

THE YALE RECORD

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Dear Yale,

You really inspired me with your attempt to have us put our plates on trays at the end of the meal instead of the beginning. I now recycle paper before I use it.

Fondly,
Impressed Student

**Citing Relative Lack Of Usage,
"Q" And "Z" Defect To Cyrillic
Alphabet**

Dear Metallurgy,

We're not so different, you and I.
—Blacksmithing

**Area Man Uncertain How To Remind
Himself To Buy More Post-It Notes**

Dear Dean,

I regret to inform you that I have wine flu. I'll need a note for class. Sorry, but I really need to get some As this semester.

Best,
Thomas

Dear Dean,

The "s" key jammed as I wrote the previous email. I meant to say that I really need to get some ass this semester.

—Thomas

"Forever 21" Celebrates 50th Birthday

Dear Man with Raft,

I see you are about to cross a river with your pet fox and some corn. Can I come, too? I hope my presence doesn't unduly complicate things.

—A Chicken

**Indonesian Crocodile Population On
The Rise**

Dear Harold Bloom,

I am so thrilled to finally meet you. I pored over your provocative analyses of Shakespeare's Doe-thello, Fawn-ony and Cleopatra, Much a-doe a-buck Nothing, Love's Antlers Lost, King Deer, and The Merchant of Venison

Keep up the good work,
Deer # 397, Hamden Woods



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Friends, Romans, Countrymen,

I mean those labels to be mutually
exclusive.

—A French Asshole

Dear Google,

Youguyssareassholes.Ihavenothumbs.
Cordially,

—8-Fingered Joseph

Driving Student Receives 90 On Right Turn Exam

Dear Yale Record,

Although we appreciate your giving us
a free advertisement in your last issue, we
think you made a spelling error. Also, we
are not a pizza company.

Cordially,

The Law Offices of East, East, and East

Birds Jealous of Pigs Due To Swine Flu Publicity

Dear Yale University,

Thank you for offering me the position
of Provost, but I am afraid I must decline.
If it's any consolation, I'm sure you can
find someone already on staff with the
right facial hair to do the job.

—Joseph Stalin

Dear Charles Hill,

I just wanted to tell you how excited I
will be if I get into your seminar, Strategic
Fictions. In case you feel the need to write
back to me, I have included some cash for
postage fees. I hope it is enough.

—Jeff



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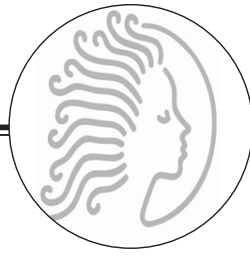
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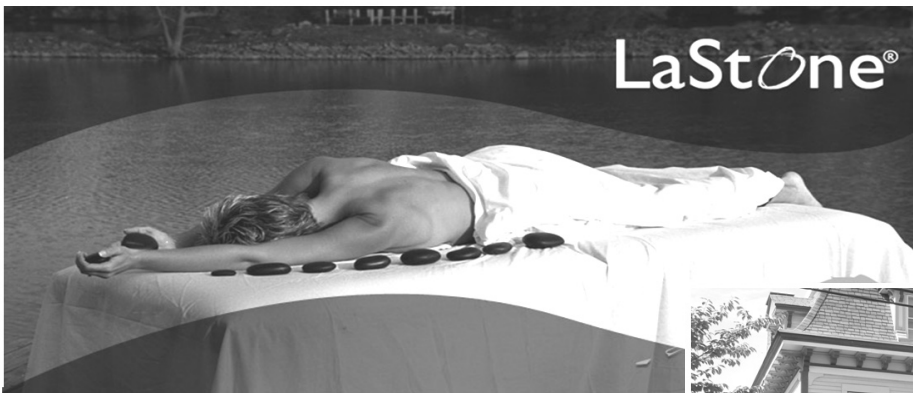


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Dear President Obama,

Since "Cash for Clunkers" worked so well, I think we should push more refund programs. I'm thinking something like "Cash for Prostitutes Who Got Me In Trouble"?

Sincerely,
 Elliot Spitzer

**Handicapped, Zombies Push
 For Longer Walk Signals At
 Crosswalks**

**Bob Dylan Celebrates One Thousandth
 Performance Of Like A Rolling Stone
 With One Thousandth Encore Of Mr.
 Tambourine Man**

Dear Keith Richard's face,

We wanted to schedule another meeting, because we still have so much to learn as to why you look the way you do.

Best,
 The Geological Society of America

Dear Mommy,

Camp Granada is no fun. Either bring me home or mail me a rocket launcher.

—Bobby

**Tourist Disappearances in Indonesia
 Still Unexplained**

Dear Health Care Reform,
 Best nine of seventeen?

—Barack Obama



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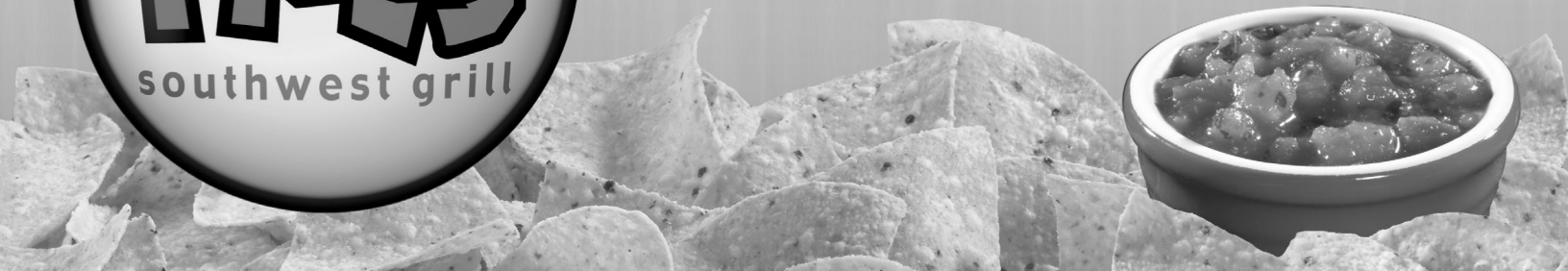
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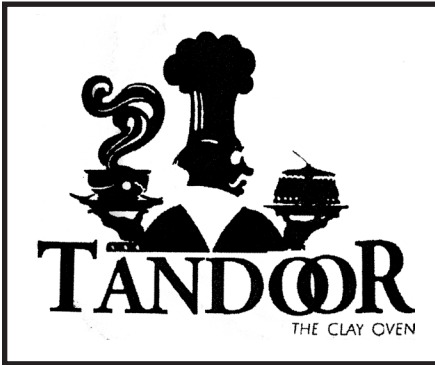


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Dear Boysenberry,

You sound an awful lot like "poison-
berry". This is troubling.

—Clyde

"Greatest Story Ever Told" Told In Local Beggings

Dear Freshman Boy,

You won't be needing all 30 of those
condoms you wishfully took from your
entryway.

—Your Fro Co

Dear Bass Library,

Stop touching me where no one can
see.

—SML

Evangelical FroCo Pokes Holes in Free Condoms

Dear Scrotum,

Please take more thorough showers.

—Fresh Pair of Boxers

Virgin Freshman Drops Casual Joke About Sex, Laughs Nervously.

Dear Prudential Life Insurance,

I wanted to update my policy this year.
I have been going over my expenses and
SPLAT.

