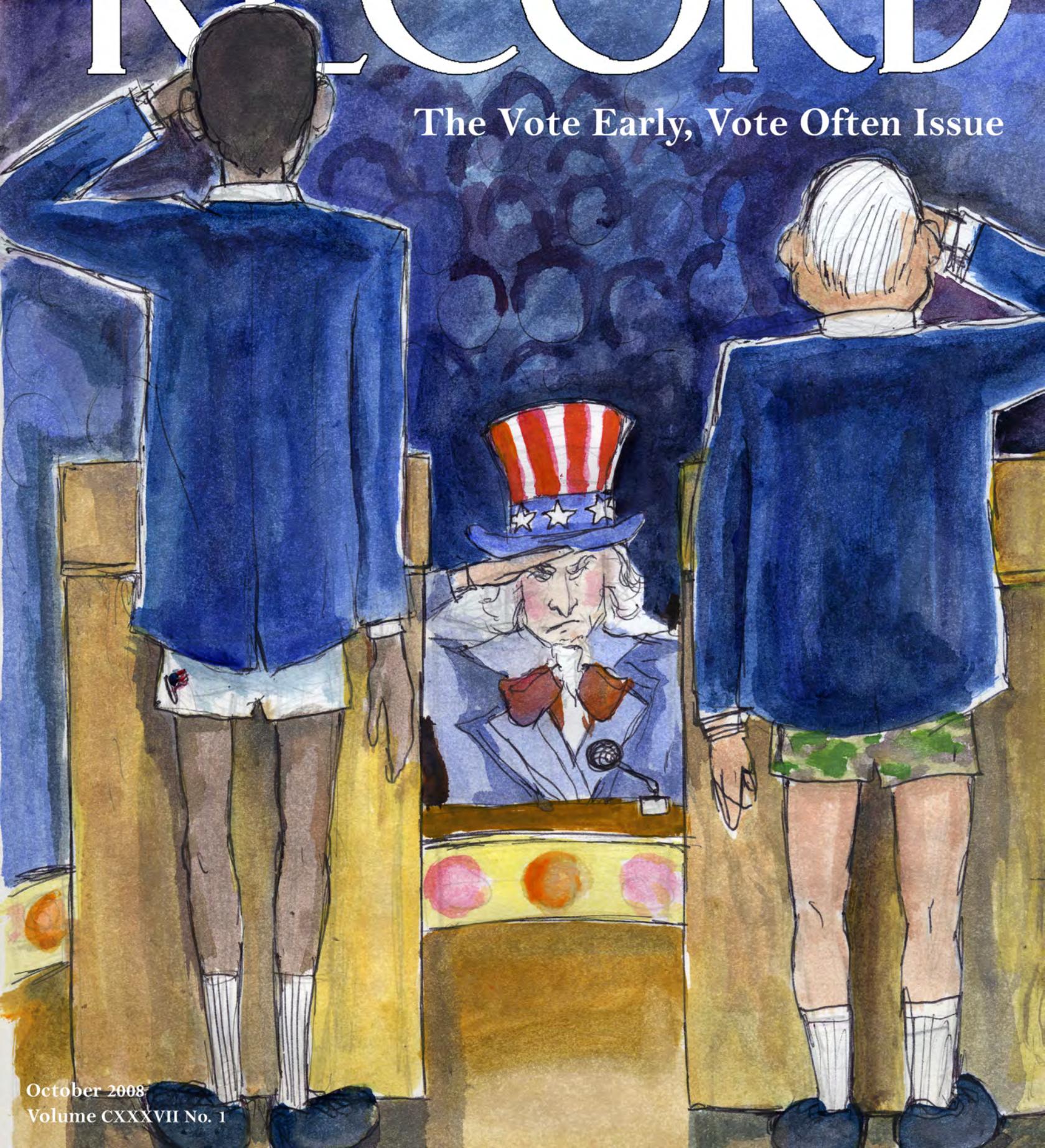


THE YALE RECORD

The Vote Early, Vote Often Issue



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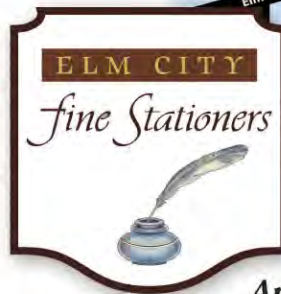
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Dear Fox News,
You spin me right round, baby,
right round like a record, baby.
—Actual News

Dear Bill,
Do me! I feel nasty! I've been
waiting for you in your room. Just do
me already!
Love,
Your Laundry

Schrödinger Charged with Animal Cruelty in 25 States

Dear Spider Outside my Window,
If you even think about coming
after my curds and whey, I will end
you. Do you hear me? I will fucking
end you.
—Dave, MC '09

Anderson Cooper Creation Myth Claims Anchor Suckled at the Teat of Wolf Blitzler

Dear Ambassador,
Enough beating around the bush.
Let's dispense with the peasantry.
No, wait! Bring them back in here.
The areas around the thorn bush still
need more beating.
—The King

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Thursday is ladies' night!

Dear Engineering Department,
Is it too late to change my major to
Having a Girlfriend?

—Jeff, TD '10

Dear Mother,
Thanks for giving birth to me. One
day I hope to return the favor.

Love,
Son

Fight for Right to Party Ends in 1 AM Curfew

Dear Prof. Brown,
I will not be turning in homework/
attending class this week because of all
the lizards. Although I did not ant-
cipate lizards, I find they are grow-
ing in both number and ferocity. In the
future I will try to eliminate them from
my schedule, but for the time being I
hope you understand how difficult it
has been for me due to lizards.

Thanks,
Trevor

Dear Old Campus Squirrels,
Isn't it about time you abandoned
gathering and transitioned into an
agrarian lifestyle?

—Yale Anthropology Department

Political Scientists Surprised to Find Alaska Is Habitable for Women

Dear FDA,
There should be stronger warn-
ings about drinking from expired park-
ing meters.

—“Coin Belly” Jim

Dear girl who walked into my room
last night without knocking,
That sticky stuff on my hands
wasn't what you think it was.

—Peter Parker

Freshman Can't Understand How Poster of Two Girls Kissing Doesn't Get Him Laid

Dear Hansel,
I tried to follow you through the
rice patties, but I think your bread
crumbs were eaten by the Viet Cong,
and now I am in a prison camp.
Please rescue me.

—Gretel

Mysterious Toad's Beauty Leaves Behind Glass Slipper, Herpes

Dear Public Health Educators,
I used a dental dam the other day
and thought of you guys. It was just
what I needed. Thanks.

—MacGyver

Dear Banana,
I must stop using you as a phone.
Not only do you not work, you are all
squishy by the time I eat you.

Love,
George W. Bush

Dear Goldfish Cracker,
Why are you still smiling? I just
ate all your friends.

—The Yale Record

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Dear girl I hooked up with last night,
I don't quite know how to say this:
your name.

Sincerely,
Brandon, MC '09

Dear IHOP,

We were disappointed to find that your buildings are composed of bricks and not the wondrously complex construction of pancakes, bacon, and sausage that we were hoping for.

Sincerely,
The American Association
of Architects

**Cheney On 2nd Annual
Leprechaun Hunting Trip,
Kucinich Reported Missing**

Dear Santa,

Even though I've been a good boy this year, please put coal in my stocking because our family is very poor and we are freezing,

From,
Franklin

**Professor Talking with his Hands
Actually Talking to his Hands**

Dear Hershey's,

Explain to me how giving me less chocolate in every bar suddenly makes it a "fun size." Who's having fun eating less candy? I'll tell you who. You. You are having fun all the way to the bank, capitalist swine.

—Karl Marx

Dear Mankind,
God is bread [sic].

