

THE YALE RECORD

Volume CXXXVII No. 4, February 2009



The Old Blue Issue

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IN THE HEART OF YALE; NOW DELIVERING IN THE CHAPEL AREA!

Dear Oscars,

Heath Ledger is dead! You can't do that: There are plenty of qualified, living actors who deserved that award!

—Frendan Braser

**Barack Obama Is Committed
to Leading This Country,
According to Facebook Status**

Dear Sean Penn,

I really enjoyed your movie *Milk*. You play a retarded city supervisor real good.

—George W. Bush

Dear Jesus,

Usually when a person gets to be 2009 years old and is still a bachelor, people start to ask questions—fabulous questions.

—Your Father

Dear Jesus,

I hear people are asking fabulous questions. Is it true?

—Clay Aiken

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Races Kick Him in the Testicles**

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COME VISIT US!

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Dear Hillary Clinton,

So instead of becoming President, you've decided to become the President's secretary? Way to go on cracking that glass ceiling, you phony.

—Madonna

Dear Bing Crosby,

Thank you for writing a song to commemorate my holiday, but I worry that "I'm Dreaming of a White MLK Day" sends the wrong message.

With Concern,
Martin Luther King, Jr.

Farmers Threatening to Foreclose Wall Street

Dear Craigslist,

I see that your personal ads section has categories for a man seeking a woman, a man and a woman seeking a man, and even a man seeking a man and a man, but none for a man seeking a woman, a woman, a woman, a woman, a woman, and another woman. Please correct this.

—Carl

Al-Qaeda Dismayed to Learn the Hudson Is a River

Dear Katy Perry,

I killed a squirrel; I knifed it.

—A Redneck

Dear Twentieth Century Fox,

Barack Obama + George W. Bush = *The Bucket List II*. I'll await your offer.

—Jerry Bruckheimer

Arizona Cardinals Flagged for Roughing the Passer During Post-Game Handshake

Dear Books,

Is it really so wrong to burn just some of you? I am so cold, and Foucault is overrated.

—Little Jimmy, DC '12

Dear Tom Daschle,

C'mon, you call that a scandal? I've known prostitutes with bigger scandals than that.

—Elliot Spitzer

Area Man Still Waiting on E-Bay Bid for Virginit

Dear Microsoft Word Paper Clip,

I am in front of my laptop, staring blankly at the screen. Please help. I think I may be suffering a stroke.

—Jeff

Dear Sir,

I can't tell you how sorry I am about my behavior at your wife's funeral. I wasn't smiling out of disrespect; I just can't help myself.

With apologies,
The Cheshire Cat

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Dear *Yale Record*,

I like the album art, but I think you guys screwed me over. I picked up a copy thinking that this would be a cool addition to my Ivy-League themed vinyl collection. All I got were fake letters based around half-baked puns, and those don't define my existence in three minutes. *Pitchfork* would give you guys a 2.

Sincerely,
Jesse Snarkbag, '12

Cubs Also Fail To Win World Series Of Poker

Dear *Yale Record*,

Don't you hate it when your drop-pings are collected and dissected so that the whole world can see that you splurged on that late night vole?

—A fellow owl

Dear Super Bowl Halftime Show Organizers,

After my success as a supporting act this time around, I'll hope you'll consider letting me be the headliner for next year.

—Bruce Springsteen's Crotch

TA also Happens to Be the Section Asshole

Dear Guy in the Audience,

Look, we're not doing a scene set "in my butt," no matter how many times you suggest it.

—Improv Comic

Dear Dave,

Sorry about killing the humus in the break room today, and sorry that I brought tanks into the break room in the first place.

—Israel



BRAZEN, COSMOPOLITAN,
DOLPHIN-SAFE

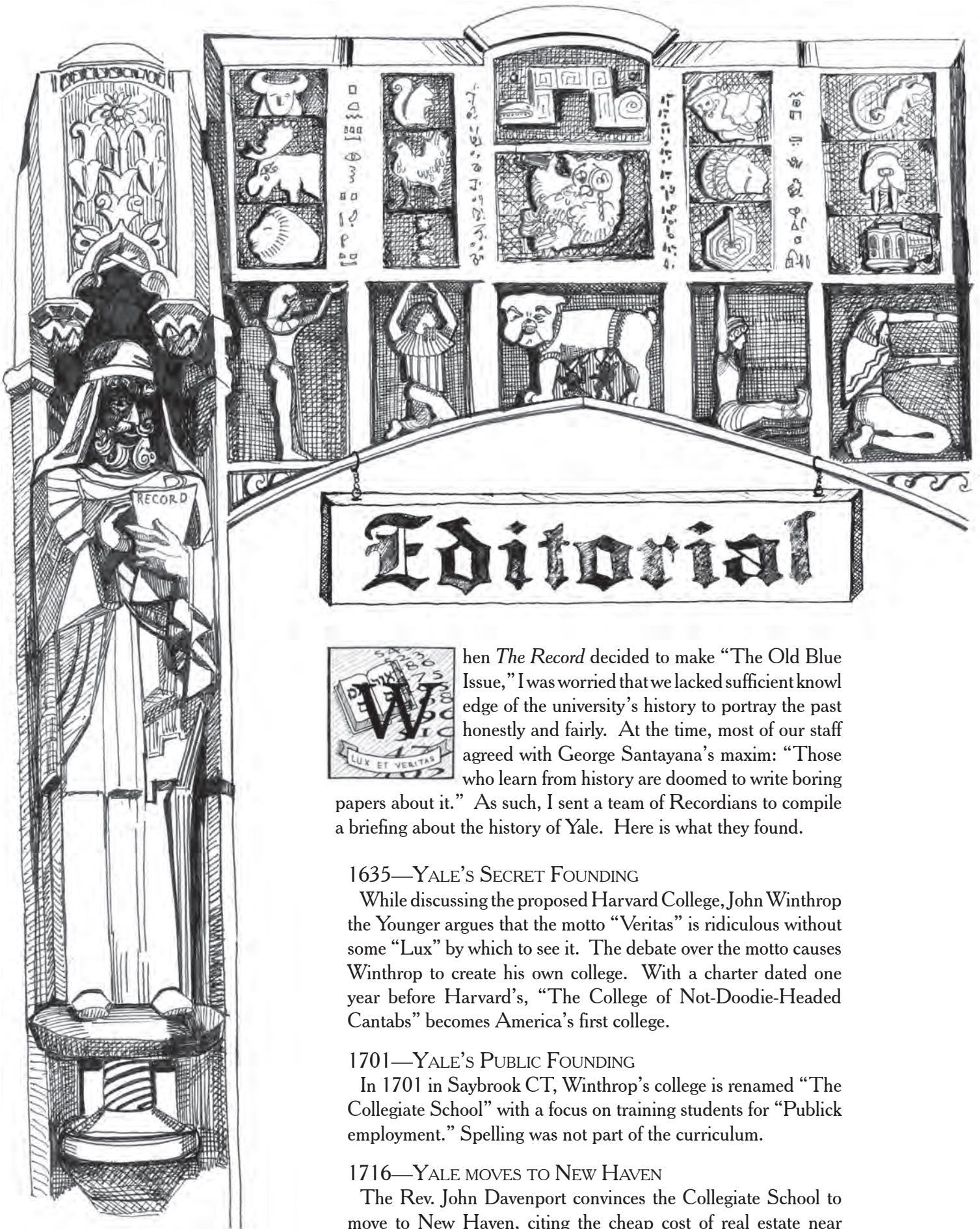
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When *The Record* decided to make “The Old Blue Issue,” I was worried that we lacked sufficient knowledge of the university’s history to portray the past honestly and fairly. At the time, most of our staff agreed with George Santayana’s maxim: “Those who learn from history are doomed to write boring papers about it.” As such, I sent a team of Recordians to compile a briefing about the history of Yale. Here is what they found.

