

# THE YALE RECORD

Volume CXXXVII No. 6

April 2009



THE BREAD AND CIRCUSES ISSUE



# I WANT YOU FOR THE YALE RECORD

*Writers, Artists, Designers, Business-Minded People*

**THURSDAYS, 7:00 PM**  
**BRANFORD TRUMBULL ROOM**  
UNDERNEATH HARKNESS TOWER

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COUPON

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**IN THE HEART OF YALE; NOW DELIVERING IN THE CHAPEL AREA!**

Dear Bodybuilders,

Please keep it up—there’s nothing we find sexier than a torso which looks like a bunch of shrink-wrapped mangos.

—Women

**Citing Economic Woes,  
Jug Bands Seek  
Cheaper Instruments**

Dear Colonel Sanders,

If we joined forces, we would have the best-fed army on this side of the Yangtze!

—General Tso

**Bird in Hand Worth \$3.5 Million,  
PETA Lawsuit Claims**

Dear Junior History Major,

To answer your question: don’t worry, there are plenty of ways to fulfill the senior requirement other than writing an essay. For example, you can eat six saltines in thirty seconds, touch your elbow to your nose, or major in Econ with the rest of the doughy-brained slackers. Now shut up and get back to Beinecke.

Scornfully,  
The History Department

Dear Ape Center Employees,

Will the pranksters who taught Kiki the sign language for “fart-bucket” please come see me immediately?

—Eileen

**Joe Biden Caught Eating  
Whole Pan of Brownies**

Dear Beyoncé,

Your recommended strategy of putting a ring on things that I like has proven disastrous. I am now engaged to my roommate Ivan, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the Domino’s 5-5-5 deal. Thanks for nothing.

—Nick, CC ‘10

# Clark's Dairy

We have...

- ◆ Breakfast Specials
- ◆ Belgian Waffles
- ◆ Eggs and Omelettes
- ◆ Assorted Sandwiches
- ◆ Skyscraper Club Sandwiches
- ◆ Fresh Lobster Roll
- ◆ Chicken Souvlaki on pita
- ◆ Heavenly Ice Cream
- ◆ Delicious Sundaes
- ◆ Creamy Milk Shakes

...and more!



COME VISIT US!

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New Haven, CT 06510  
(203) 777-2728

Dear Jesus H. Christ,

What's the "H" stand for? I'd like to think it stands for Harold. Jesus Harold Christ. I like the sound of that.

—Jimmy, MC '12

## Scandal: Rachel Carson Short Sold DDT

Dear Bartender,

I'm about to order whiskey. Please give me a Shirley Temple instead. If any girls ask what I'm drinking, say, "Whiskey, because he's a virile man, not a little girl." Please destroy this note after reading it. Also, please use extra cherries.

—Ben, BR '09

Dear Curious Second Grader,

I'm not afraid of Seven because he Eight Nine. I'm afraid of him because he likes to see how many handguns he can fit in his mouth while he's tripping on PCP.

—Six

## Tour de France's Lone Unicyclist Dies Tragic, Hilarious Death

Baseball Statisticians,

I have invented a new statistic, called the "Raw Excellence and Sex Appeal Metric." Simply multiply a player's batting average by the percentage of his name that is "Jorge Posada."

—Jorge Posada

Dear American Citizens,

If I hear one more "your mom" or "that's what she said" joke about the stimulus package, I will resign as President and take all of my hope and change with me.

—Barack Obama

P.S. It's a recovery period, not a refractory period.



BROWN, VISCOUS,  
FRAPULENT

Since 1933 • Call for Estimates • Member SPQC

Dear John Lennon,

Please leave me out of this. I don't want people to find out about us.

—Your Monkey

## Buffalo Buffalo Buffalo Buffalo Buffalo Wings Win Seventh Consecutive "Most Annoying Name" Award at New York State Hot Wing Competition

Dear Bachelor of Arts,

Sorry, I can't be your wingman this Friday—I have to be in lab.

—Bachelor of Science

ARE YOU...  
*CURSED WITH POOR  
 BALANCE?*

*ALWAYS DROPPING  
 THINGS?*

*LOOKING FOR AN EDGE  
 IN SPORTS?*

WHY NOT TRY...

# HANDS!

WITH HANDS, YOU CAN  
 MASTER THE ART OF...

## INTRODUCTIONS



## GIVING DIRECTIONS



**AND YOU'LL NEVER  
 AGAIN BE ASKED TO  
 BUILD A CLOCK WITH  
 YOUR TEETH!**



AND THEY'RE 100% ORGANIC!

IF YOU ENJOY HANDS, LOOK IN OUR MONTHLY  
 CATALOGUE FOR: EARS®, A SPLEEN®!

Dear Pulitzer Board,

How dare you snub us of a Pulitzer Prize? Show me a publication that reported on a subject in more graphic detail than the *Record's* coverage of Harold Bloom's long, slow decline into obsolescence and syphilitic madness.

—*The Record*

## John Madden Retires, Citing Lingering Gas from Turducken Consumed in 1982

Dear Neosporin,

How about I scratch your back and you scratch mine? I'll send you some more business, and you give me a slice of the pie. Just think about it, okay.

—Feces

Dear Neosporin,

You must cease airing your new advertisements immediately. Your new motto, "Touch your feces with confidence," is entirely unverified and misleading.

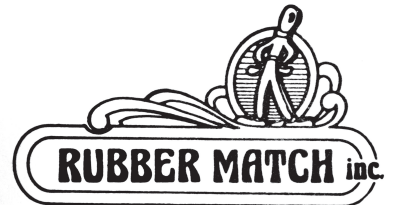
—The FDA

## Area Man Yet to Successfully Open Capri Sun

Dr. Jones,

Why haven't you taught your archaeology class in over two weeks? Where have you been? Students are complaining.

Signed,  
 Oxford (or Wherever)



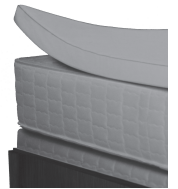
101 Whalley Ave. New Haven, CT 06511

## SLEEP QUIZ

1. How was your sleep last night?
2. How's that mattress feel?
3. Do you need a new mattress but can't afford one right now?
4. Are you sleeping on a rock... or like a rock?
5. Does your dorm bed feel like a torture chamber?
6. Can you feel the springs in your bed?
7. Do you crave the sleep you need and deserve?

The correct answer to your  
 sleep problem is....

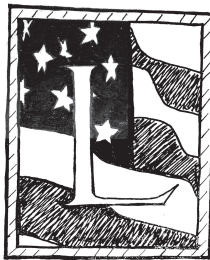
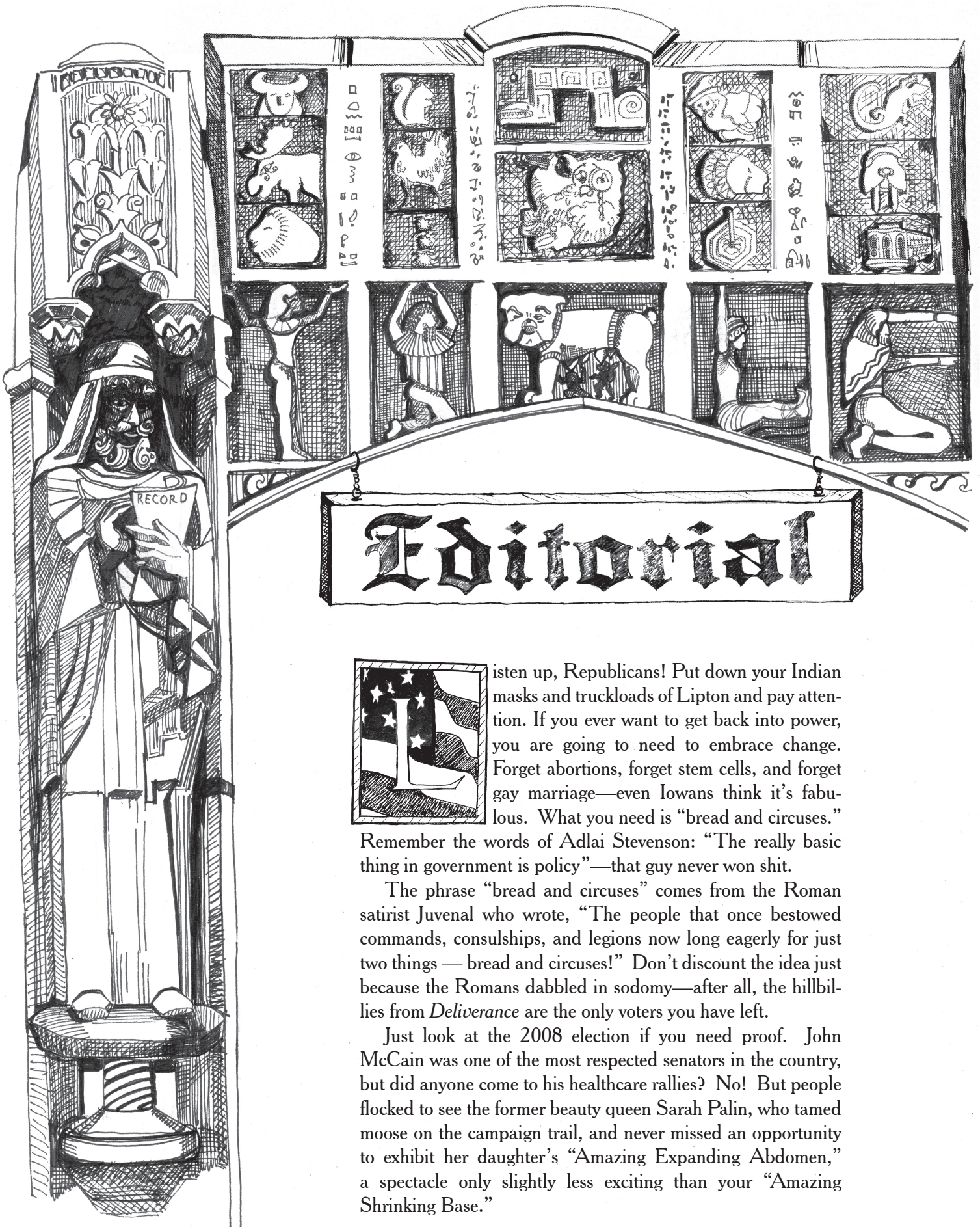
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 YOUR BED



## BED TOPPER SALE

SALE PRICE: \$59.95  
 reg. price: \$79.95

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Listen up, Republicans! Put down your Indian masks and truckloads of Lipton and pay attention. If you ever want to get back into power, you are going to need to embrace change. Forget abortions, forget stem cells, and forget gay marriage—even Iowans think it's fabulous. What you need is "bread and circuses."

