

Vol. 139, No. 6

THE YALE

Jan. 17, 2010

RECORD



THE PSYCHOLOGY ISSUE

A BRANFORD COLLEGE MASTER'S TEA WITH:



Hallie Haglund '05

Writer for

The Daily Show with Jon Stewart

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**Study Finds That Sagging Pants,
Rap Music To Blame for Recession**

Dear Professor Li,
I'm really, really sorry about this, but the experiment you put me in charge of has failed horribly. I'm not sure what went wrong--did I maybe dilute the solution to the wrong concentration or drop it too quickly into the petri dish? It probably didn't help that I jizzed on all the bacteria cultures last week.
Apologetically,
Jon Silvio, CC'11

Dear DS Student,
Looks like we better get comfortable with each other.
—Virginity

Dear Frozen Yogurt, Gelato, Sherbet,
and Ice Cream,
What do you have that I don't?
—Frosted Cheese

Dear Bank Teller,
"Are you being robbed?" Heavens! No, thanks! "Robbed" is such an ugly word. I prefer gunnysacked, swindled, hustled, heisted, filched, or forcibly pilfered. Toodle-loo!
—The Polite Bank Robber

**Lab Mouse Wishes You Assholes
Knew What It Was Like to Have
Malaria**

Dear Academia,
Thank you for giving me a home forever! For, when discussing the importance of any type of residence, there are several unique concerns which, when arising, occasion the asking of various important questions.
—Maddeningly Unclear Language

**Censors Fail to Crack Down on
Magazine, Fuck Shit Hell Damn**

Dear American Apparel,
Yes, I know you have unflatteringly high-waisted stirrup pants, but where are the assless unflatteringly high-waisted stirrup pants?
You just got out-hipstered,
The Brooklyn Hipster King

Dear Gillette,
Really? You think you're "the best a man can get?" I don't mean to brag, but I'm pretty sure I've got you beat there.
—Blowjobs

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Dear Sydney, Australia,

There can only be one. Meet me
at dawn.

—Sidney Poitier

Scandal: H&M Run by Ghosts of Hitler and Mussolini

Dear Ebola Patient,

You're going to live! Not for very
long though. You have Ebola.

Sorry For That First Sentence,
A terrible, terrible doctor

Dear French Prostitute,

So you want to roll in the Benjamins
do you? Well lucky for you, my
numerous rolls of excess tissue hide
many things, not the least of which are
large wads of cash. Just feel around a
bit more.

Waiting,
Benjamin Franklin

Help Me I Am Trapped in This Magazine

Dear Wilderness,

Every night I lie on my cot and
wonder two things while gazing up at
that blanket of star-speckled sky. Just
how far will man venture from our
terrestrial bounds and into that great
and black unknown? Also, when will I
stop having to shit in holes?

—A Cowboy

Dear Southern Racism,

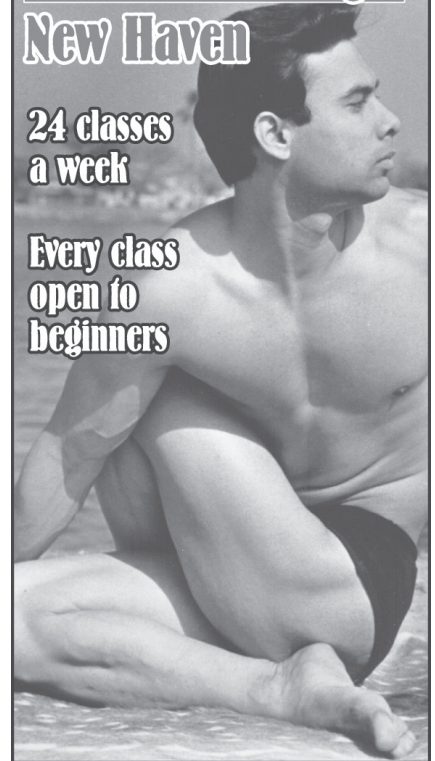
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—The Blues

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Dear Modern English,

I did not spend decades of my life constructing one of the most important characters in modern literary history to have him thrown about in the phrase "No shit, Sherlock." Do you see people saying "Good job, Gandalf"? Or "Too late, Tom Sawyer"? Or "Shut the fuck up, Elizabeth Bennet"?

Do stop,
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Editorial Intern Kan't Spell

Dear Boring Beverages,
Surprise!

