

Editor of the Doleful Countenance

A Humorist's Quixotic Quest

In an aging rust belt town in Connecticut, the name of which I don't care to remember, there dwelt the editor-in-chief of a once-glorious humor publication. Back in the day, this magazine rivaled the daily paper in circulation and giant vats sloshing with dubious Champagne punches graced its every social function. But of late, the broadsheet was run out of a tiny third-floor walkup on Crown Down and as for the vats of liquor—well, let's just say Captain Jack and Commandant Popov more often than not frequented the get-togethers.

And who was the helmsman of this ship of fools? Middling stature, orangish complexion, watery eyes, thinning hair, tremulous voice, chronic cough, ink-stained fingers, rumpled clothes—in short, that nebulous type who awkwardly stands in the corner cracking jokes until he happens onto a position of power. His family name was Lau, or Au, or maybe Kan—there is a measure of disagreement among those in the know—but for our purposes, it matters not. Suffice it to say that this fellow—the Editor, as we may call him—spent all his time holed up in his room eating Tostitos and muttering to himself. And reading—most of all written humor in all its forms: leaflets, pamphlets, compilations, anthologies, best-ofs, top-tens, dialogues, websites, and blogs. The Editor read so much humorous material that he finally went mad, leapt up from his desk, shoved a pen into his shirt pocket, and dashed out into the gray Connecticut afternoon to spread the gospel of funny to the world.

After realizing he was only wearing short-sleeves, however, the Editor quickly dashed back inside to acquire a fleece jacket, a sidekick, and a plan. A North Face hanging in his closet supplied item number one. Bursting into his common room, where his roommate lay sprawled on the futon watching ESPN Classic, he decided to take care of the second.

“Hey,” he called to the prone figure. “Wanna go on an adventure? We can grab some beer and pizza afterwards.”

The Roommate stirred and seemed to nod slightly, which the Editor took to be a sign of assent. “Great!” the Editor exclaimed. “I'll meet you outside. Let's do it!”

And with that, still not wearing any shoes, he ran back out into the wintry day.

Many an adventure was undertaken by these two epic wayfarers as they sojourned through the alleys and byways of their town. Driven mad by a constant diet of humor, the Editor's fevered brain saw famous comedians standing on every street corner and rooting through every garbage can.

“Look! It's David Letterman dispensing jokes and prizes to his live studio audience” he cried excitedly to the Roommate, who was sullenly munching on an absurdly large ham-and-honey-mustard sub held in one hand while taking swigs from a can of PBR held in the other.

“Nah,” the Roommate replied in between bites of his sandwich. “That's just the Flower Lady.”

The Editor appeared not to hear him. “And that, my dear friend, must be Letterman's archrival, Jay Leno. His massive chin and derivative one-liners make my blood boil. To arms!”

“That's not Leno,” the Roommate said, belatedly looking up from his oversize sandwich, “that's—”

But the Editor was already charging full tilt at the bewildered, be-jalapeño-trousered burrito cart vendor, who with a comical cry of Latin consternation leapt out of the way at the last minute. Black beans and guacamole flew in the air as the Editor reduced the immigrant's meager livelihood to shambles with a series of spastic kicks. Shaking his head ruefully, the Roommate sidled up to the crowd beginning to gather by the spectacle.

A mounted policeman noticed the fracas and trotted up.

“What's all the ruckus?” he asked a little irrelevantly. His head festively bedecked with shredded lettuce, the Editor glanced up from the destroyed remains of the burrito cart. Spying the policeman, his eyes lit up.

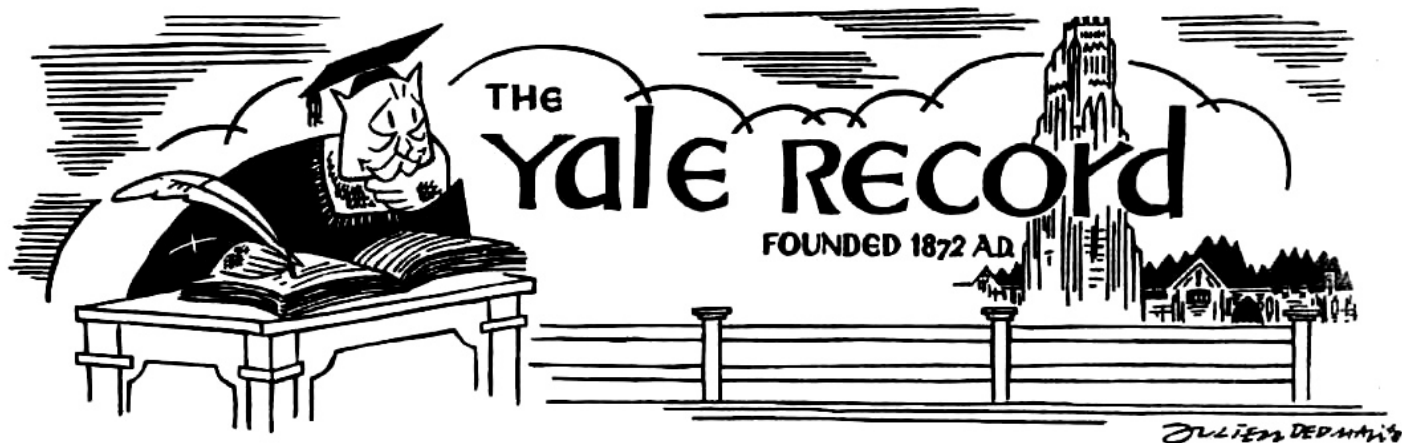
“Mr. Stewart,” the Editor said reverently, approaching the officer. “This is truly an honor.”

“What the—hey kid, what do you think you're doing?” the thoroughly confused policeman exclaimed. Retreating, his horse shied, and the man lost his balance and fell off his mount. Seizing the opportunity, the Roommate threw what remained of his sandwich to the ground and, grabbing the delusional Editor, thrust him toward the horse.

“Ride! Ride!” he shouted, hoisting the Editor onto the steed and slapping it on the rump for good measure. With a lusty whinny, the horse took off in what would have been the direction of the sunset (had it not been 37 degrees and overcast) and carried the Editor off to yet another humorous adventure.

KAU





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Yale Record Staff Photo

From Left: Malkovich, Malkovich, Malkovich, Malkovich, Malkovich

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Mailbag



Dear *Yale Record* staff,

You wouldn't believe the shit we have on you.

-FBI Record staff

Dear 50 cent,

We do not currently accept your denomination.

-Yale Laundry Machine Mafia

Dear NFL,

Here's what I don't understand. How come Terrell Owens can wear his "TO" bandana on the sideline, and Ladanian Tomlinson can wear his "LT" hat on the sideline, but I can't wear my personalized head covering?

Curiously,
Kyle Kessler-Kennedy

Dear Human Torch,

Get with the times, man.

-The Human Oil-burning Lamp

Dear Dad,

I know You're pretty strict about those commandments of Yours, but what's the policy on talking My *own* name in vain?

-Jesus

Dear Son,

You ask a lot of questions, I swear to Me. Oops-guess that answers it.

-God

Dear Yale students,

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

-J. Crew

Dear Justices of the Supreme Court,

Have you ever wondered about the daughter born during Roe v. Wade? The court case took so long that she had to be born. Now she's forty years old and goes through life knowing that she was supposed to have been aborted. You truly are the kings and queens of irony.

Cheers,
The *Yale Record*

Dear *Yale Record*,

You may have just won \$1,000,000. Ha, made you look.

-Ed McMahon

Dear Rest of Yale,

Wow, you sure showed us. We'll never be able to eat in Morse on Sunday nights ever again!

