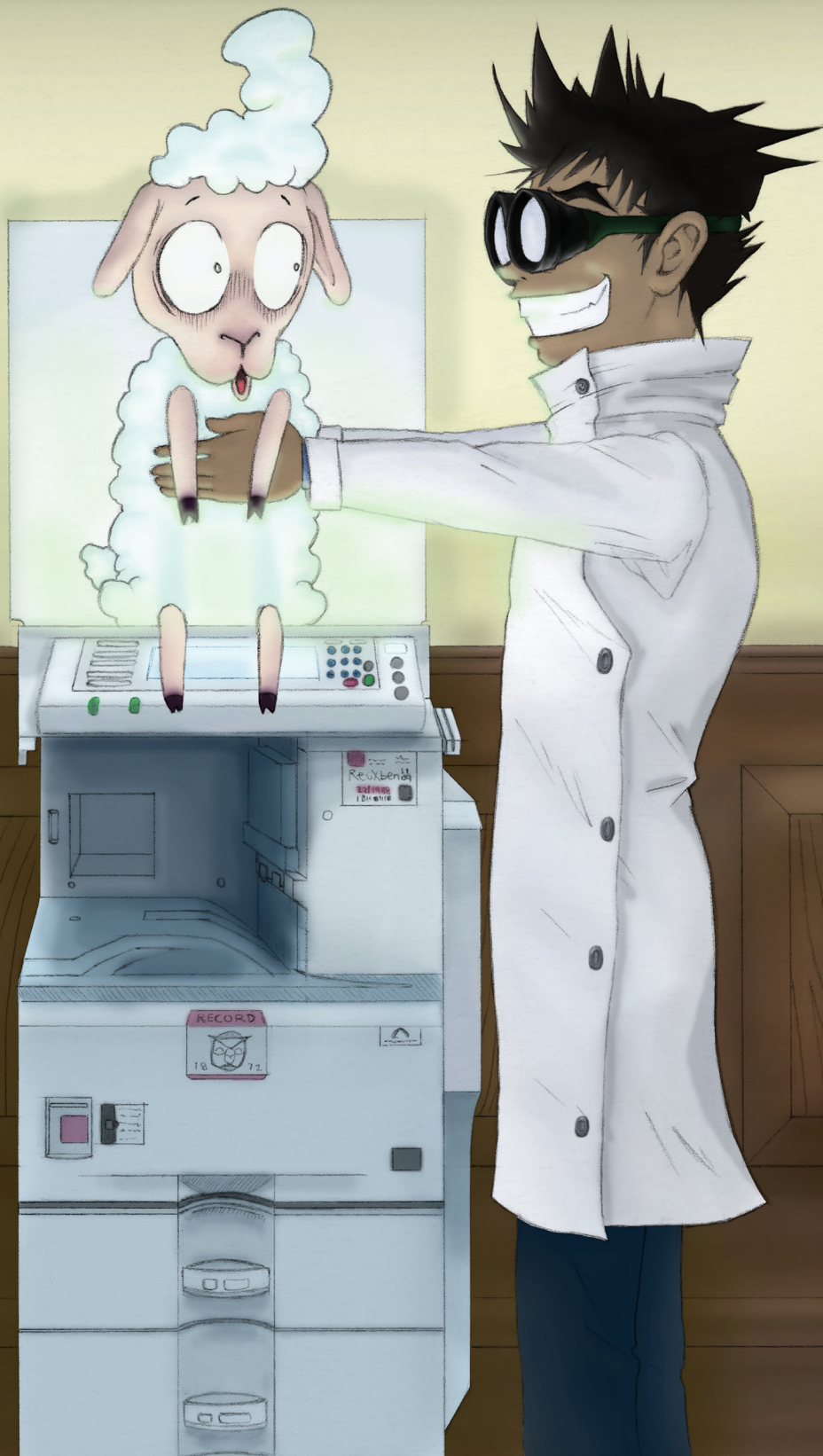
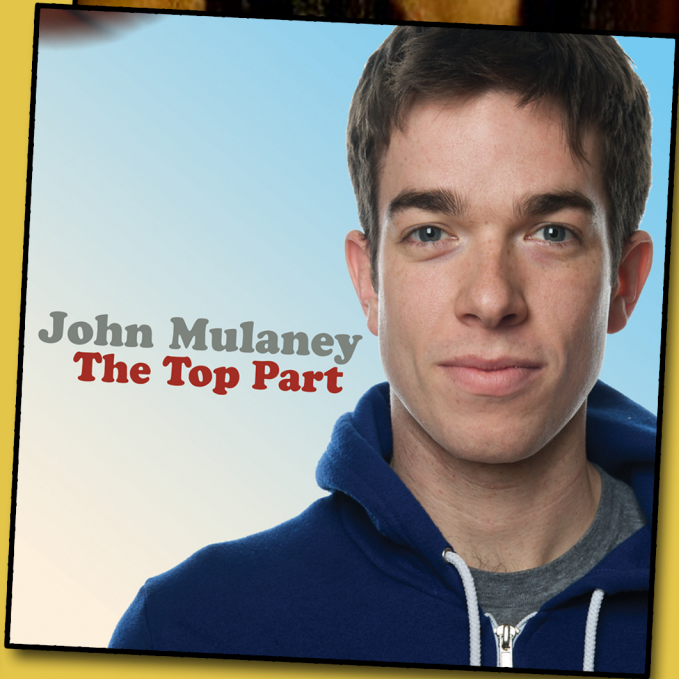


THE YALE RECORD

**THE
BIOETHICS
ISSUE**



THE YALE RECORD & BRANFORD COLLEGE
PRESENT



JOHN MULANEY & SIMON RICH & MARIKA SAWYER
WRITERS FOR SNL
FEB 8, 4PM, BRANFORD

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Dear God,

I can think of at least one better use for spare ribs.

—Adam

Nobel Prize Committee Continues To Send Barack Obama Unsolicited Fruit Baskets

Dear Horny in Hartford, Naked in Newark, Randy in Rochester, Aroused in Arlington, and Masturbating in Milford,

I think I understand why you can't stop thinking about sex; you live in really boring places and you have nothing else to do. Move to a bigger city.

Sincerely,
Abby

Dear Mysterious Feeling,

I don't know how to describe you. It's like I'm hungry for NOT eating.

—Fat Jeff

Enormous Tragedy Befalls Proportionately Cute Child

Dear Cosmo,

I showed my boyfriend last month's feature: "Why he calls you a nag when you're NOT." He told me to go make him a sandwich. Can you guys write an article on how to make sandwiches?

—Becky

Al-Jazeera Lambasted For Constantly Putting Sects On TV

Dear Enormous Crane Towering Over Morse College,

I'm on to you, crane. Or should I say...Megatron???

—Man Who Thinks Everything Is Secretly A Transformer

Children's Textbook Promises "More Music Puns Than You Can Handel"

Dear Woman I'm Having Sex With Right Now,

I'm really happy for you, and I'm gonna let you finish, but Beyonce was one of the best sexual conquests of all time. OF ALL TIME!

—A Man Who Once Had Sex With Beyonce



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Dear Tom,

Thank you for your compliment that I have the "energy of a horse." Sadly, I also have the flaring nostrils and vestigial tail of a horse. Please get me to a doctor.

—Frank

"It's A Little Too Calm If You Ask Me" Warns Grizzled Old Sea Captain

Dear Gardens of Babylon,

How come you are always voted a Wonder of the World, while the committee ignores my application year after year?

—King Hammurabi's Massive Shit

Dear Irreverent Youth,

I didn't fight and die so you could go around insulting our country!

—A Technically Correct Veteran

Britney Spears Defends Ban On Gay Marriage, Citing Sanctity Of Marriage

Dear Juggler,

Your performance was a really good metaphor for all the crazy stuff going on in my life that I have to deal with, up to and including the part where you started juggling the 17 flaming cats and got tackled by the fire marshal.

—Frank

Dear Sexually Frustrated Man,

Don't be so hard on yourself. I mean, be hard, but not on yourself. I mean, don't let it make you feel bad that you're hard, because it really is hard to get the hard things and the...actually, can we start over? What I'm trying to say is that I get plenty of ass every day and it's not really that great.

—Your Couch



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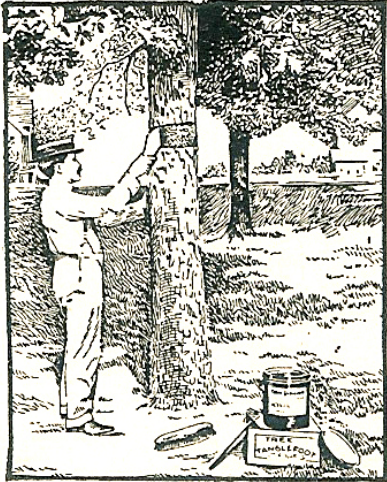
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Send for Booklet!

Study Conducted By Harvard Post-Doc Reveals That Job At Mcdonald's, Large Cheese Pizza, And Unidentified Roadkill All More Successful At Feeding Family Of Four Than Post-Doc

Dear Cambridge,
I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but it's malignant.
—A doctor

Mayonnaise, Ketchup Locked In Viscous Cycle

Dear Branford,
Steven Smith is a robot. Don't believe me? Ask him if he knows how to love.
—A Scientist

Toddler Hospitalized After Disastrous Game Of Peek-a-Boo

Dear God,
I heard that your "On the first day, let there be light" thing was a big lie. On the first day, ice cream said, "Let there be light."
—An Ice Creamologist

Zoo Monkey Confused By Human Interaction In Which Almost No Poop Is Flung

Dear Inspector Gadget,
Last night was great. I've never seen a man get it up so fast before. Then again, I've never heard a man say "Go, go, gadget penis!" either.
—Jennifer



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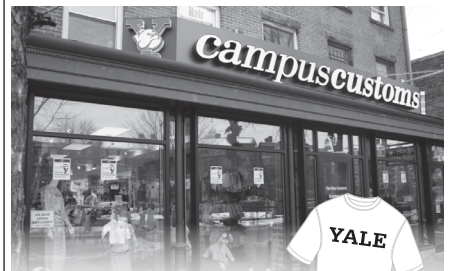
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Foam At Toads' Foam Night Suspi- ciously Similar To Frog Spawn

Dear Boyfriend,

How can you love me and not love me at the same time? Doesn't it have to be one or the other now that I've asked you?