You're welcome,
Bourbon

Hard to Tell if Kid Is Sleeping in
Library or Just Dead

Dear Student Tech,

My computer isn't working. I know what you're thinking--maybe it's the keyboard that I used to smash

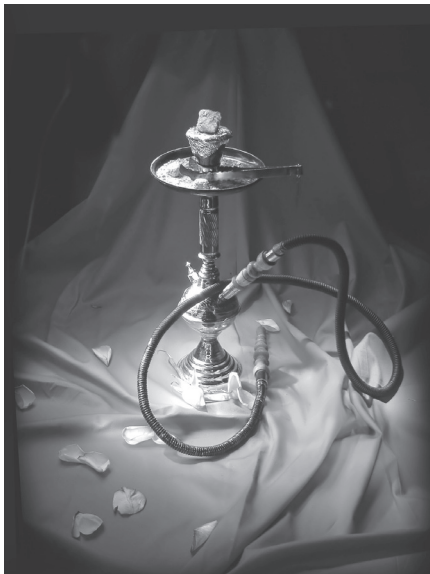
the monitor that's the problem. Or the statement, "Fuck you, computer," I have artfully written on the CPU with red spray paint. But if you could just recover the word document I was working on, that would be great.

Sincerely,
Amanda Davis, ES '13

Dear Kevin,

Thanks for sending me an invitation to your "Unbearably Fun" birthday party. I would attend, but then I remembered that bears are fucking lame.

Sincerely,
Your Kindergarten Teacher,
Ms. Johnson



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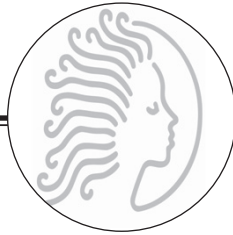
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Dear Haiku Poets,
Worship me, ignorant fools!
—A Haiku Mailbag

Dear Glee,
What a gay show! And by that I
mean it is a joy and a delight to watch
you.

Sincerely,
Lady Chintzworth

P.S. I also meant that there are a lot of
homos on your show.

Dear Horn-Rimmed Glasses,
I always thought you'd look good on

me, but now hipsters are wearing you,
and I don't want people thinking I'm a
hipster. Advice?

—A Guy with No Problems
Whatsoever in His Little
Bitch-Ass Life

**Journalism Is Dead, And
By Journalism I Mean Your Dog**

Dear Hammerhead Shark,
What the fuck, man? You're stealing
all my thunder.

—Phillipshead Shark

Dear Parents Who Name Their Kids
After Cars,

Lexus? Mercedes? Really? If you
want modern names that signify wealth,
may I suggest Switzerland or Cayman
Islands?

