

# When It Comes to Politics, Yalies Need to Open Minds and Mouths

By David Farber

I've only been at Yale for a few weeks, but I've already come to realize that this is an open and accepting campus. Whether it's sports, singing groups, or community service, Yalies of all stripes come together to pursue their interests outside the classroom. My fellow students are incredibly accepting and supportive of each other about most things—except politics. When it comes to matters of the ballot box, everyone on campus seems to fall on the same side of the aisle. For the minority of students who embrace a different ideology, the doors of acceptance suddenly slam shut. You probably haven't met someone who expresses my beliefs in the dining halls, but I'm here to tell you that we're not just going to run away from the campus debate. In case you haven't already guessed, let me just lay it right out for you, because I'm not ashamed to say it: I'm a cannibal.



me out of hand. Apparently, my roommate thinks that we'd be better off if Saddam was still in power and I hadn't gnawed on his leg.

Things are no better in the classroom. Whenever I try to bring up some cannibal philosophy during my ethics section, all I get in response are stares of disgust. I know that my TA probably isn't a cannibal, but at the very least I should be able to expect the encouragement of all points of view during our discussions. Tough luck on that one—as soon as I try to offer the cannibalist interpretation of a topic, I'm shouted down by a chorus of boos and presented with written petitions demanding my immediate incarceration. They should all be thanking me for “taking care” of that annoying kid in section. And don't even get me started on my run-ins with those Philistines at University Dining Services.

It may shock Yalies to know that all cannibals aren't cookie cutter molds of pretty boy Jeffrey Dahmer: we are a dynamic and diverse group united by our love of eating man flesh. Surprising as it may be, we are not all deranged, hell-bent on literally consuming the rest of humanity, morsel by delicious morsel. Most importantly, despite being vilified, we are simply not going to

disappear and concede the political future of this country. To achieve a constructive discourse, the rest of the campus has to stop smearing cannibals as liars, cheats, and crooks. We are people, exactly like you, who just want what every American wants: safe communities, loving families, and good friends to eat.

The other night, I observed a student tearing down the Yale College Cannibals for Democracy posters that I had posted just minutes before. The shocking part was that this student is an active member of the campus ACLU! Don't we cannibals deserve civil liberties too? If you prick us, do we not bleed? And, after being pricked, do we not voraciously devour our own blood, fantasizing that this is merely the prelude to a sumptuous feast of the flesh? Yes. Yes we do.

I know that I'm not going to find many people willing to embrace my political philosophy around here. All I ask is that you let me express my personal beliefs. If I greet you in the courtyard, don't look away. If I debate you in the classroom, don't recoil in disgust. And if I ask to come over for a late night snack, do me a favor and preheat the oven. ☹

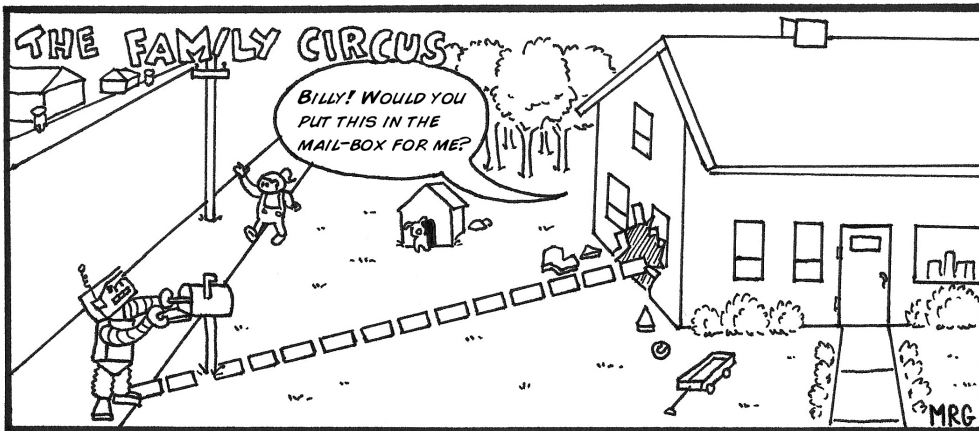


No big deal, right? I just enjoy eating the flesh of my fellow man. But from some of the reactions I've gotten around campus, you'd think I was crazy! On move-in day, my roommate asked if I would mind hanging a “Kerry for President” sign from our window. I knew that we would have to cross that bridge eventually, but I didn't think it would happen so fast. I sat him down and patiently explained that I couldn't support Kerry because I was a cannibal. He responded with typical liberal claptrap: “You eat people?!” and “Are you insane?!” and “I'm taking the single.” Of course, he didn't try to challenge me to a rigorous debate of ideas, but rather rejected



*“If I said you looked delicious, would you hold it against me?”*

IMAGINE a world in which everything is mildly entertaining, but not memorably so; where everything ends with a trite moral lesson; and there are small, invisible, naked men named "Not Me" mercilessly breaking things willy-nilly. This is the world of Bil Keane, the creator of the universally ignored comic strip *Family Circus*. Aggravated that no one has read his comic since its third episode in 1960, Keane has intermittently replaced his ordinary fare with more subversive material. The *Yale Record* has collected these strips and compiled a collection we like to call *Bil Keane Is Very Bored And Perhaps Psychotic*. Enjoy.