Remember the words of Adlai Stevenson: "The really basic thing in government is policy"—that guy never won shit.

The phrase "bread and circuses" comes from the Roman satirist Juvenal who wrote, "The people that once bestowed commands, consulships, and legions now long eagerly for just two things — bread and circuses!" Don't discount the idea just because the Romans dabbled in sodomy—after all, the hillbillies from *Deliverance* are the only voters you have left.

Just look at the 2008 election if you need proof. John McCain was one of the most respected senators in the country, but did anyone come to his healthcare rallies? No! But people flocked to see the former beauty queen Sarah Palin, who tamed moose on the campaign trail, and never missed an opportunity to exhibit her daughter's "Amazing Expanding Abdomen," a spectacle only slightly less exciting than your "Amazing Shrinking Base."

Here is your way back to the top:

STEP ONE: REBRAND

You are no longer the party of Lincoln or even, for that matter, Eisenhower or Reagan. These references require at least a basic knowledge of history which Americans no longer have. You are now the party of James Doohan, Kelsey Grammar, and Scott Baio—just to name a few! You may be out of power, but Charles is always in charge.

STEP TWO: INFILTRATE MASS MEDIA.

In this economy, it will be hard to create your own circuses (especially given the rising cost of lions and combat slaves), so you might have to latch on to existing ones. In January, team up with Tostitos to bring us the Fiesta Bowl. In April, sponsor WrestleMania. And install Antonin Scalia as a guest judge on *American Idol*.

STEP THREE: FORGET POLICY

Never mention the war, prisoner abuse, global warming, torture memos, the economy, deregulation, or privatized social security. And don't be the party of generic ideals like "Hope" and "Change." Fight for controversy free initiatives: Sundae Sundays, subsidized laser-tag on your birthday, and the elimination of the BCS.

America is only a civil war and some decent gelato away from being Imperial Rome; now is your chance to cross the Rubicon. On any night turn on the news—Fox will be slandering the President's *Portuguese* dog, on MSNBC you'll see montages of the First Lady's arms, and over at CNN Lou Dobbs will be cursing guacamole. As the party of no ideas, this should be your moment of triumph, not despair.

This issue of *The Record* will help you master the tools of mass distraction. "The Bread and Circuses Issue" contains an editorial on the benefits of global warming, funny pages full of propaganda, and a history of bread and circus related disasters to help you avoid the mistakes of the past.

Your tea parties show theatrical promise, and with leaders like Glenn Beck, Rush Limbaugh, and Newt Gingrich, how could you go wrong? Before you know it, Republicans will once again hold their heads high, twirl their canes, and say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the GOP—the biggest tent in town!"

—M. Thornton




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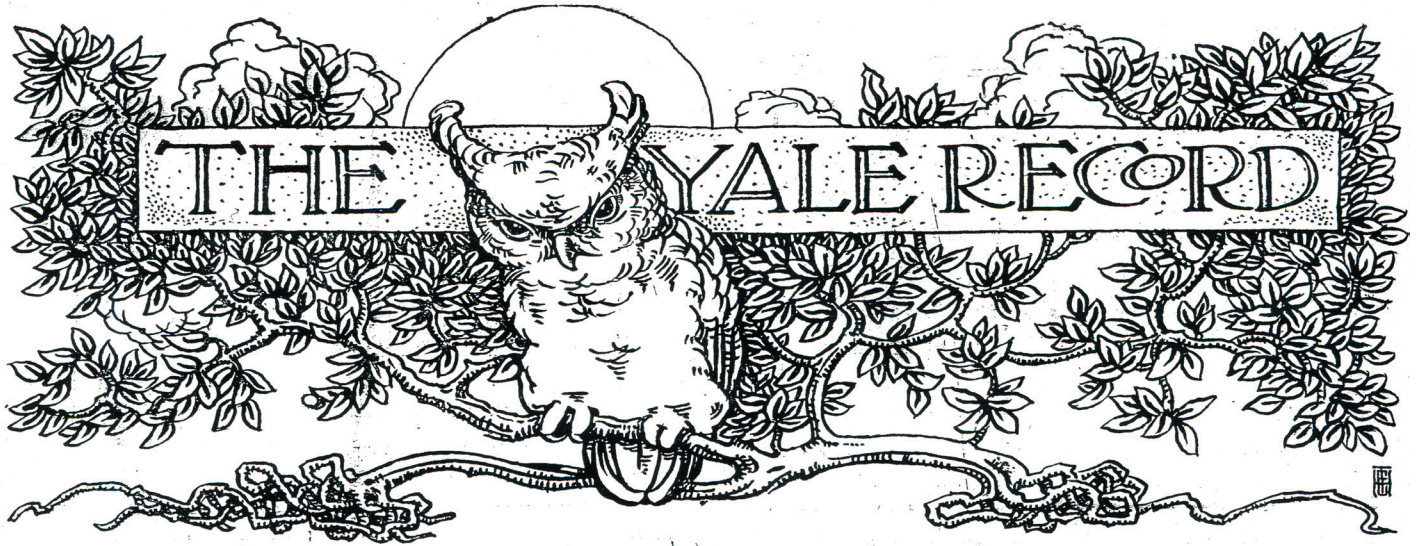
Cover: This month's cover was originally written by Bob Dylan. Don't show anything to Michael Thornton before you've copyrighted it.

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INTUITIVE MEDICINE

My search for a good medical school had led me to the Intuitive Medical Institute. Sitting in a conference room, the admissions officer frowned as he looked at my transcript. “We normally prefer that an applicant not muddle their thinking with so many classes in chemistry and biology. But I do see an A- in your film class ‘The First Three Seasons of *House*.’” He smiled. “That shows promise.”

The campus was not very big (“Because we don’t waste space on fancy diagnostic machines like X-rays or MRI scanners or thermometers,” the admissions officer explained). We walked into one classroom to find a doctor hovering over a teenage boy, whose leg looked like it had one too many joints. The admissions officer introduced me, and the doctor smiled and said, “I’m just diagnosing this patient. Would you like to have a go?”

Confused, I stammered something about never having gone to medical school, but the doctor placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder. “It’s fine,” he said. “We believe that the knowledge you need is already inside you, just waiting to burst out.”

“Besides,” said the admissions officer, “he watches *House*.”

I looked nervously at the boy’s leg and managed to say hesitantly that it looked like his tibia had a closed, multi-fragmented fracture. The doctor looked surprised,

panicked even. “Oh, uh, that’s very interesting, but we’re just going to call this one a sprain.” He gave the patient two Advil and told him to walk it off, and if it still bothered him later, elevate it, eat chicken soup, and ask his girlfriend to give him lots of pity sex.

The boy looked crestfallen, his face contorted with pain. In the spirit of the visit, I went with my instinct. “I don’t think he has a girlfriend, doctor,” I ventured. The admissions officer smiled and said he thought I would be a natural intuitive doctor.

Later in the tour, I asked about the school’s research. “We’re on the cutting edge here,” said the admissions officer. “A few of our students are studying the effects of a mommy’s kiss on boo boos, and just last year we released a study on the effects of animal crackers and ginger ale on tummy aches.”

As we finished the tour, we walked into the main office, where a red-faced man was hysterically yelling at one of the doctors from the clinic. “You said my wife was just faking it, but she died last week! The hospital said it wasn’t bad make-up that was making her face yellow and green; it was an infection. I’m going to sue you bastards for everything you have!” he yelled over his shoulder as he stormed out.

After a few seconds of silence, the doctor shrugged his shoulders and said, “You know, I had a bad feeling about him the first time he came in.”

—M.W. Harris



## AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE YALE RECORD

*The Yale Record* apologizes to our readers for an inaccurate article published in our last issue. The article entitled "Get the Ghouls!" misleadingly called the population of New Haven to arms against legions of bloodthirsty zombies. We have been informed that the undead marauders were in fact a group of homeless people gathered for their annual "Awareness and Recognition" rally.

Though we apologize for the error, we take no responsibility for the acts of defense taken by the local population. *The Yale Record* did not actively promote the axe-murder of any homeless people nor explicitly endorsed the severe burns inflicted on the representatives from the "Keep Out the Cold" shelter. Though the Molotov cocktail was thrown by one of our subscribers, we wash our hands of responsibility.

Yale President Richard Levin held a press conference in response to the recent controversy, clarifying that the violence began when an armed New Havener mistakenly thought a panhandler was asking him for "spare brains." In response, Mayor John DeStefano declared himself willing to "forgive such an understandable slip-up."

