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

Dear Cosmo Magazine,
Stop telling your readers to milk
our prostates!
—Men Everywhere

**Roland Burris Testifies to Giving
Rod Blagojevich a Hand Job**

Dear Abraham Lincoln,
Congratulations, a C-SPAN poll
of historians listed you as our best
president. But I guess as you are
dead you probably don't care that
much. Oh man, I feel embarrassed
now.
—Dan PC '09

**Area Man Finally Gets around to
New Yorker from September 1994**

Dear Customs Agent,
When I said you could search my
things anytime, I meant that as a pick-
up line. I did not mean for you to find
all this child pornography. Can we
start over from the beginning?

Sincerely,
The Guy with All the Child
Pornography

**Jimmy Fallon to Be Host and
Audience of New Late Night Show**

Dear Peter Pan Peanut Butter,
I never wanted to grow up and now
I won't—because of you! I ate your
product, got salmonella, and now my
death approaches. This isn't what I
meant when I said I wanted to be a
lost boy.
—Little Eugene

John McCain Endorses Fixodent

Dear Karl Rove,
I would like you to make another
appointment to discuss the details of
your recent diagnosis, but in laymen's
terms you look like you are made of
pudding.
—Your Doctor

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- ◆ Breakfast Specials
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- ◆ Eggs and Omelettes
- ◆ Assorted Sandwiches
- ◆ Skyscraper Club Sandwiches
- ◆ Fresh Lobster Roll
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...and more!



COME VISIT US!

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Dear Huffington Post,

I know that politics can be exciting, but you can't cover politicians as if they were celebrities. While a close-up of Angelina Jolie's breasts is hot, a close-up of Arlen Specter makes me wish I never even had a penis.

—Jim MC '09

Dear Satellite Radio,

I hear you are going bankrupt. I guess we were just too ahead of our times.

—Satellite Minstrel Shows

Madonna Somewhere with Some Guy

Dear Mrs. Stevens,

You were the best teacher ever! But my science teacher says that last year you taught our class some things wrong. She says that koalas aren't bears, frogs do hibernate, and that my shoe size is a good indicator of how big my willy is.

—Timmy Jenkins

Alex Rodriguez Steroids Scandal Causes America to Forget the Time He Killed a Hooker

Dear Cap'n Crunch,

Upon closer inspection of your credentials, decided your services no longer needed STOP.

—Admiral Perry

Dear Mike,

I don't see what the big problem is. Everyone does me. Just one more person isn't going to make any difference. Come on.

—Rationalization

Poodle Tired of Explaining That He's Not Gay

Dear Sting,

We write to warn you that the stingrays will try to convince you of their undying devotion to your music. You must know they are called stingrays because of the lethal barbed spine on their tails, not because they have listened to "Field of Gold" on repeat. They are tricksters. We will always be your biggest fans under the sea.

Sincerely,

The Manta Rays

Yale Freshman Tells Friends He Is the 51st Most Beautiful Person at Yale

Dear Mrs. Berger,

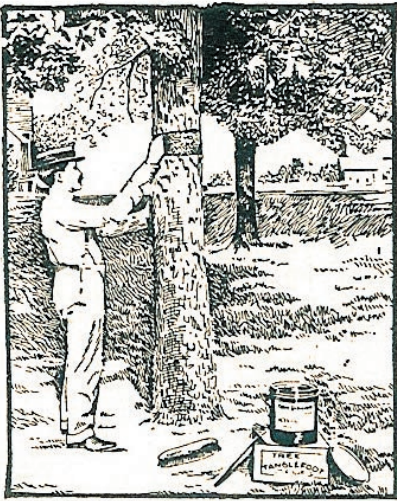
May I be excused to go to the bathroom? I've got this feeling...I just can't hold it in, baby. I can't hold it in.

—Young Barry White

Dear Laboratory,

My friends! Tell me plainly, what good has the centerfuge brought us? Isn't this the time for us to come together, rather than be separated?

—Lab Oratory



Send for Booklet!

UNDERAGE?

WE'LL
SELL YOU

CHAMPAGNE

...or scotch, or rum, or vodka in bright 'n' bouncy plastic bottles, you name it—if it's dirt-cheap and kills brain cells, we've got it. And since we've got it, you can get it. We pay off the cops. You'd be amazed at how little money it takes to bribe 'em. Terrified, in fact.



Skeevy's

Wines & Liquor

You Know Where • New Haven

Dear Mr. Ponzi,

Thank you for your recent letter; yes, I do accede. In all fairness, though, if you were really the best at it then it wouldn't be called a Ponzi scheme now would it?

—The SEC

Dow Falls to 6,700 in Failed Attempt to Shoot the Moon

Dear Tweens,

I heard love is blind, but this is ridiculous!!!

Love,

Miley Cyrus as Hannah Montana in "*Miley Cyrus Presents Hannah Montana's The Hunchback of Northbrook Court*," a new romantic comedy starring Miley Cyrus starring as Hannah Montana

Area Man Once Again Buys All the Staples He Will Ever Need

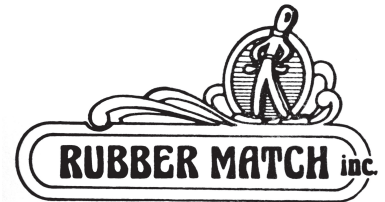
Dear Cartography,

No one does me anymore either.
—Gladis Watts 81,
Century Village, Fl.

Dear City Hall,

Ring. Ring. Hi, I'm at the intersection of Spruce and Chestnut and I don't see a traffic light. Is it ok for me to cross? What? Oh, I see. I guess you're right—it is none of your business.

—A Sarcastic Libertarian



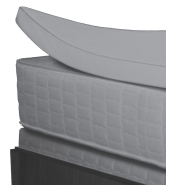
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SLEEP QUIZ

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?

The correct answer to your sleep problem is...

