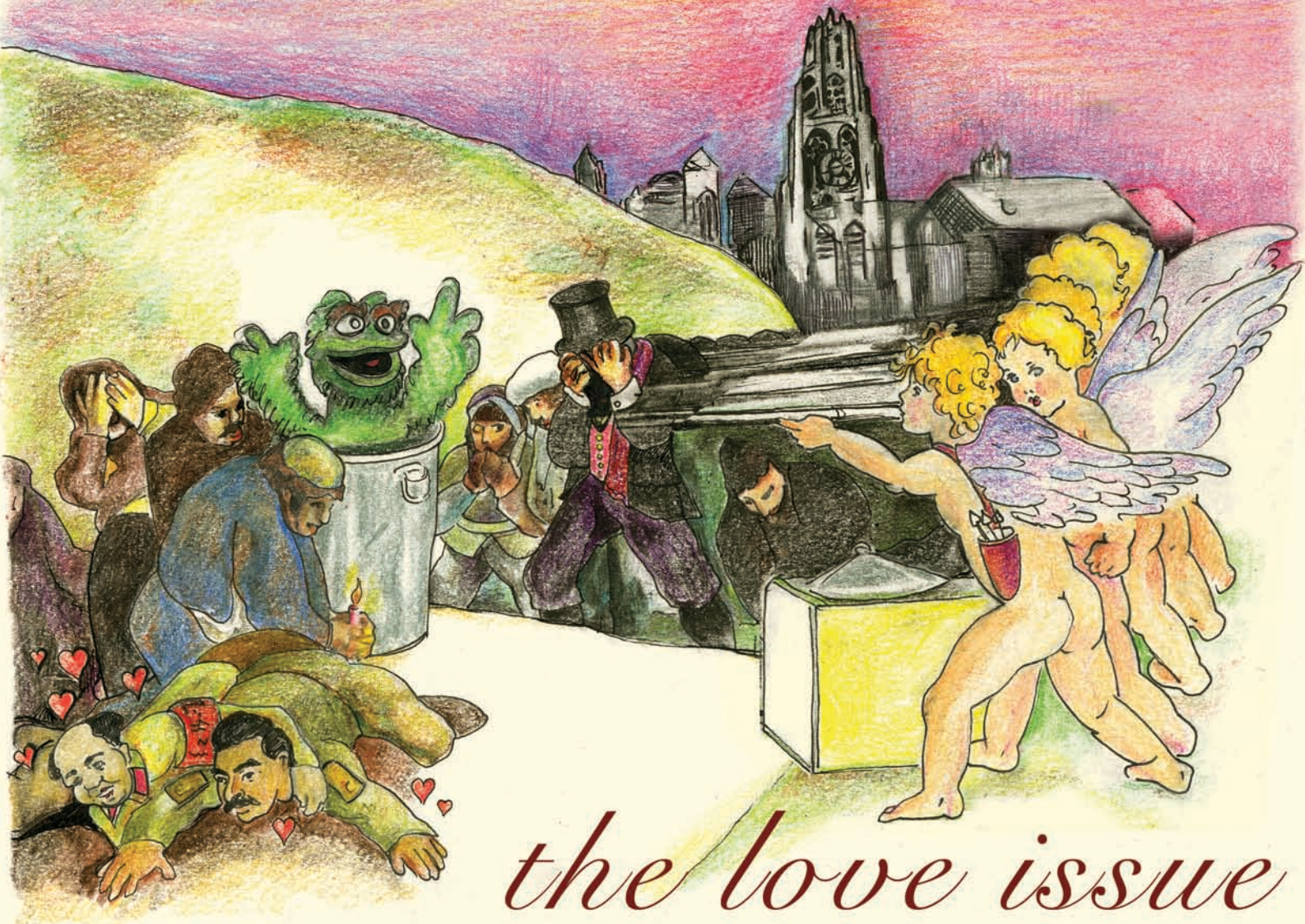


THE YALE RECORD



Vol. CXXXVJ No. 4 America's Oldest College Humor Magazine April 2008



the love issue



Editorial

In Which the Record Staff Discover That All Ringo Starr Needs Is a Little Love

He first came on a rainy Sunday, during *The Record's* weekly E-Board meeting. One moment we were gleefully sneezing into copies of the *Yale Daily News* (the only task on our agenda). The next moment, we were staring out the window at a soggy-looking man with an ample mustache. And the moment after that, we were covering our ears, because he had started singing "Yellow Submarine" to himself.

"Is that Ringo Starr?" gasped Nozlee. I nodded sadly. "Shouldn't we invite him inside?" she asked.

I shot her a glare. "Into our office?"

"He looks cold."

"Don't pity him," I warned. "The Beatles made that mistake once, and they couldn't get rid of him for the next eight years."

"He's not some hobo," Nozlee said. "He was an equal member of the band."

I rolled my eyes. "Fine, but don't blame me when the booze goes missing."

At Nozlee's urging, the E-Board drew straws to see who would go down to talk to him. Unfortunately, I'm a horrible drawer, and my hastily scribbled straw was clearly the worst of the bunch, so I donned my poncho and trudged outside.

"Ringo," I called grudgingly. "We'll let you come inside if you promise not to sing."

"I'm looking for a job," he replied.

"Better try someplace else," I said. "We've already got an Editor-in-Chief, a Publisher, a Chairman..."

"Do you need a drummer?" he asked.

I gestured impatiently towards David Klumpp, who gave a small wave from the doorway and then resumed playing the bongos.

Ringo looked crestfallen, and for a fraction of a second I actually felt sorry for him. Before I could stop myself, I said, "Well, we could use a new Copy Editor."

He smiled toothlessly and broke into a rendition of "She Loves You."

On his first day of work, Ringo came to me with a satisfied grin on

his face. "I looked this over and didn't find any errors!" he said, throwing a manuscript on my desk.

"Ringo," I said, "this is a copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*."

"Impeccable," he said. "Not a single error, start to finish!"

"You do realize that the Copy Editor's job is to find *mistakes* in our publication, right?"

He nodded slowly, his brow knitted



in confusion. The next day, he brought me a page torn out of our most recent issue. He had traced a wobbly red circle around a small drawing of an owl.

"I found a mistake," he said. "This is the wrong letter."

"Ringo," I said gently, "that's a small drawing of an owl."

He blinked uncomprehendingly.

"Shouldn't it be a W?"

"Ringo," I asked, "do you know how to read?"

His face flushed red, and I immediately regretted the question. I tried to smooth things over, sputtering, "Lots of successful hobos were illiterate," but it was too late. Without a word, he turned and walked out of my office. Later that day, he handed me a drawing of a swan flying away from a city, which I took to be a letter of resignation. I went to chase after him, but he had already left the building and was walking down the street, solemnly reciting the lyrics to "Nowhere Man."

The staff took the news hard; it even distracted them from the fact that the booze had gone missing and everybody seemed to have misplaced their wallets. We all agreed that we needed to show Ringo we still loved and appreciated him in spite of his illiteracy. We came up with several ideas, such as baking a cake that said "We Love You, Ringo!" in frosting, or wearing T-shirts that said "We won't let anyone kill Ringo" with a picture of Ringo being murdered.

But first, we had to find him. We combed every soup kitchen and homeless shelter in town, though when people started asking questions about the combs, we realized they weren't helping and put them away. When it seemed all hope was lost, we sat down in despair on the steps of the New Haven Public Library.

Silence fell over our discouraged E-Board. Tears welling in my eyes, I began to sing quietly, "All you need is love..."

"Ba ba da ba da," whispered the others.

"All you need is love," I sang, louder.

"Ba ba da ba da."

"All you need is love, love..."

And then, from across the New Haven Green, a nasal voice boomed: "Love is all you need!"

Ringo had returned! As he continued to sing, we stood up laughing and went to embrace him, our hands over our ears.

-Ben Orlin

Chairman
Gregor Nazarian '09

Editor-in-Chief
Ben Orlin '09

Publisher
Adam Bildersee '09

Design Editors
Samo Gale '10, Liana Moskowitz '09

Managing Editors
Jacob Abolafia '10,
Mike Thornton '09, Katy Waldman '10,
Simon Swartzman '10

Business Manager
Xander Dominitz '09

Supplementals Editor
Daniel Zier '09

Circulation and Distribution Manager
Celina Kirchner '10

Events Coordinator
Matt Bakal '10

Online Editor
Nozlee Samadzadeh-Hadidi '10

Recruitment Coordinator
Jerry Lieblich '10

Alumni Coordinator
David Newman '09

Staff Writers & Artists
Katherine Adams '10, Reuben Barrientes '10,
Jessica Bollhack '11, Dounia Bredes '11, Avinash
Chak '11, Elie Chau '10, Melissa
Chiasson '11, Andrew Chittenden '09, River
Clegg '11, Jordy Greenblatt '11, Rob
Golan-Vilella '10, David Klumpp '10, Misha
Mihailova '10, Claire Mulaney '10, Sarah
Naftalis '09, Stephanie Naratil '11, Valerie
Naratil '11, Nicolas Niarchos '11, Aneesh
Raghunandan '11, Judd Rosenblatt '11, Emily
Sigman '11, Emily Waldman '10, Tessa
Williams '10, Mary Pat Wixted '10,
Shara Yurkiewicz '09

Contributing Writers & Artists
Matt Adams '11, Alison Gates '11,
Trevor Ford '11, Bronwen Roberts '10,
Bill Toth '11, Babe Liberman '11

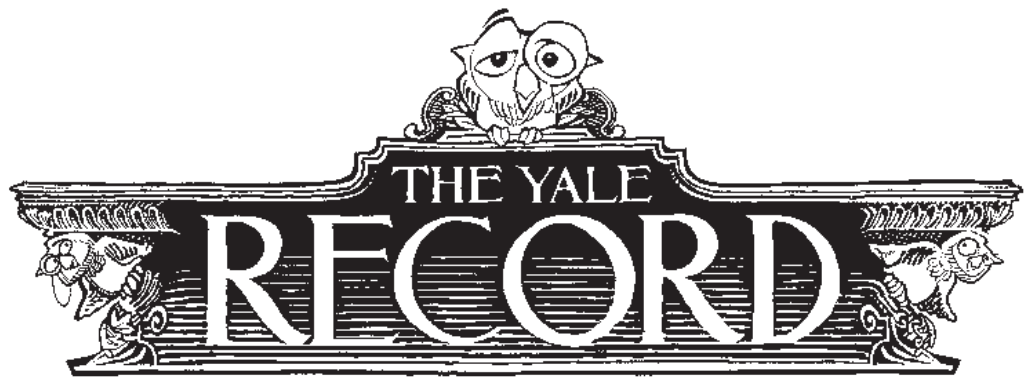
Senior Editors
Celeste Ballard '08, George London '08,
Dan Nagler '08, Nick O'Neill '08,
Kendall Rice '08

Old Owls
Sean Gandert '08, Doug Lieblich '08,
David Litt '08

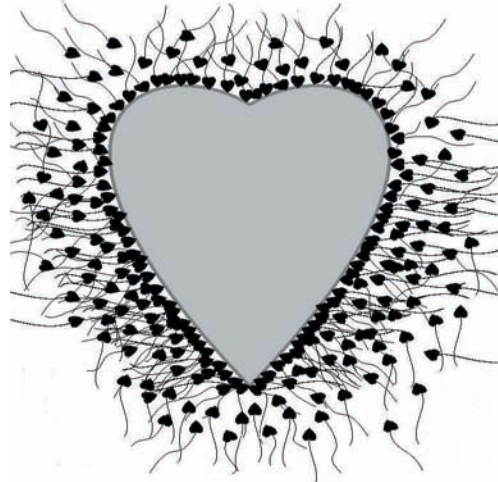
Cover by Emily Waldman '10

Table of Contents Art by
Simon Swartzman '10

Special Thanks to: Valerie Schaer and
Mike Gerber



The Love Issue



1.... EDITORIAL

3.... MAILBAG

27... MAILBAG
CONT'D

4.... SHORTS

28... BACK PAGE

FEATURES

14.... **Disney's Greatest
Love Scenes**

Ben Orlin and Caio Camargo

16.... **Chick Flick Mad Libs**

*Shara Yurkiewicz and
Katherine Adams*

17.... **Pygmalion's Screw-Up**

River Clegg

18.... **Weak Sex at Yale**

*Staff and Nozlee
Samazadeh-Hadidi*

19.... **Petrarch's Middle
School Love Letters**

*Gregor Nazarian and
Liana Moskowitz*

20.... **Missed Connections**

Mike Thornton

21.... **A Southern Gentleman's
Guide to Chivalry at Yale**

Kendall Rice

22.... **Macbeth and Lady
Macbeth's First
Anniversary**

Simon Swartzman and Samo Gale

25.... **Yale's 50 Most
Ugliest People**

Judd Rosenblatt and Elie Chau

26.... **Scholarly Explication of The
Pussycat Dolls' "Don't Cha"**

Tessa Williams

Mailbag

Advertisement

Dear Student in Lecture Who's Only
Using the Mouse and Not the Keyboard,
Cut the crap. I know you're playing
solitaire.

-Your Professor

LeBron James,

If you're so good, how come you
keep dropping the ball and picking it up
again?

Confused,
A handball fan

Dear 14-Year-Old on AIM Who Just Sent
Me a Message Saying "your gay,"

As it happens, I recently misplaced
my gay. Have you seen him around?

-A man missing his gay

Muslims of the World,

I am tired of this conflict of civiliza-
tions. We should reconcile and be friends.
As a sign of good will, I have drawn for
you a picture of Jesus hugging the proph-
et Mohammed.

Love,
The Danish

Dear Arthur C. Clarke,

Aren't you worried that your legacy
to posterity will be confused with that of
a popular candy bar?

-Heath Ledger

John McCain,

I demand that you renounce your
pastor's controversial statements, such as
that a man named Jesus walked on wa-
ter, turned one fish into many, and came
back from the dead. These lies are un-
American.

-A Voter

Yale Students,

We're sorry to announce that all the
slots are filled for Bulldogs on the Lakes,
Bulldogs in the Rockies, and Bulldogs by
the Bayou. However, we are still accept-
ing applicants for Bulldogs on the Tun-
dra, Bulldogs near Newark, and Bulldogs
in Space.