In the year 2012, the humor of *Family Circus* becomes severely limited when Billy is replaced with a single-minded robot automaton



"Who did this?" "It was Billy!" "No, it was Dolly!" "Shut up Billy!" "Butthead!" "Look, you little bastards, just tell me who did it!" "Honey! Where are my trousers?" "Asparagus goblins!"  
 $x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$



"Mom! Jeffy's doing it again!"



"Oh my god! What's happening?! Where am I? NOOO!"



shop online



for gifts with

school spirit

Find collegiate gifts and clothing from your Alma Mater at [www.yalebookstore.com](http://www.yalebookstore.com)!

Whether you're looking for the perfect gift for a fellow alumnus, or a keepsake to call your own, the bookstore's website has a great selection of gifts with you in mind.

**THE YALE BOOKSTORE**  
 A BARNES & NOBLE COLLEGE STORE

77 Broadway at York Square  
 New Haven, CT 06511

1.888.730.YALE  
 203.777.8440

**STORE HOURS**  
 Monday–Thursday: 9am–9pm  
 Friday–Saturday: 9am–10pm  
 Sunday: 12pm–6pm

[www.yalebookstore.com](http://www.yalebookstore.com)

# Confessions of an Ivy League Redneck

In my sweet youthful days beneath the sultry southern sun, when my loftiest ambitions consisted of watching Saturday morning cartoons and slopping the hogs, I often wondered what it would be like to go off to school in a foreign country, such as England, or possibly Connecticut. That, after all, was what the really *smart* people did—and I liked to think of myself as smart, owing to a tragic deficiency in athletic ability—so I set my sights fairly high. Then (and now) I had only a dim conception of the Ivy League, but I *was* relatively certain that it inhabited a remote, Yankee-ridden sector of the country with such innovations as shoes with soles, indoor plumbing, and stereotypes about people from Arkansas.

And one day, by some inexplicable combination of God's grace, geographic affirmative action, and decent SAT scores, I got my chance. So it was that on August 24 I bade the Bible Belt farewell and set off on a two-day odyssey across the



eastern seaboard to the land of liberals—a welcome change, in my opinion, for despite my origins I'm about as Republican as an impoverished minority homosexual factory worker who just had an abortion. But I was about to discover that there's a lot more to making it in the North than cracking unpatriotic jokes about our current president, though that's not a bad beginning.

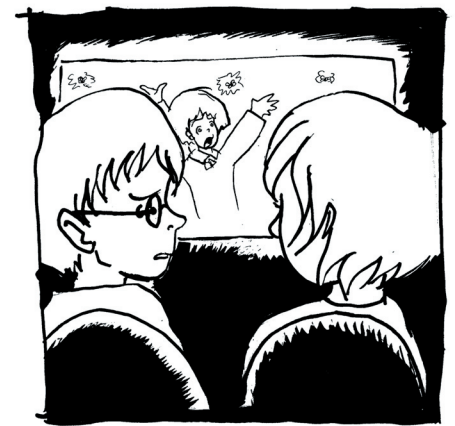
One mosey down Elm Street quickly made me realize that there was something fishy about New Haven. Here was this perfectly good paved, dead-possum-free road. Yet there was something amiss about the street signs, traffic lights, and crosswalks I encountered, and not just the absence of shotgun holes; as I would soon discover, they are purely ornamental, leaving the hapless pedestrian to enact a real-life game of Frogger at every crossing. I nearly lost one such game at the corner of Elm and High when an industrious motorist, hell-bent on not losing the three seconds that would be lost in sparing a human life, kindly alerted me, using helpful horn signals, that unless Spider-man was already on his way to save me, my existence was forfeit; I informed him, with equal kindness, that he was a total douchebag and could rot accordingly in hell. I could have handled it less gently, of course, but that's not the Southern way.

My studies at Yale left me with a burning question: at a university which offers such popular tongues as Quechua and Hittite as legitimate programs of study, why can't I take a Southern language examination? I guarantee my native tongue is just as foreign as the aforementioned. How many students here, for example, are aware that "Jeet yet?" is an invitation to dinner; the proper second-person genitive plural pronoun is "y'all's;" and that "you'ns" is, technically, "y'all" plus three? The Southern major would work wonders for interstate relations: a Yale-educated translator could inform stubborn denizens of ex-Confederate states that the War of Northern Aggression is actually over, as well as reassure bewildered Northerners that grits



really are designed for human consumption, rather than as a substitute for plaster of Paris. Simply put, it's good foreign policy.