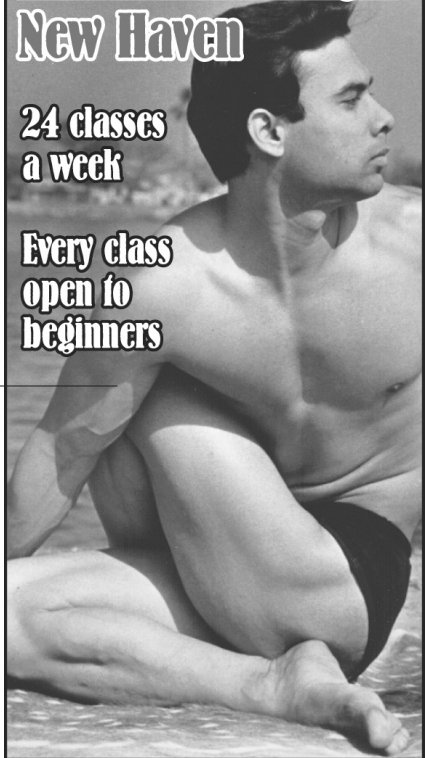
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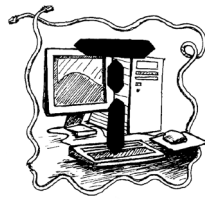
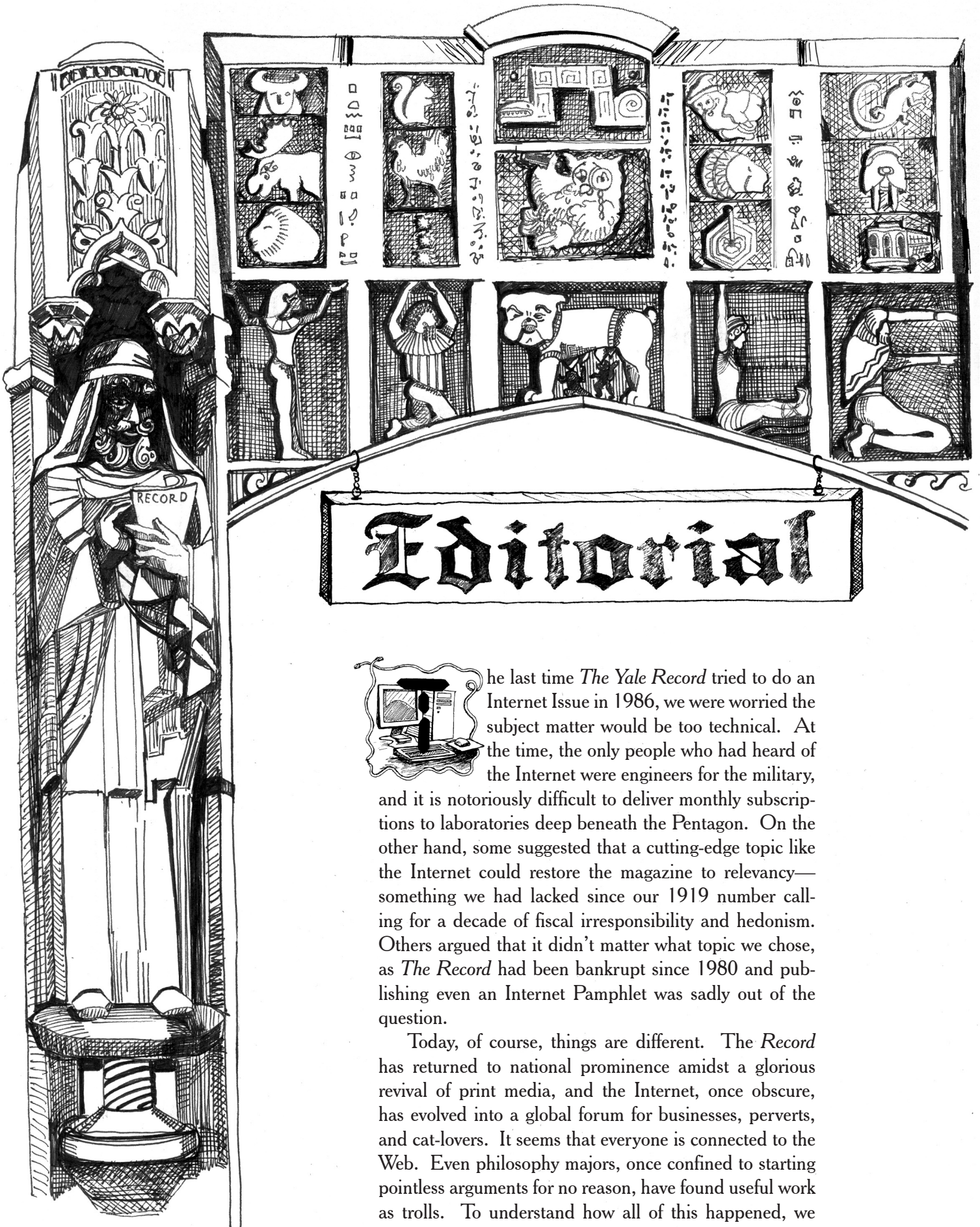
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he last time *The Yale Record* tried to do an Internet Issue in 1986, we were worried the subject matter would be too technical. At the time, the only people who had heard of the Internet were engineers for the military, and it is notoriously difficult to deliver monthly subscriptions to laboratories deep beneath the Pentagon. On the other hand, some suggested that a cutting-edge topic like the Internet could restore the magazine to relevancy—something we had lacked since our 1919 number calling for a decade of fiscal irresponsibility and hedonism. Others argued that it didn't matter what topic we chose, as *The Record* had been bankrupt since 1980 and publishing even an Internet Pamphlet was sadly out of the question.

Today, of course, things are different. *The Record* has returned to national prominence amidst a glorious revival of print media, and the Internet, once obscure, has evolved into a global forum for businesses, perverts, and cat-lovers. It seems that everyone is connected to the Web. Even philosophy majors, once confined to starting pointless arguments for no reason, have found useful work as trolls. To understand how all of this happened, we

must go back to the origins of the Internet itself.

When did the Internet begin? You might as well ask, “When did technicians connect the first two nodes of the experimental ARPANET in Menlo Park, California?” In fact, this would be an excellent question to ask, because the nodes were connected on October 29, 1969 and that is when the Internet began. Less publicized was the French government’s creation of FROMAGANET, an international cheese pipeline, which was scrapped after a U.N. clerk left it sitting out overnight.

The Internet lay dormant until 1988, when it was opened to the general public. This created a lot of confusion. Monitors were covered in postage stamps, search engines struggled to deal with queries about lost car keys, and one Philadelphia suburb lost access for days when a local barber uploaded his file cabinet to a telephone pole. But people gradually got the hang of things, constructing intricate wooden apparatus to hit “shift-alt-tab” and learning how to tamper with the date of an email so it would stay on top of someone’s inbox for like 3 months.

Despite these advances, some problems were never solved, such as how to remember to attach things to emails before you send them.

The *Record* first began using the Internet in the mid-90’s in the form of our website, where visitors could browse our popular cookbook, contact the webmaster, and learn where to pick up a printed copy of the latest issue. As we gained experience with the new

technology, our productivity slowly increased. Soon, the *Record* was sending over 100 meeting reminders per day and adding over 200 students to our announce panlist each week. One chairman, Dwight “The Body” Finkelstein, famously invited the entire nation of Albania to a staff meeting in Greece, sparking a massive demographic shift that is remembered with fondness to this day.

You are probably asking, “What does the future hold for the Internet and *The Yale Record*?” Plans are underway for a humor-editing iBlender which will fix raspberry smoothies while checking writing online for plagiarism, as well as a collaborative wiki page wherein hundreds of users could contribute unrelated jokes to a single editorial. For details on these and other exciting developments in digital comedy, consult *Web-Based Humor Advancements and Their Total Lack of Relevance to Warfare*, a new study released this week from the Pentagon.

It’s attached.



THE YALE RECORD
OCTOBER 2009

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DAY IN THE LIFE OF SOMEONE WHOSE COMPUTER HAS BROKEN

10:00 - Wakes up. Attempts to speak with computer. Receives no response.

10:30 - Stands outside house, pushes own doorbell and holds it down, hoping day will shut down and restart.

11:00 - Tries to make breakfast. Gets small cut on finger with knife. Realizes has no access to WebMD. Guesses ailment is tuberculosis and puts a band-aid on forehead. Takes Pepto-Bismol in case it is hypothermia.

11:40 - Runs to corners of living room hoping they are equivalent of "hot corners" on Macs. Furniture does not disappear or become smaller so it is all visible at once.

12:00 - Places an apple next to some windows and imagines the two entities are debating about the pros and cons of leopard and vista.

12:50 - Unable to relate to own image in mirror. Draws frowning emoticon and tapes it over his reflected face. Feels understood.

1:00 - Tries to inspire self to keep going. Cannot remember any favorite quotes without looking at own facebook profile.

1:15 - Decides to call ex-girlfriend to get back together. Unable to locate phone without mapquest.

2:00 - Notices job application lying on table. Starts to fill it out. Under "special skills" writes, "can complete 'Cereal Mascots' quiz in 24 seconds on Sporcle.com." Cries at memory of Sporcle until tears have disintegrated the application.

3:00 - Grasps own loneliness and hopelessness. Sees bible on shelf. Decides to pray for a companion, job, direction, reason to live. Realizes can ask God to fix computer; abdicates other requests and asks for only this.

4:00 - Passes out from all the physical exertion.

— A. GATES



THE FUTURE OF SOCIAL MEDIA

Titter: What are you doing right now...to your girlfriend?

Ryespace: A place for sandwiches

Facebeak: helps you connect and share with the people in your life—by regurgitation

Wikipenis: The free encyclopedis

— S. CHAFFETZ

SAM SOLITAIRE, INTERNET EXPLORER

In a world as crooked as a left turn down a one way street, I never expected that the final blow would come from my own roommate.

It started when I clicked Start > Programs > Internet Explorer. I had some emails burning a hole in my inbox, and ten minutes until I'd be ten minutes late to class. Unfortunately, my spam filter quit on me mid-morning, leaving my inbox ten subject lines deep in typos and fake leads.

While I was cleaning up the mess, I got a call on my LG. The voice on the other end was rough and low, about as welcoming as a pixellated jpeg.

"You've got 3 hours to give us the cash, or your high school livejournal is leaked," it snarled.