-Undergraduate
Career Services

Dear Big Bad Wolf,

Want a puff of my summer house?
It's made of marijuana.

-The Fourth Little Pig

Barack Obama,

Aren't you worried that the
Democratic Convention this year will
intrude on Ramadan? Also, we've made
sure to orient your debate podium so that
it faces Mecca.

-Fox News

Dear Catch-22,

I saw the chicken come first.

-The Egg

Dear Sinbad,

Why is your name so much more
concise and cool-sounding than mine?

-Virtuegood

Dear My Moustache,

Ever since you left me, I feel as if
I have a moustache-shaped hole in my
face. Remember that time we drank milk
together?

Regards,
Jonathan

Dear Bottle of Bud Light,

I told you to use a coaster last night
but you just said, "Oh, come on baby, it'll
feel so good without it." And now I have
a watermark on me. Thanks a lot, jerk.

-A Coffee Table

Dear Build-a-Bear,

Consider your monopoly on the do-
it-yourself stuffed animal market officially
broken!

-Demolish-a-Dog

Dear Apple Care Customer Service,

I recently received an iTunes receipt
for "Canon in DD," "Furry Elise," and
"Barely 18 Overture." I am sure that I
have no idea what any of these songs are,
and I would like them removed from my
bill before my wife sees them.

-Arty Holtz

**WALL STREET
PIZZA
& RESTAURANT**

**Serving great pizza
and sandwiches!**

**IN THE HEART OF
YALE AND NOW
DELIVERING IN
THE CHAPEL AREA!**

**BUY ANY LARGE
PIZZA GET A FREE
2 LITER SODA!**

**Wall Street Pizza
90 Wall Street
(203) 776-9021**

(cont'd on page 29)

Shorts

That Sex Was Strictly Platonic

Dear Jesse,

I'm truly flattered by your relationship request on Facebook—it clearly came from the bottom of your heart when you sent it this morning at 5am. But I'm afraid I've given you the

wrong impression. When I had sex with you last night, it was in a strictly platonic spirit.

However passionate and memorable, the act was merely a very intimate and candid way of expressing my deepest friendly regard for you. For example, when I gave you that hickey on the dancefloor at Toad's, it was nothing but a token of our camaraderie. (I hope it

burns bright and intense on your skin as a daily reminder of the special bond we share.) And when I invited you to my room afterwards to demonstrate my new strip routine, I only wanted to receive unbiased feedback from a good, honest pal like yourself.

I know that what followed shortly afterwards can be a bit tricky to interpret. I see now that I should have made it clear that having intoxicated sex is my habitual manner of solidifying a friendship. Take my best buddy Tom, for instance. I never thought we'd be so close, but ever since the first time we made out in his car, he's been like a brother to me. Or even Bradley, for that matter. A casual 69 on his futon was all it took to make us real tight.

I hope you understand now. You do turn me on, but only as a friend.

With nonromantic affection,
- Erin

P.S. You can pick up your boxers anytime. Just give me a call.

-Misha Mihailova



Put-Down Pick-Up Lines

- “Are you from Tennessee? Because I hear there are a lot of ugly girls from Tennessee.”
- “What’s your sign? Is it Ogre? Is that a sign?”
- “Want to go see a movie sometime? That way we can go on a date but I won’t actually have to talk to you.”
- “Did it hurt when you fell from heaven, or did your face break the fall?”
- “You’ve got a face like a movie star—Danny Devito.”
- “Is there a mirror in your pocket? Because I can see myself in your pants, and it’s creeping me out.”
- “Say, I notice you’re not wearing a ring. At your age, you must be getting desperate.”

- Ben Orlin, Nozlee Samadzadeh-Hadidi, and Alison Gates

The Forbidden Apple



As they opened Safari, Adam and Eve realized for the first time that their hardware had been exposed all along. -Gen 1:47

When a Man Truly Loves a Woman, She Takes Half of His Material Possessions

Son, we need to talk. This divorce has been hard for all of us, but I want you to know one thing: I still love you, and your mother is a thieving slut. Now, I don't mean to villainize your mother or blame her for the breakup of a marriage full of love, tenderness, and personal betrayal. I was wrong about her, and now that harpy is taking me to the cleaners. But to focus on the positive, I think this whore has presented me with the perfect opportunity to teach you about love. There's no need to be nervous. I've been divorced three times (coming up on four) and have been subsequently served with three restraining orders, so I have some experience in the ways of love.

You know, when you meet that special someone, you just feel it: you just know that this is the person you're going to sleep with. How did I meet your mom? Well, I was boozing it up at my 20th high school reunion when I saw an old flame from my junior year. She still had that sparkle in her eye, despite looking a little worse for wear. Her 17-year-old daughter, however, had the body of a supermodel and was enthralled by my wild corporate lawyer lifestyle. Two weeks and one bribed city hall worker later, she was eighteen and we were married.

What does it feel like to be married? Well, when you're in a committed relationship, you feel like you're on top of the world, and you don't care how many accountants tell you \$70,000 has disappeared from your savings account. You are wholly captivated by her beauty and ignore the hushed phone calls and the children who bear no resemblance to you. It's liberating to be selfless, caring only about another's infantile desires for money and prescription painkillers.

You want to know what happened between Mommy and me? Well, it's hard to keep that love alive. And while you may try your darnedest to keep the other person entertained, the other person may be planning the day that they can run away with your secretary, Janine. Then, when you're served with the divorce papers, it strikes you that the pre-nuptial



agreement she signed was actually a grocery list scribbled on a napkin in a McDonald's in Sikeston, Missouri, and has no legal standing. Thus, the judge has no choice but to award that she-witch half of your worldly possessions, and you find that no gun store in town will sell a former felon, even a white-collar felon, an automatic weapon.

No, no, please don't cry. Even though Mommy took the house, we can still have sleepovers in the car! And we'll have hot dogs for breakfast every morning. Trust me, after spending a few alternate weekends with me, you're going to wish that your mom were dead. And God knows I'm working on that.

-Melissa Chiasson



Spiderman That Ho

Extending the Sexual Baseball Metaphor

- *Bloop single*—Drunk dance-floor hookup. May start a late-inning rally.
- *Stolen base*—Advancing an extra base despite initial resistance. (This is NOT rape. See *Force Play*.)
- *Sacrifice fly*—Playing the role of wingman, i.e., taking an out in order to allow your friend to score.
- *RBI single*—Once again playing the role of wingman, except that while your friend scores, you also get to first base. NOTE: Only works when friend is already at second base. Also, if your friend is kind of slow or awkward, he may have to stop at third.
- *Ground-rule double*—A hit has occurred,

but before you can tell how far you'll get, you get walked in on.

- *Reaching base on an error*—Bartender accidentally gives the drink you bought to wrong girl. Wind up hooking up with her anyway.
- *Alcohol*—Alcohol.
- *Fielder's choice*—Also known as the reverse wingman, you get to first base while a friend is thrown out attempting to advance.
- *Home run off the foul pole*—Drunk, memory-free sex. Still counts in the record books.
- *Seventh-inning stretch*—Breaking off a passionate kiss in order to sing 'Take Me Out to the Ballgame.'
- *Chicago Cubs*—Virgins.

— Aneesh Raghunandan

Don't Ask, Don't Show and Tell

"Okay Tommy, it's your turn. What do you have to share with the class today?"

"A story. A real-life one."

"Very good! Go ahead."

"It all started when I was playing ninjas with my pet gecko Rex. All of the sudden—KAPOW! There was a crash in my parent's room."

"Were they okay, Tommy?"

"I thought something really bad happened! Like that time we found out my Uncle Mike liked boys and Daddy punched him."

"Oh... That's um... Well, what happened this time?"

"They started laughing. At first I was happy because they were okay. But then I got kind of jealous, you know? Why were they having so much fun without me? Mom and Dad *never* get along! Something was wrong, and when I went to their room, the door was closed. I heard Mom say, 'Put your right leg over me! On the blue spot!' And then Dad said, 'I can't reach—'"

"Wow, will you look at the time! Thanks for that lovely story, Tommy! Really lovely.... Time for lunch, children!"

"But we had lunch."

"Oh right, then play time."

"But wait! My story is about play time, sort of!"

"It will have to wait until tomorrow, I'm afraid—"

"Twister! I opened the door and they were playing Twister! The end."

"What a... relief. Next time, Tommy, could you just bring in an object to show and tell, like the rest of the class? Now, Suzie, what do you have to share with us?"

"This balloon! I found it in Dad's bathroom."

— Jessica Bolhack

Trained
CurlCare Consultants
Are your curls
in the closet?
It's time to come out!
Deva Curl
at
The Workshop
1150 Chapel Street
New Haven, CT 06511
203.777.4123
www.workshopnewhaven.com

Point-Counterpoint: Parenting

Point: I Give My Kids Tough Love

Look, kids need discipline. Take my daughter Jill. Just last week, she was about to leave the house in a skimpy low-cut T-shirt and a dress fit for a prostitute. I was furious. "You are grounded until next September, young lady!" I screamed. "No daughter of mine is going to dress like a hussy!" I mean, you could see her diaper under her dress. "Sowwy, Mommy. I sowwy," she said. But I'm not a softy. This is how girls end up pregnant.

I also caught Billy sucking his thumb last week while we were in line at the bank, and I nearly lost it. "This is the last straw, young man!" I shouted. "Cut the childish crap this instant. Dammit, you're almost three years old!" He's always been slow; he still couldn't walk when he was six months, but I yelled at him for five months straight until, sure enough, he decided to stop being such a stubborn brat and get up on his legs like a man.

I can only hope that they appreciate all this someday; that when they're adults, they'll think of their ruptured eardrums and crippled self-esteem and see how much good I've done for them.

Counterpoint: I Give My Kids Gentle Hate

Every day, I go downstairs and smile as I bid little Timmy and Jenny a good morning. They beam back at me as I carefully prepare their lunches. Then, while they're packing up their books, I furtively throw their lunches into the garbage, and replace them with paper bags full of rocks.

Even though I have done this every day for the last month, the little dullards believe it's an accident every time.

I don't believe in tough love; I believe in gentle hate. When Jenny forgot to feed our dog Sparky one afternoon, I didn't scream my lungs out. Instead, when Sparky ran away the next month, I wrote up a little note: "deer jenny, maybe if i had bin fed a litle more, i wood have stayed home. love, sparky." I even drooled on the page a few times to make it look more authentic.

The best punishments leave a child baffled and emotionally shattered. That's why, every night as my kids go to sleep, I slip discouraging messages into my lullabies. And when I look at my beautiful, sleeping children, I can't help but sigh and think to myself, "I will gently hate you two forever."

- Jordy Greenblatt

Disastrous Phone Sex

Call #1, 8:03 PM

CALLER 1: Hi. I mean, hello. This is, um, this is Bran— I mean, Peter.

PHONE SEX EMPLOYEE: Hey there, big boy. What are you interested in today?

C1: (*sheepishly*) Oh, I think maybe I have the wrong number.

PSE: It's okay, baby. I'll start you off. Just play along with me, 'kay? You are looking mighty fine in that shirt of yours, honey, but I'd like to see you out of it.

C1: You can see me? I mean, I'm sorry, of course not. Thank you? I guess I can take it off then.

<Crash>

PSE: You okay there?

C1: Yeah, sorry, I just broke my vase. I can't believe I just did that. I'm going to get some glue.

Call #2, 10:49 PM

PSO: Hey there, baby. You looking for a good time? You know you've come to the right place.

CALLER 2: Yeah I did...oh...oh...oh... ohh! (*sigh*) Well, yeah, thanks. That was great. Bye!

Call #3, 2:17 AM

PSE: Now, show me that big cock.

CALLER 3: To be honest, it's kind of small.

PSE: I'm sure it's quite big enough.

C3: Not really, girls usually laugh when they see it.

PSO: (*Stunned silence*) Um, okay. I guess I'll start on top then. Don't worry about a thing. I will make you feel so -

C3: No, that won't work. You see, I have some conditions—scoliosis and severe muscle deterioration, plus a mild case of leprosy, which is why I only have seven fingers now.

<Click>

C3: Hello? Hello? Okay, I'll call back.

Call #4, 11:40 AM

PSO: So you want me to start off, baby?

CALLER 4: No, I've got it. I will call you Ginny and you can call me Dumbledore. When I shout, "Orgasmo!" I want you to -

<Click>

- Matt Adams



Ask Dr. Ruthless: Incompetent Sex Advice

Dear Bill,

I've become sexually active, and I don't want to get pregnant, but I'm not 18 yet. How do I ask my mother to get me birth control pills?

-Rachel Smith

It's simple: just ask. She doesn't want you to be pregnant either. She'll be totally thrilled you're being so proactive.

Dear Bill,

My wife wants to mix things up in the bedroom. What should I do?

-Craig "Vanilla Sex" Ice

Try using food in your love-making! Start with a crunchy nacho appetizer (don't forget the salsa!)

and a nice meatloaf entree.

Dear Bill,

I wanted to pleasure my wife, so I took Viagra. My erection won't go down though! What do I do?

-A 70-year-old man

When I try to get rid of a hard-on, I always think about a 70-year-old woman. So just think about your wife!

Dear Bill,

I'm concerned about getting STDs, and a condom is only 99% effective at stopping infections. What other precautions can I take?

-A John

Well, if one condom is 99% effective, then a second condom will be 99% effective on the 1% that get through the first one: 99.99% effective. Clearly you should be using two condoms, if not

more. Also, make sure they're on as tight as they get; don't leave any extra space.

Dear Bill,

I don't think I'm getting my boyfriend very stimulated with foreplay. What can I do to make things better?

-Una Rowsed

Try doing the same foreplay routine every time. It'll be like Pavlov's dog. Eventually he won't even need the sex after the foreplay: less work for you!

Dear Bill,

I use a prostitution service and I don't want anyone to know about it. How can I hide it from the public?

Confidentially,
Speliot Itzer

Don't use e-mail; if you do, your records will be well-documented and very traceable. Try using the phones; no one actually pays attention to what they hear on wiretapping. Also try siphoning off some money from a public fund to pay for it—there's a gold mine there.