1635—YALE’S SECRET FOUNDING

While discussing the proposed Harvard College, John Winthrop the Younger argues that the motto “Veritas” is ridiculous without some “Lux” by which to see it. The debate over the motto causes Winthrop to create his own college. With a charter dated one year before Harvard’s, “The College of Not-Doodie-Headed Cantabs” becomes America’s first college.

1701—YALE’S PUBLIC FOUNDING

In 1701 in Saybrook CT, Winthrop’s college is renamed “The Collegiate School” with a focus on training students for “Public employment.” Spelling was not part of the curriculum.

1716—YALE MOVES TO NEW HAVEN

The Rev. John Davenport convinces the Collegiate School to move to New Haven, citing the cheap cost of real estate near blighted neighborhoods.

1718—ELIHU YALE

The Collegiate School is renamed Yale College after wealthy merchant Elihu Yale donates the David S. Ingalls Rink.

1776—AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Yale graduates become influential leaders in the American Revolution. Five Yale men were integrally involved in the Declaration of Independence, including four signers and its recipient, King George III.

1802—SCIENCE COMES TO YALE

Benjamin Silliman, Sr. (B.A. 1796, faculty 1799–1853), teaches America's first modern science course, Christian chemistry. Considered the father of scientific education in America, he is best remembered for proving that heat comes from Jesus' fingertips.

1854—DIVERSITY

Yung Wing is the first Chinese man to be awarded a degree (B.A.) from an American university. While publicly accepting praises for their open-mindedness, University officials are secretly shocked to learn Wing is Chinese, believing the application to have been from a Pierpont family legacy who simply had trouble spelling his name.

1869—WOMEN AT YALE.

The first university arts institution, the School of the Fine Arts, opens and becomes the first Yale school open to women. Coincidentally, this year also marked the end of Yale's storied tradition of Friday night nude Greco-Roman wrestling.

1924—*The Great Gatsby*

Roommates Nick Carraway and Tom Buchanan begin the tradition of telling people they go to school "in New Haven."

1969—WOMEN AT YALE II

Women are admitted to Yale College for the first time. *The Yale Record* goes bankrupt for 20 years.

1993—WOMEN AT YALE III

Maya Lin's *The Women's Table* is erected, which many members of the Old Blue generations regard as an act comparable to the Roman destruction of the temple in Jerusalem, or at least they would if they weren't so uncomfortable about sounding Jewish.

—M. THORNTON



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Cover: This month's cover was painted by Liana Moskowitz, a wonderful artist, a loyal Recordian, and a damn fine person.

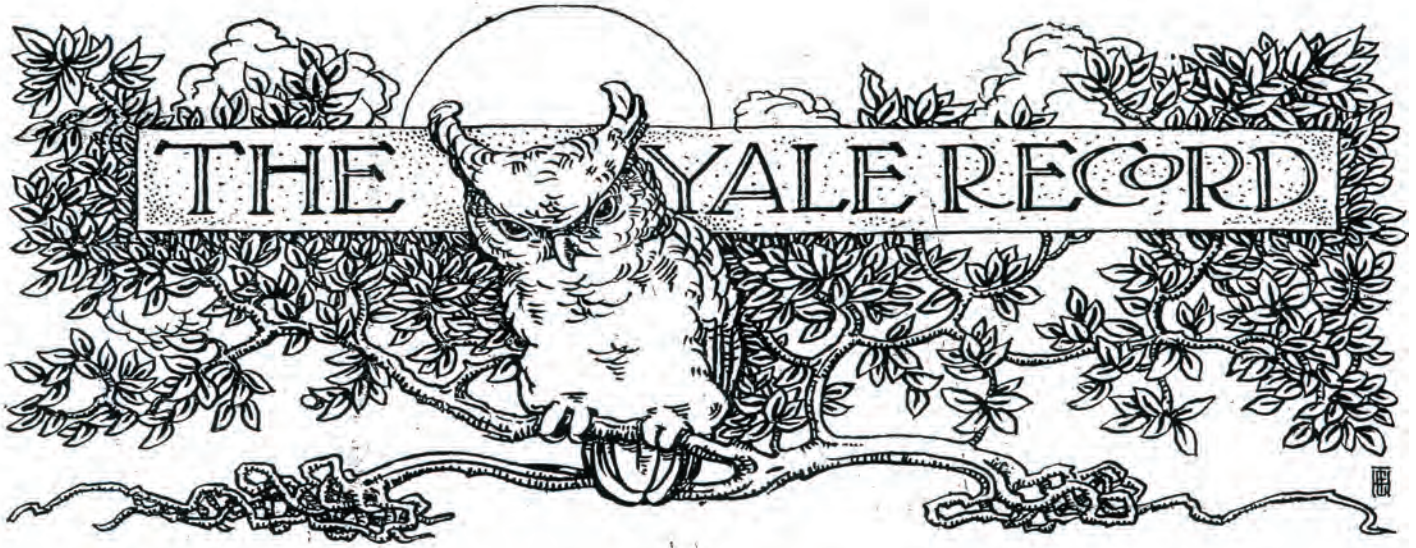
This spring she is succumbing to peer pressure and will be graduating. We wish her all the best. Cheers!

Special Thanks to: Michael Gerber and Gwyneth Tuckett

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A PROPOSITION, 1967

Dear Vassar,

I think you are really cute, and your personality seems pretty righteous, too. A mutual friend told me you think I'm a hunk, which I totally am. I am wondering if you would like to go steady with me. I have a lot to offer: tons of books, some pretty obscure departments, and lots of famous art and stuff. I think your arboretum would go great with my city, and I think it's really cool that you have a Yiddish language program and let students have minors.

Do you like The Beatles? I think they're primo. What is your favorite television program? I enjoy watching *Jeopardy* because I know a lot. I could show you sometime. Have you seen the movie *Cool Hand Luke*? I saw it last week, and it is my new favorite film. It was so sad when that actor died in the end. I would be happy to see it a second time with you—I could explain the religious undertones of the story and dry your tears with my chest hair.

In case you have heard anything about Yale's fraternities lately, I assure you the rumors are not true. The members of Delta Kappa Epsilon did not burn their pledges with a hot branding iron. The pledges just happened to all have birthmarks resembling the initials "DKE," and the coincidence got blown out of proportion. Also, if the branding had happened, it would have been done with a red-hot coat hanger, not with an iron.

Don't have a cow, though: I've been in the news for positive reasons as well! You may have read about the neat experiment a Yale psychologist named Stanley Milgram did a few years ago. He convinced participants they had no choice but to give someone 450-volt electrical shocks until they died. Oh...volts are like energy and pressure...you know, those feelings you have when voting.

Anyway, I think we would make a great couple, and I would really like to go steady with you. What do you think?

Yes No Maybe

Luv et Veritas,
Yale

—w—

Dear Yale,

Yes No Maybe

I heard Connecticut College just turned you down, and I don't want to be anybody's rebound.

Bug out,
Vassar

— A. Gates

NEW FOOD A FLOP AT PEPE'S,
FOODIE PREDICTS

BY LIONEL FERRYWEIGHT, CLASS OF 1925

When my editor at the *News* told me I had to cover the newest sensation sweeping the campus, I fretted that he meant that incipient empathy fad. But no, the sensation he had in his troglodytic mind was an exotic fare—his words being “a curious sort of sandwich”—offered by a member of our local immigrant community. I thought that this piece would be puffier than my great-aunt Tabitha’s dress sleeves, another clipping to impress pop’s friend at Scribner’s. But little did I know what adventures awaited this humble food critic.

I enjoyed the spring air on my walk over to the immigrant side of town, graciously waving to each Tomo, Dicko, and Harryo as he went about his daily affairs. As I strutted towards the homely establishment, the air became heavy and sultry, like the sirocco of exotic Italy herself.

Upon entering, my maître d’ offered me a fine booth, but she forgot to arrange any silverware for the meal, leaving me with only a napkin and my water glass. To save her this embarrassment, I alerted the proprietor to his employee’s error. To my horror, he flouted my concern, saying that one needn’t worry about utensils for his specialty.