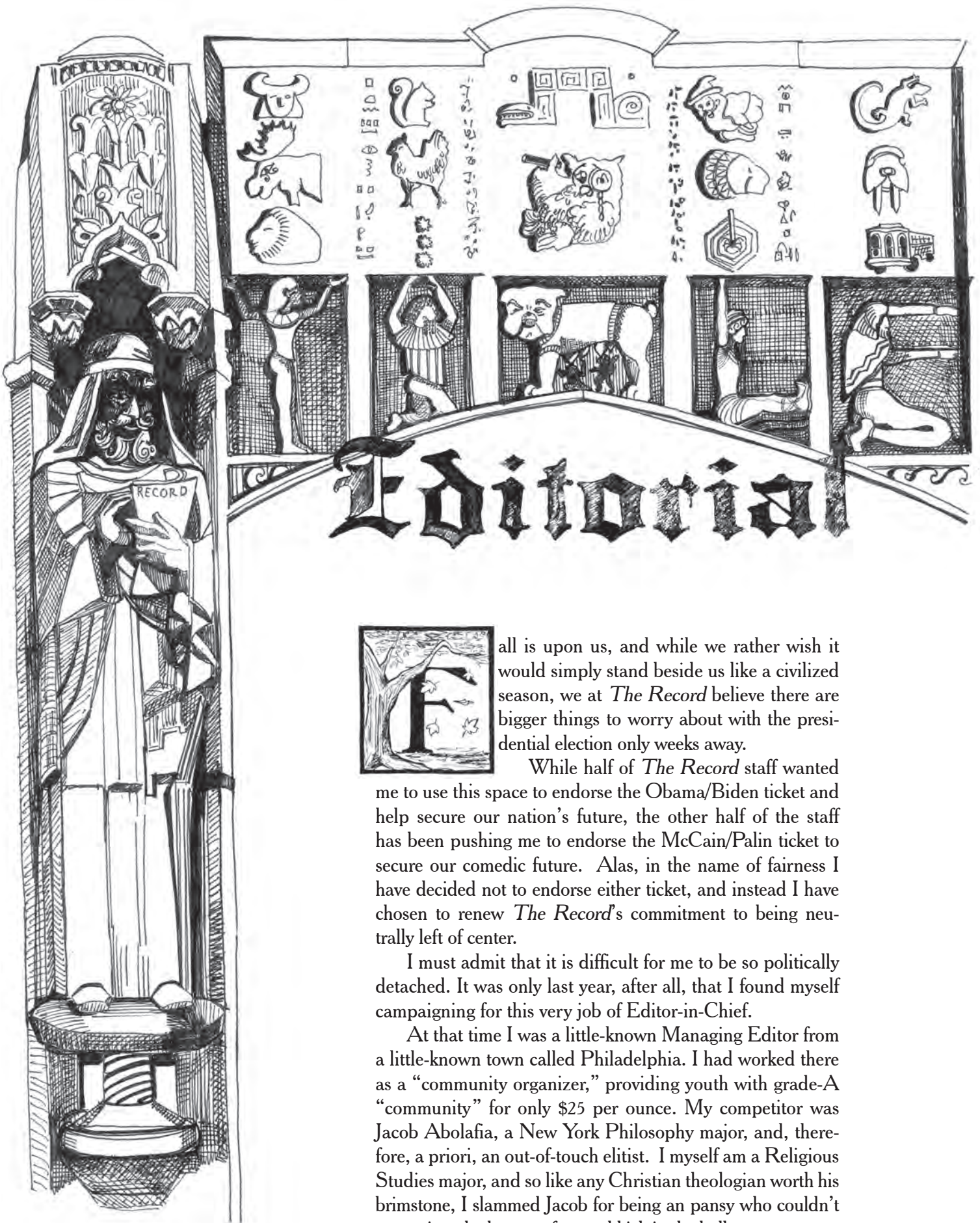
—Nietzsche



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Editorial



all is upon us, and while we rather wish it would simply stand beside us like a civilized season, we at *The Record* believe there are bigger things to worry about with the presidential election only weeks away.

While half of *The Record* staff wanted me to use this space to endorse the Obama/Biden ticket and help secure our nation's future, the other half of the staff has been pushing me to endorse the McCain/Palin ticket to secure our comedic future. Alas, in the name of fairness I have decided not to endorse either ticket, and instead I have chosen to renew *The Record's* commitment to being neutrally left of center.

I must admit that it is difficult for me to be so politically detached. It was only last year, after all, that I found myself campaigning for this very job of Editor-in-Chief.

At that time I was a little-known Managing Editor from a little-known town called Philadelphia. I had worked there as a "community organizer," providing youth with grade-A "community" for only \$25 per ounce. My competitor was Jacob Abolafia, a New York Philosophy major, and, therefore, a priori, an out-of-touch elitist. I myself am a Religious Studies major, and so like any Christian theologian worth his brimstone, I slammed Jacob for being an pansy who couldn't appreciate the humor of a good kick in the balls.

However, despite my appeals to the common American, I found myself significantly trailing in the polls, as it turned out that only the sitting Editor, Publisher, and Chairman were allowed to vote, and none of them happened to live in Scranton, PA where I had concentrated all of my resources. With a week to go Jacob led 100% to 0%, though I was emboldened knowing that with three voters, I was still within the margin of error.

With so little time, I knew there was only one thing left to do. I called my chief field operative David Klumpp.

“David, it’s time to make ‘the call.’”

“Are you sure? I think people are getting sick of that ‘Seymour Butts’ joke.”

“No, the *other* call.”

David called in a few favors that the oil lobby still owed him from his days as a Mexican prospector called ‘El David,’ and within a few hours the Swift-boat Veterans for Truth were knocking on my door.

Their leader, an elderly man with an I.V. of crude oil at his side, stepped forward. “What are our resources?” he said.

“We’ve got six humor writers, half a bottle of bourbon, and your utter lack of conscience.”

“It’ll have to do. Pour the bourbon.”

After an hour we had devised a plan, and the next day I let loose my surrogates. Claire and Tessa passed out fliers detailing Jacob’s sympathetic leanings towards *The New Journal*, while Jordy and Melissa hired some drama students to hold a reenactment on Cross Campus of the time Jacob bombed Pearl Harbor. While that may have been enough, to be sure I had Sarah organize automated celebrity calls to the voters’ phones—“I’m Rosie O’Donnell, and this spring you should vote for Jacob Abolafia for Editor of *The Yale Record*.”

When the voters finally emerged from deliberations they could barely look Jacob in the eye. After the day’s events there was only one thing they could do. I was named Editor-in-Chief and Jacob, broken and whimpering in the corner, was named Chairman. That poor guy never knew what hit him.

— M. Thornton

COVER: This month’s cover was made by Liana Moskowitz ‘09. She only listens to 19th-century Appalachian folk music, so I had to sit her down and explain that there was an election going on, but once that was established she did a damn fine job.



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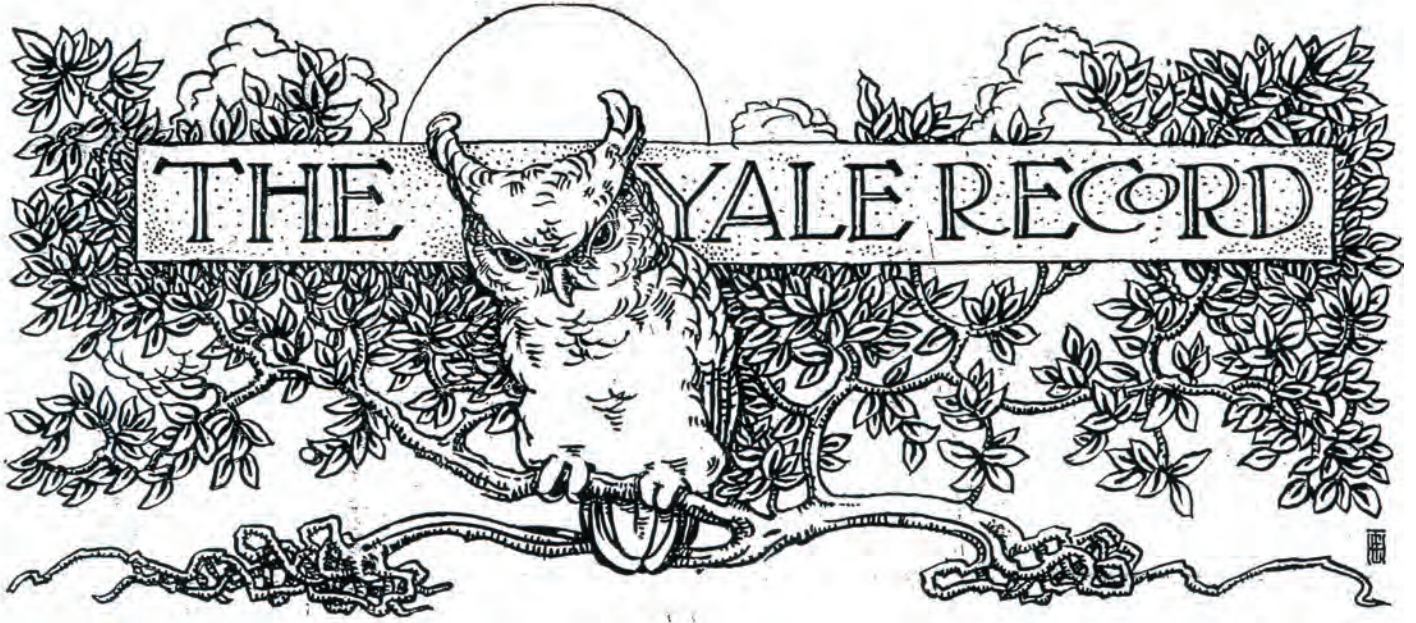
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POLITICAL SYLLOGISMS

Major Premise: I don't want a black man to be president.