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YOUR BED

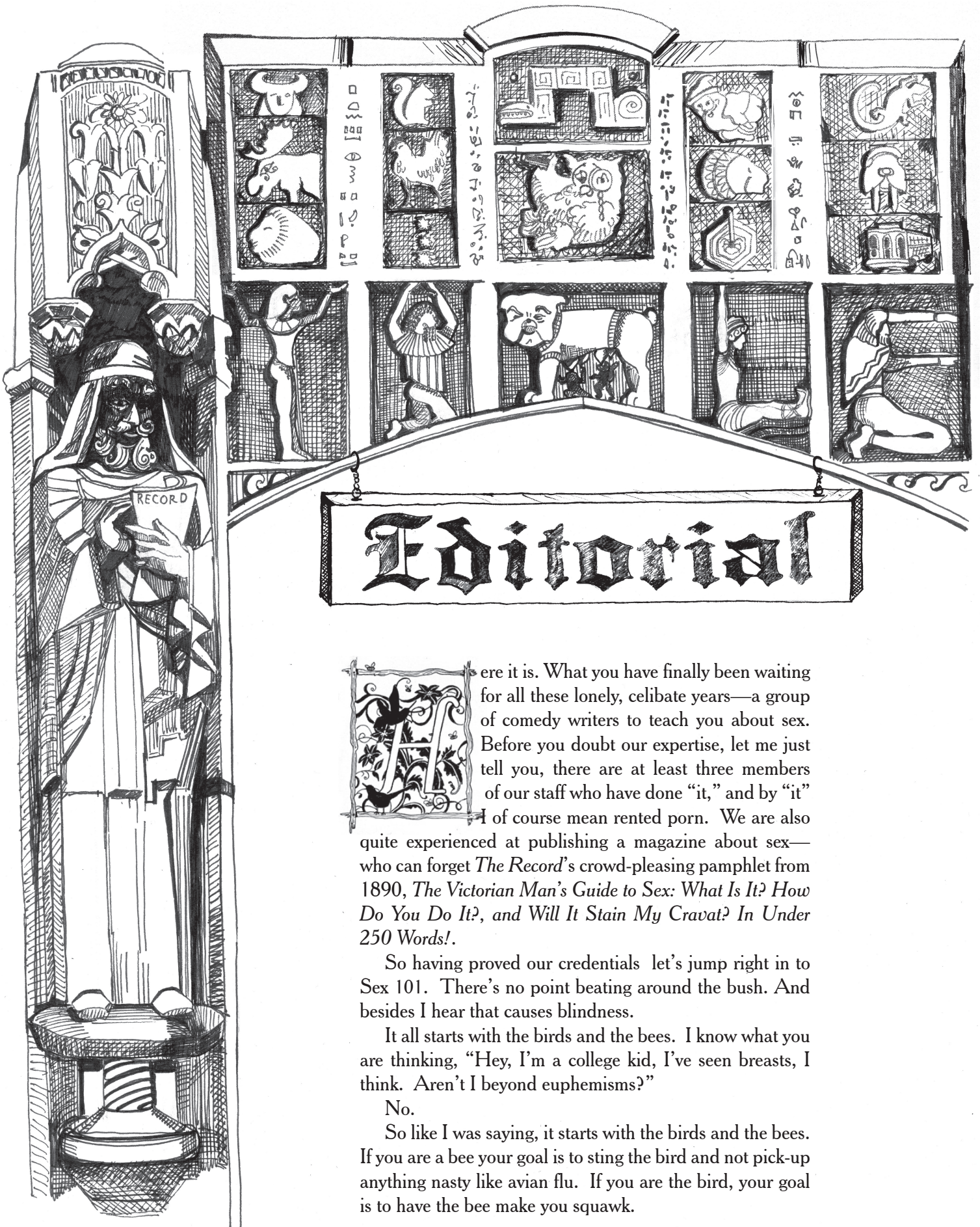


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Editorial



ere it is. What you have finally been waiting for all these lonely, celibate years—a group of comedy writers to teach you about sex. Before you doubt our expertise, let me just tell you, there are at least three members of our staff who have done “it,” and by “it”

of course mean rented porn. We are also quite experienced at publishing a magazine about sex—who can forget *The Record's* crowd-pleasing pamphlet from 1890, *The Victorian Man's Guide to Sex: What Is It? How Do You Do It?, and Will It Stain My Cravat? In Under 250 Words!*.

So having proved our credentials let's jump right in to Sex 101. There's no point beating around the bush. And besides I hear that causes blindness.

It all starts with the birds and the bees. I know what you are thinking, “Hey, I'm a college kid, I've seen breasts, I think. Aren't I beyond euphemisms?”

No.

So like I was saying, it starts with the birds and the bees. If you are a bee your goal is to sting the bird and not pick-up anything nasty like avian flu. If you are the bird, your goal is to have the bee make you squawk.

Hmm...that actually doesn't make much sense. Let me start again.

So let's say that this time you are a bird, but with nipples. You want a bee to pollinate you, but also stay the night and maybe make breakfast.

Wait...you can't pollinate a bird can you? All right, I know this makes sense somehow.

Okay how about you are a bee and your buddy is a bird, a hummingbird, and you both want to get some nectar. So far so good. You go up to the flower and kiss the flower's neck and hope the flower doesn't object to being in a *ménage-a-trois* with a bee and a hummingbird. Then you lean into the flower's ear and say, "Buzz, buzz, baby," and the hummingbird says, "Slightly lower-pitched buzz, baby." If the flower likes your buzzing she will open her petals and your buddy the hummingbird can insert his beak into her stigma. Now we are getting somewhere.

Sometimes people like to talk dirty or brag of their prowess so don't be surprised if you hear the hummingbird say something like, "The upstroke *and* downstroke of my wings produce lift," or "My shoul-

ders can rotate nearly 180 degrees." While the hummingbird occupies the stigma, you need not sit idly by and feel inadequate for not having shoulders, but you should feel free to softly caress the anther.

Whoa there...that means flowers are hermaphroditic, doesn't it?

Maybe you are a bird and you are interested in something a bit kinky so you go up to a beehive and peck at it for a while until all the bees fly out and sting you and you love it because you are a naughty bird.

Yeah, that's the ticket.

Now that your stamens are all turgid, please open your petals to the sensual buzzing of the Please Your Man Issue, whose fuzzy thorax can deposit tips for telling if that cute guy in section is into you, insight into the scintillating sex fantasies of your fellow Yalies, and a not-to-be-missed Cosmo Quiz with our guest celebrity, the Republic of Estonia.

This issue will teach you everything you need to have mind-blowing sex. I just ask that when you're finished, please write *The Record* staff and tell us what it's like.

—M. Thornton



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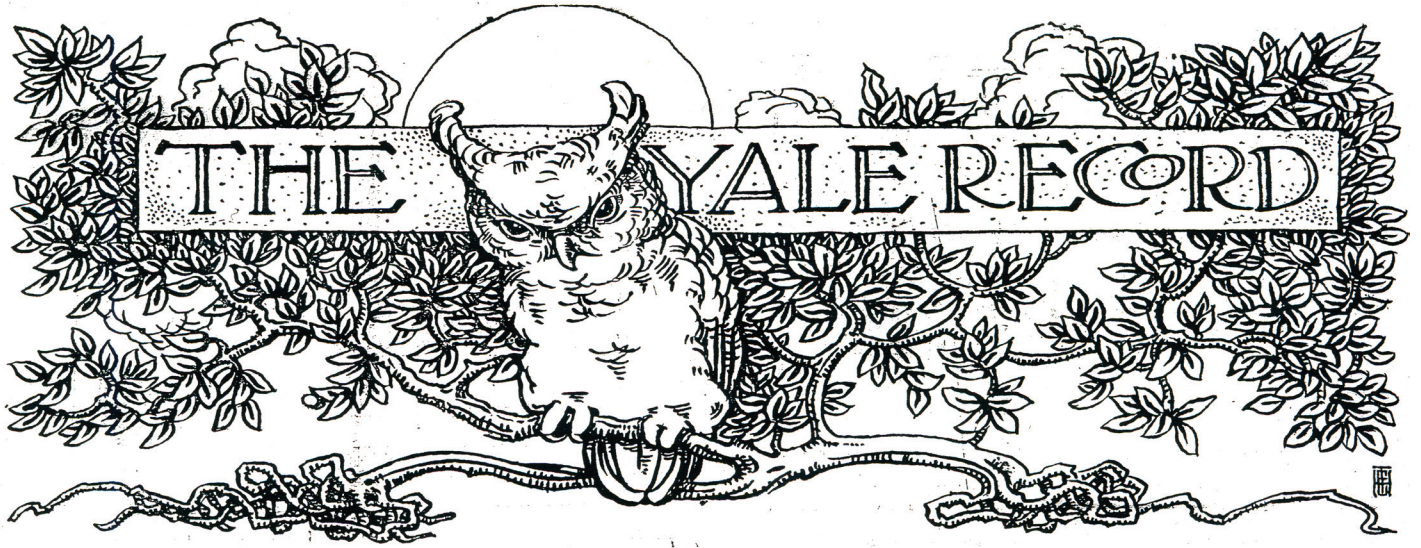
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A RECORD REJECTION LETTER

Hey, Chuck. I'm just getting back to you about your submission to the *Yale Record*. I couldn't help but notice that it's just the courtroom scene from *A Few Good Men* with names replaced with salad words. While this is fine, even the best pieces can benefit from a little tweaking and I'm hoping we can work together to help this piece reach its full potential.

First, I have a few suggestions. Although your focus is excellent, it might be helpful to vary the types of jokes to include jokes other than salad puns. Private Q. Cumber and Sergeant Bruce L. Sprout are funny names, but readers like to be surprised—maybe you could even introduce a tension between salad and non-salad jokes! That might work. Also, while you're at it, it might be worth thinking of some sort of plot, and maybe motivations for the characters. The original drama doesn't hold together as well when both lawyers are tomatoes.

And do you think you could add some new material between the third and fourth paragraphs, and maybe in place of them, too?

