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THE YALE RECORD



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Issue



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Dear Joey,

I'm sorry for so catastrophically misunderstanding what was meant by "the penis game."

Wishing you a speedy recovery,

—Mike

Toad's Burns; Fire Marshall Blames Friction from Grinding

Dear Hipsters,

Whoa. Whoa. First you steal my wardrobe, then you all start growing beards too. I'm totally suing for copyright infringement.

—Paul Bunyan

Dear Peter Paul, and Mary

Here's a hammer. Ball's in your court.

—Josiah, TD 10

Biathlete Gets That Joke A Lot

Dear Illinois Confederation of Native Americans,

Our apologies for the use of "Chief Illiniwek" as the Illini mascot. We did not mean to offend, encourage Native American stereotypes, or generalize Native American culture in any way. Enclosed is a peace pipe, along with some of our finest beads. We hope you will accept these gifts as tokens of our good will.

How,
The University of Illinois

Assistant In Cockfighting Ring Thinks Of Self As Amateur Matador

Dear Japanese Citizenry,

I'm sorry, but it was just too much fun destroying your cities, breathing fire, knocking over buildings, and being in movies. No hard feelings?

—Harry S. Truman

Nose Knows About Homophones

Dear Jeff,

Just because you got your PhD, it doesn't mean you have to go around telling everyone to call you Dr. Wilks. I'm getting really sick of the fact that any time anyone calls you "doctor" you say something like "the doctor is in" or "did somebody call the doctor?" or "what's the status, doctor?" We don't care that the doctor is in, nobody called you, and the status is that you're a pain in the ass.

—Connie



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Dear Fuzzy Wuzzy,

What sick bastard named you? How did they not see the cruel, twisted irony intrinsic in your name. It's like naming a kid born without an arm Stumpy Wumpy.

Sincerely,
Stumpy Wumpy TC '11

Area Man Considers Self The Last of the Masked Vigilante Geometers

Dear Colonel Sanders,

You bastard! I'll kill you for stealing my eleven herbs and spices recipe!

—Colonel Sanders
P.S. I am schizophrenic.

Dear Gym Track,

If I run around you in the opposite direction that everyone else is running, won't I run into more cute girls?

—A Lonely Mathematician

"Governator," "San Andreas" Among California's Faults

Dear Mom,

Please don't jump to conclusions when you see the bottle of hand cream by my bed. I have dry hands in the winter and that's all. And the tissues are there because I have a cold. Because it's winter. See, it all adds up. The flashlight is kind of a funny story; I can explain that. See I needed a flashlight and I just misread the website. I haven't thrown it out yet... as a joke. The porn is also there as a joke. And I think those stains are Elmer's glue.

—Will

Ninth Grader Hopes Playing Guitar
Makes up for Participation in
Math Club



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Dear Monster In My Bedroom Closet,
 Do you get older as I get older?
 —Lawrence W. Steinberg, M.D.

Dear Maria von Trapp,
 You say you think of your favorite things, "When the dog bites! When the bee stings! When [you're] feeling sad..." My husband just died. My favorite thing was him. Whenever I think of my favorite things, I get a little closer to just giving up.
 —A Dowager

Dear Spork,
 I need to introduce myself. Just as you are half-fork, half-spoon, I am half-man, half-beast. We should get coffee sometime.
 —Wolf Blitzer

Area Man Keeping Quiet About Helen Mirren Sex Dream

Dear Facial Hair,
 Why have you left me? We had such a good thing going!
 —The American Presidency

Dear Size XXL,
 Although I do not understand you, I believe you are the only link I have to my homeland.

Longingly,
 A Roman Senator Lost In Time

Job Discovered in Wichita, KS

Dear Claire,
 Things have been so distant between us after you got that tongue ring. I just wish it didn't have to be this way.
 —The "S" Sound



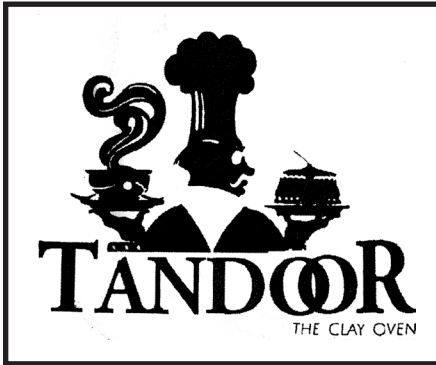
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Bestiality Enthusiast Francis Scott Key Spends Plenty Of Time "O'er the Ramparts"

Dear Left-Handed Desk At The End
 Of A Row,
 It gets old.

—Normal-Handed Student

Dear Ted,

I love you, but you have too much
 baggage.

—A Woman Who Loves A Baggage
 Handler

Adam Smith To Use "Invisible Hand" Defense In Shoplifting Trial

Dear Clifford,

Pleased as I was to see my daughter
 playing with a big red dog in the back-
 yard, that doesn't mean I can just overlook
 the big brown dump you took on my car.

—Mrs. Howard

Dear Gender-Neutral Housing,

Ooh, do me next, do me next!

—The French Language

"Drawing of the Week" Prize Rescinded From Second Grader Amidst Allegations Of Tracing

Dear Philosophy Major,

I'm sorry I insulted you. I meant to call
 you a "cunt".

—James, JE '10

Dear US Postal Service,

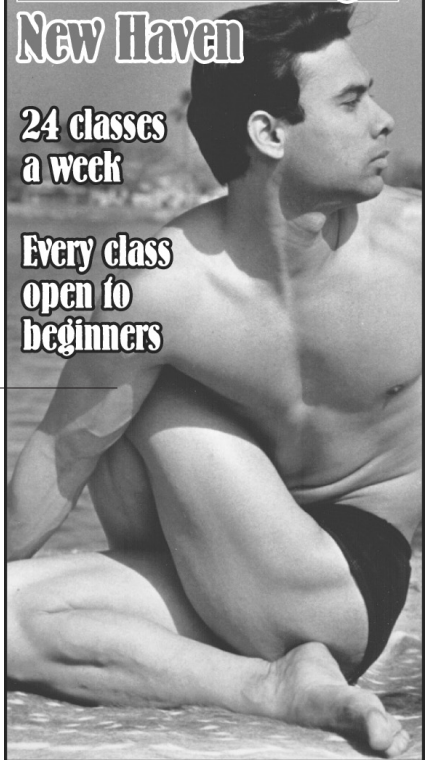
But you said if it fits, it ships.

—The Center Of A Neutron Star

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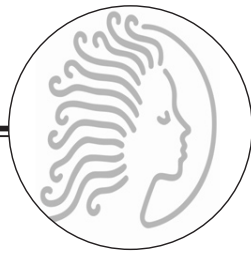
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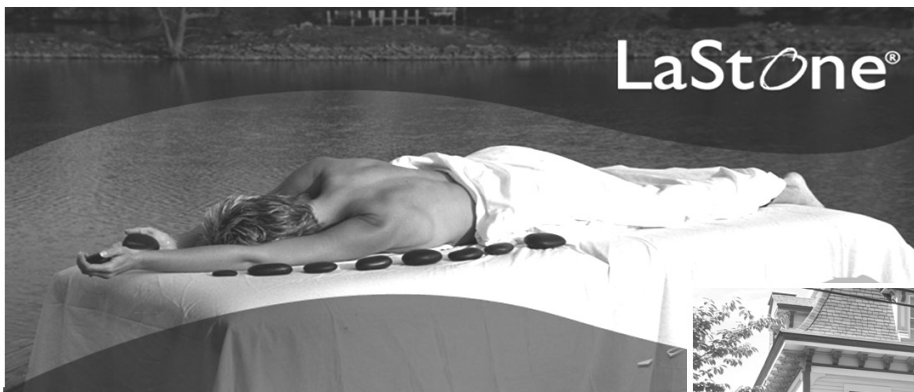


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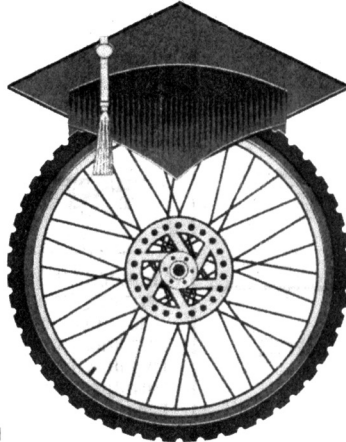
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Dear John Mayer,
You Win.

—Music

**Victoria's Secret Revealed: She's
A Dude.**

Dear Laughter,

Despite what detractors may say,
studies show that I am in fact the
best medicine.

—Medicine

Dear DARE program,

I distinctly remember being told in
school that marijuana is not physically
but psychologically addictive. Given ten
years to reflect on that advice, I have to
ask: what the fuck does it mean? "Psy-
chologically addictive" seems to be a
phrase for when people won't give some-
thing up because they like it but don't
experience any withdrawal symptoms
when they stop. I think you're confusing
"addictive" with "fun."

Disillusioned,
Sarah DC '11

Dear The "Are You Jewish?" Guys On
Elm Street,

No, but thanks.

—Hershel Katzman

Dear Diary,

I got so bombed last night. My Ha-
nover is terrible.