*The Record* wishes the best for those affected by these events. We would be grateful if in return the families of the deceased could make sure to bury their loved ones nice and deep under the ground...just in case.

— S. Chaffetz

WHAT THE ROMANS TRIED BEFORE  
"BREAD AND CIRCUSES"

- Whores and aqueducts
- Cake and ice cream
- Sperm whales and matzah
- Democracy and limited government
- A capella jamborees
- Beer and NASCAR
- Crucifixion

— D. Klumpp

ABSTRACT ALGEBRA TERMS THAT  
COULD BE BANDS

- Roots of Unity (Funk)
- Radical Extensions (Punk)
- Stabilizer (Electronica)
- Degrees of Transcendence (Indie)
- Maximal Ideals (Hard Rock)
- Field of Fractions (Emo)

— J. Greenblatt



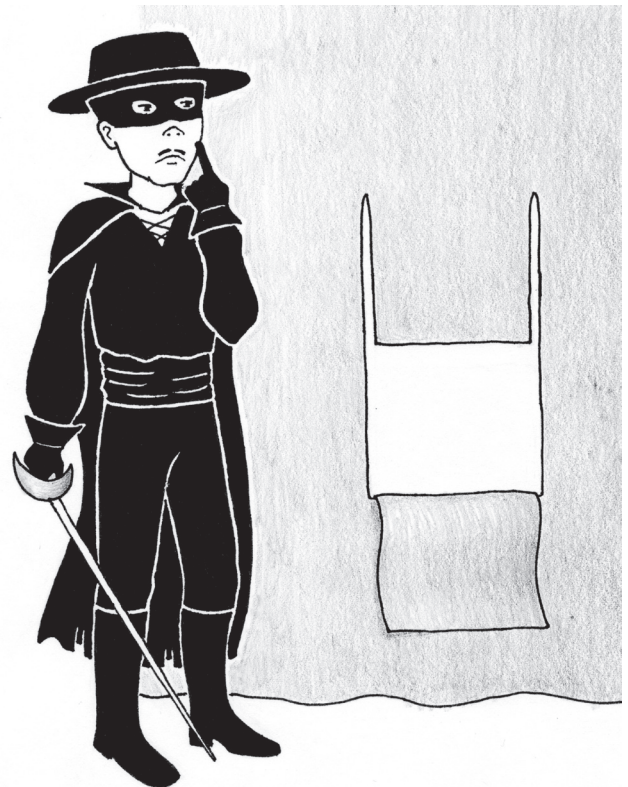
## FAILED IDEAS FOR ROLEPLAYING

- High school principle and his wife
- Prison guard and his wife
- Gynecologist and his wife
- Boss and his wife
- Repair man and his wife
- Prince Charming and his wife

— M.W. Harris

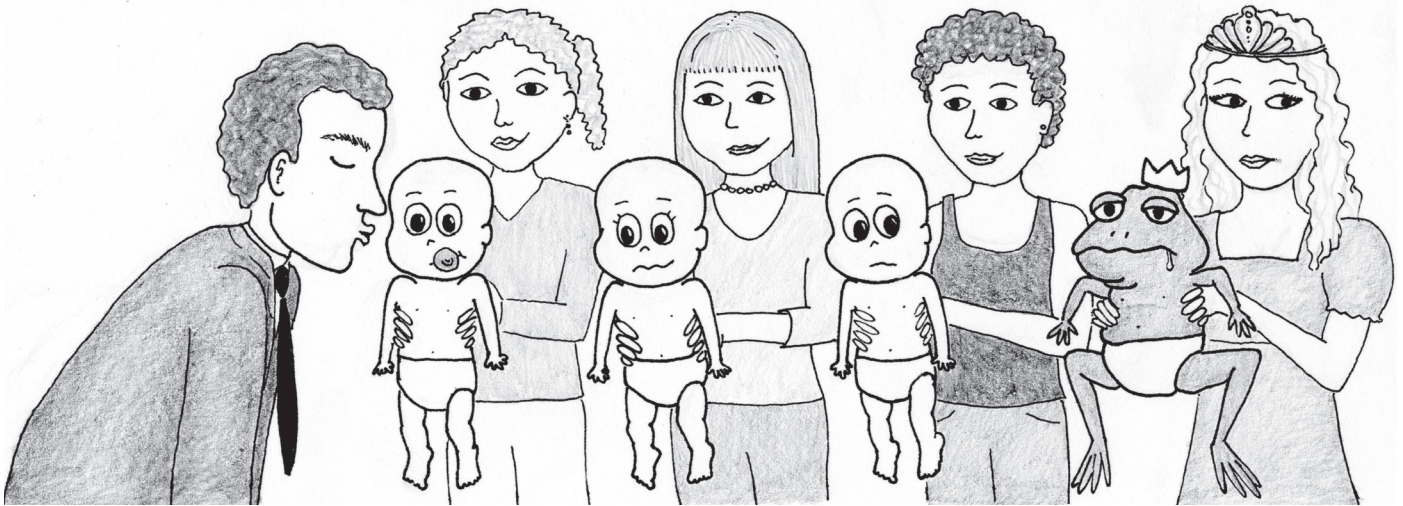


## THE DAY HORRO DECIDED TO CHANGE HIS NAME.



S. and V. Naraili

S. and V. Naratil



## ANNOUNCING: "Wii-HAVE-A-JOB"

Wii is proud to introduce a new game this week: "Wii-have-a-job." As American adults are experiencing an increased need to escape their anxiety-filled realities and a dramatic rise in free time, Wii is reaching out to a more mature audience. "Wii-Have-A-Job," is targeted at Wii users age 22-65 who have recently been laid off.

The game opens in the perspective of the player's Mii which has just awoken from a beer-fuelled slumber. The Mii gets out of bed, trips on a pile of pizza boxes, notices its answering machine blinking bright red, and pushes play: "WHY ARE YOU NOT ANSWERING MY CALLS?" the voice shocks the Mii, vibrating the controller. "THIS IS YOUR MOTHER! WAKE UP, YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BUM! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR JOB?" The opening sequence ends with the Mii picking up a Newspaper headlined "RECESSION: LAST NEWSPAPER."

After the opening, players are invited to pick a category of work: blue collar, white collar, or Disciple. When a category is selected a swirl, like a flushing toilet, spins across the screen and the Mii is suddenly dressed in work-appropriate clothing. The paper headlines no longer hold tales of economic woe, but instead say, "NEWS BACK ON THE RISE!" and "STILL IN A WAR!"

The Mii selects a lunch for their tin: bologna,

turkey, or tofu; its 6:45 a.m. so he/she walks out the door, stands at the bus station, then they wait three to seventeen minutes for a bus. Some day's there is traffic and the Mii must walk to a subway.

At white-collar work, players organize Excel spreadsheets for two to three hours in beautiful real-time. Blue-collar players press the A button on their controller at intervals of four to seven seconds. Disciples must sit at a long table and nod whenever the dude in the dress looks up from reading the Bible.

At lunch, players eat the lunch they packed. Then they resume work. On certain days the boss will call the player into their office and tell them about possible promotions, new projects, and the failure of their sexual harassment charge.

Co-workers will gather at a water cooler at four p.m., and your Mii will gain or lose friends based on his or her recollection of the *Desperate Housewives* episode from last Sunday. If a player lasts eleven hours and fifteen minutes on their controller, they get to press the home button and go home. The Mii will fix itself a Lean Cuisine and go to sleep.

Wii Corporation expects about 13.2 million to buy the game and is looking for the government to purchase them to quell ideas of revolt.

— A. Berkowitz

## PRESS RELEASE

Scott Pendergast's dazzling autobiography has taken the literary world by storm. Trained as a lion tamer from the tender age of five by a circus of dirty but amiable gypsies, Scott has faced death in the muzzle with only a whip and a high-pressure tranquilizer gun for protection. Even more amazing? Scott lost his sight in a freak lion accident when he was five and a half years old. His unparalleled talent at taming the "King of the Jungle" and stringing together nouns and verbs to form simple sentences is showcased in his revelatory masterpiece *"Oh, God! That Lion Just Clawed My Eyes Out! and Other Stories From a Blind Lion Tamer"*. Here's an excerpt:

Tasha was in heat—the kind of lady heat that made the male lions crazy. This made for an especially dangerous show. To top it all off, my girlfriend Esmeralda had just left me for that jackass deaf unicyclist. It took an afternoon of cuddling with a bottle of what I hoped was Jack Daniels for me to even think about leaving my dressing room. Due to my visual handicap, I sometimes accidentally drink paint thinner. Things were not looking good.

Bobo, or whatever the hell his name was, knocked on my door and told me I was on in five. I didn't respond. He asked, "Hey, man, are you okay?" "Oh, yeah, I'm doing great, man. I mean, look at me, I'm a thirty-five year old blind man who teaches bloodthirsty lions to jump through rings of fire when I'm not too busy doing blow or imagining what it would be like to see. So, yeah, asshole, I'm A-okay." I could hear him pause, preparing to say one of those bullshit clown affirmations about the ironies of life, but then he left.

I carefully felt around for my sequined vest and matching jodhpurs, and put them on over my vomit-stained shirt and underwear. I reached for my rosary and said the same Bible passage I recited before every performance: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter 5:8-9). I was going to whip the shit out of those lions.

I staggered out to the center ring, hoping that the audience would attribute my unsteady gait to the blindness instead of my raging substance abuse problem. I could already hear the lions in the pen, licking their lips

and roaring in anticipation of my arrival. The teenage stagehand gave me my whip and a chair, and told me to have a great show. Oh, if he only knew the kind of show I was about to put on.