I also have some criticism. For one, I'm not sure the whole poor grammar motif really works here. I like the effect you're trying to create, but it's a little subtle for our audience and you might want to go for something

less ambitious. The same goes for your failure to end parentheses and your use of apostrophes instead of commas. Also, "but" isn't usually used to end a sentence. Do you think you could work on this? Oh, and I'd be wary of assuming your reader has extensive knowledge of vegetology and horticulture. I know we're at Yale, but some people still went to public school.

I really like your title, "A Bushel of Good Men," but do you think it's a good idea to end the piece halfway through the "You can't handle the truth!" line? I always thought that was the most exciting part of the scene.

Finally, it's not really a big deal, but could you change the movie from *A Few Good Men* to *Juno*? I think our readers might know that one better. And could you take out paragraphs 2 and 5? And the parts about salad?

You know what, actually, never mind. The piece is fine—it really is. In fact, we liked it so much, why don't you write another one? With a different premise? You can send it to us and we'll compare them and put the best one in the magazine, whichever one that happens to be.

Ok? Good. I'll see you at the meeting.

— D. Klumpp

EXTRAS I EXPECT TO FIND ON
THE DVD OF MY LIFE

- Audio Commentary by Writer/Director/Actor
Simon Swartzman
- “I was trying to create a dramatic tension, since Swartzman didn’t yet know about his impending financial calamity. And, of course, I needed to relieve that tension by cutting to a lewd sex scene.”
- “Swartzman as postmodern hero,” a posthumous essay by Susan Sontag
- Widescreen Letterbox Format
- Deleted Scenes, including:
 - “Swartzman discovers he’s Finnish royalty”
 - “Montage in which Swartzman is transported back in time to remind himself of the names of all the people whose names he embarrassingly forgot or mispronounced”
- “Orgy”
- Selected Filmography
 - Julius Caesar
 - Godokoro Honinbo Sansa
 - David Hume
 - Elvis Presley
 - Supporting Role in
 - Thomas Jefferson
 - Marilyn Monroe
- Making-of documentary, featuring in-depth interviews with Swartzman’s parents
- Director’s Cut, with alternate ending in which Swartzman was only sleeping and goes on to live for another 25 years
- Trailer for the sequel

— S. Swartzman



CANADIAN JOKE CORNER

Yo mama so fat, her doctor had to have a frank discussion with her about her weight.

10 CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH
HE MIGHT BE INTO YOU

- 1) Slightly less pervasive stench
- 2) Basic literacy
- 3) Nuclear holocaust; repopulation necessary
- 4) Have moved out of parents’ basement, or failing this, have at least entered into negotiations for refrigerator privileges
- 5) Easily-remembered birthday (Christmas, π day, same as his birthday)
- 6) Your brazen, spunky, non-threateningly ethnically diverse best friend tells you just to forget about him and go dancing! Your fun and spontaneous self emerges from under that deceptively-easily-shed mousy exterior!
- 7) Not his sister
- 8) Seriously, stop it Katy! Find a date for prom who’s not your freaking brother!
- 9) Willingness to just make him a goddamn sandwich and shut the hell up
- 10) Not one of those losers who get dating advice from magazine quizzes.

— N. Klugman



OVERHEARD IN A BREADLINE



“WHICH ONE OF YOU ASSHOLES DOUBLE-PARKED MY PORSCHE?”

M. Thornton

PAMPHLETS THAT ARE NO LONGER
DISTRIBUTED AT DUH

- Hilarious STDs and How to Give Them to People You Don't Like
- Your Fingernails Might Be in More Danger Than You Know
- So You Have Oversized Nipples...
- Are You Sure You Don't Have March Madness? It's More Common Than You Might Think
- Uplifting Witticisms That Rhyme with "Malignant"
- "Holy Shit, Can That Thing Speak?" and Other Things Not to Say When You See a Tumor
- So Your Roommate is a Witch...
- 17 Diseases That Sound a Lot Less Deadly Than They Really Are
- How Many Toes Are Too Many?
- Looking for a Household Remedy for Homosexuality?
- So a DUH Doctor Turned Your Cold into Leprosy, What Now?

— J. Greenblatt

EVERYDAY SHIT AND WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT
WITH BILL TOH

ON THE POST-SHAKE DRIP:

You think you're finished peeing, you put your dick back in your pants, and...surprise! You let loose one more drop, and it shows up right in the center of your crotch, in the most conspicuous of spots. To avoid this, I like to just pee with my pants down all the way to my ankles. That way you eliminate any penis pressure. I like to take off my shirt too. You don't want to get anything splashed back on you due to the increase in flux. If, however you find yourself a post-shake drip, you've got two options:

1) Finish the job: just pee completely in your pants. That way you're not incapable of handling your penis; you're just smelly and maybe a little slow. If you can, try peeing all over the pants. That way they'll be one solid color, and you can just say they were that dark the whole time. Be careful: this solution works less well for the post-masturbation drip.

2) Take them off and throw them out. I'd rather be the idiot who forgot to wear pants than the idiot who peed his pants.

— B. Toth

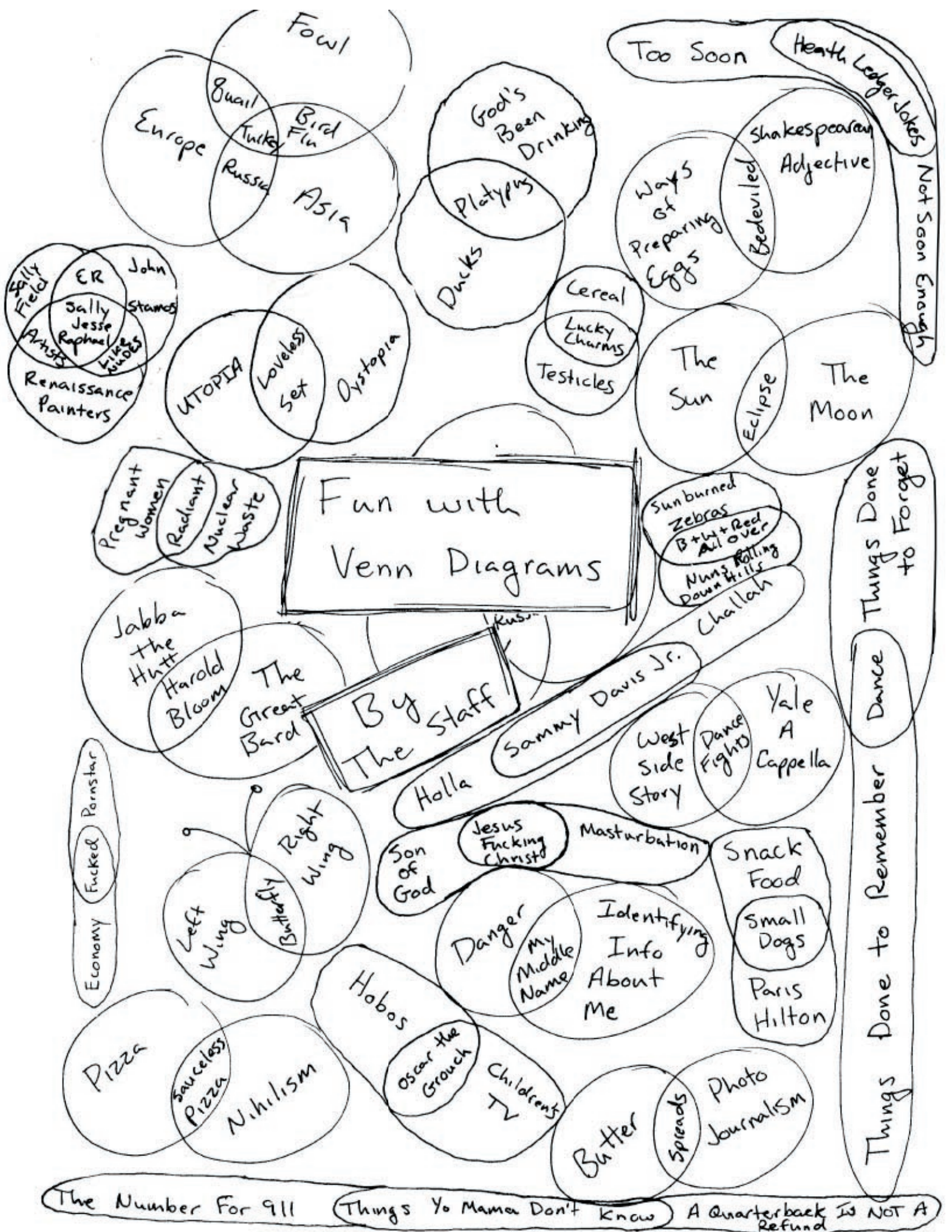


S. & V. Naratil



AFTER TRYING TO FOOL HIS MOTHER INTO BELIEVING THAT HE DIDN'T EAT THE LAST
PIECE OF PIE, PETEY REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS A SNAKE.