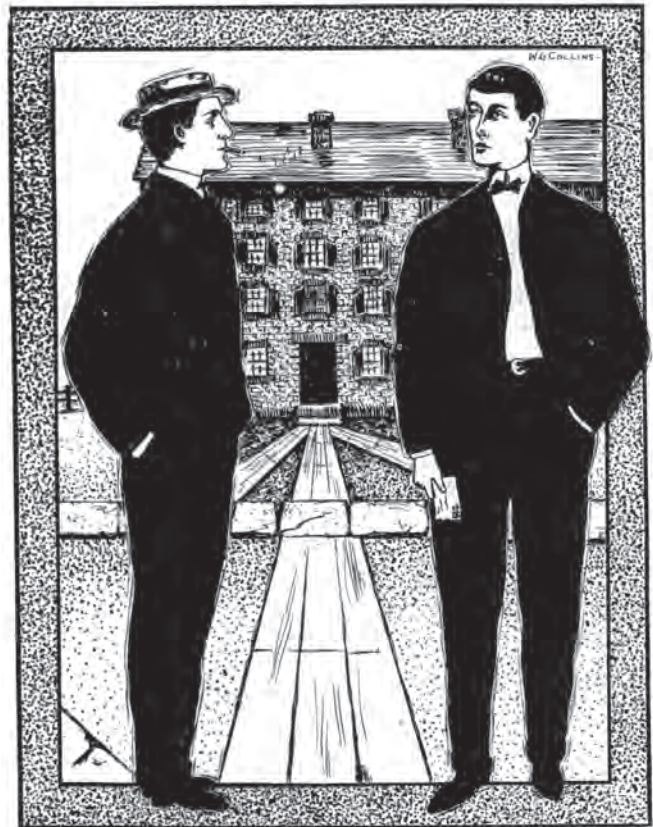
When my waiter brought the main dish out to me, I was flabbergasted. This pizza (pronounced “peet-saw”) struck me as less related to a pie than to a puddle, since it seemed ready to slowly seep onto the floor as soon as I made the slightest wrong movement. Beneath this veneer of viscosity lay a cracker, barely holding the open-faced sandwich together. I too sat open-faced to see the sandwich cut into triangles by incisions immediately lost in the murky surface. As I took off my white walking gloves, I said to myself, Oh Mr. Ferryweight, what will you have to eat your way out of this time?

My family has survived generations of ease, living by the maxim, “Spice is the opposite of life.” So just picture for yourself how I seized when this molten mishmash of Southern European flavors met my thoroughly Northern European mouth. The cracker was soggy between my teeth than the collar of a nouveau riche freshman on the first day of school, and it stank just as much of crude

oils. This puff piece had lost all air and had headed for a dive into the trenches of frontline reportage. Frankly I did not like it one bit.

Much as I esteem myself a strong polemicist and a gentle romantic, I find my vocabulary unable to describe the dread I felt while rushing from that restaurant and its surrounding pasta-producing populace. Can my lone voice of culinary conservatism on campus stave off the ensuing onslaught of spices and toppings that marches towards us? Can we keep these pizzas off of our streets, out of our homes, and away from our children? O, this unholy subversion of the cheese and cracker, this inversion of the fondue pot which signals not only the end of an era, but the end of fondue itself.

— S. Swartzman



“I SAY, PERCIVAL.”

“EH CORNELIUS?”

“I SAY, PERCIVAL, DISCRIMINATING AGAINST
WOMENFOLK IS THE SHIZNIT.”

THE RECORD'S DECLARATION OF HOSTILITIES AGAINST THE IRISH PEOPLE

To the Irishmen:

Throughout *The Record's* 137-year history—a history spanning three centuries and seven American wars—only one thing has remained constant: our unblinking racial prejudice. And today, Irishmen, we turn that eye of judgment upon you.

Every good story needs a villain. Every good humor magazine needs an inferior race to beat up on. And you Irishmen are sitting ducks. You are as poorly organized as you are ruddy-faced. There are no Irish anti-defamation leagues, no Irish activist communities. Unlike such groups as African-Americans and lawyers,

you have no way to defend yourselves against the verbal abuse you so richly deserve.

So, Irishmen, we declare with vengeful honesty that your Irish faces are ugly. Your Irishwomen are cold, negligent mothers, and your Irishchildren are developmentally delayed. You are cowardly in war; you lack stamina in lovemaking; and you utter inane things in seminar. James Joyce was an illiterate fraud, Dublin is a cesspool, and U2 sucks.

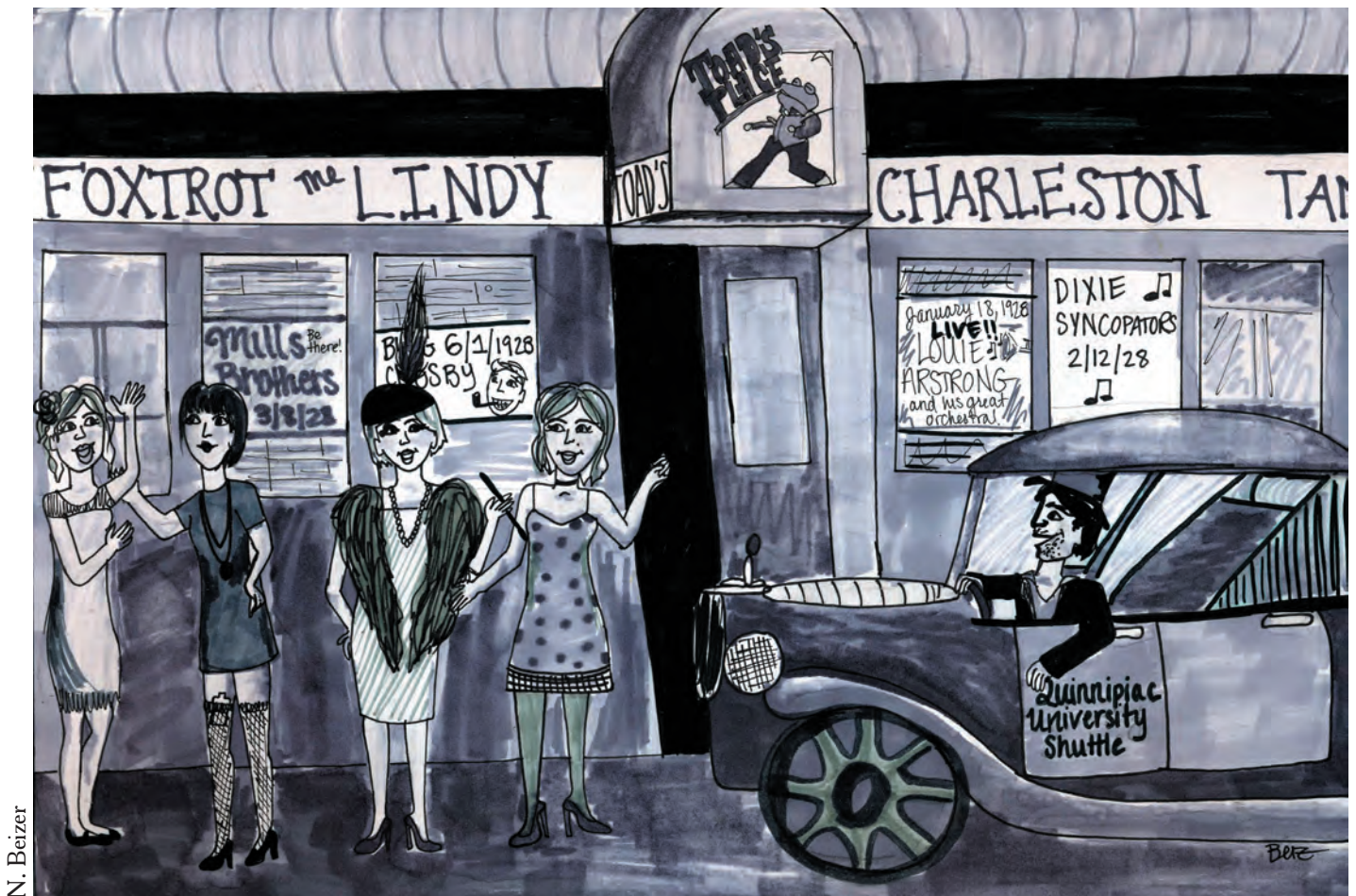
So go ahead. Organize an anti-hate speech forum against us, Irishmen. Our insults have not yet begun.