"Who is this? I've never had a livejournal," I replied.

"Yeah, yeah. Neither did nobody. One thousand dollars. PayPal account 84739."

The other end clicked. I leaned back in my roly chair, put my feet up on my desk, and took a long, slow drag of my cursor across some text to select it. Six more minutes until tardy. It was true, I'd never had a livejournal. I've never been one to put in my two cents like that, cause usually I'm one cent from busted. And I was busted just then too. But it was looking like my options were a grand in the hole or a hand on the grill, and I've never liked the smell of handburgers.

I shook the mouse to wake up my computer. To my surprise, my extortionist was as thorough as a procrastinator on Wikipedia. He had sent me a ransom email, letters copy-and-pasted from various web magazines. "We just spoke on the phone. This is just a reminder. \$1000 in PayPal acct 84739, or the livejournal goes public. Thx." There was also a message from femme.fatale@gmail.com, which I knew better than to open. She's the type that you're unsure if you want to unzip her files or report her to Google as spam. I clicked "Mark as read." As far as I was concerned, that dame was read to me.

Just then, my roommate Gordy walked in, grinning like a closed parenthesis in bold sans-serif. I leaned on him, and he burst open like a can of beans.

"I didn't mean to, Sam. I swear. I just needed the

heat to die down."

"Then buy a USB fan," I told him. "What did you do?"

"I just used your name on a few blog posts," he blurted. "I didn't mean anything by it, Sam. I'm in debt! I gotta get a job or something. Sam, you're a good guy, nobody would think you actually think that. Any job, in this economy—"

"Take it down. It never existed. Don't back it up, just take it down."

"But, Sam. I can't."

"You can. Nobody gives a crap what you have to say. Nobody will miss it."

"No, I mean, I can't. It has an RSS feed. It's already out there."

I felt the floor fall from my feet. "You mean... Gordy, you didn't! You syndicated my... Gordy!"

"Forget it, Sam. It's Web 2.0."

— S. SWARTZMAN



S. And V. Narail

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. THIS AMAZON PLACE DOESN'T HAVE ANY OF THE BOOKS I WANT TO BUY!"

PHISHING TRIP

HAL: Hey, Freddy, it's Sunday and I don't have work
Wanna spend some time with your old man?

FREDDY: Gee, sure, Pops. What'd you have in mind?

HAL: I thought we might pack a picnic lunch, head
down to Miller's Pond, and do some phishing.
You know, have some father-son time.

FREDDY: That sounds just great, Dad. But it's been a
while since I've phished- I don't even know where
my laptop is anymore.

HAL: No problem, son. (He opens up a bag near him
and pulls out a Macbook Air) I bought you a
brand new one, just for today!

FREDDY: Jeepers, Dads! Thanks a billion!

HAL: Sure, Freddy. Let's pack that lunch and go!
(Later, at Miller's Pond)

FREDDY: Pop, I don't think there's internet reception here.
(Later, at Miller's Tech Café)

HAL: All right, let's get down to it. I brought along a
couple of ideas: Nigerian Businessman, I Love
You, and Once In a Lifetime Opportunity.

Freddy: Come on, Pops. Those are all old-fashioned.

HAL: Well, I'm not so sure now, Freddy. I remember
coming out here with your grandfather, and we
always used the old standards. They worked just
fine for us.

FREDDY: We'll just see who has a bigger catch in the
end, ya old fogey!

HAL: Why, you little rascal! (He grabs Freddy's
head and starts to give him a good-natured noogie)

SHERIFF: Howdy boys, how's it going?

Hal: Real well, Walter. How's the law?

SHERIFF: Oh, the law's fine, just fine. Thought I'd stop
in to get some coffee. What are you two up to?

FREDDY: We're just enjoying some leisurely phishing, my
Dad and I.

SHERIFF: That's right nice. You boys have a license for that?
(Hal and Freddy exchange glances)

HAL: Well, no sir, no we don't. Didn't really think
about the formalities, I guess. We didn't mean
anything by it.

SHERIFF: Just the law, Hal. You know if it were up to me,
everyone could phish to their hearts' content..

FREDDY: Well, Sheriff, sir, we'd be happy to share. We

don't mean any harm, and if we catch anything,
we'll be sure to let you have some. I know how
much your wife likes money.

SHERIFF: It is true that Bertha can't resist a juicy chunk
of change. I guess you boys can phish for a while
longer.

HAL: You sure, Walter?

SHERIFF: Sure I'm sure. I'll just pretend like I never saw
you.

FREDDY: Thanks a scoodle, Sheriff!

SHERIFF: No need to thank me. You two just enjoy
yourselves.

HAL: We will.

(They phish for some time)

HAL: How about some picnic, Son? What do we have?

Freddy: Tuna sandwiches! (He takes a sandwich out of
the picnic basket)

MILLER: Hey, no outside food.

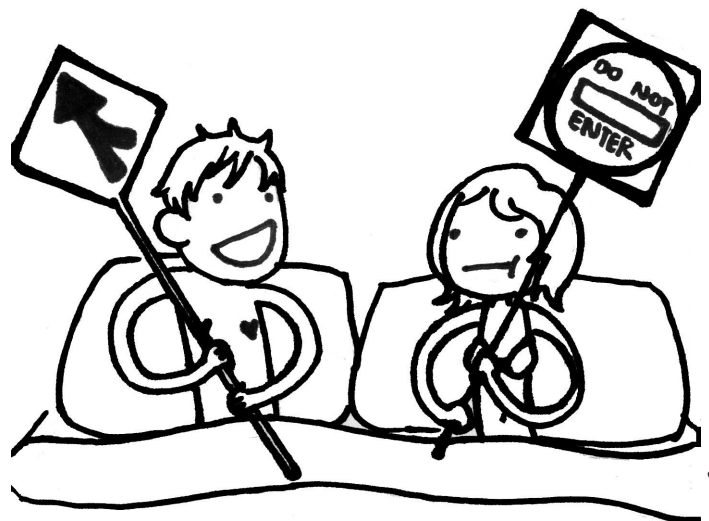
HAL: Run, Freddy! Run from Miller!

(Hal and Freddy run out of the café. Miller is left
alone. He's used to it.)