Fun with Venn Diagrams



FAMILY CIRCUS



M. Thornton

"MOMMY, I CAN'T FIND THE G-SPOT ANYWHERE!"



JACK MAXIM AND JANE COSMO
ON A FIRST DATE

Boy, my hands sure are sweaty. I hope she doesn't want to shake hands. Why would she want to shake hands? This is a date, not a job interview. How do I know if this is a date? Maxim says, **Go in for a hug, but keep looking her in the eyes. Eventually this will probably have to turn into a kiss, and you're on your way to the sack.** I guess I could try that. "Hi, Jane."

"Hi, Jack. How are you?" Oh god he's not nervous at all. Did you hear that "Hi, Jane?" He gave me the "sister hi" I was reading about. And he's coming in for a hug. Cosmo, does he know this is a date? **If he holds the hug for 1.1-1.3 seconds, he doesn't think of you as more than friends ... yet. If he holds it for 1.4-1.6 seconds, he's just looking for a hussy. If he holds it for 1.7-1.9 seconds, he's the real thing, and you're on your way to the altar.** Ok, that's one one-thousand, two one-thou—wait, how long was that? Was that the hussy hug? Should I try that

again? Was he staring at my cheek? "Um, shall we?"

Was she counting under her breath? "After you." **Hold the door, douche.** Holding the door. Perfect. **Now put your hand on the small of her back.** Ok, hand on the small of the back. **These little acts of guidance show this girl that you want to guide her straight to the sack.** Wait, wait. I don't want to go straight to the sack. What about coffee?

"Oh, thank you." I remember this one. **If he holds the door for you, it means that he wants to care for you. In response, pretend that you don't have hands for the first 20 minutes of the date. Don't touch your hair or the door or the chair or the table. Men like to feel important, and what would be more important than caring for a quadriplegic?** A quadriplegic? Is that how he sees me? Not that I'm prejudiced or anything, but isn't that sending him the wrong message? Oh, well.

Women like questions. It's their beer. Get 'em drunk on questions and they won't know the sick from the sack. Oh, I don't know about that. I thought I would tell her that anecdote about the time—**Questions! Women would date a question mark if it could get it up.** Ok, ok. "So, what kind of coffee do you like?"

"Oh, I don't know. You decide." More helplessness! "I just can't seem to do anything for myself these days." Why did we have to go for coffee? I was already so anxious about this. And in thirty minutes I'll feel gassy, especially after I squeezed into these jeans. Now I'll have to look really interested while my intestines feel like squeaking balloon animals. **Whatever you do, don't pass gas until after the altar.** Oh, jeez. "Actually, maybe a decaf."

"Want anything else?"

Do I? **You don't. A man will never love a woman who eats more than he does. This one can be explained through evolut—** I'll take your word for it. "No, I'm fine with a coffee."

"How about a muffin?"

"Only if you're having one. No, wait, only if you're having two."

"And a napkin?"

"Uh, if we're having muffins." **Once he turns away, this is a good opportunity to search through his belongings for traces of other women. What!? A girl can never be too careful**

about her man. I guess. Is that a copy of Maxim in his bag? Ew, he reads that rag? Shoot, he's coming back.

"Here you go." If you're not too much of a stupid moron to forget everything, remember this: Confidence. Women like confident men, even if they look like twerps like you. Ok. Chest: puffed. Jaw: clenched. Eyes: squinty. Say her name, and follow that with a question. "Jane, what kind of name is Jane?"

What's wrong with him? Are his pants too tight too? He could barely get that question out. "Umm, Anglo-Saxon, I think. What about yours?"

"Anglo-Saxon, too." Question it! "Can you believe it?" Damn. That one was rhetorical.

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

Oh no! A lull! Lulls remind men of all the sports they're missing. Fuck!

Oh no! A lull! Lulls let women know that you're a good listener. Fuck yeah! Milk it, and then sock her with another question. One one-thousand. Two one-thousand. "What are you thinking?"

Was he counting under his breath? "I'm thinking

about what you just said."

"So what are you thinking about now?"

"I'm thinking about what I'm thinking."

"I see. And now?"

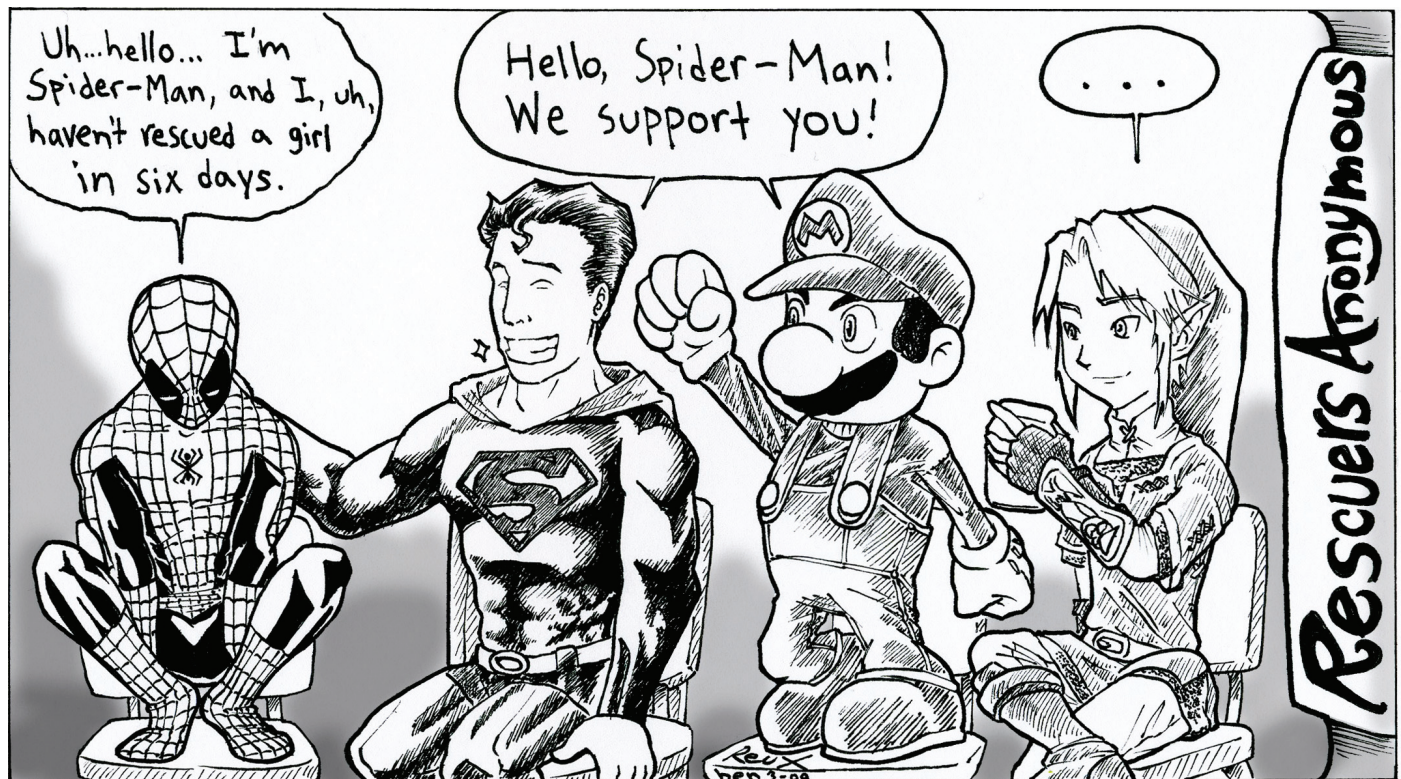
"Why? What are you thinking about?"