—Quantum Physicist Girlfriend

Dear Yale Freshmen,

No means no.

—Pile of Leaves on Old Campus

Dear Hershey's,

You say, "There's more than one way to eat a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup." Well, I've tried, and it still only goes through my mouth.

—A Curious Customer

Harvard Students To Skip Thanksgiving, Citing "No Reason To Be Thankful"

Dear Retirement Home South of the Mason-Dixon Line,

Hey there, so we've got a bit of a problem and we heard you might be able to help. We're looking for an old man, preferably balding and grumpy-faced, who knows something about American politics but acts like he knows everything. He also needs to be really, really, really afraid of Mexicans.

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 CNN and the Lou Dobbs Replace-
 ment Team



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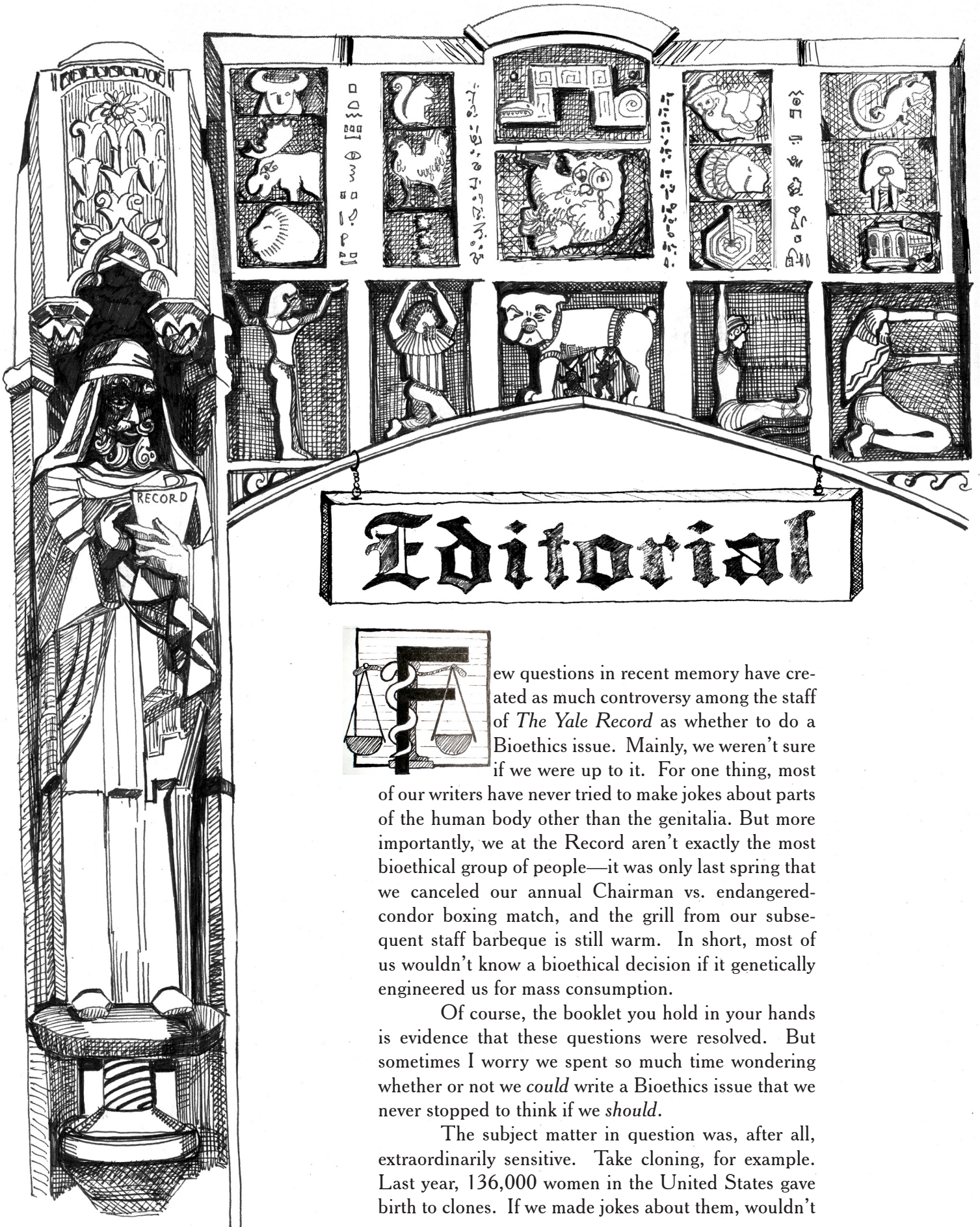
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Editorial



Few questions in recent memory have created as much controversy among the staff of *The Yale Record* as whether to do a Bioethics issue. Mainly, we weren't sure if we were up to it. For one thing, most of our writers have never tried to make jokes about parts of the human body other than the genitalia. But more importantly, we at the Record aren't exactly the most bioethical group of people—it was only last spring that we canceled our annual Chairman vs. endangered-condor boxing match, and the grill from our subsequent staff barbeque is still warm. In short, most of us wouldn't know a bioethical decision if it genetically engineered us for mass consumption.

Of course, the booklet you hold in your hands is evidence that these questions were resolved. But sometimes I worry we spent so much time wondering whether or not we *could* write a Bioethics issue that we never stopped to think if we *should*.

The subject matter in question was, after all, extraordinarily sensitive. Take cloning, for example. Last year, 136,000 women in the United States gave birth to clones. If we made jokes about them, wouldn't

they use their superpowers to destroy us? What if they were Siamese twins? As another example, take organ donation. Thousands of innocent people die in the United States each year while waiting for other innocent people to die in car crashes. How could we possibly make jokes about organ donation, unless the organ in question had an inherently funny name, like the gall bladder or the coccyx? Is the “funny bone” an organ? Could it be? These were the questions that kept us up at night.

But the ethical problems with making an issue about bioethics went beyond its sensitivity. Another was that nobody on our staff knew anything at all about the topic. In fact, we didn’t even know where the idea had come from. Some suggested that an ambitious managing editor had proposed it to undermine the current Editor-in-Chief’s credibility and cement his own bid for power. Others blamed the Jews on staff, although that didn’t really narrow things down. Finally, some claimed the issue was a poorly-disguised plot to procure hundreds of dollars of funding from Yale’s Interdisciplinary Center for Bioethics.

Though this last accusation lacked basis, it gave us an idea. Why *wouldn’t* the ICB want to pay for a magazine that would treat the major issues in bioethics with sophistication and taste? We donned our finest Record suits, affixed our

classiest Record ties, kissed our lucky owl for good luck, and marched down to 238 Prospect Street to grovel shamelessly. To our surprise, ICB’s parent organization, the Institute for Social and Policy Studies, agreed to fund us, provided we not publish any articles about abortion. Although a few writers had already begun work on such articles, we were able to terminate them before they got big enough to be a problem.

Having thus guaranteed that our issue would be free of offensive material, we could focus on the other ethical dilemmas facing us. For example, all other things being equal, if two staffers write articles about euthanizing one’s grandparents, one a list-piece and one a handy how-to guide, which is more ethical to publish?

To see which one we chose, check out pages 12 and 23.



THE YALE RECORD
JANUARY 2010

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Cover: This month’s cover was designed by Reuben Barrientes, not to be confused with his more famous cousin.

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SCIENTISTS DISCOVER FISH MADE OF TOFU

Scientists have recently discovered a new species of fish living 17,800 feet under the surface of the Pacific Ocean. The fish, called *Tofuphorus Beancurdifera*, is made entirely of soy. When scientists first encountered the animal, they believed it to be “a floating block of tofu with eyeballs.” Laboratory tests at Stanford University have confirmed that the creature is, in fact, a buoyant block of tofu bearing eyeballs. Though most deep-sea fish have proven unable to survive in laboratory conditions, the original specimen of *Tofuphorus Beancurdifera* is still alive and stable in a tub of room temperature sweet and sour sauce.

Tofuphorus Beancurdifera is one of many bizarre aquatic beings living below the photic zone of the ocean. Due to the lack of illumination in the deepest regions of the sea, these creatures have developed other ways to “see” their prey and predators. The “tofu fish,” however, has evolved no such mechanism. It is so cushiony, and yet so firm, that it simply bounces off obstacles in its environment and continues to float, unharmed. It gains nourishment by absorbing fallen food and small animals into its mushy mass.

Thus far, *Tofuphorus Beancurdifera* does not appear to be in danger from any predators. And despite its nutritious properties, it is not a food source for any sea creatures. Scientists point to the lack of soy sauce and

marinades under the sea as the explanation for this phenomenon.

Word of the findings has begun to spread beyond scientific circles. News of a tofu-based animal will have weighty implications for the Vegetarian community. When contacted about the discovery, Roxanne Armstrong, president of the American Vegetarian Association, spit out her tofu Italian sausage and said, “Oh shit.” Curt Hamre, head of the American Vegan Society, told reporters, “You’re f***ing kidding me.” Sales of nutritional yeast and blue-green algae have already begun to spike.

—A. Gates



BIOETHICAL WAYS TO SKIN A CAT

With informed consent
With a 75% post-consumer waste dull knife
Completely anesthetize the cat, replace old skin with a new polymer skin. Follow with intense physical therapy.
Use the skin to stop a trolley from killing 5 other cats
Only skin it on lives 1-8, or 9 with a living will
Encourage it to bequeath its skin to science after death

—Staff

POINT: CLONING IS MORALLY REPREHENSIBLE

The ability to give life to an organism resides with God and God alone; any human attempt to replicate His design will inevitably yield something less perfect than its predecessor. It is out of the reach of humans to emulate a living thing without altering it in some random way that is likely to produce defects and, more importantly, violates God's will.