With scorn,
The Yale Record

— B. Orlin



TOAD'S CIRCA 1928



PHYSICS STUDENT REDEFINES SCIENTIFIC CONSTANT

A recent study by high school physics student Gordon Calwell stands poised to rock the scientific community. In a physics lab last week, Calwell's experiment measured the speed of sound to be several meters per second different than the traditionally accepted constant of 343.14.

"This discovery could have long-reaching consequences," said Calwell, later requesting *The Record* change his quotation to "far-reaching."

Many of the original experiments on the speed of sound were conducted by Marin Mersenne, a 17th-century French monk and mathematician. Daniel Colladon and Charles-Francois Sturm later derived values by using Lake Geneva in 1826. Now it seems the constant has been further refined by a high school student.

"I conducted my experiment exactly as it was outlined in my physics handbook," said Calwell, who is pretty good at reading. "I used PVC piping, a tuning fork and a ruler. I even double-checked my significant figures."

Of course, many researchers initially expressed skepticism. A press release by the Board of Scientific Researchers called the experiment an "anomaly." However, after reviewing Calwell's lab write-up, most found the data hard to argue with.

"Numbers are numbers," said physicist Hugh Cleave, standing up on a desk amidst thunderous applause.

Under normal circumstances, a study like this would need to be published in a scientific journal in order to gain widespread credence. These circumstances, however, were far from normal.

Prominent scientists from all over the world have judged Calwell's experiments to be of such importance that the results have been placed on a "fast track" towards acceptance.

"If the speed of sound is different than we had initially anticipated, this could have major repercussions," said Brown University's Head of Science, Garth Stanley, who insisted the pun was not intended. "Think about sonar, or hearing and stuff."

"Yeah," said Calwell.

In an unprecedented move, the Nobel Institute voted yesterday on whether or not to give Calwell a Nobel Prize in physics. They ultimately decided against it, citing "the rules specified by Mr. Nobel in his will... that were designed to prevent this kind of thing from happening." Calwell said he didn't mind because he had already received a Nobel Prize in Sound from his mom.

His future remains uncertain, although Calwell has indicated he will continue scientific research for a while. "I want to stay in my physics class," he said, "at least through the end of the term."

— M. Sonnenblick



"George, stop the car. That isn't our baby in the backseat."

"Shut up. It's a nicer car."



Point, Counter-point: Yale Men on women

Point: **Discriminate Against women**

by McCabe Drew

The female race: in recent months, misguided members of this university have violated common sense in comparing it to the race of men. Women, they say, offer valuable and unique talents—sewing skills, etiquette skills, child-birthing skills—and so ought to be welcomed into our university, that they might assume the “equal station” to which the laws of nature’s God supposedly entitle them.

Don’t believe it. Though modern science has demonstrated the usefulness of women in the kitchen and the textile mill, this fact hardly fits them for admittance into the company of their betters. Consider!

“AND WHAT OF LATIN? CAN
WOMEN LEARN LATIN? WE
SIMPLY DON’T KNOW.”

It is a well-known fact that the female lacks the paleo-encaphalical skull topology necessary for an advanced sense of morality. But has it even been proven that women can compete in rigorous science classes like Christian Geology or The Thermodynamics of Prayer. And what of Latin? Can women learn Latin? We simply don’t know.

I hardly need mention the basic logistical problems involved in this crackpot proposal. Our masculine nature is built into our very language: “Yale Man,” “Oarsmen,” “Bonesmen,” “Scholarsmen.” These words are the pillars of our institution. Would we discard them? And on the subject of oarsmen, what would become of our rowing squadrons? Would we put the women in the back of the boat? Or on the left side? In separate boats? Has anyone thought this through?

My fingers tire of typing the obvious. It is a well-known fact that God created woman to tempt man from the narrow path of righteousness and purity. If we open our gates to these peddlers of wickedness, for whom shall they open next? The Catholics? The Irish? Polacks? Think on that.

David Klumpp Writes Point, Counter-point

David Klumpp, Yale Man, wrote the above hilari-

Counter-point: **Discriminate Among women**

by Mortimer Jefferies

The female: in recent months, misguided members of this institution have denounced her race as being uniformly inferior to the race of men. But in reality, their inferiority is far from uniform. Though we men look down on women, we can still be sensitive to minute variations within their population. And though, as men, we are obliged to shepherd these tender creatures through this wicked world, benevolence doesn’t have to be a chore.

Indeed, let us not discriminate against women, but rather discriminate amongst them, that we might always find the right woman for the right occasion:

The Coquette

Flirtatious, but her need for attention can work to your advantage—this dame is ready to go at the most ambiguous wink. Her short attention span ensures a clean finish that makes this doll the perfect finale to any Smith weekend.

The Old Maid

Warm, wise, and grateful, and those wrinkles make you feel like you’ve just spent the night with your favorite blanket. But watch out for jealous cats.

The Flapper

Feisty, jazzed-up, and her dress isn’t the only thing that swings. But remember to lay down the law—“speak easy” is where you’re going, not permission for her to prattle on about who you should let her vote for.

The Chubby

A guaranteed easy night, since she owes you one just for taking her out, but remember: after a certain point, casual insults become counter-productive. Besides, she’ll need that self-confidence when you never take her out again.

The Double Deutsch

German twins are getting more scarce these days, but you can still find them if you look in the right chocolate shops. You don’t have to talk to them, and in the bedroom you won’t have to—they’ll teach you what “unconditional surrender” really means. Plus, they’ll probably make you schnitzel in the morning. Just make sure you get out before “Das Father” gets home!

And this is just a sampling of the many options available.

In conclusion, I say that we need not look on women as competitors or even inferiors, but as opportunities. The old ways are dying. Modernity advances on us like so many steam-powered locomotives. Men must waltz gracefully into the modern age with women on our arms.



TOYOTA

"Excuse me, sir."

"Back so soon?"

"Err, yes. I'm afraid I'm actually going to have to return the car."

"Why?"

"It doesn't work."

"Well, what's wrong with it?"

"For one thing, it didn't come with a battery."

"I'm sure that's not needed."

"I'm going to have to start it somehow."

"A good kick should do it. The important thing is you can still fill it with gas."

". . .which comes out through the CD player . . ."

"That's teenage mechanics for you."

"And the seatbelts smell like turpentine."

"Impossible. Our airbags smell like turpentine."

"I assure you, sir, I'm not mistaken."

"I'm sorry, but is there anything critical?"

"The front windshield and the hole it occupies are different sizes. I'm still looking for the trunk. The steering wheel appears to be painted on the dashboard."

"I said is there anything critical? Because we have a policy on refunds."

"What policy is that?"

"No refunds."

"But there's someone sleeping in there!"

"They should be up and out of your way sooner or later."

"Listen, I'm not sure you sold me a car at all."

"What makes you think that?"

"It's larger than my house."

"How do you know?"

"When I stand in front of it, I can't see my house behind it."

"Farther objects do appear smaller."

"That's not the only problem. The bathroom mirrors are made of oak. Dark men come and go with violin cases. In the evenings, I can make out gypsy bands of trapeze artists from Cincinnati playing bridge on the ceiling."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, they could be playing hearts. It's hard to be certain, since I keep getting distracted by weasels and

the string section of the Vienna Royal Symphony."

"My uncle is in the Vienna Royal Symphony."

"Then shame on him."

"Suppose I'd better give you your money back, then."

"Yep."

"Here you go. I'm so sorry."

"Thanks."