It's been two months now since I ventured across the Mason-Dixon line, and I have to admit I'm loving it. No matter how well I adapt, of course, there will always be challenges—dating outside my immediate family, navigating a school with more than one room, learning not hang the Confederate Flag (upside-down or otherwise) from my window, etc.—but I couldn't be more grateful for the chance to surmount them. The folks back home may worry that I'll graduate a Yankee; the folks here may worry that I won't. Me, I don't worry, because I'm delightfully secure in the knowledge that five, ten, twenty years from now, my loftiest ambitions will likely still consist of watching Saturday morning cartoons and slopping the hogs. ☺



"You know, this cartoon about the bombing of Hiroshima isn't nearly as whimsical as I first thought."

FREE

Medical School Clinic

The Right Prescription for Pre-Meds

At Kaplan's Medical School Clinic event, learn from a panel of doctors and admissions experts about practicing medicine, careers in medicine, and inside tips on medical school admissions.

Tuesday, November 9th  
7 - 8:30pm  
Yale University School of Medicine  
Hope Building, 315 Cedar St., New Haven  
Room 216

Call to register for this free event!

KAPLAN 1-800-KAP-TEST  
kaptest.com

Test Prep and Admissions



# Lessons Learned From Bad Movies

## Home Alone

If you must leave your small child by himself for a few days, it's best to drop him off at an active construction site. That way, when the armed robbers arrive, he'll be able to construct a number of intricate traps that will keep the thieves at bay just long enough for a seemingly-frightening-but-actually-friendly homeless person to come to the rescue. To err on the side of caution, leave your child with a large supply of paint cans, tar, and Micro Machines.

## Mortal Kombat

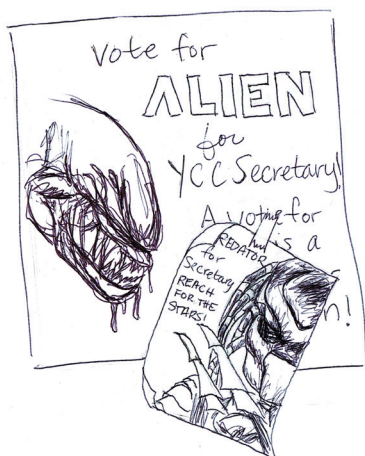
You know the scene where that snake-headed thing comes out of this warp-hole slit in Scorpion's palm and is like *crsss...whooooom...chak* and then there's all this screaming and blood and stuff and one of Shang Tsung's random henchman drops dead with a gaping wound in his neck? Man, there's gotta be something to be learned from that.

## Bring It On, You Got Served, Sister Act 2

While the White Man may control the government, the media, and big business, black folks will end up winners as long as they keep on singin' and dancin'.

## Alien v. Predator

The lesson of this movie is that whoever wins...we lose. Coincidentally, this is also the lesson of the Yale College Council.



## Rocky I to Rocky III

Sheepskin shoes tend to run the industry.

## Showgirls

*Showgirls* teaches an important lesson for today's youth: what you do in high school really doesn't have that much of an effect on what you do later on in life. With so much pressure on students to get straight A's, it's heartening to learn that someone who was a workaholic brainiac at Bay Side High could still find happiness in the decidedly non-intellectual field of stripping. For all you high school girls out there who are sick of hitting the books, why not try working the pole instead?



## Starship Troopers

There's a meta-lesson to be found here: in 1997 I was horny enough to pay \$8.25 for a three-second glance at Dina Meyer's tits. Thank God I've matured since then. (Now it's only \$3.99 at Blockbuster.)

## The Goonies

Sometimes the best way to get things done is just to stick the fat kid's hand in a blender.

## Little Giants

I remember when I used to get picked on in elementary school by the Pee-Wee football players. Then this movie came along, and I realized that even a weakling like me could play football, too. But after that massive spinal cord injury, I think that maybe the lesson of *Little Giants* was more like "wear a helmet."



## Kangaroo Jack

This film contains a message everyone should know: animals are deceitful and should not be trusted. Although the movie focuses solely on the dishonesty of the common kangaroo, we can extrapolate that if you place a jacket containing large amounts of cash on any animal, regardless of species, it is likely to both steal the money and gain the ability to rap. Mere mortals can do little to fight against an animal once it starts laying down the phat rhymes.

## Crossroads

This is the perfect movie for those recent high school graduates pondering what to do in the summer interim before university: hitch a cross-country ride with three barely-legal girls. PG-13 never got so good.

## The Passion of the Christ

Jews: Can't Trust 'Em. (©2004 Mel Gibson)

SHADY GROVE

BY BETSY SCHERZER



One man's bad marketing strategy



Another man's new favorite frat activity