There is no doubt that there are a myriad of further reasons not to clone, both pragmatic and moral. The pragmatist might argue that cloning decreases genetic variety in a species leaving it more susceptible to disease and defect through breeding. He could well go on to say that even medical cloning to reproduce organ tissue for the infirmed would serve to further stratify our already terribly divided health care system. That is, even if the public and private sectors pumped loads of funding into the advancement of cloning technology, it would only be available to the very richest. Why not put our money into stopping AIDS or tuberculosis in Africa rather than give some fraction of a percent of people on Earth a slightly longer life expectancy?

A secular moralist could also easily object to the practice of cloning without even invoking the name of God. What happens when a cloning project goes awry? This may be a hard idea for scientists who spend their time working with mice that can be euthanized if the experiment doesn't go as planned, but what if a human life is created that lives in pain? If scientists create a person who, due to some experimental flaw, has a terrible standard of living, they will have brought needless suffering into the world. When the only way to correct our mistakes is murder, we know we have taken a wrong turn somewhere.

All that said, I still believe fervently the most important objections to cloning are religious. We of faith spend our lives in awe of the knowledge that God's creations cannot be made by the hands of man. When we toy with the fabric of life, we are stepping into a divine domain in which we have no place. This is why I will not stand idly by while our society allows and supports cloning.

COUNTERPOINT: CLONING BAD

God make things live, not people. If people try to make things alive, they make less good things than God. They will screw up life making, and God will be angry. There's lotsa reasons that cloning bad. When we clone, it makes dumb babies, like incense between cousins. Also, poor people don't like rich people. People need fix that.

There's more reasons too. Syintists can't kill bad people experiments. Well, they can, but that's bad.

God doesn't like cloning. It makes him sad seeing sumone make sumthing wurse.

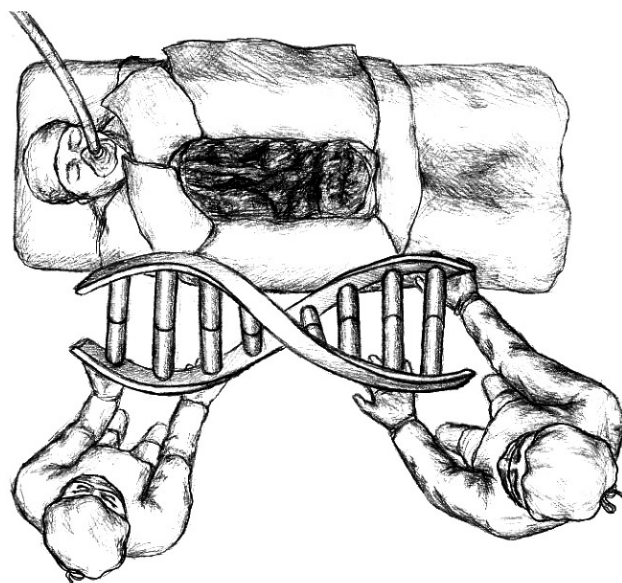
—J. Greenblatt



ANIMALS COMBINED TO MAKE THE UNICORN

Horse + Porcupine
Donkey + Traffic Cone
Mr. Ed + Pinochio
Carousel + Narwhal
Unicorn + Female Unicorn

—Staff



EARLY ATTEMPTS AT GENETIC ENGINEERING

SCIENTISTS FIND HUMAN MUTANT: ÜBERBITCH

Reports are coming in from Greenwich, Connecticut of a spoiled nineteen-year-old girl who makes anyone who talks to her break into tears and run away hating himself. The locals call her “Überbitch” because everything she says is profane, demeaning, vulgar, pompous, or crass. The cleanest version of her talent was recorded by a man from out of town who asked her for directions and was told, “What do I look like a @#ew& \$hl& show, get the %#@% out of my life yah poor dumb \$%#*.”

The only test tube baby to survive the harsh conditions of her mother’s uterus, the child was raised in luxury and spoiled rotten by her parents. Her earliest memory is of looking up from her crib at a solar system mobile that had the sun replaced with a picture of her face. She can often be seen walking the town with massive sunglasses, a five-thousand-dollar purse, and a chihuahua accessory. The parents refused to comment on their daughter, saying only, “she doesn’t like most things.”

After studying her extensively, scientists have found that the source of her power is a bitch gene. One scientist described the anomaly, “We think a combination of money, MTV, and total noninterest in academic pursuits has led her judgment gene to break down, which resulted in her bitch gene becoming active.”

The military has recently taken an interest in the potential for a bitch bomb. The bomb would be dropped on enemy fortifications, making the enemy so intolerable to its allies that they switch sides. Scientists are also working on a temporary bitch pill that can activate the gene for up to three hours.

Research has been slow because proximity to Überbitch for more than five minutes causes an urgent need for therapy. Every scientist working on the project has been affected with soul-crushing depression. To combat the problem, research is beginning on the creation of Super Nice Guy, who will never take offense to anything and who will only says cheerful things. Together Überbitch and Super Nice Guy would be able to have a normal conversation.

Überbitch is currently locked in an undisclosed location to prevent her from propagating.

—M. Dernbach

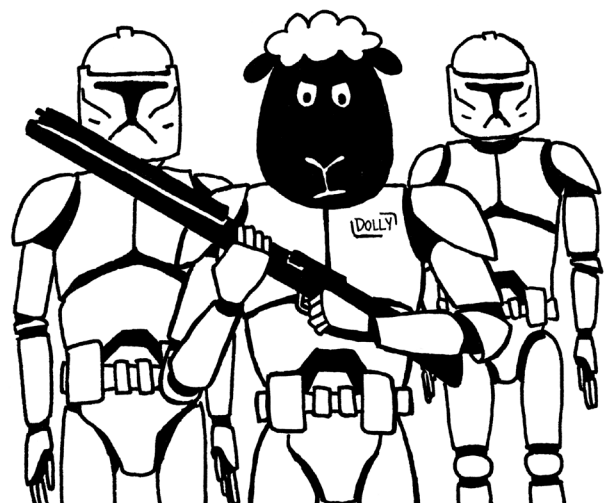


WHEN IS IT OK TO EUTHANIZE YOUR GRANDPARENT?

An easy calculation guide: The higher the number, the more OK to pull the plug!

- 1) Start with their age.
- 2) Multiply by number of holidays on which they neglected to give you money.
- 3) Divide by number of times they let you watch something rated R.
- 4) Do they have that old person smell? Multiply by two.
- 5) Are they funny when they drink? Subtract a fifth.
- 6) Are you in their will? How much are we talking? This should figure in somehow.
- 7) Do they cling to outmoded racial and gender stereotypes? Add or subtract 30, depending on your sense of humor.
- 8) Are they sick at all? If not, subtract everything.
- 9) Do they really rub you the wrong way? If so, skip step 8.

—R. Clegg



S. and V. Naraiti

DOLLY GETS A DAY JOB

LAB RAT RESUME

Name:

Millord Etchingam IV

What is your leadership experience?

Spearheaded major plague endemic.

New York City Ward 23 Aldermouse.

Led the evacuation of a sinking ship.

Please List any special recognition or awards you have received

Three time recipient of the Center for Pathophysiological Cognitive Neuroscience award: "Copulator of the Month"

Runner up in proverbial rat race.

Do you have a criminal record? If so, explain.

Indicted on charge of repeated conspiracy to take over the world.

What is your prior experience in the field?

Nair hair removal laboratory.

Rogaine hair growth laboratory.

What special skills do you have?

Successfully navigating mazes with up to three turns.

Crawling counter-current through a vacuum cleaner.

Distinguishing Emmental from Swiss Cheese

Giving my friends away to the authorities.

Chopin's Preludes (within reason)

—Simon Chaffetz



WHY MY CAREER AS CRACKER BARREL WAITER TO THE STARS WAS SHORT-LIVED

Michael Jordan, Breakfast, 6/09/09

"Would you like anything for your biscuits, Mr. Jordan? I hope you saved space in your belly for some jam. Get it!? Space Jam? Like that movie you were in!"

Sean Connery, Lunch, 6/17/09

"Here you go, sir, I hope you enjoy. I made sure your waffle batter was shaken, not stirred. That might be why your waffle has all those lumps, the chef informed me that stirring is apparently a vital part of the cooking process. Who knew?"

Larry King, Brunch, 6/19/09

"Still having trouble deciding what to get, sir? May I suggest the Old Timer's Breakfast? It seems like a perfect fit for you, in that you are very, very old and also in that it comes with seven Silver Dollar pancakes, one for each of your failed marriages!"

Lou Dobbs, Lunch, 6/27/09

"I heard you were real interested in Mexico, Mr. Dobbs, so I had our chef, Miguel, make you a special dish with jalapenos and guacamole. I think he named it the "La Migra" because that's what he kept shouting when I told him you were here."

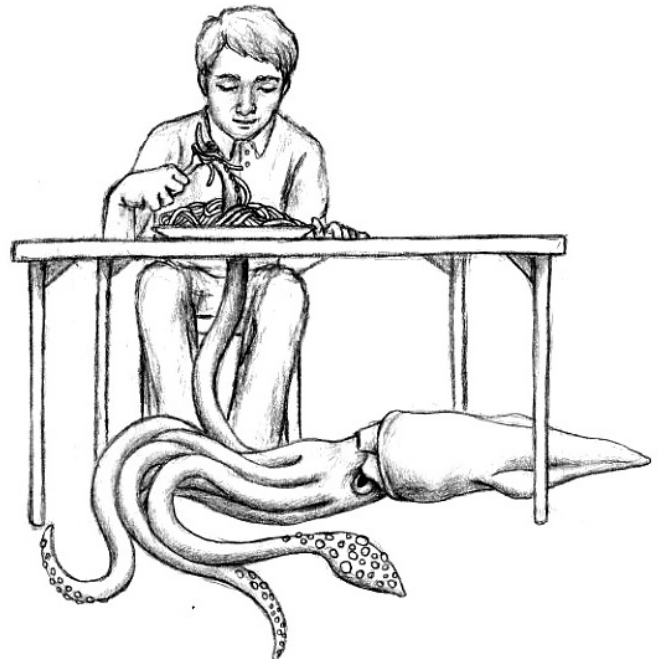
Roman Polanski, Dinner, 7/03/09

"Your bill came out to \$13.75, sir. Haha, what a weird coincidence, 13 was the age of that girl you drugged and raped, right?"