I entered the large cage and immediately heard the lions run towards me. I was a little late with the whip and I felt the familiar sensation of a lion playfully trying to eviscerate me. Nonplussed, I punched the lion in the face and threw the chair at it. That bought me some time. I fumbled my way over to the ring I was supposed to set on fire, found the matches in my pocket, lit one, and attempted to bring it to the ring. I heard the audience gasp with what I assumed was amazement at my quick thinking and successfully blazing ring. Then I realized that I had set my pants on fire. "SON OF A BITCH!" I yelled.

The lions could sense something had gone wrong. Maybe they were just trying to help extinguish the fire by pouncing on me, but more likely, they were fed up with covering for my sorry ass. As I sank into unconsciousness, I thought back to the times when lion taming was fun and carefree. How could I get back to that place? How could I reclaim my dignity? And how could I use my experience as a blind lion tamer to get a lucrative book deal?

—M. Chiasson



## EATING DISORDER



## HOW MUCH YALE REALLY COSTS

Ah, Friday morning! Birds are chirping, beds are beddy. You have a lecture in 25 minutes, but what's the point when the bed is so warm? Maybe, just maybe, you can slip back into your dream of being adopted by Brad and Angelina. And, really, can you put a price on dreams?

Well, here at Yale, we can. It works out to about 300 dollars. Yale tries very hard to make us forget about these and other economic costs, but here's a reminder of what we could be buying instead.

<u>WHAT WE'RE BUYING</u>	<u>WHAT WE'RE THINKING</u>	<u>WHAT IT COSTS</u>	<u>WHAT WE COULD'VE BOUGHT</u>
A single minute of one course	"Every minute of listening to Professor Bulson evokes the loneliness of urbanization, I feel like he's speaking to me alone, and there's nobody else in the room. And we're married."	\$1.73	Three minutes on a phone dating service, or one minute on a phone dating service and two with a hooker for some, ahem, close reading.
A single hour of one course	"Awesome. Now I know how to really repudiate the Marxist dialectical framework, were anyone to ask me to."	\$103.99	Expensive designer sunglasses and a used copy of <i>Das Kapital</i> .
A single week of one course*	"I'm getting so stressed. I just need to chillax. I can miss lecture this week. It's just a grade and shit."	\$311.97	Weekly private therapy sessions or weekly puppies.
A single Yale course	"I need a Science gut, and what if I ever need to find the North Star to escape from the South?"	\$4,055.56	Four months of family health insurance.
A year of study at Yale**	"Have you seen the job market? It's so scary. I wouldn't make nearly enough to pay off last year's tuition. "	\$36,500.00	A Jaguar X-Type, or a year's salary as a teacher.
A piece of paper	"Seeing my name in olde-timey font next to the word 'Yale' on this diploma means that I've made it. I'm a somebody, and everyone will know my name!"	\$146,000	Producer credits on an indie classic by a young George Romero, or one by David Lynch and Kevin Smith.

\*Assuming a course that meets for three hours each week. That is to say, assuming you're not a science or art major, in which case you would have already figured this out in your head or will never understand this for the rest of your life.

\*\*Assuming a courseload of 9 courses per year. Any more than that, and you're being cost-efficient! And self-destructive!

— S. Swartzman

## A MEMO FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL PUPPY

Mr. President,

First off, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the lovely dinner the other night. That Michelle sure can whip up a mean plate of Science Diet and the bowl of tap water was a nice touch.

I am glad to report that the low flying aerial threat mentioned in yesterday's memo has been successfully neutralized. I have placed its carcass on the front step for your inspection. I suspect that its make is Soviet.

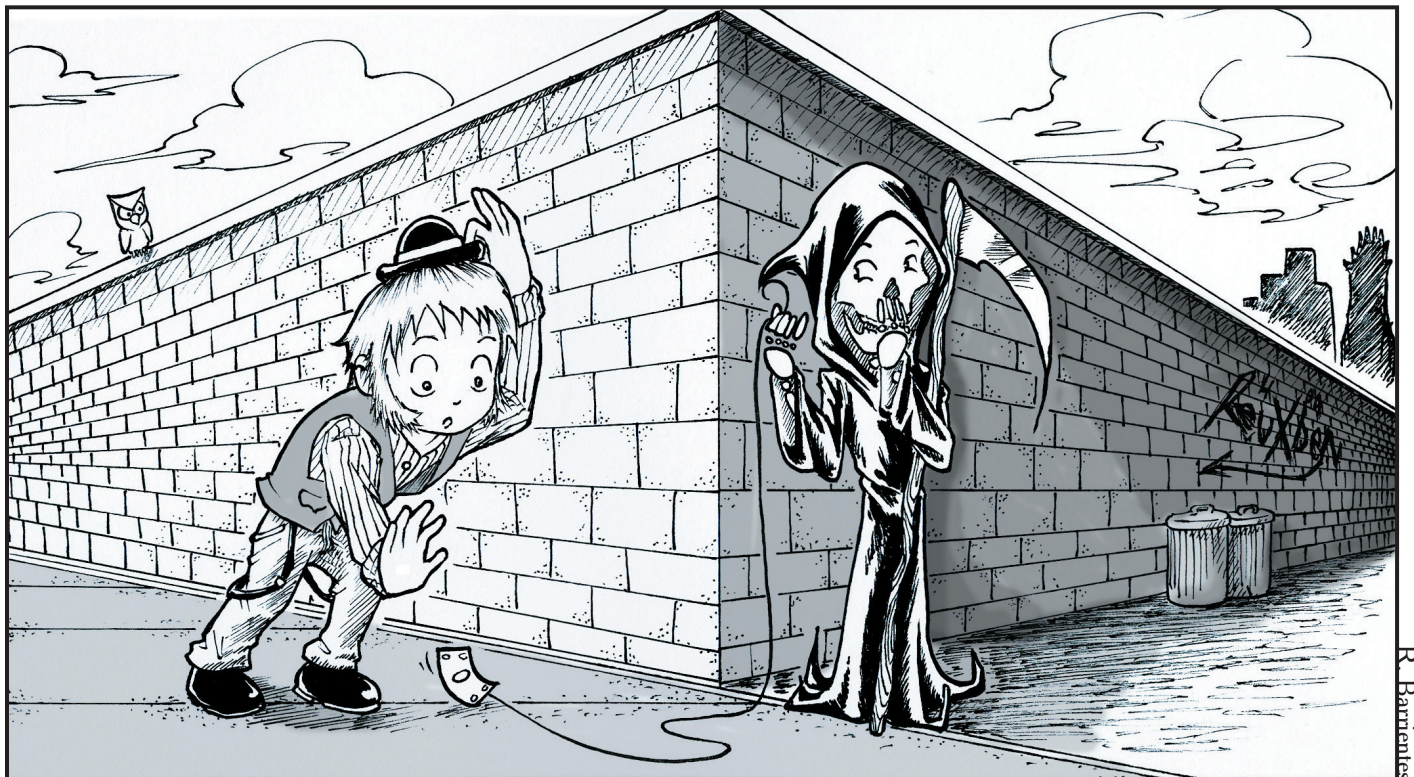
Clearly this is an unpleasant topic for both of us, but I am a bit concerned about the incident last night. When you came home I couldn't help but notice the smell of another dog on your clothing. Is the White House looking to replace me? If this is about the accident on Wednesday, I assure you it was a onetime error that will not be repeated.

On a cheerier topic, I was able to retrieve the ball that you threw in the back yard yesterday. I am more than happy to do it again, but I strongly suggest that you find a good place to keep it because every time I bring it back you seem to misplace it on the other side of the yard. I don't mean to be pushy, but I think you should look into this pattern.

There is one more issue I would like to address. I am sure that they will show up in a few days, but for the life of me I can't seem to find my testicles. The last time I remember seeing them was Saturday afternoon when I was giving them a bath on the way to the vet. I remember a sharp pinching sensation and then waking up a while later unable to find them. Please, if you hear anything on this topic, CC me right away.

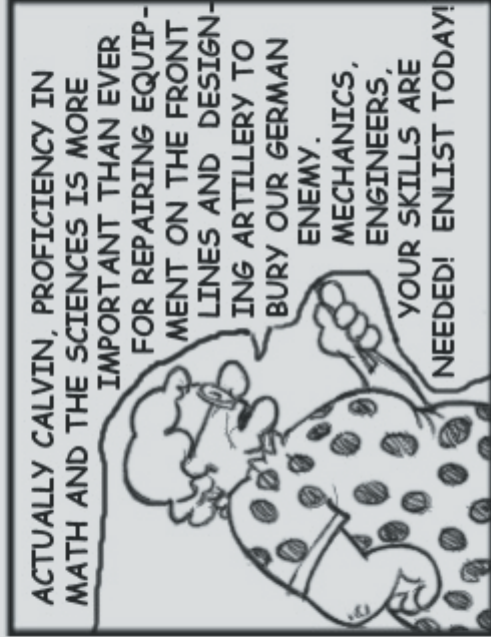
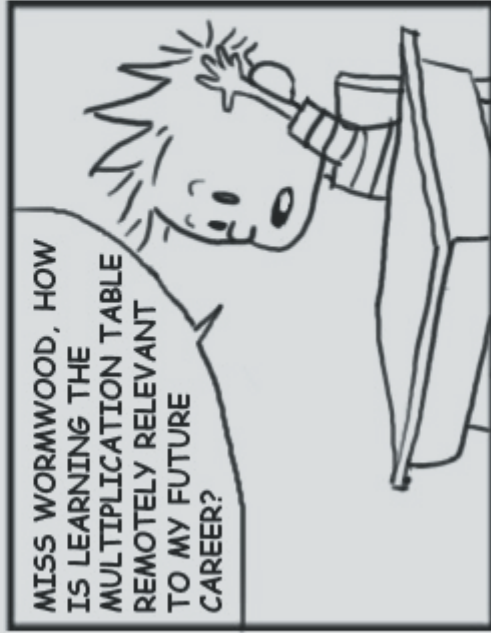
Regards,  
Bo

