

THE YALE RECORD

The
Green
Issue

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Volume
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STUDENTS • FACULTY • ADMINISTRATION

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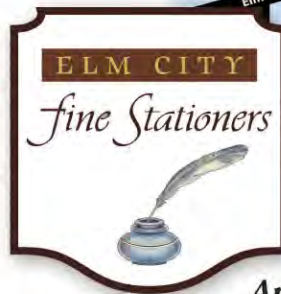
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Dear Yale Record,
How did you spend your Thanksgiving break? I was beheaded and then brutally cavity-raped with bread.
Sincerely,
A Turkey

**Stockbroker Takes Commission
on Sale of Own Soul**

Dear Mozilla,
We are taking defensive measures for the day when you attack Tokyo with a secure but crash-prone web browser.
—Japan

Dear Alpha Dog,
We should totally get fucked up together sometime.
—Sigma Chi Dog

Dear James Carville,
Thank you for your support, but I think you misunderstand; we support slavery, not tupees. Also, we were against the Loiusiana Purchase
—The Whig Party

Dear Magic Johnson,
Your so called “sexual healing” didn’t make my cold go away. In fact, it gave me AIDS.
—Nancy Jones

**English Major Embarrassed
by Scarf Tan Lines**

Dear Verb Agreement,
You is suck.
—Freetranslation.com

Dear Laundryview.com,
I really enjoy your new feature that lets me watch my laundry while it’s tumbling. It’s better than YouTube!
—Kevin

**Child Questions Self
With Loss of Baby Teeth**

Dear Cardinals,
I’m afraid you cannot select a new pope this year, as you are a baseball team.
—The Vatican

**Area Man Loses Staring
Contest with Dirty Laundry**



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Dear America,

You have nothing to fear but fear...
What? Really? You gotta be fucking
kidding me. Jesus Christ! Run! Run
for your lives!

—FDR

5-Year-Old Catholic Wishes Jesus Transubstantiated Into Nilla Wafer

Dear Lost Tourist,

The way to get to the art museum is
to walk along the sidewalk and make
the proper combination of right and
left turns.

—John Madden

Area Man Still Hasn't Realized He Doesn't Like Falafel

Dear Caveman Ug,

That is just hilarious! I mean, wow!
I simply have no means of express-
ing the effect that remark has had
upon me. I truly am surprised and
delighted.

—Caveman Ook, shortly before
the invention of laughter

Dearest Titania,

If you were a flower I'd pick you.
I want to grab you and lick you.

—Very Young Shakespeare

Dear Viet Cong Torturer,

You were right. America doesn't
love me.

—John McCain

Dear Thneed-merchant,

Everyone needs a thneed, huh? You
know what I need? Truffula Trees and
Brown Barbaloos. But you killed
them, sir. You killed them with your
Gluppity Glup and your Smogulous
Smog. Damn you.

—The Lorax



Send for Booklet!

CLASSIFIEDS

CLASSIFIED

Single male seeking sexy [redacted] with large
[redacted]. Meet at [redacted] bar at [redacted]:30 [redacted] M.
I will be wearing a [redacted] and an
[redacted], please dress comparably. I am
looking for a [redacted] term relationship.
Call [redacted] if interested.

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Man With Job Pities Mr. T

Dear Santa,

I normally wouldn't ask for this, but lately I haven't had much luck with the ladies. Could you send me a smoking hot girl for Christmas? Preferably off the naughty list.

—Erik BK '12

Area Racist Tired of Being Asked if He's a NASCAR Fan

Dear Econ TA,

I see you weren't persuaded by my drawing of Batman's Marginal Utility Belt in problem 5c. Is it because I forgot to draw Robin?

—David

Naked Man Disappointed to Discover Party Has Stayed in His Pants

Dear Jeff,

If you liked the Dalai Lama's *My Life in Exile: A Buddhist's Guide to Healing Anger*, then you might also like *Kung Fu Panda*.

—Amazon.com

Siamese Twins Reunite After Looking in Opposite Directions

Dwight Hall

Events for the New Year

January 19

Martin Luther King Day of Service

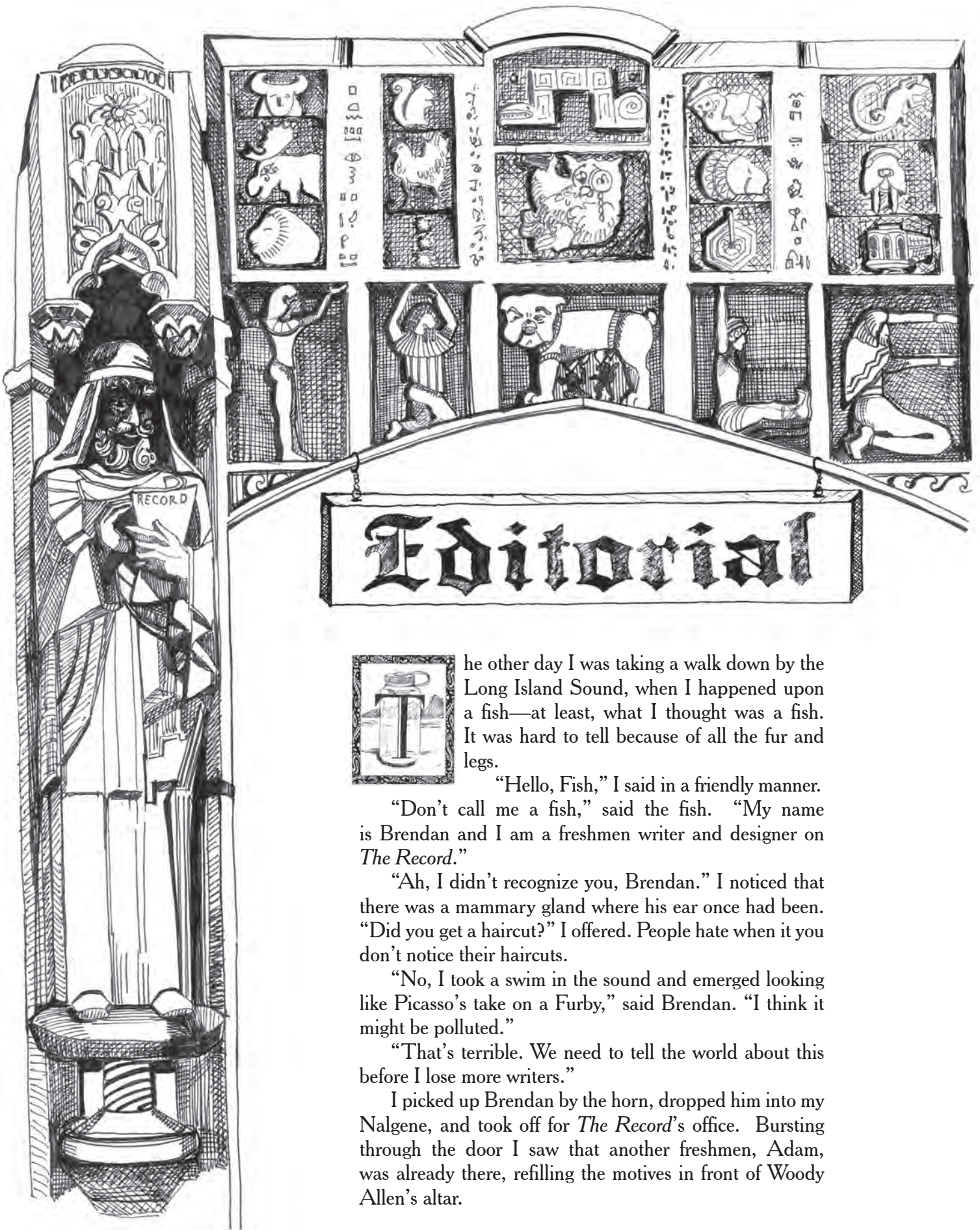
Make this day off a "day on" in honor of a true public servant.

January 22

Dwight Hall Bazaar

Check out the opportunities to engage in public service and advocacy through Dwight Hall

Happy Holidays!



he other day I was taking a walk down by the Long Island Sound, when I happened upon a fish—at least, what I thought was a fish. It was hard to tell because of all the fur and legs.

“Hello, Fish,” I said in a friendly manner.

“Don’t call me a fish,” said the fish. “My name is Brendan and I am a freshmen writer and designer on *The Record*.”

“Ah, I didn’t recognize you, Brendan.” I noticed that there was a mammary gland where his ear once had been. “Did you get a haircut?” I offered. People hate when it you don’t notice their haircuts.