Don't let women ask too many questions. Take command of the conversation, and give her a compliment while you're at it. "I'm thinking about your face. It's beautiful and flat, like high-society dishware."

"That's nice." That's strange.

Nice is a bad sign. Nice means you're not going to sack this girl tonight. Isn't that a football term, and doesn't it mean something violent? Do you want to sack her tonight or not? And what if I don't want to sack a girl on the first date? I—I don't understand. What if I'm not that kind of guy? What? I mean, all guys are that kind of—what? But chicks love—I don't, I can't... bro pussy sausage jokes! BZZT! The muscle fear penis lady time! BZZT BZZTCHK! Hello? Hello? Maxim? Oh God.

— S. Swartzman





WHAT HIS BODY LANGUAGE SAYS ABOUT HOW HE FEELS

BY CLAIRE MULANEY

He avoids making eye contact: If your man doesn't want to lock eyes, he may be suffering from Amblyopia, more commonly known as Lazy Eye. Try putting a patch on his good eye in order to strengthen the lazy one!

He crosses his legs away from you: Don't worry if he's keeping his closer leg away from you; he's probably suffering from Unipediodora, or One Smelly Foot. He's just being courteous when he keeps his smelly side on the far side. Maybe he stepped in something unsavory on his way to buy you flowers!

He rolls his eyes when you talk about how you feel: You know how there are big gears turning inside your head when you think? Sometimes, when your brain doesn't release enough, dopamine it can cause the eyes to roll in rhythm with your thought motion. Don't fear, ladies. He's just processing your story about your mother's inability to listen without criticizing.

He mimes various ways to end his life every time you are in the room: If your man pretends to stab himself in the stomach when you greet him or ties an imaginary rope around his neck, he's probably so pathetically overwhelmed with love for you that he finds it difficult to exist. Give him some books on spiritual fulfillment to help him center himself during this time of emotional excess.

He disappears: If you can't find your man, he's probably playing an extreme version of "hard to get" in which he leaves you without explaining or saying good-bye and you are left to seek answers in magazines. Try our recipe for the Cry-Me-A-River-tini on page 74!

WHAT'S YOUR FANTASY: YALE EDITION

"A girl to kiss me, you know, on the mouth."



"Let's just say that there is some sex involved...."

"A threesome between me, my girlfriend, and the great bard."



"A bitch. Really, any bitch will do."

5 Never-before Revealed Ways to Turn on Your Man

- Hookers
- Porn
- Strippers
- Bacon
- Your Hot Sister

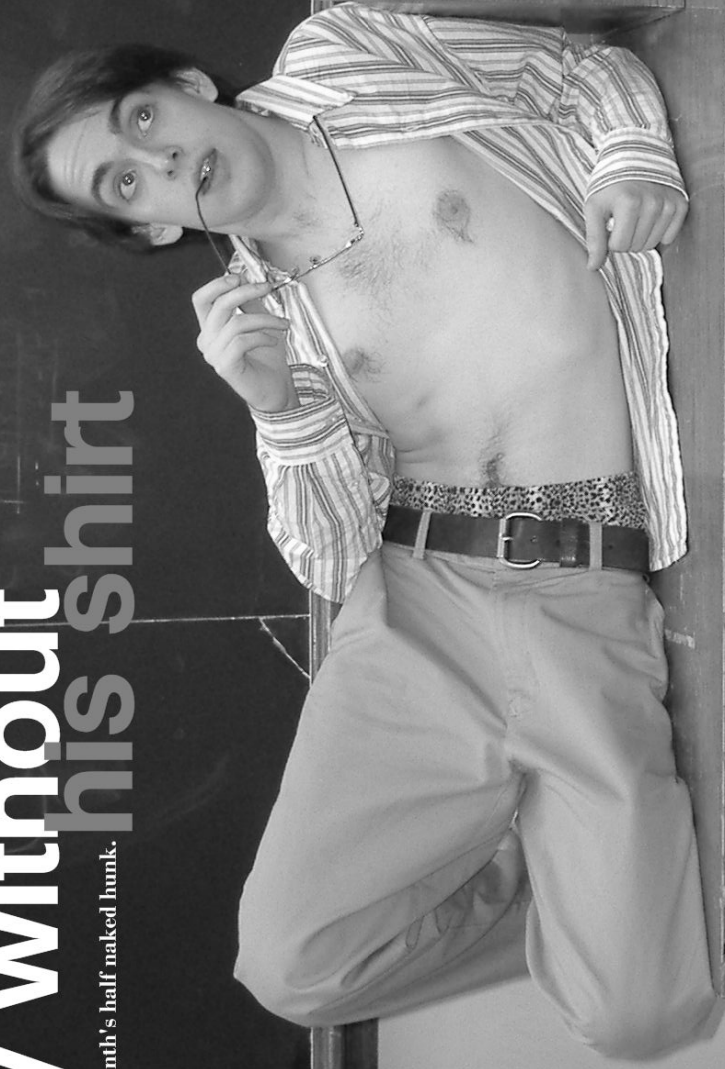
How you know your relationship is

[OVER]

- He's been dead for like three years
- You find some of your faults
- He writes you poetry that begins, "Shall I compare you to a shitty New Haven day..."
- Hot Austrian chauffeur doesn't know how to drive, never wears shirt
- Your girlfriend is already bored with the guy she is cheating on you with
- Demanding to turn off the game during lovemaking is deemed unreasonable

guy without his shirt

Check out this month's half-naked hunk.



Michael W.

Harris

Age:

21

Major:
English

Moultrie, GA

Hometown:

Perfect Date:

Plucking each other's eyebrows and then watching

Bill Murray's 1993 classic movie *Groundhog Day*.

Favorite Sexual Position:

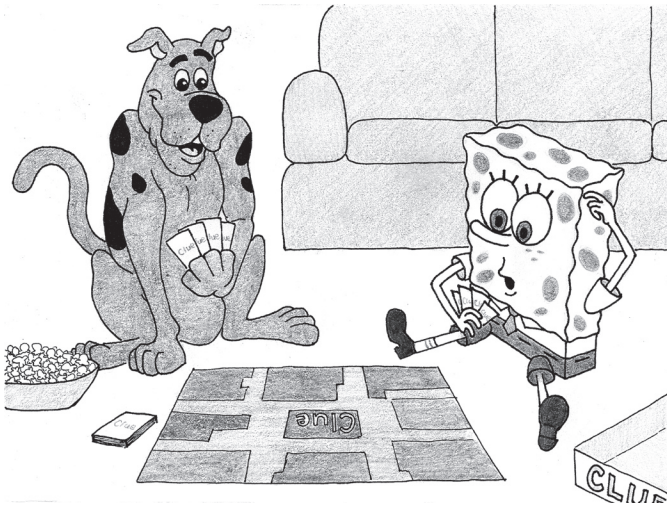
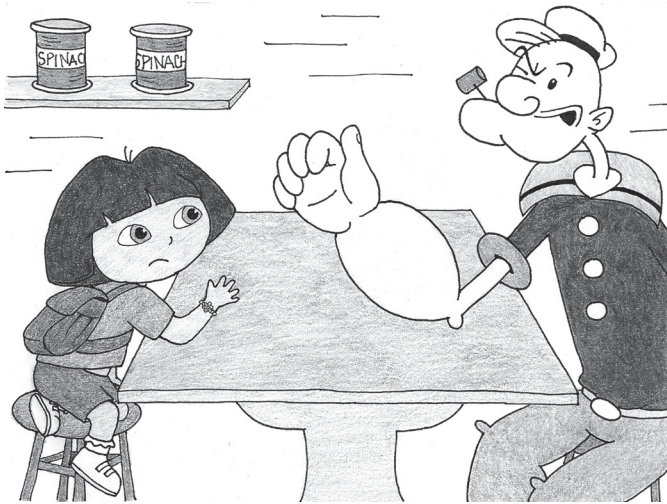
Missionary. That's the position they used in

Bill Murray's 1993 classic movie *Groundhog Day*.