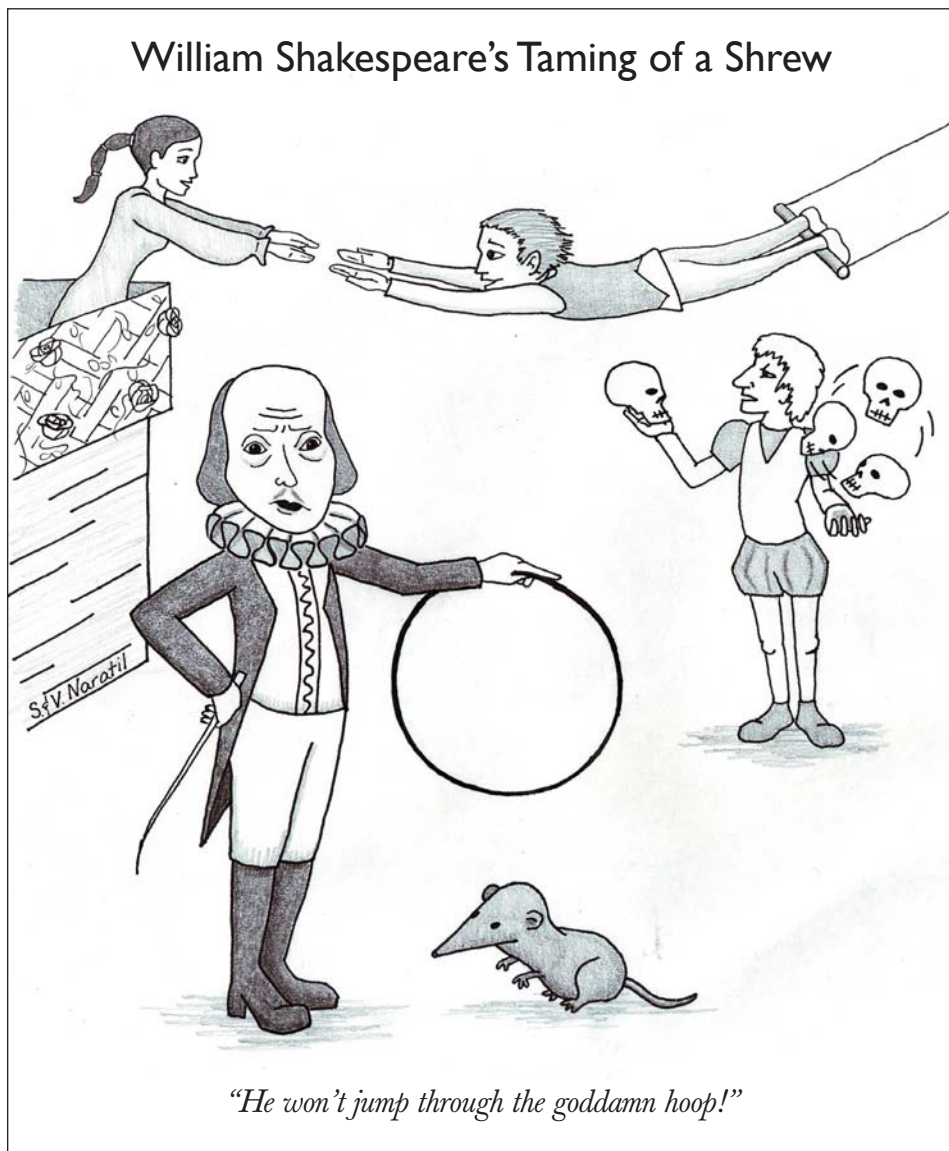
- Bill Toth



Papers for Classes I'm Taking Credit-D-Fail

- The Great Gatsby: Novel or Poem?
- Lighting and Set Design in YouTube Videos of Laughing Babies
- Our Growing Democracy: Is 50 States Too Many?
- The Marginal Utility of Increasing a Document's Margins 3 Inches on Each Side
- Chinese History: An Overview
- Biblical Imagery in the First Seven Pages of Moby Dick

- Ben Orlin



"He won't jump through the goddamn hoop!"

Zaroka
Fine Indian Cuisine

Lunch Buffet Mon-Sat \$7.95
Extended Buffet Sun \$9.95

includes North and South Indian Cuisine

Serving Lunch and Dinner Daily

148 York Street • New Haven • 203-776-8644
www.zaroka.com

Mother's Dating Advice

"Hi Mom, it's me –"

"Darling! How was your date?"

Mrs. Beck was so excited to set you up with her son. Ever since her cats were confiscated by the SPCA she's been looking for some grandkids."

"That's what I'm calling about. It didn't go very well –"

"I don't believe you. What did you wear? I want to hear everything."

"Uh, okay. I wore that green dress, the one with the things on it? Like I was saying, he was late picking me up –"

"Aww, I bet he was so nervous, picking out what to wear!"

"But he was wearing a sweatshirt with guacamole spilled down the front."

"So he *was* nervous!"

"He was texting the whole drive to the restaurant. He didn't even talk to me!"

"I bet you he was telling all his friends how excited he was to be with such a lovely lady!"

"He didn't talk to me when we got to the restaurant, either. As soon as we got there, he went to the bathroom and then he didn't come back. Even though he left his coat on the chair!"

"Oh, honey. You know how men feel threatened by a smart, strong, beautiful, confident woman."

"But – this is the awful part – all of a sudden some cops burst in the front doors, and next thing I knew they had my table surrounded."

"Trying to get your number while your date wasn't looking, eh? Men in uniform always had a thing for you! Remember Larry Pender from middle school?"

"Mom, you're not listening to me."

"I'm just saying..."

"Well, the police dogs started sniffing his coat, and they found some stuff in it. Like, illegal stuff. And they didn't believe me when I said it wasn't mine because they couldn't find my date anywhere!"

"Stop overreacting, snookums. The policemen were probably just looking for an excuse to talk to you. Like when Larry set fire to your red wagon and pushed it down the driveway? You know, I just saw Larry's mother at the supermarket the other day—"

"Mom, stop! Listen. I'm calling you from prison. I think my date was a drug smuggler looking for a patsy."

"How romantic!"

- Mary Pat Wixted

Male-to-Female Dictionary

What She Says

- *I love you too, but just as a friend.*

- *Want some gum?*

- *What do you want for our anniversary?*

- *Let's get brunch.*

- *I just want a sensitive guy.*

- *No! She's a bitch!*

- *Let's watch Jerry Springer.*

- *I love S&M.*

- *Where do you work?*

- *I just need some space.*

- *Want to watch Gilmore Girls?*

- *It's not you, it's me.*

- *No.*

- *I go to Quinnipiac.*

What He Says

- *She's got a great personality.*

- *I think we should just be friends.*

- *You have beautiful eyes.*

- *We love Yale sluts.*

- *Who's your roommate?*

- *How old is your sister?*

- *My shoe size is 13.5 if ya know what I mean.*

- *Backstreet Boys suck!*

- *I'm drunk.*

- *It's not you, it's me.*

- *Sorry I'm typing slowly.*

- *dllry i; m gypibg dlowky.*

What She Means

I can do better.

Your breath stinks.

Happy anniversary, bastard!

Friend zone.

I'm still going to hook up with assholes.

She's hotter than I am.

I'm a man.

I love Serbia and Montenegro.

Are we going to McDonald's or Morton's?

I'm doing your roommate.

I like you, but I think you're gay.

It's you.

No.

Yes.

What He Means

She's about a 5 out of 10.

You're not hot enough.

Shit! She just caught me looking at her breasts.

We respect Yale's incredibly smart, independent women.

I'm having a menage a trois fantasy.

I'm having a menage a quatre fantasy.

I have big socks.

I'm hiding the fact that I still think Backstreet Boys are awesome.

You're not drunk enough.

I'm a Seinfeld fan.

My right hand is in my pants.

Both hands are in my pants.

Second Treatise to My Girlfriend: On Man and His Natural Rights

By John Locke

§. 1. Of the State of Nature.

TO understand our relationship, we must consider man's natural state, a *state of perfect freedom* to order his actions, dispose of his possessions, and watch Monday Night Cricket as he sees fit, without depending upon the will of any woman or any woman's stupid best friend, Susan.

§. 2. Of Property.

AS for my 1972 Miami Dolphins Commemorative Shag Carpet hanging: I have *mixed my labour* with it, thereby making it my *property*. Dismiss Susan's remarks to Wendy, as it is to remain in the living room. And the remote is mine, woman, so back off.

§. 3. Of my Star Wars: The Next Generation Action Figure Collection.

IT'S like property, only more important.

§. 4. Of the Beginnings of Political Societies.

MEN being, as has been said, by nature all free, equal, and independent, it follows that the only way whereby any one man divests himself of his natural liberty is by agreeing to go out with *you*.

§ 5. Of the Extent of the Commonwealth.

NOT much, by the appearance of last month's credit card statement. I mean Jesus Christ, \$300 for a pair of shoes? What the hell? Hobbes' girlfriend spends that much in a year, and she looks younger than you do anyway. Yes dear, I said it. What're you going to do, assert your right to justified revolution?

§. 6. Of Usurpation.

OH real mature, make me sleep on the couch. You're just like Charles I, have I ever told you that?

§ 7. Of Tyranny.

TYRANNY is the exercise of power beyond right. I mean come on; I apologized like five times already. Hobbes' girlfriend is a Leviathan. You are so beautiful. Yes, I mean it! Be reasonable.

§. 8. Of the Dissolution of Government.

ALL the slips of human frailty will be *born by the people* without mutiny or murmur. But I make one little comment about your freaking Manolo Blahniks and you move back in with your mother and stop returning my calls. Fine. See if I care. You were a total despot anyway.

- Jacob Abolafia



Point-Counterpoint: Love

Point: I Love You

By Jessica Mills

I've been working up the courage for three weeks, two days, and eleven hours to finally talk to you, Carl, so I figure I ought to just come out and say it: I love you.

I love the way you talk a lot in our geology seminar. I love the way you sometimes look like Lando Calrissian, but without the mustache. I love the way you shower every day at 10:15am and use Pert Plus dual shampoo-conditioner and a loofah. Loofahs are so sexy.

I find myself searching for just the right words to tell you how I feel, but somehow "I love you" is all that comes out. I just want to leap onto the rooftops and scream, "I love Carl Stevens more than Chewbacca loves Han Solo, more than the stars love the moon, more than aging liberals love NPR!" Everybody will hear me, and they'll all say, "There is a star-crossed lover destined for happiness with her true love, Carl. They will soon kiss, and then date, and then make love for the first time (it will be awkward, but in a funny way), and then finally get married and have babies and move to Flushing, NY."

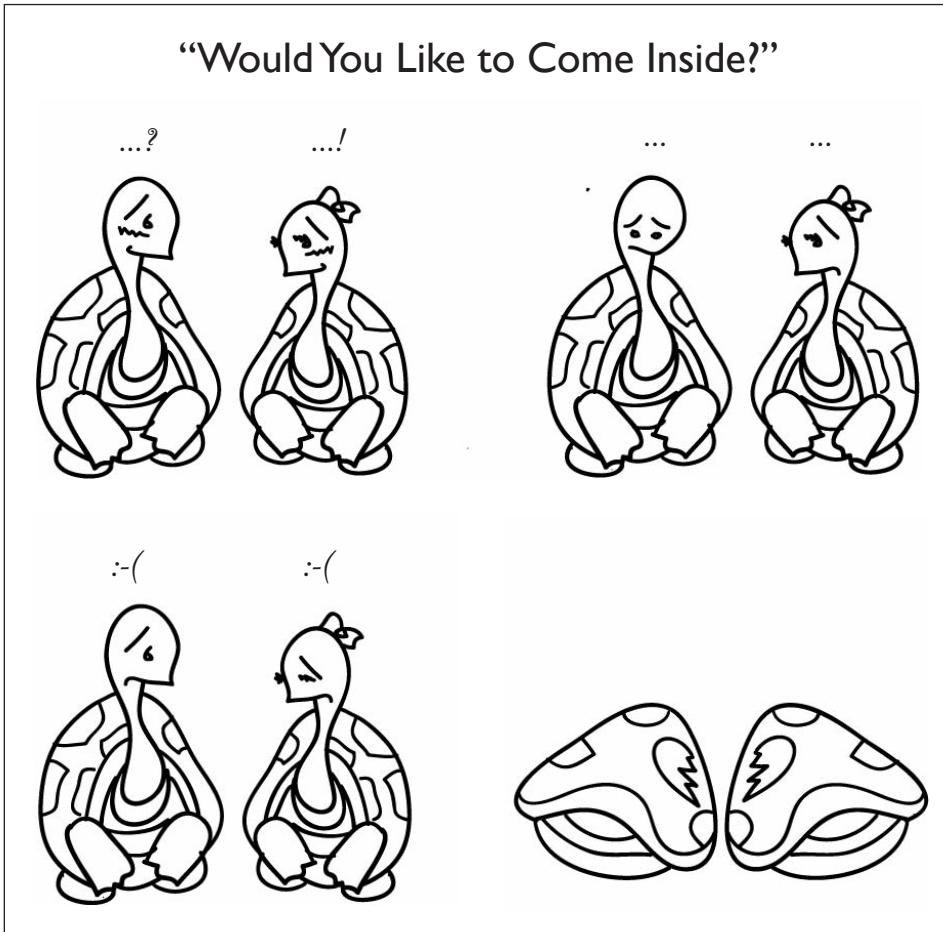
Our love will lift us up where we belong, Carl. Where the eagles cry on the mountain high, Carl. I don't know how else to say it - Carl Stevens, I love you.

Counterpoint: Thanks

By Carl Stevens

Thanks...we should hang out sometime or something. Like maybe in a couple of weeks though. I have papers and stuff.

- Jerry Lieblich



ELIE CHAU

The Extremely Short Diary of a Wayward Sperm

What am I doing here in the esophagus?

- Staff



The Dame in Plaid: A Detective Story of Romance and Intrigue

Finally with some time to myself, I put my feet up on the desk in my dim office, adjusted the rim of my hat, and took a long, smooth drag. I fingered the two magnums I keep in my desk. One's a gun, and it's for protection. The other's a rubber, and it's for protection. I could read the sign on my door, reversed though it was due to my being behind it. "Privat I," it said. The store was out of Es.

