a name for their music library, and while some opt for the conventional (e.g., “Thomas Crowley’s Music”), others use the library name as an outlet for their pent-up creativity/rage. Sometimes a dialogue even occurs between iTunes users, as when the inaptly named “The Definitive Song Collection” was countered by “The Definitive Non-Shit Song Collection,” or when an irate user responded to Vlad43210’s password protection by naming his library “Share Vlad You Fuck.”

After months of painstaking research, we at the *Record* laboratory have awarded the following distinctions to the standout iTunes libraries below.

Most jarring juxtaposition of songs.

“mostly old music,” which, true to its name, apparently contains every Mozart concerto ever written, but also inexplicably includes no less than four number one singles by Britney Spears. We understand that such a classical music aficionado may not be very experienced with mainstream music, but hating Ms. Spears requires no fluency in pop; it only requires a soul.

Runner up. “Expressway to Pete’s Skull (a small sampling),” a collection of impressively obscure grunge and post-punk classics, for its bizarre inclusion of Hank

Williams, Jr.'s seminal "Are You Ready for Some Football?" Perhaps this isn't as strange as it appears; we hear Eddie Vedder is quite the pigskin devotee.

Most obscure song. "Errol's Music," for the ultra-indie "track 02" by the virtually unknown "artist" from the album "album." Its genre? "genre."

Runner up. "the box," for the String Quartet Tribute to Tool's version of the sunny "Aenema." This recording lends credence to our suspicion that Tool was a major influence on Vivaldi.

Honorable mention. "the box," for a recording of *Finnegans Wake* by James Joyce, unbelievably read in only four minutes. We haven't heard anything this impressive since Kofi Annan's 45-second rendition of Stephen King's *It*.

Least excusable song. We understand everyone has a few questionable entries in their library, and we are forgiving. But "Errol's Music" gets no mercy for its apparently unironic inclusion of "Santa Baby" from the Ally McBeal Christmas Album.

Runner up. "Brennan's Music," for the Baha Men's regrettable "Who Let the Dogs Out?" Who, indeed? They should be shot on sight.

Most appropriate error. "thos mas," for a song by "Dave Matthews Bad." So true, so true.

Most bizarre mislabeling. "the box," for two Rage Against the Machine hits: "Those Bulls on That Parade," and the acclaimed "That Bullet in That One Head." Hopefully next "the box" will add "Those Killings Over There in That There Name," with the inflammatory chorus, "Fuck you, I won't do that one thing that you once talked to me about."

Most dick. "Laura Warren's Music," for its Stalinist password protection.

Runner up. "Vlad43210," for its Gorbachevian password protection. Share, Vlad, you fuck. ☹



(continued from page 3, Mailbag)

Dear Skull and Bones,
Isn't the skull technically a bone?
—John McIntyre '05

Dear Then,
You are *so* yesterday.

Scoffingly,
Now

Now,
That's What I Call Music!
Need I say more?

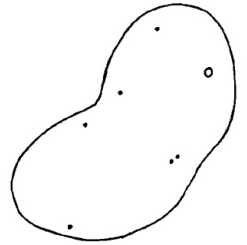
Snickering,
Then

Dear Jess,
I didn't have a chance to tell you earlier, but I thought you'd like to know that I could see your grandma's nipples through her burial dress. Did you notice it? It was pretty weird.

Your Boyfriend,
Charlie

Dear *Yale Record*,
I AM SALTY! I AM SOOO SALTY!

Love,
Salt Pork



by gordon jenkins

"Run, Ted! That is a very large potato!"

Dear Berkeley Dining Hall,
Yeah, but did you hear the one about the Berkeley dining hall and how you can't get in there and stuff? That shit is GOLDEN.

—*Yale Record*

Dear Iowa,
Your caucus makes me so hot. Also that fact that you always come before me.

—New Hampshire

Dear *Yale Record*,
You and your friends are right—I do hate my job. And you. Every last one of you. 24 hours a day.

—The guy at York Copy

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