“No, I took a swim in the sound and emerged looking like Picasso’s take on a Furby,” said Brendan. “I think it might be polluted.”

“That’s terrible. We need to tell the world about this before I lose more writers.”

I picked up Brendan by the horn, dropped him into my Nalgene, and took off for *The Record*’s office. Bursting through the door I saw that another freshmen, Adam, was already there, refilling the motives in front of Woody Allen’s altar.

“Adam! Sound the *Record* signal!” I yelled.

Adam scrambled over to the Hi-Fi and cranked the 1970s power pop band The Records #56 smash hit “Teenarama.” Within seconds our motley crew had assembled.

Emily, our events coordinator, pointed to my Nalgene and said, “What’s that? It looks like a gremlin run through a food processor.”

“No, no,” said Mark, a freshmen writer. “It’s clearly a Canadian. You can tell by the beady eyes.”

“It’s Brendan,” I said. “He took a swim in the Long Island Sound, and the pollution mutated him.”

“Cool! A mutant just like Wolverine,” said Jordy, a managing editor.

I looked at Brendan as he began to molt and said, “Not exactly, Jordy.”

“Gosh, what can we do to warn people about the awful state our environment is in?” said Emily.

“We could dress up like gulls and choke ourselves with six-pack rings,” said Jordy.

“Don’t bring you Saturday nights into this, Jordy,” said Jacob, the chairman. “Like every other student

group, we should protest Yale’s investment in prisons which buy food from companies whose investors also invest in businesses that are on the same continent as Darfur.” This suggestion was met with sounds of approval.

“That won’t work, Jacob,” I said.

“Since when are protests supposed to work?” he responded quizzically.

“We want to enact change,” I said. “Not just establish the moral high ground and call it a day.” The staff looked perplexed at this suggestion.

When all hope seemed lost, Jess, our staff director and a STEP coordinator on campus, said tepidly, “Well, we are a magazine. We could make an issue about the environment and call it The Green Issue.”

“Yeah!” said Jordy.

“Awesome!” said Jacob.

“Blrrhgggn!” said Brendan whose mouth had just turned into applesauce and dripped off of his face.

M. Thornton



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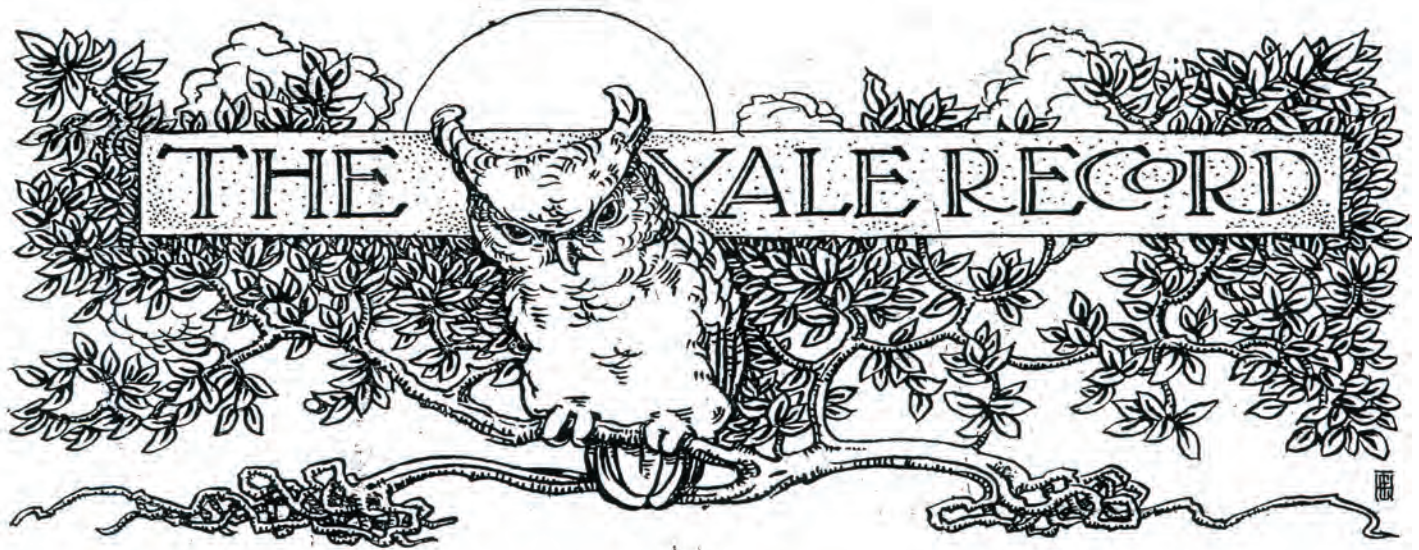
Cover: This month’s cover was designed by the legendary Samo Gale, *The Record*’s fairy godmother who, once a month, with a simple wave of her magic wand, three sleepless nights, and a two liter bottle of diet coke makes our magazine beautiful.

Special Thanks to: Michael Gerber, Dr. Seuss and Gwyneth Tuckett

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ARE YOU QUALIFIED TO BE
A STEP COORDINATOR?

TAKE THIS SHORT QUIZ AND FIND OUT!

1. You see someone throwing away a soda can instead of recycling it. You:

- A. Smile and enthusiastically explain that if everyone would just recycle one soda can every day, we would never have to mine for aluminum again, saving thousands of acres of precious rainforests! Then show him where the recycling bin is.
- B. Throw a cinderblock at his face. After he passes out, dump his body in the nearest recycling receptacle.
- C. Recycle the soda can. Then bill for it.

2. One of your friends always takes too many of Alice's Signature Meatballs in the dining hall and then doesn't eat them all. You:

- A. Tell her that maybe she should take smaller portions next time. After all, if everyone just ate everything they took, we would eliminate 76% of all slaughterhouses!
- B. Grab her by her ponytail and repeatedly slam her face into her uneaten food, yelling, "Finish your damn savory herb meatballs, you stupid whore!"
- C. Tell her it's bad to waste food. Then bill for it.

3. Your suitemate always leaves his IKEA Aläng floor lamp on when he goes out. You:

- A. Leave a friendly reminder on his door to turn his lights off, letting him know that if everyone just turned his lights off for an extra two minutes a day, there would be no war in Iraq!
- B. Hide in his closet. When he comes back into the room, grab him and throw him through his IKEA Görel curtains out the window.
- C. Turn off lights. Write an email to your college panlist about energy moderation. Include a clip art light bulb. Then bill for it.

MOSTLY AS: You are a dirty hippie who will ruin the fine institution that is STEP. This is a job, Buddy. You ever heard of a job, you dreadlocked freeloader? Nobody wants you and your tie-dyed ways around here. Now get back to your drum circle.

MOSTLY BS: You have some serious anger management problems. You also might be a bear. You may want to consider pledging DKE instead.

MOSTLY CS: You really understand how STEP operates and how much STEP coordinators like getting paid to do, well, nothing. Plus you won't make the rest of us look bad. You're hired!

E. Sigman

POINT: THE FOOD HERE IS AWFUL

BY RUDY RUSSELL '11, YALE STUDENT

I remember that before I went off to college, I heard that Yale had pretty good dining hall food. On my visit to campus, I was told Yale chefs went to the finest culinary schools in the country and could make any meal you want if you gave them the recipe. What a load of crap that was.

The food here is awful, and so is the meal plan. I miss three meals a week, but my parents still get charged for them!

It's tough to scrape together a decent plate from Yale's bizarre menu options. Like butternut squash—they put that stuff in *everything*. I actually sampled a butternut squash dish once because they can look deceptively appetizing. Big mistake—it tasted like wet dirt! That's something I'll never try again!

And don't even get me started about the "tofu apple crisp." I mean, why would you ruin a perfectly good apple crisp with tofu? How desperate would you have to be for protein, really, to eat that stuff? Yuck!

Speaking of protein, I could really go for a steak right now. When I went home a few weeks ago, my parents took me out to our favorite chophouse. That was the best meal I'd had in a long time. Just thinking about it makes my mouth water.



COUNTERPOINT: THERE IS NO FOOD HERE

BY JEAN-BAPTISTE DUMAURIER, HAITIAN

I remember a time when food used to cost a quarter of what it does now. We Haitians were poor then, as well, but most days we could afford a decent meal of rice and beans. After Aristide, the new administration promised prosperity for everyone. What a load of crap that was.