—Nazi Germany

**Autotune Killing Music, Rappers Say;
"You Started It," Autotune Replies**

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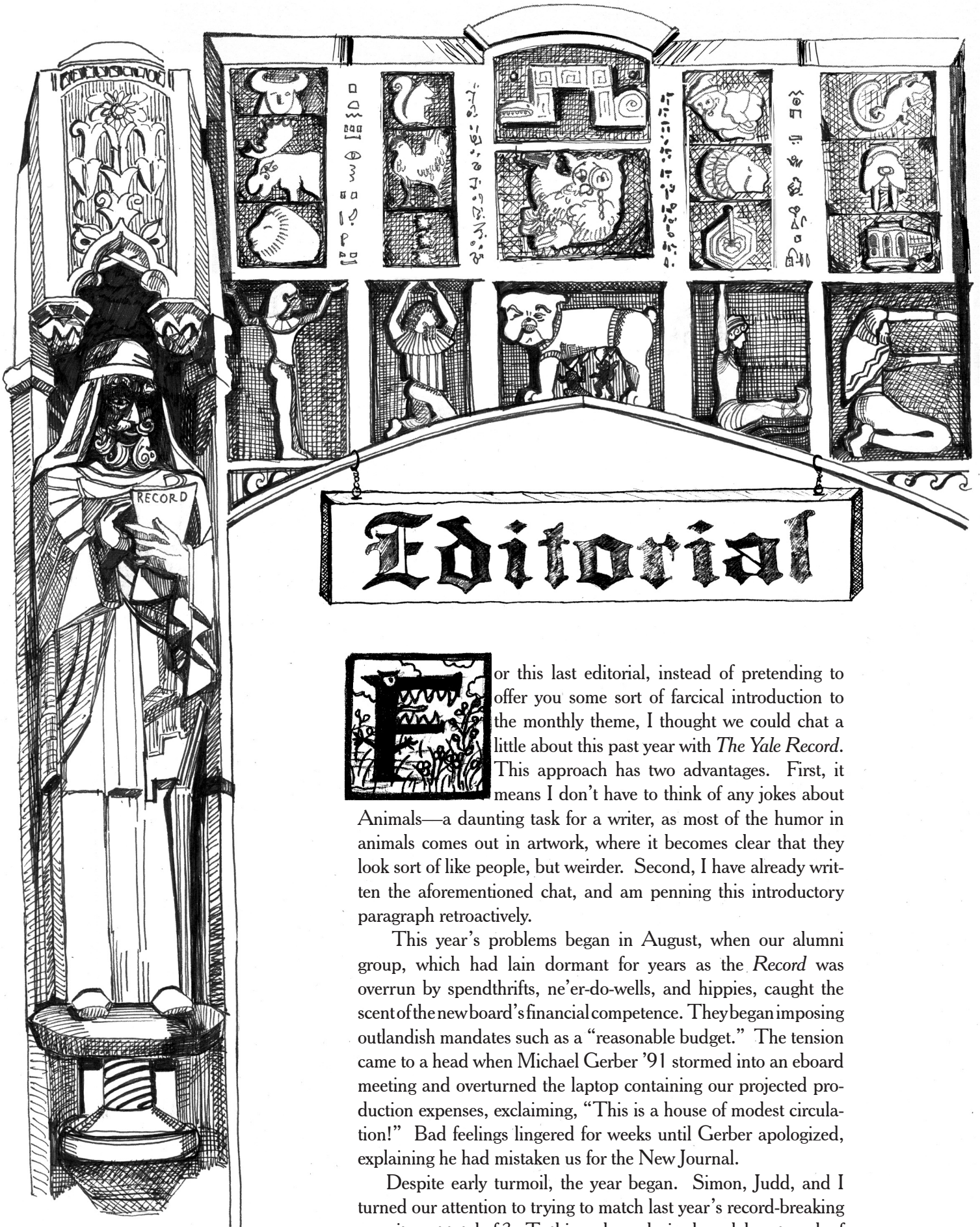
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Editorial



For this last editorial, instead of pretending to offer you some sort of farcical introduction to the monthly theme, I thought we could chat a little about this past year with *The Yale Record*. This approach has two advantages. First, it means I don't have to think of any jokes about Animals—a daunting task for a writer, as most of the humor in animals comes out in artwork, where it becomes clear that they look sort of like people, but weirder. Second, I have already written the aforementioned chat, and am penning this introductory paragraph retroactively.

This year's problems began in August, when our alumni group, which had lain dormant for years as the *Record* was overrun by spendthrifts, ne'er-do-wells, and hippies, caught the scent of the newboard's financial competence. They began imposing outlandish mandates such as a "reasonable budget." The tension came to a head when Michael Gerber '91 stormed into an eboard meeting and overturned the laptop containing our projected production expenses, exclaiming, "This is a house of modest circulation!" Bad feelings lingered for weeks until Gerber apologized, explaining he had mistaken us for the New Journal.

Despite early turmoil, the year began. Simon, Judd, and I turned our attention to trying to match last year's record-breaking recruitment total of 3. To this end, we devised an elaborate web of staff events: Yorkside nights, special projects, and a *Record* Party,

whose attendance nearly exceeded last year's recruitment total. Due, however, to the added pressure of making things enjoyable for the freshmen, we had to temporarily abolish the older *Record* tradition of Happy Fun Time. In addition to recruitment, we had planned some ambitious goals for the year ahead: *Record*-sponsored stand-up nights, a trip to New York, and, within our pages, increased integration of art and prose. These goals were delayed, though, by distractions, such as hiring a new staff member to process and deposit all of our checks from online advertisers, and the Alumni Issue, which spawned a protracted week-long argument over whether the light areas on the cover were best described as ivory or eggshell.

Disagreements developed among the senior officers, as well. Simon, for example, wanted to avoid offending ethnic minorities. Another example was Judd's letter to businesses suggesting that they renew their ad contracts, which most of the eboard agreed needed fewer passages about disembowelment. But the main challenge involved our Bioethics and Women's issues, whose controversial nature forced us to debate questions like, "Must we be socially responsible as well as funny?", "Should we make our jokes 'about' something?", and, "Are we obligated to please our sponsors?" It turns out that we are obligated to do none of those things; the name "Yale Record" still officially refers to Yale's oldest society of archivists, and the vague oath we took at the beginning of our terms requires only that we defend that organization's mercifully undemanding charter.

As the year wound down, we saw our new staff growing into a close community, and preparing to take over their new positions on eboard, such as directors of Design, Art, Supplementals, Staff, Business, Publicity, the Website, and, of course, the Managing Editors. A change of personnel in that last position will be especially welcome, as the old ones, frankly—

What's that? You're bored? Well, fine, what do I care about finishing this stupid editorial? Here are some animal jokes:

The first zoos appeared in ancient Sumeria and served mostly to provide guests with lion-themed merchandise and overpriced lemonade while they waited to catch a glimpse of the native population of feral mice. The exhibition of larger, more dangerous game was made possible in 200 A.D. with Ptolemy's invention of the cage, although these exhibits were largely a commercial failure until 285 when Ptolemy's great grandson invented the lock.

BAM! They don't make you Editor-in-Chief of a humor magazine for nothing.



THE YALE RECORD
APRIL 2010

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AREA WOMBAT TIRED OF ALL THE JOKES

Tasmania, Australia – Citing an increase in the number of backhanded bandicoots, snarky sugar gliders, and caustic koalas, area wombat Wamby finally announced Tuesday afternoon that she had had enough.

“I tried to take the wordplay and the names in stride,” explained the exasperated marsupial, “but they just got worse and worse.” The four-year-old wombat has been subjected to endless echidna epithets, swamp tortoise slurs, and tongue-in-cheek Tasmanian taunts.

“‘Woman-bat’ is a dumb one that always comes up,” sighed the frustrated, fur-covered creature, “but ‘wormbat’ is the one that bugs me the most. It just doesn’t make any sense!”

But Wamby’s plight has been much worse than her frequent maligning at the hands of not-so-witty wallabies. When asked to enumerate some of her worst encounters, Wamby paused.

“One time, an especially noxious numbat shouted ‘Mortal Wombat’ at me,” recounted the embattled burrower. “Mortal Wombat! That was nearly an all-time low.”

“The worst was when I was bickering with a bigamist bilby, who barbed that my kind was the reason he always supported the Strom-bat. That was boorish,” said the much-maligned mammal, “even for a hill bilby.”

The bibly is a desert-dwelling omnivore of the order Peramelemorphia.

When asked if she anticipated her situation improving in the near future, Wamby expressed doubt. “Every night when my mate gets back, the first thing out of his mouth is ‘Where my womb at.’ It can’t possibly get worse than this.”

At press time, there was no end in sight to the wisecracking wom-banter.

—J. Wang



SIGNS YOUR BOYFRIEND MAY BE A STARFISH

- Sits submerged in bathtub twenty-four hours a day
- Reluctant to go to your parents’ house for Seafood Night
- Often tries to suck your face into his mouth while French kissing
- Strangely possessive of Starmi Pokemon card
- Producer of “Little Mermaid” sequel unwaveringly insistent in sending him job applications
- Limbs magically restored mere days after tragic chainsaw accident

—D. Zhu

OH MY GOD, NADIA, MY CAT IS INCREDIBLE!

Oh my God, Nadia, you are not going to believe this! No, I haven't found another apartment. Nadia, we can talk about that later, I'm trying to tell you a story. Okay, okay. So I come home from work today, and I open the door of the apartment, and I who do I see but Couch Potato, lying right there, on his back, staring *straight at me*. Just waiting for me to come home! How long do you think he was lying there for? Yeah, I don't know either! I have a picture of it on my phone, if you want to see. It didn't come out that well, but you get the basic idea.

Then I walk into my room and lie down in bed because I have this killer migraine, and Couch Potato jumps up onto my desk and starts scratching at my laptop. And I'm like, "Couch Potato, stop that!" And Couch Potato *won't stop*. So I get out of bed to shoo him off my desk, and guess what's sitting in my inbox! An email from Steve Carlton! No, not Steve the landlord, *Steve Carlton*. Nadia, stop trying to change the subject. Anyway, Steve Carlton asked me if I wanted to get drinks tonight! Imagine if I had fallen asleep and had never gotten his message! I can't even imagine it. Do you think Couch Potato knew about the email? I think I read somewhere that cats are hypersensitive to magnetic waves or something. I bet Couch Potato sensed the message in our Wi-Fi. What an incredible animal.

Speaking of freaky, how random is it that Couch Potato and I have the exact same sense of humor! You wouldn't *believe* how intently he stares at the TV screen whenever 30 Rock is on. He won't even let me change the channel without scratching me on the wrist! Come to think of it, I'd say that Couch Potato and I have really similar tastes in general. Like how Couch Potato looks so cute in that cardigan cat sweater I bought him for Christmas, and I *also* really like cardigan sweaters. And how Couch Potato is always trying to eat my cereal every morning instead of his cat food.

By the way Nadia, thanks so much for being cool about Couch Potato living in the apartment. He really is just the sweetest cat in the world. I knew as soon as I bought him that – what? Yes, I read the sublet agreement. I'm sure if it had said anything about not having animals, then I would have noticed...

Nadia, what does my finding a new apartment have to

do with anything right now? You're changing the subject again, Nadia. I'm trying to tell you about my Couch Potato and all you can do is change the subject. I swear, it's like you have some sort of attention disorder. Want to borrow my Ritalin or something?

—J. Paul



BAD TIMES TO HAVE YOUR SEEING EYE DOG DIE

Skydiving
 Crossing the street
 On the shooting range
 Optometrist appointment
 After losing your touching hand dog
 Diffusing a bomb
 In the ball pit at McDonald's
 Final round of Wheel of Fortune

—Staff



N. Beizer

"MOM, DAD I'M A HOMO-SAPIEN"

EARTHWORMS

JORDAN: Let me get this straight. You're telling me they have... two genders?

ALEX: It totally blew my mind too but I swear it's true.

JORDAN: No way! Wait, if that's true, then how do they autoreproduce?

ALEX: That's the thing, they don't. They have to find a mate to breed with.

JORDAN: But that's such a waste of time. When you're ready to have a child, you just find a quiet spot and transfer your reproductive material from one organ to the other.