Jim Belushi, Breakfast, 7/07/09

"Are you sure you want to order your eggs poached, Mr. Belushi? It's always been my opinion that poached eggs are just scrambled eggs' much less talented hack of a brother who everyone wishes had died instead."

—W. Bolin



PRANKS TO PLAY ON VEGETARIANS

T. Garcia



THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S 2009 GUIDE TO ORGAN SCAMS

Department of Health and Human Services

The Ponsi Scheme: High rates of regeneration are promised on organs that clearly have no regenerative capabilities. Typical victims are promised wildly extravagant returns on investment, sometimes up to 2.5 K¹ per-cent². Early investors enjoy hearty gains drawn from later investments. After scheme becomes unsustainable when perpetrators can no longer stomach further payouts, they will muscle past law enforcement and head out of town. Although they may be heavily armed, most perpetrators eventually face justice and are handed lung – ahem, long – prison sentences, which tend to result in further organ violation. Name of scheme derived from the popularity of pons and other anterior cranial organs as entry-level investments.

State Department

The Nigerian Prince: A mysterious member of the royal family of a little-known area in Nigeria will promise a reward of up to 25,000 USD³ in return for help transporting his deceased uncle's inheritance, which contains more organs than could physically fit in the nation of Nigeria. The victim is sent cheeks – ahem, checks – cut out for 25,500 USD. The perpetrator will soon after contact the victim, letting him know that the additional payment was included by mistake and should be returned, netting him a cool 500 sphincters.

Federal Reserve

The Pyramid Scheme: Not so much a scheme as a combination of third-degree battery, second-degree aggravated robbery, and first-degree inexplicable religiosity. Victims⁴ are identified on the street⁵, chloroformed⁶, and transported to the "Pyramid"⁷, where their kidneys⁸, livers⁹, and pancreas¹⁰ are cut out and sacrificed¹¹ at an altar in the shape of a wrinkled gecko¹² while reciting a Satanic prayer¹³. Ritualistic fire dancing¹⁴, smoking¹⁵, and drinking of blood¹⁶ often follow. See also: The Ponsi Scheme.

- 1 Kidneys
- 2 Central nervous system
- 3 Urethral sphincters, dissected
- 4 Investors
- 5 Wall Street
- 6 Dizzied by the fumes of high-return bonds and stock options
- 7 The New York Stock Exchange
- 8 Life savings
- 9 Life savings
- 10 Life savings
- 11 "Invested!"
- 12 Gordan Gekko... or Alan Greenspan!
- 13 "There is no God but AIG and Joseph Cassano is his prophet."
- 14 Especially common at executive retreats
- 15 \$300-apiece Havana cigars
- 16 Blue Label

—J. Wang

TRAGIC CHILDHOOD EVENTS THAT MIGHT LEAD
YOU TO GO INTO BIOETHICS

Being Aborted
Visiting a veal farm
Finding a genetically engineered strawberry with an arm
The school bully steals one of your kidneys
Trampled by a stampede of identical sheep
Internship with Dr. Frankenstein
Hideous man/spider hybrid kills your father
Walk in on parents discussing bioethics
Tofu apple crisp

—Staff



A PARABLE IN WHICH MAKING PIES IS AN
ALLEGORY FOR DOING HUMAN RIGHTS WORK

(Enter Two Students)
“You know what I love about being an American?”
“What?”
“Apple pie!”
“Whoa!”
“I know!”
“Enjoying apple pie in America is great!”
“Yeah! ... We should make more—”
“That’s a great idea!”
“—in China!”
“Yeah! Wait—what?”
“They don’t have pies in China. They should eat our pies!”
“But you’ve never been to China.”
“Stuff it in their faces!”
“Do you even know how to say pie in Chinese?”
“No, but some things are universal. Like English. And pies.”
(Enter Third Student)
“Hey guys! I just got off the plane from England.”
“Oh yeah? What were you doing there?”
“I spent the summer making pies. How depressing! You wouldn’t believe what they consider “pies” over there.”
“That sounds awful!”
“It was. Meat everywhere!”



P. Robalino

A solution for noise pollution.

“They call themselves civilized, but they don’t even have apple pies!”
“They just use different words. They have different tastes.”
“Pies are not a matter of taste.”

—S. Swartzman



TOP 7 FUN THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR
EXTRA KIDNEY

Register to donate it, then change your mind at the last minute. Repeat until no longer funny.
Apply it to Yale.
Tearfully apologize to it every time you eat a kidney bean.
Threaten to turn it into hot-water bottle if it misbehaves.
Include it in all instances of first-person reference (“I want a cat” becomes “My kidney and I want a cat”).
Dress like a pirate, put it on your shoulder, pretend it’s a parrot.
Make it write this piece for you.

—J. Paul



"WHY ISN'T IT DOING ANYTHING?"

DOG BOMBS—A DOCUMENTARY REPORT

World War II—it was a time of struggle; of desperation. It was a time that drove the Russian Military to arm several adorable dogs with explosives and try to get them to blow up German tanks.

The idea was simple. A dog would be outfitted like a bomb, usually by wearing a canvas jacket filled with explosives. On the dog's back would be a stick-shaped button. When the button was pressed against the underbelly of the tank, the explosives would detonate.

The obvious question was: was it really okay to take advantage of dogs in this matter? After all, this was not their war... just how much could they be forced to help before it became immoral? Tanya Ivanovna, whose dog was taken for service, gave us her views.

"Those jackets were so uncomfortable," said Ivanovna, "That canvas material isn't very soft, you know, and it's definitely doesn't help very much against the cold. I offered to make my Fifi a woolen sweater myself, but those men who took him, they just laughed."

There was also a question of nourishment. "I always

provided my little Anya with the very best dog food," said Olga Petrovna of St. Petersburg. "But I think in the military they probably make the dogs eat rats. That just doesn't sit well with me."

Protest rallies were held outside dog training centers everywhere, with distressed dog lovers holding signs saying DOGS DON'T DETONATE and FIDO SHOULDN'T FIGHT. "This must stop," said one protester. "Those dogs are running across rough battle terrain—do you know how likely it is that they'll break a leg?"

Ivanovna has still not seen Fifi since he went off to the war. "I know he succeeded in his mission, but he hasn't come home yet. He's mad at me for letting him be taken away, I just know it!" Ivanovna cried uncontrollably for some time before bringing out a box full of bones. "Fifi's commanding officer sent me this box with Fifi's name on it, but what good are bones for Fifi to chew on if she's not here to do it?"

—L. Sedlacek

A Bioethics Paper That Received a D+

Emily Sigman

E&EB 254

Fall 2009

The Clone Wars

Ever since 1984 when Dolly Parton was the first woman to ever be successfully cloned into a sheep, people have been really upset about cloning. Parents were upset because they feared their own children too might one day be cloned into sheep. Farmers were alarmed because there was now a mad sheep on the loose with enormous breasts who kept seducing the other sheep with her soothing southern lilt. The Olsen twins were mad that someone had stolen their gig. The Scientologists believed that it was actually aliens that cloned Dolly Parton, and that the Dolly clone was just a small precursor to a great goat-lady uprising that was going to kill us all softly.

Real scientists quickly responded to the uproar about the clone, and to allay the public fear, they guillotined Dolly Parton and her sniveling French husband Louis XVI in Tiananmen Square on July 6th 1642, a day now referred to as 'D-Day' (the 'D' stands for 'Dolly'). Many different religions now celebrate this holiday; Christians celebrate it by cutting down a sheep and decorating it with tinsel, Jews celebrate it by ordering Chinese food, and sheep celebrate it by running in fear along the streets of Pamplona. But no matter what religion you belong to, the eternal question still plagues us all, did we guillotine the real Dolly Parton, or was it just her clone like in *The Prestige*? This is the greatest mystery of all time.

So, you can see, the cloning debate has raged for centuries and has many important implications in our modern society and culture. A lot of people think cloning is a good thing. And these people are right. Cloning is awesome because it's almost like immortality but better because you can shape shift into other forms. You could be cloned into a bear or a cactus or a sexy lady! And people aren't the only thing you can clone, either. For example, we could clone animals on the endangered species list so that they are no longer endangered allowing us to fulfill our manifest destiny by eating two of every species. You could also clone your dog so that if he dies you won't ever have to miss him. You could clone your dog 17 times. Cloning can solve lots of problems. No friends? Clone them! Need two hamburgers but you can only afford one? Buy one and clone it! Accidentally ran over your neighbor's cat with your unicycle? Take its DNA and clone it, they'll never know the difference! Need soldiers to put on the front lines? It's okay if they die, because clones aren't people, they're sheep!

Contrariwise, there are still some people who think that cloning is bad. These people are just pissed off because nobody loves them enough to want to clone them. But maybe cloning is bad. Think about all the terrible people in this world, like Dick Cheney and Barbara Walters and the ShamWow! guy. All people are created equal, so by the transitive property, if we clone the good people, then we have to clone the bad people, too. Then we would have 2 ShamWow! guys, maybe even 3. That would be very bad for the environment, since it is well documented that the ShamWow! is the single largest contributor of greenhouse gasses in America. If there were two ShamWow! guys, we can use the power of math to extrapolate and find that there would be almost twice as much pollution in our greenhouses. What would happen if there were multiple ShamWow! guys? Would we all perish in a ShamWorldofWarcraft!? This is the greatest mystery of all time.

So, you can see, there are many compelling reasons why someone would choose to be for or against cloning. It does not really appear that we can come to a consensus on the issue. Ultimately, cloning is the answer to all of our problems. However, one thing is certain in the clone debate—as in all bioethical debates—and that is that whatever we do we must do so ethically. Like Lindsay Lohan in that movie with the two long lost twins who find each other, Freaky Friday, the clones of the world will eventually reunite and then switch personalities to bring their parents back together and rise to the top of the popular clique.

