

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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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!

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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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