-Berkeley

Dear Berkeley,

Fuck you, too.

-The rest of Yale

Dear Jeff,

It's been twelve weeks of class so far. Would you please put your pants back on?

-Your roommate

Dear Ineloquence,

.....
Damn it.

Dear English professor,

The irony of your TA Svensin Glijbijit's not knowing the English language has worn off. Is this some sort of sick joke?

-Fred Smith '07

Dear Prof. Nelson,

I don't understand why I got an F on the midterm? Have you seen *Fievel Goes West*? The conflict between the cats and mice in the film is totally like the clash between blacks and whites in the '60s. And I think Kerouac would agree with me.

-Kat



"It was bound to happen sooner or later..."

(continued on page 19)



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Christma-CO Application for Employment

Why You Want to Work for Christma-Co:

I believe I am extremely qualified for the job of entry-level elf. I have worked in severe cold year-round through months of total darkness as well as constant sunshine without going bananas like that guy in "Insomnia." In addition, I am very tiny, have pointy ears, and can outrun polar bears.

Relevant Work Experience:

Have milked reindeer for 17 years. No complaints from aforementioned reindeer.
 Perfected recipe for hypothermia-preventative hot chocolate.

Research project: currently analyzing the neural processes of Bing Crosby's brain to develop a flawless carol-creating computer program. (I also happen to have Mr. Crosby's body in my basement in the event that I finally obtain government funding to finish my crooner-reanimation project)

Job Skills:

Quick to learn - In the past week, have mastered steering tankers through mazes of icebergs, dismantling oil pipelines, and clubbing people who club baby seals.

Invisibility - No one seems to know I exist. Need proof? No one informed me before my log cabin was razed and replaced with an oil derrick early this morning.

Innovative toy-making - Pinecone replicas of Cabbage Patch dolls, scrimshaw children's books, and broken pipeline Game Boys (see attached slide)

Willingness to do Fieldwork:

Yes! I am more than happy to go out into the field - either as Mr. Claus representative in North American malls and department stores, or as a spy in toy companies headquarters, the enemy's centers of misinformation. I will do all I can to help you win the war against the evil human toy conglomerates.

References:

I have never actually been gainfully employed by a so-called "boss." I recently lost my self-appointed job protecting the environment when the environment, sadly, went out of business.

Additional Comments:

When you are doing my security background check, you may notice that my great-uncle Jerome occasionally had brief chats with the writer J.R.R. Tolkien. Rest assured that I am a vehement opponent of Tolkien's ridiculous and two-dimensional characterization of your employees, and that great-uncle Jerome was not a blood relative.

Applicant's Name:
 LaToya Jackson

Horticultural Hero to the Rescue?

A *Yale Record* "Choose Your Own Adventure"



You, Sir [Your Name Here], have through your great bravery and cunning become the most noble and famous of adventurers in the magical realm of The Enchanted Peninsula. Your unique and powerful power—the ability to mimic the properties of plants—has until now served you well in defeating the ogre Threndor (thwarted by a good dousing in oregano) and subduing the evil wizard Cauliflower-Threndor (coated, tragically, in barnacle-esque lichen). But these days, all is not right on the Enchanted Peninsula. The slightly effeminate Prince Bruce has gone missing, streaks of chain-lightning rip through the sky every day around lunch time, and your uncanny botanical instincts tell you that the fertile Peninsula soil has become more acidic by approximately .02 on the pH scale. These terrors must be righted, and you, noble adventurer, are the Enchanted Peninsula's last hope. Get to it! Mount your trusty steed, Diaphragm, and set out on your way! *Turn to the next page!*

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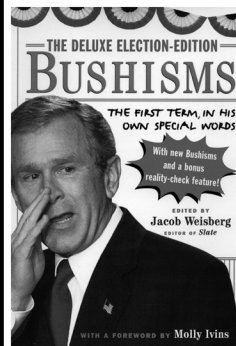
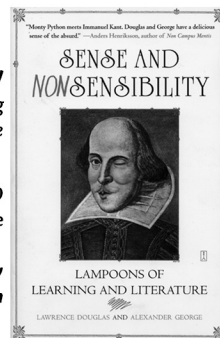


Recent Humor From Yale Graduates

Sense and Nonsensibility
Lampoons of Learning and Literature

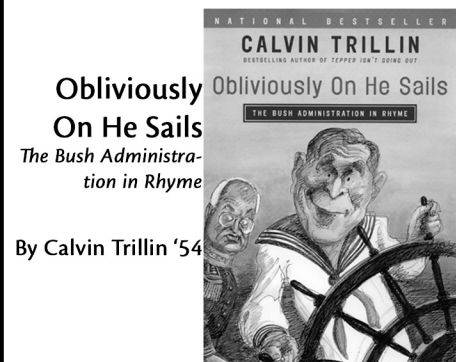
By Lawrence Douglas '89 and Alexander George

Book Signing: February 17, 2005, 6:30 pm



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You come to a fork in the road. Do you:

- a) Go left Go to page 6!
- b) Go right Go to page 7!
- c) Grow a cactus on your face Go to page 8!



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God, Kill the Supreme Court

By Pat Robertson

We've tried being patient with the Supreme Court. We prayed to You, Jesus, that they heed Your signs telling them to resign. But Justices Kennedy, O'Connor, Souter, Ginsburg and Breyer have refused to walk in the path of the Lord. Thus, I have no choice but to ask You to kill the Supreme Court.

I know You have a divine plan, and I trust in it. But the Supreme Court has continually promoted the Sodomite agenda and waged war against Christians, especially the good Christians, the ones who buy my books. We cannot allow this to continue. Now that you have revealed Yourself by reelecting Your loyal son and giving Your party solid majorities in both houses of Congress, it is critical that You act now to give Your party control of the third branch of government.

That is why all loyal Christians and I are calling on You, most Holy of Holies, to kill the Supreme Court. Please aid us in our task of returning our nation to the path of righteousness. But we cannot succeed unless You bring burning hail down upon Ruth Bader Ginsburg. For the sake of Your people, may David Souter be shanked with the hot butter knife of the Lord. Please deliver us from these sadists.



Jesus, I know that You are infinitely merciful. You need not punish our entire people because of the sins of five men and women. They must be dealt with as Goliath and the Moabites were. If You truly love us, You must kill them.

Pat Robertson is a leading Christian Evangelist, best-selling author of The New World Order and creator of "Pat Robertson's Age-Defying Protein Pancakes."



As you trot merrily along the way, a goblin appears in the space between you and your horse. You fall off your horse and draw your sword, but the goblin turns it into soup. *You can't fight with soup*, the goblin informs you. *Now you'll have to beat me at volleyball!* Do you:

- a) Play volleyball, hoping to vanquish the Goblin Go to p.10!
- b) Fight the Goblin with soup anyway Go to p.11!
- c) Drink the soup Go to p.14!

Pat, Stop Telling Me What to Do

By God

For an omniscient being, I sure get my judgment questioned a lot. If you knew everything, as I do, you'd know that I could do my job a lot better without all these backseat deities telling Me how to do it. Free will causes Me so much trouble that I sometimes regret to having given it to you people. I made the Bible so simple even you humans couldn't screw it up, or so I thought. But somehow, against all odds, you managed. Bravo. Actually, I'm not mad. I'm disappointed. Actually, on second thought, I really am mad. You humans are just plain stupid.

Let me explain it one more times: I love everyone. It's really a simple concept. I love Muslims, I love gays, I even love Martha Stewart. I'm not going to crash a comet into Massachusetts because some people there are having gay sex. Quite frankly, I don't really care.