Minor Premise: I can't say that out loud.

Conclusion: Barack Obama is too inexperienced to be president.

Major: McCain was a prisoner of war.

Minor: Hey, look over there!

Conclusion: John McCain is qualified to be our next president.

Major: Joe Biden reminds me of those talking trees from Lord of the Rings.

Minor: Sarah Palin is smokin' hot.

Conclusion: John McCain is qualified to be our next president.

Major: The media claims that Joe Biden has been active in federal politics for 40 years.

Minor: So why haven't I ever heard of him?

Conclusion: Sarah Palin is smokin' hot.

Major: Barack Obama is the Democratic nominee for president.

Minor: "Nominee" sounds a lot like "homily."

Conclusion: Barack Obama is a Muslim.

Major: John McCain is a man.

Minor: All men are mortal.

Conclusion: God help us.

Major: I get all my news from the Daily Show.

Minor: I get all MY news from Fox News.

Conclusion: An informed citizenry.

Major: I heard that McCain fathered a black son out of wedlock.

Minor: Barack Obama's father was never around during his youth.

Conclusion: John McCain got with Obama's mom.

Major: Barack Obama is a Muslim.

Minor: All Muslims are mortal.

Conclusion: Sarah Palin is smokin' hot.

Major: Hillary Clinton put "18 million cracks in the glass ceiling."

Minor: No glass ceiling could withstand this.

Conclusion: Chauvinists have switched to plexiglass.

B. Orlin and D. Klumpp



Woman: Is that a banana in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

Schrödinger: There's only one way to find out!

MILDLY EMBARRASSING PRESIDENTIAL MISTAKES THROUGHOUT HISTORY

As George W. Bush's Presidency draws to a close, the nation reflects on eight years of both disasters like the Iraq War and minor gaffs like choking on a pretzel. Bush's small errors are hardly unprecedented. For your enjoyment, we at *The Record* have compiled a list of the slight faux pas that added a clumsy charm to even the most austere Commander in Chiefs.

1809: James Madison calls his wife "Rabigail" by accident, leaving many to speculate that her name is, in fact, Rabigail. In reality her name is Dolley.

1831: Andrew Jackson declares during a stump speech in Virginia that "Justice is dead." He later revises this statement to say "Justice is dead...awesome!" Then "The Cherokees are dead."

1845: For a lark, James K. Polk switches places with his identical twin, a butcher in Arkansas. He returns to office a month later, but by then the US has already annexed Texas.

1869-1875: Ulysses S. Grant decides to pass bills by shouting, "This has been GRANTED." Most of his staff agrees that the practice is annoying.

1899: William McKinley forgets his boss is coming over for dinner and panics when he realizes he has nothing prepared. Fortunately he has a kitchen staff of 40.

1910: William Howard Taft steps on Secretary of State Knox's foot while walking to a cabinet meeting. Knox is in a cast for six weeks but remains Republican.

1918: Woodrow Wilson begins his State of the Union address by tap dancing to "Good Ship Lollipop" before the song is even written.

1926: Calvin Coolidge sets up an elaborate trap to capture intruders who might sneak into his bedroom. He later forgets about it and, upon retiring, gets doused in a bucket of pitch that is hanging above the door.

1947: Harry Truman can't decide whether to have eggs or fruit for breakfast. He chooses fruit but immediately regrets the decision when the fruit is honeydew.

1969-1974: Richard Nixon

M. Sonnenblick



WHY YALE STUDENTS WON'T VOTE THIS NOVEMBER

- No Yale candidates
- Gossip Girl will be on
- Waiting for a really big election
- Voting machines killed family
- Statistically unlikely to make girls interested
- Can't find the number to text-in vote
- Voting? That's what the Supreme Court is for
- I-ay on't-day eak-spay english-ay
- Crabs

Staff



DARK DAYS ON WALL STREET



REJECTED BAILOUT PLANS

- Persuade the Supreme Court to declare financial instability unconstitutional.
- Take out a second mortgage on the White House.
- Encourage all bankers and CEOs to dye their hair and grow robust mustaches to boost confidence.
- Declare WWII... again.
- Follow the lessons of intro Econ: assume everyone is rational and has full information, graph supply and demand, see where they intersect, and then fall asleep on your desk.
- Pawn off every engagement ring in the United States and take every wife out for a nice dinner to smooth things over.
- Civilization, schmivilization... let's just go back to hunting and gathering.
- Quick! Use your shoe as a bucket and start scooping!

C. Mulaney



THE YALE RECORD'S TOP 100 NUMBERS OF 2008

1.	69	16.	16	31.	29	46.	18	61.	π	76.	84	91.	65
2.	25	17.	48	32.	24	47.	93	62.	45	77.	36	92.	22
3.	21	18.	97	33.	14	48.	38	63.	51	78.	87	93.	96
4.	77	19.	64	34.	95	49.	46	64.	50	79.	90	94.	9
5.	92	20.	42	35.	33	50.	85	65.	55	80.	91	95.	89
6.	83	21.	3	36.	23	51.	28	66.	47	81.	73	96.	82
7.	49	22.	54	37.	13	52.	6	67.	57	82.	62	97.	44
8.	4	23.	58	38.	81	53.	12	68.	72	83.	53	98.	98
9.	2	24.	63	39.	76	54.	43	69.	79	84.	100	99.	8
10.	70	25.	17	40.	15	55.	27	70.	59	85.	52	100.	32
11.	99	26.	67	41.	40	56.	71	71.	66	86.	35		
12.	26	27.	86	42.	41	57.	11	72.	68	87.	80		
13.	30	28.	39	43.	20	58.	74	73.	56	88.	60		
14.	10	29.	34	44.	61	59.	78	74.	75	89.	7		
15.	88	30.	37	45.	94	60.	31	75.	5	90.	19		

Staff

AN EXCERPT FROM
THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE

MCCAIN: ... seems to me that what Senator Obama doesn't understand is that water is made of hydrogen and water.

OBAMA: You're absolutely right, John. But nobody said—

LEHRER: We really need to move on. Now, I had a well-worded question about the paradox of Afghanistan, but we are seriously behind schedule. So instead Senator McCain, you have two minutes on the topic of "fighting."

MCCAIN: You know, it reminds me of a story. I was at a town hall meeting in Buck's Crossing, Wyoming, where a woman in the crowd was crying because her son died in Iraq. She gave me this bracelet with his name on it. At first I thought, "Well, what will the Religious Right think if I start wearing a bracelet with a man's name on it?" But somewhere, deep down in my cobwebby memory, I remembered that she was a plant from my campaign. So I accepted, saying, "I will wear this bracelet with honor. But not with short sleeves." And I never did.

LEHRER: Senator Obama, two minutes.

OBAMA: John, that story was beautiful and well-played. But, let me just make a point. I've got a bracelet, too. It was given to me by a woman from Texarkana. She had a son who died in the war, and she gave me this bracelet, saying "I want my son's death to mean something. I want it to be a political tool in the hands of your speechmakers so that you may win the presidency." And we have used it as such ever since.

LEHRER: Now we have time—

MCCAIN: If I may. Our campaign was unaware of Senator Obama's bracelet, but we had prepared for this sort of partisan attack on his part. You see, I have a second bracelet. And this bracelet has a woman's name

on it. As evinced by my running mate's dresses, I care about women. I once danced with Susan B. Anthony, and I even let her lead.