I had spent last night tear-gassing the crowd at the Rolling Stones concert. My captain had said to wait until they started getting rowdy, but I don't take chances. My ears were still ringing like the telephone of the escort service that just moved in next to me. They keep me up all night, but that's what I get for not investing in a soundproof wall, or, for that matter, a wall without holes in it. The noises reminded me that I needed to call my mother—she was depressed because my father had gone to close a deal in Detroit, only to find it had been dealt without him and he was down three tricks.

I lost my grip on the phone and it fell to the floor with a muffled splash.

I was brooding about this and other things when a dame stormed in, with the kind of figure that made me want to reach for my second magnum. She was dressed in a flannel shirt, blue overalls, and black rubber galoshes. Dames usually are.

"Didn't you see the sign?" I asked.

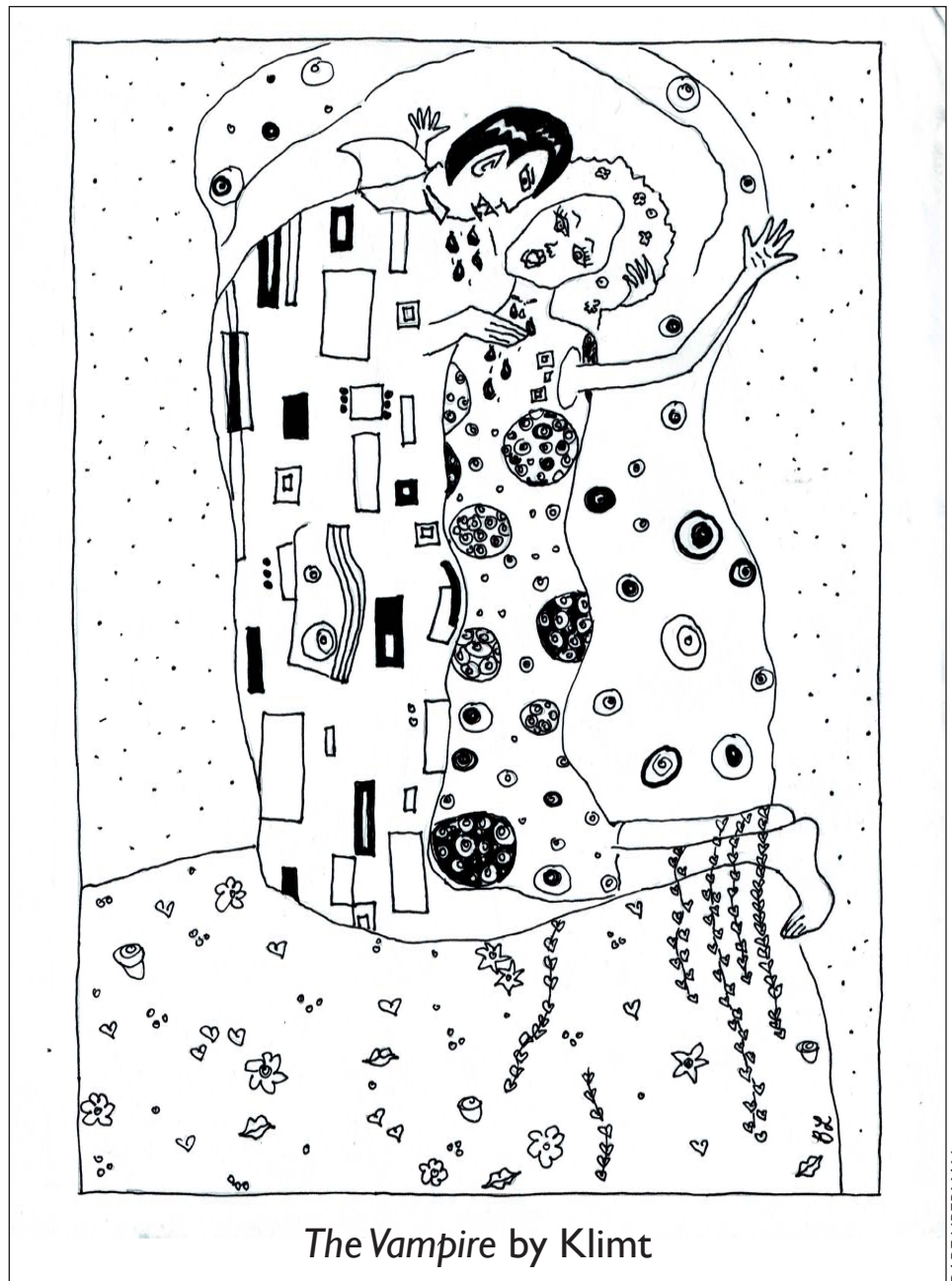
"What sign?"

"Gemini, thanks for asking."

"I'm here to look at your plumbing,"

"I'm sure you are." I winked.

"Didn't you call me?"



The Vampire by Klimt

BABE LIBERMAN

"I never answer my phone, toots."

"That doesn't really explain . . . dear lord, what is happening in there?"

I wasn't going to let her throw me off topic. "Don't worry, honey. They're trained professionals. Now, you got a case for me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, let's see what we've got here."

I opened the case she had handed me. "Draino, plunger, rubber gloves . . . not a trace of blood. No doubt about it—this was a professional job."

"What are you talking about?"

"I can see it all now. An innocent country girl. An abusive husband. Dreams squelched—trust betrayed—

pressure building up, little by little."

"Listen, can I have my case back?"

"You'd like to take it back, wouldn't you? But you can't. The guilt haunts you. It was too much, piling on, until you couldn't take it! One day, you just snapped."

"I think your room is filling with water."

"You'd better get out, little lady, before you're in over your head."

"Never call us again."

She was delusional. Dames usually are. I put my feet up, moved my magnums into a higher drawer, affixed my snorkel, and took another long, smooth drag.

- David Klumpp

Erroneous Results for a Physics Lab Report

Goal: Measure the Earth's gravity using an inclined plane, a pulley, and two known masses attached by a thin cord.

Hypothesis: I will successfully measure gravity.

Results: I measured the Earth's gravity to be 322.1 centimeters, which I believe is incorrect, since it is too high. If this were the true value of acceleration due to gravity, the authors of our textbook would be wrong, and studies show that people named John Upwood and Tex Rightman, Jr. are not wrong. A possible source for discrepancy may be friction or miscalibration, but a more likely explanation is sabotage.

Yes, sabotage, high and foul. It could be that Colin changed the angle of my inclined plane when I was bending down to tie my shoes. Or possibly Ann recalibrated my timer while I adjusted my safety goggles for proper eye protection. Handwritten correspondence between the two of them during math class may confirm indications of collaboration and, therefore, conspiracy. Only one thing is certain: somebody – or something – in this lab is out to destroy my data because they were afraid of its perfect precision.

While it is reasonable to consider my error as a result of the interference of ill-mannered classmates, a true scientist can never rule out causes supernatural. Galactic superbeings may have created an ether vortex at my lab bench, aware that my knowledge of science would endanger their stronghold grip on Milky Way politics. Benjamin Franklin could have altered the masses of my weights mid-experiment from beyond the grave – his revenge after I defaced a copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which I had mistaken for a biography of Mike Huckabee.

In conclusion, any of a number of sources of sabotage may have induced the error offsetting my otherwise impeccable data. In next week's experiment, I will examine Ann's ability to measure a freely oscillating pendulum after I slip her hallucinogens.

- Adam Bilderssee



KATHERINE ADAMS

You Kids Don't Need to Compete For My Love; Jason Already Won

All right, kids, time for a family meeting. Lately the three of you have been squabbling about who is my "favorite." You know I hate it when you fight, so let me put this ridiculous question to rest, once and for all. It's Jason.

Now, now, it's not that I don't love you all; I just don't love you all equally. First off, he's the youngest, so that's a boon. Also, he only kept me in labor for forty-five minutes, unlike some people, Mark.

Before you start whining, "It's not fair," understand that I gave each of you a fair chance. Every time one of you yelled, "Mom, watch me dive!" or "Look, Mom! I can do the butterfly stroke!" I did watch, and closely. Yes, Katie, it's very impressive that you can hold your breath underwater for twenty seconds, but Jason once swam to the bottom of the deep end to rescue Mommy's earring from the pool drain. That's love.

I don't want you to think the race wasn't close. Mark, your to-scale model of the Roman Coliseum for the Ancient History Fair was remarkable. And Katie, that time you won your third grade spelling bee on the word "unconditional" almost made me wish I hadn't written the rankings in pen. There were certainly moments when I thought Jason might slip to number two. Remember the basketball tournament two years ago? How he missed that lay-up at the buzzer and lost

the championship for the entire team? If he hadn't offered to do the dishes for the next month, then I don't know if he would have ever recovered. But Jason's a fighter, an underdog. It's one of the reasons he's number one.

I was hoping I would never have to have this discussion, but unfortunately all your bickering left me no choice. We have to remember that we're a family, and these silly competitions are not the Cartwright family way. Now come on, Jason, let's go get you some ice cream.

- Sarah Naftalis



Impersonal Ads

DateBlog.Com Posting 1/1/07 9:30 AM
Hey, I'm Jared! I'm seeking a fun-loving woman. Must love Coen Brothers and Woody Allen movies and have a great sense of humor. Lively personality a plus!!

DateBlog.Com Posting 7/22/07 2:45 PM
SWM seeking a contentment-loving woman. Must like Jewish film directors and have a sense of humor. Adequate personality a plus!

DateBlog.Com Posting 2/14/08 11:02 PM
Man seeking woman. Must tolerate Jews and humor. Personality a plus.

DateBlog.Com Posting 4/21/08 2:30 AM
Y-chromosome bearer seeking anything with a pulse.

- Mary Pat Wixted

Haddaway's Unabridged Meditations on Love

What follows is an excerpt from the earliest draft of "What is Love?," the masterpiece by esteemed Trinidadian poet Haddaway. The original series of 100 sonnets was so overwhelming in its scope and emotional intensity that his patrons scaled back the piece to a less imposing but highly infectious four-minute Eurodance single for public release.

*What is love? Not a many-splendored thing,
Nor all one needs, as The Walrus once sang.
"What is love?" I cry, in grievous pangs.
Whoa-oooh whoa-oooh whoa-oooh whoa-oh-oh!
Love is like a serrated rose petal,
Tearing up my heart when I'm with you,*

*Held captive in love's Mach 3 Razor arms.
Escape attempts shred my poor heart like cheese.
This grim outlook your callous care inspires,
You whom I still call baby. Yeah. Baby.
My love to you I give just as great rivers
Give of themselves to the salt sea. No more!
Your heart, like Hoover Dam, brings all to halt.
What is love? Baby, don't hurt me no more!*
- Trevor Ford



What Did the Mona Lisa Say to Michaelangelo's David?

I'm in Louvre.

- Staff



The Fork in the Road at Lovers' Lane

BRONWEN ROBERTS

HELP A
NONPROFIT
DETERMINE THEIR
RECRUITING STRATEGY

THROW A
MASSIVE PARTY
FOR AN INTERNATIONAL
CLOTHING COMPANY

EXERCISE YOUR
CREATIVITY
AND DESIGN A NEW BRAND
FOR A TV STATION

UNDERSTAND
STUDENT
BEHAVIOR
AND USE THAT EXPERTISE
TO BENEFIT THE CAMPUS

 MayaSM

Maya is a consulting, marketing, and advertising firm run entirely by students.

Find out more:
www.yale.edu/maya

Disney's Greatest Love Scenes

written by Ben Orlin; illustrated by Caio Camargo

LADY AND THE TRAMP (1955)

LADY: This is so romantic, Tramp. Who'd have thought that a pampered upper-class cocker spaniel like me and a thieving street mutt like you could be so happy together?

TRAMP: Totally. Hey, I'm going to kill the garlic bread, if that's okay.

LADY: I don't even mind picking up the check; I'm just thrilled to be here with you. Look at my tail wagging!

TRAMP: Sexy. Do you think they do free refills on the soda, or should I just drink yours?

LADY: Oh, either way. I know that someday you'll get a respectable job and be able to pay for everything. Maybe even for... one day... raising puppies. Oh, we'd have such beautiful children, Tramp. You do want puppies, right?

[silence]

TRAMP: Yeah, so are you going to finish that noodle hanging out of your mouth, or what?



Tramp lovingly reaches into Lady's purse to grab a handful of dollar bills.

THE LITTLE MERMAID (1989)

PRINCE ERIC: You don't say much, do you? What's the matter, sea witch got your tongue?

ARIEL:

PRINCE ERIC: So, uh, are you enjoying the boat ride? You seemed a little wobbly on land, so I thought maybe we'd try out your sea legs.

ARIEL:

PRINCE ERIC: You're breathing pretty heavy. It's almost like you're not used to having lungs. Do you smoke or something? I don't know how I feel about dating a smoker.