ALEX: I guess not if you're a human.

JORDAN: So tell me more about these two genders. Can they communicate with one another?

ALEX: I don't think so. One gender's language consists mostly of low-pitched grunts, and the other's is just incomprehensible.

JORDAN: Interesting. Do they look the same?

ALEX: Their appearances are a little different. The first gender is covered in follicles while the other has chest lumps that the humans call "gazongas."

JORDAN: If they can't breed without a partner, what do they do instead?

ALEX: I think they find a member of the opposite gender, push it into their dirt holes, and then wriggle around together for a while.

JORDAN: Wow, it's like they have a whole world of their own up there. Anyway, you wanna do something tonight?

ALEX: No thanks, I have plans. I'm gonna do some burrowing for a while and then autoreproduce.

—J. Greenblatt



COLORS IT IS DIFFICULT TO BE

Green

Puce

Neon red

Both purple and not purple at the same time

Black

—D. Klumpp

THIS GRYPHON HAS A PROBLEM

Dear Merlin,

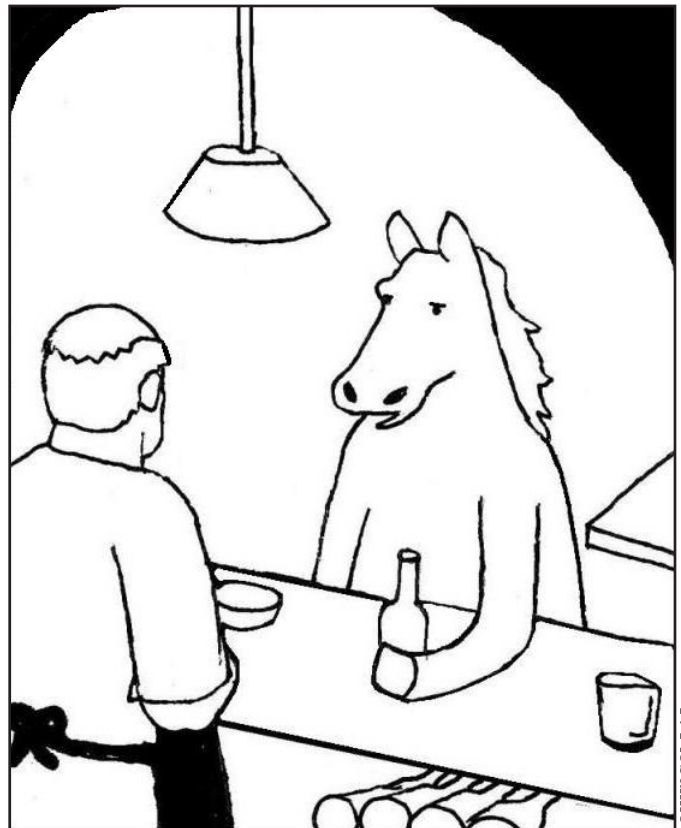
A Gryphon is supposed to be valiant. A Gryphon is supposed to be brave. A Gryphon is supposed to help me look chivalrous when everyone sees me flying atop it with my sword unsheathed.

A Gryphon is not supposed to stumble home at 3:00am every morning reeking of mead wine and wearing a tiara.

When I pulled Excalibur from the Stone, you promised me any mythical beast I wanted. I asked you for something that would give me the speed and strength I need to be an effective king. With all due respect, this is fucking bullshit.

Yours,
King Arthur

—J. Paul



"THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN, BUT I'M FINE"

A SCENE FROM MY NEW DOCUMENTARY
 “LADIEZ” BY DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

[Pan in on a suburban home.]

David Attenborough: We see a nondescript house in a typical suburban neighborhood. It may appear boring, with people driving to work, arriving home at dark, bathing in the light of the television until sleep mercifully arrives.

[Show poor working stiffs going through the motions of the day. Can make uglier/fatter post-filming if need be.]

But behind this otherwise depressing charade called life, Nature has a wonderful trick up her sleeve.

[Hire professional model to pose as Nature, show her drawing a card from her sleeve. If not possible, show eagle flying majestically above a field.]

Every morning, just after sunrise, next-door neighbor Judy Harris awakens to the sounds of birds chirping.

[Cut to shot of Judy Harris awakening. If blinds are down in the window or view is otherwise blocked, use infrared camera. Add chirping birds digitally.]

She yawns and stretches, her perky breasts straining against the fabric of her old tattered “Don’t Worry, Be Happy” T-shirt. Absolutely fascinating.

[I have personal footage of this, though we could also use a body double for added effect (i.e., bigger boobs).]

Judy then heads to the bathroom for her morning shower. Due to either some natural animal proclivity for exhibition or the forgetfulness of her contractor to order a frosted glass window, she is incredibly easy to see from the second story study of the neighboring home. Whip out your binoculars, naturalists, because what you are about to witness is indeed a miracle of Nature.

[Show Judy in shower; once again, I have personal footage of this, though very grainy.]

The water cascades down Judy’s naked body, and you can tell that the Pilates class she told you about has done wonders for her already astounding ass. It is enough to make you question whether there could truly be a God overseeing all of this wonderful minutiae of creation.

[Close up of Judy’s ass. Idea: we could add lower back tattoo--Daddy’s Little Girl?]

Disaster has struck. Judy has made eye contact with you and is now shrieking at the top of her lungs. Like most animals, Judy is extremely skittish, and one false move could mean death or another felony on your record.

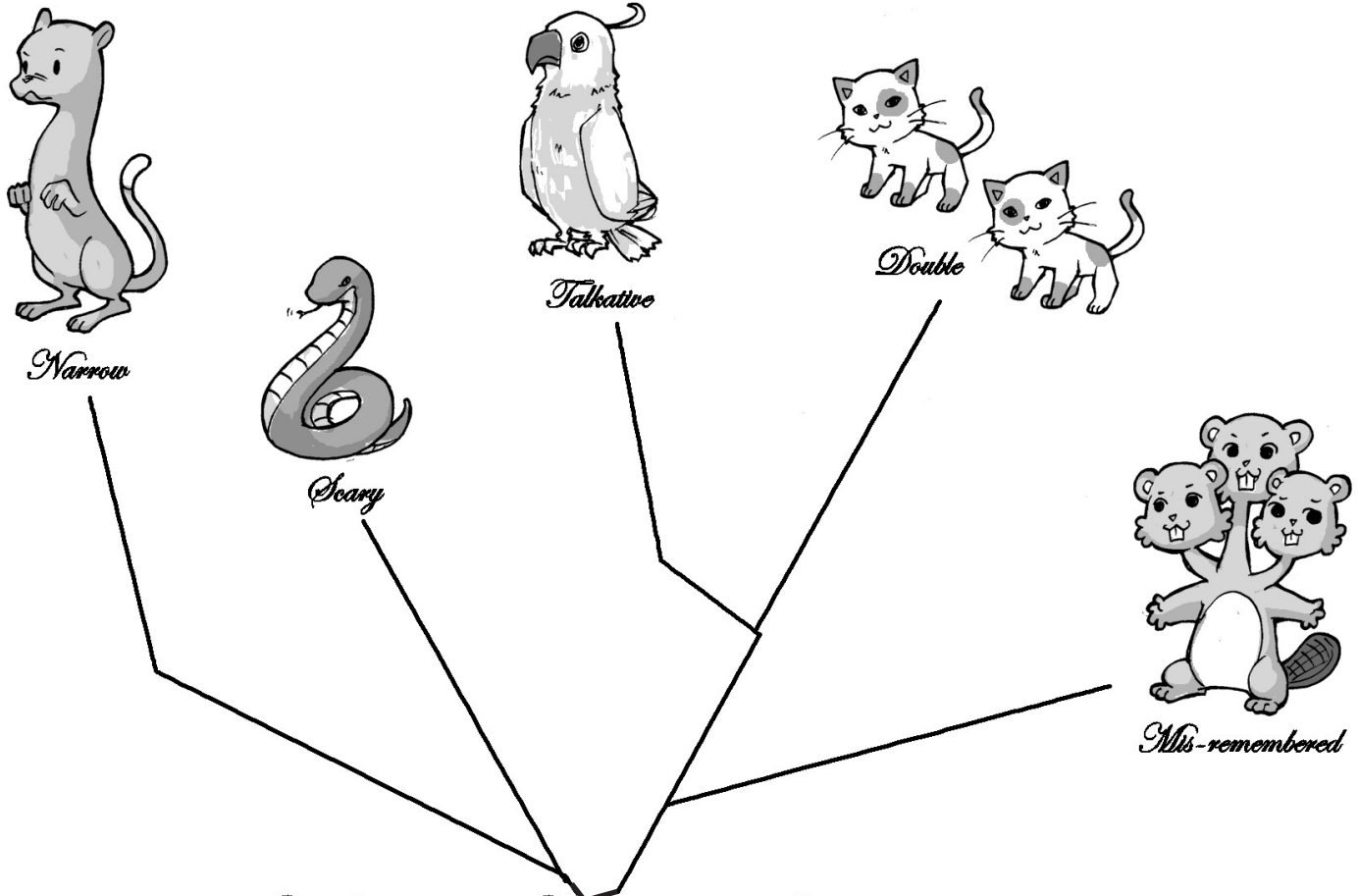
[Show Judy freaking out. Make sure to keep boobs in the shot.]

You must abandon your careful observation of this beautiful specimen to make a quick getaway to your car. Then you’re off Mexico to start all over. And take in Nature’s awesome power at wet t-shirt contests in Cancun.

[Rent Mustang and show it speeding off into the sunset. If not possible, show eagle flying majestically above a field.]

—M. Chiasson





Y. Lee

A Failed Attempt at Taxonomy



A SPEED DATE BETWEEN A HOUSE DOG AND A CHAMPION SHOW DOG

Hey, I'm Jasper.
 Hi Jasper, I'm Pride of the Cascades.
 Wow, that's a nice name.
 Thank you. It runs in my family.
 So what do you do for fun?
 I like taking walks.
 Me too! You should check out Saxon Woods Park sometime. It's my favorite!
 Interesting. How many spectators does it seat?
 Uh...what do you mean?
 Like, how many people are there to watch you take your walk? My favorite place to take walks is Madison Square Garden, which seats 19,763 people.
 Oh. I go on walks with just my master.

You mean your handler.
 My what?
 Uh ... I think our time is up.