— J. Greenblatt

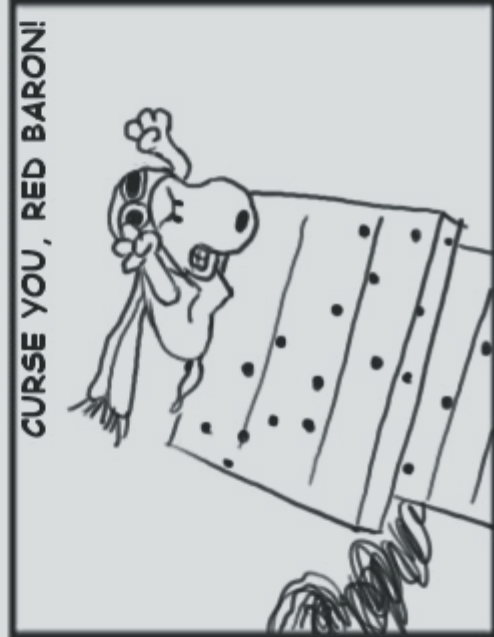
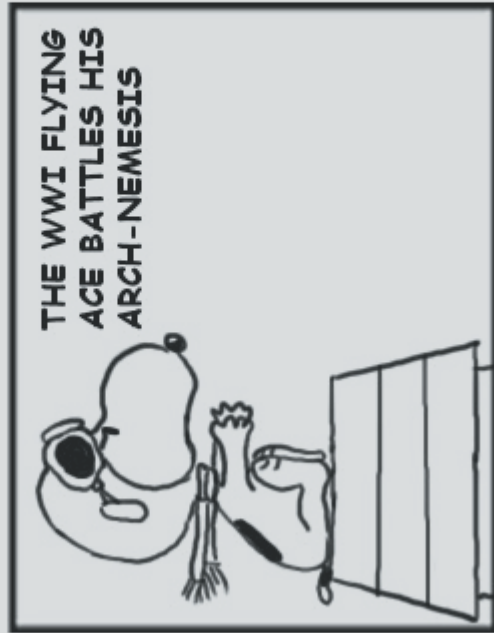


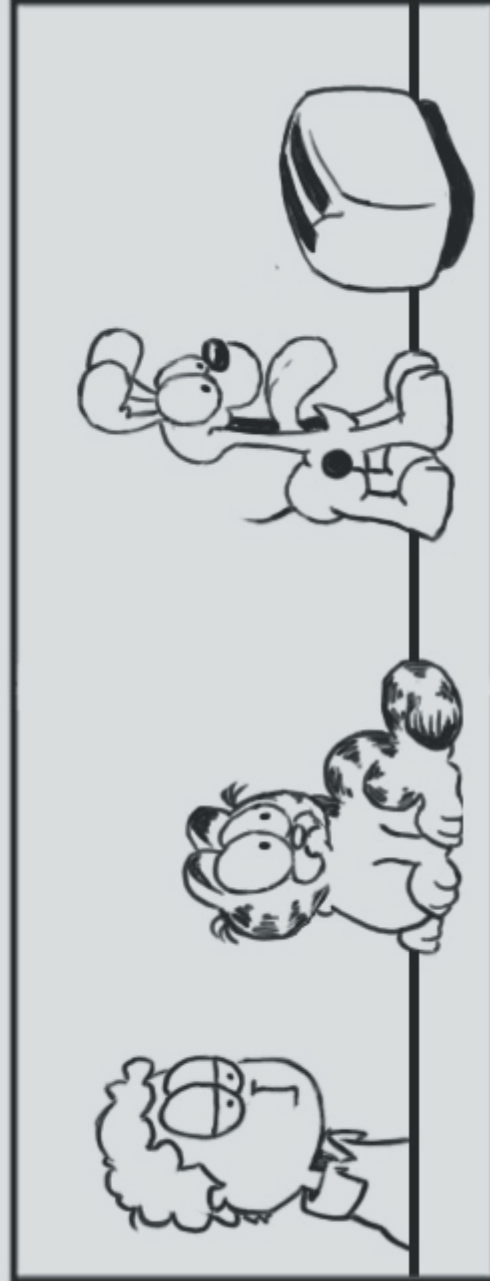
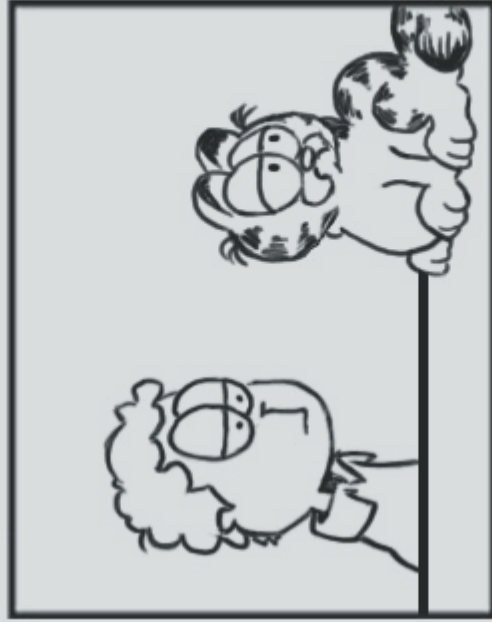
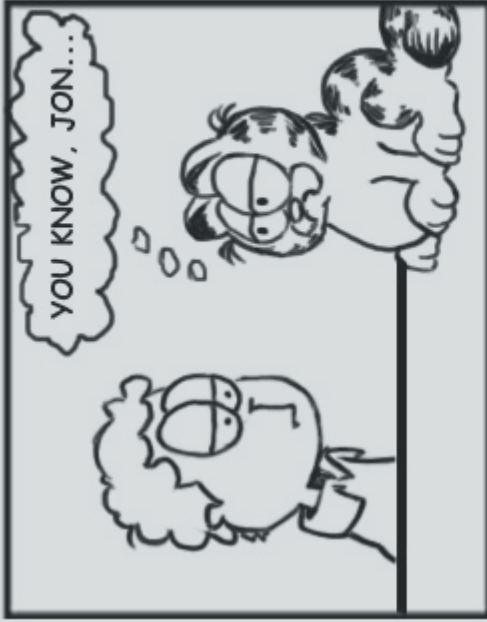
WRITTEN BY D. KLUMPP AND G. NAZARIAN. ILLUSTRATED BY C. CAMARGO

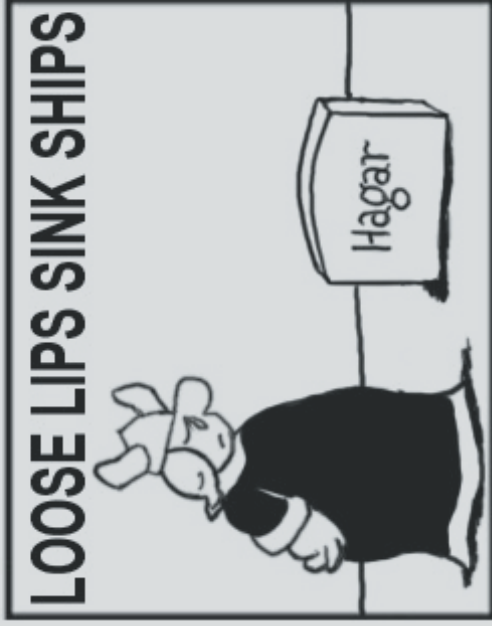
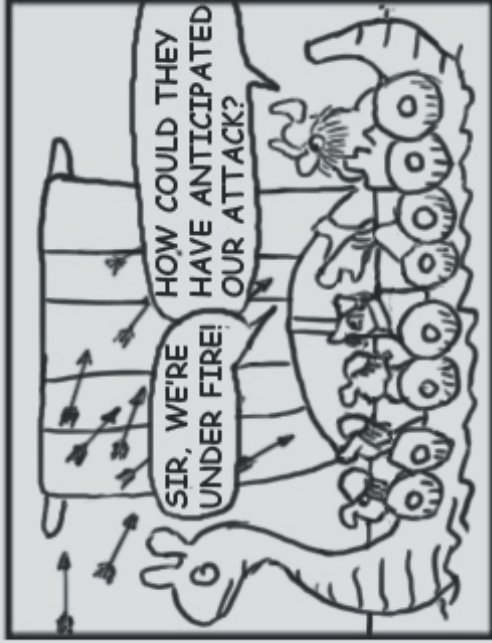
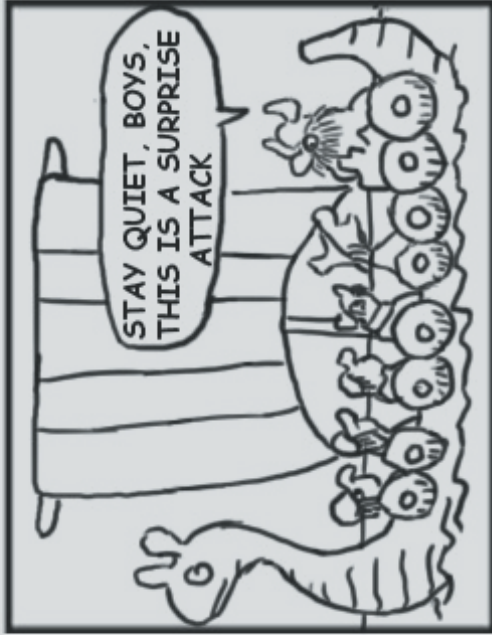
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PEANUTS