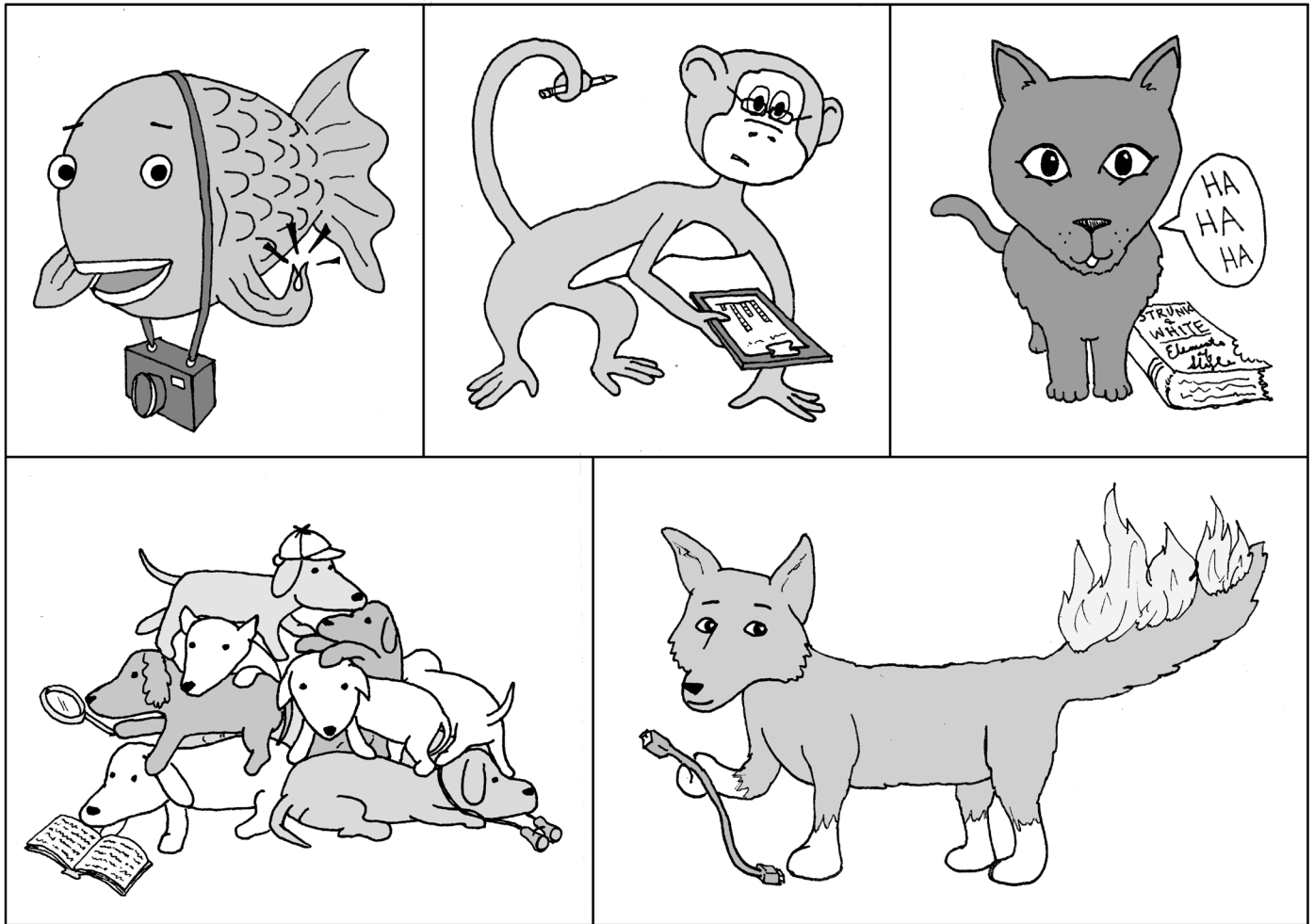
— M. SONNENBLICK



SEX SIGNALS



THE ANIMALS THAT INSPIRED THE INTERNET



S. And V. Naraiti



GOOGLE RESULTS IN CHINA

Dalai Lama—Did you mean, “The Daily Llama petting zoo blog?”
 Earthquakes—Natural phenomena confined largely to the western hemisphere
 Chopsticks—World’s most advanced food-to-mouth transport system to date
 General Tso—Heroic leader who triumphed over colonel sanders in fried chicken supremacy battle
 Karl Marx—Genius visionary on whose works the chinese economy is based; records suggest he was chinese

Chairman Mao—Revolutionary liberator of china; inventor of the chair
 Jews—Groups whose christmas-time chinese food consumption provides the backbone of our economy
 Hu Jintao—Who?
 Jury Of Your Peers—Poor western substitute for mechanized chinese guilty-bots
 Smog—See “oxygen 2.0”
 Michael Phelps—Little known participant in gloriously awe-inspiring 2008 olympiad
 Opium—Outmoded commodity; for all your breathing needs, see “smog”

— R. CLEGG

TYPES OF FACEBOOK USERS

THE BIRTHDAY WISHER

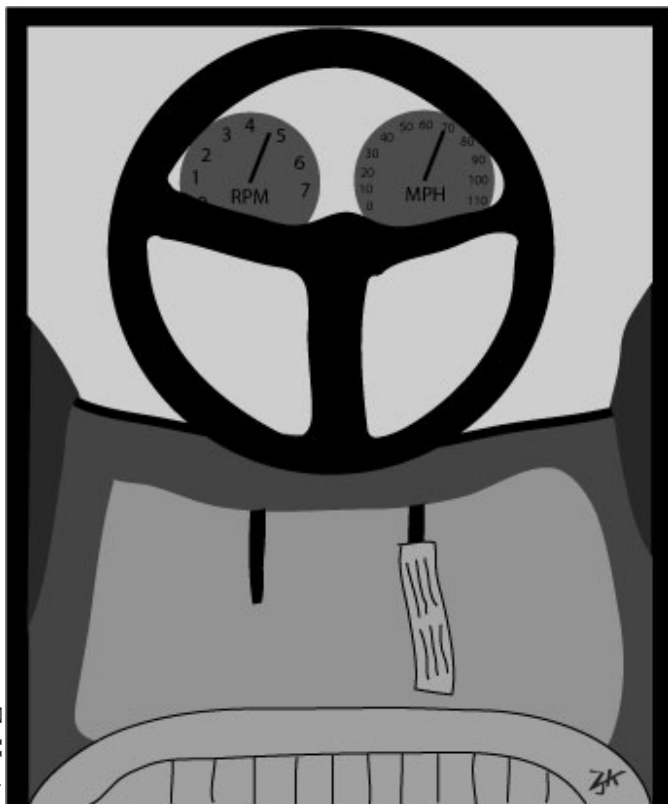
You see this person once a year, max. But without fail, each year they post, “Happy birthday!!” It doesn’t matter that you have never had a conversation in person. You’re still friends – right? At least he/she is better at remembering your birthday than most of your real friends.

THE SEXUALITY CHECKER

This girl is interested in that really cute, really sweet, and really hygienic boy in her Feminist Fictions class. Before she invites him to help explore her feminism, she opens up his Facebook page to double check that he swings her way. Oh, sweet, he likes Cher! “Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves,” classic. Interested in... Interested in... Where is it? Oh darn, he must have forgotten to list anything! He’s totally straight – only a heterosexual male would be thoughtless enough to forget something that crucial.



IF MACS MADE CARS



Z. Kagan

THE OBSESSIVE DE-TAGGER

Whether he looks too fat, too skinny, too happy, too angry, too jaundiced, you name it, this Facebook user will untag himself in every photo you post. Except a few random ones, where you can’t figure out why he thinks he looks acceptable.

THE DOUBLE-FRIENDER

You declined this person’s friend request for a reason, but, somehow, he didn’t get the hint. Do you decline yet again and subject yourself to the awkward cycle of request and denial? Better just accept and put him out of his misery. Then secretly block him the next day and pray he’s moved on to a new target.

BIG BROTHER

This Facebook user is watching you. Maybe your pictures are funny, artistic, or just raunchy. Maybe your hourly status updates are entertaining. Some follow sports teams, some follow television series, and some follow others’ every movement on Facebook.

THE OVERENTHUSIASTIC GROUP JOINER

Maybe that dude won’t actually cut off the tip of his manhood if 10,000 people join his Facebook group. But maybe he will. And that is a bet this Facebook user is willing to take.

YOUR MOM

A lose-lose situation—you can only ignore her friend request for so long. The best you can do is block her access to your “Tequila _ Mixer” album, and suck it up when she posts your baby pictures. She gave you life, after all.

— N. BEIZER



THIS MONTH IN SPANISH HEADLINES

Prominent Matador Quits to Spend More Time With Family, Not Get Killed

- News Feed
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Dick Cheney ▶ **Colin Powell:** i think we gotta get out, 2 many lives at stake

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Saddam Hussein likes this.



Colin Powell ▶ **Norman Schwarzkopf:** dont forget, meeting w chenev, 17:00, u bring the booze jk jk

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Saddam Hussein has sent Israel a Gift!



Norman Schwarzkopf is stormin' and swarmin' Iraq like he's stormin' Normandy

[Comment](#) · [Like](#)

Argentina, Australia, Bahrain, Bangladesh, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Egypt, France, Greece, Honduras, Hungary, Italy, Kuwait, Morocco, Netherlands, New Zealand, Niger, Norway, Oman, Pakistan, Philippines, Poland, Portugal, Qatar, Romania, Saudi Arabia, Senegal, South Korea, Spain, Syria, Turkey, United Arab Emirates, United Kingdom, and the United States of America joined the group Coalition of Forces.

George Bush likes this.



George Bush is not standing for this aggression

[Comment](#) · [Like](#)

Colin Powell is attending Operation Desert Shield: Defending oil on Saudi soil

Saddam Hussein joined the group Death to the American puppets: 1,000,000 strong against Saudi Arabia

Saddam Hussein and King Fahad are no longer friends



UN Security Council ▶ **George Bush :** mos def

[Comment](#) · [Like](#) · [See Wall-to-Wall](#)



George Bush ▶ **UN Security Council :** u down to blockade iraq?

[Comment](#) · [Like](#) · [See Wall-to-Wall](#)