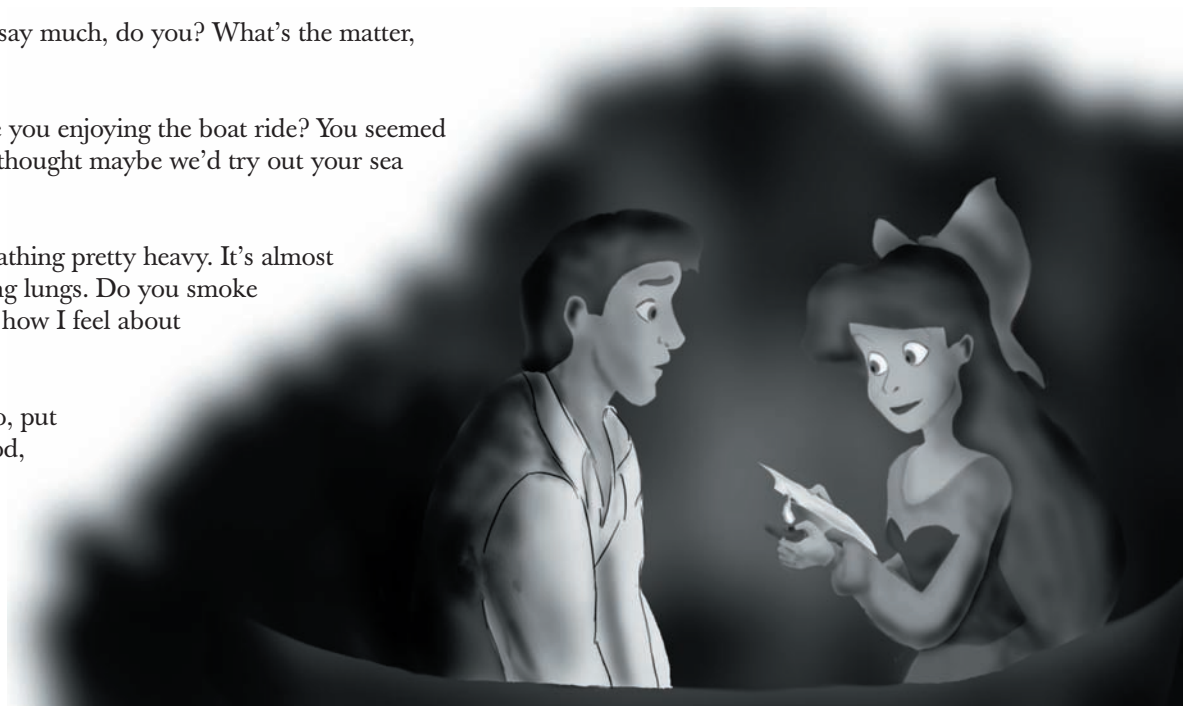
ARIEL:

PRINCE ERIC: Okay, pyro, put down the lighter already. God, you'd think you'd never seen fire before.

ARIEL:

PRINCE ERIC: *[to himself]*

This is what I get for taking dating advice from a crab...



Having traded her voice to the sea-witch Ursula in exchange for legs, Ariel discovers the joys of burning shit.

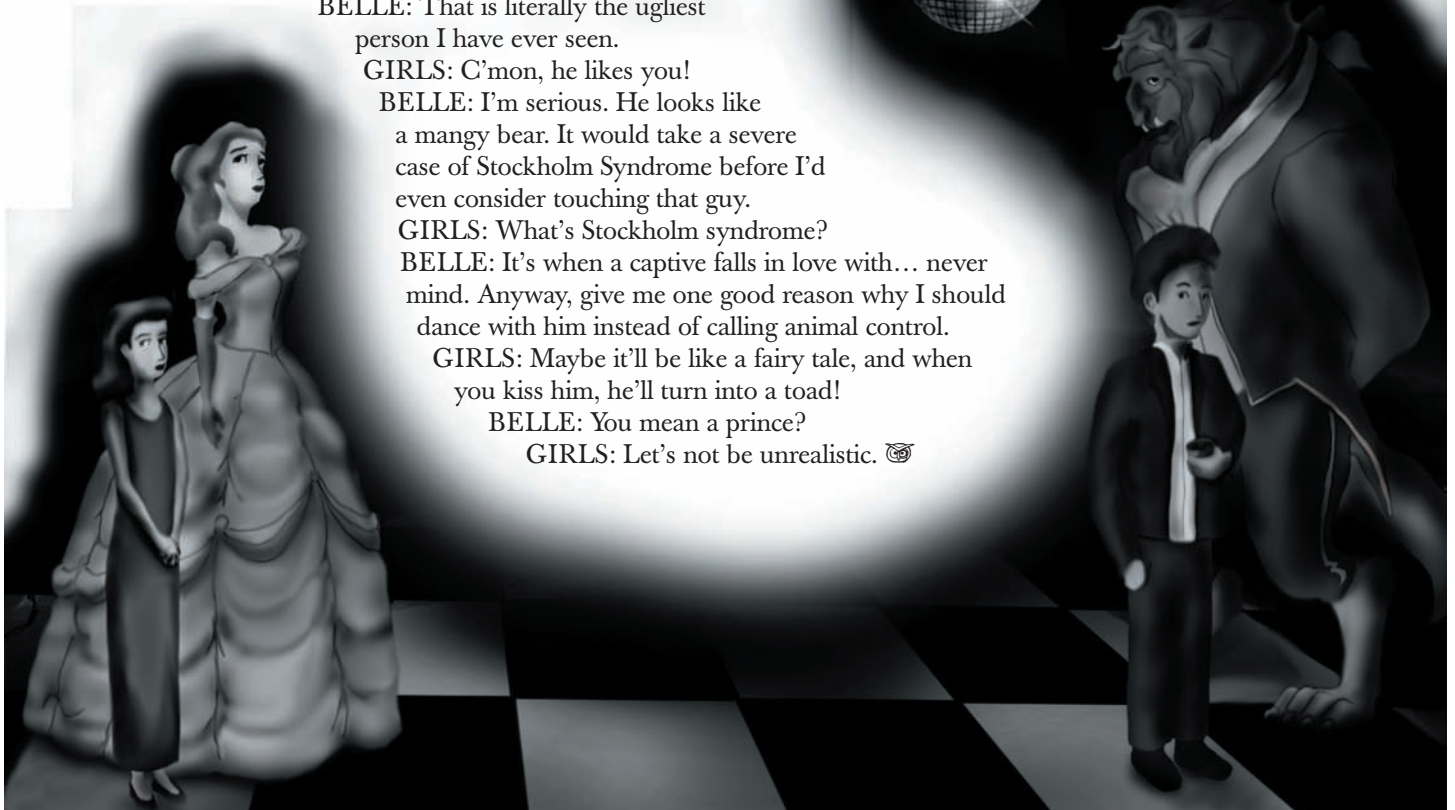
THE WEDDING CRASHERS (2005)

WILSON: *[noticing Vaughn]* Hey, buddy, could I get quick word?
 VAUGHN: *[steps away from Jasmine]* Make it fast. I can tell she's getting wet.
 WILSON: Rule #2: Never, ever, ever dance with the bride!
 VAUGHN: Wait... you're telling me that girl is the bride?
 WILSON: We need to get out. We're tiger bait if the sultan finds us.
 VAUGHN: You're kidding. Brides wear wedding gowns, not slutty, low-cut, mid-riff rags.
 WILSON: You horny idiot.
 VAUGHN: This isn't my fault! *She* danced up on *me*.
 WILSON: How could you not recognize her? Did you not watch the ceremony?
 VAUGHN: I was sitting behind this 7'5" joke-cracking blue guy and I couldn't see a damn thing. *[pause]* You're sure there's not still time to seal the deal?

Vince Vaughn realizes that his cover story of being "the bride's long-lost cousin" will no longer fly.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1991)

OTHER GIRLS: Belle, go dance with him!
 BELLE: That is literally the ugliest person I have ever seen.
 GIRLS: C'mon, he likes you!
 BELLE: I'm serious. He looks like a mangy bear. It would take a severe case of Stockholm Syndrome before I'd even consider touching that guy.
 GIRLS: What's Stockholm syndrome?
 BELLE: It's when a captive falls in love with... never mind. Anyway, give me one good reason why I should dance with him instead of calling animal control.
 GIRLS: Maybe it'll be like a fairy tale, and when you kiss him, he'll turn into a toad!
 BELLE: You mean a prince?
 GIRLS: Let's not be unrealistic. 🐸



Adding to the awkwardness, the middle school dance's chaperones are an anal retentive clock and a horny candlestick.

"You had me at _____"
greeting



MAD LIBS
The Perfect _____ Pt. 1
noun

MAD LIBS

written by Shara Yurkiewicz, designed by Katherine Adams



_____ seems to have it all: an English major straight out of _____ she lands a job writing for the _____ Times. She has a great boss who also happens to be her _____ boyfriend. Every morning, she tells her supportive and completely non-jealous best friend _____ about her charmed life.

Until everything changes.

One night, she walks in on her boyfriend and her younger _____ on the _____ "working on a story." "_____!" she screams. She then marches out of their _____-bedroom apartment and never looks back.

Suddenly without a job or a boyfriend, her world is turned completely _____. She finds work as a waitress at the local diner, The _____ The customers are rude and call her "_____," and she is constantly dropping _____ in people's soup.

Things could not _____ any worse.

Chick Flick Edition



MAD LIBS
The Perfect _____ Pt. 2
noun

One morning, a new customer comes in. Even his _____ suit cannot hide his rugged good looks and well-toned _____. But our waitress is particularly clumsy today, and drops his _____ Sun right into his _____. "_____!" she exclaims when her hand accidentally brushes his as she wipes up the drink. "_____," he repeats, softly. Their eyes meet.

Their date at a _____ restaurant is replete with witty banter. After they bond over the fact that they have both loved _____ since childhood, she invites him back to her apartment. It is small, but there is still enough space for them to _____. After their _____ date, she knows that this is true love.

One sunny day, the two lovers are _____ when they pause for a rest. As our protagonist pulls her _____ from her backpack, an old photograph falls out. It is of her and her ex, _____ blowing in the wind.

The camera zooms in on her lover's face. His chiseled features twist into an expression of _____. "Do you still have feelings for that _____?" She tries to reassure him that he is the only one she _____, but it is useless.

"_____" he says as he turns away and leaves her standing on the _____.



MAD LIBS
The Perfect _____ Pt. 3
noun

During the next few days, every couple in America displays public affection in front of our _____ heroine. Sitting home alone watching _____ and eating _____, she decides she must win her lover back.

One afternoon, he walks into the diner with his coworkers. Our heroine takes a deep breath and carries over their _____. She watches as he begins to eat his _____. At the bottom of the bowl, she has written _____ in _____ syrup. He pauses and looks _____. Slowly, he gets up, approaches her, and _____.

The two soon get married on a beautiful _____ day, and his family helps her land a job at the _____ Tribune. A few months later, while giving an acceptance speech for the _____ award at the reporter's conference, she spots her old boss. She describes his cheating and tells him to _____ in front of every major editor in America. The crowd _____.

PYGMALION'S SCREW-UP

BY RIVER CLEGG

TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 400 B.C.

O wondrous day! Finally, the fruits of my labor have come to ... fruition. I've finished carving from marble the most beautiful woman this earth has yet seen. With a small prayer I uttered to the Goddess of Love, my lady of stone began to take on flesh-like qualities! Her once-ivory hair fell to her shoulders in bouncing golden locks. Her hard fingertips became soft and pliable. Her firm stone breasts became firm actual breasts. Happy day!

I think I'll call her Jenny.

THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 400 B.C.

O, so much have I to tell you! Life with my Jenny is a dream come true. She's very good-natured and helpful, and she's easy to provide for. She eats next to nothing, probably because I carved her waist so thin.

A strange thing happened today, though. A friend of mine named Criticites came over to visit, and we began talking about Jenny.

"Wow, what a knockout!" he said. "I really like her eyebrows. What were you going for with those, some new avant-garde style?"

"Beg your pardon?" I asked.

"Well, I really admire your artistic daring," he went on. "They're so bushy and uneven. It's a nice touch."

I could barely breathe. How could this man dare to criticize my workmanship? Eyebrows! He had to be kidding.

He had to be.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10, 400 B.C.

Yesterday Jenny and I went shopping for new sandals. She asked the clerk for a pair of size fives, and that's when the trouble began.

"Strange," the clerk said, straining to wrap the leather straps around Jenny's

foot. "The right one fits, but the left one is ... off."

"Oh, it's no trouble sir," I stammered. "That foot's been swollen since she sprained her ankle last week. Right, honey?" Jenny nodded, and I grabbed her wrist and led her quickly out of the store.

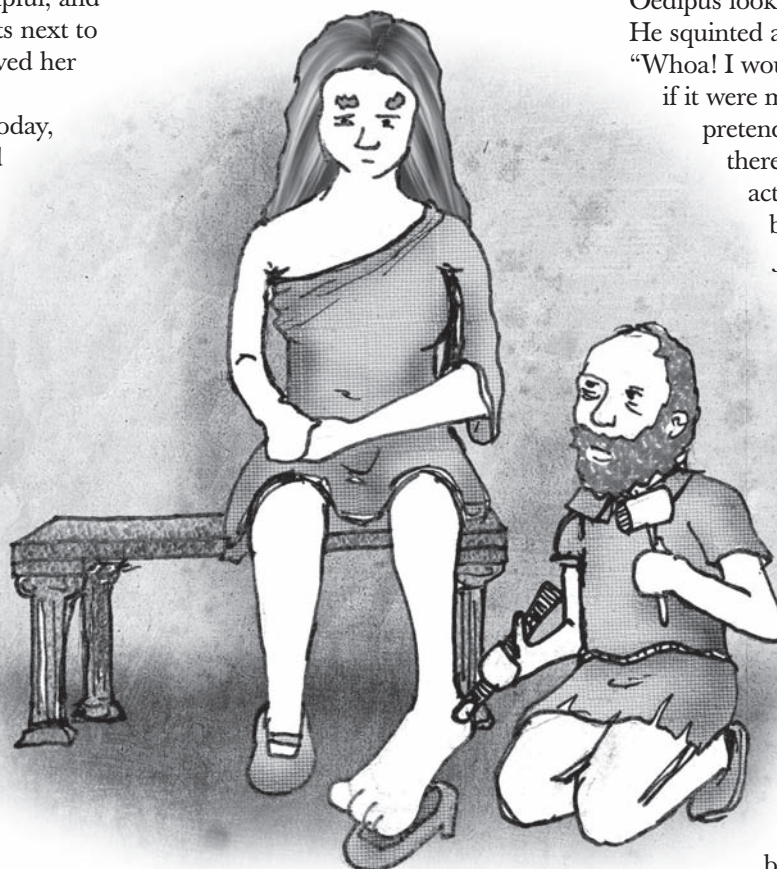
"It's okay," she told me. "I think my feet are fine the way they are. When I stand on a tilt, my eyebrows seem straighter!"

That didn't help.

TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 400 B.C.

I was out to dinner with Jenny last night, when we encountered my friend Tiresias, the blind fortune teller.

"Oh, you've brought a friend with



you," he said, feeling Jenny's long hair. "I didn't know they allowed dogs in here."

Dogs? Come on. Say what you will about her eyebrows or her feet, but she's better than a dog!

"Actually," I stammered, "this is Jenny, my wife."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Tiresias said. "The smell must have confused me."

Though I didn't think it was fair to blame a sculptor for a bad odor, I was mortified. I imagined everyone around us whispering, "Oh, I see Pygmalion's brought his arts and crafts project to dinner with him tonight."