—J. Paul

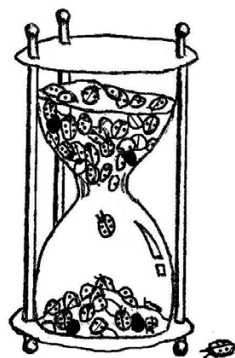
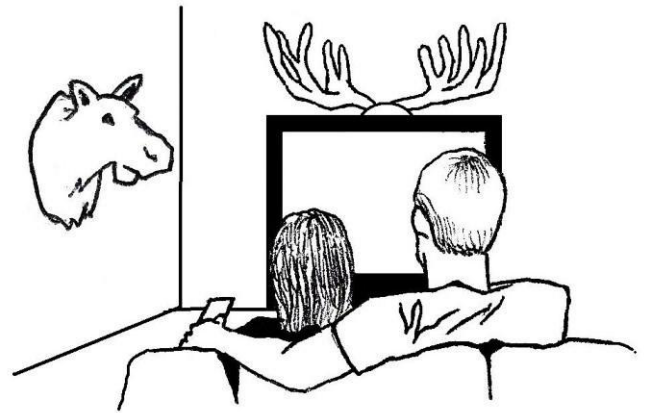
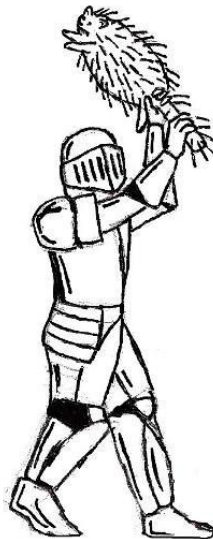
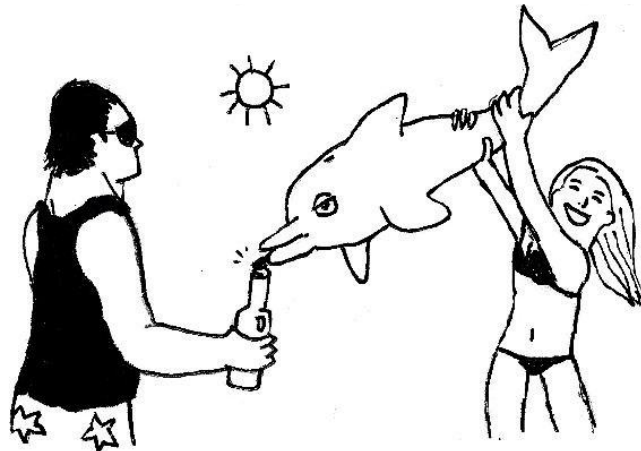


FAKE NAMES I HAVE USED AT STARBUCKS FOR MY COFFEE ORDER

Sabrina
 Bill Clinton
 Mr. Starbucks
 Single White Woman Desperate for Male Attention
 Please, Really, I'm Not Picky, I Promise
 Okay, Fine, Be That Way
 Pius IX

—M. Chiasson

How to Use Every Part of the Animal





how
does
time
FLY

The doctor said I had 7 days. Not bad for a fly, he says.

Today is day 6 of 7.



I wander the boardwalk where life began in a garbage bin outside a Wendy's.

And right there.

I'm caught by the sun.



I think about how short it was.

How small I am.



I know it's coming.

So I come to it.



The Waldorf Affair

By Joshua Schoenfield

Illustrated by Ngozi Ukazu

I get a lot of dames in here. Before stepping in, they always make a point of drolling up and lingering for a moment outside so their well-endowed silhouettes fall across the window.

But I don't mind. Ultimately it helps me in price negotiations when I can see HER humps as well.

I don't have a husband. I don't want a husband. Having people who care for you is trouble. A criminal I had been tailing came to my house once and had a chat with my last boyfriend.

I didn't get there in time but I can imagine the weakling trying to hold up under questioning.

She's my girlfriend.

She's a camel!

She's my girlfriend AND a camel!

That was a mess to clean up--Literally. Boys are dumb.

But my last case was a little different. Instead of some bimbo in heels, the person who came into my office was a young suit type.

Ms. Hammer, I'm Scott Keen with the Mayor's Office.

Detective.

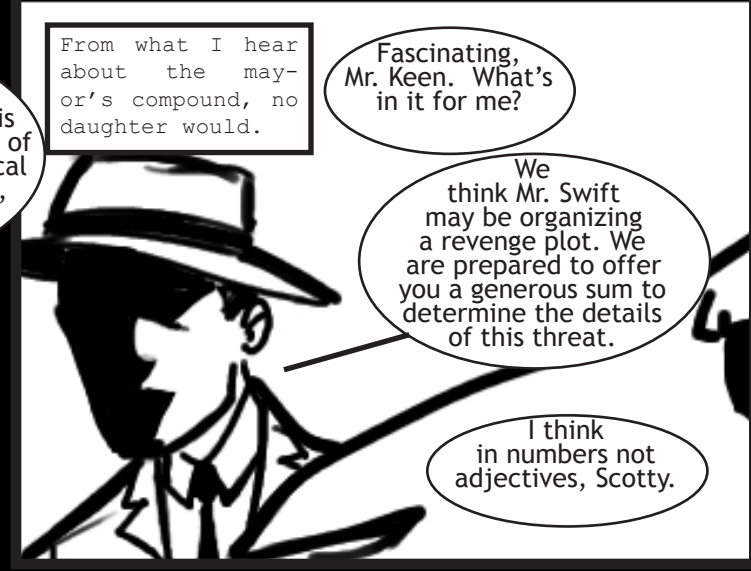
Excuse me?



My name's Detective Hammer when it's official.

Apologies Detective.

Last weekend Mayor Waldorf was entertaining some guests at his compound. It appears that one of the guests, the daughter of local shipping mogul Richard Swift, did not have her father's blessing for being



From what I hear about the mayor's compound, no daughter would.

Fascinating, Mr. Keen. What's in it for me?

We think Mr. Swift may be organizing a revenge plot. We are prepared to offer you a generous sum to determine the details of this threat.

I think in numbers not adjectives, Scotty.



The precise amount will depend on your performance. But, you can expect upwards of five thousand dollars.

Since I'm a camel they always assume they can get away with paying me less.

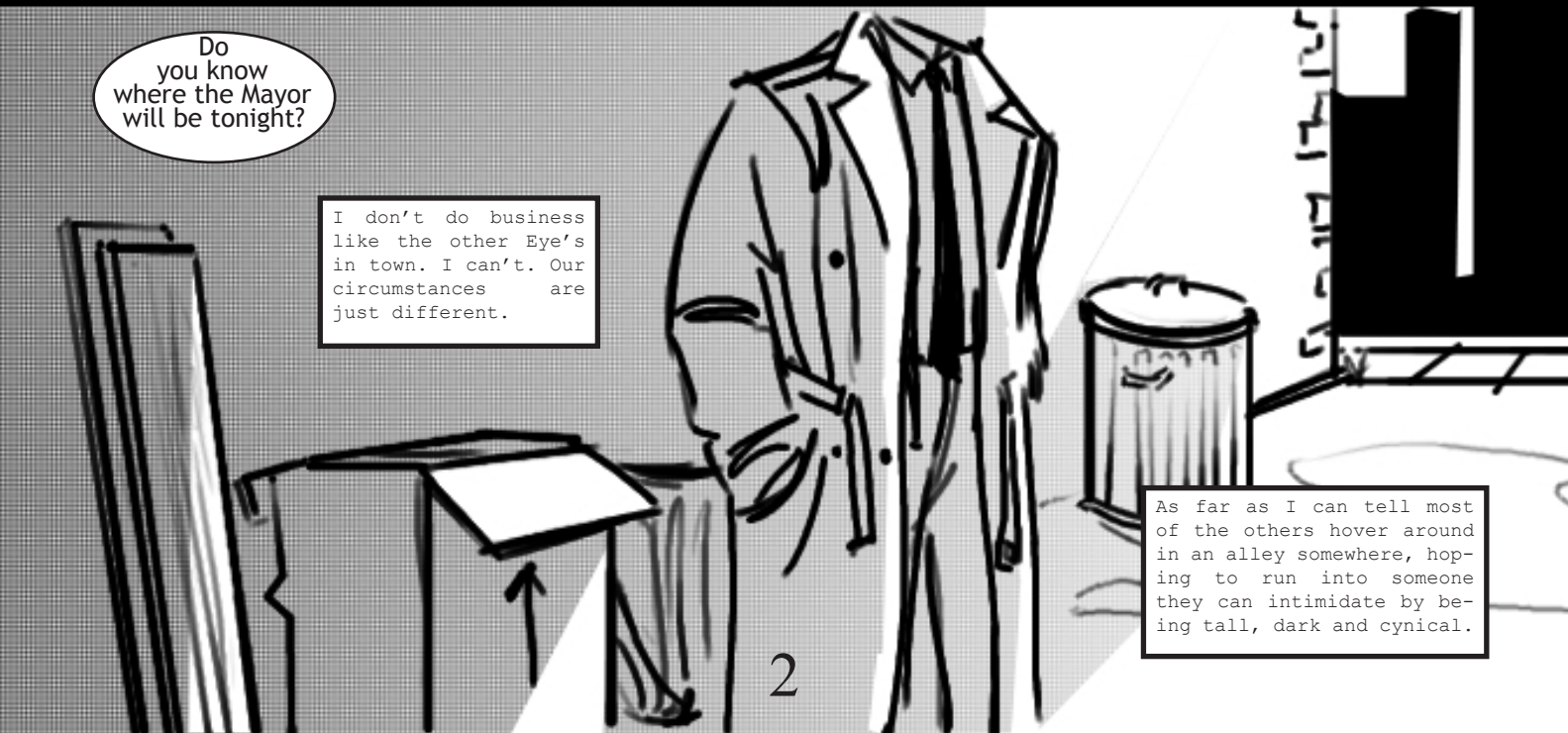
How do you know Swift hasn't gotten to me? Dick Swift could pay off everyone in the state two times over.



I suppose, that in the event of exceptional performance, we could offer you up to ten thousand.

Bingo.

One last thing. Today's a Saturday.



Do you know where the Mayor will be tonight?

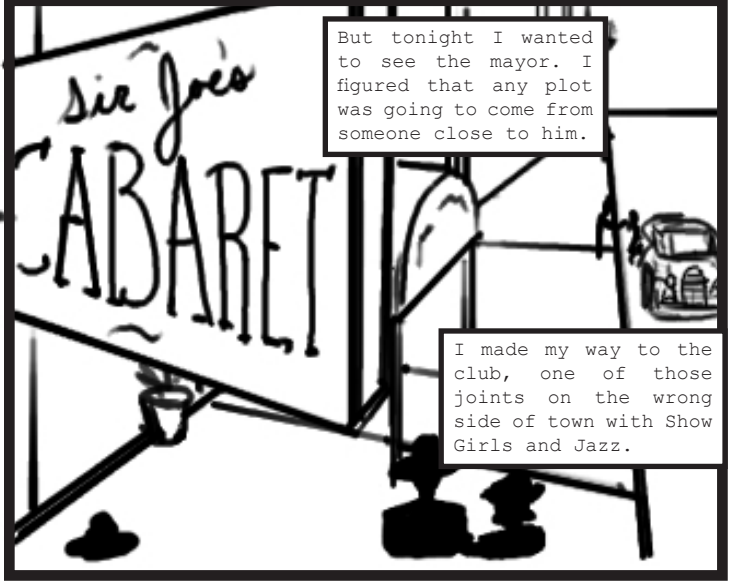
I don't do business like the other Eye's in town. I can't. Our circumstances are just different.