The fact is that I didn't even write a lot of that stuff. You think I wrote, "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination"? Some schmuck added that during the Babylonian exile. Humans mess everything up. I had My Nine Commandments, but Moses had to add a tenth to make it more "round." I can't believe you all fell for that one for the past three thousand years. "I am the Lord thy God," "Honor thy mother and father," "Thou shalt not



kill"—they're all simple. "Neither shalt thou desire thy neighbor's wife, neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's house, his field, or his manservant, or his maid-servant, his ox, or his ass, or any thing that

is thy neighbor's"—sounds like a lawyer wrote that one. I can write eloquently, you see, because I'm omnipotent! It takes a Moses or a Thomas Aquinas to make things hard to understand.

I think the saddest part is that none of you will believe Me, either. After all, I'm only Almighty God. I can't compete with media moguls like Rupert Murdoch or Pat Robertson. These days it's straight from Me to Jesus to Matthew, Mark, John and Luke to Jesus' estranged brother James, down through a few dozen popes, to Martin Luther, to some of Luther's disciples to Pat Robertson to the 700 Club, through the cable lines to you. Or you could just open the Bible yourselves, you lazy schmucks.

I'm beginning to think you all don't want Me as your God. After all, I demand thought and hard work. You want a God who will tell you what to do and then forgive all your sins because you show up on Sunday for half an hour. Well, here's an idea. If you don't like Me, go worship your TV. It doesn't judge you, it doesn't ask anything of you, and it doesn't require you to think. Just stop going around hurting people because someone told you that I told them to tell you to do it.

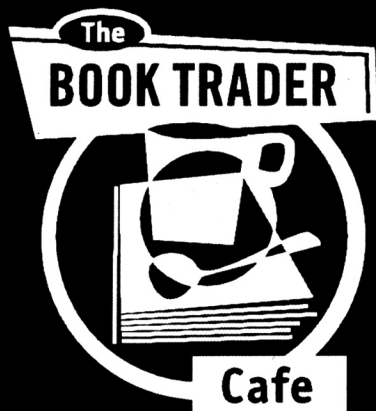
God is the best-selling author of the Bible, but he's mad about getting jewed out of the royalties. ☹

The road gets muddier and then less muddy. Then you see a hut in the distance. When you get closer you still see the hut but it appears larger. Finally you can read the sign in front of the hut. "Mr. Mary-Anne's Magick Shoppe," you read. Nailed to the sign is another sign. "ON SALE NOW: ROCKS OF TELEPORTATION AND SUCCESS (sizes vary depending on availability)," you read further. You enter the shop. An aging homosexual dragon sits behind the counter. You approach and ask to purchase a Rock Of Teleportation And Success. *I've only got one left*, he tells you. *It'll cost you twenty-five doubloons. By the way, I love artichokes.* But you don't have any doubloons. Do you:

- a) Bribe the dragon with a crop of artichokes which you germinate, cultivate, and harvest in a nearby field Go to p.17!
- b) Offer to work in the Shoppe for as long as it takes to pay for a Rock of Teleportation and Success Go to p.18!

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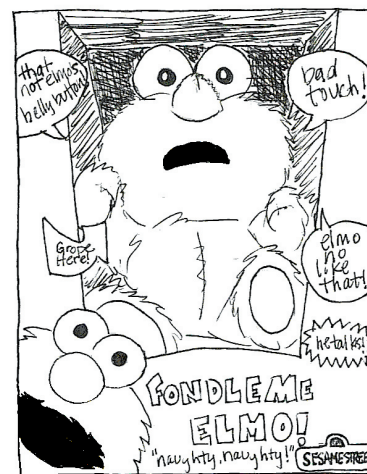
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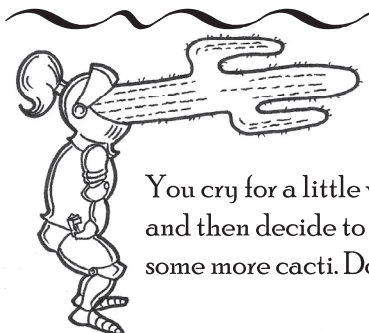
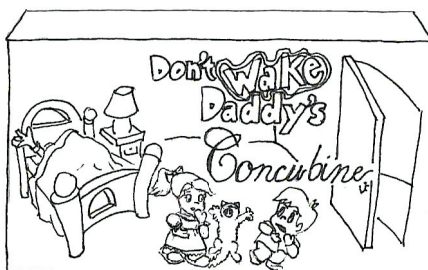
Pulled from Shelves

Every Christmas, some toys make it to stores, severely injure some dumb kid, and are swiftly recalled before the class-action suit drives the manufacturer bankrupt. But the comedic value of these recalled toys will long outlast the emotional distress they caused.

- ☛ Fallujah Monopoly
- ☛ Trail of Tears computer game
- ⌚ Tourette's Syndrome Teddy Ruxpin
- ⊕ Comrade Barbyinski's Post-Revolution Dream House/Aluminum Smelting Facility
- ✂ Baby's First Zippo Lighter
- ⊖ Chocolate-Covered Marbles
- ⊞ Magical Princess Invisible Plastic Bag Crown
- ♀ My Little Lactating Pony
- ☛ Connect This, Bitch
- ☛ Atkin's Diet Baking Set
- ☛ Double Scotch On the Rocks
- ☛ Play-don't: Ritalin-laced putty for the overactive child
- ☛ Don't Wake Daddy's Concubine



- ☛ Milton Bradley's The Game of Death
- ☛ The Real Gun: a gun that is real
- ☛ Yo-yo On a Stick
- ☛ Karl Rove's Super-fun Nighttime Self-improvement Freedom Patriotism Democracy Coalition Game Tapes
- ☛ John Ashcroft's Only-slightly-abridged Bill of Rights Workbook
- ☛ Easy-Bake Meth Lab
- ☛ Fondle Me Elmo
- ☛ Mystery Date HIV-status Unknown Edition
- ☛ Cabbage Patch Fetuses



You cry for a little while and then decide to grow some more cacti. Do you:

- a) Grow a prickly-pear cactus (*Opuntia tornatus*) Go to p.9!
- b) Grow a slightly larger prickly-pear cactus (*Opuntia tornatus maiorus*) Go to p.9!
- c) a cactus made of beans (*cactum legumen*) Go to p.9!

A Wiccan X-Mas

Wiccans are a very misunderstood group. While many people think they're nothing but godless heathens or Satanists, in truth they're simply another religion like Christianity or Oprahism, and equally deserving of our respect and reverence. What most don't realize, though, is that even evil fiend-worshipping devil spawn created in the dark abyss—excuse me—Wiccans have their own unique celebration of Christmas. Luckily, we here at *The Record* have uncovered a page of a journal by a Wiccan child in preparation for this holiday that reveals their unique brand of celebration.

December 25, 2003

Dear Diary,

Christmas rules! Yesterday we got everything started and I had the most wonderful time with my family. First, we met up for the ritualistic penguin sacrifice (I hope the zoo doesn't notice them missing). After soaking in their blood, we ate the bodies raw in front of a large bonfire of pentagram-shaped burning crosses. Dad said that'll really teach those penguins not to mess with us in the future. Then we went inside to watch *A Peanuts Christmas* and eat fruitcake. I went to bed hoping I got the bones of that stupid Jenny Havershore who keeps on calling me fat during gym. Or maybe a new dirt bike.