Life's Goal:

To try to be the best person I can be. Bill Murray used this strategy in the 1993 classic movie *Groundhog Day* to great effect, managing to sleep with several women on the same day.

GAME-NIGHT MISMATCHES



SEVEN MINUTES IN HEAVEN

BOY: Okay, well just stick your tongue out and....

GIRL: Joey, wait! What is that angelic music? This doesn't look like Troy's closet....

BOY: I'm standing on a cloud.... Man, I think we're actually in—Grandpa?!

GRANDPA: Hey Kiddo! Welcome to the big honky-tonk in the sky! Meet my new lady-friend, Ginger Casino. She's Rita Hayworth's second cousin and she was a dancer at the Spiffy Flamingo, a nightclub in Tijuana. Oh, uh...don't tell your grandmother about this. Hey Ginger, shimmy for my grandson!

GINGER: Sure thing, Shnookumpoopie!

GRANDPA: Great. Isn't that just great?

BOY: I....

GRANDPA: Say, I never finished telling you about how we used to bottle eggplant in the old country! I got started and then I keeled over midsentence when you....

GIRL: So this must be why Bruce and Nancy left the closet with a golden harp autographed by Jackie Robinson.

BOY: I guess so!

GRANDPA: ...and then your great uncle George and I would shove them into the jars.

GIRL: Hey, do you think I could talk to my grandfather, Ralph McCauley?

GRANDPA: Never heard of him. Actually, I don't think he made it into—uh oh, I mean....Sure, I-I see him around all the time...R-Ralph, he's the best. He's, uhh...busy in the infinite trampoline arena. Hey...you kids must want to meet Jesus! He's playing shuffleboard with Groucho Marx right now, but he'll be back soon. Those Jews sure love that game!

BOY: Grandpa, you can't say that! (to Girl) Hey, I think our time is almost up. Do you...want to make out a little bit?

GIRL: I don't really feel comfortable...your grandpa is watching and Jesus is coming by.

BOY: Sure, that's cool. Do you have any lipstick I could smear on my face?

GINGER: I'll handle this one. Do you have a favorite lipstick shade or will my usual "aging back alley whore" do the trick?

— A. Gates

THINGS THAT WILL NOT CONVINCe A GIRL TO RETHINK SAYING NO! *

- NO is the chemical formula for nitric oxide! If, in your response to my sexual advance, you were referring to this compound's high heat of formation, I *too* feel an overpowering heat between us. And if you were referring to its function in signaling increased blood flow and vasodilation, I *do* have an erection.
- .no is the internet domain code for Norway! If you want to turn on some amateur Norwegian troll porn and yodel 'til the sun comes up, I'm all for it. We can turn on the sweet jams of Odd Nordstoga and party like its Grunnlovsdagen!
- The National Offensive? The German Neo-Nazi party? Are you into that? Well, if you don't regret the Holocaust, there is NO WAY you will regret this tomorrow.
- NO are the initials of Nigel Olsson, drummer for Elton John. If you were noting the importance of rhythm, my roommate is in an a cappella group and could beat-box for us from the top bunk.
- Nickel-o-deon? You can be the Patti to my Doug; the Helga to my Arnold; the Cat to my Dog; the Ahh Real Monster to my Ahh Real Monster! KaBlam!

*Unless she's the one.

— A. Gates



HOW PARIS HILTON IS COPING WITH THE RECESSION

- Changing her name to Tulsa Best Western
- Suing for her "home video" revenue
- Second mortgage on her chihuahua
- Wearing even less
- Pawning Nicole Ritchie
- Inserting Burger King product placement into her sex videos.

— Staff

NEW RECESSION GAMESHOWS

- No Deal or No Deal
- The Price Is \$0
- So You Think You Can Panhandle?
- Are You Smarter Than a Ken Jennings? ^N Beizer
- Wheel of Fortune Champions Week: Consonants No Longer Free
- Who Wants to Marry a Slumdog?
- College Iron Chef: the Secret Ingredient Is Always Ramen.

— D. Klumpp and A. Gates



THE O'REILLY FACTOR DRINKING GAME

1 shot

- Bill calls a Democrat a coward
- Bill changes the subject when losing an argument
- Bill makes up a statistic

2 shots

- Bill challenges someone to come on the show
- Bill begins an opinion with "everyone knows..."
- Bill plugs his books or website

3 shots

- "Al Franken"
- "Far left"
- "Shut up"

Shotgun a Beer

- Bill cuts the guest's microphone
- Bill is right (also throw empty can at nearest registered republican)

Go Streaking

- Bill reads the email you sent him on the air

Celebratory Homicide

- Someone videotapes you streaking, sends it in to the *Factor*, and they play it on the air

Run for President

- Someone video tapes your celebrity homicide, sends it in to the *Factor*, they play it on the air, and the show is canceled because of you*

*If elected President, 2 shots.

— A. Bildersee



N. Beizer



DEBBIE DOES MAYFIELD

Cue WELCOMING MUSIC as screen fades from black. We see a shot of a road sign saying “WELCOME TO MAYFIELD.”

Cut to DEBBIE, a flirty, sexy girl with large, inviting breasts. She stands outside of a tasteful two-story home with white trim surrounded by beautifully manicured hedges. It looks like a wonderful place to live. DEBBIE knocks on the hand-carved but affordable door.

DEBBIE: Hello? Is anyone there? I’ve lost my way.

GUY opens the door. He is dressed in welcoming clothes.

GUY: You lost your way? I don’t see how that’s possible, what with all of Mayfield’s helpful information kiosks.

DEBBIE: (She has been sexily caught!) You’ve seen through my lies, Mister. I heard you announce Mayfield’s public school system had just scored highest in the county at the City Council meeting today. I was wondering if you could tell me (innocently, but she isn’t really innocent) even more.

GUY: I have a whole folder of information in my room.

Cut to GUY’S ROOM. He and DEBBIE sit on the bed, flipping through a folder full of diagrams. DEBBIE is in her underwear here, probably one of those little underwears, like a string thing in her butt or something.

GUY: I’m sorry that you misplaced your pants on the way up to the bedroom. We can try and find them later.

DEBBIE: Please, don’t worry about that. (Biting her finger unaggressively) According to these diagrams, there’s so much commercial zoning in this town that there should be plenty of places for me to buy a new pair. (Noticing a diagram) Ooo!

GUY: That’s a brand new library. State-of-the-art.

DEBBIE: (Distressed) No...no! (She throws the folder across the room) I’m scared!

GUY: Debbie! It’s not what you think. A library is where you can check out books. It helps build a community.

DEBBIE: (On the verge of tears) Just hold me. Make it all better.

GUY holds DEBBIE very close (i.e. a hug). Suddenly, they pull apart and look into each others’ eyes. DEBBIE takes out one of the maps she received from a kiosk earlier

in the day and spreads it across the floor, the business listings facing up. They begin to copulate on top of it as MAYFIELD MAYFIELD ART THOU NOBLE begins to play.

GUY: WHO'S YOUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE! WHO'S YOUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE!

DEBBIE: Oh, Derrick, yes! This is as stimulating as the city's economic plan, poised to reach its pinnacle next year!

DERRICK: It should increase our GDP by three—

DEBBIE: Oh!

DERRICK: point—

DEBBIE: Oh!

DERRICK: nine—

DEBBIE: Mm! (*she has orgasmed*)

DERRICK: percent! (*he has orgasmed*)

DEBBIE: Wow. That would be great for perspective businesses. Do you have a cigarette?