There is no food here. I must work an entire day for a few cups of rice, and longer for fuel to cook it. I am lucky if I can eat even three meals in one week.

Many of us have taken to consuming mud cakes to quiet the pangs in our bellies. They are made of margarine, salt, and dirt. The first time I ate one, I had the taste of parched earth in my mouth for a whole day. I swore that I would never eat another. But food prices

kept rising, and now I am used to the taste.

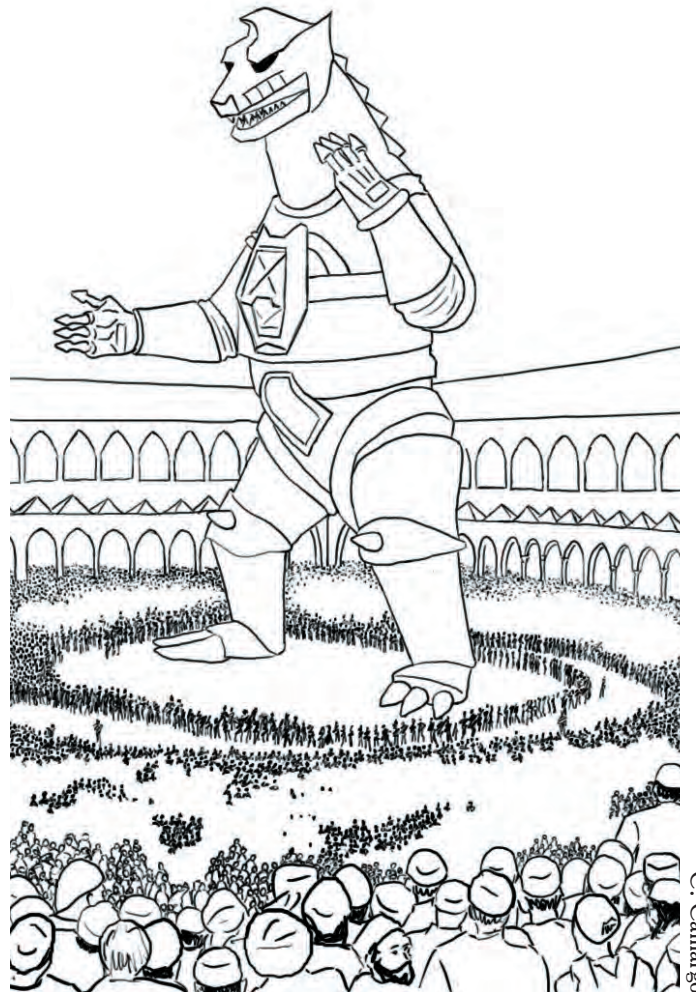
What is this tofu apple crisp? My friend Henri says that he once ate an apple, but I am not sure that I believe him. And tofu, I hear, is something that people eat because it has protein.

I wish I had some tofu. I have not eaten any protein since I found a dead rat outside my family's hut weeks ago. Although I had to share it with my twelve brothers and sisters, it was still the best meal I'd had in a long time. Just thinking about it makes my mouth water.

M. Zink



PILGRIMAGE TO MECHAGODZILLA



ALTRUISTIC YALE ORGANIZATIONS
INSPIRED BY S.T.E.P.:

- D.E.S.K.: Downtown Evening Soup Kitchen
- T.A.B.L.E.: Two Able-Bodied Ladle Engineers
- C.H.A.I.R.: Children Helping All Irresponsible Ruffians
- L.A.M.P.: Listening and Aiding Most People
- C.O.U.N.T.E.R.: Creating Opportunity Using Tureens and Elk Ribs
- B.O.O.K.C.A.S.E.: Borscht Optional: Oxtail, Kharcho, Cazuela... Alphabet Soup, Even!

S. Seiden



IF PONIES HAD PARTIES



S. and V. Naratil

2ND-STORY JUMPER

My Loving Family,

I don't know what to do. Sophie has left me—I'm failing biology and orgo—the anguish is almost unbearable! I'm sorry, but there's no point carrying on in my current state. It's time to end it. At least, some of it.

As I stand here on the second-floor balcony, I realize that I can't go on any longer without at least a few broken bones and some substantial impact trauma. What would Dad—an English professor!—think if his boy didn't have the courage to pass into "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns without a full leg cast and several months of impaired mobility"? Can I endure the thousand natural shocks my flesh will soon be heir to?

There's no point kidding myself. My situation is hopeless—temporarily hopeless! It's time to face facts. It's time to become a greater burden on my family. It's time to spend 2-3 expensive weeks in the hospital and several more bedridden.

That's all from me. Goodbye mother! I'm sorry you will have to miss work to feed me and wheel me to the bathroom. Goodbye Whiskers! I'll probably be seeing you a lot while I'm stuck in bed. Goodbye Sophie! If you get this note, or if you come over later to sign my cast, think better of me! Goodbye world!



Ow! God, my legs! I'd do anything to end the pain!

D. Klumpp



CANADIAN JOKE CORNER

Canadian 1: Knock, knock.

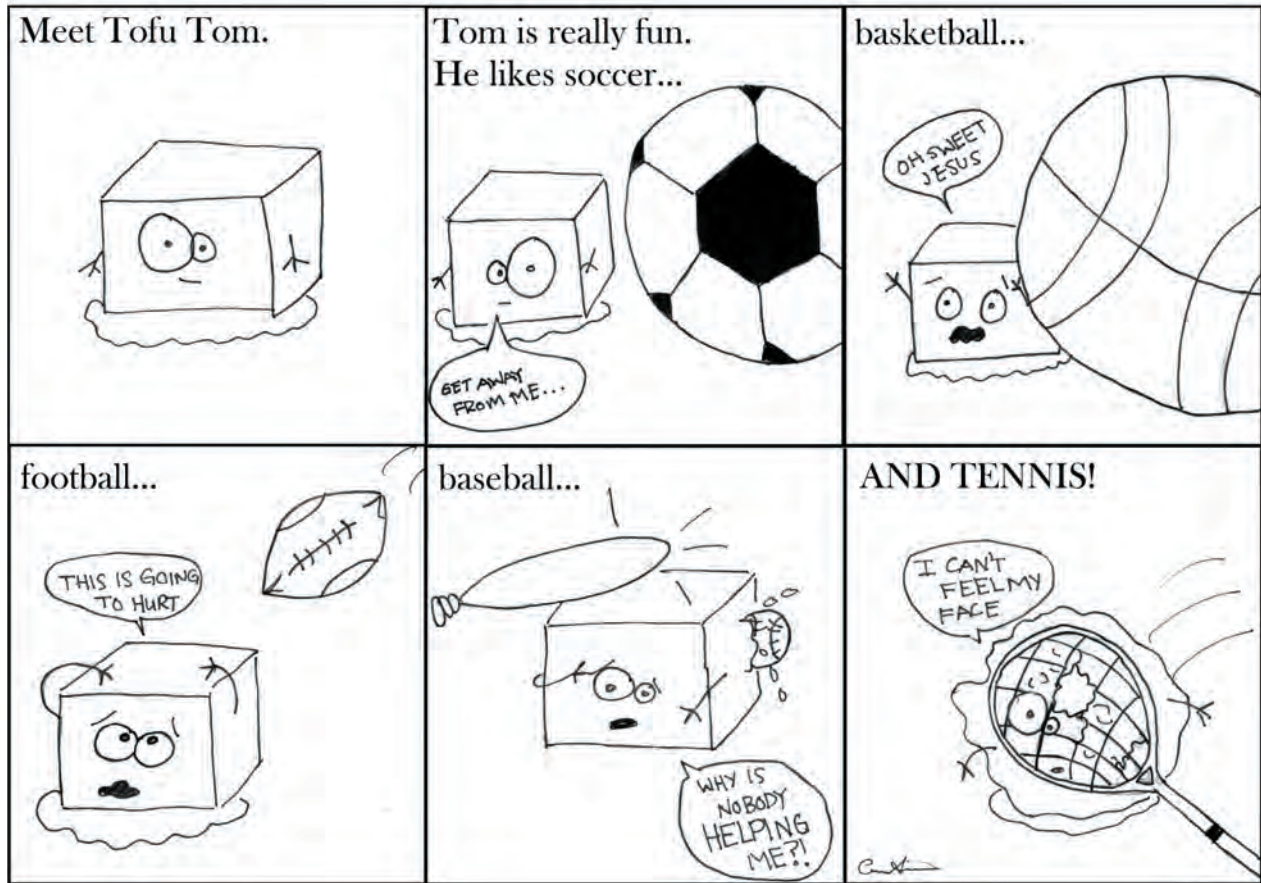
Canadian 2: Who's there?