Donald Rumsfeld and Saddam Hussein are no longer friends

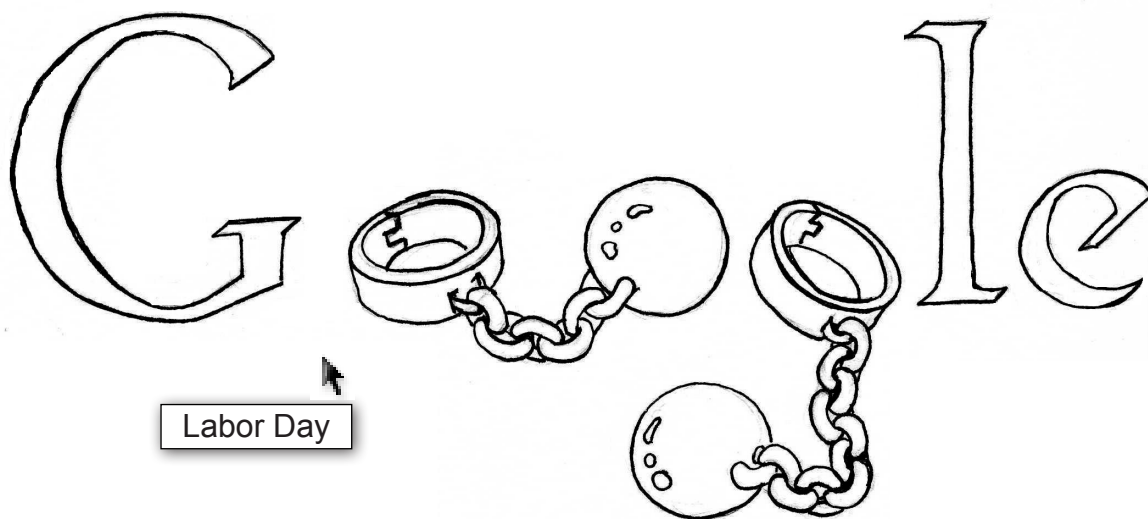
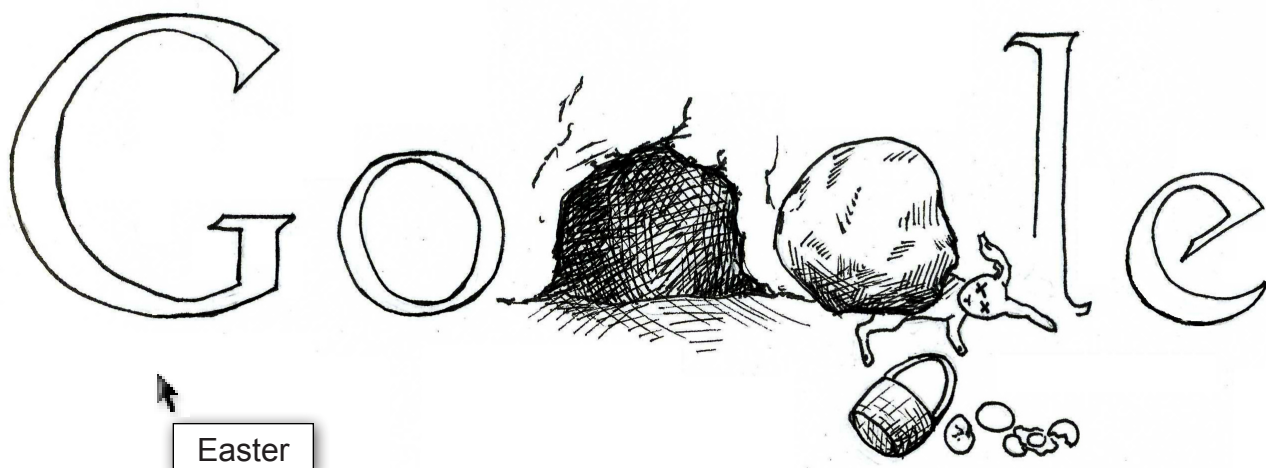


Saddam Hussein is psyched to reclaim the 19th province of Iraq!

[Comment](#) · [Like](#)

Inappropriate Google Commemorative Logos

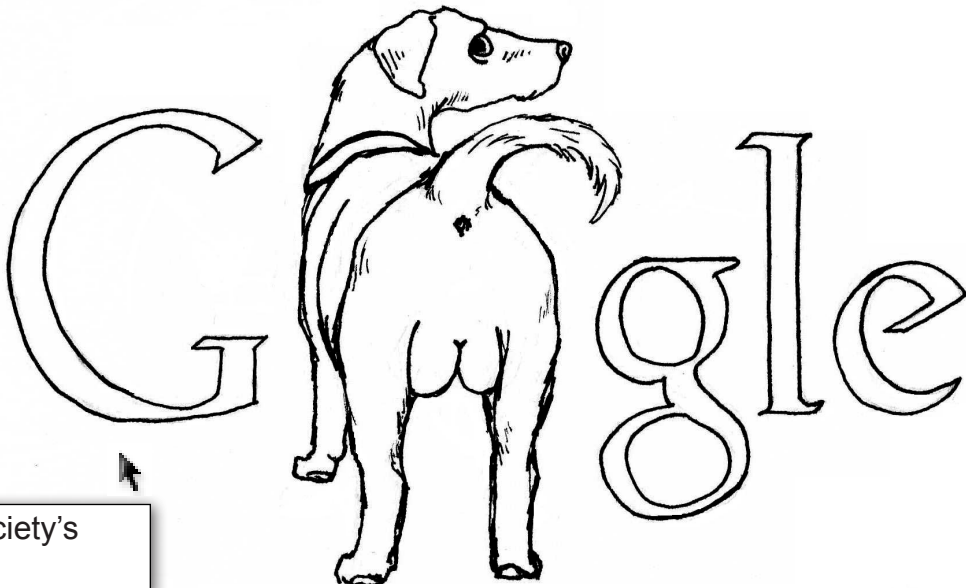
by Tasha Garcia



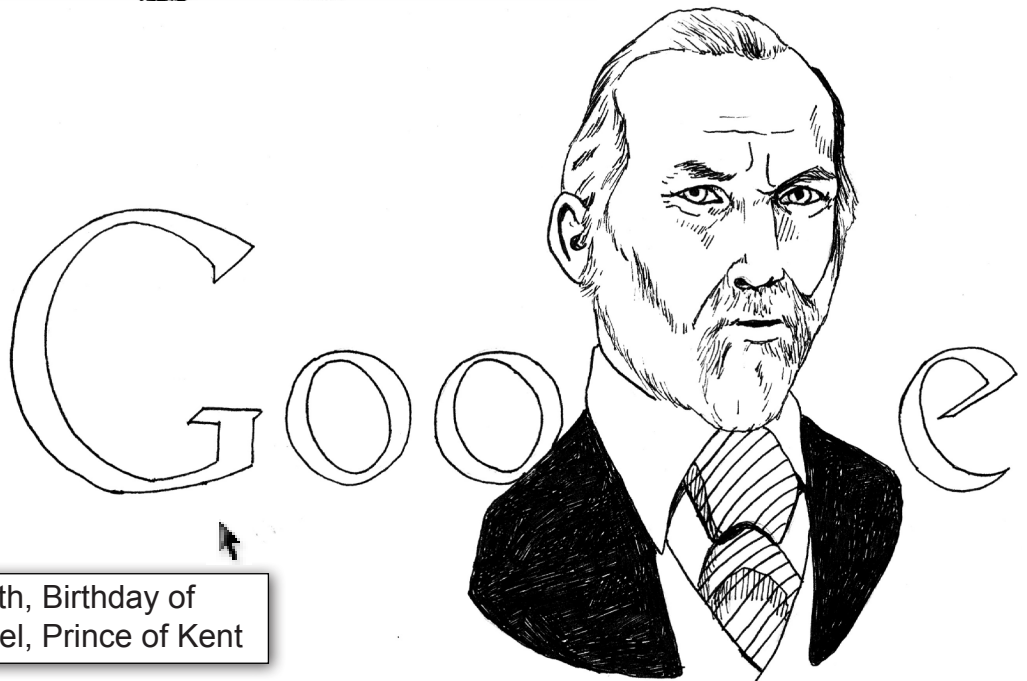
Google



George Washington's
Birthday









Humane Society's
Spay Day





July 4th, Birthday of
Michael, Prince of Kent

A SURVEY LOOK AT



<p> JOHN_JOHN713 JOIN DATE: AUGUST 2009 LOCATION: MICHIGAN</p>	<p>Chance me for college, my name is John and I turn 18 in a little over a month.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> CALI_LOVER123 JUNIOR MEMBER JOIN DATE: JULY 2009 LOCATION: CALIFORNIA</p>	<p>hey guys, what are my chances for getting into a good state school?</p> <p>3.73 gpa, ranked in the top 20% of my graduating class of ~500 1980 SAT 4 AP tests – u.s. history (4), AB calc (3), biology (4), English lit (5) vice-president of the book club</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> JOHN_JOHN713 JOIN DATE: AUGUST 2009 LOCATION: MICHIGAN</p>	<p>maybe I didn't give enough info last time? I'm also Caucasian, mostly german with some Swedish and good grades.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> IVYSNOT66 JOIN DATE: JANUARY 2007 LOCATION: MASSACHUSETTS</p>	<p>@cali_lover: ARE YOU KIDDING?!? state school with a 1980? This isn't the 1970s! VP of book club? Wtf? Schools aren't going to take someone who's not even good enough to be head literary groupie when all the other applicants already have published works. there's a magnet elementary school called Lockett Elementary for south-poles like you near me if you still want education in the fall...</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> STANFORDER575 JOIN DATE: JUNE 2009 LOCATION: NEW JERSEY</p>	<p>Chance me for stanford? 3.98 GPA, 2230 SAT, did volunteer disease prevention work in Africa for two summers.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> PRINCE_NDJIMINU_5 JOIN DATE: MARCH 1998 LOCATION: NOT NIGERIA</p>	<p>guyz please be chancing me for greatest opportunity to be attending americas university. i am prince in the province of Eketi and recently inhretied USD \$5,000,000, which i am glad to be send you 5% as conslutation fee for chancing services. i am looking forward to being fruitful business partner.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> REALISM101 JOIN DATE: OCTOBER 2003 LOCATION: EVERYWHERE</p>	<p>Stanford's admissions formula gives you a few words plus or minus on essays, but it's pretty strict on disease prevention volunteer work – 22 first-timers or 16 relapses is the threshold for community service</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
<p> JOHN_JOHN713 JOIN DATE: AUGUST 2009 LOCATION: MICHIGAN</p>	<p>CHANCE ME!!! I was also abducted into the academic honor society at my school, which is a pretty prestigious thing just saying...please, I really want to know...</p> <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>