LEHRER: Really, I think we should—

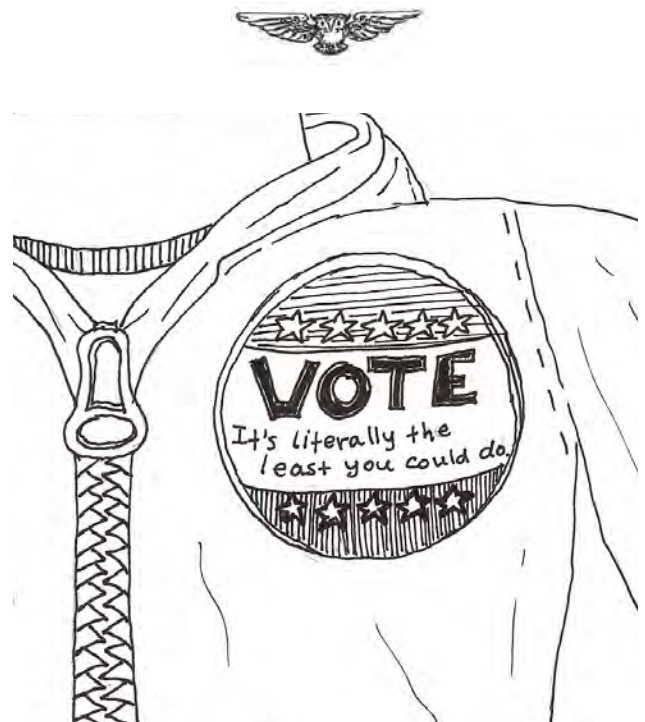
OBAMA: Jim, may I make this one point, just this once. You see, I have a second bracelet here, but this one has the name of two people on it. It really counts as a second and third bracelet, since two people died. I wear it around my ankle to remember their bravery.

LEHRER: I think we have to—

MCCAIN: I'm sorry Jim, but I feel sorry for Senator Obama and his naiveté. He just doesn't seem to understand the difference between a bracelet and an anklet. Now I have an anklet with the name of Jonathan Pillbrooke, the 73rd infantry. But I don't go around playing that for sympathy, despite the fact that he died defending you and me from terrorists in the surge. What I do—

OBAMA: Jim, will you look at this exquisite brooch?

S. Swartzman





HOW TO LOSE AN APPLICANT IN 10 DAYS

Day 1:

Applicant: Are there a lot of cool parties at Yale?

You: Oh, don't worry about that. If it gets too loud you can always just shut the window or go to the library.

Day 2:

Applicant: Say, when do...

You: Shhh, I'm studying.

Applicant: We're sitting in the dining hall, and you don't have any books in front of you.

You: Then what have I been reading for the last half hour, smart-ass?

Applicant: You have been staring pretty intently at your grass-fed burger.

Day 3:

Applicant: Are there a lot of cute girls at Yale?

You: Oh, don't worry about that. If one asks you out you can always just pretend you don't see or hear her, or you can throw pretzels in her face and run.

Day 6:

Applicant: Where have you been the last three days?

You: Library.

Applicant: I can't get into the dining halls without you. I've been surviving on stale crusts from Atticus.

You: Right, right. Say, what day is it?

Applicant: Saturday.

You: 2005?

Applicant: 2008.

You: Damn it. I'll be in the stacks if you need me.

Day 7:

Applicant: So what do you do for fun?

You:...

Day 8:

Applicant: Are there a lot of good professors at Yale?

You: Oh, don't worry about that. You can always just zone out during lecture, or major in Econ.

Applicant: Actually, I like good professors.

You: What are you, some kind of tool?

Applicant: Me? You've been studying so hard for

Physics you haven't bathed in a week.

You: There's a midterm.

Applicant: You said the midterm was three days ago.

You: Why should I care? I'm not taking physics.

Day 9:

Applicant: Does Rory Gilmore actually go here?

You: No.

Day 10:

Applicant: So where else did you look when you applied to colleges?

You: U Chicago and Tufts, but Tufts was the only school I got in to.

Applicant: And Yale, of course.

You: No, I didn't get into Yale.

Applicant: Then what are you doing here?

You: Did you get into Yale?

Applicant: Not yet, but...

You: Then get off my case, Einstein.

B. Orlin



CANADIAN JOKE CORNER

A priest and a rabbi walk into a bar.

The priest says, "Let's toast to our shared love of justice."

And the rabbi says, "Ok."



ACTION!

Welcome, watchdogs, new and old, to the most critical edition yet of the Alaskan Independence Party newsletter—the only source keeping you informed of the ever-growing movement of Alaskans dedicated to shooting MOOSE, growing beards, watching Russians, and building bridges free from insidious Continentalist interference.

I open this month's newsletter with reports of a growing stream of Continentalist carpetbaggers penetrating our borders, coming to take our guns, trim our beards, block our view to Russia, replace our bridges with abortions, and stop our MOOSE-hunting with their socialist waiting-periods. Already our spies have recovered maps showing how their wicked geologist allies plot to divide Alaska and cut us off from the life-giving Pacific with their pernicious theory of continental drift.

Patriotic Alaskans must be courageous and vigilant if we are to attain our ULTIMATE GOAL. Have no doubts: The Craven Cowards of the South are a jealous lot who hate us for our freedoms. They want to abolish our freedom to build bridges that unite our population. They want to abolish our freedom to shoot the stealthy MOOSE that terrorize our every waking hour. They want to abolish our freedom to drill for seal oil that buffers us from the global financial crisis—a crisis that the Continentalist geologists themselves started with their regulation and their cheese steaks and their cowboy hats. Why, if the clean-shaven Continentalists had their way, they would take away our rifles and our ability to see Russia and so invite the hordes of plundering Slavic savages to steal our seal oil!

Proof is everywhere! Just look at San Francisco (literally "Saint Francis the patron saint and protector of MOOSE") and their ominously named "49ers," omen and portent of sinister plans of the Continentalist Empire to smother Alaska with the despotism of statehood. But need we look beyond our shores for proof? No! Just last week, Iscariotic infidels of Iowa were spotted in downtown Haines tackling children engaged in school prayer, forcing abortions upon hapless bridge-builders, and protesting the death penalty in cases where the defendant has spared a MOOSE. Duplicity abounds!

An alert beard-farmer in Juneau writes, "I had to visit Texas for a conference and I couldn't believe the lies I heard, slandering and defaming our glorious snowy fatherland. These Continentalist rascals have to be stopped! I want my children growing up to build bridges and harvest oil from seals, not to wear cowboy hats and golf and eat cheese steaks and enjoy chess and vodka with marauding Russians!"

Right you are, vigilant reader! Will this noble Alaskan stand alone? Will the Continentalist swine finally have their way with us?

You can help keep Alaska free! Shoot MOOSE! Shun geologists! Wear thick coats! Keep an eye on Russia! Don't let the dastardly, unionist, Continentalist, lower-48ist scalawags steal your bridges! AND DON'T SHAVE YOUR BEARD!



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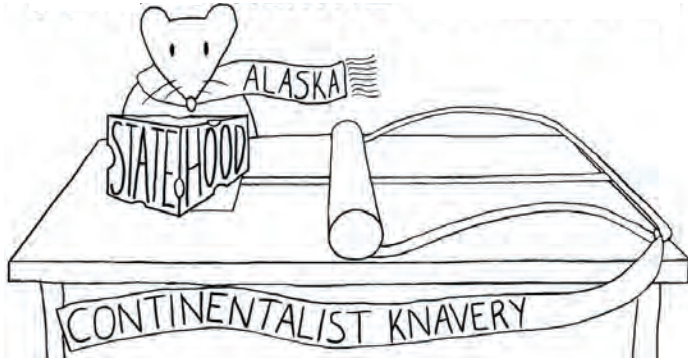
How to Spot a True Alaskan

CONTINENTALIST JOKES



- Q. Why did the chicken cross the road?
- A. He would have crossed the bridge, but thieving Continentalists had knocked it down and sold the parts for cheese steaks and abortions.
- Q. Have you ever known anyone who went to Gadsen, Alabama and came back?
- A. No.
- Q. How many Continentalists do you need to screw in a light bulb?
- A. 1/8, because Continentalists are perfidious, liberty-sucking Octopuses with 8 arms.
- Q. Are mooching Wisconsinites correct in supposing seal-gasoline grows on trees?
- A. Of course not. Seal-gasoline does not grow on trees. It comes from the vulnerable underbellies of seals.
- Q. Why do Texans wear cowboy hats?
- A. So they can pull them over the eyes of Russia-watching Alaskans, opening the doors for waves of chess-playing, Dostoevsky-loving, old-woman-murdering Kamchatkins.