Plus, I think I saw her checking out a statue of Adonis.

FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 400 B.C.

I took Jenny out to the amphitheater today to see a children's production of Oedipus. Of course, I didn't want to go, but my niece was in the chorus, and I didn't want any family drama.

Everything went fine. At least, until Oedipus looked out at the audience. He squinted at Jenny and blurted out, "Whoa! I wouldn't sleep with that even if it were my mother!" And he then pretended to blind himself right there onstage, before the final act! Everyone was in stitches, but I was so ashamed that Jenny and I had to leave. I hate Greek improv comedy.

This is bad. Even Oedipus wouldn't trade places with me. I have to do something.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 399 B.C.

Ah, the anniversary of the day Jenny came to life, and I realize now that praying to Venus that Jenny be turned back into stone was the best decision I've ever made.

I couldn't function with her—a walking reminder of my incompetence with a chisel and hammer. Maybe I was being selfish. But I've got standards; I won't sleep with just anybody. It's not like I'm Zeus.

Anyway, for my next project, I think I might like a son. ☺

IT'S COMING...FEBRUARY 11-17

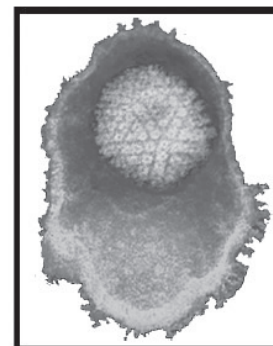
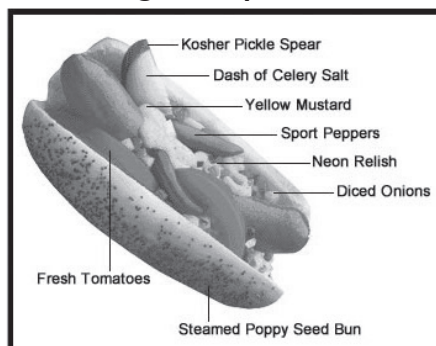
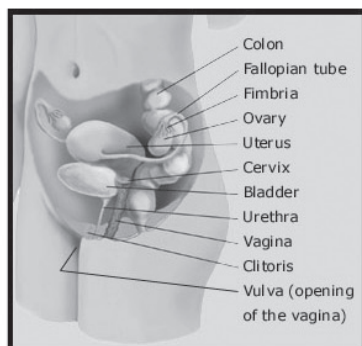
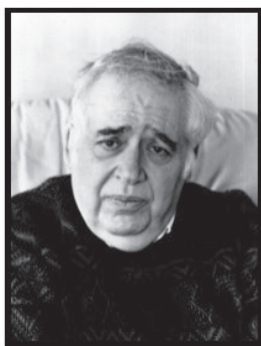
WEAK SEX

AT YALE

Featuring...

written by Staff

designed by Nozlee Samadzadeh-Hadidi



Above: renowned sexologist Harold Bloom, the female and male reproductive systems, and herpes.

MONDAY

• **Free contraceptive giveaway** – Swing by for **dental dams**, **condoms**, and other recommended but lame contraceptives that only a **doofus** would wear. Come early for a flavored condom **tasting!**

TUESDAY

• **Panel discussion** – Come **speak** on the topic of “Why is **Jenny Tompkins MC ‘09** such a **slut?**” Followed by **free STI and HIV testing**, at which Jenny Tompkins will distribute **free STIs and HIV**.

WEDNESDAY

• **Seminar on Awkward Sexual Tension** – Lasting a too-long **seventy minutes**, the seminar will leave attendees **unsure** of whether the **innuendo-laced talk** indicated **genuine sexual interest** or if it was all just a **misunderstanding**.

THURSDAY

• **Porn in the Evening** – New this semester, this course focuses on **finding** and **downloading** porn on the **Internet**. Advanced students are **encouraged** to make their **own** films as well. (**Webcams** will be provided.)

FRIDAY

• **Interfaith Prayer Cervix** – Battell Chapel’s **Father Ross** will deliver a sermon on ways to trick God into **thinking** you’re still a **virgin** before marriage: including **oral sex**, **anal sex**, and **foot sex**.

SATURDAY

• **Safety Word Security** – For when “**Stop**” just isn’t safe enough – an **informational** session with Yale ITS on choosing a **secure** safety word with **at least 8** characters, letters, and numbers.

SUNDAY

• **5K Walk of Shame** – Sex Week too much **fun?** Don’t know where you woke up after SAE Late Nite? Got **herpes?** Join us for a 5K Walk of Shame on Sunday morning. Come prepared with smudged lipstick, mussed hair, broken heels, and **plenty of guilt**.

The Middle School Correspondence of Petrarch and his Beloved, Laura

written by Gregor Nazarian; designed by Liana Moskowitz

Petrarch,
Hi how are you? This class is so boring, right?
Laura

Laura,
What joy! What hope! What happiness is this?
So long has all my heart been set on you.
This class is really awesome. . .syke!—untrue!
Yet not one moment of it would I miss,
Since first that vile Miss Applebaum did hiss:
"What soul among you dares try fractions—who?"
And only you stood up and said "I do."
S'Would that you spoke those words to me—what bliss!
But wait. . . I say already far too much.
Please take my talk of marriage as a lark,
Look not askance if my poor heart I clutch
When after school, at Huckleberry Park,
I see you laughing, playing Double Dutch
While I, alone, cry "Laura" in the dark.

Petrarch

Petrarch,
Oh, that was you who did that chin thing? It's okay! I completely forget, and I bet some other people have forgotten too. Everybody just thinks you're like the smartest kid in class.

Laura

Laura,
While my encephalon is huge, 'tis less
Than yours, and unlike me, you are not shy,
Your slender arm so oft raised to the sky,
Your mind prepared, a steamroller, to press
The utmost certainty from but a guess,
Your mind, so clever, always wond'ring why,
My mind is too a question plagued by:
Is Laura hot? The answer being yes.
Would that you were the hamster, Bumblebee
Who stays each week with someone in the class.
Upon my turn I'd take you home with me
And buy a hamster that for you could pass
With much good luck no one in class would see
The difference—but it's a dream, alas.

Petrarch

Petrarch,
Wow you are so good at writing! I like reading the words you put on the paper! And I like Double Dutch! How come you don't come play with us at recess??

Laura

Laura,
Ah yes, my love, recess—the sweetest tart,
Whose promise does the broken crayon mend,
When friend is free to play kickball with friend.
You notice, dear, how oft I sit apart,
Not last one pick'd, but unpick'd from the start,
But this sharp shame does not my spirit bend.
The true recess, for me, does never end.
For you and I play kickball—in my heart.
My love is like a multicolored pen
That writes your name in green across my soul,
In blue inside my eyes and on my chin.
In fact, I must apologize, sweet foal,
For when I wrote your name upon my chin,
To freak you out was surely not my goal.

Petrarch,
Did you just say you want to take me home and replace me with a hamster?

Laura

Laura,
No.

Petrarch

Laura,
It was just a metaphor.

Petrarch

Laura?

Petrarch

missed connections

by Mike Thornton

[new york craigslist](#) > [missed connections](#)

[\[help \]](#) [\[post \]](#)

[all new york](#) [manhattan](#) [brooklyn](#) [queens](#) [bronx](#) [staten island](#) [new jersey](#) [long island](#) [westchester](#) [fairfield](#)

search for: in: [missed connections](#) only search titles
 Poster's Age: min max has image

[Fri, 14 Mar 12:02:13] [\[blacktable - the week in craig\]](#) [\[romantic advice forum\]](#) [\[needed - missed connection success stories\]](#) [\[parental control software\]](#)
[\[success story?\]](#) [\[AVOIDING SCAMS & FRAUD\]](#) [\[PERSONAL SAFETY TIPS\]](#)

Fri Mar 14

[one night stand](#)

I saw you across the bar at O'Brien's Pub. I winked at you, we flirted for a while, I made a drunken pass and then we went back to my place where we did unspeakable things together. I'd like to go out again but you left before I could catch your name.

[RE: one night stand](#)

could you be a little more specific?

[RE:RE: one night stand](#)

It was last Thursday. I was wearing a green polo.

[RE:RE:RE: one night stand](#)

was it forest or kelly green?

[I fell off the ladder and then...](#)

You were looking at me from across the room. I was sitting at my kitchen table and I gave you a suspicious glance over the top of my newspaper. You sat down next to me and started yelling about how I forgot our anniversary. I wish we exchanged names.

[RE: I fell off the ladder and then...](#)

You only broke your wrist when you fell. Stop pretending like you have amnesia, Robert. And quit pulling out Polaroids from your pocket to identify me—you are not the guy from Memento. I would have sex with you if you were the guy from Memento.

[Politico at the TGI Fridays](#)

You had a Clinton pin on your bag so I assumed you were a 53 year old woman without a college degree. When I saw you were maximum 42, I was intrigued. After Obama locks up the nomination, e-mail me and we can rent "Must Love Dogs."

[Missed u on the L-Train](#)

I saw you on the L train between 1st and 3rd avenue but I was too shy to say hi. I hope I see you again.

[Now I'm missing you on 6th Avenue](#)

You got off at 6th avenue today, and I walked behind you for three blocks until you went into your building. You were wearing a red scarf I was wearing binoculars.

[Missing you at 435 6th Avenue](#)

I didn't want to miss my chance to say hello, so I slept in the bushes outside your place last night. I couldn't help but notice you ordered Chinese food and watched "Xanadu." I like movies, too.

[Missing you from the bushes outside your building](#)

Debra Rothberg of apartment 3G(?), it's me again. I don't know if that is your name. I thought I overheard someone call you that, anywho. I just wanted to compliment you, as I know women love compliments—you looked really hot in that white tank top you were wearing today, and the blue top you have laid out on your bed for tomorrow matches your eyes. Maybe I'm just paranoid, but you should really lock your windows.

[There can be only one...](#)

As we passed, I felt an odd sensation. It was as if we had known each other long ago, in another time, another place, by a different name. Next time we meet I will chop off your head.

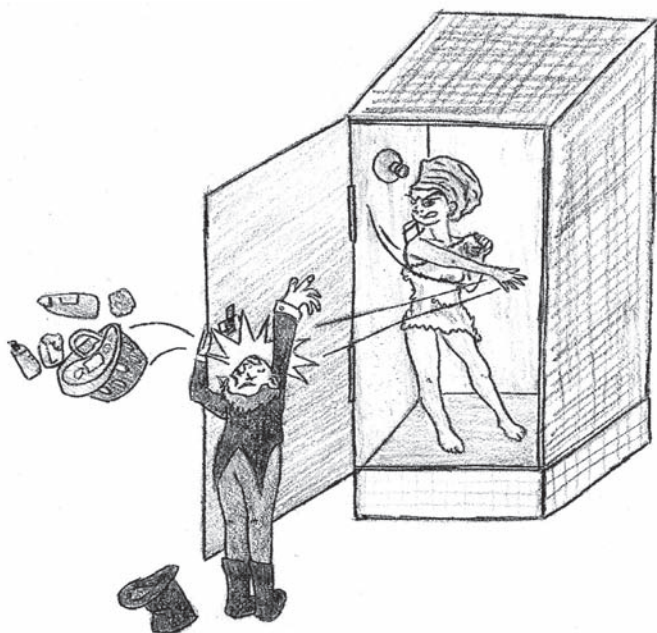
—the Highlander

[Central Park West](#)

You bobbed your head at me provocatively; I returned a sultry coo. Your plumage was magnificent, and how could I not be attracted to the way you defecated on the statue of Simon Bolivar? Maybe we could grab a hot dog bun together sometime. 🐔

A Southern Gentleman's Guide to Chivalry at Yale

by Kendall Rice



3rd Rule: A lady is always right, especially in discussion section.

A gentleman recognizes that the opinions of women are intelligent and valuable even when they are not. With this in mind, agree enthusiastically with everything your coeducational classmates suggest, be it brilliant or inane. Should this require you to disparage a fellow male, all the better. In the likely event of a contention between two ladies, assure them gently that both are precious, sexually desirable, and hopelessly confused. Unless one of the ladies is the TA, in which case you should probably defer to her.

4th Rule: Do not snicker at women's sports.

Comparing women's sports to men's is boorish and absurd. Yale has plenty of sports to go around and some of them are just bound to be cuter than others.⁴ Accordingly, you mustn't talk the same kind of trash at a women's game as you would at a men's. For appropriate substitutes, refer to this handy conversion chart.

Unchivalrous	Chivalrous
"Screw you, center fielder!"	"Treat you to dinner and make love to you by candlelight, center fielder!"
"Where the hell are you looking?"	"Your eyes are limpid and radiant, albeit misdirected at present!"
"You suck!"	"What you consent to do with your gentleman lover is your own business and I do not judge you for it!"

5th Rule: Stand up for one-night stands.

A honky-tonk such as Toad's is an inherently unchivalrous environment, but with a little respect and suspension of disbelief, you too can preserve the honor of the strong, empowered females who wash up there. Grind only with one consenting lady at a time, keep her stocked with buck drafts as desired, and when you're kicking her out the next morning, remember to hold the door. ☺

The history of southern inequality has a depressing tendency to dwell on certain racial indiscretions and forget the noble double standard we gentlemen like to call chivalry. Named after Shiva, the Hindu god of destruction, this antebellum tradition was a way for us gentlemen to let our sisters, cousins, and second cousins know that they were precious and sexually desirable. Affirmative action in the twentieth century brought southern gentlemen like Quentin Compson¹ and yours truly as far as the Ivy League, and before long we were holding doors and killing spiders for women across the country, even those to whom we were not directly related.²

1st Rule: Hold open all doors.

This includes doors to entryways, alarmed fire escape doors, wienie bin doors, washer and dryer doors, manholes to the steam tunnels, and the revolving door at the Bank of America on Church Street (a real gentleman will find a way). This sounds annoying, but it gets a lot better when you realize that you only have to hold them for ladies—it's perfectly fine (even sporting) to lock or booby-trap doors for other gentlemen.³

2nd Rule: Never insult a lady's cooking.