 STANFORDER575 JOIN DATE: JUNE 2009 LOCATION: NEW JERSEY	OMG AAAHH I HAVE TO GO BACK! I should of paid more attention during my visit!!! is it OK if I don't get this done before end of jr. year? <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 HIGH_FLYER2010 JOIN DATE: JUNE 2009 LOCATION: NEW YORK	Accomplishments listed below. chance for ivies, please! 5.635 GPA (unweighted), ranked first in tri-state area have taken every AP except Russian, am studying for Russian while traveling around the world while doing poverty reduction, environmental protection, democratic election, water sanitation, bad stuff suppression, passing out lollipops promotion 2390 SAT (got a 790 in writing because i got a text during the test from my Pulitzer-prize winning writing tutor that I had to respond to, but then didn't have time to proofread my essay for adequate use of synecdoche) 800 SAT II Math/Literature Captain/president of every club/team (including the equestrian, chess, checkers, backgammon, aqua-equestrian, and speed parcheesi teams) 0347 hours community service (computer rolls back to 0,000 when out of digits) Volunteer cat/hamster/anaconda/mayor-stuck-in-tree rescuer on weekends President of community vigilante justice group (called parents of 3 local bullies, spanked a dozen delinquents for ditching school, castrated 14 area would-be sex offenders with a spork and a large jar of vaseline, imprisoned 8 ne'er-do-wells in my basement, and yelled "THE F#@%\$! GENEVA CONVENTION DOESN'T APPLY TO ANIMALS" before punting a non-spayed cat into Brooklyn Bay) and I'm 0.24% of every ethnicity recognized by the CIA. <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 REALISM101 JOIN DATE: OCTOBER 2003 LOCATION: EVERYWHERE	Aside from most of those things being impossible, dude, I think a lot of those are really, really illegal... <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 LOCKETT_PRINCIPAL2 JOIN DATE: JANUARY 2002 LOCATION: MASSACHUSETTS	@Cali_lover - sorry, with those scores, even we wouldn't take you. There's an adult education evening school in upper boston that might consider you if you can raise that SAT by a couple hundred / become president of book club... <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 HIGH_FLYER2010 JOIN DATE: JUNE 2009 LOCATION: NEW YORK	Hey, one last Q - if I'm out right now on \$250,000 bail, and I don't plan on going in on my court date, does that make my fafsa index crazy good? <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 IVYSNOT66 JOIN DATE: JANUARY 2007 LOCATION: MASSACHUSETTS	@John: do you plan on writing a great essay / having a great interview? <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 JOHN_JOHN713 JOIN DATE: AUGUST 2009 LOCATION: MICHIGAN	yeah <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>
 IVYSNOT66 JOIN DATE: JANUARY 2007 LOCATION: MASSACHUSETTS	Oh, then stop worrying, you're a lock! <p style="text-align: right;">REPLY</p>



Look-at-how-many-friends-I-have!

Pros

You look like you have a lot of friends

Cons

Raises the question of whether you actually know all those people



If-I-weren't-in-school-I'd-be-a-model

Pros

Makes a very strong first impression
Higher probability of people accepting your friend requests

Cons

Awkward past pics reveal the photoshopping behind the glamour
Everyone knows you posed for at least 25 pictures to get that perfect windswept look



I-take-myself-too-seriously-to-pick-out-a-picture

Pros

Fewer people will stalk you

Cons

There are a lot of 'Liz Jacksons on Facebook
Leaves open the possibility that your physical appearance is unacceptable to society



Nature-embodies-me-better-than-any-picture-of-my-physical-body-ever-could

Pros

Wins votes with the Green Party
At least you took the time to upload a picture

Cons

Inspires unnecessary thinking (why did Harry choose a billy goat?)
Leaves open the possibility that your physical appearance is unacceptable to society



Me-and-a-few-friends

Pros

Suggests that you prefer quality over quantity

Cons

People may be disappointed when they discover which one you are
Always the possibility these people are hired actors



Candid-camera

Pros

Proves you do something other than pose for pictures

Cons

Candid doesn't necessarily mean flattering

DIARY OF A YOUTUBE ASSHOLE

September 13, 2005: Work today was rewarding as usual. It is difficult for me to expound satisfactorily upon the joys I get from my job as curator of the local art museum. My freedom to select and prune our collection of modern and antiquarian fare is at once a blessing and a curse, for how am I, a mere mortal, to choose which of our Monets to keep and which to lend to New York for six months?

December 5, 2005: After weeks of fretful prodding from a coworker, tonight I accessed what many in our modern age have already discovered: the Internet web site known as "Youtube." At first I was taken aback by this crass device by which fluffy distractions might be pumped directly into the proletarian psyche. But I was soon won over by a delightful video image of a monkey waterskiing. You'd never see a thing like that without youtube, would u? I mean "you"... yes...

Jan. 19, 2006: Work was eminently tiresome today—I was forced to play the part of tour guide to three groups of grubby school brats, fielding such questions as "Why did Van Gogh go crazy?" and "How come artists don't get a real job?" with as much dignity as I could muster. It reminded me of a particularly sage piece of wisdom I had read during one of my recent ventures on youtube: "shut up asshole u'll never know what good art is," written by IhasKatZ665. Bravo, sir or madam. Bravo.

feb 25 06: Snow has not yet ended ... but youtube sustains me. Lets me keep touch with the outside world ... saw a clip today of the news on Jon Stewart ... had to comment on that idiot's opinions though. Some douchebag wrote Stewart was the best ever but I wrote back fuck you, yeah he got the message.

mar 06: spring will come soon hopefully. i don't know if snow is gone, haven't checked. have watched 37 hrs of mexican wrestling, regret nothing.

apr (?) 06: lost job. youtube worth it. moon landing such a fucking hoax open ur eyes jackasses. youtube worth it.

— R. CLEGG



TRANSFORMERS 3: BEINECKE



WEIRD EMOTICONS AND THEIR MEANINGS

:-R	eating a taco
:---	mouth replaced with zipper, please help
{-.}	Asian with sideburns
<-O	bouquet of flowers
<-O~	bouquet of flowers with worm emerging
<-O~~	smelly bouquet of flowers?
<-O~~~	stop it
:-F	vampire seeks good orthodontist
:-Q	shaved mustache without a mirror

— D. ZHU



THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

Throughout the 19th century, the forces of Southern agriculture and Northern industrialism, though inherently complementary, were in fact ideologically opposed due to the power and influence of the wealthy upper classes of both parties (Faragher 204-216). The large plantation owners of the Southern aristocracy, compounded with the forces of evil residing within the heart of Mordor, provided the impetus for the South to secede from the Union and start the four-year conflict known today as the Civil War (Tolkien 265).

After Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States in 1860, winning in large part due to the sectionalistic divisions between the North and the South (with the vote divided between Republican, Democratic, Constitutional Union, Southern Democratic, and Dance parties), a large portion of the South split away from the Galactic Republic and formed the Confederacy, in hopes of preserving the Southern way of life (Wikipedia). Newly-sworn in Lincoln was, true to his campaign, determined to “preserve the Union,” and on June 30, 1861, achieved widespread Northern support for a military offensive with his landmark “Bitches Ain’t Shit”

speech, given at the site where the Lincoln Memorial stands today (Dre #16). With his words, “I used to know a bitch named Jefferson Davis”, Lincoln sealed Northern opinion in his favor and gained the full use of Northern resources, such as the efficient railroad and road networks of the day (Faragher 254).

Lincoln was also a master strategist and had no reservations about exercising his executive authority—indeed, he was the first president to invoke his constitutionally granted right to divine smiting, a power he used to great success at the Battles of Sodom and Gomorrah (Genesis 19:24). But some of the North’s success must be credited to Lincoln’s chief general, Ulysses S. Grant, an accomplished military leader and master of disguise.

The Civil War to this day remains one of the most important wars for the field of military strategy, with its creative use of Pokémon that paved the way for new advancements in weapons technology for the next century (Charizard card, holographic). Lincoln himself sums it up best: “You mess with the North; the North messes with you.”

— J. EVELYN

NEW FROM COLUMBIA PICTURES:
A YOUTUBE SUPERHERO

In a world where n00bs are allowed to roam free, one man stands for justice. If the video you just uploaded to Youtube is receiving braindead, misspelled comments, who you gonna call? If someone writes about how they are ROFLMAO-ing when they really aren't rolling on the floor laughing their ass off, who will fight? This summer, the cyberspace savior, the all-powerful pwner returns to the big screen... (Triumphant gospel choir sings) CAPSLOCK Crusader!