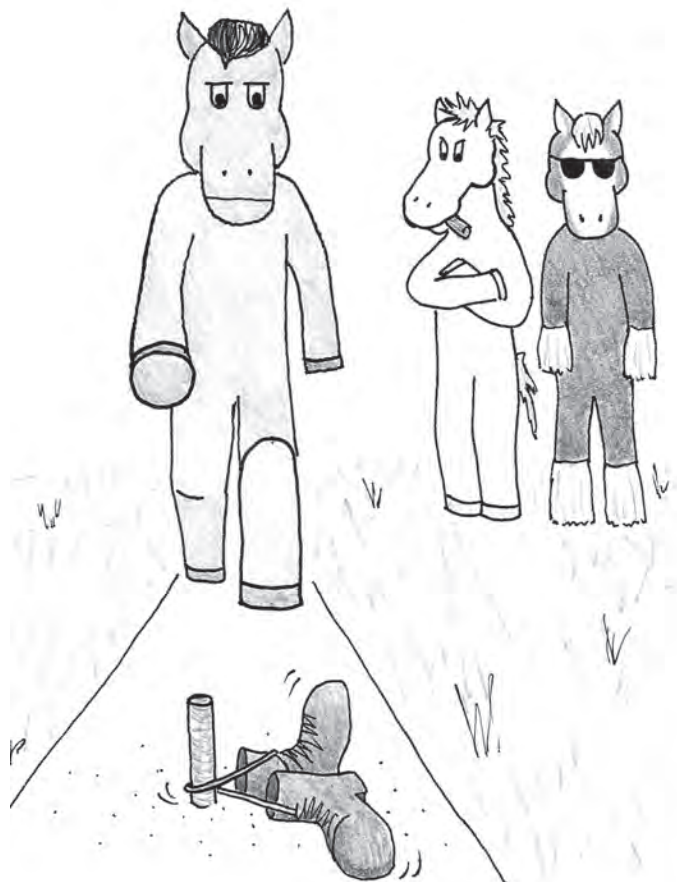
"I really don't know what could have happened. Most of our customers complain of being awakened by the Brussels Royal Symphony."

"Hah. I wish."

— D. Klumpp



IF HORSES HAD PARTIES



THE RECORD ATONES FOR ITS SINS

While *The Record* is now known as a beacon of political correctness, a torch bearer of sensitivity, and a spineless city on a hill, such was not always the case. Recently while combing through our archives, we came across cartoons that were so offensive we need to reprint them here for you to believe that they existed at all. While one can't change the past, we have attempted to re-caption a random sampling of these cartoons as a sign of contrition.



FIRST FRESHMAN — “ WHY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING,
LESLIE? ”
SECOND DITTO—“ PRACTICING, TALBOT, PRACTICING !”

INAPPROPRIATE BECAUSE: Unlike in 1901, today we know smoking is bad for one's health. Continuing to encourage tobacco use by possible minors would be irresponsible.

NEW CAPTION:

First Freshman—“Why Leslie, you know smoking is bad for your health.”

Second Ditto—“So is hellfire, Jew.”

APPROPRIATE BECAUSE: The new caption clearly states both that smoking is bad for one's health and that Jesus is humanity's Lord and Savior.



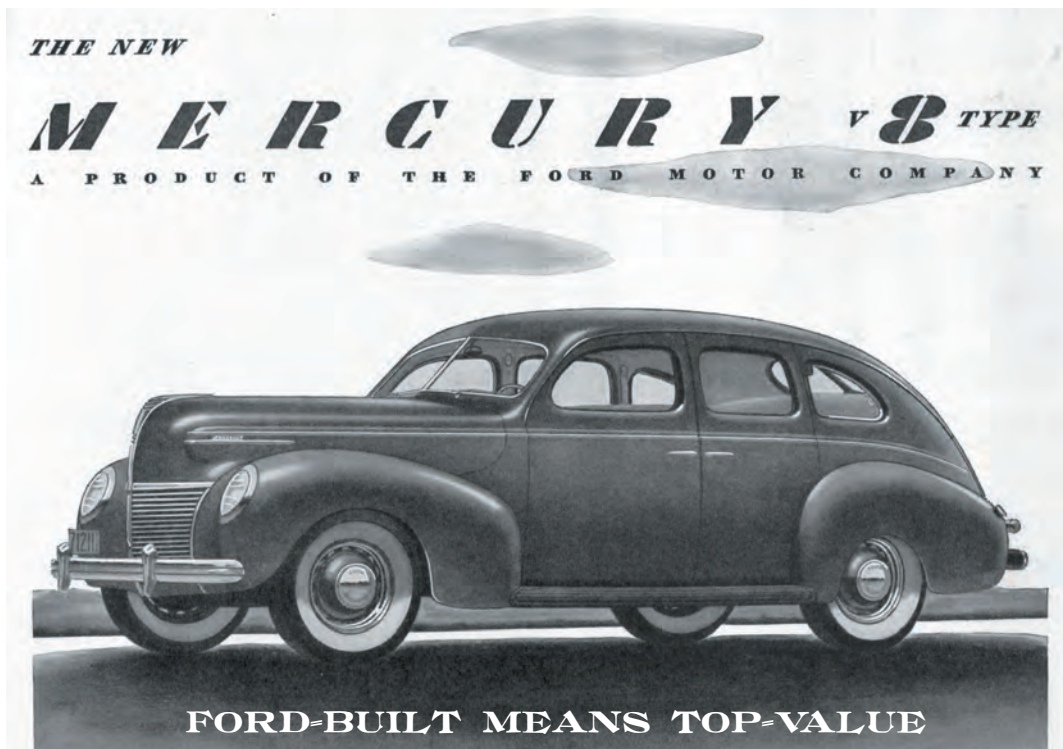


"Higgins, I'm afraid I'll have to fire you!"

INAPPROPRIATE BECAUSE: While modern readers are sensitive to prejudicial attitudes concerning race, we often overlook prejudice against the horizontally tall.

NEW CAPTION: "*Higgins, it's not gay if we don't enjoy it!*"

APPROPRIATE BECAUSE: The new caption not only respects the fats but also resists the urge to poke fun at sumo wrestlers and Samoans.



INAPPROPRIATE BECAUSE: While "Ford-Built Means Top-Value" is a slogan which successfully boosted the sale of Ford cars, there are now laws against false advertising.

NEW CAPTION: *Ford-Built Means We Laid-Off Your Father*

APPROPRIATE BECAUSE: While we could have written "Ford-Built Means We Laid-Off Your Father, Brother, and Three Uncles," it's not nearly as catchy.





"I'll have to look up your thize, Mith Thmith."

INAPPROPRIATE BECAUSE: It is no longer considered appropriate to poke fun at people with speech impediments. In all likelihood the salesman is a perfectly competent professional.

NEW CAPTION: *"I'll have to look up your thighs, Miss Smith."*

APPROPRIATE BECAUSE: Shoe salesmen are perverts.



"Drugs?"

INAPPROPRIATE BECAUSE: We, your humble editors, actually couldn't figure out how this caption makes sense.

NEW CAPTION: *"Picnic?"*

APPROPRIATE BECAUSE: Drug addicts love picnics. ■

ASK A NEO-CON PHILOSOPHER

Q: If a tree falls in the woods, and no one is there to cry about it, is deforestation still a threat to our Earth?

A: Well, Kid, it's time you know the truth. Panic is the key to the existence of crises. If no one is worried about a catastrophe, it's pretty safe to say it doesn't exist. Did you feel any effects of the financial crisis before the front page of *The New York Times** published a picture of some guy in a suit sweating profusely? Of course not. Until then you went about your life as usual, spending beyond your means, gambling away your savings, and swimming in your champagne bubble bath.

Before you saw *An Inconvenient Truth*, I'm guessing you didn't notice any effects of this so-called climate change. Sure, there were hot sunny days, but you did what we all did and drove your hummer down the block to the country club** pool to cool down. The threat of skin cancer may have been greater, but we all know we can just replace our skin with Halliburton's new cancer-proof Synthetic Skin©.*** But then someone comes along and starts worrying, and then there's a "problem" or "crisis" or "need for action."