Least Bioethical Actions in HISTORY

Written by Jordy Greenblatt
Illustrated by Ngozi Ukazu

1000 BC



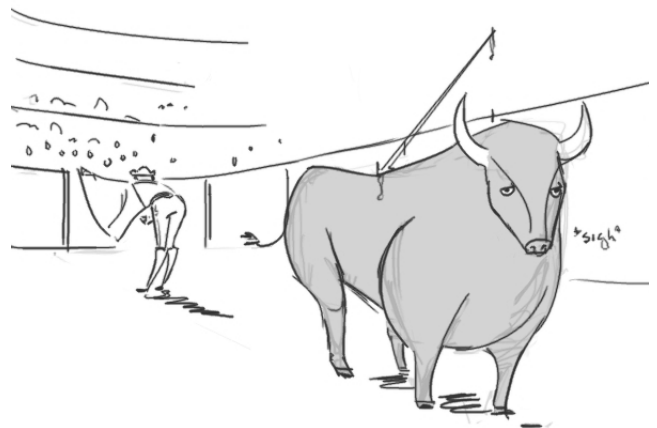
To validate the bond of his covenant with the Jews, God required Abraham to circumcise himself along with all of his descendants and slaves. Seeing the inhumanity of forcing an old man to mutilate his penis, God decided never again to test Abraham through cruel demands.

1400 BC



Chinese soothsayers in the Shang Dynasty insisted that they be permitted to sacrifice tortoises in order to use their bones for writing prophetic inscriptions. Although the practice was widely adopted in the empire, it was vigorously opposed by the powerful tortoise lobby.

0 AD



Sick of napping, the Spanish people sought a new way to spend their afternoons. The government selected a task force to handle the establishment of a new diversion with simple guidelines. “We need an activity,” the project assignment said, “with a maximal ratio of animal torture to constructiveness.”

1932 AD

CENSORED

Researchers in Tuskegee, Alabama sought to map the natural progression of syphilis. Despite the fact that they became aware of an effective treatment in the 1940s they withheld [Censored by the great state of Alabama]. In doing so the researchers completely disregarded the protocol set out by the [Censored by the great state of Alabama] code of medical ethics in the wake of [Censored by the great state of Alabama]'s research on human subjects during in [Censored by the great state of Alabama] camps during the [Censored by the great state of Alabama].

1991 AD



Desperate to win the PR battle, Saddam Hussein developed a surefire tactic to gain western sympathy. He hoped to demonstrate his love of animals by spilling 1.5 million barrels of crude oil into the sea and thus sharing Iraq's most profitable resource with the marine population of the Persian Gulf. The Americans were so impressed that they waited almost 15 years to see him brutally hanged in public.

1981 AD

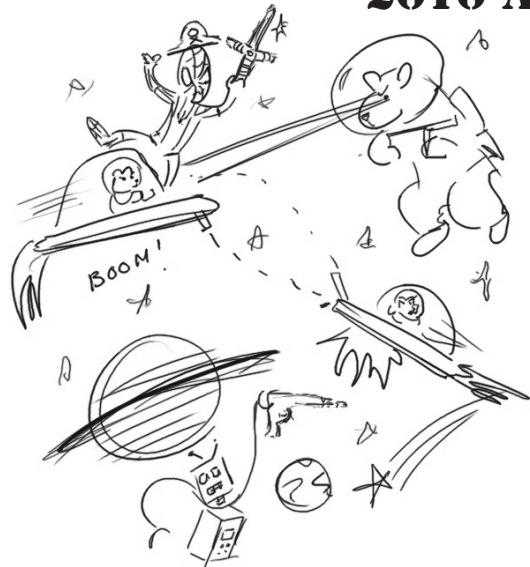
A
Light
in
the
Attic



poems and drawings by
Shel Silverstein

Children's poet and prominent genetic engineer Shel Silverstein created the world's first half child/half house crossbreed. The childhouse suffered numerous unfortunate disabilities ranging from an inability to shake his head to the annoyance of visitors moving in and out of his skull in his sleep.

2010 AD



Mad with power, a disgruntled Yale Record writer cruelly subjected his readers to psychological trauma by calling for erroneous pictures and writing outlandish, off-topic captions.

Do-It-Yourself Healthcare

<u>Diagnosis</u>	<u>AMA-recommended Treatment</u>	<u>Do-It-Yourself Cure</u>
Appendicitis	Appendectomy	Belly Rub
Malaria	Chloroquine	Fly Swatter
Genital Herpes	Zovirax™ Topical Cream	Cover Girl™ Concealer
Influenza	Fluid Replacement, Acetaminophen	Destruction Of National Pork Supply
Rabies	Virucidal Antiseptic, Vaccine	Santa Beard To Disguise Mouth Foam
Yellow Fever	Rehydration, Pain Relief	Crayola Paint For Jaundice Reduction
Cholera	Oral Rehydration	Hope
Typhoid Fever	Fluoroquinolone	Oh God
Ebola	Replacement Of Fluids And Blood	Harakiri

-D. Zhu



PLAYING GOD

Since I took up the post in 1911, playing God had become a more and more difficult endeavor. I was always terrified of being discovered. As I mutated the genes of a deep-sea roundworm, an angel, approaching with his nightly report, intoned from the hallway through a half-open door, and put me in the greatest spasms of fear, spasms that nearly knocked the Petri dish from my hand and all but elbowed the titrator from the countertop. As I listened to his mellifluous, slightly nasal debriefing, I impatiently—but not too impatiently—growled quick responses, my voice as low as I could make it without inducing mortal coughs. I had to attempt the thick, bubbling growl of God Himself, and a single cough would have given me away immediately.

I last heard His growl in 1974, when He stopped in to check on the Progress. He seemed unconcerned about most aspects of the elapsed decades since His

previous visit, and told me rather glibly that He would be taking an even more “hands-off role.” I fumed in silence as He explained how good a job I had been doing, and then seethed openly when He explained that my good work allowed Him to take a second whack at the Experiment elsewhere. I responded hotly. Rather too hotly. He handed me the usual packet of throat lozenges and disappeared in a flash of tentacles.

I had to make those lozenges last. To admit the need for more from my angelic minions would have inspired revolt among the choirs. I already felt a nervous panic whenever I heard their wing-flaps like the sound of children hugging. In one of my nightmares, they came at me with the heavy clanking of their holy arms upon discovering my botched attempt at creation, the Blue Dog Democrat. In another, they found my makeshift lavatory, from which they inferred my human organs, which they then disemboweled.

But such fears proved pale shadows of the true horrors

that awaited me upon the hour of my discovery.

That morning, I awoke especially groggy, my throat sore from an unfortunately involved conversation with Gabriel the night before about the current shortage of pandas. Impaired as such, I was unprepared when Michael came in with a message from Jesus.

“Agh!” I replied.

“Would Your Holiness be needing ... lozenges?”

I remained still, waiting for a flaming sword to punch through my back and out of my chest.

“Your Holiness?” Michael asked, creaking the door open a bit farther.

I threw my beaker to the ground and dashed toward the back exit. Perhaps the new form of influenza I was developing would delay the dread angel’s approach as I escaped towards the spiral staircase to Purgatory.

I flung open the door and descended, down, down, where my hope lay in hiding. Angels gathered above, swirling like vultures, swooping down to intercept my pathetic descent. Two, five, seven surrounded me. I halted my steps and clung to the stone balustrade, clenching my body, my eyes cast upon the distant mass of souls milling about below.

“Do it. Now, now, NOW!” I rasped.

They began at once, their voices overlapping in polyphonous harmonies.

“A group of students are wearing shirts that say ‘Cancer Sucks.’ We hadn’t thought of this. Would you like us to end cancer?”

“A muskrat in Iowa is wondering when muskrats will be able to inherit the Earth like we promised. Should we prepare a response?”

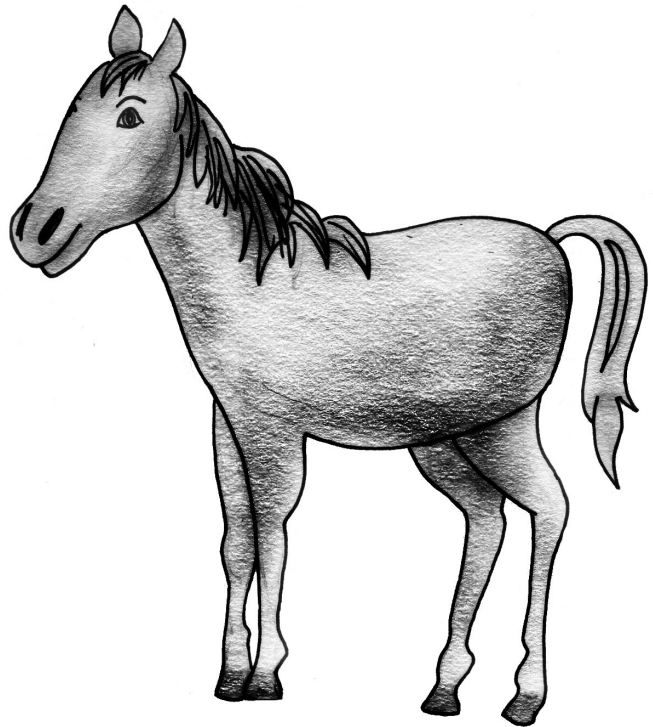
“Do you have time to weigh-in on the Israeli-Palestinian crisis? They’ve been waiting an awfully long time.”

“Enough!” Michael sang, descending the staircase. “God needs some lozenges.”

“But--” I began, silenced as Michael picked me up in his pincers and carried me up the staircase again. The rocking of his steps and the golden gleam of his chest hairs lulled me to sleep.

I awoke again in my bed, and would have thought it all a dream, but for finding a basket full of Throat-Coat© on my nightstand.

CENTAURSE: A MYTHICAL BEAST WITH THE BODY OF A CENTAUR AND THE HEAD OF A HORSE



N. Beizer

“Ah, You are awake,” said Michael. “Sometimes I forget how soporific my chest hairs can be for humans.”

“But, what happened? Why am I still here? You’ve discovered my secret.”

“Did He tell you it was to be a secret?”

“No. But how could it not be?”

Michael gave a sigh, melancholic as turning off the lights on a room full of puppies. “He’s been in-and-out since halfway through Deuteronomy. We had to work with Moses to kind of copy-and-paste from the earlier books. It’s unfortunate, but He can be sort of a sort sometimes.”