(Happy music) When he was only 15, Jim Robertson uploaded his first video, a clip of his twin baby cousins playing with a sippy cup. (Cut happy music, cue dramatic opera) Unfortunately, Jimmy was bombarded with comments like, "WTF this is stupid. 0 _ o 1 starrz!!!!" because of the video's misleading title, "Two babies, One sippy cup", it quickly accrued over 500,000 views, and enough mistyped slander to make little Jimmy swear off of YouTube for good.

(Slow, sad, music) Little Jimmy attempted to resume normal life. Little did he know that months later, while babysitting, his life would change forever. Had Jimmy known anything about YouTube viral hits, he would have known to fear the name, "Charlie." While Jimmy was putting him to bed, the unthinkable occurred. Charlie bit Jimmy. On the finger.

After the bite, Jim was transformed. For the first time since the upload incident, he felt a driving desire to return to YouTube.

(Cue jamming rock music) Comments had become worse that Jim could have imagined, filled with unintelligible acronyms and emoticons. Someone had to defend the poor n00bzours of YouTube against this horrible anonymous slander. Someone had to stand for justice. Jimmy Robertson took off his glasses, strapped on some swimming goggles, and became the CAPS (BAM!) LOCK (POW!) Crusader! Or CapsLockCrusader119, because CapsLockCrusader was already taken as a screen name.

Now, CapsLockCrusader119 fights tirelessly for vengeance, and protects n00bs around the world. But this summer, he faces an enemy the likes of which he has never before seen. (Cut Music, dramatic silence. Then, a mad cackling, and under it, the song "Never Gonna Give You Up") Coming in June 2010, CapsLockCrusader119: Return of the Rick Roller.

(CapsLockCrusader119 jumps out of an alley and beats a pedestrian over the back of the head.) "It's peanut butta jelly time, bitch." (Cut to black)

— W. MORRITZ



BILLY, ARE YOU BEING A NOOB AGAIN?



P. Robalino

LUIS HATED POPUPS



HAROLD BLOOM'S GOOGLE SEARCHES

- Student + Seminar + Professor
 - Bloom + "Perfect 10"
 - Bloom + "Above average"
 - Bloom + "Not grotesque"
 - Student + "Turn-on" + Milton
 - Postdoc + Attracted + Elderly + Pungent
 - "Cardiac Arrest" + Viagra
 - Student + Professor + "Oral exam"
- L. ROSEN

REAL-LIFE ABBREVIATIONS

- togawt: takes off glasses and wipes them
- ilys: i love your shoes
- wcayf: what college are you from
- hoasitmmmmfdm: hold on a sec, i think my mom made my favorite dinner mmmmmm
- eat: eating alone tonight
- cat: cooking alone tonight
- twat: tv watching alone tonight
- tnt: that's not tnt
- stfu: so tired from unpacking...
- toads: toads or another drunken soiree

— S. GILL AND P. ROBALINO



S. And V. Naraiti

"GUESS WHAT HONEY, I JUST FRIENDED THIS GIRL YOU LIKED IN FIFTH GRADE. OMG I SHOULD TWEET ABOUT IT!"

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HIPSTER ENNUI J. Sun



FMYLIFE.COM SPIN-OFFS

MLISBA.com: My Life Is Slightly Below Average:

Last night, I was laying on the New Haven Green with my girlfriend, gazing up at the stars, but it was sort of foggy and there's a lot of pollution in this city so we couldn't really see very many stars. Also, I like my girlfriend and all, but, in all honesty, I have to admit that she's not especially attractive. MLISBA.

Last night, I was starting to make out with my boyfriend while watching a movie in the basement when my mom stands at the top of the basement stairs and says "good night, honey." Of course, she couldn't see us from where

she was standing and she went up to bed right away, so my boyfriend and I started making out again. Still, it was kind of embarrassing at the time, you know what I mean? MLISBA.

Ever since I was little, I knew that I was different from the other boys. They never really accepted me as one of their own and I never had any interest in playing sports with them anyway. When I was a teenager, it seemed like none of the girls in my high school were attracted to me. I began to suspect I was gay, but I had to find out for sure, so I tried watching some gay pornography one night. It turns out I'm not gay--I'm just socially awkward and a little on the ugly side. MLISBA.

— M. SHAFFER

Point, Counterpoint: Should U Give Me All of Ur Internetz?

POINT:

I CAN HAZ UR INTERNETZ

Since the dawn of time, Man has asserted his dominance over nature, except for that time when Man didn't exist yet, and during that dark period everything just sort of chilled and twiddled its stumps in the dark, because Man had not yet invented television, the sun, or thumbs. Paleontologists refer to this time spitefully as Pangaea, which is Greek for *Sucked Dick*. But with every passing decade, Man brought forth wondrous inventions; Benjamin Franklin invented eyeglasses, Thomas Edison invented the light bulb, and Martin Luther King invented black people. Finally, man invented the internetz. And it was rly good.

However, in these economic times, Internetz is hard to come by. I personally have been pwned by the recession, and my sources of Internetz are dwindling. I believe that I would benefit highly from the receipt of all of your Internetz. There are three very compelling reasons why you should give it to me:

First, I am a very hard working citizen of the United States of America, which is the best country in the world. As such, I need internetz to continue to assert my

“IN THESE ECONOMIC
TIMES, INTERNETZ IS
HARD TO COME BY.”

dominance and keep my admin power in the IRC...err...I mean my...veto power in World of Snore Craft: Burning Globalization Crusade.

I am also highly intelligent. Four times as intelligent as you, the average human being. By all mathematical accounts, this should mean that I should own all the Internetz in the world. However, I am aware that wit must be borne with a certain level of generosity. Therefore I will ask only that you give me all of your Internetz and everyone else can keep theirs, to gnaw on during the cold winter months. Also, there's this random little yellow button on my alarm clock and I don't know what it does, but all signs point to d00m. So if you know what's good for you, you'll give me all your Internetz.

In conclusion, I believe it is clear the reasons why you should give me all your Internetz. Give me Ur Internetz, plz. kthnxbai.

COUNTER-POINT:

NO, YOU CANNOT “HAZ” MY “INTERNETZ”

Listen, I don't know who you are, or how you got in my kitchen, but you cannot have any of my Internet. Not one bit of it.

For starters, the little yellow button on your alarm clock is probably your snooze button. If you push it, it will give you an extra five minutes or so of sleep before

“I THINK YOU’RE CONFUSED
ABOUT THE INTERNET AND
HOW IT WORKS.”

it rings again. That's it. Crisis averted.

But really, the important thing is why you would be asking me to give you my internet in the first place. The Internet is like swine flu: It's everywhere and anyone can have it. All you need is a computer and an Ethernet cable. You can even bring a laptop into almost any coffee shop and there will be free wireless internet. If you've got a library card (also free), they have computers in most local libraries, and you can surf the internet and play your little gargoyle games (or whatever they are) to your heart's content. The best part about the internet is that anyone can use it, for as long as they want. It's remarkable.

I think you're confused about the Internet and how it works. Sounds to me like you've got a lot to learn about

“SERIOUSLY, GET THE HELL
OUT OF MY KITCHEN.”

the Internet before you can take full advantage of it. So here's my answer: You cannot have any of my internet, because giving you my internet would be too easy. Haven't you ever heard the phrase about teaching a man to fish? If I give you my internet, you'll procrastinate for a day. If you find your own internet, you'll procrastinate for a lifetime.

Go forth and prosper. And, seriously, get the hell out of my kitchen. Wait, is that...are those...cheeseburgers???

*Emily Sigman Writes
Point, Counter-point*

could not only be the biggest cat found in your ceiling, but the most illiterate cat. Cats in ur ceiling, watching u do all sorts of weird things that you do not want a cat to see, are a huge problem today. They are sneaky, annoying, and furry

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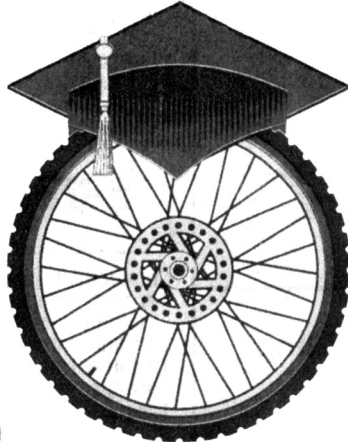


Fri-Sat
10:00-5:00



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Dear Auto Industry,

After decades of field research and product experimentation, I have determined that hybrids are sleek and sexy and will be highly profitable.

—A Spork

Dear Professor James,

I didn't have the chance to finish my comment in class, so I thought I'd do it here: "...the worst symbolism since Milton".