Everyone just needs to relax. If a tree falls in a forest, it's still there; it's just horizontal and dead instead of vertical and alive. It may not be contributing to the carbon cycle anymore, but it is still useful for a weary traveler looking for a log to sit upon, or an architect building a rustic starter castle in Telluride. So, to answer your question...what was the question? Wait, don't tell me. I don't want to know.

*At time of writing *The New York Times* still had a print newspaper. The author apologizes if the reference to a front page has become anachronistic by time of publication.

**By which I mean "The Country Club" at Brookline.

***For full disclosure, the Neo-Con Philosopher is a consultant of Halliburton.

— C. Mulaney

THE TRUE MEANING OF GANDALF'S CRY
AT THE BRIDGE OF KHAZAD-DÛM

C. Camargo

"FLY, YOU FOOLS!"



CANADIAN JOKE CORNER

Yo mama's so stupid she failed the first grade until a government-provided tutor helped her grasp the material and inspired her to start a non-profit for children with learning disabilities. BAM!

LOLCAT CLASSICS

- OLIVER TWIST: i can haz sum moar plz?
- HEART OF DARKNESS: teh horrorz! oh noes!!!!!!
!!!!!!shift+eleventy-one!!!!
- HAMLET: im in yur house usurpin yur throne and
bonin yur mom
- ULYSSES: it canz be sexy timez now plz?
- OEDIPUS REX: it canz be sexy timez now plz mom?
- THE SCARLET LETTER: it no canz be sexy timez
now huh?
- THE BIBLE, NEW TESTAMENT: i is teh wai, teh
twooth, n teh lite. kthxbai.
- THE ODYSSEY: brb.

— M.W. Harris

FOUR-LETTER WORDS THAT THE
ADMINISTRATION HAS BANNED THE YALE
RECORD FORM USING IN ITS PIECES

- @#%*
- %\$*@
- &#%!
- *!&\$
- %#\$@
- \$!*%
- &@!#
- %#@\$
- *\$%&
- @%?#
- !&?!



THE AGE-OLD TRADITION OF RAMBUNCTIOUS YALE YOUTH TIPPING
HAROLD BLOOM WHILST HE GRAZES ON CROSS CAMPUS

THE NEW YORK TIMES METHICIST

ALL OUR ETHICAL QUANDARIES ANSWERED BY A METH-ADDICT

Q: I am a professor at a small Midwestern university. I see a lot of my students in the community outside of class, but recently I had an unpleasant run-in with a former student. This student came to my door looking for donations for a mission trip to Ecuador sponsored by the church he attends. I refused based on my knowledge of the church's politics, but he became angry and said that I should have helped him out just because he was a former student. Should I have given him money?

METHICIST: Do you have any Sudafed on you? I've got this, um, runny nose, and I just find Sudafed really effective for stuff like that. It's also got this really cool ingredient that can make you feel 50,000 times more alive than ever before. But, you know, I've only heard that.

Q: My husband and I just conceived, and we had genetic tests done to see if the baby had any major health problems. The doctors told us that the baby has cerebral palsy. I want to have an abortion because I can't imagine willingly subjecting a child to a lifetime of disability and prejudice. My husband disagrees; he believes that the child could contribute to the world despite his disability. What should we do?

METHICIST: Oh, this shed here? I just keep my tools in it. And a lot of chemistry sets, but that's cause I love chemistry. I mean, I LOVE chemistry. Hey, you know how I asked you earlier for some Sudafed? Well, I really need some right now. Oh, no, it's cool, I remember now, you didn't have any. I'm just going to step into my shed here, I forgot something in there earlier...

Really, I was in there for 20 minutes? It felt like two. Sorry for taking so long. Oh, are my hands shaking? Well, it is a little chilly outside. Can you hear the trees talking?

Q: My neighbor accidentally scraped my car while passive-aggressively trimming my hedges for me. I want him to pay for the damage, but he says he was doing me a favor and this could have been avoided if I had just trimmed the hedges myself. Who's right?

METHICIST: OH, GOD, WHERE HAVE ALL MY TEETH GONE? I USED TO BE SOOO PRETTY. YOU KNOW THAT ABBA SONG "DANCING QUEEN"? THAT WAS TOTALLY ME.

— M. Chiasson



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Scroll & Key, Bacon & Bones, Skull & Eggs, Mace & Chain,

S. and V. Narail

WHEN HOMONYMS GO WRONG



FIRST DRAFT OF THE YALE SEAL



THE JEWISH QUESTION

“Gentlemen, the time has come to address an urgent and difficult problem. I have just returned from a most horrific visit to Columbia University, which has undergone a radical and perverse transformation—one which I fear may soon envelope our New Haven gem in the gunk of amorality and philistine virtues.”

“Sir, what happened? Have they abolished their monthly Cash and Caviar Sexy Soirees?”

“No, that tradition is still healthy. The threat, I’m afraid, is far more insidious than any overt attack upon our venerable institutions. My esteemed colleagues,

I have called you here to help thwart the increasing Jewish influence on our University. We must seek only the boldest and most innovative ideas. Let’s begin with you, Mr. Goldstein.”

“Uh...can I have some time to think?”

“Of course. That’s what I love about you, your good Christian prudence.”

“Sir, why don’t we just make our entrance exams more difficult? Surely their abnormally large brains will overheat.”

“No, I’m afraid we can’t do that. If we make them too hard, the Chillingworth Academy alumni will be furious.”

“Perhaps in lieu of entrance examinations, we could institute some form of Yale tryouts. The final event could be a limbo competition.”

“Of course! Their noses will catch on the bamboo.”

“Excellent, excellent. Yet I fear that our defenses are insufficient in the eventuality that a group of them should circumvent our barriers to admission.”

“Sir, we’ve already spent nearly a fourth of our endowment on the network of Jesus Scarecrows you asked for.”

“Double it. I don’t want to take any risks, Percival. Mr. Eigenbach, you’ve been awfully quiet.”

“Herr Dean, for zee last seven years I have worked at zee Max Plank Institut für Ewilscience. In secret, zey have perfected a device designed to ensnare zee Jew in a tremendous Magnetic Field.”

“But people aren’t Magnetic...”