“But!” I screamed, expending all of my vocal powers on that conjunction, without any cogent ideas to conjoin.

“Sleep now, God. We’ll need you strong so you can get back to Your Works as soon as possible. I’ll get an angel to mop up your flu.”

—S. Swartzman

YOU CLEARLY WROTE THIS DURING AN EPISODE OF HOUSE

Mr. Mitchell, I suspect that you composed this essay during last week's episode of *House*. While your discussion of the ethics of cloning is appreciated, I struggle to see why you bothered to write that "...it'd definitely be wrong for a doctor to, say, break into a person's home for a DNA sample so they could clone an organ for him." Furthermore, your long digression on doctors' bedside manners was clearly based on the show's title character: "ultimately, sometimes it's the cranky or mean doctors who really know what's best." I was also left confused as to why, in a discussion of cloning, it is germane to consider whether the patient is having marriage troubles or "[is] repressing memories of parental abuse." Although your essay is childishly written and of no academic merit, I did appreciate your invaluable advice on how to mitigate sexual tension between young doctors using crafty mind games.

As punishment for this atrocious essay, I give you two options. Accept an F, or write a companion paper on any episode of *Grey's Anatomy*.

—R. Clegg



N. Ukazu

"Soon we'll be ready for mice trials."

MOVIES REVISED TO BE BIOETHICALLY SENSITIVE

It's a Wonderful Life (1946): Nothing is going right for failing businessman George Bailey. One Christmas, when he finally asks well-meaning angel-in-training Clarence to help him exercise his right to die, Clarence takes him before a panel of highly trained angelic professionals with whom he thoroughly reviews his possible options before making the decision that is right for him.

Rosemary's Baby (1968): The charming but naïve Rosemary and her husband meet an annoying set of neighbors who eventually reveal their malicious intentions when Rosemary is impregnated with the spawn of Satan. Rosemary reviews her choices, considering open adoption and abortion because she highly values her right to privacy, before ultimately deciding to keep the child.

Charlotte's Web (1973): A heartwarming cartoon about the Arable family and their pig Wilbur. When Wilbur is born as the runt of his litter, Fern Arable's father decides to treat him exactly the same as the other piglets regardless of his size and not to kill him because that would be unethical. However, when it is suspected that Wilbur has some secret talent, Fern Arable's uncle decides to treat him exactly the same as the other piglets regardless of his talent instead of showing him off for money because that would be unethical.

Jaws (1975): When a great white shark terrorizes an idyllic beach, vacationers go into a frenzy of rational discussion over the most humane way to neutralize the shark as a threat.

The Island (2005): A woman and man on a mysterious island discover their sinister purpose. They're clones. The movie is now only 10 minutes long as a mercy to the viewer.

—N. Klugman



THIS MONTH IN SPANISH HEADLINES

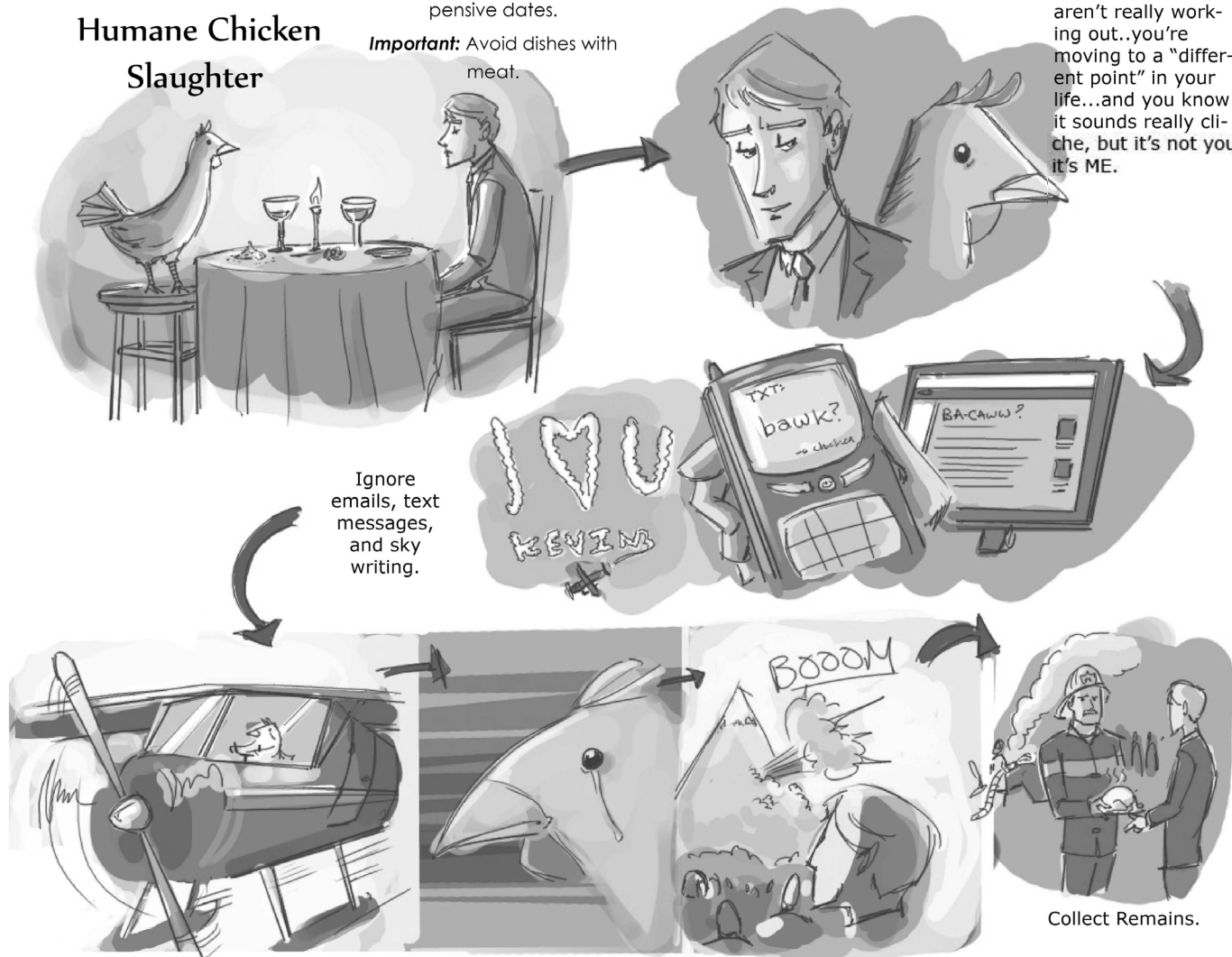
Matador Admits Bull "Had Balls"

Procedure for Humane Chicken Slaughter

Take chicken on several expensive dates.

Important: Avoid dishes with meat.

During final date explain that things aren't really working out..you're moving to a "different point" in your life...and you know it sounds really cliché, but it's not you it's ME.



WHAT GRANDMA REALLY SAID WHEN I THOUGHT SHE SAID LET ME DIE

Let's get high
 I hate this hospital pie
 The best Star Wars movie by far was Return of the Jedi
 Can you unplug the TV?
 The doctor said I'm getting better
 I'm really not ready to end my life, just FYI
 Tomorrow I'll tell you where I buried the family treasure
 Wouldn't it be funny if my last word was aardvark?

LESSER-KNOWN PRACTICES OF BIOETHICISTS

Distributing condoms to lab rats
 Cohabiting insane mice and evil genius mice
 Cloning the experimenter to increase productivity
 Requiring fruit flies to sign a consent form
 Massaging fruit flies at the end of the experiment
 Providing guinea pigs with dance parties on Wednesdays and Saturdays
 Cohabiting scientists so they don't get lonely

—Staff

—Staff

MEDIEVAL BIOETHICAL DILEMMAS

Do dragon's tears afford jousters an unnatural competitive advantage?
 Is slipping mead into Heloise's chalice unchivalrous of Abelard?
 Should the king's bastard son be forced into celibacy?
 I feel vaguely threatened. Can I burn my neighbor's daughter at the stake?
 Is it unmerciful to allow my grandfather to keep going past 41?
 Aren't printing presses a bit too much like cloning?

—J. Paul



UPCOMING CHANGES TO FACEBOOK

- New comprehensive browsing history! No longer do you just see on whose wall your friend commented, but whose walls he visited, whose pictures he scanned and whose wall-to-walls he read!
- Separate Wall tabs for each of your friends' wall posts make navigating Facebook even easier!
- "Pokes" made public!
- Public timer informs your friends how long you've been online
- Additional "Write something else about yourself" box
- Special new suggestions: "People with whom you have absolutely no chance"
- Family-friendly communal profiles...be in sync with your parents!
- The Fun Wall, the Super Wall and the Advanced Wall are back!
- New "Info" features, including 'Favorite Friends', 'Favorite Spices', 'Favorite Architects' and 'Favorite Brand of Bulletin Boards'
- 1-10 rating system of how good your friends look in their pictures
- \$5 Supergifts

—A. Hugi and P. Robalino

WEBSITE IDEAS THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT

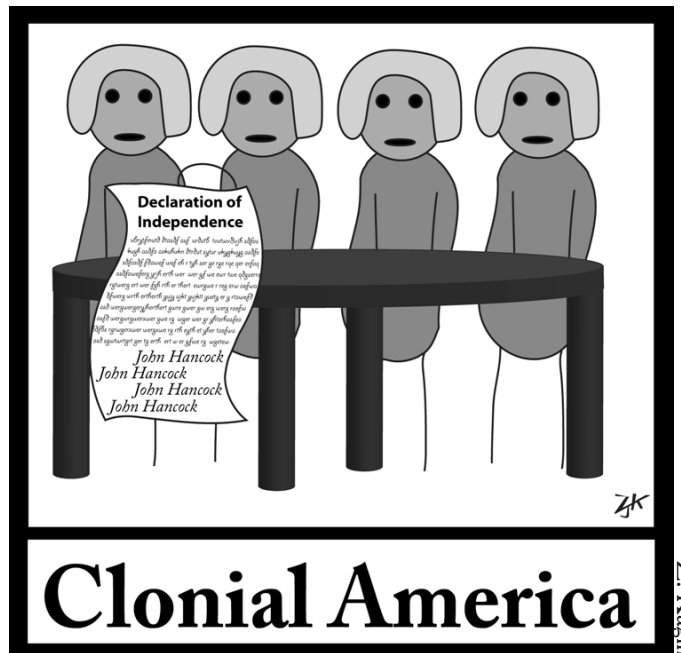
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EXCUSES GIVEN BY PEOPLE CAUGHT SELLING THEIR ORGANS

- "I'm pledging the Bladderball team."
- "My kids needed something to play 'Hot Potato' with."
- "No teeth means chocolate pudding, all the time."
- "Nine feet of small intestine is nine feet too much."
- "Monday night is steak and kidney pie night."
- "Having one testicle helps you win the Tour de France."
- "Empirical proof that I am not a lily-livered coward."
- "Family history of heart disease—I was striking preemptively."
- "It'll totally grow back anyway."
- "The left one is unlucky."