—The Section Asshole

Obama Reassures Nation: Goal Of Withdrawing All U.S. Troops From Iraq By 2010 Achievable Within The Next 5 Years

Dear Stripper Pole at the Teen Choice Awards,

Nobody's perfect. I gotta work you again and again 'til I get it right. Or I get a bigger tip.

—Miley Cyrus

Dear Lightning,

Stop stealing my thunder.

—Thunder

Dear Angel Gabriel,

Those condoms you gave me didn't work at all!

—Mary

Dear Sarah,

Seriously? Come on! I gave you one rule. ONE RULE: No anal. You fucked that up.

—Sober Sarah

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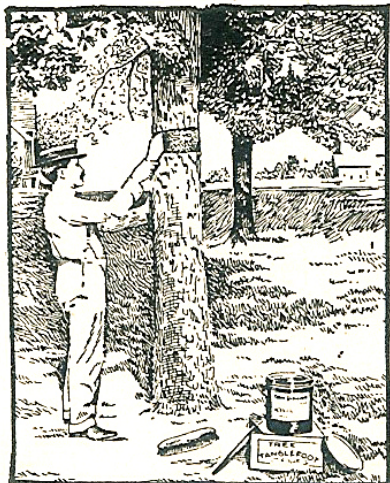


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Send for Booklet!

Dear Bass Security Guard,
 Is lazily caressing the outside pocket of my backpack the same thing as checking meticulously for library books? Either way, you'll never see A History of Platypus Reproduction ever again.
 —Ben Orlin

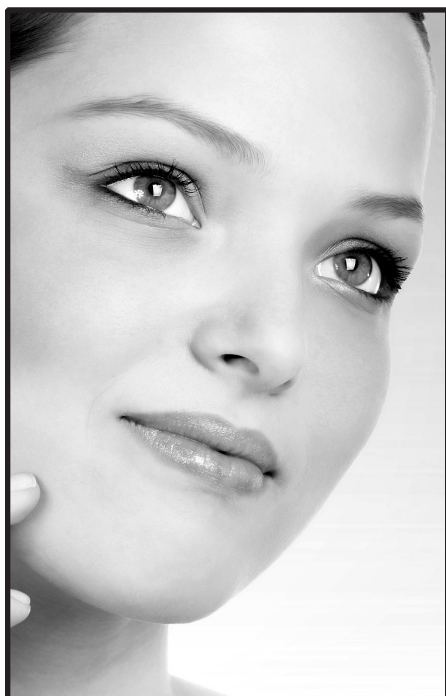
International Space Station Collides With Usain Bolt

Dear Adam,
 When I told you that Albert Einstein failed high school math, I wasn't trying to inspire you; I was trying to show you that even an IDIOT can do relativity. What is wrong with you?
 —Prof Brown

Dear Teenager,
 Don't give me that attitude! I've forgotten more things than you've learned in your lifetime.
 —A Man With Alzheimer's

Hubble Telescope Identifies 3 New Varieties Of Complete, Utter Blackness

Dear Writers of the Song "Down By the Bay,"
 I have written a new first verse to your song. Instead of, "Did you ever see a cat/wearing a hat?" it should henceforth be sung, "Did you ever see a marmoset/ on the Greg and Dharma set?"
 —Thomas Gibson, ES '11



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Hugo Chavez Gives Major Speech At UN, Pledges To Continue Pounding His Fist Angrily And Making Random Accusations

Dear linguistics professor,

I have an idea for a sitcom. Syntax and semantics live together in a New York City apartment. The catch is that syntax is an order obsessed nitpicker while semantics is flaky and elusive and never does what anyone wants him to. Those two will never match up perfectly!

—Jeff CC '12

Dear Jeff,

I'll get back to you soon. Right now I have to scour the bluebook because to the best of my knowledge there is no grade lower than an F but I'm gonna search for a loophole.

Best,
Prof. Wilbur

UN Secretary-General Regrets Holding First Annual Open Mic Night

Dear Little Johnny,

Fat slob's have feelings too!

—Timmy, the boy you pick on

Dear Timmy,

Yeah, feelings of hunger!

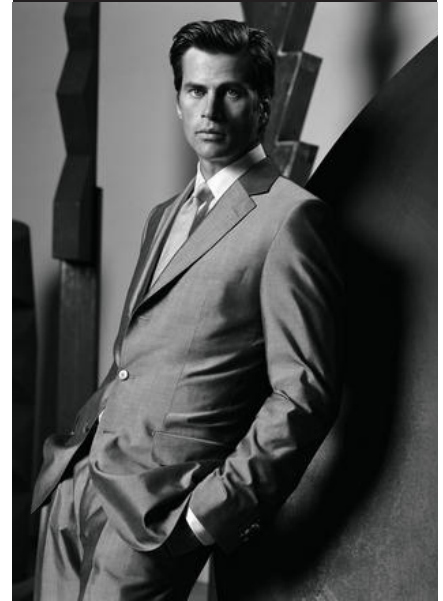
—Johnny

Kafka PC '13 Unable to Find His Room, Told By Administration He Was Never Admitted, Ex-Commed For Even Trying, Learns From New Haven Residents That Yale University Does Not Exist



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QUIZ: \are_you_on_the_internet?

1. Look in front of you. What do you see?

- A. A stone basin in which the women of your tribe are making soup from today's harvest of roots and legumes
- B. A typewriter labeled "1912"
- C. A blue screen with the message, "the instruction at 0x0700609c referenced memory at 0x00000014. The memory could not be read"
- D. A Firefox window

2. Try to google the word "cats". What happens?

- A. The other members of your group chant, "google, google, google!" in throaty cadence as they bang crude stone implements on the ground and prepare a ritual feline sacrifice
- B. Nothing
- C. A green progress bar promisingly works its way across the bottom of the screen but freezes at about 75%
- D. You see a list of links to pictures and articles about cats

3. A friend asks you if you want to go out tonight. You:

- A. Defeat him in a battle for social dominance, murder his offspring and impregnate his multiple wives
- B. Decline due to an inadequate minimum wage which forces you to labor until 8am
- C. Never receive his email
- D. Make a counter-offer and you both spend the night watching Firefly on Hulu

4. You attribute your current state of ignorance to:

- A. Your brain's under-developed language center
- B. Your country's under-developed school system
- C. This fucking piece of shit SUCKS!
- D. YouTube

5. Complete this sentence: I am

- A. A Cro-Magnon hominid
- B. Nobody important
- C. So screwed
- D. Tweeting

6. You're almost done with this quiz! What are you going to do afterwards?

- A. Continue my nomadic lifestyle, following the herds from valley to valley until my offspring take my place in the hunt and I die at 35
- B. Be fired for slacking off at work, get a job in a meat factory, contract tuberculosis and die at 35
- C. Spend 3 days on the phone with Dell
- D. Not much

Results!

Mostly A: Not on the Internet. Sorry, you've got a long way to go. On the upside, it's not like your neighbors are doing any better.
Mostly B: Not on the Internet. But don't worry--just a few more generations!

Mostly C: Not on the Internet. A student tech will contact you in 24-48 hours.

Mostly D: On the Internet! But hours of inactivity have probably lowered your body temperature; be sure to check out next month's quiz, "Are you wearing a scarf?"

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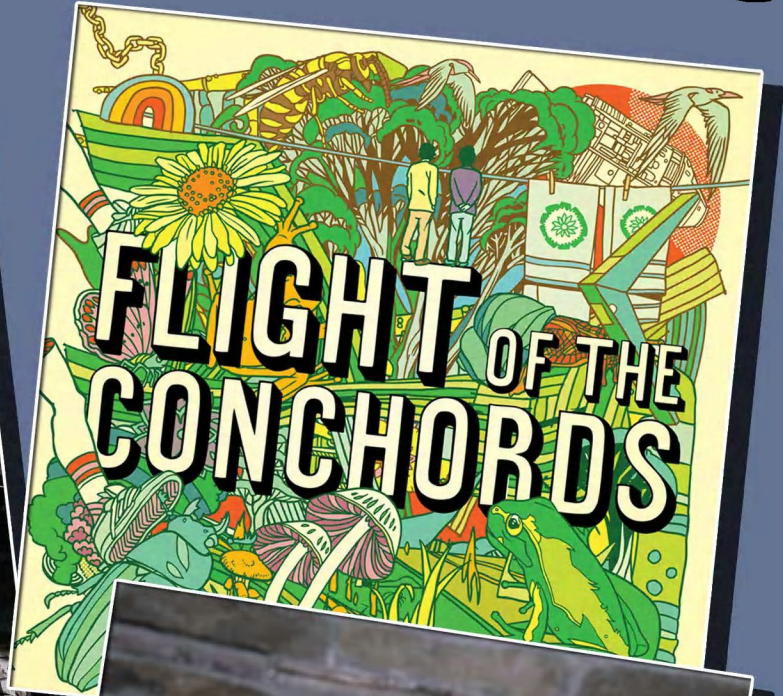
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