As far as I can tell most of the others hover around in an alley somewhere, hoping to run into someone they can intimidate by being tall, dark and cynical.

My methods are a little more pro-active. You see, all criminals have parties. And all parties need attractions.

For criminals, entertainment serves as the blurred background in the rapidly aging photograph of their lives.

These folks are soulless. I mean, we're all soulless, but but these folks don't seem to mind

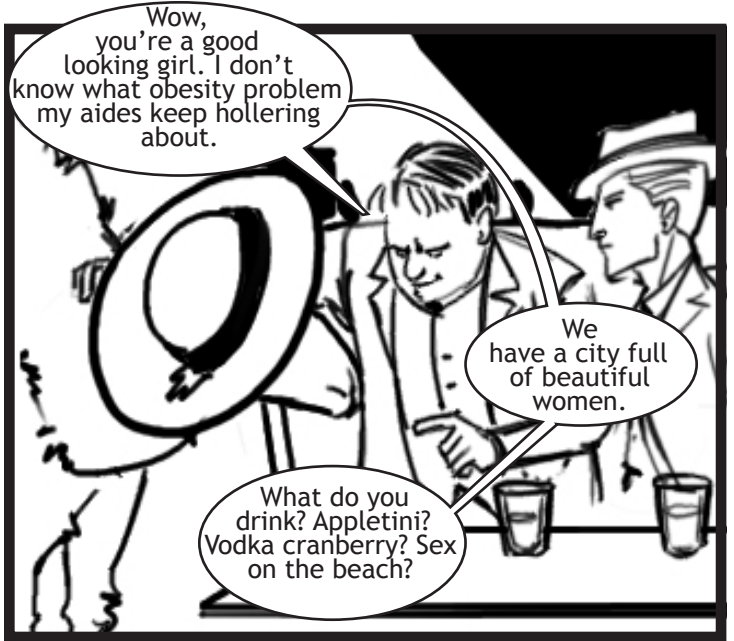


But tonight I wanted to see the mayor. I figured that any plot was going to come from someone close to him.

I made my way to the club, one of those joints on the wrong side of town with Show Girls and Jazz.



Sit down and have a drink on us, Blondie.



Wow, you're a good looking girl. I don't know what obesity problem my aides keep hollering about.

We have a city full of beautiful women.

What do you drink? Appletini? Vodka cranberry? Sex on the beach?



Wait a minute, aren't you the detective I just hired?

Mr. Mayor, why in God's name is a harem of camels crawling around my manor?



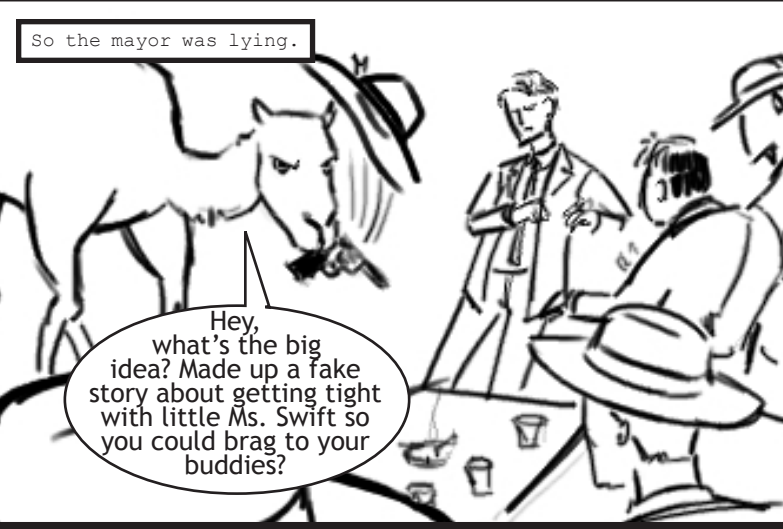
It was Richard Swift. I knew there was about to be trouble.

How did you know where to find me?


Cram it, Harvey.

These camels all seem to be under the impression that my daughter was involved in some escapade at your compound and that I'm hatching some kind of revenge plot.

So the mayor was lying.



Hey, what's the big idea? Made up a fake story about getting tight with little Ms. Swift so you could brag to your buddies?




But I bill the city for men detectives and only hire camels. I pocket 50 cents on the dollar for each one of them.

The city has different billing practices for men and camel detectives?


We're pragmatists, toots. Get over it.



I won't negotiate with you, Harvey.



Hey, Easy! All right! I'll tell you! I'm a little strapped for cash right now. So, I made up a phony threat and hired a team of detectives to investigate.



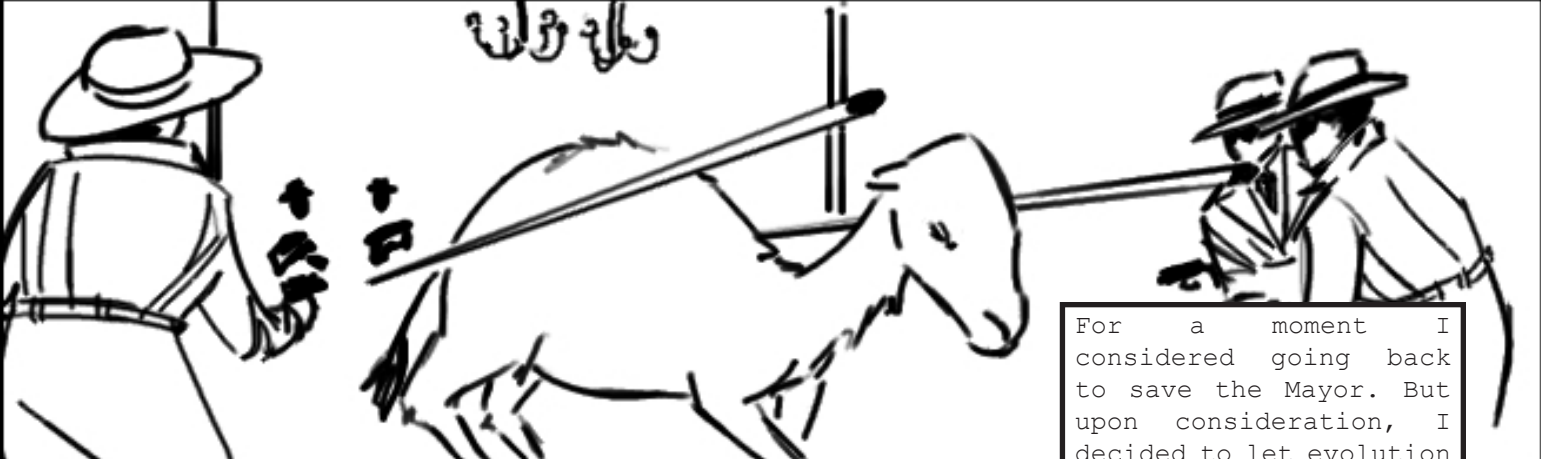
Look, Harvey, I at least deserve a cut for the trouble you've caused me and my gardener, who spent all afternoon trying to fix our daffodils after they got trampled by your pack of water-hoarding sand-mules.

Like Hell, Dick! I earned that money fair and square.



Do your worst!

Boys, go!



For a moment I considered going back to save the Mayor. But upon consideration, I decided to let evolution take its course.



Don't get me wrong. I'm not one of those crazies who say we should actively exterminate inferior breeds like mayor Waldorf.

What do I care? It's not my species

BARRACUDA RUE SOUFFLOT



PROS AND CONS OF VARIOUS PETS AT YALE

MICE

- Pros: Small, already in dorm when you arrive
- Cons: Not much meat

PARROT:

- Pros: Repeats everything you say
- Cons: Repeats everything you say

MONKEY:

- Pros: Crowd pleaser, eats ticks off of you
- Cons: Provokes heated debates about evolution

GOLDFISH:

- Pros: Easy to take care of
- Cons: Easy to confuse with the delicious snack of the same name

FIG:

- Pros: Will eat your trash, good source of bacon
- Cons: Swine flu

TURTLE:

- Pros: Practically indestructible
- Cons: Lamest. Reptile. Ever.