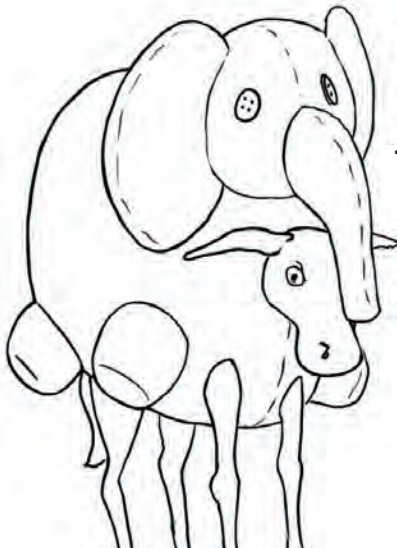
A Continental Breakfast



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Policy	Analysis
Tax cuts for lower, middle, upper class.	Cutting taxes implies taxes will still exist.
Privatize health care.	Fails to include treatment for moose bites and Russian claw marks.
More troops to Iraq.	A carpetbagger is a carpetbagger.
Expanded offshore drilling.	Useless as sneaky seals will simply move to land.
Mandatory gun locks.	MOOSE can appear suddenly, leaving no time to remember lock combination.
No activist judges.	Hamstrings Juneau district judge's power of nullification.
Agricultural access to foreign markets.	"Agricultural Access" is Russian for "Maraud, Pillage, and Burn."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



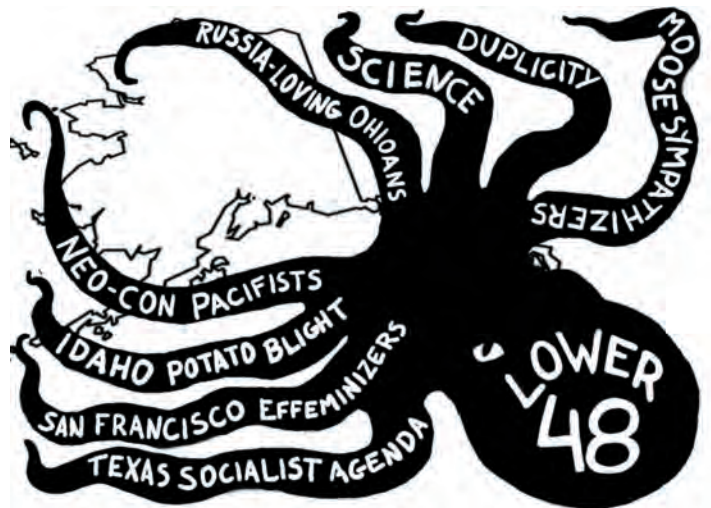
**McCain:
A Donkey in
Elephant's
Clothing**

TIMELINE OF THE SUBJUGATION OF ALASKA

- 12,000 BC- First Russian invasion
- 1741- Second Russian invasion. Virus Berring of the Imperial Russian Navy discovers oil in seal pelts.
- 1867- Alaska purchased for the United States by William H. Seward. A despotism is born.
- 1890s- Gold rush. Carpetbaggers strip Alaska of its natural bounty, leaving useless silver.
- 1902- Cheese steak invented by Alaska-hating Quakers.
- 1942- Japanese invade 3 Alaskan Islands. Roosevelt, under influence of geologist congressmen and lobbyists, does nothing.
- 1964- Earthquakes kill 131. Geologists strike again.
- 1968- Oil discovered from non-seal-based sources.
- 1989- Exxon Valdez crashes. Seals restored as primary oil resource.
- 1996- Clinton's illegal ban on assault weapons becomes law. MOOSE rejoice, scheme.
- 2002- Geologists begin work on theory of continental drift.
- 2003- Continental drift theory completed. Geologists begin work on firearm waiting periods.
- 2006- An envious Congress scraps Alaskan bridge project to fund suppression of school prayer.
- 2011- Third Russian invasion? Likely, if the Continentalists have their way!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Geologists' Theory of Continental Drift



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

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Stay updated on the fight keep Alaska from falling to the Continentalists, Russians, and their geologists friends in Congress.

Send your address, phone number, and proof of MOOSE trophy ownership to:

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P.O. Box 204249
Republic of Alaska, 99501

- 6 months \$15
- 12 months \$28
- 2 years With the Shadow of the South always darkening, isn't it a little presumptuous to plan this far ahead?

POINT: YOU, SIR, ARE A HYPOCRITE!

...and so, in conclusion, on account of the numerous instances of you contradicting your own moral standards and ideology, I denounce you, my good man, as a hypocrite!

COUNTERPOINT: YOU, SIR, ARE A HIPPOPOTAMUS!

I have never been so offended in my life you amphibious, Nile-frequenting, sub-Saharan, cetacean-related, grass and aquatic plant grazing mammalian buffoon! Why don't you just hold your breath underwater for 4 to 6 minutes you non-buoyant, crocodile-phobic, some-time carnivore.

J. Greenblatt

WAYS YOU KNOW IT'S FOOTBALL SEASON

- John Madden comes out of his hole in the ground and doesn't see his shadow.
- Church gets out on time.
- Liquor stores are open on Sunday mornings.
- Jesus gets a lot more shout-outs.
- Your Brett Favre jersey is accepted as formal attire.
- You are no longer the only one drinking before noon.
- Americans remember that Green Bay is a city.

Staff



SPOT THE DIFFERENCES: SARAH PALIN AND A PITBULL

Hint: It's not lipstick!



Answer: The Pitbull strongly opposes abstinence-only programs, Sarah Palin has no significant foreign policy experience, the Pitbull didn't support the "Bridge to Nowhere," the Pitbull gave his puppies human names, Sarah Palin believes she is qualified to be Vice President, the Pitbull's kids are neutered

Staff

IN NEED OF A HERO

WHY BEING PHAROAH
IS EASIER THAN BEING PRESIDENT

“All-powerful Pharaoh, Raspotep here from the Aswan Journal. By what means will the administration be raising the funds required for such a mammoth construction project?”

“While a few ideas have been kicked around, duties on papyrus or a government-run chain of coin-op camel washes, most likely we’ll just stick with what we know works and tax the farmers to the point of starvation. Next question?”

“Glorious and mighty Pharaoh with bronze skin and a firm chest, this is Thanoptat, Giza Gazette. As a Gizan myself, I’d like to know why 65% of all state revenue is going towards a work project that will benefit .002% of the kingdom’s population: you and your 13 year old bride?”

“Great Question. Let’s say we were to spend our surplus on food for the people of Giza or develop a writing system that’s more “alphabet” and less “silly picture” oriented. How would rival nations be aware of just how large we can build triangles? Beyond that, I think it’s important to keep the big picture in mind. I am your god.”

“Oh firm yet compassionate Pharaoh who acts as a father to a great nation, reprimanding while maintaining a general atmosphere of encouragement, does the administration have any plans to deal with the reports that the Nile has turned into a river of blood? Isn’t investing in alternative water sources a more urgent matter than a massive tomb?”

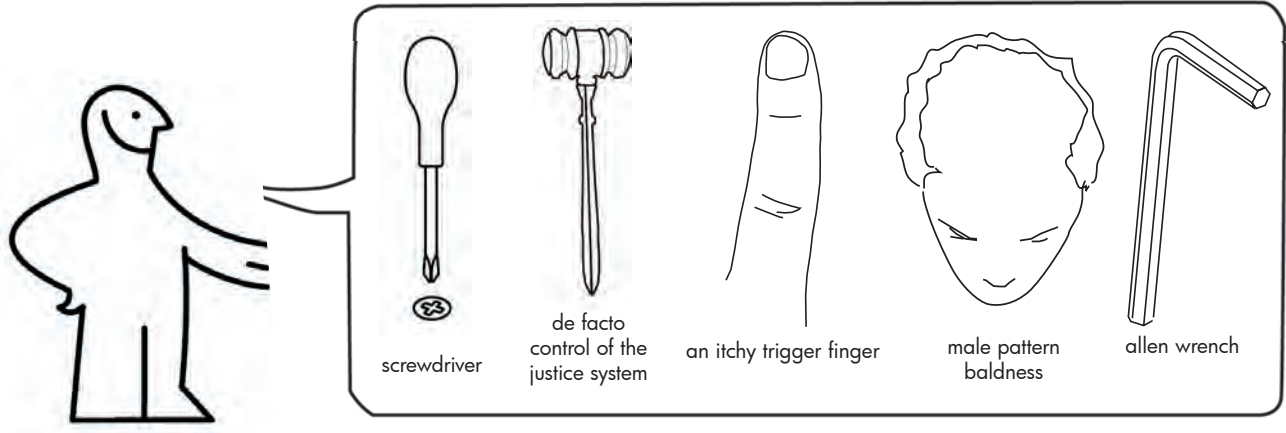
“This monument guarantees that in 3000 years, people will remember our kingdom better than any other on Earth. Really, who’s going to remember some minor inconvenience like bloody water? Hell, I don’t think anyone would remember if our cattle turned into frogs or our firstborns ate all our crops or all our locusts died of pestilence.”