Canadian 1: Orange.

Canadian 2: Orange who?

Canadian 1: Orange you glad you have national healthcare?

ADVENTURES WITH TOFU TOM



DAVID HUCKINS, 51, BUYS THE FARM

Last Thursday, Stamford resident David Huckins, 51, purchased three acres of land in western Connecticut. He was a dedicated father, husband, and hedge fund manager until troubles with the stock market finally convinced him to take his life out to a new place near Warren. There will be a service on Friday at which David sells what he is calling his “earthly weights.” He leaves behind a wife and two daughters, who comment “like hell are we following him out to the middle of nowhere.”

S. Seiden

WORST SONGS IN THE WORLD TO MAKE LOVE TO

- *The Peanuts* Theme Song
- Mahna Mahna
- We Didn’t Start the Fire
- Celebration
- Battle Hymn of the Republic
- Ain’t Seen Nothing Yet
- Who Let the Dogs Out?
- Whoomp! (There It Is)
- Wooly Bully
- Die schöne Müllerin
- Jingle Bell Rock

M.W. Harris

JOBS THAT SHOULD NOT BE SUSTAINABLE



FIREMAN



SURGEON



BATHROOM ATTENDANT

SUSTAINABILITY THROUGH THE AGES

THE STONE AGE: Humans of the Stone Age were impressively economical. A single stone could serve as a table, a chair, a weapon, art, and a companion.

ANCIENT GREECE / ROME: The time of these Classical civilizations was truly a golden age of sustainability. Not a single citizen left his printer on while on vacation, used top-loading washing machines, or improperly recycled batteries.

ANCIENT ISRAEL: The miracle of Hanukkah, during which one day's worth of oil burned for a whopping eight days, was a milestone in energy efficiency. Since then, however, the holiday has done a number on the world's population of dreidel trees.

THE MIDDLE AGES: During this period, dirty water and beverage remnants were used to stain and wrinkle manuscripts and other documents, as was the style at the time. Additionally, people did not waste water by dividing the supply into "water fit for drinking" and "water poisoned by the black plague." (Neither did they discriminate between "infected rats" and "rats to be used for smooching practice.")

COLONIAL AMERICA: Instead of throwing away unwanted trinkets, settlers used them to buy America.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: During the Industrial Revolution environmentally conscious mill owners discovered a great tool to filter air pollution: mill workers. Mill girls inhaled dust and smoke all day long and kept the toxins in their lungs (and eventually their central nervous systems) in the form of tuberculosis.

PRESENT DAY: Recently, "re-gifting" has risen in popularity and is recognized as a sustainable approach to gift-giving. Famous examples include: David Beckham who was a gift from heaven to England before being shipped off to America after his warranty expired; and money, which was originally given to banks before being re-gifted to a black hole (it was its birthday).

A. Gates

EVERY TIME YOU RECYCLE...



E. Sigman

AN ANGEL GETS ITS WINGS.



A LIST OF CONVENIENT TRUTHS

- Ugly nuns can't have sex, anyways.
- If your class is during the day, it's unlikely that the section asshole is a vampire.
- If you want Italian food and are in a food court, you will be able to eat at Sbarro.
- If you steal money from your mother's purse, she will not press charges.
- The firemen always come, even if you're just testing them.
- Drinking fountains are always located near bathrooms in case you drink too much.
- If you don't like grapes but you like raisins, you're in luck.
- There's nothing to do in Cuba anyway.
- The racist word for a Japanese person is easy to remember.
- F = ma

B. Ternus and M. Sonnenblich

NEW FRIENDS

Dear Mom,

I know you always ask me about dating, so I wanted to let you know that I think there might be something developing between me and a girl. Normally girls are so unfriendly, but not this one! When she saw me, she beamed a huge, beautiful smile and said, "Welcome to Outback! My name's Sandy."

It was so easy to talk to her. We mostly talked about what kinds of foods we like. She really likes the Beer Battered Shrimp: Half a dozen jumbo, fresh caught shrimp fried to golden brown perfection and served with tartar sauce and steak fries for only \$15.95. Most girls don't open up to me so soon, but I guess she really liked me! She even let me substitute onion rings for the salad. When I told her I didn't really like lettuce, she just laughed that musical laugh of hers and said she'd take care of it for me. She didn't judge me for it.

I know what you're thinking: she's probably just leading me on. But when I left, she said she hoped she'd see me again soon! I'd heard of girls asking out guys (hey, it's the 21st Century!), but I never thought it would actually happen to me. I can't wait for you to meet her. You're going to like her a lot.

Your Son,
Stephen

P.S. By the way, when I visit you guys next weekend, is it ok if I bring my other friend, Abiye. He's a prince from Nigeria, and he's one of the nicest people I've ever talked to. I'm even helping him sort out a problem with his bank right now.

M.W. Harris



FAMOUS LOVE SONGS THAT WOULD
BECOME RICHER IN MEANING
IF IT TURNED OUT THE ARTIST WAS
SEXUALLY ATTRACTED TO DWARVES

Continued on page 130

The LORAX Hits Bottom

Written by Mark Sonnenblick
Illustrated by Caiu Camargo



At the far end of town
where the football crowd meets,
A concession stand sits near the VIP seats.
While cooking some hot dogs
I heard a *VA-wheen*
And a man appeared out of the nacho machine.
He asked, "what are you doing?"
while covered in snacks.
Describe him? That's easy... it was the Lorax.

He stared at me grimly, expecting confessions.
I said, "Lorax, chill out! I'm just selling concessions.
We don't cut down trees and leave only their trunks.
What should I stop doing? I sell popcorn to drunks!"
"I'm sorry," he said in a voice rather gruff,
"I'm desperate for work. Times are grim. Times are tough."
He seemed quite upset. Then, to my dismay:
"I speak for whoever is willing to pay.

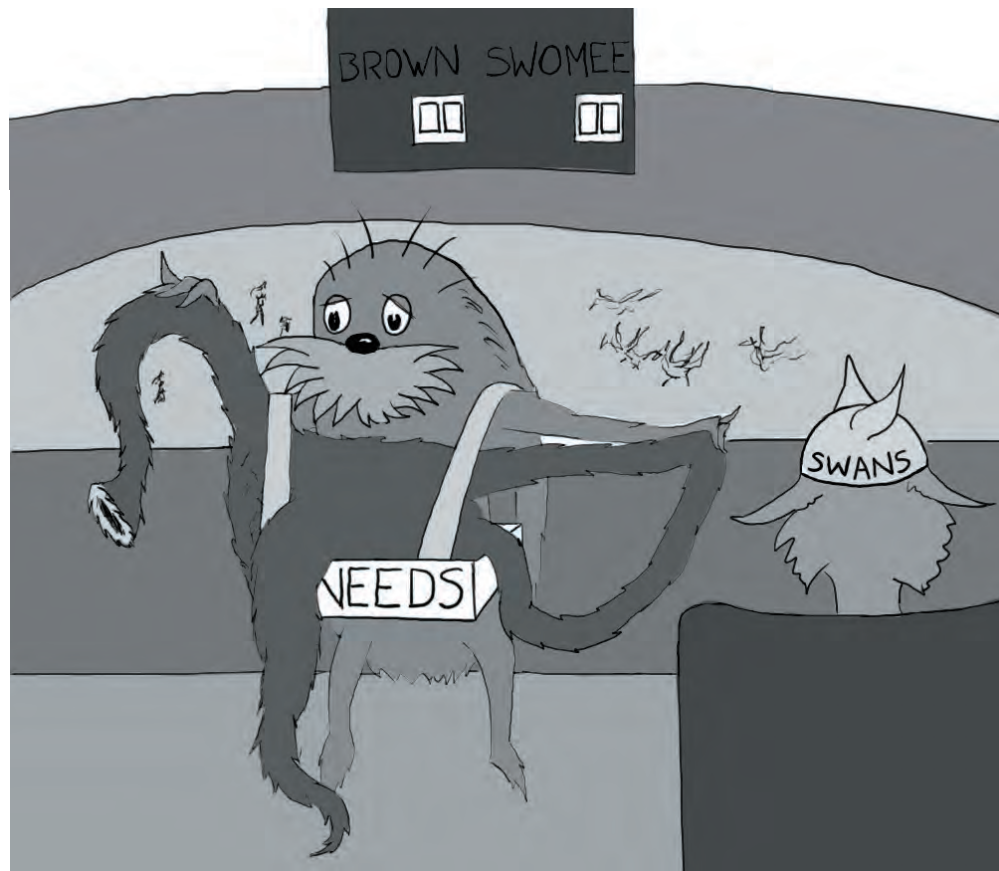
"I've signed an endorsement for Yorta-ma-cribs.
I've shot a commercial for baby back ribs.
My face has been plastered on plasticky chairs.
I'm a pikachu actor at Pokemon fairs.
I judged for a pageant in Bumbaloo Bay.
I had a brief stint as a brownish toupee.
But my money's all gone, I am sad to report.
My life is a wreck. I am poor. I am short."