DERRICK: (*Handing her a cigarette*) Of course. We wouldn't be able to smoke on public property.

DEBBIE: Of course. (*She is in love*)

DERRICK *gets up to leave.*

DEBBIE: Where are you going?

DERRICK: I need to go supervise the development of a children's park in the heart of town. But stay here—I thought we could do a little role playing when we get back. (*In a tender voice*) I'll be an eco-friendly business.

DEBBIE: (*Like velvet curtains*) I'll be tax breaks.

DERRICK: Ooo... That would bring me so much pleasure.

Unable to resist, he returns to her. Cue THERE'S NEVER ANY SADNESS IN MAYFIELD as they copulate again. Fade out as they orgasm. If we need to, they can orgasm twice each as a kind of "grand finish."

THE END

Director: Mayor Troy Hardy

Writer: Councilman Derrick Fleck

Sponsored by the Mayfield City Council Industry Initiative

— M. Sonnenblick



QUIZ: WHICH FIVE EMO SONG TITLES ARE FAKE, AND WHICH ARE REAL DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE SONGS?

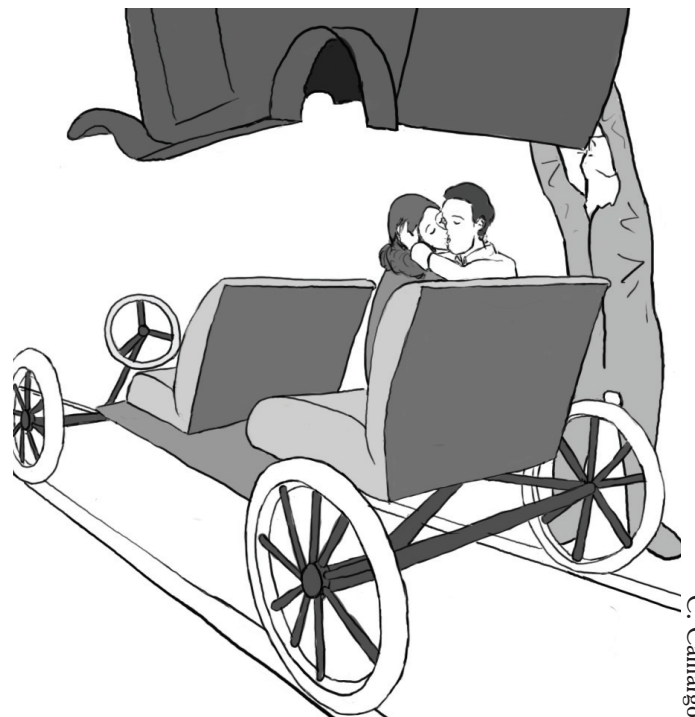
- I Will Follow You Into the Dark
- My Head Will Become an Empty Cage
- Soul Meets Body
- Materials Intertwined
- I Will Possess Your Heart
- Silence Flies on Broken Wings
- Pity and Fear
- Tears and Therapy
- Your Heart is an Empty Room
- April Showers, Dismay Flowers

Answers: Actually, no one listens to Death Cab for Cutie!

— B. Orlin



FAILED PATENT #15,027:
THE FORD MAKE-OUT SPOT



HITMAN WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE

Dear Diary,

It finally happened today—that guy, the one always coyly peaking at me through the binoculars from the bushes, finally took the first step to get to know me! I don't want to jinx it, but he may be my special someone. I can tell because now he follows me everywhere. He's still kind of timid, but at least I know he *cares*.



Dear Diary,

He likes me, he really likes me! You should see how he gets really shy around me, sneaking around with his cute little blowgun tucked behind his back, mixing unknown spices into my food when he thinks I'm not looking. Why can't men just be direct?



Dear Diary,

He hasn't approached me for a week. God, what do I need to do—walk around with a target on my back? No, on second thought, I want him to have to get *close* to me, if you know what I mean....



Dear Diary,

He's still being really standoffish. Sure, he's tried to connect with me; the car bomb this morning was a first step. But it's like he's still afraid of getting intimate. I mean, if you're going to go after me in my car, at least try to run me off the road or something.



Dear Diary,

You won't believe what happened. After a long day of work without *any* appearances by my new admirer, I saw him at night (in my living room!) waiting to strangle me with piano wire. He's finally willing to get serious! Of course I had to fight him off a little—you know how grabby men can get—but for the first time, I think I

might have a future with this man.



Dear Diary,

Well, it's over—I know, I sure can pick 'em, right? I don't know what happened. Maybe he got offered a more lucrative hit. Maybe he was fired due to his repeated failure to harm me. Either way, I still check under my bed each night, hoping against hope that he might be there, meat hook in hand, waiting to seize my heart.

— R. Clegg



S. V. Naraitil

"WHAT DOES 'LARGE' MEAN? IS THAT LIKE VENTI?"

LIBRARY LIBIDO LUST

Matthew Berkman cursed the Dewey Decimal System as he ventured off the elevator into the dusty, dark, and daunting world of the stacks, floor 7M. He looked down at his green index card, wishing the book would just fall into his hands with a magical POOF!

That's when he saw her: a white orthopedic sneaker peeking out from under a full length gray, wool skirt, a matching gray turtleneck on top. She looked like the Angel of Dust. Her gray hair popped out from the vibrant brown tomes.

"Can I help you?" the librarian teased.

"Oh," Matt fumbled with his green index card, "Um, I'm just looking for *The Danger Zone of Europe*, by Woods."

"Mmm, yes." Her throat sounded scratched like the arms of a 7-year-old with chicken pox. "I love Woods's *Danger Zone*. But come over. You may be interested in my Annals. They provide a tighter area...of research." She led him by his backpack strap to the end of the row.

"Anything else that I can do for you?" she whispered.

"I'm also in 'Great Whales in Fiction'," he said.

"Oh, I can help you get a grasp on *Moby Dick*. Sometimes it takes two brains...and two hands..." She patted down his Jew-fro.

The 15-minute lights flickered off.

"No more allusion: I want your Balzac," she said. She turned around, leaning against the stacks. "I want to be your *Catcher in the Rye*."

"I prefer to face Faulkner upfront," he said.

"You mean Salinger, but I get your drift...do you have protection?"

"What?"

"You know, like a leather covering for the good stuff so the outside is protected and can withstand poor climate and frequent use by college students?"

"Oh. Yes!"

(20 minutes later)

"So, does this usually take this long to come up?"

— A. Berkowitz



THE MOST AWKWARD COMBINATION OF ITEMS TO BUY AT THE SUPER MARKET:

- Cucumber
- KY Jelly
- *Rugrats* on DVD.

— B. Toth



REPUBLICANS HAVE ACCUSED OBAMA OF NAKED SELF-INTEREST



MODERNISTS GOES TO MCDONALD'S

EZRA POUND

"Can I take your order?"

"Chicken nugget happy meal—
Petals on a wet, black bough""I don't know if we carry that last thing you
mentioned...I'll have ask my manager."

e.e. cummings

i would like	and
a single sliced cheese	to
with red ripe tomatoes	dr-
on my hamburger round,	ink
perhaps a double tall patty a	
no mayonnaise	deliciously
	creamy triple
	thick vanilla
	milkshake to
	drink with it.
no, make it ch-	
	ocolate please

GERTURIDE STEIN

"Can I take your order?"

"I would like a Big Mac. I would like a Big Mac and a Diet Coke. A Big Mac and a Diet Coke are what I would like. Truly, I would like a Big Mac and a Diet Coke. Truly, I would truly like a Diet Coke and a Big Mac. Fries would go well with the Big Mac and Diet Coke. Truly I say to you I would like a Big Mac, a Diet Coke, and some Fries. I truly say to truly you that I would truly like some Fries, a Big Mac, and a Diet Coke. When you ask my order, I say Big Mac, Diet Coke, and Fries. When you ask my order, I say Big Mac. When you ask my order, I say Big Mac, Diet Coke, and Fries. Truly I say I would like a Big Mac. Some Fries, and a Diet Coke. I say truly I would like Fries, a Diet Coke, and a Big Mac when you ask my order truly.