“Thank you, most holy and mighty vanquisher of the lesser Levantine civilizations, builder of all great triangular and quadrangular structures, holder of unparalleled press-conferences. How do you plan to raise a labor force strong enough to build this structure?”

“Hmmm. If only we had some meek nation of people that could do our work for us. A group that we could enslave and push around for as long as we like, preferably Semitic. How about the Assyrians? Or maybe the Phoenicians?”

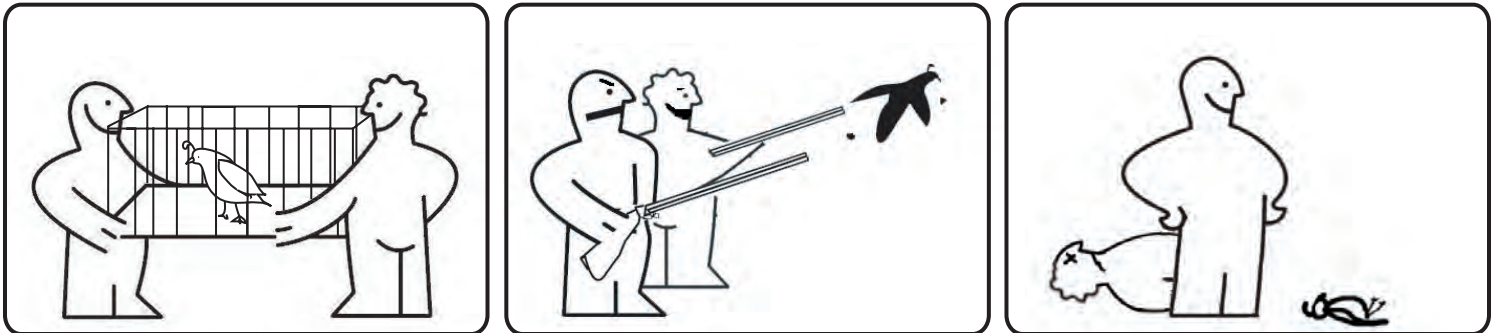
J. Greenblatt

DICK CHENEY'S GUIDE TO THE VICE PRESIDENCY



HOW TO SHOOT A FRIEND IN THE FACE

(if you are Sarah Palin, you can skip this section)



- 1 Develop a passion for quail hunting. *Note: The quail is the unofficial mascot for the rich white hunter. To broadcast to people that you are such a hunter, except whiter and richer, specialize in hunting quail you've purchased for the express purpose of shooting.*
- 2 Invite a friend to go hunting with you.
- 3 Embrace the alpha-male rage that you have been hiding for decades.
- 4 Say "Who does that friend think he is? I am The Motherfucking Cheney, and ain't no one gonna kill any of my goddamn quail."
- 5 Pull the trigger.
- 6 Publicly apologize if you need to, but, really, you had to teach that guy some manners.

HOW TO EXECUTE THE CHENEY SMIRK®

- 1 Observe amusing situation (a water-skiing squirrel, waterboarding, etc.)
- 2 Attempt to smile. *Note: Only half your mouth will move, as the other half has atrophied from dis-use.*
- 3 Chuckle. If the situation warrants, you can add a, "Suck on that, America."

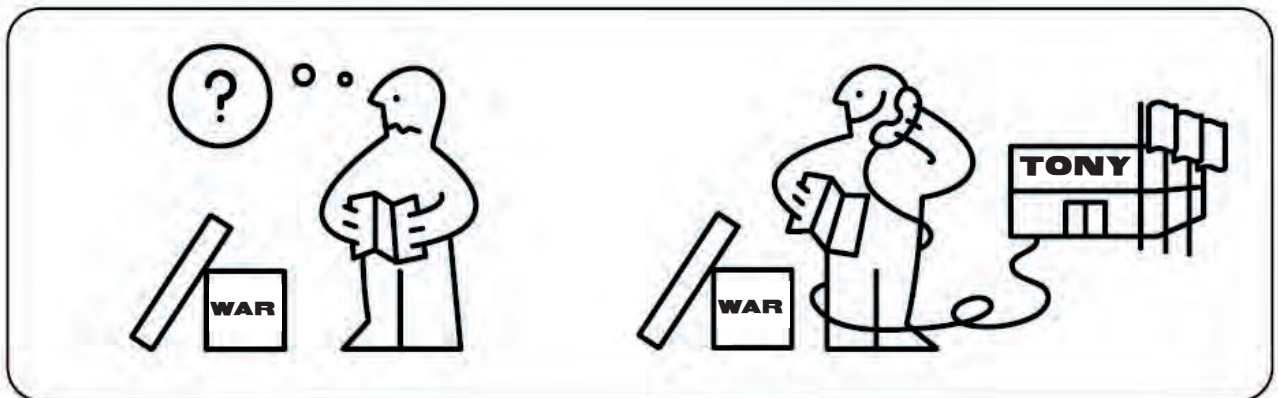
DIRECTIONS TO UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

- 1 Walk down Pennsylvania Ave until you see a Wendy's on your right.
- 2 Go around back to the dumpster.
- 3 Scavenge for day-old bacon cheeseburgers.
Note: burgers taste better once they marinate a bit in their own congealed fat!
- 4 Drive to Bill O'Reilly's house.

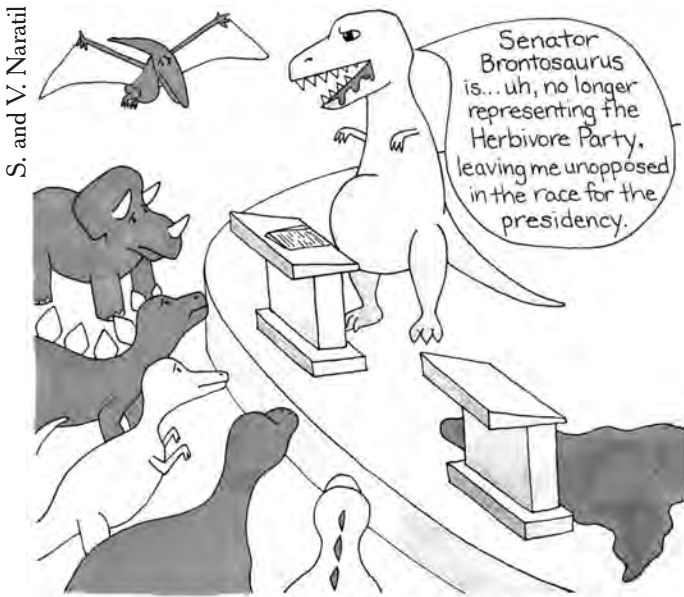
HOW TO SUMMON A NATURAL DISASTER TO DESTROY THE 3 THINGS YOU HATE THE MOST: DEMOCRATS, ALLIGATORS, AND JAMBALAYA.

(CONTINUED PAGE 3)

TROUBLESHOOTING:



If the Vice Presidential office toilet clogs, call Tony the Plumber at [REDACTED]
If North Korea starts a nuclear war that will only end when the planet has been destroyed, call Tony the Plumber at [REDACTED].



WHY DEMOCRACY FAILED IN THE JURASSIC ERA



COMING OUT OF THE CONSERVATIVE CLOSET

“Jesus! Have you talked to anyone else about this?”

“This feels like who I’m supposed to be. I haven’t told my parents yet, but they should be OK with it. I’ve got a cousin who’s conservative.”

“Wait a minute. Aren’t you always talking about how you’d like to see Sarah Palin get screwed?”

“I didn’t mean politically.”

“I don’t think you’re conservative. You’re just confused.”

I had struggled against it for years, as far back as I can remember...as far back as I knew I HAD a political orientation.

It started in my high school history class. I just couldn’t understand my history teacher’s obsession with FDR—instead I found myself lusting after Ronald Reagan.

When I got to Yale, I felt like even more of an outcast. All my friends wanted to do was discuss their white guilt and protest outside Commons on alternate weekends. I felt myself drawn towards an Economics major and a career in finance, but when questioned, I lied and said that I wanted to be a sustainable soybean farmer. I didn’t have any answers for my suitemate when he walked in on me at my computer, watching FOX News.

Then one day, it hit me. It was after baseball practice when I was in the shower. I looked over at my teammate Bob. As water trickled down his firm, muscular pectorals, I slowly began to realize that I just couldn’t agree with his obsession with socialized medicine.