I looked at him sadly,
his eyes filled with tears,
then went to the back
where we stocked all the beers.
I picked out some shirts for the Lorax to sell
And I said, "Keep the profits—I hope you do well."

He turned a bright red
and his sweat fell in beads.
He was suddenly angry.
He yelled, "These are Thneeds!"
But I gave him a shrug,
for what else could I do?
I wanted to help, but the options were few.





Reluctant, he tramped up the stadium seating
as the crowd all insulted the team they were beating.

“Buy a Thneed,” he would shout, “It’s a sock, it’s a cape.

It’s a hat. It’s a belt. Can’t you tell from its shape?

Could it be a shirt? Well that all depends.

It could be a shirt if you hate to make friends.

It will keep out the flies. It will keep in the heat.

Are you blind? Are you dull? It’s a bicycle seat!”

The people tried hard to ignore his loud call.

It goes without saying he sold none at all.

But his bitterish words grew more heated and loud,
and he made the mistake of disrupting the crowd.

“Sit down, little man!” the fans started to cry,

“You’ve annoyed us enough! And we’re not gonna buy!”

They pegged him with hot dogs and cheesy glimrup
and picflakes and gloop, but he wouldn’t shut up.

It was clear that the furry old man was in trouble—
in troobaly trabbaly fooble mcduddle!

“Oh yeah?” cried the Lorax, “I’ll do what I please!”

He chugged down a beer and he screamed to the breeze,

“I’m the Lorax, you fuckers! I SPEAK FOR THE TREES!”

I'll never forget the look on his face—
the sad, very sad look of pain on his face
when they tazered him twice and he fell in disgrace.
And Security gave him a what-the-hell glance
when they lifted him up by the seat of his pants.
I watched as they threw him right out the door
past Parking Lot 6, then I saw him no more.



But I wondered if maybe,
just maybe, I thought,
He'll once again speak for the trees who cannot.
For he left me a phrase written here on this scroll
The word was "Unless...

And "...I make my parole."



THE CLOSING OF THE YALE FARM

BY JOHN STEINBECK

The gate slammed shut, its sign, "Yale University Student Farm" faded with rust-colored paint that simulated truth. The repo men had come to take back what was, in their minds, rightfully theirs. Hoes, pitchforks, shovels, rifles, and hoses all rested in the back of their shiny new truck, ready to be taken off to some new farm, probably in California, as that was the land of dreams and yuppies who knew how to appreciate a five-dollar apple. All the students looked on in stunned horror, not sure whether to fight or cry; no matter, as their matriarch, the Yale Sustainable Food Program's director, Maribelle Willis, spoke.

"Excuse me, sir, but do ya have to be so goddamn rough with all them things? We been working here on this farm for God knows how many years, an' it's mighty hard to see you handle my hoes the same as you would a rabid 'coon."

The man looked puzzled. "Ms. Willis, You've been working on this 'farm' for the past two semesters. And you're from New York City, so cut out that accent." His ignorance of hard-working folk was emphasized by his use of colloquial quotation marks.

Maribelle gathered up all her fellow farmers, wishing to impart some valuable life lesson, but knowing that the despair that welled in her chest, crushing the breath out of her lungs, was going to make it near impossible.

"Friends, the time has a come. We must leave this life that we done knowed for so long and find us work someplace else. We gon' move out to Berkeley, see if we can't find us a nice plot of land up where all them rich hippies live."

A plain, gangly girl in the back raised her hand, "Uh, Mary, don't we have to stay here until we finish school? I mean, we could all transfer to UC-Berkeley, but that's kind of foolish, don't you think?"

"First of all, it's Maribelle, not Mary, and second, I don't understan' what you is sayin'. Are you tryin' to make a fool out of me for not finishin' my schoolin'? You know my pa was sick with the typhoid, I had to come home and take care of the young'uns. That don't make me less than you."

Someone yelled, "Your dad had a facelift and

you're an only child!" Uncomfortable silence settled over the crowd.

"Whoever believes that ain't welcome. We's a family, and we's gotta trust each other. C'mon, let's a mosey."

The crowd dispersed, with some taking their things and slinging them into the bed of a rusted-out old truck, while others looked on with sadness and perhaps relief in their eyes. The cough of the engine filled the air, and soon the truck had disappeared into the horizon, never to see this land again.

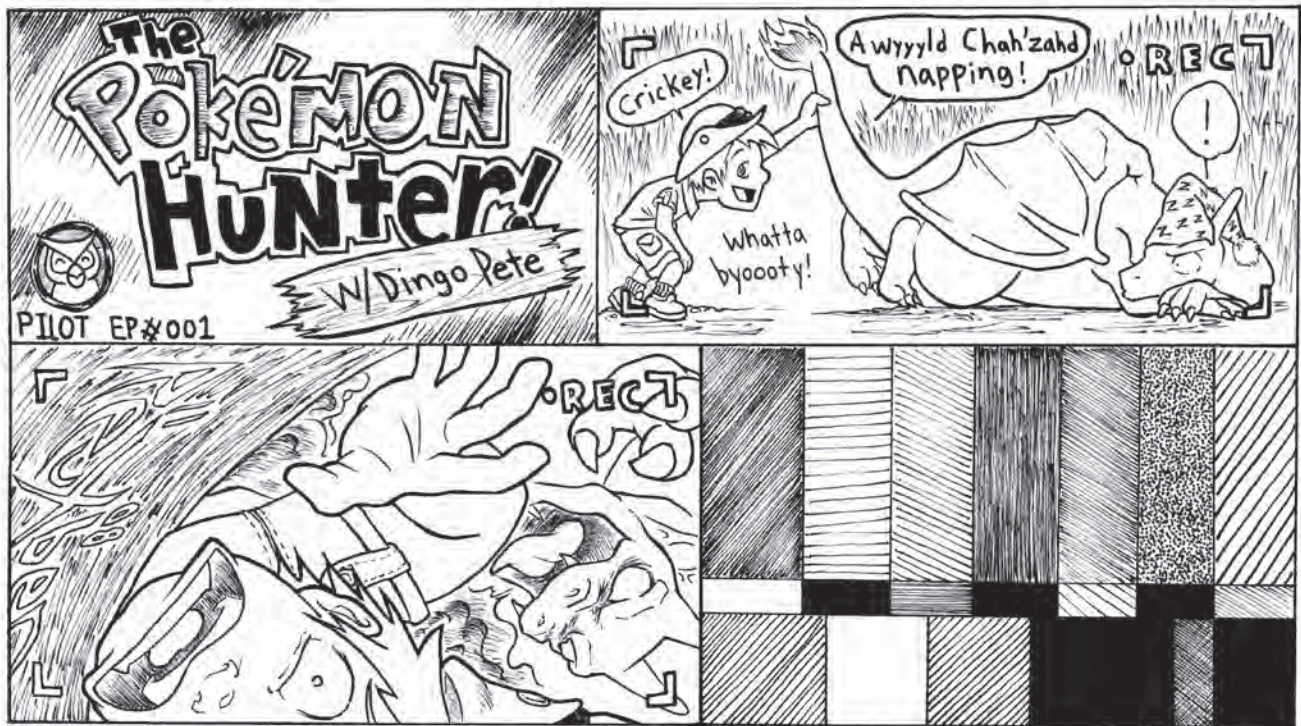
Soon enough, the repo men left, and the gate closed for a final time. Bulldozers came, their claws ripping through the flesh of the earth, hoping to find some buried treasure beneath the hard sun-baked soil. Not long after, any passerby on old Edwards St. could see the skeleton of the new building going up, complete with a sign: YALE ABORTION FACTORY COMING 2009.

M. Chiasson



CIALIS:

FOR WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT TO SAVE YOUR SPECIES.