This morning I ran downstairs under our crucifix with that man writhing on it to get my presents. His moaning kept me up all night! However, stupid Jonas was already there first. I put a hex on him to make him pee milk but he turned my hair into snakes. I got one to bite him but then that stupid crybaby went to mom and dad and they decursed the house and we got yelled at and they said we had to wait until after breakfast to open our presents. But it was still good because I got the bones and the bike! Haha, maybe Jenny thinks I'm fat but that's because she's just bones! Thanks Santa.

I only got to play with my bike for a little while because we went over to grandma's house. I had to help inside and make a brew to destroy the crops of the nearby farmers while Jonas got to play football with the guys outside. How come only the guys get to play football? I said I'd be better at it than Jonas is but mom said to stop asking or she'd strike me down with the fires of a million hells like she did that guy from the *AKS*. I still think I could be better than Jonas.

Then we had to go caroling. I hate caroling because my throat hurts from singing *Silent Night* so many times and because we have to torture people until they swear eternal fealty to our dark lord. Mom says she doesn't care though, because it's important to look good for the community and I have a pretty voice. Do I really? The people said yes when I asked them but Jonas was burning them with a poker. Does that count? I think it should.

We finally got back to the house and I was allowed to open my stocking. I got some new nail polish, delicious chocolate, and deliciously maimed bodies. I was too tired to eat any though, and mom just came up and tucked me into bed. What a great day. I can't wait for next year! Maybe then I can get rid of that snooty Regina who never invites me to her parties.

As you stand at the fork in the road, pleased with your cacti, a wood nymph approaches and then leaves. Then a genie floats up to you. *Master, I will grant thee as many wishes as you can conceive!* The genie intones. *All you have to do is defeat the Evil Necromancer-cum-Blacksmith of the Mystical Archipelago.* Do you:

- a) Defeat the Evil Necromancer-cum-Blacksmith of the Mystical Archipelago Go to p.19!
- b) Turn your fingers into stalks of asparagus and then tickle the genie Go to p.20!



and Bitter Rejection

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And no, the answer we're

ditor



Dear Jessie,

There's no need to cloud your lurid sexual prose with legal jargon or scientific blather or fish mumbo jumbo or all the freaky unicorn fetish stuff. This whole humor magazine exists so that we dorky guys can release our pent up sexual energy! Sarcasm is our porn. That is, sarcasm is our porn in addition to the porn that's our porn. You like porn, right? Well, you can forget about those editors of legitimate publications. There's a home for your zaftig self and smut-filled mind right here at the Yale Record. We're hoping you are hot, but, to tell the truth, we'll take what we can get.

Andrew Kau

Editor-in-Chief, The Yale Record

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You can't fight with soup, idiot. The goblin told you so, and goblins are unable to lie. Go back to #2 and try again. And this time, don't be so stubborn.

“ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS IN PRINT”

Woman breastfeeds baby against his will; convicted of “lactaction without representation”

By Andy Levine
STAFF REPORTER

Judge Lance Ito made an unprecedented move yesterday by sentencing Bari Amilkin, 34, to 10 years in prison for forcing her crying baby to ingest her milk.

“The baby clearly didn’t want the milk,” said Ito. “Technically, it’s rape.” Luckily, the writers of the Patriot Act — worried terrorists could spray people with poisoned milk — made a special provision for such a case. When the verdict came, it was clear: “lactaction without representation.”

The national need for the lactaction representation provision arose when it was discovered that Sandra Finklestein, one of Sadaam Hussein’s 80,432 wives, killed an Iraqi by forcing him to do the impossible: chug a gallon of her milk in under 10 minutes. Apparently, the Iraqi actually pulled off the feat, only to discover he was lactose intolerant. He passed a lot of gas, and died.

The victim, age one, impressed reporters not only with his high-brow diction but also with his marshalling of logical arguments against his mother. “I told her that I

only drink freaking soy milk,” said the baby. “But no, she had to go all old school on my ass. Who does she think I am? Does she not understand English? Maybe she wanted me to tell her in a fucking African click language.”

Amilkin was shocked by the ruling. She charged that “this case is a result of a bratty son using a bad law and milking it for all its worth. And yes, pun intended.”

“This case is a result of a bratty son using a bad law and milking it for all its worth.”

Bari Amilkin
Defendant

President Bush was pleased with the judgment, stating, “I believe that nipple sucking is between a man and a woman. Or between me and my cats. But that’s a story for another time.”

Amilkin’s lawyers plan to appeal, citing that Judge Ito has a long history of putting people away even if there is no evidence against them. Said Amilkin’s lead defense lawyer, “If the baby spit, you must acquit!”

Man takes Reese’s slogan too far, gets lost in Reese’s, literally

By Celeste Ballard
STAFF REPORTER

In a series of incidents that would vex even the creators of Candyland, local man Olaf Finnigan became trapped in a giant Reese’s peanut butter cup last week. The cup, standing 15 feet tall and 30 feet in wide, is a mystery unto itself. Witness Smeec McGillicuddy astounded, asking, “Where did this giant concession come from? Was it a gift from God? Or another one of Count Chocula’s cruel pranks?” Sources currently point to the latter, but a federal investigation is underway.

When asked why he decided to enter the cup, Finnigan replied, “It looked so delicious and inviting. It was like I was a moth attracted to a flame...except that I was a man attracted to a Reese’s.” After contentedly gnawing away at the peanut-buttery chocolate goodness, Finnigan found himself in a cave of his own creation inside the giant cup. After 15 hours, he began to scream for help, hoping to attract the attention of passersby. When asked why she didn’t offer to help, one bystander explained, “It’s a giant talking peanut butter cup. Would you go near that thing?” Others responded similarly with claims of peanut butter allergies and mistrust of gigantic candy. Bob Bergstein,



Finnigan emerges from the giant peanut butter cup, looking like shit but feeling fine.

TOOLE/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

thinking this was a promotion by Hershey’s, was ready to attack the cup as well. “You know, I’m on Atkins, so I can’t eat bread. I make up for it by eating my weight in candy,” Bergstein said. “I had already unbuttoned my pants and was preparing to dig in when I heard the noise. I figured someone had already beaten me to it.” Bergstein ruefully abandoned the giant cup, murmuring, “Well, I guess it wouldn’t be kosher anyway.” After being trapped for two days, Finnigan finally mustered up the appetite to eat his way out. “At first I wasn’t sure the best way to tackle the situation, but I’d seen the humorous commercials,” he explained. “I thought of that one barber who

shaved his Reese’s as a method for eating it. But I didn’t have my razor with me, so I resorted to eating out the middle like I’d seen on TV.” After eating his way from the inside out, Finnigan resembled “a Keebler Elf who fell into the E.L. Fudge,” in the words of one witness, as he was brown from head to toe. Another observer, startled by Finnigan’s appearance, stated, “He looked like a giant piece of crap. I was about to run for my life when I caught a waft of the peanut butter. Then I began to lick him clean.” A squad car was immediately deployed and a hazmat team took over, efficiently decontaminating Finnigan by hosing him down with 2% milk.

Computer cluster terrorized by enormous anthropomorphic advice-giving paper clip

By Aryeh Cohen-Wade
STAFF REPORTER

Chaos reigned last night in the Branford computer cluster as a giant, animate paper clip held twelve students hostage. Lacking appendages, but with the ability to bend its sinuous metallic form into a number of amusing shapes, the paper clip issued no demands, asking only the perplexing question "What would you like to do?"

With a mouth only vaguely suggested by the clip's smaller inner arch, it is unclear how the quasi-human beast — rumored to be named "Clippit" — is able to communicate at all. Nevertheless, the monstrosity offered detailed solutions to a number of questions about page formatting and print layouts.