"That's 7 orders of Fries, 11 Diet Cokes, and 13 Big Macs? Your total comes to \$52.08. Please drive around."

EMILY DICKINSON

Cashier, I'd like filet of Fish—

No tartar sauce—Before;

A throbbing hunger in my soul—

The stone-like pang; no more.

— M. W. Harris

THINGS I WRITE ON MY PROBLEM SETS
THAT DON'T GET FULL CREDIT

- =?
- Equals question mark?
- The rest of the problem is left as an exercise for the grader.
- 3.14159, uh, two, seven, maybe a six or so...
- Let z be the solution. The solution is z .
- I know my calculus, because u plus me equals us.
- Rather than a conventional proof relying on Euclid's postulates, I will present an alternative proof grounded in hearsay and conjecture.
- I assume that by "What is X ?" you mean "What is X in Roman numerals?" It's 10, moron.
- Dear Grader, do you like me? Check one:
 Full credit Half credit No credit

— B. Orlin



CONFUSING EPITAPHS

- Here Lies John Witz; *Grand* Father, *Great* Grandfather
- Here Lies Shaft; Beloved Son, Bad Mother
- Here Lies Kevin Dust; Ashes To Ashes, Dust To Dust To Dust
- Here Lies Shaquille O'Neil; Black Irish To The Day He Died
- Here Lies Herr Lies; German Patriot
- Here Lies Richard Nixon

— J. Greenblatt



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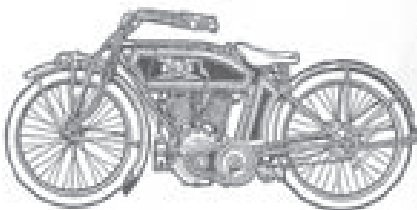
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Dear Yale Record,

It's me again—the preeminent scholar of the last 50 years. I thought you should know that when I involuntarily lose control of my bowels I clean myself up with pages from your magazine. Ha, ha, ha! Cough, cough, hhhch. Wheeze.

Sincerely,
 Harold Bloom

SPEED! POWER!



WHOEVER IS REVVING
*their motorcycle outside D-Port at
 3am every night had better stop it.*

You're an Asshole

Dear Mr. Smith,

I don't understand why the community insists on shunning us? What's wrong with sex between two married adults?

—Mrs. Jones

Dear Flagstone in the Courtyard,

How about a deal? You stop tripping me every single morning, and I'll stop puking on you every single weekend.

—John Jenkins PC '09

**Captain of Sinking Ship
 Demands Bailout from Fed,
 Spends on Expensive Cruise**

Dear Fourth Grade Shelly's Riddle Book,

What's big, round, bumpy, and covered with hair? Me! Me and my big, fat, stupid, ugly body.

—Ninth Grade Shelly's
 Self-Image

**Evangelical Propaganda
 Claims Jewish Zoo Only
 Has Horned Animals**

Dear Major League Baseball,

Now that A-Rod has fallen, it is clear that no one escaped the Steroid Era clean. I hope you will do what is right and reinstate my career homerun record of 12.

—James Ferrywhite,
 1B, Montauk Mashers

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Dear Hot Or Not,

How could you rank a dwarf as hotter than me? And a white one, no less? Isn't my complexion exotic? Honestly, is it because of my waist size?

—A Red Giant Star

Dehydrated Student Barely Passes Midterms, Kidney Stones

Dear Unicorn,

We all know it's an implant. Just accept who you are.

Sincerely,
Horses

Dear Pringles,

You think it's funny that once you pop you can't stop? I am on can 5,621 of ranch Pringles. I have not bathed in 2 years and I leave my house only when I need to sell my plasma so I can buy more Pringles. God, how I wish I could stop.

Sincerely,
Mark Richards

Jerry Seinfeld Gets New Reality Show, Wonders What the Deal is With All This Unemployment

Dear Abby,

Recently, I find myself writing to useless "advice" columnists whose ghostwritten suggestions make me want to drive to their house and disembowel them. What should I do?

—Stalking You in Seattle

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Free Pizza!

Every Monday Night
at 9PM in WLH 112

Writers • Artists • Designers
• Business-Minded People •



**THE YALE
RECORD**

Dear Professor Kagan,

I would do anything to get into your intro ethics class. Anything.
—Nancy Johnson, TD '12

**Combined Dow Jones, Carbon
Dioxide Index Holding Steady**

Dear Mary,

Sorry! Your Monopoly on my heart is over. This relationship has been in Trouble for awhile, so I'm sure that is not a surprise that will Boggle your mind. I don't care if my love for the Barrel of Monkeys is Taboo. That's Life.

—A Parker Brother

Dear Barack Obama,

I've got an idea for a stimulus plan. Get China to invest billions of dollars in US Bonds then pay them a high return which will inspire all of China's friends such as Stephen Spielberg and Sandy Koufax to give us millions of dollars. Then give the money to Canada to hold for you and turn yourself in.

—Bernie Madoff

**Area Man Woefully Unprepared
for Running Out of Post-it Notes**

Dear Garfield,

I hope that you are assassinated like your namesake.

—Tommy, age 8



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The Cosmo Quiz

Name: Estonia

Nickname: The Country Eastern Europe Forgot

I'm dying to work with High speed internet

I love to listen to Sophie's Choice soundtrack

The best part about being a celebrity is:

- a. The free clothes and stuff.
- b. Getting to meet cool people.
- c. Going to premieres.
- d. Having a personal assistant.
- e. Taking fancy vacations.

f. Other Better leverage to receive humanitarian aid

I am most insecure about my infant mortality rate because one day there may be no more Estonians

I'd love to play a Western European nation in a movie.

The feature I get the most compliments on is my proximity to Finnish health care

When I want to feel sexy I blow all my IMF money on dresses



You'd be surprised to find out that I have never loved

If I could trade lives with another woman for a day, it would be Pam from The Office

I get annoyed when people call me the capital of Lithuania

If you looked in my purse you would find mothballs, an unwrapped throat lozenge, and a unicameral parliament

The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me was went to a party where no one spoke Estonian
My weirdest phobia is tick-borne encephalitis

I think onscreen nude scenes are:

- a. Something I may try in the future
- b. Okay as long as I'm not in them
- c. Absolutely insane
- d. Other _____

The worse date I ever went on was Soviet occupation



You know you are in love when he pays for dinner

I think my body:

- a. Is just right.
- b. May not be perfect, but it's real.
- c. Could stand to gain/lose a few pounds.

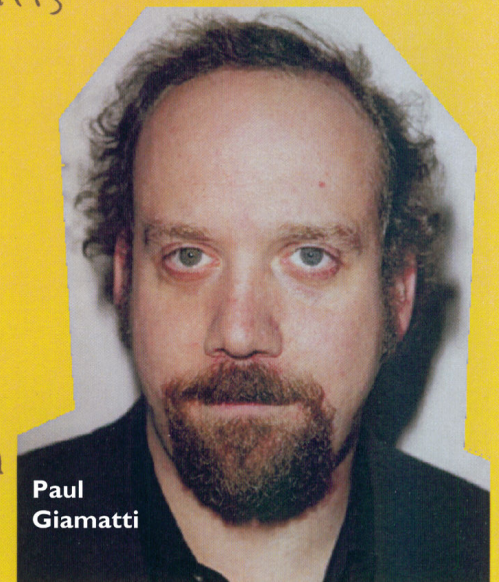
My prom date would describe me as

flat, boggy, and eager to please

I'm totally addicted to the Sex trade, Gossip Girl

In five years I want to be Latvia

My biggest celebrity crush is Paul Giamatti



Paul Giamatti



PIERSON COLLEGE AND THE YALE RECORD
PROUDLY
PRESENT A

MASTER'S TEA

WITH
WRITER

JOHN LEVENSTEIN

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