SUSTAINABILITY PLEDGE

Consider yourself a friend to the environment? CONSIDER AGAIN. Your carbon footprint is single-footedly stomping humankind back into the dark ages—1970s Pittsburgh. Picture your great-great-grandchildren's grandchildren. See them? See their faces covered in little masks because the air is so smoggy? How would you like to live in a world that never knew the supreme fuzziness of the polar bear because YOU forgot to turn off your lights? Don't let it happen. Take this pledge.

- Limit showers to 30 seconds. That's 8 seconds for hair, 12 seconds for body, and 10 bonus seconds to let the water heat up.
- Dub your trashcan an "Opportunity Can." Dig through it and find uses for chewed gum (poster putty), used plates (frisbees), used forks (mustache combs), and old pizza (new pizza). Don't let opportunity go to waste.

- Turn off the lights when you leave the room. "There were people still in the room!" is NOT a legitimate excuse.
- Recycle all recyclable things. This includes aluminum cans, solo cups, copper cans, manganese cans, and sparkly blue cans. This does not include toucans, Mohicans, the Vatican, or condoms.
- Invest in a bicycle and ride it slowly in the middle of traffic to serve as a beacon of sustainability. Please wear protective gear, as drivers are not always receptive to beacons. Should you be hit by a car, scream, "Remember the Manatee!" or "AAAAHHHH EARTH!" to ensure that your death can be used as a tool for political purposes.

If you break your promise, the earth will smite you!
But just remember you smote it first.

J. Bolhack

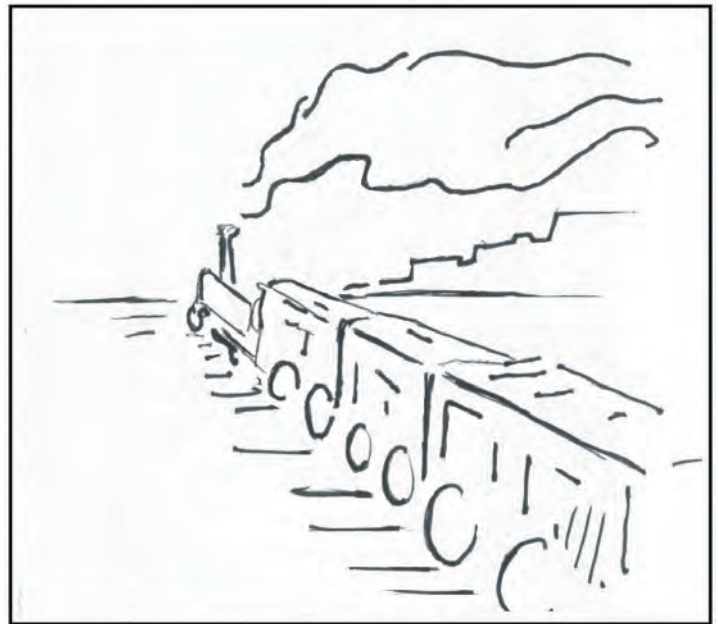
THE RECORD PRESENTS THE NEW YORKER

BY LIANA MOSKOWITZ

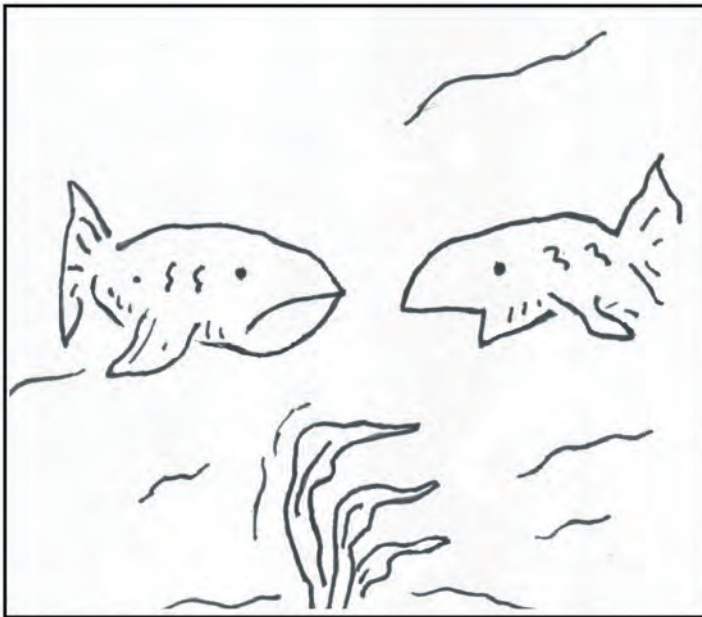
The Record doesn't believe one should have to sift through 10,000 words on torture or fork over \$4.50 to read cartoons. In this spirit we have compiled a random sampling of recent *New Yorker* cartoons for your enjoyment.



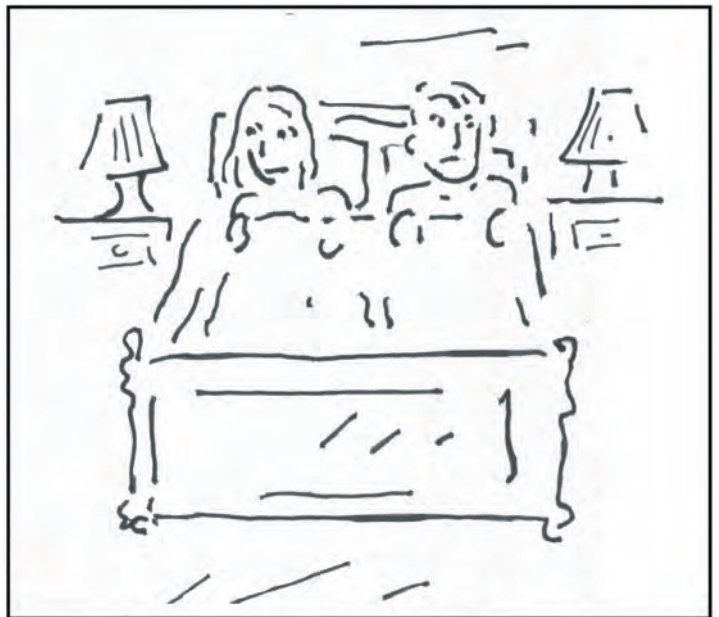
"I'm sorry, sir. We are all out of spinach."



"I'm sorry, sir. We are all out of spinach."



"I'm sorry, sir. We are all out of spinach."



"I'm sorry, sir. We are all out of spinach."

SIGNS THAT YOU GOT ON THE WRONG BUS AT THAT LAST PIT STOP

- Someone is in your seat.
- Everyone else suddenly has matching t-shirts.
- There's a different smell. Less assy, more crotch.
- Everyone starts singing hymns that you don't know in 4-part harmony.
- You weren't given a number for the count-off.
- You should've arrived in Boston more than an hour ago.
- You pass a sign that says, "Kansas, 21 mi."
- In the van, you have to sit on the baritone's lap because there's not enough room.
- Two days later, you realize that you've just spent Thanksgiving with a gospel choir.

S. Swartzman

WHO SAYS THE EVENTS IN THE BIBLE ARE IMPLAUSIBLE?