That’s when I knew I needed help. Desperate, I accepted Michael’s invitation to a Karl Marx Wine & Cheese Party. I just wanted to feel normal.

“I can’t wait until my Prius arrives. Even the Smart car can’t match the Prius for eco-friendliness.”

“That may be so, but it’s still a car. I ride a bicycle I fashioned out of twigs.”

“But are they ORGANIC? I never buy twigs that aren’t organic.”

I had to excuse myself. I could feel Fair-Trade Yak’s Yogurt making its way up my esophagus, and the only way I knew to calm down was to read a chapter from Atlas Shrugged. And that’s how Michael found me, forty-five minutes later: in the bathroom with Ayn Rand.

Since then, Michael hasn’t been comfortable around me. Although the conservative presence on campus isn’t very strong, I’m confident I can find some new friends. You know what they say: one in four, maybe more.

M. P. Wixted and K. Adams

THE HAVEN

After a trek to get cold dairy, a student wandered tired and wary
 Past the fronts of many a dark and empty store.
 As she ambled, her bags a-schlepping suddenly there came a
 stepping.
 Some gang this man was repping repping, past a homeless
 man's noisy snore.
 "A crimson," said she, "is passing this man's loud obnoxious
 snore."
 Only this, and nothing more.

As the dark grew ever thicker, steps kept coming quicker quicker,
 tracing-pacing this woman. Who knew what for?
 In her chest there came a pounding, as a corner she was
 rounding,
 The man here still came a-bounding following her to campus
 from the store.
 Some man who's looking for his grounding, following to this
 poor student's door.
 This Yalie girl whose name was just "Lenore."

Soon enough he came a-reaching, covering her mouth
 attempting screeching,
 "Stay quiet," he was beseeching, "Give me money," he suddenly
 did implore.
 As he persisted to be grabbing, her sides he was violently
 jabbing.
 She was fearing he'd be stabbing-stabbing the young woman
 named "Lenore."
 The brilliant, beautiful, brunette babe whom her parents named
 "Lenore."
 He took her wallet, and nothing more.

She collapsed, Alas! a broken bone, far from sight of a Yale blue
 phone,
 Because she walked home alone, the lovely woman named
 "Lenore."
 Soon enough the police Chief, brought her to DUH to relieve
 her grief,
 Then went off to catch the thief who had assaulted poor Lenore,
 And reported to the student body the attack on poor Lenore.
 Quoth Perrotti- Nevermore.

B. Toth

EXCERPTS FROM THIRTEEN WAYS OF
LOOKING AT CHICKEN PARMEGIAN

IV

A man and a woman
 Are one.
 A man and a woman and a plate of chicken Parmegian
 Are one entrée short.

K. Waldman



OVERHEARD AT YALE

"I wish I could come out tonight, but I need to finish
 my paper, and I'm such a fucking perfectionist."

"Wait, you're fucking a perfectionist? Is that good?"



K. Adams

6 HOUSES MCCAIN DOESN'T REMEMBER HE OWNS

— The McCain Igloo: Although once considered the epitome of large-scale ice architecture, the McCain family abandoned this Alaskan home over 15 years ago. Today, the local tribes use it for virgin sacrifices to their merciless heathen god Snowtar.

— The House of Blues: McCain bought the Kansas City, Missouri branch of this concert hall chain in 1987 and currently brings in all kinds of performers who support his campaign. Upcoming acts include Gretchen Wilson with special guest Cowboy Troy, John Rich with special guest Gretchen Wilson, and Cowboy Troy with no special guest because John Rich will be out of town.

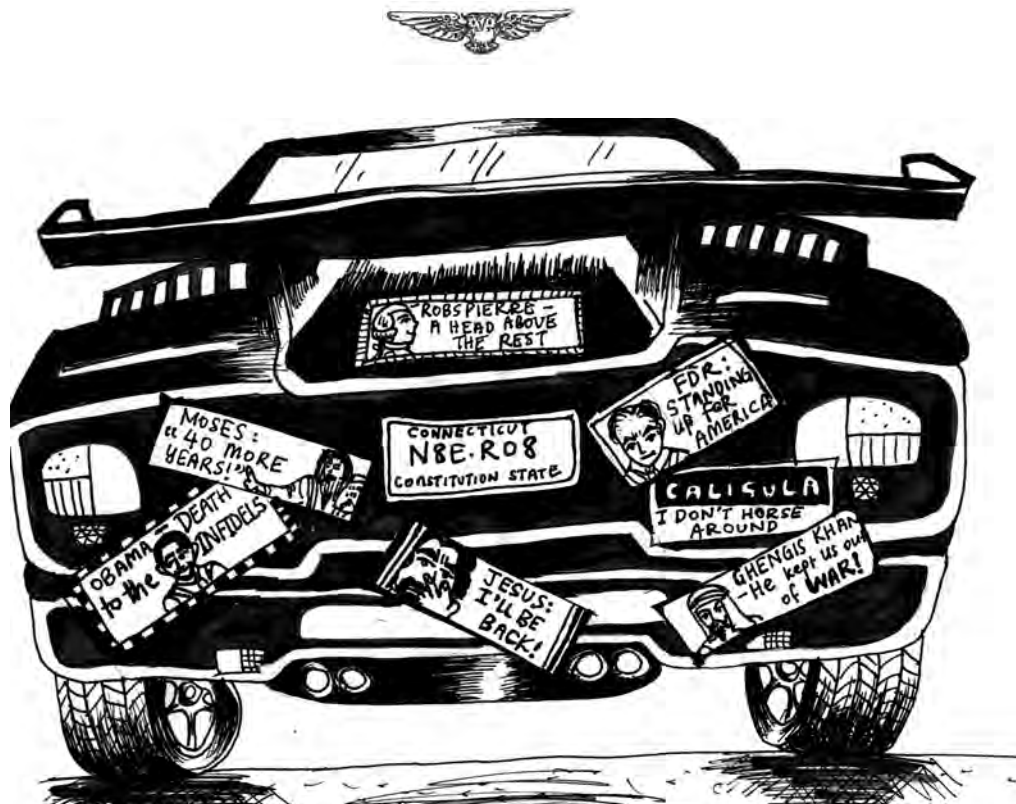
— The House Made Out of (Dead) Puppies: This opulent, fur-encrusted manor in Bradford, Pennsylvania has fueled the debate as to whether McCain can sympathize with the middle and lower classes. Inside, the senator's bath is connected to an oil well in Alaska and his maid is Geraldine Ferraro.

— Doctor House: This living-turned-medical facility is home to over 50 of McCain's most trusted surgeons and physicians. Each of them has nametags so they can easily identify each other and interact on a cordial basis. They often throw parties on the weekends, with past themes including Jungle Cruise, Island Paradise, and Casino Royale. This residence receives a lot of misaddressed fan mail.

— Uncle John's House of Chicken and Waffles: Come on in for finger-lickin', lip-smackin' dishes prepared just the way you like 'em! Start out your meal with some delicious Chicken Tax Cutlets (if you can afford them) followed by a Waffle Plate designed to appeal to whoever's ordering at the time! Be sure to check out our new Privatized Health Menu, and wash it all down with a delicious glass of Iraq War!

— The Quiet House With Glasses that Sits At the Back of the Class: To be fair, no one remembers this house.

M. Sonnenblick



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Kid Who Did the Reading Labeled "Section Asshole"

Dear Yale Singing Groups,

No matter how good you are, and how much you practice, you will never be as famous and sell as many CD's as Ashlee Simpson. Just giving you some perspective.

—Ashlee Simpson

Living Water Member Questions Faith when Prayers Fail to Bring Group Better Singers

Dear Yale Record,

For once you didn't joke about me, Harold Bloom, being a lecherous old man on the verge of death. Does this mean you no longer believe that I am a syphilis infested shadow of my former self? If you are really extending the olive branch and making a commitment to no longer refer to me as a pathetic, lonesome genital wart with a face, then I must say I accept this gesture of contrition.

Sincerely,
Harold Bloom

Ballot Referendum "Did You Vote?" Reveals 100% Voter Turnout

Dear Yale,

Give us back Starry Night.

With rage,
Peru



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Dear Economy,

Want a cigarette?

Yours,
Military Spending

Dear Nasdaq,

If Dow jumped off a bridge, would you do it, too?

—Mom

Dyslexic Nietzsche Scholar Saddened by Death of Dog

Dear Dr. House,

I really thought he wasn't going to make it this time. Good job.

—A Fan

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Dear Bluebook,

I wish you would've introduced me to economics. We just stood there awkwardly the whole evening.