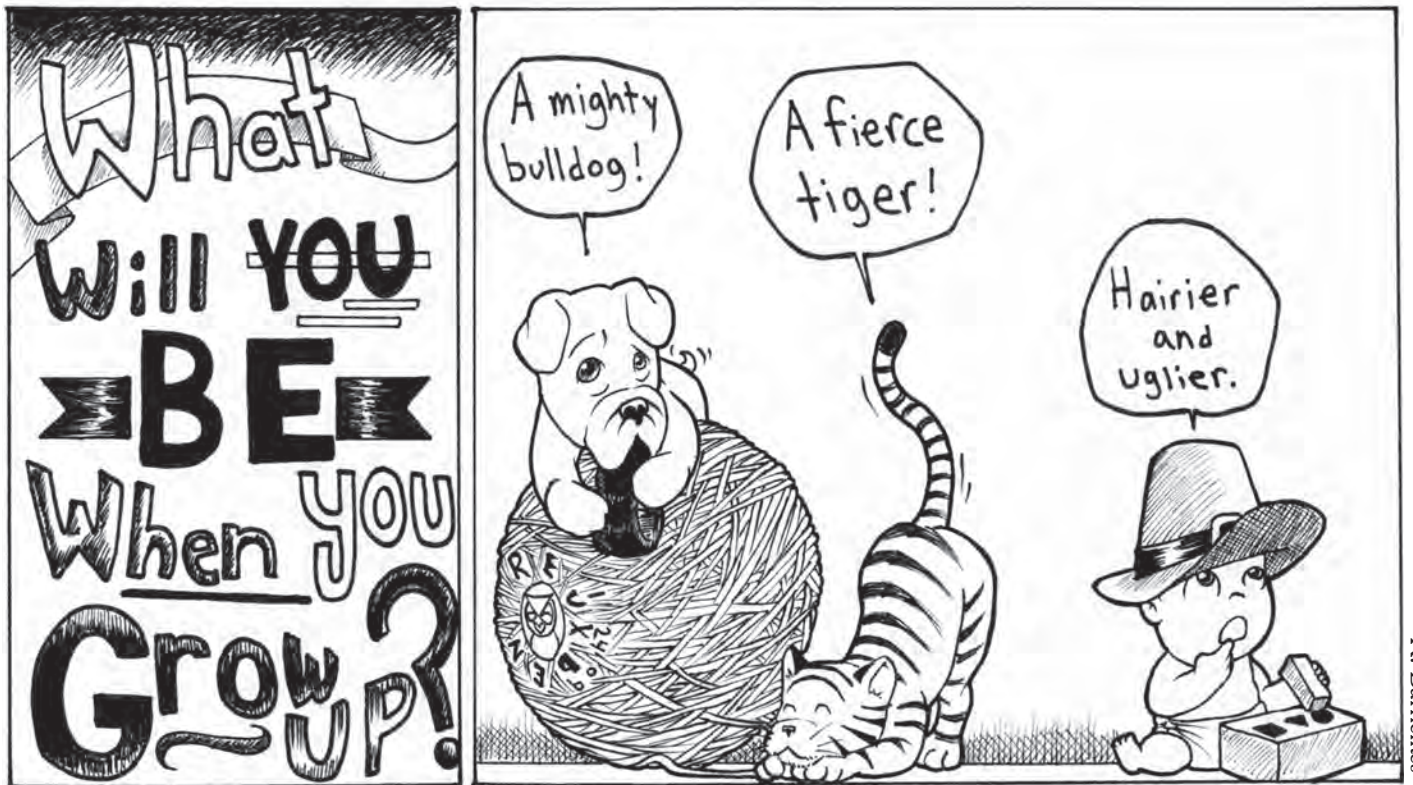
“Ah yes. Zee device acts not on zee Jew itself, but on zee precious Jew metals long known to be hidden under zeur leathery hides. Why, in Germany, plans have already begun to...”

“For the last time, Heinrich, no one is interested in the internal affairs of your ridiculous country.”

“My apologies, Herr Dean.”

“Think nothing of it, Heinrich. If there are no further suggestions, then meeting adjourned. And remember, we’re meeting Thursday over bagel brunch at Weinberg’s Delicatessen to discuss the problem of increased student awareness of poverty.”

— D. Klumpp and J. Shoenberg



R. Barrientes



NEWS FROM BIZARRO-YALE

Reacting to public dissatisfaction with its elitist feel, Yale cut the ribbon yesterday on the brand new Beinecke Common Books Library.

The library will only stock books that have printed over 100,000 copies or more and are available at any public library. These will include *New York Times* best sellers, Harry Potter, the full Berenstain Bears collection, and over 100 Gideon Bibles from the La Quinta on Sargent Drive.

For the building, which was designed in the style of a Rubik's Cube, Yale specifically chose freewheeling architect Gordon Bunshaft. "We wanted people from off the street to feel at home here," Bunshaft said. "University libraries shouldn't be about Sartre and Guttenberg. They should be about Stephen King and that guy who wrote the Archie comics."

President Levin spoke on the progressive nature of the building. "The new community feeling of the library should do great things to break our WASPish, asshole image," he said. Levin was referring to the policy that encourages eating and drinking in the building and writing on the books. The temperature and humidity of the building will also be kept at consistently high levels to ensure the books degrade at the same rate that people lose interest.

If this fails, Beinecke has a backup plan. "Disco Inferno is our library theme song," explained Levin. "If we aren't getting rid of books fast enough we'll just burn down the mothaf*cka!" For this eventuality, the building has been equipped with no sprinklers or fire alarms of any kind.

"We hope the students love our library," said Levin, "It's so rare these days for Yalies to have the opportunity to come into contact with mass-market fiction."

— A. Berkowitz

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Dear *New Yorker* Caption Contest,

My submission for this week is "Pardon me, Butler—please bring us the ennui." I haven't actually seen the comic yet, but this caption is pretty much one-size-fits-all.

—A blind person

Tuition Bill Alerts Parents That the University of Pennsylvania Is Not a State School

Dear String Theorists,

I don't get it—how come you get federal research grants for making unverifiable claims about invisible objects, while my "Do Ghosts Like Oatmeal?" project remains crippling-ly underfunded?

—A Fellow Scientist

Dear *Yale Record*,

Your circulation is worse than mine.

—Harold Bloom

Scientists Report: Study Finds Monkeys on Heroin Are Funny, Sad

Dear Alex Trebek,

Here is one for you. "The answer is: This Canadian born game-show host achieved stardom on *Jeopardy!* before being found brutally murdered in an alley behind his studio."

You have thirty seconds,
Pat Sajak

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Bob Nardelli
Bob Nardelli
Chairman and CEO,
Chrysler LLC



Dear Obama Girl,

I would like to ask for your endorsement in the upcoming Topeka Ward 17 election for alderman. Could you please record a sexy music video and send it to this address?

Thank you,
An Aldermanic Candidate

Newspaper Headline Ruins Surprise Party for Jeff Tomorrow Night

Dear Seven Mortal Sins,

Say hello to the Three Immortal Sins!

—Sneezing on an Animal Sacrifice, Having Adulterous Sex with Mortals, and Getting Backwash in the Ambrosia

Cannabis Study Never Really Published

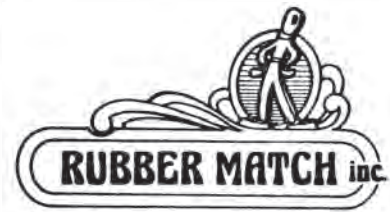
Dear Make-A-Wish Foundation,
I wish for more wishes.

—Aladdin

Dear Girl in My Bedroom,

I have to confess: When you said you were into bondage, I thought you meant Bond-age, like James Bond movies. But I guess this is pretty cool too.

—David



101 Whalley Ave. New Haven, CT 06511

SLEEP QUIZ

1. How was your sleep last night?
2. How's that mattress feel?
3. Do you need a new mattress but can't afford one right now?
4. Are you sleeping on a rock... or like a rock?
5. Does your dorm bed feel like a torture chamber?
6. Can you feel the springs in your bed?
7. Do you crave the sleep you need and deserve?

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Dear God,

I have weathered many a temptation of the flesh, and yet I cannot resist these "deviled eggs" straight from the bowels of hell. Satan is a wily adversary, indeed.

Sincerely,
 Billy Graham

Dear Billy,

Thanks for the t-shirt you got me for my birthday. Unfortunately, it's size XL, and we are only in first grade. Next year I may have to not invite you.

—Susie

Yalie Playing Solitaire in Lecture Secretly Taking Notes

Dear Punk-sutawney Phil,

So you think you're a big shot weatherman just because can see your stupid shadow? Huh? Well, I've got news for you: if I ever see your shadow, you're going to be in for six cold weeks of pain.

—Al Roker

Break-Up Mutually Agreed upon by Girl, Girl's New Boyfriend

Dear Static Electricity,

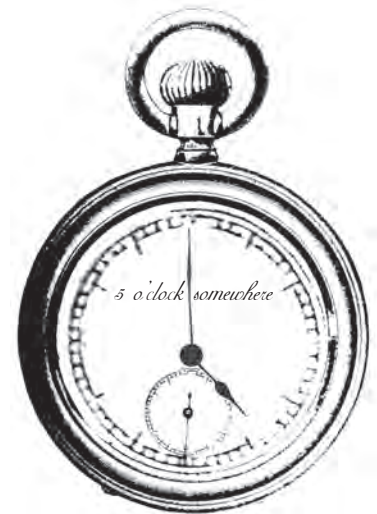
I just want to take off my sweater. This is bullshit.