ISAIAH 40:3 THROUGH 40:5

Him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

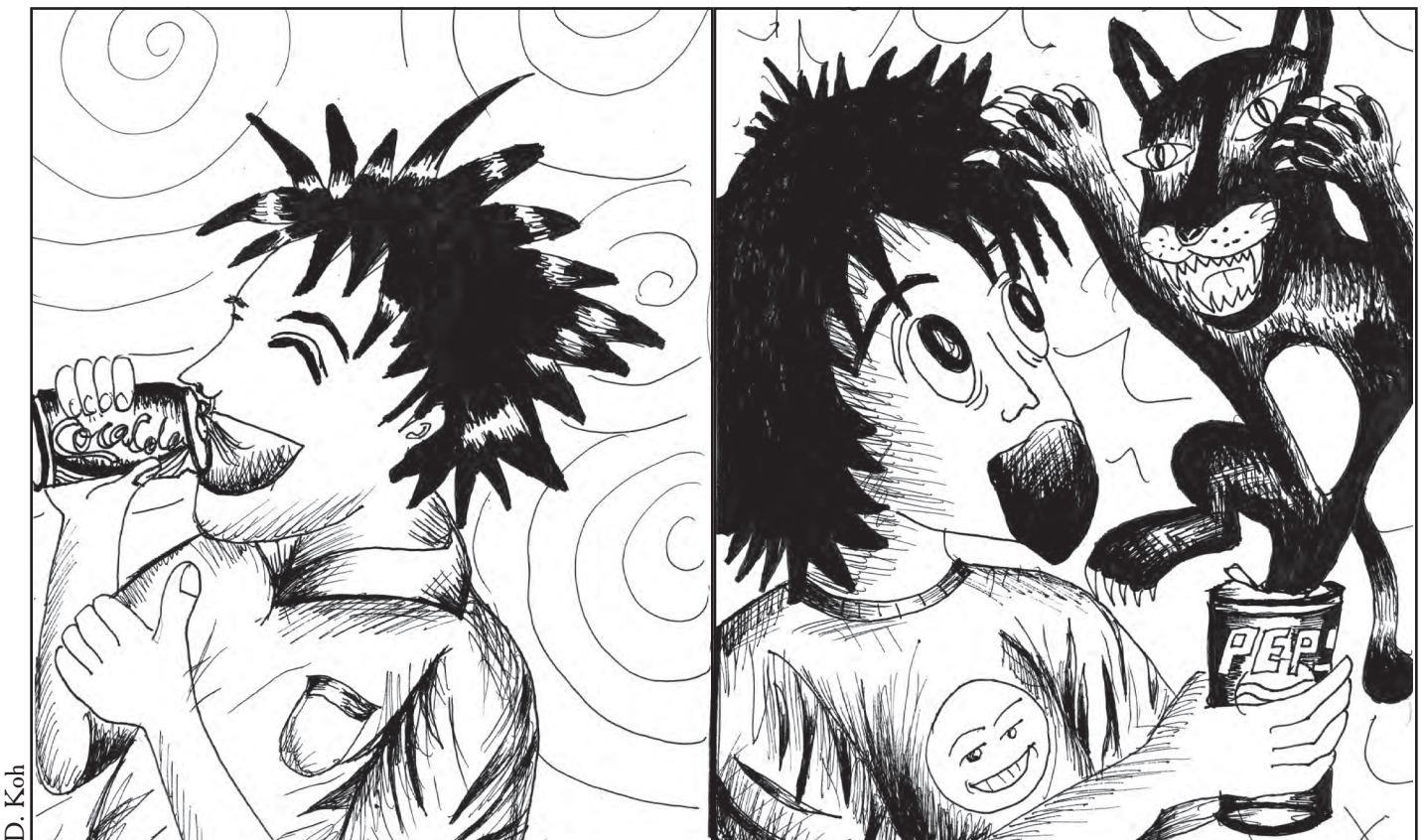
Every valley shall be exalted by a tremendous normal force, and the mountains, being attached to the valleys from below by ropes and pulleys, shall correspondingly be lowered. The crooked shall be made straight by symmetry arguments, and the rough places shall be made plain, where possible.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it, for it shall be really big and constantly be getting in the way of things.

D. Klumpp and J. Schoenfield



SCHRODINGER'S PEPSI CHALLENGE



D. Koh

IF DANIEL PLAINVIEW WAS A WIND MAN

Let's say you are at one end of Jamba Juice. And I... am at the other end of Jamba Juice. I have a loong neon orange straw that goes from me to you. I DRINK YOUR WHEATGRASS SHOT! I DRINK IT UP!

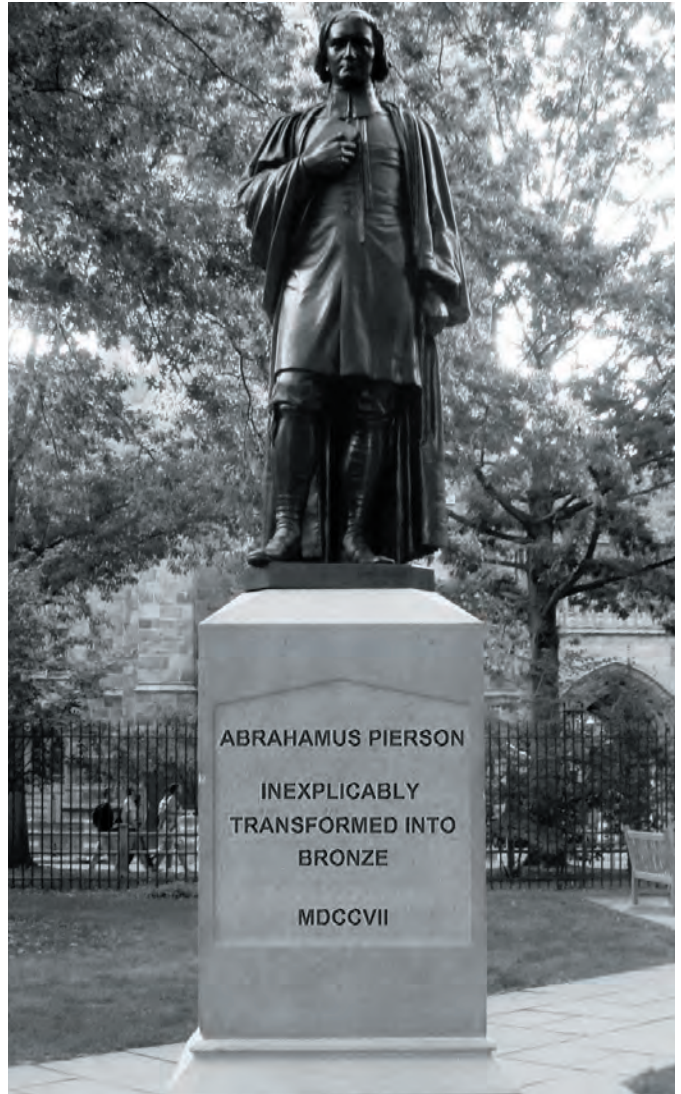


THE SCOOP ON JTRS

To better fight the wars of tomorrow, the American soldier of the future will be outfitted with a Joint Tactical Radio System (JTRS, or "jitters") to provide him with a state-of-the-art voice-and-data radio. The total cost of the JTRS program has ballooned from \$370 million to over \$1.4 billion. 180,000 radios will be put into the field, at an average cost of \$37,700 each. With each radio costing 100 times more than an iPhone, what features should our soldiers expect to find?

- Enough memory to hold 100,000 full-length albums, as well as the entire Band of Brothers miniseries.
- Enhanced Google Map allows search queries such as "Osama Bin Laden."
- Touch screen with heavy-petting mode option.
- Keypad lock.
- Audio recorder, to tape dramatic voiceover for letters home from the front.
- Background changes color with the national threat level.
- 5.5-hour battery life and free car charger.
- Doubles as a semi-automatic.
- English-Arabic translator to help soldiers reassure civilians, "We meant to hit the terrorists next door."
- iTunes Genius actually helpful.
- Facebook mobile uploads automatically recognize faces and then blacks them out.
- Mutes annoying clicks from wiretapping.
- Over 5,000 levels of Breakout because, let's face it, it's going to be a long war.

S. Swartzman



M. Thornton



DOCTOR SEUSS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL

"Now, Seuss, can you tell me what's wrong with this man?"

"If I may say, it's as plain as the day:

There's a glump on his rump and his liver is gray."

"No, you twit. This man has malaria. Can you get that through your head? MALARIA."

"Which he got in Bulgaria?"

"Dammit, Seuss!"

B. Orlin



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Dear I Can't Believe It's Not Butter,
Did people start hating you like 3 months after they met you? I've been having that problem a lot lately.

Signed,
I Can't Believe They're Not Condoms

Dear Hooters,
I find your restaurant falsely advertised and filled with owls.

—Jeff

Dear Thomas the Tank Engine,
You won't look so smiley after thirty years, two bouts of syphilis, and a divorce.

With wisdom,
A Metro North Train

**Cell Phone Dies,
Man Unable to Call
Friends to Funeral**

Dear Led Zeppelin,
Although we respect your musical talent, we think it's for the best that our bands remain separate.

—The Sparks

Dear Reader,
The changes to *The Record* were actually adopted just this year; it has not been slowly evolving as previously thought.

—Intelligent Graphic Design

**Area Man Finds Meaning of Life
Under Cap of Honest Tea**

Dear Smokey the Bear,
In the future, please distinguish between "you" and "y'all." I can't do this on my own.

—Timmy



**ADOPT A
HIGHWAY**

Have you always wanted to make your own highway but are physically unable?

We can help.

Whether you are ready to make the leap or just have questions such as...