When, in the dining hall, a lady descends out of nowhere upon a toaster already crowded with other people's bread and changes the speed and temperature settings, resist the urge to use physical violence. Instead, wonder aloud how many calories are in her bagel. Should that fail, begin singing the word "carbs" over and over again to the tune of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. She has a tough time combating bodily entropy and likes to know you're on her side.

¹ For those of you who know nothing about the South, Quentin Compson is a character in *The Sound and the Fury*, a novel by Shiva, the Hindu god of destruction.

² Women, not spiders. A gentleman never kills spiders to whom he is directly related.

³ An important exception to this rule is shower doors. Open these only for yourself.

⁴ Women's crew is not one of them. Crew ladies can kick your ass.

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's

scribed by Simon Swartman.

Act One, Scene One

The reservation desk of a fancy restaurant. MACBETH enters with flourish.

MACBETH Garçon! Ho, Maitre D'! 'Tis I, the duke,
Who called in hopes to remedy a fluke:
For wife and I were married one year since,
But this morn I forgot. Ooh, dinner mints!

THE MAITRE D' Help yourself. What name is the reservation under?

MACBETH Aye, a name that sounds of blood and thunder!
The name my wife foreswore to keep 'til death,
Which we will keep forevermore: Macbeth!

THE MAITRE D' Yes, Mr. Macbeth. I see you here. We're rather
Sorry to say there will be a slight wait as we
Prepare your table. My name is Dave. This is—

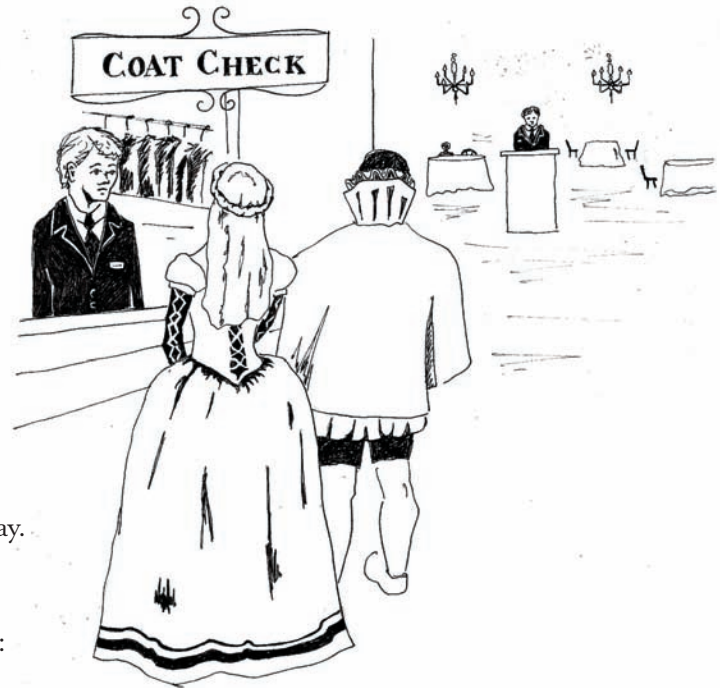
MACBETH See here, my bag, and war spoils within it:
Is this Norwegian's head worth a minute?

THE MAITRE D' I'm sorry, sir, there's nothing I can do about the delay.
This is Laura, and she'll show you to the bar. And please
Check your bag before entering the dining room.

MACBETH *(aside)* For this delay, my thoughts tend towards the grave:
Not seated soon, my anger'll loose 'pon Dave.

LAURA Sir, where are you going? The bar is over he—

Exeunt.



Act One, Scene Two

The kitchen of the restaurant. MACBETH enters with flourish.

MACBETH *(aside)* My nose leads to a land, it knows not where.
Where the dinner rolls? All smells of raw fish.
Alack! Who there? Do not be stand-offish.

WITCHES Double, double, toil and trouble,
Flambé burn and cola bubble.

MACBETH What are you harpies making there?
What, witch, within thy cauldron burns?

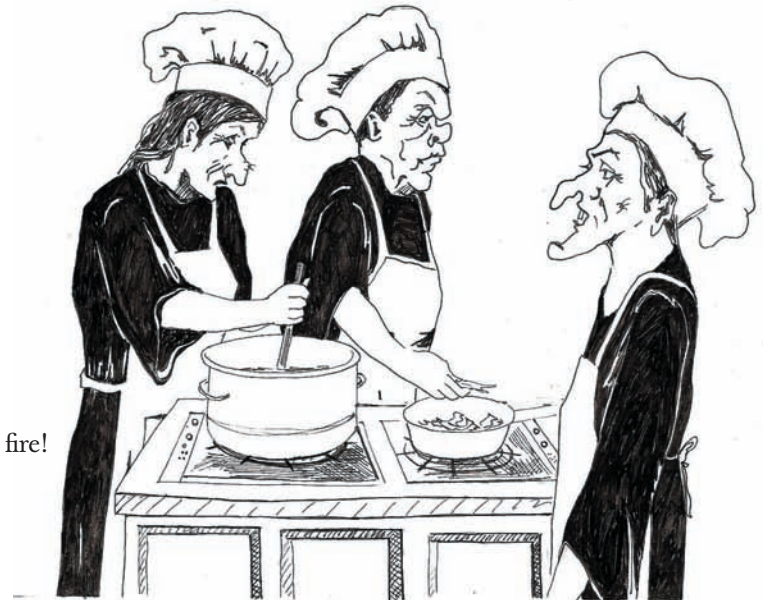
WITCHES Greens of collard, ribs of spare,
Anything else your highness yearns.

MACBETH What! What, those words! They boil my nerves like fire!
Shall I win the place-setting I desire?

WITCHES As true as black is Worcestershire.
Fair is fowl and fowl is fair
When kept within the Frigidaire.

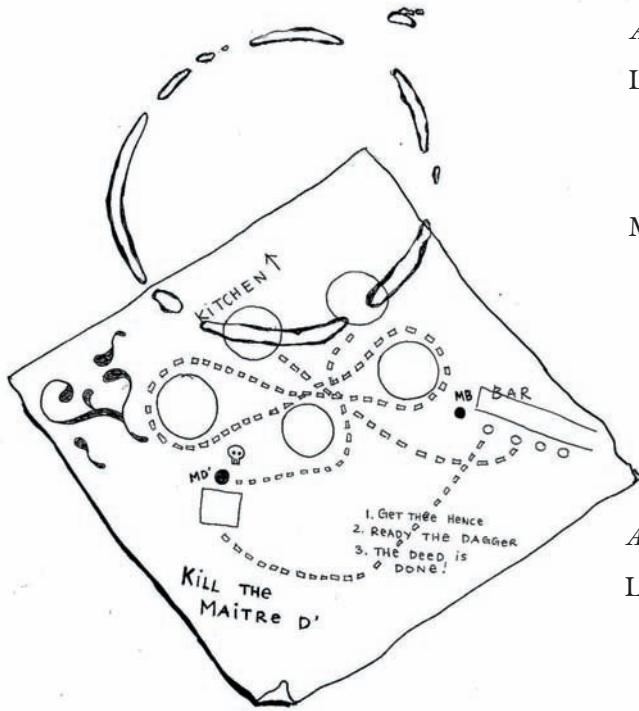
MACBETH *(aside)* Their words, tho' queer, must be a sign:
The table's laid. It will be mine!

Exeunt.



First Anniversary

illustrated by Sam Gale



Act Two, Scene One

A few feet over, a few seconds later. MACBETH enters with flourish.

LADY MAC O, Macky-poo, O dear, where hast thou been?
 I' the table set and fitted for its queen?
 Or haps it is exactly as I fear:
 That you forgot our marriage of one year.

MACBETH Soon shall such dev'lish merriment commence
 I shan't forget the date again years hence.
 For now let us away. The bar, methinks,
 Where we'll stir up a plan o'er mixed drinks.

Exeunt.

Act Two, Scene Two

At the bar. MACBETH and LADY MACBETH enter with flourish.

LADY MAC Our plan is prepped, and so is the table.
 We must play Cain, the Maitre D' Abel.
 The goose is cooked, our table clothed,
 One year since we were first betrothed.

MACBETH But I fear I lack the courage needed
 To take my place, victorious and seated.

LADY MAC I know the salve to lift that livid face:
 Screwdriver your courage to the sticking-place.
 One vodka and perhaps a coke to chase.
 Aye, another round will nigh prepare ye.
 For me, I'll have a fresh Bloody Mary.

STEVE Yes, ma'am.

MACBETH Good sir, for your diligent aid,
 My barkeep Steve, you shan't e'er meet the Shade
 Which takes those souls, those slain before their time.

STEVE No problemo, Mac.

LADY MAC The time draws nigh.

MACBETH Aye, nigher than a science guy.

LADY MAC 'Tis true. Here, the dagger. There, your quarry.

MACBETH A butterknife. It's bred for such glory.

THE MAITRE D' *(within)* Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth? Are you still
 Here? Your table's ready.

MACBETH My love, bless me with luck and swift success.

LADY MAC Shit! I spilt Bloody Mary on my dress.

Exeunt.

Act Three, Scene One

The reservation desk. MACBETH enters, knife extended before him, with flourish.

THE MAITRE D' Ah, there you are, sir. Your table is ready.
Shall we bring your drinks over from the bar?

MACBETH Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

THE MAITRE D' Sir, you don't need to bring your own silverware
To the dining room. I'll have Laura bring that over for you.

Enter WITCHES.

You three! Get back in the kitchen. How many times do I have
To tell you, I don't want you associating with the customers.
Not after you let Puck poison the water supply with LSD
That night around the middle of last summer.

WITCHES By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Enter JOHN TRAVOLTA DRESSED AS A 300-POUND HOUSEWIFE

JOHN TRAVOLTA Table for one.

Exeunt.



Act Three, Scene Two

The bar, five minutes later. Enter a blood-soaked MACBETH, with flourish. And flour.

MACBETH The deed is done. I even got some grain.
Madam will come as we take up our reign?

LADY MAC As soon as I finish cleaning my dress.
Steve, more club soda, as quick as a lioness!

MACBETH Ah, guilt! It aches forever and anon!

LADY MAC But have you seen his film *Phenomenon*?

MACBETH Alas, not him! My pain goes t'wards the Maitre D'.
This sin will stain my whole ev'ning Saturday.

LADY MAC Don't cry o'er spilt blood, my mother said.
Since Dave kept us from food, he hoped us dead.
Now let us sit, for our meal to enjoy.
Hunger makes enticing e'en cheese of soy.

MACBETH Oh Dave, be that your ghost haunting our booth?
Forsooth! 'Tis you! Forsooth, forsooth, forsooth!
Let us away, where none will catch us! H'rry!

LADY MAC You promised me an anniversary!

MACBETH There would have been a time for such a word,
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Tomorrow, I'll give you a samosa. It is a ball,
Cooked by an Indian, full of spice and curry,
Signifying dumpling.

LADY MAC Sounds romantic.

Exeunt. 🍷



YALE'S 50 MOST UGLIEST

Many dislike Georgia MacMillan, PC '09, because she's hideously unattractive. Others dislike her because she has

Most Ugiest
EX-GIRLFRIEND

the **Georgia MacMillan**

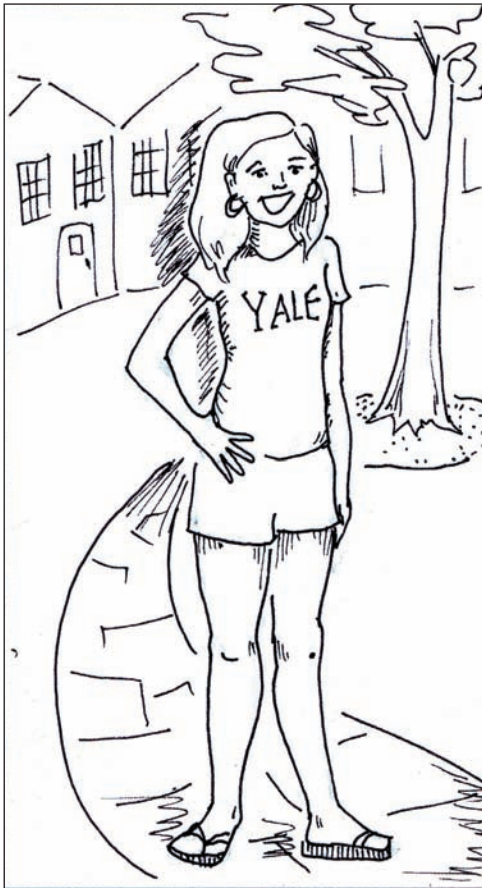
intelligence of an inbred tomato. But most of all, people dislike her because, after five glorious months in which she pretended to be an amazing, gorgeous, brilliant girlfriend, she decided to dump us last week.

Just what is so ugly about Ms. MacMillan? For one, her legs and armpits are always growing little blond hairs, and, even though she shaves them every few days, believe me, I can tell. She also has a mole on her right knee, and I think her left breast is smaller than her right. She has to wear deodorant to mask her stench. Plus, she has somewhat masculine-looking handwriting.

Georgia is possibly the ugliest thing on the planet. For centuries, Christian apologetics have tried to rationalize the existence of Providence in light of Georgia's repulsive form. No luck so far

– if God existed, then Georgia wouldn't, or at least she would've had the decency not to break up with me the day before my birthday.

Not only that, but now she's going out with that short, funny-looking Law student who's teaching a seminar called "The Craft of Boring Arborecence." He's a real dick, one of those short people who try to pretend they're taller than they really are. You know, the kind who would cut me in line at the Law School Cafeteria the other day, asking in that faux-polite voice, "You don't mind if I cut, do you? I'm a law student, and we can cut, you know." And I'd be like, "Thanks, asshole. I'm glad you didn't accept me for your seminar. I hope you have fun dating the ugliest girl on earth."



Violet Framstein's MC '08 favorite part about being a Jew is drinking blood every year at Passover. For you ignorant bigots out there, Jews do not drink blood at Passover. But Violet does.

Her hobbies include rock collecting, sitting right next to people on otherwise empty buses, and clapping her hands. And she has a big heart, full of the blood of homeless New Haven orphans (you know, the ones your roommate does social work for).