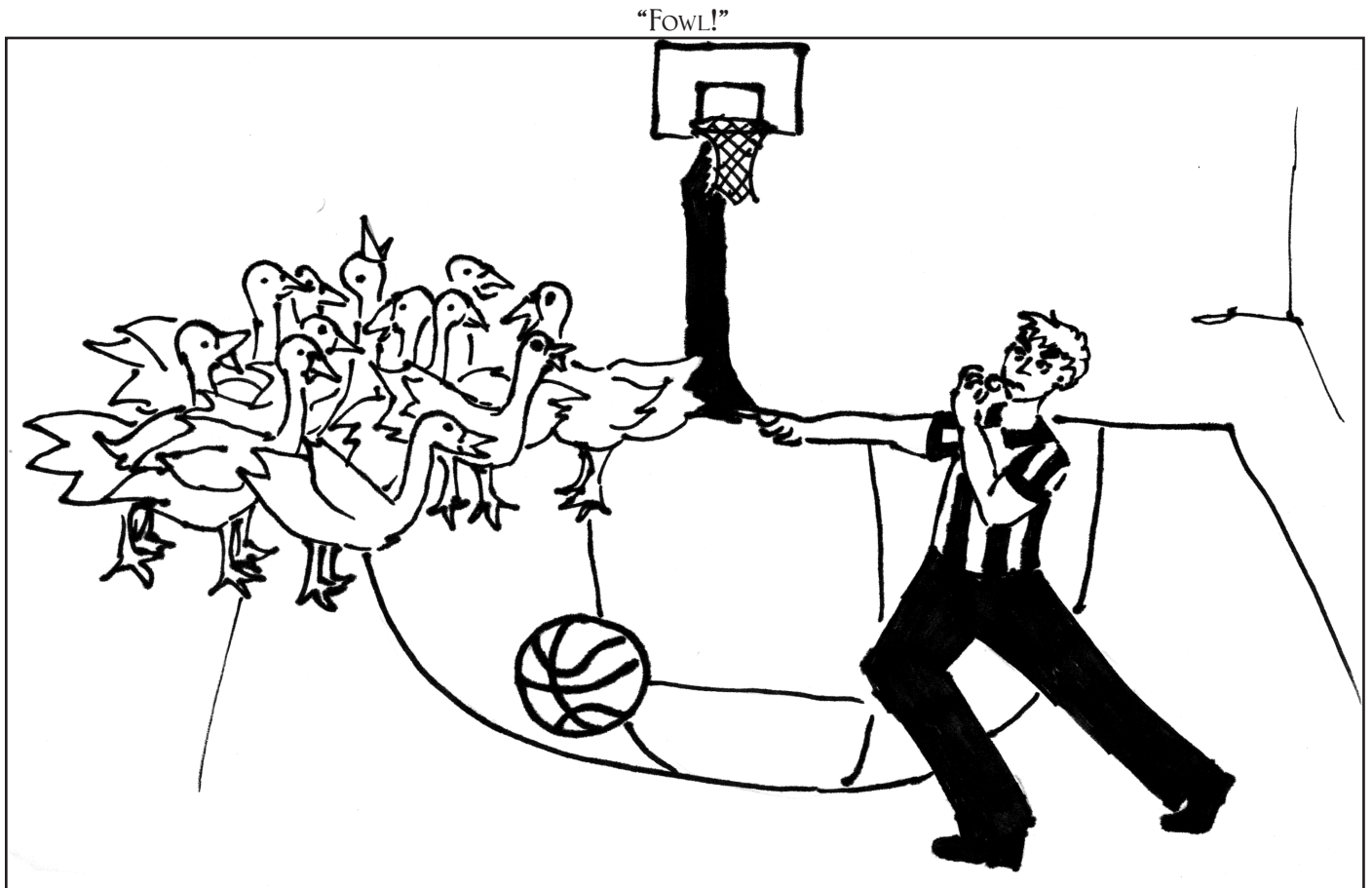
—Staff



IDEAS THE GREEKS CONSIDERED BEFORE
SETTLING ON TROJAN HORSE

- Pair of high-tops for Achilles
- Elite unit of bloodthirsty philosopher kings
- Instill crippling self-doubt using Socratic Method
- Stand motionless in phalanx; wait for city walls to make first charge
- Peace

—R. Clegg



E.M. Jay

THINGS I CAN'T WAIT TO SAY WHEN I'M RICH
WITH A 40K SALARY

Money bonfire? Great idea! I've got a jar of pennies I'm itching to burn!
 Sure, coffee sounds great! No anxiety here!
 This neighborhood is amazing. You know, my friends should move in here some day.
 What, this shirt? Oh thanks! You know, I'm the first person to wear it? And it's a different one from yesterday.
 You know what? I've been thinking of taking up hobbies of some sort.
 Do I have change? Why yes I do! Because I made a purchase recently.
 I can see daylight from my desk! Whoops, it's getting dark. Time to go home.
 You know what would brighten up this room? Houseplants!
 Oh no! It's raining! Good thing my umbrella is sturdy!
 I just got my hair cut... by a stranger!

—S. Swartzman

CONVERSATION TOPICS FOR FIRST DATE
BETWEEN SNAKES

Problems with shedding
 Heating lamp brands
 Venom pH
 Garden of Eden controversy
 Jaw dislocation
 Major and minor scales
 Waiting a month to digest before next dinner date
 Fact that rattlesnakes will never shut up
 Inter-species marriage
 Residential college and major

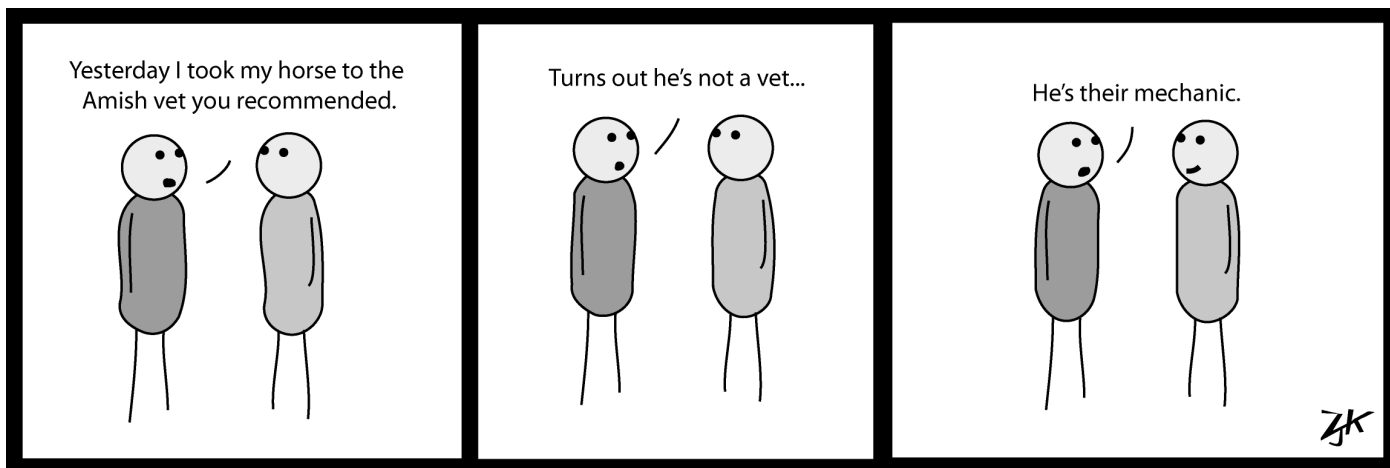
—Staff



THIS MONTH IN SPANISH HEADLINES

Matador Promoted To Cow Assassin

Z. Kagin



AESOP'S EARLY TRIES

The Slug and the Snail

One day the Slug was slowly meandering up a path, when he saw the Snail chewing on a crisp green leaf. The Slug was hopelessly jealous of the Snail's dazzling shell. Slinking up from behind, the Slug decided to steal the shell, since the Snail was distracted by his leaf-eating.

At first, the Slug slid towards the shell at top speed in an attempt to knock it off the Snail's back. When this failed, he skulked up the side of the shell, perched on top and tried to suction it off. Discouraged when this, too, proved futile, he stared at the shell as hard as he could, willing it with all of his brain power to come to him.

Then the Slug realized:

A lack of hands makes thievery more difficult.

The Whale and the Minnow

The Whale and the Minnow had been cultivating their relationship since the beginning of the Minnow's seven and a half day life. The Minnow ate the food left on the Whale's teeth and the Whale fought the urge to eat him. Overworked and underappreciated, the Minnow returned home each night with nothing to show for his labor other than the lingering taste of Whale phlegm. One day the Minnow told the Whale that he would no longer clean the Whale's teeth unless aptly compensated. Without responding, the Whale rolled her eyes, lazily clamped her jaw shut and swallowed the Minnow. As she reopened her mouth, five new Minnows took the Minnow's place.

Take Econ 115 and understand the laws of supply and demand before threatening your employer.

THE T-REX, THE GIANT SLOTH AND THE SABER TOOTH TIGER

The T-rex was in love with the Giant Sloth that lived at the base of the tree where the T-rex cornered and captured his helpless prey. He ineptly wooed the Giant Sloth day after day, offering her the prime organs of his prey, meticulously picking the fleas off of her with his tiny T-rex arms and rolling her over in her sleep so she would not get bed sores from lying in one place for 20 hours at a time. The Saber Tooth Tiger watched these scenes jealously, for her heart belonged to the T-rex—and the Giant Sloth looked delicious.

Months into this heartbreaking triangle of unrequited love, a comet hit the earth and killed the T-rex, the Giant Sloth and the Saber Tooth Tiger.

When your problems seem too big, remember that a comet may hit the earth and wipe out all semblance of life.

—A. Hugli

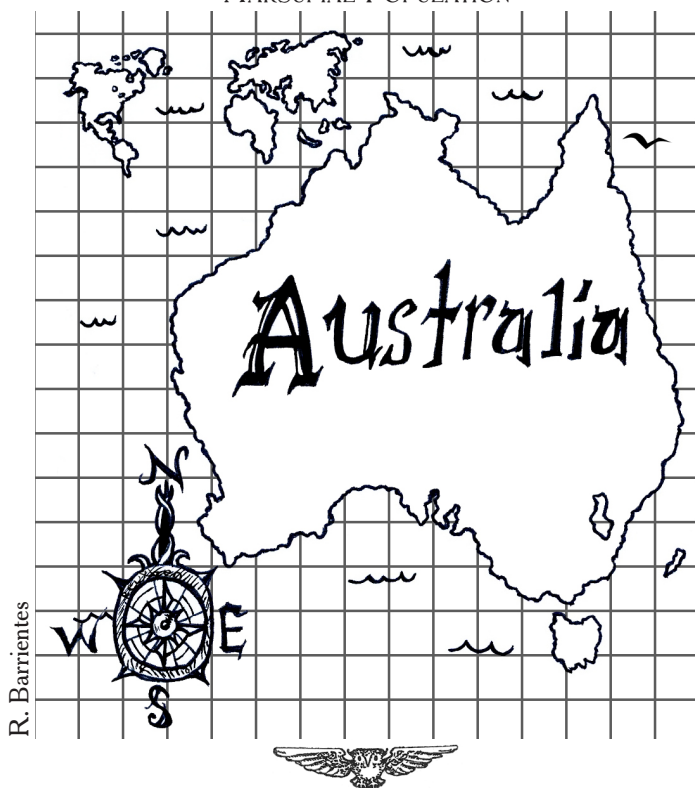


BEAR NECESSITIES

- Honey
- Salmon
- Picnic Baskets
- Woods to crap in
- Charmin
- Sharp, sharp claws
- Contract lawyers

—Staff

A MAP OF THE WORLD WITH AREA PROPORTIONAL TO
MARSUPIAL POPULATION



LASSIE RESCUING GROWN-UP MAIN CHARACTER
FROM MORE COMPLICATED SITUATIONS

Memo
March 24, 1971

To All Writers on Lassie:

What's that, Lassie? Our ratings have dropped precipitously lately? And those stupid writers I hired aren't doing anything about it? Well, let me just spell it out for you tortured creative types. Hard times like these call for drastic measures. We need to pivot the show to address the concerns of an aging generation; our audience is no longer composed of fresh-faced country boys like Timmy, but of cynical, unattractive urbanites who would rather talk about Vietnam than sling shots and boyish mischief. I know it can be difficult to change entirely what kind of content you generate for the show, so I have already done your job (typical) and thought of some possible episode ideas, attached below. If you have any questions, you should

really rethink writing for this show. It is really just about a dog. Pretty straightforward.