The creature entered the lab at 8:30 p.m. yesterday, as students e-mailed and worked on problem sets. "I just was trying to figure out how to make Word stop putting those annoying red squiggles underneath my last name," said Stephanie Horowitz '07. "Next thing I knew, this eight-foot tall paper clip came racing in on top of a flying sheet of loose-leaf paper. It turned into a bicycle, a check mark, and an atomic nucleus, then just sat there, glancing back and forth and wiggling those disembodied eyebrows. The damn thing just wouldn't go away."



TOOLE/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The creature called "Clippit" menacingly morphs into the shape of a helium atom, causing many Branford students to desperately flee the computer cluster.

She added, "Someone yelled out 'Dear God!' and it said, 'It looks like you're writing a letter.'"

Horowitz managed to escape by slamming her Nalgene into the "Options" box that floats above the monstrous creature. In the resulting confusion, Clippit metamorphosed into a cat, a robot, and a pygmy Albert Einstein before returning to his original form. "I can still see the fiery abyss of his eyes, imploring, begging me to accept his assistance in some way," said Horowitz.

Negotiators have learned little about the creature's motives. "I tried asking it what it wanted," said New Haven Police Sergeant Reginald Wilson. "It would only reply, 'I don't know what you mean. Please rephrase the question.' This Clippit's a sly one, all right. Unless we can crack his code soon,

we're gonna have to call the tech help line, and that shit is 99 cents a minute."

Victor Clayburn, a professor in the Computer Science department, urged students to remain calm. "The paper clip will go away eventually. This is just how computer technology is supposed to work. I think we all remember what happened last year, when that kiosk in Machine City was infected with spyware and triple-X barely legal Asian sluts would come walking in every time someone opened up Internet Explorer. At least this time no one's going to come down with chlamydia."

As of press time, Clippit had constructed a giant paper airplane and was zooming around the room, and thus could not be reached for comment.

Weather

Today: Old Man Winter is upon us
Tomorrow: Old Man Winter is upon your mom

Page 7

Student confirms non-real friend on thefacebook.com

Page 3

Five-minute rule actually just a guideline

Page 3

Yale Russian and Slavic choruses continue efforts to capture "cursed moose and squirrel"

Page 5

News

Dance Dance Revolution miracle diet released

Page 6

Santa sued for bringing children fake snow made from asbestos

Page 7

Poll finds Whim 'n' Rhythm lacks whim, rhythm, grammatical proficiency

By Tamara Micner
STAFF REPORTER

A recent poll conducted by the Yale Singing Group Council (SGC) found that 83 percent of students consider Yale's all-female senior a cappella group to be grammatically inept.

"I'm totally stupefied by the name," Annabelle Patterson '07 said. "Are they trying to say they're 'Women Rhythm' or 'Whim AND Rhythm'? The suspense is almost enough to make me go to one of their shows." In fact, the name arose out of a fervent group-wide desire to avoid prepositions as well as the word "blue."

"I took my mom and dad to their Parents' Weekend show with the Whiff[enpoof]s last fall, and the three of us were appalled at their lack of both whim and rhythm," Andrew MacDougall '07 said. "We were expecting some spastic jerking, some unforeseen belting, even a nervous tic — but we got nothing. We couldn't even keep track of any kind of beat or metre. I noticed my music professor sitting in the back of Battell trying to conduct but failing miserably. He finally gave up when his asthma kicked in."

In response to the poll, the SGC approached Yale's English Department for suggestions as to how to rectify the situation. The SGC is worried that student perceptions of the group's name will hurt the a cappella community as a whole.

Andrew MacDougall '07

"When the group was founded, we needed something to distinguish us from the myriad other a cappella singing groups at Yale," Holly Flynn '05, pitch for Whim 'n' Rhythm, said. "We decided the best way to accomplish that would be to give

ourselves a punny name, since nearly everyone in the group had expressed opposition to the proposal of singing toplsss."

Some students feel, however, that such an alternative would have yielded better results in the group's performance than the name has done.

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"We don't want other a cappella groups to have to bear the brunt of one group's turbidity," said Johnny Beghoul '05, president of the SGC. "It's not as if there isn't enough antagonism among singing groups as it is. Wait, can that be off the record?"

What Were They Thinking?

Celebrities are people too. Well, most of them are. I mean, it goes without saying that some are really here to enslave the disproportionately built masses; but still, for the most part celebrities are card-carrying members of humanity. As such, they have primitive urges and needs—fantasies, if you will. And so, here are just a few examples of some celebrity fantasies—quoted directly, mind you—randy and otherwise:

Lara Flynn Boyle: “Could I win an unlimited supply of Barbie Dolls...you know, to make me feel fatter than I already am? I hear those dolls work wonders—the toy industry’s answer to ephedrine. Why, just the other day I was talking to a little nine-year-old girl. Her name was Tiffany, I think. Well, this tyke was well on her way to achieving that gorgeous 50-22-50 build we’re all after, and she said that Barbie was her one and only inspiration.”

Joan Rivers: “I’d have to go with a lifetime’s supply of Parmalat Milk because, like my face, it too has been biologically and chemically altered so as to age three times as slowly as it otherwise should!”

Senator John McCain: “When I was a P.O.W. in Vietnam, I was isolated from every other prisoner in the camp. I was lonely and tired, but, most of all, I was confused. And I guess that’s why I resurrected Sir Chadington, my pre-school imaginary friend. Wow did we have some good times; during those few months Sir Chadington was everything to me: cook (Sir Chadington can work wonders with cockroaches), personal assistant, lover...God I miss that crazy old lug. I just wish I could see him again, just one more time.”

Ben Affleck: “Some have argued that my true calling is politics, but screw politics...all I really want to do in this world is kill people. I’ll take Robert Blake over Ronald Reagan any day.”



Angelina Jolie: “If I could be provided with a lactating Jamaican woman to suckle every night, I’d be eternally grateful.”

Leonardo DiCaprio: “A lot of people think I’m mentally retarded, and I think it’d be kind of nice if I actually was: the chicks, the sponge baths, being able to pick my nose in public—damn, it’d be great. Come on, I was nominated for an Academy Award for playing a retard in *What’s Eating Gilbert Grape?*... just imagine all the awards I could win if I really was retarded. I’d win Oscars, I’d win Golden Globes, and I’d win the undying affection of prepubescent girls the world over...I’d be the next Corky Thatcher.”

Jack Nicholson: “Alright, so I’ve got a fantasy and it goes a little something like this: The sun’s out, shining. It’s a gorgeous day. My buddies come over and we crack open a couple of brews. Then, already a little drunk, we whip out the Christina Ricci collection—*Mermaids*, *Casper*, *Sleepy Hollow*, *Monster*—and watch as that little girl flowers into a gorgeous, busty woman. The loss of innocent man, it’s just so beautiful.”

Elton John: “The song ‘Tiny Dancer’ is really a metaphor for my desire to breed man-eating Chinchillas in Paraguay.”

Jessica Simpson: “Sorry, I no speak the English.”

Geraldo Rivera: “Having some of the fat sucked from my ass and injected into my forehead...oh wait, I already did that live on my talk show.”

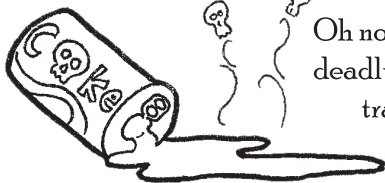
Robin Williams: “A razor. My body hair. A bucket. Cancer patients. MUCHO MOOLA.”