—Mike, MC '09



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**Three Dead, Eight Wounded In
Wake Of Double Dog Dare**

Dear Lance Armstrong,

I am sorry, but we can't take the risk that your 'super-blood' will overwhelm the metabolisms of lesser mortals. If you want to help out, maybe you should donate some more bracelets.

—The American Red Cross

**Poll: 85% of Conversations
Among College Students
Eventually Turn to 'Fraggle Rock'
and 'Clarissa Explains It All'**

Dear Washing Machines,

Barack Obama is now the President. Don't you think it is about time you stop demanding we separate whites and colors?

—NAACP

**Running Of The Mechanical Bulls
Is Huge Mechanical Failure**

Dear Docu-Print,

Why do you mock me? I need not justify myself. As far as I am concerned, I have carried to an extreme what you dared not carry even halfway.

—Photo-Picto-Developo



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Application to Yale University
Department of Admissions
1922

I. Information

Name: Mordecai Rabinowitz Lowell III
Residence: Flushing Meadows, but we summer in Jamaica Plains
Intended Major: English ^(I don't think so, mister!) MEDICINE
High School: Flushing Yeshivah Country Day Preparatory Academy for Men
Favorite High School Activities: Crew, Mock Trial, Not being circumcised

II. Personal Statement: Growing up, I always drew my inspiration from the power of religion and have tried to live my life by the wise words of Father Guido Sarducci who told me after mass one Saturday, "Mordey, in the words of our sages, Jesus died because you wouldn't help your mother with the dishes. Shame on you, and I thought you were such a mensch."

But it wasn't always easy being a Christian in Flushing. While on Chanukah, the festival of lights, all of my friends celebrated the Jewish victory over the Greek armies under Judah Macabee and honored Rabbi Hillel by lighting the candles, I was stuck with praying to a boring old Christmas shrub and piously searching for rabbit eggs in the fireplace.

Religion has been the backbone of my family for generations. When my parents left Germany in 1939, because it wasn't quite anti-Semitic enough for their taste, they brought with them only the clothes on their backs, their protestant work ethic, and the family Talmud to burn in celebration once they reached the shores of America.

To conclude, I would like to paraphrase from the legendary Whiffenpoof's song: "From the tables down at Mory's / to the place where Louie dwells / I'm glad that I'm not Jewish / 'cause then I'd burn in hell." Please let me into your august and esteemed university, because otherwise my mother will kill me for wasting five dollars on a Yale yarmulke.

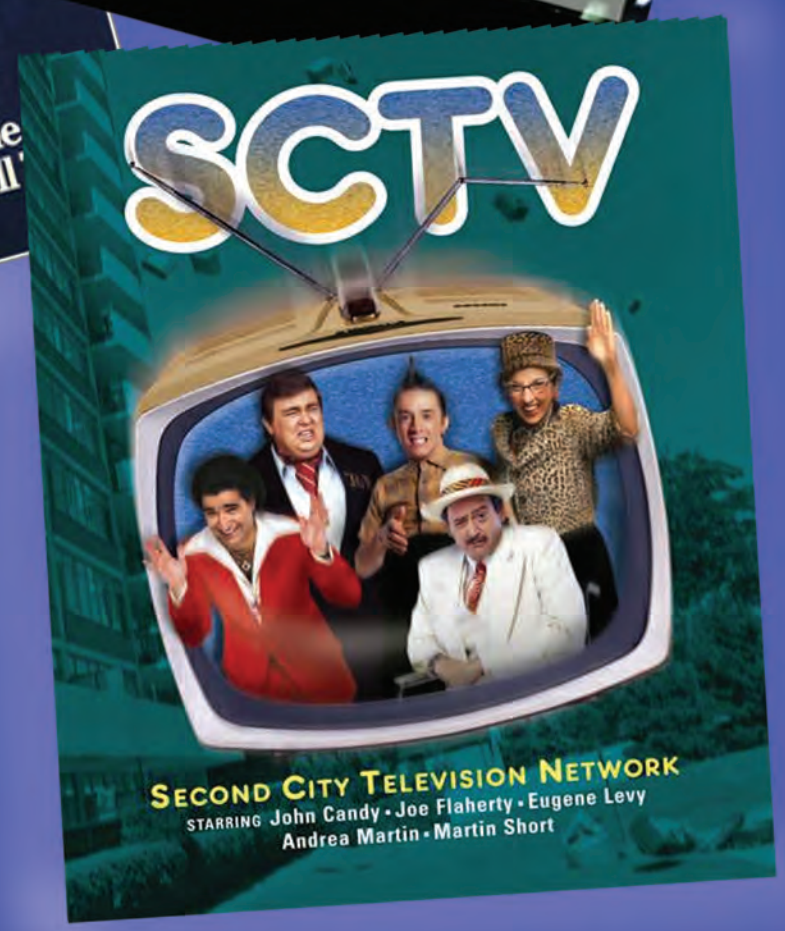
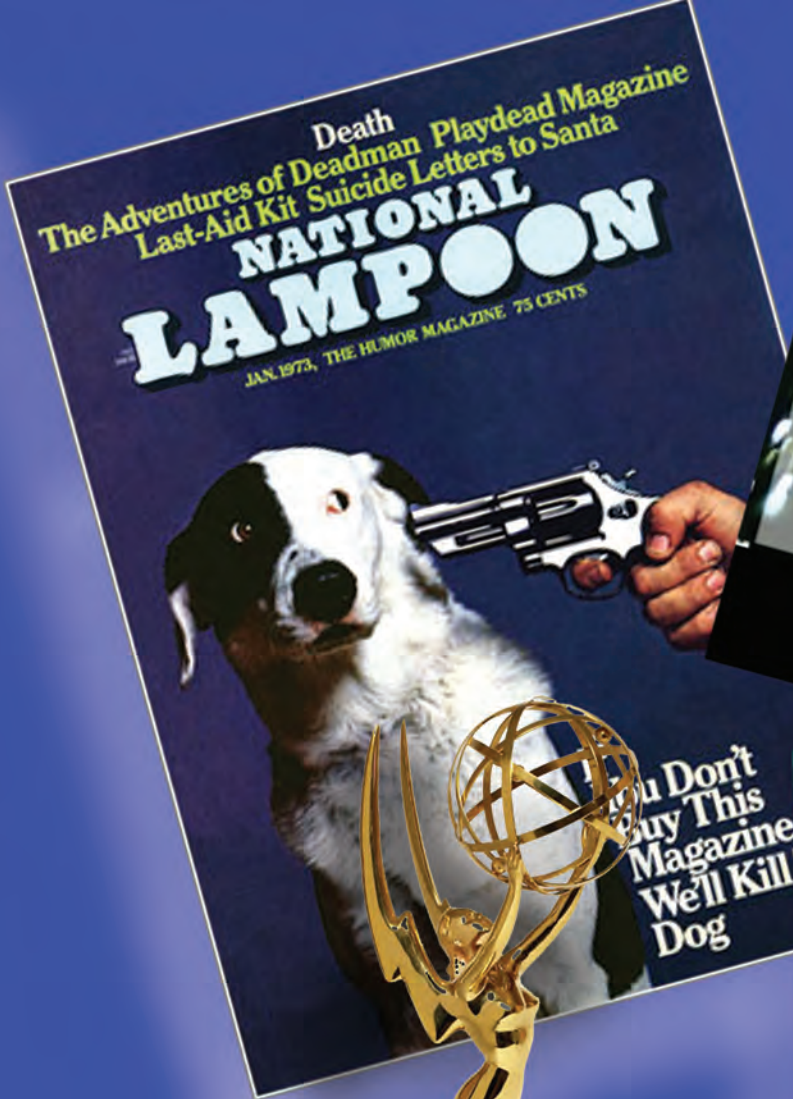
Signature of Applicant:

Mordecai Rabinowitz Lowell III

Notarized by:

J. Greenblatt
J. Greenblatt

J. Abolafia
J. Abolafia



BRIAN McCONNACHIE

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