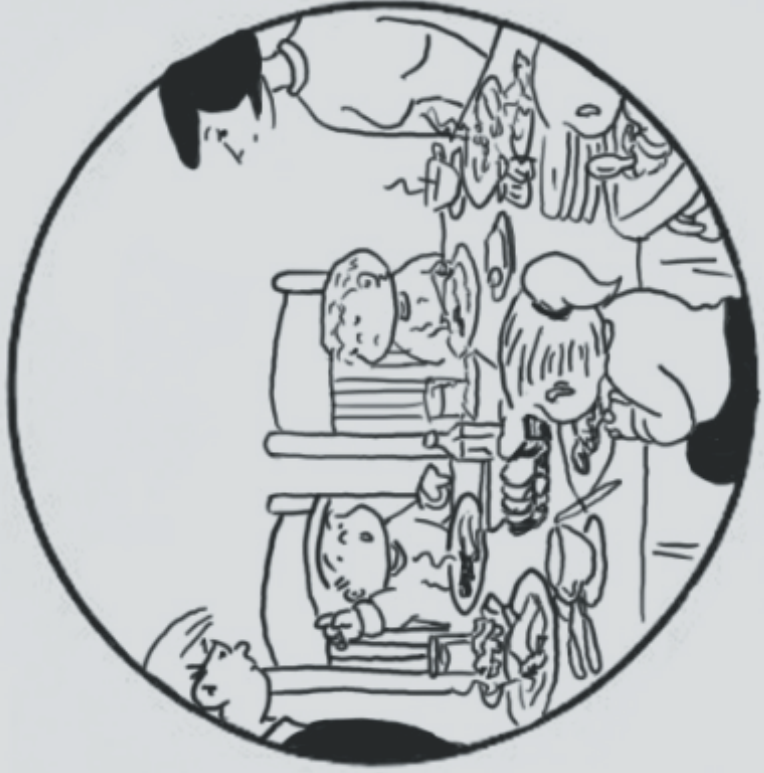


# LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS

DENNIS THE RED MENACE



THE FAMILY CIRCUS



# BUY WAR BONDS



## RECESSION HITS MIME FAMILY THE HARDEST

E. Chau



## IF JERRY SEINFELD GREW UP IN DARFUR

Boy, do I love to travel. I'm supposed to fly down to Rwanda this weekend. And I might go—I might not. Probably not, unless the Janjaweed suddenly change their minds and grant me a visa. You know how it is.

So, for the time being, I'm stuck in Darfur, and I really do love it here. But we've got our problems, I admit. For example, why is it that we're not allowed a regular drug store like all the other countries? They've always gotta set up these makeshift one-story Red Cross soup-kitchen-style hospitals—you know the ones I mean? Where you've gotta be like, "Hey, mister, what do you mean the drug companies won't give us a discount?" Or, "I just got here, how can you be out of insulin?" I mean, what is it they think we would DO if they built us a normal drug store? Grab huge armfuls of pills, run giggling into the streets, laughing, distributing it to our loved ones? "Dad, I got your AIDS medication, let's go!"

That's what they think we would do.

And how about when those guys come for you in the middle of the night, with their AK-47s and their masks? They always have to give you their little routine on "what they're gonna do." "First we're gonna stuff

you in the back of our windowless jeep...then we're gonna burn down your village...then we're gonna drive two hours to an overcrowded prison camp." And we're sitting there, going, "Yeah. Sure...You do whatever the hell you gotta do. Just let me out alive with at least one of my family members, ok, can you do that?" Do I bother THEM with every detail of what I'm doing? Do I claw at the wire mesh, going, "I'm eating my bag of rations now. That's what I'm doing back here. I'm not going to eat it all now...I'm going to eat a little. I don't want to finish it because it's such a big bag!"

I'll tell you what place I like in the prison camp is the little outhouse. I go in there even when I don't have malaria. I feel good in there; it's like my own little apartment. In fact, they have these prison camps loaded up with just about everything an ordinary village has...including some things NOBODY has...like the mass graves.

Seriously, have you seen these? I have seen these near every prison camp I have ever been in. Who is just going around killing people, first of all, and secondly, killing so many people that they're using up the ordinary graves? I mean...

I just don't understand why they had to dig those.

— D. Klumpp

## WE GET NO BREAD AT THE CIRCUS

Hey, you! Listen to me! “All the people want is bread and circuses,” you might hear from your friends at the salon, or “He only got elected because he gives the people bread and circuses.” What, these things aren’t enough to make you happy? As a juggler by trade, I’ve got just one thing to say to you.

We get no bread at the circus! Show a little gratitude.

God, the last time I had any yeast it was due to an infection. The only rising dough around here is in the Ringmaster’s salary. I only hear about grain if it’s followed by “alcohol.”

I got those puns out of a book! We get joke books at the circus, but bread? No!

You people think you’re so high and mighty, with your fancy fur coats and horseless carriages. Bread and circuses aren’t enough, you say. Please! What do you want? Healthcare? Someone who “gets” you? A night at the Ritz? Ha! Let me tell you, it’s not in the cards. My advice is to take that bread you don’t seem to care for and bring it to the circus that you look down upon. Leave the bread outside my trailer.

Unless it’s Wonder Bread. Keep that shit away from me.

—R. Clegg



## QUIET GLEN MIND POLICE

## FRUSTRATINGLY LITERAL BREAD-RELATED THINGS MY DAD COULD DO THAT WOULD BE EVEN MORE ANNOYING THAN GETTING A PIECE OF TOAST EVERY TIME HE PROPOSES A TOAST:

- Throwing bread crumbs when accused of making “crummy jokes,” insisting on spelling it “crumby” to legitimize horrible pun
- Holding some kind of misogynistic contest for bread every time he calls himself “breadwinner” and staging own victory
- Blowing entire paycheck on industrial sifting device “to separate wheat from chaff”
- Complicated and grotesque maneuver reminiscent of a bakery-themed Tarantino film every time the phrase “what’s bred in the bone will come out in the blood” comes up.
- Constructing a crust moustache every time he refers to himself as a “crusty old man;” wearing ALL DAY

— N. Klugman



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## HOW YOU KNOW THAT HE'S NOT THAT INTO YOU



L. Stepanek

HE DROPS HIS WIFE INTO CONVERSATIONS  
WHEN HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE.



## DIARY OF A STARVING PICK-UP ARTIST

Not every pick-up artist is appreciated in his own time. We're living today in the golden age of pick-up art, and yet most people have never heard of the greats—Stanley the Studly, Mackin' Mac, the Boston Wrangler, Inspector Pecs. It's even sadder when you consider that all those names are actually me.

I remember the day I told my parents I was dropping out of med school to become a pick-up artist.

"You don't go to med school," said my father.

"Can't you see?" I cried. "I need to do what makes me happy. And that's not medicine. It's not I-banking, or chemical engineering, or corporate law. It's having casual sex with attractive women."

"But that's not a profession," my mother said.

"That's a demented male fantasy." She turned to my father. "Tell him, Richard."

My father looked at my mother. My mother looked at me. I looked at my father, trying to work up a good sexual fantasy while I waited for his answer.

My father took off his hat and scratched his bald head. "Go get your dream, son," he said.

And get it I did. A lot of it. From the slaughterhouses of Cleveland ("Hey baby—what do you say you and me paint the town red?") to the oil fields of Ohio ("How about you and me set the night on fire?") to the factories of Michigan ("Ford-built means top value") I pursued my elusive but sensual quarry. I left no wine un-tasted, no keg un-tapped, no liqueur un-sexed. My skills were hot and my delivery was ice cold.

But all good things must end. While some lose their nerve and others go bankrupt of luck, I had run out of an entirely difference kind of currency: money.

"Maybe this isn't such a good idea," said a girl with whom I had traveled to Mt. Rushmore to take in the scenery.

"What's wrong, baby?" I asked. "You know Honest Abe can keep a secret."

"I'm not sure that follows," she said. "And you still haven't explained how a condom made of oak leaves is going to protect us."

"Sperm are less agile than you might think," I countered. "I promise it's safe."

"Like you promised your van had a back seat?"

She had a point. Without the means to buy fancy dinners or continue my regular rotation of underwear, my style had begun to suffer, and for once wooing women was the only thing getting hard. It was time for me to pack it in and head home.

You'll find me these days at Ed's Used Carwash, scrubbing away like I was any old Joe. You'd never know I was once the genuine article, that once I slew women with a smile and a wink. You'd never know from a distance that is.

But come visit me some day. "Hey baby," I'll say, "Looks like your upholstery could use a more thorough inspection. That'll be \$23.50, plus tip."

— B. Orlin and D. Klumpp

SIGNS YOUR GOVERNMENT IS  
HIDING SOMETHING:

- White House tours limited to downstairs bathroom
- TARP acronym never explained
- Joint Chiefs of Staff slumber parties stop inviting girls
- Joe Biden is covering his eyes and counting to 10
- Nicholas Cage caught snooping around
- Pentagon's sock-drawer filled with wads of cash, syringe
- Department of Agriculture wheat report now classified
- Michelle Obama wearing sleeves
- Press Secretary is speaking
- Supreme Court has "lost" decoder ring for constitution
- Elmo cries all the time
- Comic book visible inside budget report
- Joe Biden grows a beard

— Staff

PRO-PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE ACNE CREAM

Oh, hey. I didn't hear you come in. How are you doing?