Can I adopt a Chinese highway?
or...

Is it true that Brad and Angelina have highways on 5 of the 7 continents?

come to our next information session.

7-9 p.m.
Thursday, December 18
at the
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of Transportation
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Newington, CT

Singles and homosexuals need not apply.

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To Whom It May Concern:

A top hat classes up any outfit.
—Planters Peanut Man

Dear Abby,

I don't know how much time I have left. I am 96 and take more pills than I can count. In these final moments I reflect back on my life, and I'm continuously disappointed. Before I die I would like to know: What is the deal with all these youngsters wearing their caps backwards?

Sincerely,
Dying in Denver

Study Shows Rise in Speech Impediments Among Recently Anesthetized

Dear Cream Cheese,

You make my bagels go down easier,
but not my hair.

—John

Dear Timmy,

A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, not your girlfriend.

Sincerely,
Mary Poppins

Grass Greener on Fertilized Side Of Street

Dear Game Theory,

I took this class to get chicks. When will Mystery and the Matador of Love guest lecture?

—Chaz

Dear Hot Girl,

I don't know why people find you attractive. You totally get pwned every time we play World of Warcraft.

—Dexter

Hot Wheels Now Most Profitable U.S. Car Company

Dear Arnold Schwarzenegger,

I don't get it. I've been trying to milk the sexy half man/half machine thing you rocked in *The Terminator* for decades, but I've been having no luck with the ladies.

—Stephen Hawking

Mediocre Zookeeper Embarrassed To Tell Wife of Reptile Dysfunction

Dear Hooters,

I have never been so disgusted in my life! I came in for a simple family dinner of owl flesh and I find that all of the waitresses are scantily clad with their breasts half exposed. What's worse, I can't find a single owl dish on the menu! What sort of operation are you running here?

Angrily,
Ken Wilson

Join the YALE RECORD



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Free Pizza!

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Writers • Artists • Designers
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THE YALE RECORD

Dear Man,

Please stop filing suit immediately. It gets wrinkled in there, and, besides, you do have a closet.

—Your Wife

World's First Chipotle/Brothel Opens in Las Vegas

Dear 20 Minutes Left in My English Seminar When the Discussion Is About Breast Cancer but I Didn't Do the Reading So I Am Bored Out of My Mind,

I've just come to the conclusion that everything that could make a good bagel topping would also make a terrible textile. No more cream cheese shirts and tomato pants for me.

—Michael Wayne Harris

Scientist Discovers Largest Prime Number Doubling Previous Record

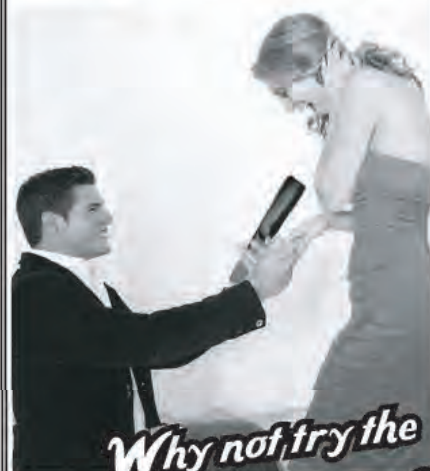
Dear Light Fellowship Applicant,

We were saddened to hear that you did not receive the Light Fellowship. Doesn't that make you... angry? Angry enough to seek... alternative funding?

—The Dark Fellowship



*Do you have an all-purpose tool that can:
boil pasta in a minute,
protect your skin from
the sun's rays, remove
even the toughest stains,
and get you laid?*



*Why not try the
Shoehorn of
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"I'm 96 years old and I live alone. One day I fell down and broke my hip. I couldn't reach the phone, but I used my Shoehorn of Dreams® to call an ambulance and perform major surgery on myself. Thanks, Shoehorn of Dreams®!"

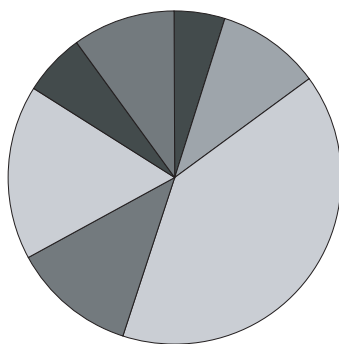
*-Dolly McAllister,
Columbus OH*

LOCALLY GROWN STATISTICS



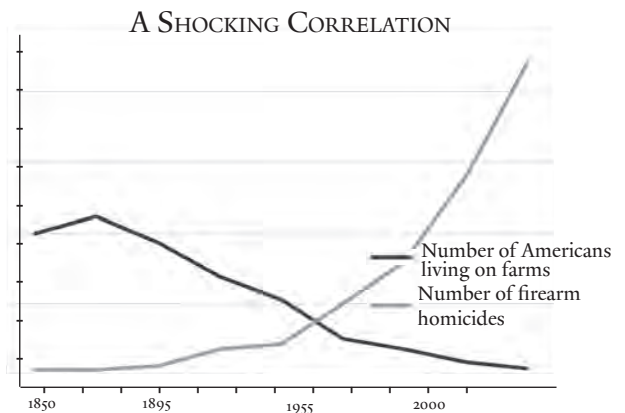
Since 1980, the percent of income Americans spend on food has dropped from 20.6% to 9.9%. But the seemingly low price of conventional food ignores its hidden costs:

- During the same time period, sweat pants usage increased by 900%.
- According to the USDA, addressing obesity through sustainable diets could save the nation \$15 billion on overalls, elevator repairs, and gym memberships.
- Economists have estimated the use of pesticides results in as much as \$780 million in health costs, which is 78 billion pennies, or roughly 5 billion pounds of copper and 10 billion pounds of zinc.
- Only 20 cents of every dollar spent on vegetables returns to the farmer. The remaining three quarters and a nickel are melted down, pasteurized with carcinogens, treated with mad-cow disease, and fed back to the consumer.
- Although only 40% of farmers currently raise their cattle on astro-turf, that percentage threatens to triple in the coming decade.



ENERGY BREAKDOWN OF U.S. FOOD CONSUMPTION

- Storing food in hats
- Taunting the homeless
- Food fights
- Paperweights
- Feeding to ducks
- Burning for heat
- Fertilizer



YALE FOOD SUSTAINABILITY PROJECT

Printed with soy ink on free-range cardstock

Struggling to find that **perfect gift** for your Grandmother this holiday season? May we suggest going with a bag of Werther's Originals, and using the money you save to

buy a Yale Record poster!

\$5⁰⁰

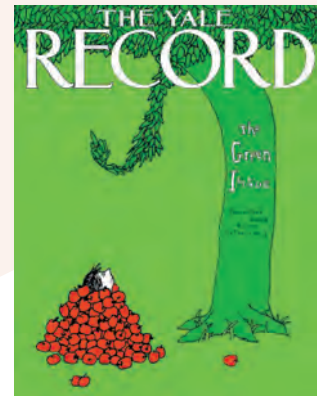
unlaminated



I Want You Poster
Digital Art by Mark Schneider



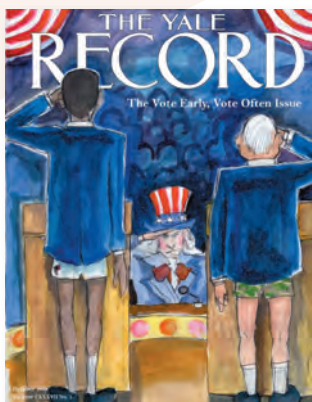
The Unexamined Issue Cover
Photograph by Andrew Chittenden



The Green Issue Cover
Digital Art by Samo Gale

\$9⁰⁰

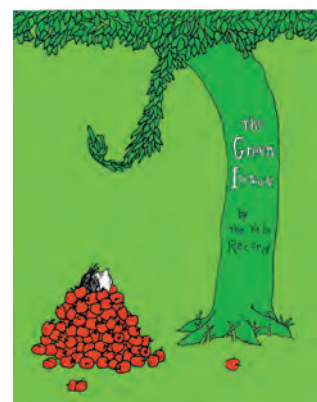
laminated



Vote Early, Vote Often Cover
Watercolor by Liana Moskowitz



The Unexamined Issue
(Alternate Cover)
Photograph by Andrew Chittenden



The Green Issue
(Alternate Cover)
Digital Art by Samo Gale

"How did you know!"

Posters measure 11 in. x 17 in. Larger posters will be priced upon request. To order email john.thornton@yale.edu. All payments must be made in cash at time of delivery.





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