—Student

**Social Conservatives Tout
Belief that Vice Presidency Is
Proper Place for a Woman**

Dear Seven Habits of Highly
Effective People,

I think you forgot one.

—Alcohol

Dear Yale Record,

You should endorse John McCain. Even when I disagreed with him in the Senate I respected the fact that he fought for what he believed in.

Sincerely,
Daniel Webster

**President Bush Emerges From
Seclusion, Offers 5 Golden Tickets
to Tour White House**

Dear Chief Perrotti,

Consistent with federal reporting requirements, I write to let you know I took a piss on one of your cop cars.

—Steve, PC '12



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**ABSOLUT ALCOHOL
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Dear Sarah Palin,
 We cannot endorse your candidacy for Vice President, as your only qualification for the job is that you are likely to shoot an old man in the face.
 Sincerely,
 The AARP

Dear Mother-Faulkner,
 Two can play this game.
 —F. Scott Shitzgerald

Confused Georgian Still Referring to Alabamans as Damn Ruskies

Dear Victoria Beckham,
 I am the only true Posh Spice.
 Most sincerely,
 Coriander

Missing Child Inducted into Hide and Seek Hall of Fame

Dear Tammy,
 Everyone loves you! You're attractive and popular! And you DO get mail!
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 Tammy



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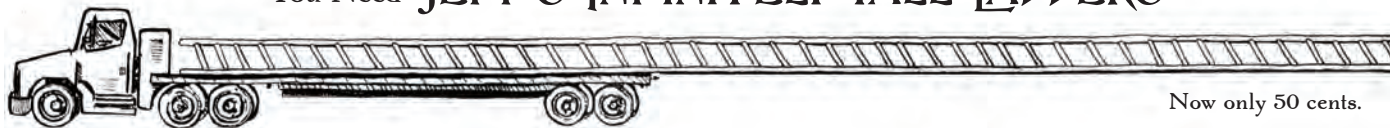
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Opinion & Editorial

Why I Am Qualified to Be Vice President

By STEVE HENNESSY

Hey, America! It's election season again, and I want you all to know that this time I'm running for the Big One. Not the mayor, not the governor, but the Vice President of the United States.



Steve Hennessy is a guy who deserves to be vice president

Now, I know a lot of people harp on the issue of "experience," so let me assure you that this would not be my first time wearing the runner-up sash, as they say. I was Smee's understudy in my middle school's production of "Peter Pan," and by the time I graduated high school I had four years of experience as the second-string JV quarterback. Lately I've been working as a substitute teacher at Jefferson High, wearing whatever hat the school needs me to wear, even a sombrero on the day I subbed for Senor Feinstein.

If necessary I know I can lead this country. I've imagined what it would be like if Smee Number 1 were to lose his voice or have a heart attack. I've prepared for the moment when the starting

QB would tear his ACL or be assassinated with three minutes left in the fourth. And yes, I have even readied myself to step in if biology teacher Raul Bunyon were to be blown up on a visit to Iraq, even though my only experience with biology is that I can see some trees from my house.

But the role of Vice President is about more than experience. It's also about the issues. The economy is a pretty hot topic these days, and the people I'm talking to are *ill* that the government is in a position to have to bail out Wall Street. I could go on and on about this important issue, but we have a saying where I'm from: "What's the difference between economics and lipstick?"

I understand lipstick.

Finally, I would like to address how I would change the makeup of the Supreme Court. To start, let me name a few examples of cases I disagree with.

Whoops! Out of time! It's crazy how these paragraphs move along.

Now, I might not be a Hockey Mom, but I did coach my son's Little League team to victory for three straight seasons. County Champs! And I know that that experience prepared me more for the potential role of Commander-in-Chief than the Texas National Guard ever could have.

The 2005 championship was a pivotal learning experience for me as a leader. The game was dragging, eleven innings and no sign of letting up. It could have become another Vietnam. But my boys pulled through and we left with honor and victory, though without our shortstop, Bobby Mitchell, who was captured and tortured. The other team offered to give him back if we would just leave the field, but I said thanks, but no thanks. Instead, I bought the rest of the team free slushies!

Now some of you are asking, what does all this have to do with my qualifications for Vice President? I would like to answer a different question. As the saying goes, "What's the difference between a free slushie and a rape kit in Alaska?"

One to two thousand dollars.

In conclusion, I *have* led an army – an army of ten-year-old baseball phenoms. Like any commander, I had to know their strengths, their weaknesses and their peanut allergies. Many parents said I had the most creative steal signal in the League! But actually, we just had the catcher's sister hide in a rose bush with cue cards. We called this the Bush Doctrine, since the name was, as far as I know, untaken.

So, America, I hope I have your vote. Because as they say in my home town, "What's the difference between myself and a Republican VP candidate?" ■

WEATHER REPORT

October: 30% Chance of Frogs



Thursday



Friday



Saturday

NATIONAL A16-23

President Bush Never Blown in Oval Office, Americans Celebrate Eight Years of Being on Right Track, PAGE A20

THIS PIECE YR-24

By S. Naftalis, PAGE 24

INTERNATIONAL A6-14

UN Inspectors to Search Mexico for Lost US Jobs, PAGE A7

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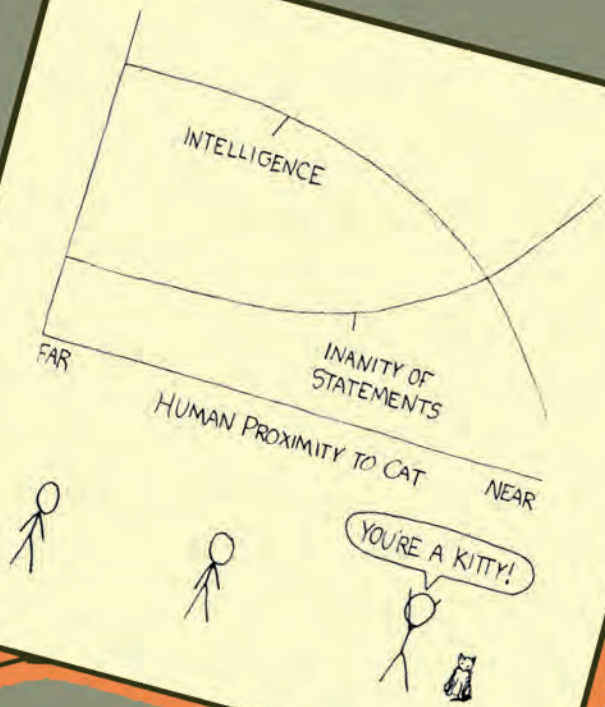
Sun, Wind, and Rain: The Art of David Cox

October 16, 2008–January 4, 2009

Co-organized with the Birmingham Museums & Art Gallery,
England. Generous support has been provided by the
David T. Langrock Foundation.

left: James Gillray, *Titianus Redivivus: or The Seven Wise Men Consulting the New Venetian Oracle—a scene in ye Academic Grove. No. 1* (detail), etching and aquatint with hand-coloring on paper. Published November 2, 1797, by H. Humphrey, The Lewis Walpole Library, Yale University

right: David Cox, *Sun, Wind, and Rain* (detail), 1845, watercolor over graphite on wove paper, Birmingham Museums & Art Gallery, England



$$\sqrt{\heartsuit} = ?$$

$$\cos \heartsuit = ?$$

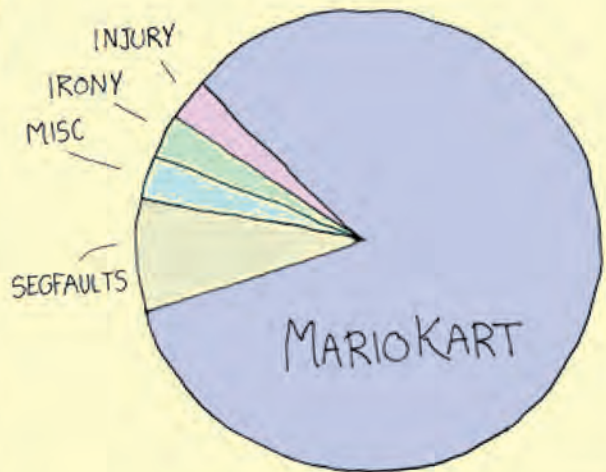
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$$\begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 \end{bmatrix} \heartsuit = ?$$

$$F\{\heartsuit\} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2\pi}} \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(t) e^{it\heartsuit} dt = ?$$

My normal approach
is useless here.

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