Do I what? No, I really didn't hear you. Do I think what? Oh, do I think you have acne? Is that what you asked? Hmm. I've never really thought about it before.

I mean, now that you mention it—well, acne? I don't want to, you know, put a label on it or anything. I mean, there's always something you could do to improve your skin.

No, I meant general "you." Definitely.

Am I saying you have bad skin? I mean, define "bad."

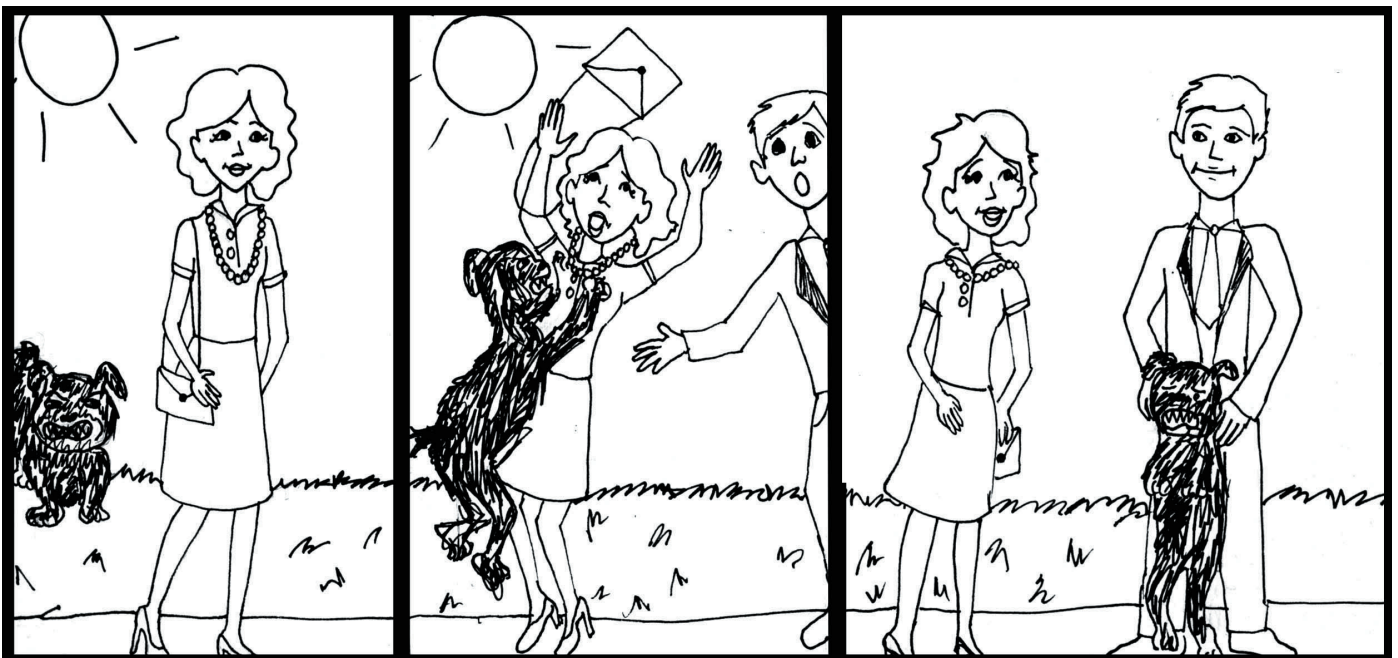
Look, I didn't mean to start a whole thing. Oh, God, now you're all upset. I'm sorry. Hey, you asked. I assumed you wanted me to be honest.

I should probably just go. Also, I almost forgot, I bought you some acne medication yesterday. I'll just leave it here, and you can use it if you want to. But seriously, only use it if you really want to.

— N. Klugman

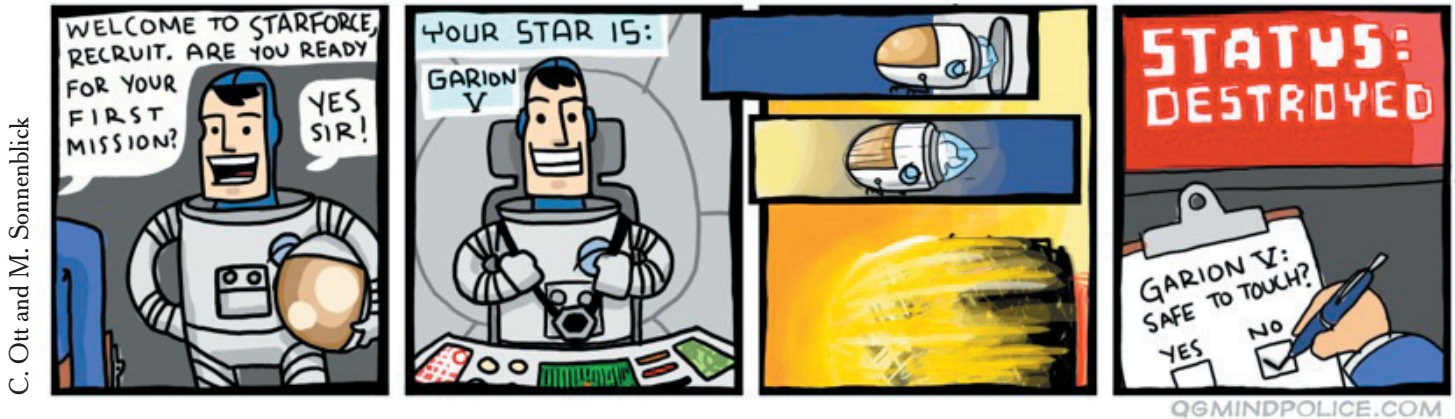


I HAVE ALWAYS RELIED UPON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGLERS.



N. Beizer

## QUIET GLEN MIND POLICE



## ON PROVERBS

1

We all know why we have pronouns, it's so that our sex stories don't sound boring and repetitive: "Jack unzipped Jack's pants revealing Jack's rock-hard member. Jill threw Jill's shirt across Jill's room, and as Jill mounted Jack, Jack said, 'My erection subsided because there are no pronouns.' Jill responded saying, 'Fuck this.'" If pronouns can be substituted for nouns, shouldn't proverbs be substituted for verbs?

2

I hate those people that say, "The best defense is a good offense." It's not true, the best defense is a good defense. They should say, "The best defense when you have no defense (in which case why the fuck are you playing this sport?) is a good offense." What I hate even more is when they turn around and say, "People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." If you have no defense, you can't expect your enemies to listen to your shouting, "Don't tap on the glass!" If you want to survive you've got to throw every stone you've got at them, because, as we all know, the best defense is a good offense.

3

You know, sometimes it's not worth crying over spilled milk, but I think that depends on what you spilled it on. If it was a lactose intolerant baby, the baby's at least gonna cry. Probably his parents, too.

— B. Toth

VOCABULARY WORDS FOR THE FINALS-  
STUDYING SOUL

You may have recently heard that it is finals season. To relieve your stress, we at *The Record* have compiled a comprehensive, accurate, and completely unorganized list of flashcards of all the vocabulary and factoids you could ever need while studying, paper writing, and stress-eating.

— THE STACKS: An oft-used world of research and reference

— WIKIPEDIA: A more oft-used world of research and reference.

— TANTALUS: A Greek guy whom you should reference on your exam when you don't actually know any relevant facts

— BIOCHEMISTRY: An excellent class in which to reference Tantalus; Q: Why do the electrons in the atom orbit the nucleus? A: The nucleus is to food and water as the electrons are to Tantalus

— COMFORT FOOD: Chocolate, candy, and M&M'S (which are both, you impressive Yalie, you!)

— FAILING: Something I will probably do on my Biochemistry exam. Shit

— STARBUCKS: The elixir of caffeine and life

— PUBLIC CUP: Cheaper life

— TA: Also known as Teaching Assistant. A human being of the graduate student variety into whose hands you place your biochemistry exam, your GPA's future, and, by accident, some 20 dollar bills.

— S. Iyer

BREAD AND CIRCUS RELATED DISASTERS  
THROUGH THE AGES

EGYPT, 15TH CENTURY BCE:

The Hebrew nation flees Egypt and Pharaoh's oppression with such haste that their bread has no time to rise. Three-thousand years later at the Council of Trent, Christians and Jews agree to never mention that matzah tastes the same as the Body of Christ.

Related disaster, New York, 1999 BC: my brother and I get into a nasty fight over the afikoman; he draws blood.

ROME, AD 26

Ben-Hur participates in an incredibly exciting, high-stakes chariot race at the Circus Maximus. Further incredibly exciting details will have to come from a viewer who didn't fall asleep at the two-hour mark, but rest assured, something disastrous happens. Probably someone dies.

EUROPE, AD 1350

The Blackened Death: One of the deadliest oven-demics in world history, a plague spread by burnt toast. Thousands die; millions crack their teeth, frown.

ENGLAND, AD 1760

John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, gives his name to—and supposedly invents—the “sandwich” to keep one hand free to play cards: it consists of meat in between two pieces of bread. Sadly, he then goes on to inspire the “Montague,” a person who loses his left arm in the cut-throat world of high-stakes cribbage.

UNITED STATES, AD 1943

U.S. Ban on Sliced Bread: The wartime conservation of sliced bread lends the phrase “the best thing since sliced bread” a heartbreaking poignancy. Thousands of aphorism-lovers, feeling blue, kick the bucket.