Frank Stanton
CBS Network President

Episode 1: "Timmy and the Parole Hearing"

Timmy, a victim of the discriminatory justice system, has been in prison for the past five years for minor drug and capital murder charges. He's been on his best behavior in the pen, but that nasty Judge Hingham has it out for Timmy. During the parole hearing, Lassie enters and distracts Judge Hingham by doing her Old Yeller impersonation, giving Timmy time to escape. After he is safely gone, Lassie poops on the judge's desk and burns the building to the ground.

Episode 2: "Lassie Discovers She is Bi-curious"

Lassie is roaming the woods one night when she stumbles upon Cuddles, the Jones's comely Labrador, eating a dead raccoon. Lassie has never felt so confused before, watching this beautiful bitch lick raccoon blood from her matted fur. Could anyone accept their forbidden love? Lassie soon comes to find that, no, no one could accept their love, especially that homophobe Timmy. Lassie poops on Timmy's bed sheets.

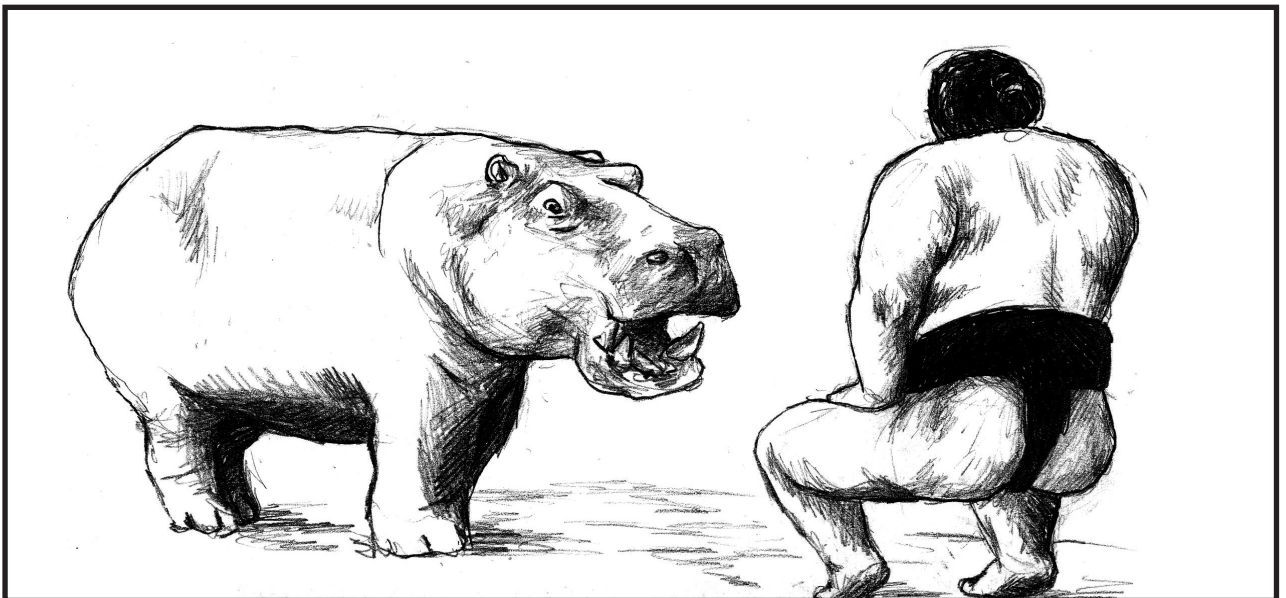
Episode 3: "Timmy Has Fallen Down the Well"

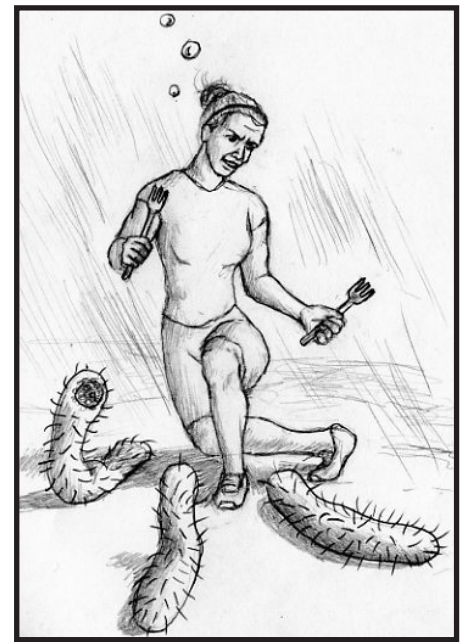
Timmy, lovable as always, accidentally falls down a well after a night of drunken revelry and blow. Lassie, tired of this bullshit, lets the police know and then gets the hell out of town. After three months of working at the commune in Upstate New York, Lassie gets word that Timmy has died in a tragic mountain lion accident. She tries to remember Timmy, but all that acid has wreaked havoc on her little doggy brain. When her coworkers ask her if everything is ok, Lassie barks, "Yes, I was just wondering if anyone has watered the hemp garden today." She then chases a cat and takes a nap.

—M. Chiasson



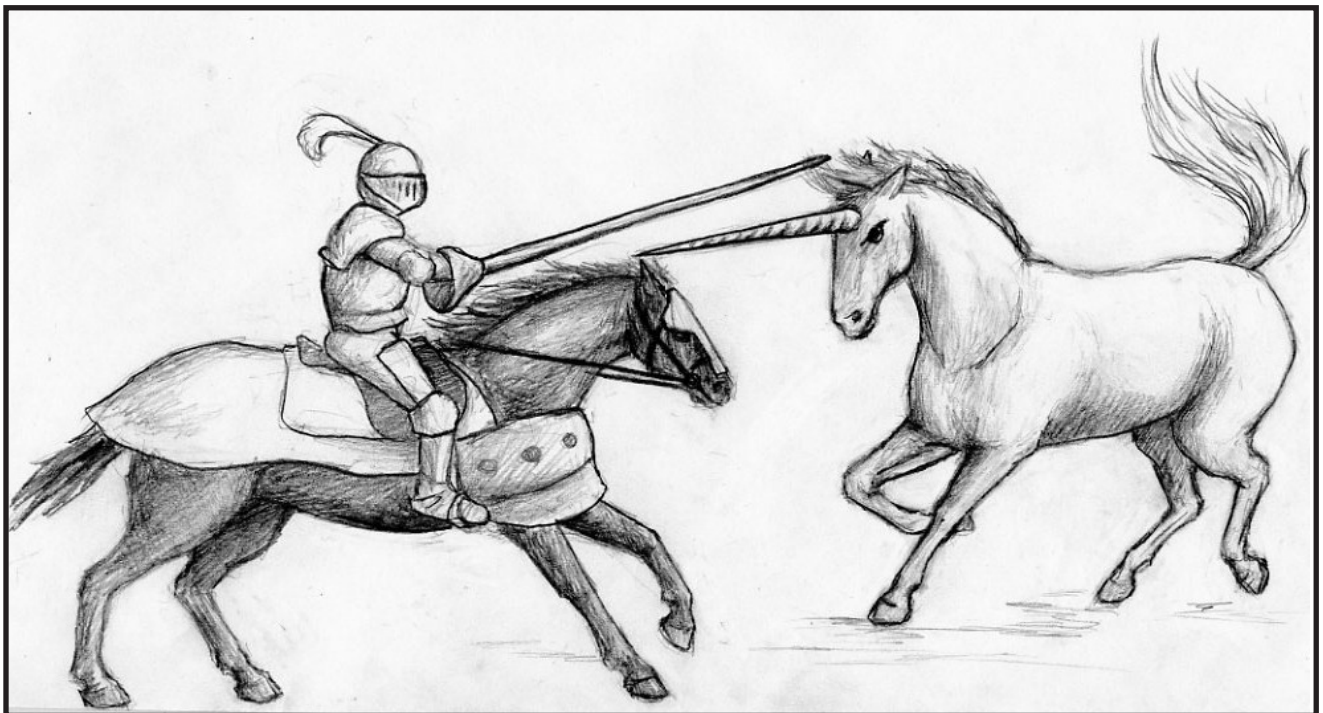
**REJECTED
TO BULL. —**





ALTERNATIVES — FIGHTING

BY TASHA GARCIA



Dr. Dolittle is *Totally* Unrealistic

By Barry Johnson

Dear 20th Century Fox,
The other day, I was watching TV with my five year old son and I had the misfortune of seeing the movie Dr. Dolittle. A couple hours later I had a headache, an acute disapproval for how much my son liked the movie, and a new appreciation for Hollywood's ability to make unrealistic situations seem plausible.

First of all, how are these animals supposed to understand what Dolittle says? I can see it working for the dog, and the tiger, and maybe a few of the others—after all, dogs understand if you say “sit,” or “stay,” or “lick up this peanut butter, right now.” But how the hell are the rats supposed to understand? A rat has a brain about 1/700 the size of a human brain. How likely is it for them to understand, much less speak, a language like English? Not very.

And what about when Dolittle talked the tiger out of suicide? Look at his flawed arguments of why people love tigers. Tony the Tiger, Eye of the Tiger ...give me a break. I told my son at that point in the movie, “Son, I just want you to know how ridiculous that is, so you don't use the same misguided attempts if you ever have to save someone from suicide.” If you tried something like that in real life, you'd have a striped, bloody mess on your hands.

While I'm at it, let me just point out that the movie's “happy ending” was pretty unlikely too. His wife realizes he really can talk to animals, is like, “Oh, you were telling the truth the whole time!” and he's just okay with that? You're wife didn't have faith in you when it mattered, Dolittle. Grow some balls, kick her out of the house, and find yourself

a sexy supermodel who will appreciate the fame your amazing ability will get you.

Speaking of his ability, it probably wouldn't get him far in real life anyway. He'd spend a few weeks trying to help animals before realizing he can't really make a difference. I mean, people can talk to their doctors all the time, and they still die an awful lot. Dolittle would get pretty depressed after talking to a hundred animals, getting the information no one else could, and then finding out most of them had untreatable cancers. And imagine trying to get the insurance companies to pay for bone marrow-transplants for the ones that *could* be saved. Plus, the government would probably force him to work for them, getting animals to spy on terrorist organizations and such.

So, Fox, let me lay out what should have happened in Dr. Dolittle. First, when Dr. Dolittle hits Lucky the dog near the beginning of the movie, making him hit his head on the windshield which caused him to regain the power to talk to animals, Lucky fucking dies. That's reality. Next, when the animals come to him in the country and ask him to help them, half of them have advanced melanoma, and one of them is an adorable kitten whose back half got run over by a car. He dies on the operating table. The tiger commits suicide—no getting around that. Dolittle starts killing his patients after suffering all that emotional trauma. And the ending? Well, it turns out Dr. Dolittle's power was caused by a malignant tumor putting pressure on his brain, and it kills him.