—D. Zhu



Clonial America

Z. Kargin

Brutal Animal Fighting Ring Exposed!

The SPCA recently filed an official complaint against Japan for the underground abuse and unethical confinement of an entire species of fantastical creatures commonly referred to as "pokemon". While it has apparently been going on for a while, the full extent of the abuse has only recently surfaced.

According to reports, there exist a group of people called "Trainers" who actively seek out these animals in their natural habitats. Once they find their targeted creature, Trainers physically weaken the animal until it cannot escape, at which point they take out a 5-inch red and white ball and encapsulate the exhausted creature, disregarding the physical limitations of its size and weight. The purpose of the hunt is to use the animals against each other in organized battles, or during spontaneous encounters among trainers. It is unclear whether the ultimate goal is to simply acquire each type for posterity's sake or have them in reserve so that the animals can attack each other for the entertainment and visual pleasure of onlookers.

Battles among Trainers, or rather among the animals forced to attack each other, are relatively common and horrifically violent. One observer reported, "The animals were forced to hit each other over and over until one of them was no longer able to function and fainted. Only then did the Trainers shove their animals back in their tiny ball-cages and leave. It was awful. I wish I had never seen it."

In addition to the overt violence of these organized battles, Trainers further abuse pokemon by hunting them in their own habitats. The capturing process involves pegging an already captured pokemon against a targeted one in an unsolicited fight. The Trainer commands the captured pokemon to attack the free one until the target is rendered unconscious, or falls into an induced coma.

Sources describe two distinct stages in the degradation of the target's health. In the first stage, the pokemon slowly becomes less and

less coherent and mentally alert. The pokemon is capable of saying fragments of its own name repeatedly and at regular intervals. In the second stage, however, the pokemon is in a persistent vegetative state. The ideal time to encapsulate the animal is between stages, when the animal is at a "red zone" health level and almost, but not entirely, brain-dead.

"It's despicable," comments SPCA spokesman Sam Jones. "The animals are trained to become abusive to their own kind. It's unnatural and unlawful."

One venerable pokemon academic, known only as the Professor, responded to the SPCA's complaints: "Yes, these animals are trained to physically assault each other upon contact, but the animals are always brought to PokeCenters, institutions created for the sole purpose of reviving, and caring for, each animal individually...No, we cannot disclose that medical information."

Replied Jones: "I'm intrigued to find out which institution granted the Professor a PhD in animal hunting and torture."

A key source of the SPCA's information is an electronic document known as the PokeDex, which the Palette Town Gazette has likened to books that a serial killer uses to document his crimes. The PokeDex is littered with references to things like "evolving," a process in which the Trainer will make the pokemon change its entire physicality so that it can more efficiently beat up other pokemon. It is unclear whether the look of anger that most evolved pokemon acquire is a biological element of the new evolved body or a natural response to the cruel process they have undergone.

When asked to comment on why they choose this cruel lifestyle of hunting, forcefully confining and repeatedly torturing these animals, Trainers tended to all have the same esoteric response: "Gotta catch 'em all." If the SPCA gets its way, police could soon adopt a similar attitude towards the trainers themselves. □

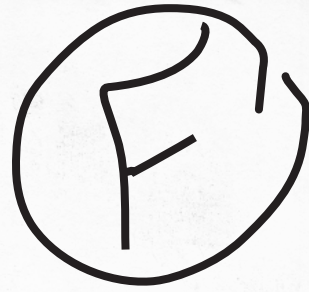
Julie Shain Writes Record Article

Julie Shain, Yale Woman, wrote the above hi-

Israel Preempts Iran, Blows Self Up

In a surprising move Saturday, the world's ol-

Name - Nina Beizer
Section - 4



Excerpt From An Exam Of Somebody Who Failed Out Of Medical School

1.) Please describe how you would treat acute myocardial infarction, known commonly as a "heart attack."

If a heart is attacking the body, the only solution is to remove the heart. Of course, this typically leads to complications, but it is necessary to replace a heart if it has decided that its human host is no longer a sufficient one.

2.) A patient with appendicitis would exhibit what common symptoms?

Appendix-ache. Or, wait is this is a trick question? If so, my answer is none. Because appendicitis is not common.

3.) Discuss the benefits of radiation therapy versus chemotherapy in treating cancer.

Radiation therapy comes with the possible side effect of turning into a superhero or a supervillain. For example, Peter Parker, when bitten by a radioactive spider, turned into Spiderman. Ultimately, the question lies with the type of superhero or supervillain you could become. If you know in advance that your power would be the ability to fight cancer, then definitely pick radiation therapy. If you have no idea what superpowers you might get, then it's probably safer to go with chemotherapy: with great power comes great responsibility, and you might not be in a position to handle those great responsibilities if you also have cancer.



4.) How can chronic hypertension affect a pregnant woman?

Having a baby necessitates a momentous lifestyle change. It is therefore understandable why mothers-to-be experience stress - tension, if you will. Sometimes, this tension is excessive, hence the prefix "hyper." Yet another degree of intensity, beyond hypertension, is chronic hypertension.

5.) What are some risks high blood pressure poses?

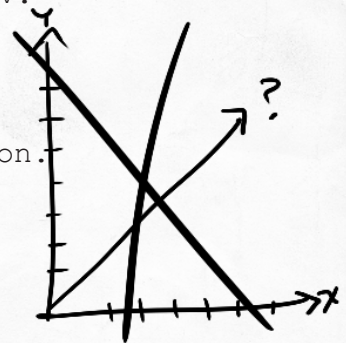
Is this another trick question? I'll try to reason it out, but I don't like all these trick questions- I'm gonna start with Boyle's law on this one. $P/V = k$, where P is pressure, V is volume, and k is a constant. If a person's internal pressure increases, as is the case with high blood pressure, and the constant stays constant (obviously), then the person's volume must increase, i.e. the person will explode. In summary, high blood pressure poses a risk of human explosion. Unless you're looking for me to say no risks...I can't tell if this question is a trick!

6.) A slightly obese woman comes to you complaining of chest pain, shortness of breath, and lightheadedness. Her family has a history of heart disease. What steps should you take?

The human immunodeficiency virus is a silent killer; many people who have the virus are unaware they have it until greater health problems appear that are indicative of the onset of acquired immune deficiency syndrome. In Africa, less than 1% of the population has been tested for HIV, a percentage that is obviously less than the percentage of people who have it, hence the entire epidemic. Has the patient used intravenous drugs? Is she sexually promiscuous? My first step would be to test her for the virus and take subsequent necessary steps in treating her HIV.

7.) List the three axes of the body:

I swear to God this had better not be a trick question. The x axis, the y axis, and the z axis.



8.) Explain how deep inspiration (DI) may become inhibited:

Inspiration is necessary to successfully navigate one's life course. Although I find this philosophical question a bit surprising on a technical medical exam, I guess pretty much any tricky thing goes on this test so I'll answer it. I am deeply inspired to be a doctor; that is why I am in medical school. Inhibition of deep inspiration typically follows setbacks, especially severe failures. Extending my personal example given above, if I were to fail in the pursuit of my medical degree, my deep inspiration would certainly be inhibited, leading to high blood pressure, leading to my body exploding, leading to rigor mortis. Ha! Didn't expect to see that term on the test, did you? I read ahead.

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Croissants, Crepes Cited As Source Of Frenchman Fifteen

Dear Yale Record,

I, along with the rest of Americans that still love America, am offended by your overtly fasci-communist publication. And don't give me that what's-Glenn-Beck-bitching-about-now look. How many letters are there in "Records"? What about "al-Qaeda"? Also, those spectacles on your crypto-Nazi mascot owl look just like the digit "00", the exact same as the middle digits of the year 9/11 happened! Sure, you may think your writing is real powerful and sharp, but do you know what else is powerful and sharp? A HAMMER AND SICKLE. IT'S ALL CONNECTED!

—Glenn Beck

Dear Gourds,

How did you get the holiday where people join together with their families and eat great food, while my holiday consists of feeding candy to little jerkoff children while hoping nobody eggs your house?

Peeved,
Pumpkins

Illinois Nazis Offended By Fox News' Coverage Of Obama, Claim He "Never Even Paid His Dues Or Came To Our Happy Hours"

Dear Farmer,

I tried to press "snooze" this morning and may have injured your rooster. My apologies.

—A City Man

Dear Steven Smith,

Thanks to you, I learned that getting high really doesn't make you cool.