UNITED STATES, AD 1947-1957

The Second Bread Scare: Senator Joseph McCarthy (R-WI) spearheads a period of increasingly paranoid anti-leavening purges, aided by the House Committee on Un-Yeast-Related Activities. Notably, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg are executed in 1953 for passing information about First Lady Mamie

Eisenhower's secret sourdough recipe to the Soviet Union. At least the aforementioned two die.

USSR-RULED CZECHOSLOVAKIA, SPRING 1968

Prague Ring: A period of political circus-themed protests in Czechoslovakia. Led by “ringmaster” Alexander Dubcek, they were an attempt to gain civil rights such as freedom of the bench-press for strongmen, the right for women to grow beards, and fewer laws regulating lion-taming. The Prague Ring ended when members of the Warsaw Pact invaded Czechoslovakia on tiger-back, leading to increased security and the eventual banning of all tightrope-walking. Thousands of freedom-loving acrobats die.

ANTARCTICA, 2004

*Alien vs. Breadator*: A team of crack scientists assembled to investigate mysterious happenings in Antarctica find themselves caught in a deadly battle between evil, chest-bursting aliens and the grain-based hunter species called Breadators. A related disaster, *Alien vs. Breadator: The Leavening*, goes straight to video in 2004.

—N. Klugman



## REASONS I RAN AWAY TO THE CIRCUS

- Love cotton candy!!!
- Clown pants divert attention from my bulbous red nose
- Ringleader doesn't hit me
- Parents were Baptists
- Elephants don't judge you when you poop on the floor
- Milk carton photo is flattering
- Siamese twin fantasy, but just one at a time
- Two words: dancing bears

— S. Swartzman and M. Thornton

# College Street Cycles



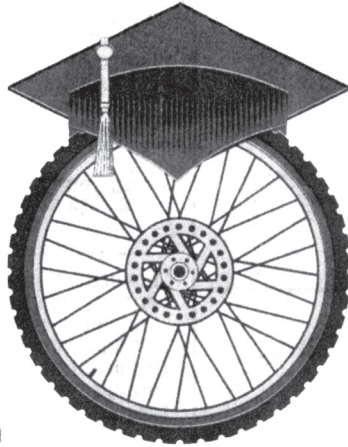
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Dear Pink Floyd,

Has anyone ever told you that your album, "The Wall" synchs up perfectly with the movie *Pink Floyd: The Wall*? Although somebody should verify that it works when you're not high.

Mesmerized,  
Joe Biden

Dear Makers of *The Mighty Ducks* Movies,

Big fan, but one question: how come the Ducks were the best under-18 hockey team in the world in D2, but in the sequel D3 they were junior varsity at a prep school? I was re-watching the trilogy last night and I realized it doesn't quite add up.

Curious,  
Joe Biden

**Geo Metro Accelerates Slower,  
Gets Worse Gas Mileage  
Than Actual Piece of Shirt**

Dear YouTube,

I just saw the one with the cat who gets caught on a ceiling fan! Where do you guys find this stuff?

With awe,  
Joe Biden

## Harold Bloom Fails to See Joke, Toes

Dear President Obama,

Are you sure there's nothing I can help you with? I'm getting sick of *Gilligan's Island* reruns, and I'd sort of like a reason to go outside today.

Just Biden my time,  
Joe Biden

Dear Post Master General,

Please stop delivering my letters to *The Yale Record*. They keep printing them as jokes.

—Joe Biden

Dear Humanities,

Wait a minute? I got an A on this paper? You do realize that, rather than writing about the supernatural in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, I accidentally handed in my Econ problem set, right?

Confusedly,  
Claire Jenkins, PC '12



Send for Booklet!

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Dear Mrs. Godwin,

We wish there was a more fun way of putting this, but there's no silly way to say that you have lost all custody of your child.

Regretfully,  
The Law Offices of Happy,  
Giggly, and Funzor

## Zombie Ronald Reagan Can't Remember the Word "Brains"

Dear Rob,

Although I was very flattered by your new Yale fight song, "Levin, Levin, King of Yale Forever," I'm afraid that I have no control over admissions.

—President Levin

Dear Urban Dictionary,

Why are you so much more widely referenced than I am?

—The Urban  
Style & Punctuation Guide

Dear Mrs. Riley,

We regret to inform you that we cannot offer your son a spot at our institution. Perhaps if circumstances change, we will reconsider.

—The Orphanage

Dear Jonathan Taylor Thomas,

Remember when you did the voice of Simba in *The Lion King*? Man that was a long time ago. Your career is deader than Mufasa, whom, if I remember right, you killed.

—Dan PC '10



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Dear Friends and Family of T-Pain,  
You're cordially invited to the  
wedding of T-Pain, featuring T-  
Pain.

—T-Pain

Dear William T. Perkins Jr.,  
Isn't it interesting that if you have  
a middle initial and a suffix on your  
name people assume that you are  
a cultural icon that they should be  
aware of?

—The Honorable Dr. Jacob  
Kaiser Bananagrabber XIII Esq.

### Stool Samples Stolen from Local Upholstery Store

Dear Pandora,  
Thanks for recognizing that when I  
created a "Billy Joel" station, what I  
wanted was not a station that played  
Billy Joel music, but one which  
played "Cat's in the Cradle" seven  
out of every nine songs.

—Steve

### Toad's Bouncer Refuses to Accept License to Kill as ID

Dear English Language,  
I write to request that you replace  
the adjective "happy" with the syn-  
onym "puppy," which sounds similar  
and is much more evocative. E.g.,  
"Don't worry, be puppy," "Just  
wishing you a puppy birthday!"  
and "This is the puppiest day of my  
life."

—James Booth

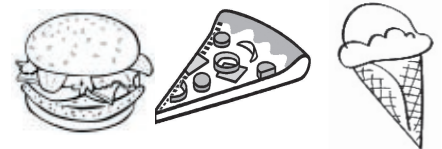


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# Global Warming: A Confession

by Newt Gingrich

It was 63 years ago that America unfurled her glorious flag on the face of the moon. Since then we as a nation have time and again lifted our eyes to the stars to gaze on man's conquest of the universe. Yet, for decades we ignored the most vital conquest of all—that of our very earth. I do not mean the petty acquisition of territory—no! For in the eyes of time, borders should just as well be drawn in the wind.

Years ago, I had a vision. A vision of the endless American summer. Young men and women in swimsuits drink root beer floats atop their Cameros, as “Deck the Halls” blares out of the drive-in's speakers.

“Years ago, I had a vision. A vision of the endless American summer.”

For years this was only a dream. Sure, I heard rumors that man could change the climate. But these were mainly the drug induced paranoia of aging hippies. After years of heartache, my hopes had nearly withered.

Then, from the most unlikely of sources, came a revelation. I never could have guessed as the lights lowered at the RNC's Halloween screening of “An Inconvenient Truth” that my life would be transformed.

Barely audible above the cackling of the politicians in Al Gore masks, there it was, beyond dispute, the blueprint for my dream.

Such beautiful images: Towering ice shelves breaking into the sea and dissolving like sugar cubes; endless forest resolving into smooth canvasses; and the tail of the temperature graph ascending to heaven. Each feat was within the means of mankind, requiring simply the willpower to see it done.

As the lights came up I knew that my position would required that I scoff at the findings. But inwardly I was elated. I had found my life's calling.

I and my closest associates immediately set to work developing a proposal for the heads of the Republican National Committee, presenting my long term vision. At first they were reluctant, but I was able to win the deciding vote by convincing Ted Stevens of the potential for bridges spanning the Northwest Passage.

Despite the early success of our plan to make the first hybrid cars shaped like jelly beans, we knew we would have to win the hearts and minds of the people. We were able to produce anti-environment sentiment by blaming the recession on sea algae. We took every opportunity to remind the public that, technically, trees killed Jesus. And we hired Sam Waterston to pose as a climate scientist and convince congress that global warming was not manmade but simply a natural consequence of the recent increase in hurricane strength.

My life became the vision, but the secret burned inside of me. I remember once passing an anti-global warming rally. The speaker shouted, “Make no doubt about it, friends, Global Warming is happening, and it's man-made!” I wish I could have told him then how right he was.

Now, at last, despite a meddling band of bamboo loving fools, nothing can stop us. Even as this message is being recorded the virtuous deluge is overtaking the bastions of sin. A baptism for America! The glorious return of coastline to our most deserving heartland!

Alas, I fear that some in this country may never forgive us for the changes we have made to the planet. But if you only understood what love we feel for you, America; if you could only know the terrifying acts committed for that love, you would not be so ungrateful. Yes, you may hate us. But your children and your children's children will call us heroes.

Good night, America, and sleep well. For tomorrow is the first day of summer.

□

Josh Schoenfield Writes Record Article

Josh Schoenfield, Yale Man, wrote the above

Flower Lady Begins One Dollar Capital Campaign

Standing on the corner of York Street and Elm

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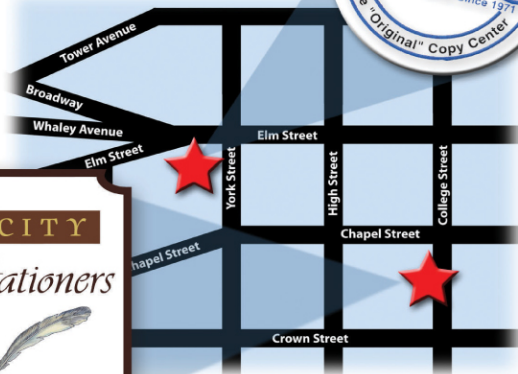
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