That's the kind of movie I want *my* son to see. □

Lincoln Sedlacek Pens Record Article

Lincoln Sedlacek, Yale Man, wrote the hilari-

Matador Demoted to Corpse

Just a few hours after his recent promotio-

FO

“H

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Send for Booklet!

Dear 15-year-old girl,
Congratulations! You have been selected as an "I believe I can fly" scholar and are invited to a banquet at the enclosed address. Make sure to dress like an 18-year-old and bring a poncho.
—R. Kelly

Local Bromosexual Actually Homosexual

Dear Section Jerk-Face,
I name you this because, while not strictly a section asshole, you still manage to derail discussion by randomly changing the subject, and also by allowing the true section assholes to provoke you into arguing with them.
—Jeff

Easter Bunny Hastily Written Into New Bible Translation

Dear Section Smelly-Jerk-Face,
You are a subcategory of Section Jerk-Face. Except, while not stupid enough to change the subject by yourself, you do not notice when others have done so, and then you raise your hand and continue with the new subject as if nothing had happened, destroying any chance the conversation had of getting back on track.
—Jeff

In Ultimate Prank, April 1st Moves Self To April 12th.

Dear Fifty Cent,
We apologize for the misunderstanding. We thought you were looking for bitches and hoses.
—Allied Dog Grooming and Gardening Services



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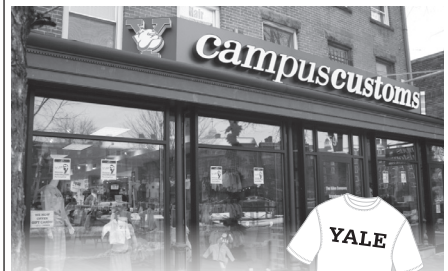
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Dear Abrahamic Religions,
Why don't you just relax?
—Abra-Hammock Religions

Shoe Polish Salesman Offended by 'Shoe Polack' Graffiti on Storefront

Dear Guy Who Already Got A Summer Job And Insists On Asking Me How My Search Is Coming Along,

It's going great, thanks. Tomorrow is my second interview with the Suck a Dick, Shithead Consulting and I'm waiting to hear back from Go Fuck Yourself, Inc.

Appreciating your concern,
Dan ES '12

James Bond Wishes Mother Would Stop Calling Him Jimmy

Dear Harold Bloom,
I bet you're wondering what kind of unfounded and vicious new slander is headed your way in this mailbag. Perhaps it's a shot at your purported unrelenting creepiness with regards to young female students. Maybe it's a quip about your natural musk or the fact that you look like if pushed you on the ground without a shirt on you would secrete a thin layer of slime on which to frictionlessly glide until otherwise hindered. It could just be a plain old zinger about how you strongly resemble Jabba the Hut. But, I'm classier than that, and I'll take the high road and say simply that you are very, very old.

All the best
Rufus TC '11

Meta-Dor Spends All Day Thinking About Killing Bulls

Dear Humanity,
Sorry guys, the Second Coming is a no-go.

—God



Raggs
Fashion For Men

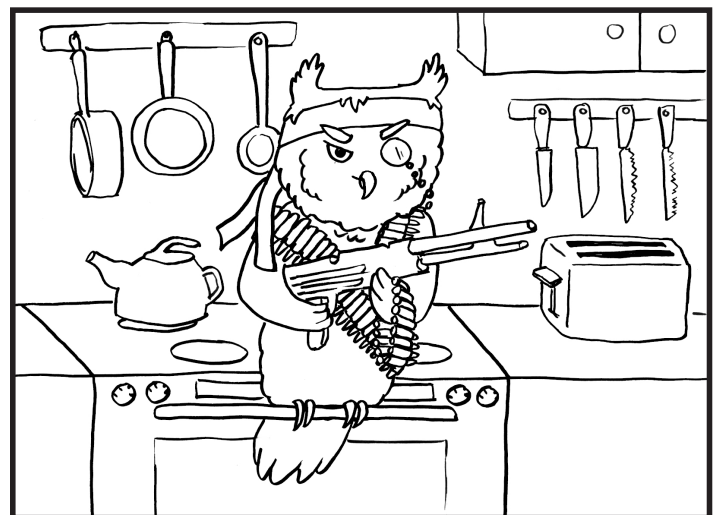
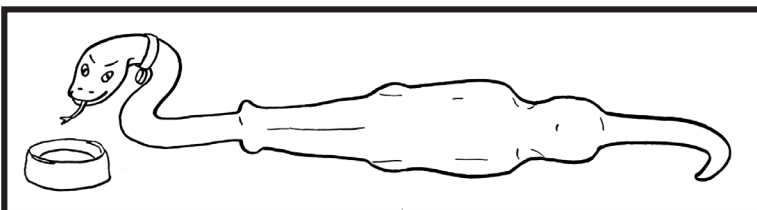
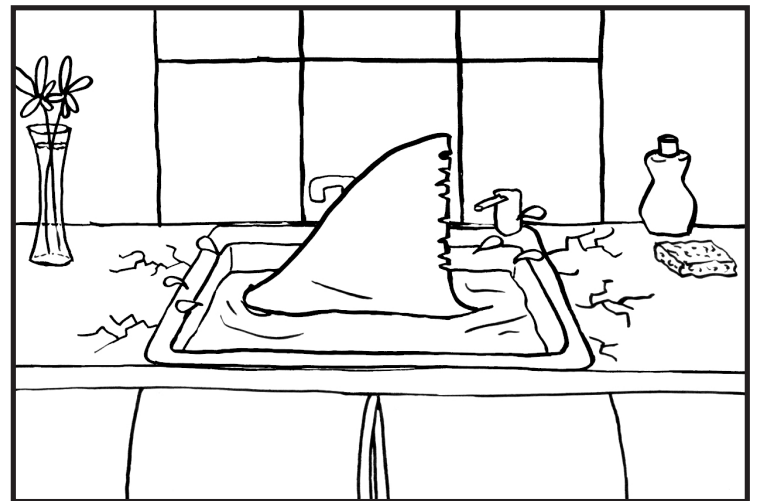
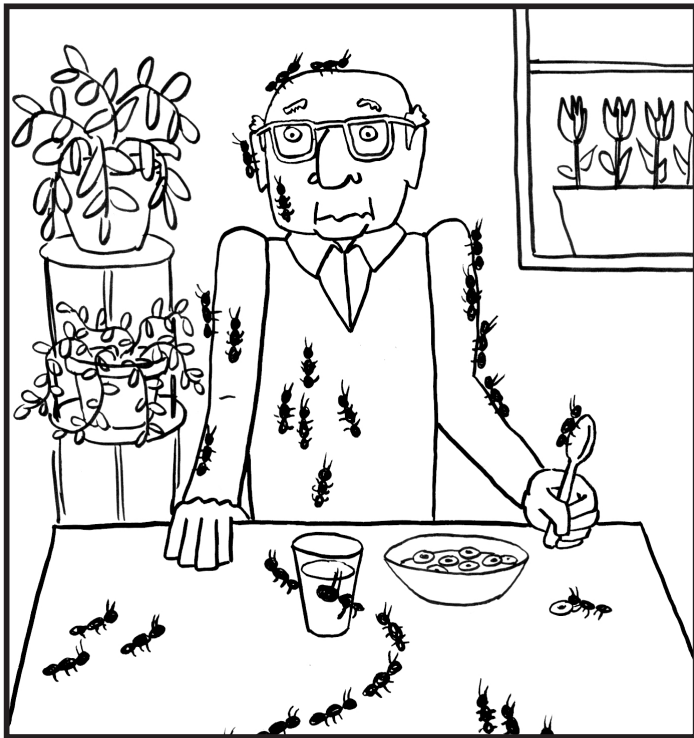
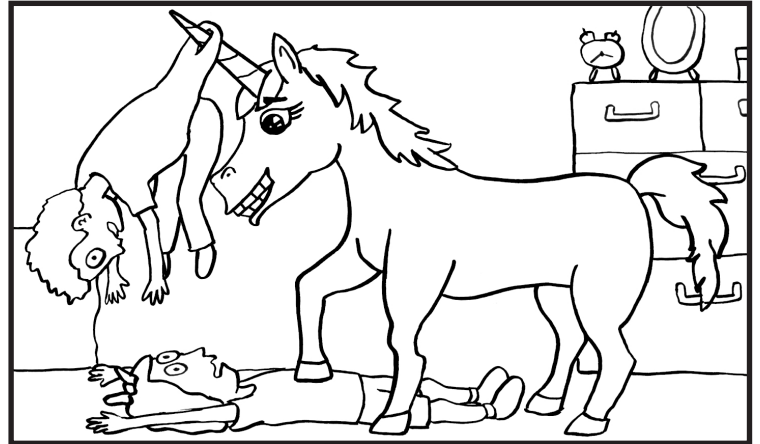
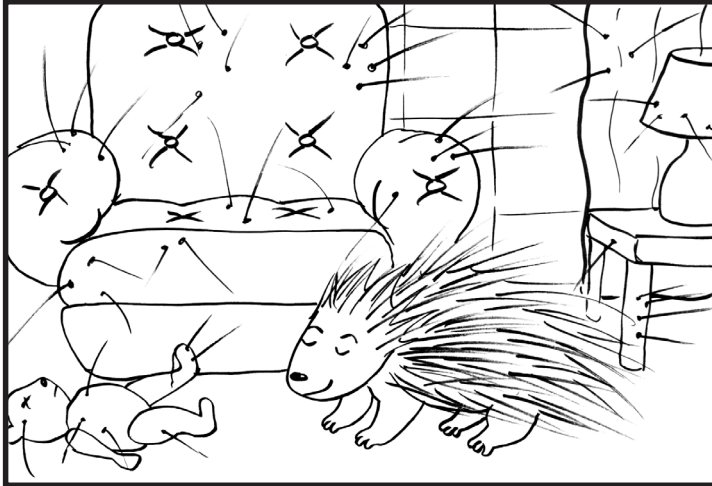


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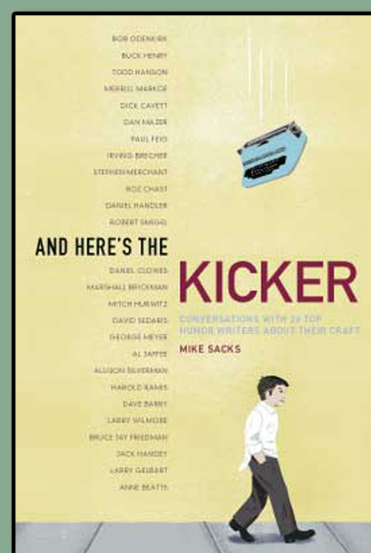
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