Shaquille O’Neal: “One on one with the Jolly Green Giant—white boy thinks he can just hand peas out to me. Bitch, please: Shaq grows his own peas.”

Drew Barrymore: “Cheese...and midgets...cheese-covered midgets. Yummmmm.”

Marlon Brando: “Is reincarnation as a teensy-weensy, cute and cuddly kitten an option?” ☹

Oh no! What you thought you were drinking is actually Poison Death Potion, a deadly poison that kills you mortally. You try to stave off certain death by quickly transforming yourself into a series of salubrious gourds, but it’s no use. As the sun sets on your adventures, you think: *Now I am a pumpkin, but I am a sad pumpkin, because, even though I am a pumpkin, I am going to die.* You die.

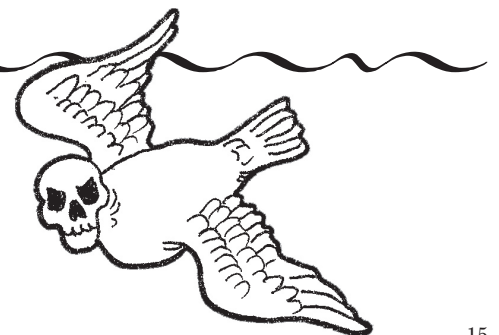


Monster March Madness

64 teams. 1 champion. A possessed shrew. This NCAA tournament features combatants from mythology and the Ivy League. It will be a titanic contest of epic heroes and college basketball. You don't want to miss it!



Oh no! The dove you were eating is a Poison Death Dove, a deadly dove with a deadly poison that deadens you. As you fall through the air, dying, you think: *Man, I should have fought that goblin with the soup. Bad call.* You die.



ENGL 409a Twentieth-Century Pop Lyrics

MIDTERM

Document 1: "Fantasy" by Mariah Carey

(Shoo do do do do do do) (Shoo do do do do yeah) x 3

Oh, when you walk by every night talking sweet and looking fine
I get kinda hectic inside. Mmm, baby I'm so into you
Darling, if you only knew all the things that flow through my mind

CHORUS:

(But it's just a) sweet, sweet fantasy, baby, when I close my eyes
You come and you take me (On and on and on)
So deep in my daydreams, but it's just a sweet, sweet fantasy, baby.

(Shoo do do do do do do) (Shoo do do do do yeah) x 4

Images of rapture creep into me slowly
As you're going to my head and my heart beats faster
When you take me over time and time and time again

CHORUS

(Shoo do do do do do) (Shoo do do do do do yeah) x 4

CHORUS

I'm in heaven with my boyfriend
My laughing boyfriend there's no beginning
And there is no end feels like I'm dreaming
But I'm not sleeping

CHORUS x 2

Sweet, sweet fantasy, baby, sweet, sweet fantasy, baby
(Shoo do do do do do do do)

Document 2: Guest Rap by Ol' Dirty Bastard

Ladies and gentlemen - Introducing the ol' dirty doggy

Here we go now me and Mariah
Go back like babies with pacifiers
Ol' dirty dog no liar kickin' fantasy hot like fire
Jump jump and let me see you do the stump
Girls let me see you shake your rump
Brothers get in from the back and pump
And let's do it do it do the hump

I'm a little bit country I'm a little bit rock
And I'm soul to soul Big letters all big and bold
Ol' Dirty Bastard across the globe

1) The chorus is an important actor in Greek drama, providing unique commentary on events in a play. How does the chorus play this role in this song? What can be inferred about Mariah's fantasy from the chorus?

2) There has been much suspicion that the lately deceased Ol' Dirty Bastard, who appeared on the "Fantasy" remix, was the "you" Mariah sings about in line 2. Use song lyrics and your knowledge of Mariah's lifestyle to show that this "you" could also have been P. Diddy.

3) How does this guest rap of that same Ol' Dirty Bastard on "Fantasy" remix (printed left) affect the tragic vision of Mariah's hit single?

Answer ONE of the THREE Questions Below

3) When Mariah Carey's "Fantasy" hit the airwaves in 1995 it quickly became one of the most tragic songs in pop music history alongside Neil Young's "Ohio." In a song about a destructive fantasy, Mariah "shoo do do do do do do do do's" because she cannot come up with any other syllables to describe her futility in the face of that unattainable "sweet, sweet fantasy." The Ol' Dirty Bastard remix significantly raises the tragic vision of Mariah's fantasy through references to fire and pacifiers and suggests a 12-step plan of fun things to do for Mariah before the unfulfilled fantasy eradicates her.

Line 3 shows that Mariah gets "kinda hectic inside" every night she sees the object of her fantasy. Ecological studies show that such repeated hecticity shortens animal life spans dramatically and imply that the fantasy boyfriend walks by her every night in order to disrupt Mariah's metabolism and slowly emaciate her. Unfortunately Mariah does not realize that her fantasy is trying to kill her instead she thinks she's in heaven with her "laughing boyfriend" not even knowing that boyfriend is laughing because "all the things that run through [Mariah's] mind" are actually an early sign of Alzheimer's disease.

Mariah's health shows even greater deterioration when she admits that she's dreaming but not sleeping. This is the highest level of the tragedy of Mariah's ignorant fantasy: the daydreams insinuate insipient mental retardation for Miss Carey. Ol' Dirty Bastard eggs on this vision in the remix when he adds that "me and Mariah go back like babies and pacifiers," pointing out the baby-like illiteracy of both Mariah and the rapper formerly known as Big Baby Jesus. "Ol' dirty dog no liar kickin' fantasy hot like fire" gives some hope of salvation for Mariah as ODB tries to stop the fantasy from killing Mariah by kicking it. However, ODB fails at this because he cannot put together coherent sentences and instead he gives Mariah a 12-step plan to party before the fantasy kills her - jump (1), jump (2), stomp (3), shake your rump (4), get in from the back (5), pump (6), do it (7), do it (8), do the hump (9). Unfortunately ODB only give Mariah nine steps before he flies "across the globe" and Mariah is left to lugubriously expire due to hecticity, Alzheimer's, mental retardation and fiery pacifiers while she crazily repeats "sweet, sweet fantasy baby" and breathes out one last "shoo do do do do do do do" at her last sigh of life.

Even though some may claim that Mariah Carey is still alive and well, "Fantasy" and its remix definitely and tragically kill her as the lyrics showed.

Oh no! What appeared from the sky to be a soft and cushiony Mountain Of Cake And Occasionally Doom, is actually a family of angry bears. As they devour you nonchalantly, you think: *maybe I can grow a few carnivorous plants to keep the bears at bay!* You try it, but the bears eat you anyway because bears eat faster than carnivorous plants. You die.