Violet might strike you
Violet Framstein
Most Ugiest
"JUMP ON MY HUMP"

as extremely boring, if her ugliness didn't strike you first. Alfred O'Malley TD '09 commented, "Oh God, she's horrendous! She looks like a humongous gherkin pickle. Get her away from me!" We enjoyed those remarks with great relish. (And Violet, you can play with our pickle any time

you like... psych.)

Violet likes her men tall, dark, and handsome, and she's looking to sleep



with someone who will pat her right buttock once every seventeen minutes during the night and say "bop" in a deep voice. Her psychiatrist says this is the first step to becoming free of her night terrors, the worst of which involves a homeless man with a square head asking her to take the square root of negative four. (Violet, a math major, informed us that the answer is 2i, and explained that it's the square head that scares her, not the math question).

– Judd Rosenblatt

Designed by Elie Chau

A Scholarly Explication of the Pussycat Dolls Song “Don’t Cha”

by Tessa Williams

Scholars across the globe are in an uproar over the discovery that “Don’t Cha”, the hit single by the Pussycat Dolls, is nothing more than a first-class rip-off of Shakespeare’s masterpiece *Romeo and Juliet*. After noticing the near-perfect iambic pentameter of the song’s chorus and conducting close infrared inspection of Will’s earlier folios, researchers concluded that the song’s criminally catchy lyrics are actually a corruption of the Bard’s own immortal verse.

Doncha, wish yore girl friend was hot like me

The term “doncha” was originally an attempt by Shakespeare to create his own bastardized religious exclamation, similar to the popular “Zounds” for “God’s wounds.” Unlike most Bard-coined terms, however, it failed to penetrate the English vernacular, owing perhaps to its egotistical origin as a contraction of “Don Shakes.”

This speech, spoken by Juliet, falls towards the end of the play, as she swallows the vial of potion to fake her own death. Her physical temperature is rising as the potion takes effect, and Juliet mistakes this effect for a physical manifestation of her fiery passion for Romeo. She then reflects on the girl she was in the recent past (yore), and wishes that she could have felt this passion for longer. (The pronoun “I” before “wish” was likely elided to maintain the iambic pentameter.)

Doncha, wish your girlfriend was a freak like me?

Here, Juliet switches from first to second person as she speaks about an actual girlfriend of Romeo’s: the oft-mentioned yet never-seen Rosalind. In early drafts of the play, Juliet’s character harbored much more jealousy and suspicion over Romeo’s fleeting love. In this line she asks,

dripping with sarcasm, if Romeo had rather his meeting of Rosalind been a “freak accident” just as his introduction to Juliet had been, possibly ensuring his union with Rosalind would have been the permanent one.

Doncha, doncha, baby?

Rapturous over what he perceived to be two of his finest lines yet, Shakespeare scribbled his new nickname twice in celebration. Then, suddenly inspired, he wondered if the stakes should be raised even higher by having Juliet heavy with child. This line most likely served as a note to the author, and probably would have been cut in a final version.

Doncha, wish yore girl friend was raw like me

Shakespeare often made political allusions in his verse; in this line, for example, he predicts the eventual conflict between NATO and the Soviet Union. The problematic phrase “was raw” refers to the Warsaw Pact. Shakespeare further explored this historical moment, as well as the metaphor of “two houses, both alike in dignity,” in his lost play, *Khrushchev, Prince of Russia*.

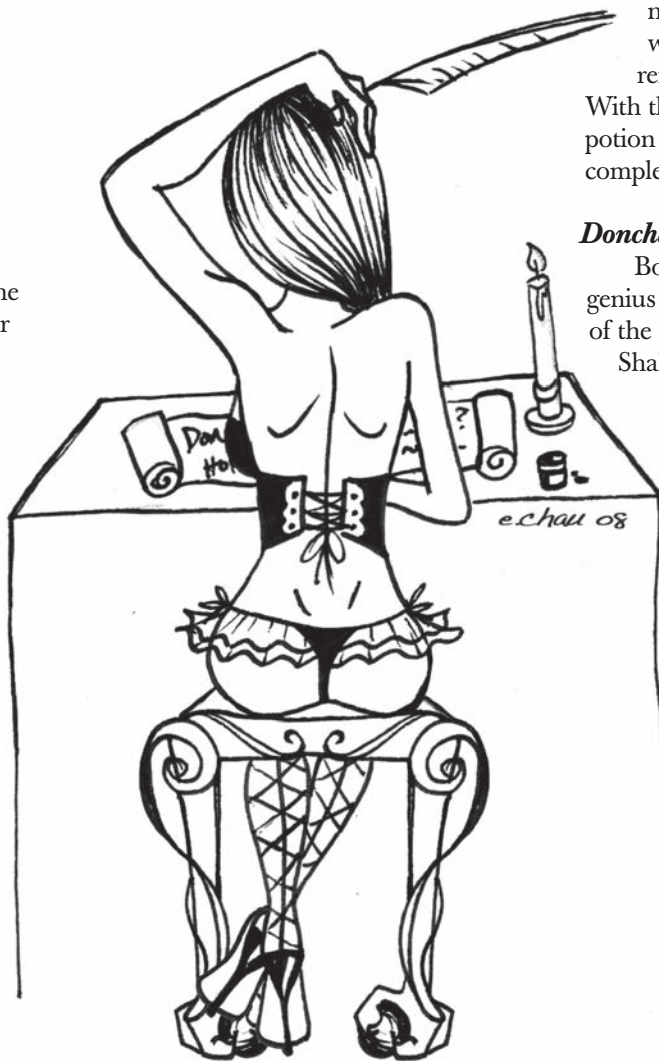
Doncha, wish yore girl friend was fun like me

As she begins to feel the effects of the potion, Juliet embraces her newfound rebellious self and wonders aloud why she had remained so tame for so long. With the completion of this line, the potion takes hold and she passes out completely.

Doncha, doncha

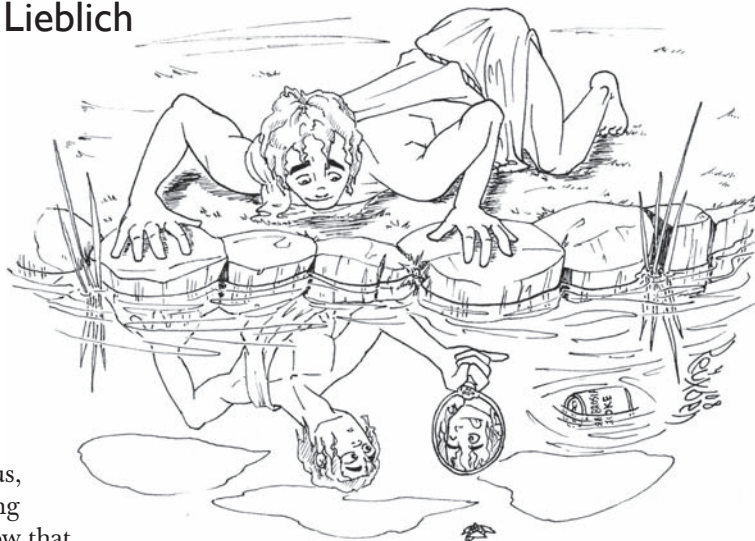
Both thrilled by his own poetic genius and excited by the prospect of the passage’s completion, William Shakespeare again scribbles his own name in triumph. Marlowe, who was sitting next to Shakespeare as he worked on the manuscript, claims to have seen him “pumping his fists towards the sky, as if in attempt to knock upon the floor of Heaven itself.”

Although no one knows how the Pussycat Dolls came into possession of such a rare and provocative text, this reading of “Don’t Cha” stands undisputed—except by Harold Bloom, who maintains that the lyrics are plagiarized from the Book of Matthew. ☹



Narcissus's Breakup Letter

by Doug Lieblich



Dear Narcissus,

I'm writing to let you know that it's over between us. I'm breaking it off. But please understand, it's not that I'm not a beautiful, sensitive, generally perfect guy. I am. In fact, it's not me at all—it's me.

I still remember the moment I saw your reflection in the lake. You looked so familiar—I knew I had seen you somewhere before, perhaps while cleaning my sunglasses or polishing my chariot. Our first afternoon together was divine: remember how your eyes never left my gaze? Hades, we would even speak at the same time! "Jinx, buy me an ambrosia-coke!" I would shout. "Jinx, again!" you'd reply. We had something special then. After just one date, I asked you to come home and meet our parents.

For a time, it was bliss. Damn those who say opposites attract—I saw much of myself in you, and I loved every bit of it. I loved your radiant intelligence, your gorgeous locks of hair, your caring manner, your modesty. "I don't deserve someone like you," I'd sometimes think to myself. "But just look at you!" you'd reply, reading my mind. "You're irresistible. Now, let's make beautiful music together on the same instrument." How I wished you could crawl out of that lake and join me up here on land, so that we could live together as one!

But then you grew selfish. You would not give me any space to be alone, not even that time when I left the lake to go brood by a puddle. Not only that, but

you gained weight, refused to shave, and wore a toga that was so last century. In short, you let yourself go, Narcissus, and as a logical consequence, you let me go. "Pull it together," I told you. "Go home and take a long, hard look in the mirror."

But instead, you just kept staring at me. "Stop projecting your needs onto me!" I shouted at you. "Can't you see that before you can love others, you must learn to love yourself?"

After that, you began to seem distant. I feared that you were seeing someone else, sneaking around behind our back. Then, we started running into problems in the bedroom. I knew that mutual masturbation was no longer thrilling you, but I wanted to give it some time. I wasn't quite ready to go fuck myself yet, and I wanted to take it slow.

And now it's come to this. I'm sorry, but we're over. Still, let's be civil about this. Let's treat one another how we'd like to be treated ourselves. I propose that we split our possessions evenly: I take half and I take half. And I wish you the best of luck; I'm sure you'll find someone else soon.

Remember, there are plenty of other reflections in the sea.

Yours,
Narcissus

Mailbag

(cont'd from page 3)

Dear Steve McQueen,

I was wondering where you went to college, as Yale won't let me major in being a bad-ass motherfucker.

-David Mitchell, MC '11

Elliot Spitzer,

You give a girl a few thousand dollars for sex, and the world is over. I give an important security position to an Israeli sailor in exchange for his body, and nobody notices. What the hell does New Jersey have to do to get a little attention?

Peeved,
Jim McGreevey

President Levin,

I trust that my most recent \$800 million donation was received without difficulty, and I applaud your decision to name one of the new residential colleges after the little-known, penniless philosopher John Coopenstock. Well chosen.

-Perriforth Vinderhelm
Coopenstock

Dear WebMD,

Thank you! I thought I had strep throat, but your web survey diagnosed me as being able to control the Force. You're the greatest doctor ever.

-Tim Landry, CC '08

Dear DavID,

Why do you have to be so irrational all the time?

-DavEGO

Dear Pundits,

I liked that prank this year where you pretended to be a group that actually does things on campus.

-Greg Simpson, ES '08

Dear Seven,

You negate me.

-Negative Seven

Dear Student in Directed Studies,

Thank you for pointing out the numerous errors in my work. I guess I had not thought things through.

-Nietzsche

facebook

Profile edit Friends Networks Inbox

home account privacy logout

Search

Applications

- Photos
- Groups
- Events
- Marketplace
- Food Fight!
- Last.fm Music
- Yale Bulldogs

News Feed

Preferences

Martha Berny read Todd Somer's text messages while he was in the bathroom.

Martha Berny will tell all of Todd Somer's friends that he texts his mother about Law and Order: Criminal Intent unless he attends The hOoVeR JAM!

Todd Somer plans to attend The hOoVeR JAM!

The poem Jake Richmond wrote for Christine Lam is actually just a b-side Creed song.

Christine Lam and Jake Richmond are no longer in a relationship.

Christine Lam left the group ~~~~!!!~~~My Boyfriend Writes Me Original Poetry~~~~

Sarah Malloy is in an on-and-off relationship.

Sarah Malloy is no longer in an on-and-off relationship.

Sarah Malloy is in an on-and-off relationship.

Sarah Malloy is no longer in an on-and-off relationship.

Sarah Malloy is in an on-and-off relationship.

Sarah Malloy is no longer in an on-and-off relationship.

Jake Lombard was tagged an album.



Proof that me and my boyfriend make out
32 photos

Rachel Still received a gift!



Jenny German wrote on Patty Wendel's wall:

“ Awww thanks guRl! LoL I luv the gft crtfct. Im gonna buy Jimmy a picture of an ipod cuz he was mad upset about losing his real one. Also saw the pix from caBo and you got some stories to tell me I can tell LoL. Luv ya like a sista oh yea do you have my Step Up dvd? ”

Requests

- 1 you're a hottie request
- 1 which Maury Povich guest are you? request
- 1 what flavor Jolly Rancher are you? request
- 1 what former Soviet nation are you? request

Notifications

2 new notifications

Pokes

- You were poked by:
- Alli Xtina has poked you in a "isn't facebook weird?" kind of way
poke back | remove poke
 - Chris T has poked you and hopes you remember him from the check out line at Whole Foods
poke back | remove poke
 - Samuel Samsonight's quivering index finger is lingering over his mouse as he debates poking you.
poke back | remove poke

Status Updates

see all



What are you doing right now?
show friend updates

Wanna waste time on
FACEBOOK
for \$\$\$\$\$?

WORK
IN AN
OFFICE!!!!

Written by
Claire Mulaney
Designed by
Katherine Adams



CUSTOM LASER ENGRAVED FLASK



FLASK BELT
BUCKLE



FLASK BINOCULARS
- HARD PLASTIC
BINOCULAR FLASK-



PHOTO FLASKS

br internet
6225 n lamar
austin, texas 78752

to order by phone,
please call:
1-800-962-5003
or 512-454-9110

please e-mail any questions or comments to:
sales@amazingcity.com

THE YALE RECORD

Vol CXXXIV No. 3 - America's Oldest College Humor Magazine - Winter 2007



THE S... Yale Class of 2008: Take the Record with you when you graduate!

Visit www.yalerecord.com to sign up and receive all of next year's issues and supplementals at the discounted starving recent-graduate price of \$20: \$10 less than we charge old, rich people!

YALE RECORD

Vol. CXXXIII No. 2 • America's Oldest College Humor Magazine • October 2006



YALE RECORD

Vol CXXXIV No. 4 • America's Oldest College Humor Magazine • Spring 2007



The Food Issue