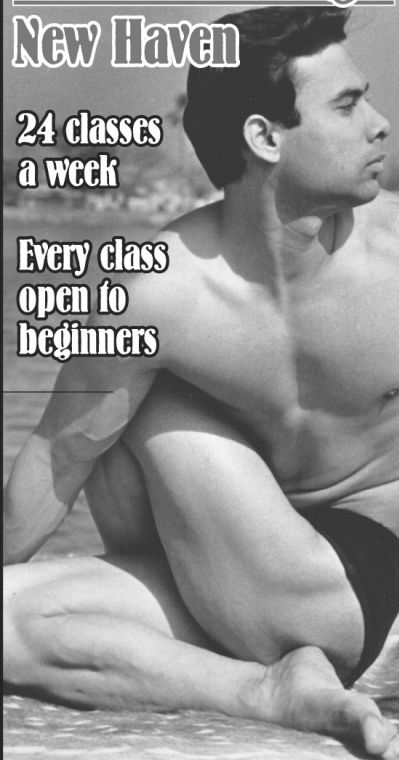
—A formerly skeptical student in the DARE program

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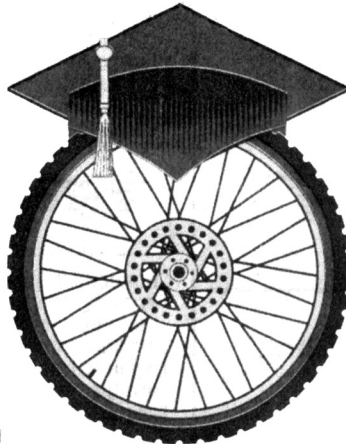
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Dear Shamwow Makers,

Damn you. We would have done wonders with that product title.

—The Exploding Decorative Pillow Company

Dear Pig,

I want to make you dirty.

—Mud

George Bush Passes Through Connecticut; Yale Avoids Eye Contact

Dear Phillip,

I won't be able to join you for martinis tonight as I cannot hold a martini glass.

—A Cow

Clifford Gets Fleas; Dozens Injured

Dear Sharper Image,

We are writing to congratulate you on your admittance to the Oxford English Dictionary as a succinct definition of useless.

—The Oxford English Dictionary

Dear God!

I was just exclaiming, but now I feel obligated to write you a meaningful letter. Well, this is awkward.

—An Atheist

Dear Old McDonald,

Getting past your firewall was ridiculously easy. You shouldn't include your password in your theme song. Partly for security purposes, but also because it doesn't make sense in the song.

—People Who Can Type EIEIO

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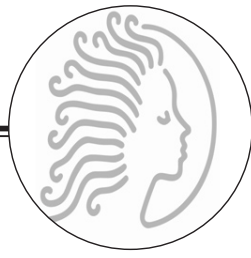


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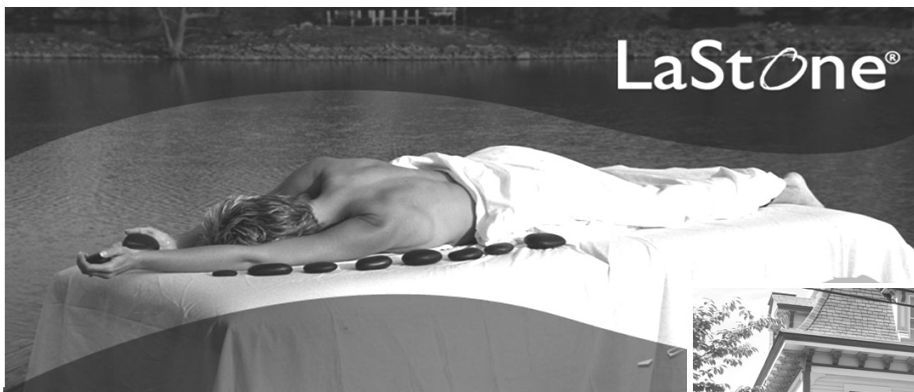
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Toads Kissed By Yorkside, Transforms Into Union League

Dear British Government,
I don't have time to figure out all these gadgets. Just give me more fucking guns.
—James Bond

Jesus '13 Dies, Dean Grants 3 Days' Excuse

Dear Latvia,
I'm sorry, but suicide doesn't count as a chief export. Better luck next year.
—EU

Dear Yale Record,
I was immensely disappointed in your sound quality when I tried to play your last issue. p.s. I would like to be reimbursed for a broken turntable.
—Bartholomew

Colorblind Peacock Not Sure What To Look For In Men

Dear Yale Record,
I would like to ask an actual editorial question, but I get the sense that the majority of your letters are pranks. Should I send my inquiry to a different address?
—Mr. Serious

Completely Overcast Day Ruins "Silver Lining" Philosophy

Dear Rihanna,
The hooks are great, the beats are fresh...but I just don't think that "Galoshes, loshes, loshes, eh, eh, eh" is a good choice for your next single.
—Jay-Z



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Geneva Bioethics Committee Review of Dr. Victor Frankenstein's Proposed Project
Meeting Transcript..... 15 December, 1789

Mr. RESPIN: Hello, Dr. Frankenstein. It's a pleasure to have you back. The committee has reviewed your proposal, and we have a couple of questions. Hopefully you don't mind answering these- most of the time this is just a formality.

FRANKENSTEIN: Of course. I'd be happy to. I'm sorry if anything wasn't clear.

RESPIN: Good, good. First of all, just concerning the title of your project, you've listed here 'Finding the Cure for an Illness.' Although it sounds like an admirable goal, we've been unable to determine what exactly the illness is and how you're planning on finding a cure.

FRANKENSTEIN: Oh, uh mostly through research and experimentation.

RESPIN: Could you elaborate on that?

FRANKENSTEIN: On what?

RESPIN: Well, you could start by explaining what the illness is that you're trying to cure.

FRANKENSTEIN: Oh, sorry I assumed that was clear. The illness, good members of the committee, will affect each and every one of us throughout our lives.

RESPIN: Sounds like vital research.

FRANKENSTEIN: It is! It is. Does this mean that my proposal is approved?

RESPIN: Ah, well can you maybe tell us what the illness is, specifically?

FRANKENSTEIN: Well, it doesn't really have an exact name... Suffice it to say that in every case it leads to certain death.

RESPIN: Can you elaborate?

FRANKENSTEIN: Well... it's the fact... the thing that... you know, everybody dies and that's bad.

RESPIN: That sounds like it has the exact name of Death, Dr. Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN: Death! That's it! You can call it that. Thank you for your assistance- this breakthrough will help my research immensely.

RESPIN: You realize that in attempting to find a cure for death, Dr. Frankenstein, you go against the very nature of humanity. We don't usually approve projects like this.

FRANKENSTEIN: Of course not, of course not I understand. I don't mean to be any trouble. It's

just that I feel like I can approach the problem in a unique way- I wouldn't want to get mixed up in anything unnatural, of course...

RESPIN: Let's hold off on a verdict, for the moment, and turn to your proposed materials. You mention that you hope to study 'afflicted persons'- can we now take this to mean corpses?

FRANKENSTEIN: You can take it that way... I don't know...

RESPIN: Will you be studying corpses?

FRANKENSTEIN: Yes.

RESPIN: How, exactly, do you plan on attaining these corpses.

FRANKENSTEIN: Very legally.

RESPIN: You realize that digging up removing corpses from graves is not only illegal, it seriously violates several major tenants of bioethics here in Geneva.

FRANKENSTEIN: Please, I am an educated man.

RESPIN: So you do not intend to break the law at all.

FRANKENSTEIN: Of course not.

RESPIN: So where exactly do you plan to get the corpses?

FRANKENSTEIN: From a legal, ethical place.

RESPIN: Even if you have someone else dig up the bodies, it's still illegal.

FRANKENSTEIN: Are you sure about that?

RESPIN: Very sure.

FRANKENSTEIN: What if the bodies are of people you know?

RESPIN: How many people do you know?

FRANKENSTEIN: ...Or have read about, in some context or another.

RESPIN: Dr. Frankenstein, I feel that we do not have much more to discuss.

FRANKENSTEIN: Does this mean that my project is approved?

RESPIN: No.

IGOR: Doctor, I will straaannnggglllee the committee!

FRANKENSTEIN: Igor! No!

IGOR: Okno problem. I will hooollllddd the doooorrrrr for you on your waaaayyyy ouuutttt.

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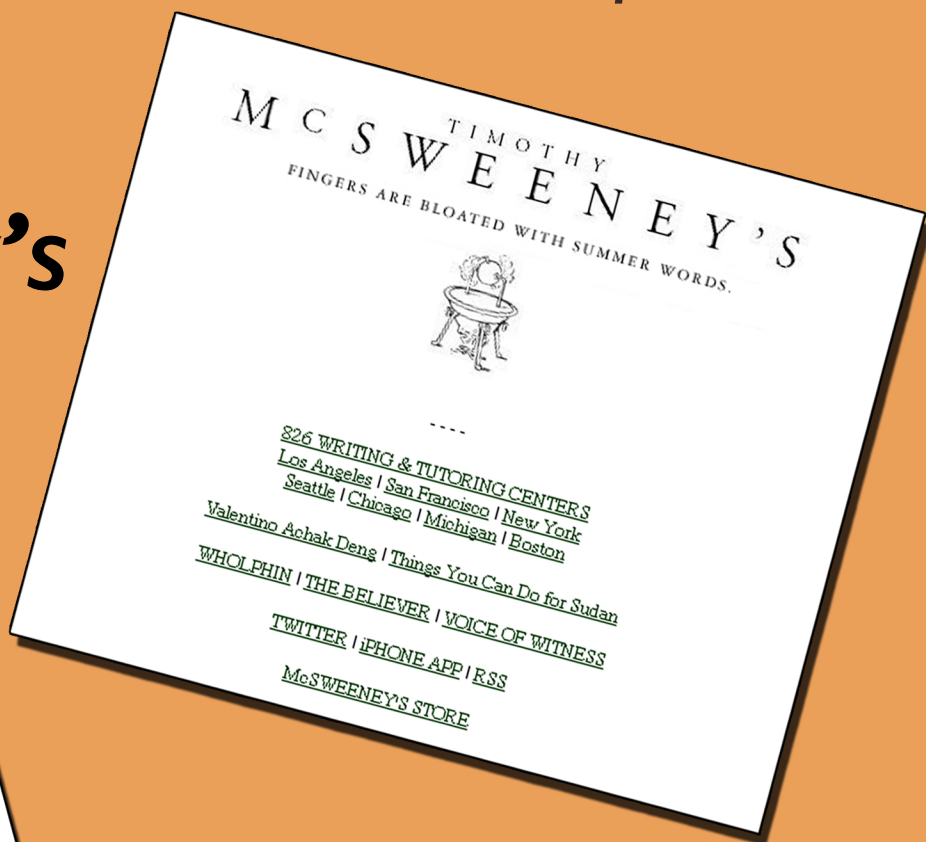
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