Follow a day in the life of your favorite Fantasy Character

Fantasy Writer

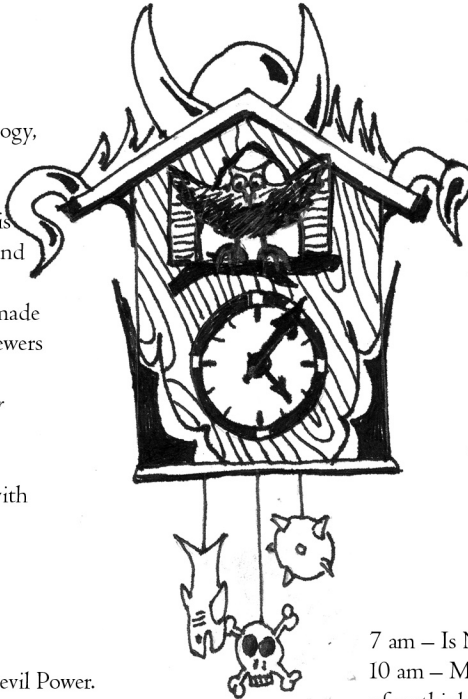
7 am – Learns how to read.
 10 am – Learns how to write.
 12 pm – Blatantly steals plots and themes from classical mythology, the Bible, and reruns of *Saved By The Bell: The Fantasy Novel Years*.
 2 pm – Sprinkles in subliminal messages of Satan worship and Anglophilia. Now children everywhere will know that England is a magical land of fairies and goblins, and if you don't like tea and crumpets Satan is going to sodomize you.
 6 pm – Makes millions and millions of pounds when book is made into a movie directed by the producer of *Jingle All The Way*. Reviewers call it enchanting and inept.
 8 pm – Writes sequel: *Fantasy Novel and the Chamber of Metaphors for Puberty*.
 11 pm – Is meta.
 1 am – Publishes an exact copy of *The Lord Of The Rings*, albeit with different character names, wins the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Villager

7 am – Lives peacefully.
 10 am – Is randomly asked for information concerning Nebulous evil Power. Repeats [the phrase] "The Evil Power Must Be Stopped" until they get the point and stop asking.
 12 pm – Watches as the party barges into his house, eats his lunch, opens his favorite treasure chest, sleeps with his wife, makes phone calls that are really expensive, and takes a nap. Wonders why his city doesn't have a Bill of Rights.
 2 pm – Tries to make his voice heard in government, but can only say "Do you want to save? Y/N?"
 6 pm – Watches in horror as his town is destroyed for the hundredth freakin time.
 8 pm – Watches in resignation as his town is destroyed for the hundredth and first freakin time.
 11 pm – Wonders how he affords food and this nice cottage, even though he never leaves his house or works.
 1 am – Killed accidentally by the Hero and his Companions of Light.

Hero

7 am – Fries eggs on rock hard abs.
 10 am – Makes a powerful speech on the evils of Nebulous Evil Power. Still isn't wearing a shirt.
 12 pm – Enters house of random villager, eats his food for lunch.
 2 pm – Saves princess from imminent development of a personality; still not wearing a shirt.
 6 pm – Begins to have qualms about all the mass murder he commits daily. Angst ensues.
 8 pm – Angst ceases. Ethnic cleansing of those derved orcs.
 11 pm – Dubs self a Jesus-figure. Gets fellated by junior high school English teachers. Now, not even wearing pants.
 1 am – Anti-climactically, and in a very rushed manner, defeats Nebulous Evil Power. By doing so saves the world from having to read any more bad writing, shows off his rippling muscles. But oh no! The princess is in another fantasy novel! Start again.



Dwarf

7 am – Mines.
 10 am – Mines.
 12 pm – Mines.
 2 pm – Mines.
 6 pm – Does a little jig.
 8 pm – Mines.
 11 pm – Mines.
 1 am – Mines. Is eaten by a dragon.

Cat Girl

7 am – Eats eggs off of Hero's rock hard abs.
 10 am – Admits to companions that in real life, she's really a dude.
 12 pm – Hits on other cat girls.
 2 pm – Other cat girls admit that in real life, they're really dudes.
 6 pm – Continues to have sex with other cat girls.
 8 pm – Has sex with those derved orcs.
 11 pm – Meets long lost parents, who, though also a mix of cat and a human strangely enough are not sexy, but rather horribly deformed mutants.
 1 am – Reveals allegorical function as a free spirit of pristine nature. Which explains all the sex, really.

Wizard

7 am - Makes breakfast out of space and time.
 10 am – Knows the secret info that will be the key to the Hero's triumph, but keeps it to himself. Smirks and thinks, "I am *such* a bastard."
 12 pm – Beard cut appointment. Decides to go with the female dwarf look.
 2 pm – Mysteriously alludes to the mysterious key to the Mysteries. Still is *such* a bastard.
 6 pm – Whines that no one is paying attention to his mysteries, and that you don't call enough and when are the kids going to visit and bring him his damn medicine?
 8 pm – Mumbles incoherently.
 11 pm – Makes magic with help of the glorious CGI technology. And Satan.
 1 am – Is either killed by a huge-ass monster, trapped under an enormous rock for all eternity, or martyrs himself to defeat Nebulous Evil Power. Point is, he's fucked.

Nebulous Evil Power

7 am – Is Nebulous. Eats a breakfast burrito. Of Evil.
 10 am – Makes a powerful speech on the evils of the Hero to his army of unthinking robots.
 12 pm – Watches as his adorable (and thoroughly evil) Nebulous Son makes a death ray out of dried elbow macaroni.
 2 pm – Sadly recalls his youth in Auschwitz, where he was a tour guide throughout high school.
 6 pm – Decides he'll fuck with Hero by making up that he's his father or brother or some shit like that.
 8 pm – Hires midgets.
 11 pm – Involved in midget Union squabbles. Finally gives into their demands for more mythril. Allows them to affect false British accents and grow prodigious foot hair.
 1 am – Is defeated by the Hero's "pure heart" (read: machete). Forced to spend eternity as a Unicorn in Barbie's magical forest of pixies Playset™.



After amassing a sizable crop of artichokes and presenting them to the dragon, he thanks you and gives you a Rock Of Teleportation And Success. *Great!* you think. *With this Rock Of Teleportation And Success I can restore order to the Enchanted Peninsula!* Before you can do so, however, you develop Lou Gehrig's Disease and die.

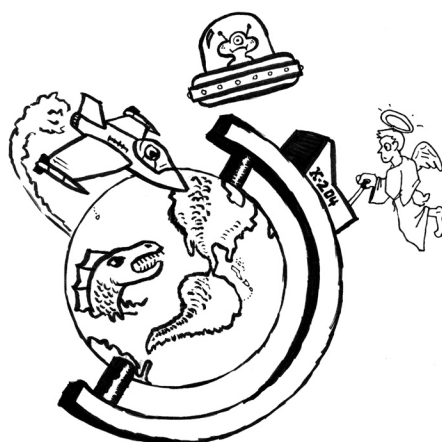
Let Them Eat Poison Cake!

NEW ZEALAND (Reuters)—Reports recently surfaced that a Wellington woman has been breastfeeding her bull terrier puppy since her newborn baby stopped taking milk. “I didn’t want to waste it so I gave it to Honey Boy,” said Kura Tumanako. After a firestorm of international press coverage, it was revealed that Ms. Tumanako is also a patient in a psychiatric ward. Who would have guessed it? Ominously, ever since her well deserved stay in the loony bin was uncovered, it is “not known who was caring for her three-month-old baby or the dog.” The baby has been off the teat for weeks, so it can fend for itself—but that dog needs its breast milk!

MARIETTA, Georgia (AP)—We all have fond memories of bake sales from our middle school days. Whenever the science lab needed a few more microscopes, the cupcakes and brownies would pour forth, combining entrepreneurship and cake mix into a delicious blend of learning, profit, and carbohydrates. Of course, the reason that these bake sales succeeded is that the pastries were usually not filled with poison. This is a lesson that two 13-year-old girls from suburban Atlanta apparently failed to learn, as they were recently arrested for making a cake containing “an expired prescription drug, bleach, clay and Tabasco sauce.” (Reportedly, the Tabasco sauce was added for that extra *je ne sais quoi*.) After the girls proceeded to pass out the cake to their classmates during lunch time in the cafeteria, their clever ruse was quickly discovered when numerous students began to vomit.

“There was some hysteria, from what I understand,” Detective Wayne Delk said. Kids can be so excitable!

GREENSBURG, Louisiana (AP)—In a premise that even the Scooby Doo gang would find implausible, police discovered that a bag of bills stolen from a casino had been used by a colony of beavers to build their dam. Officer Michael Martin stated, “They hadn’t torn the bills up. They were still whole,” proving once again that beavers



have a firm yet incomplete understanding of economics. The authorities decided to leave the cash where it was, since most money won at casinos ends up used to get beaver anyway.

PORT ST. LUCIE, Florida (AP)—A wallaroo and a goat belonging to Robert van Winkle, also known as the former celebrity Vanilla Ice, recently escaped from his

residence and cut a path of terror through southeast Florida. The wallaroo—a cross between a kangaroo and a wallaby, and demonstrable proof that man should never play God—was apprehended by authorities after scratching a woman’s car. Although reports are conflicting, the goat was apparently caught in a recording studio stealing the backbeats from Queen’s *Greatest Hits* album. “I’m pretty shocked at all the attention,” the rapper said. “They get more attention here than they do at home.” Ice failed to mention that his escaped pets also received more total news coverage than he has in the past 13 years. The animals are still in custody, pending the payment of a fine to the Fish and Wildlife Commission, and a word to yo’ mother.

TAIPEI (Reuters)—A Taiwanese man was injured after leaping into the lion’s den at the Taipei Zoo in order to convert the king of the jungle to Christianity. “Jesus will save you!” the 46-year-old man yelled at two African lions lounging under a tree a few meters away. “Come bite me!” he said, with both hands raised. One lion graciously acceded to his request by obligingly sinking his teeth into the man’s leg. Regrettably, zoo workers drove the lion off with water hoses and tranquilizer guns before any formal conversion procedure could begin. When asked for comment, the lion replied that he was still Jewish. ☹



You sign a contract agreeing to do the dragon’s bidding for two days. But when you try to leave, he points out that the contract stipulated working for two dragon days, which is roughly equivalent to 14,904 human years. You settle down to a life of tirelessly sorting Rocks Of Teleportation And Success by size, color, and success. Eventually, bitter and alone and incontinent, you die.



Krunk, I know that’s what your father wanted, but does being an Orc Warrior validate YOUR feelings?

In Memoriam

Ol' Dirty Bastard



At *The Record* we were shocked and saddened by the sudden, untimely, and as yet unexplained death of Russell Jones, a.k.a. Ol' Dirty Bastard, a.k.a. O.D.B. Though we don't yet know exactly why he collapsed in a New York recording studio after complaining of chest pains and with a bag of cocaine in his stomach, O.D.B.—or, as we like to call him, O.D.—leaves behind him a tragically abbreviated legacy.

From his beginnings as a standout member of our sister project, the Wu Tang Clan, to his stellar solo career, to his consistent but varying run-ins with the law and with the media, O.D. was always in the public eye as much as he was in our hearts—and he was always doing the things we wanted to do, living the life we wanted to live. Remember when he bum-rushed that whiny, syphilitic whore Shawn Colvin when she was accepting her grammy for Best Record in 1998? I think everyone wanted to bitch-slap Shawn Colvin—we at *The Record* certainly did—but O.D. was the guy who actually had the chutzpah to step up under pressure.

Nobody else could have done the things he did: releasing songs with such refreshingly cathartic titles as “Getting’ High” and “I Want Pussy”; changing his name to Big Baby Jesus; changing it back; picking up a welfare check for his illegitimate children in a limosine; and (perhaps the maraschino cherry atop the ice-cream sundae that was his too-brief career as a bad-ass MC and high-profile hooligan) getting to be on VH1 for being on parole.

There's so much more that we could say about O.D.—about how happy we were that there were celebrities out there doing what we would be doing if we were in their shoes, being crazy motherfuckers for no reason other than being rich enough to do so. For the life you lived, for the things you stood for, and most of all, for the hood in which we both grew up, we salute you, O.D.B. As we mourn we ask: will there ever be another MC like you? Nigga, please. ☹

—Chernicoff

You defeat the Evil Necromancer-cum-Blacksmith of the Mystical Archipelago without difficulty. Afterwards, parched, you see a refreshing beverage on a nearby hilltop. Do you:

- a) Climb the hill and drink the refreshing beverage Go to p.14!
- b) Summit the hill and drink the refreshing beverage Go to p.14!
- c) Look, you're *really* thirsty. Just drink the refreshing beverage. Go to p.14!

(continued from page 3, Mailbag)

Dear Brothers Grimm,

We are aspiring fairy tale writers, here is our first story:

Once there was a magical duck who used blueberries instead of hemoglobin for oxygen transfer. One day he met a fairy princess with a bestiality fetish. They had blueberry duck babies and lived happily ever after. And one of the babies was named Mother Teresa. The end.

What do you think?

—The Brothers Jovial

Dear *Yale Record*,

Instead of selling Livestrong bands for \$1, Lance Armstrong should fight a rooster for every dollar that is donated. Imagine how great people with cancer would feel knowing that, at this very moment, Lance was fighting several thousand roosters at once, in the cock-fight of the century.

—Douglas McBorton

Dear Metaphor,

You are dumb as a mule.

—Simile

Dear *Yale Record*,

Break it down now!

—Jacques Derrida

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Stuff Found in Peter Jackson's Beard

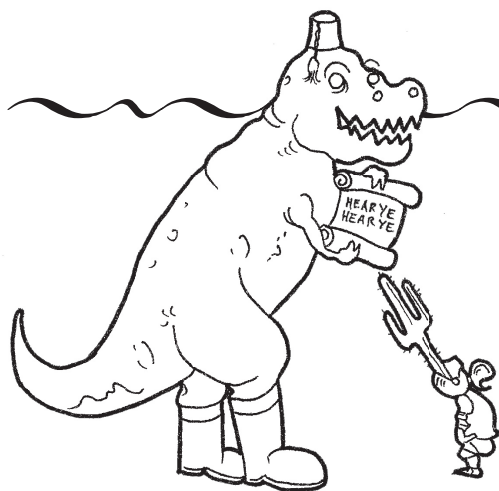
Can you spot everything?

- Fried chicken
- 7 out of his 13 Oscars
- The complete DVD collection of *Dune*, *Stargate*, and *Battlefield Earth*
- Burkina Faso
- “ORCS GONE WILD” Cancun Edition
- 2 endangered species including the black-footed ferret
- Even more goddamn deleted scenes from the *Lord of the Rings*
- His unborn son
- The entire Protozoan Kingdom



- The remnants from the set of *Helms Deep*
- The “Perfect Storm” of Sexually Transmitted Diseases
- A V6 engine
- Weapons of Mass Destruction
- GOLD...GOLD I TELL YA!
- A 12 issue subscription to *Middle Earth Monthly*
- Plato's *Republic*
- A letter of eviction by the Mexican Board of Health
- An Easy-Bake-Oven™
- A suicide note
- Hair

—Lieblich



Annoyed but giggling uncontrollably, the genie floats away. You're still by the fork in the road, but now you have asparagus fingers and a small heap of cacti protruding from your face. The sun is getting low, so you decide to self-pollinate. While doing so, a messenger from the King arrives. *Noble adventurer!* the messenger snarls with contempt. *The King wishes me to inform you that the brave Sir [insert your nemesis' name here] has rescued Prince Bruce, cleared up the nasty chain lightning and restored the soil on the Enchanted Peninsula to its proper level of acidity.* At first you're vexed and begin to grow dejected. Then you remember that you have magical powers and turn your horse into a cypress tree. THE END. ☺

—Chernicoff & Jenkins; Art—Rae-Grant