Sincerely,
Offshore Tax Shelters



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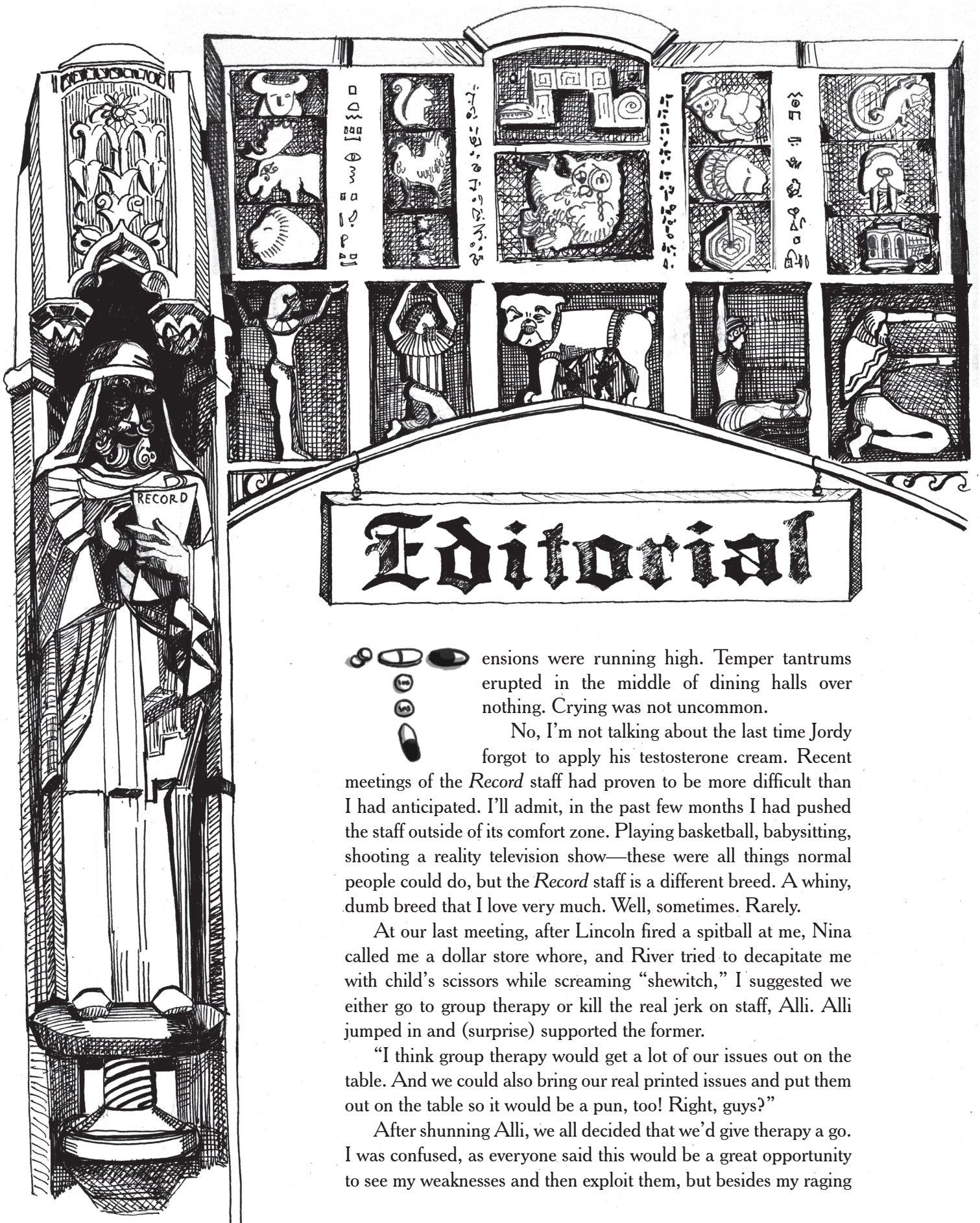
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Editorial

ensions were running high. Temper tantrums erupted in the middle of dining halls over nothing. Crying was not uncommon.

No, I'm not talking about the last time Jordy forgot to apply his testosterone cream. Recent meetings of the *Record* staff had proven to be more difficult than I had anticipated. I'll admit, in the past few months I had pushed the staff outside of its comfort zone. Playing basketball, babysitting, shooting a reality television show—these were all things normal people could do, but the *Record* staff is a different breed. A whiny, dumb breed that I love very much. Well, sometimes. Rarely.

At our last meeting, after Lincoln fired a spitball at me, Nina called me a dollar store whore, and River tried to decapitate me with child's scissors while screaming "shewitch," I suggested we either go to group therapy or kill the real jerk on staff, Alli. Alli jumped in and (surprise) supported the former.

"I think group therapy would get a lot of our issues out on the table. And we could also bring our real printed issues and put them out on the table so it would be a pun, too! Right, guys?"

After shunning Alli, we all decided that we'd give therapy a go. I was confused, as everyone said this would be a great opportunity to see my weaknesses and then exploit them, but besides my raging

narcissism, obsessive tendencies, and sleep sexting, I'm a perfect psychological specimen. Plus, some people find a "I luv ballz :)" text at 4 am endearing.

So off we went to Dr. Parker, the cheapest psychotherapist/tooth extractor I could find in the phonebook. Once we arrived at his mobile response office, Dr. Parker welcomed us into his Ford Escort hatchback to break down our emotional barriers. In seconds, I was ready to break down some facial barriers.

"Melissa, why are you such a stupid bitch?" Dana inquired.

"Wow, Dana, that is awfully strong language..." Dr. Parker interjected.

"Can it, doctor!" I yelled. "Dana, from the moment I met you, I didn't like you. You remind me of a thieving weasel. A slutty thieving weasel who thinks she's better than everyone else at doing slutty thieving weasely things."

River tried to make peace: "Hey, as far as I'm concerned, you're both slutty thieving weasels. Who should die."

Now we were making real progress.

"Melissa, you always portray us as stupid in your editorials, and we've fucking had enough," said Ngozi as she scratched her butt and couldn't remember who the first

president of the United States was.

"Yeah, Melissa, please report this event accurately in your editorial blah blah blah," David begged.

"Who stole my testosterone cream?" Jordy yelled.

Dr. Parker once again tried to gain control of the conversation. "Look, you guys obviously have issues that aren't going to be resolved in one therapy session. I think you all have personal problems that are magnified when you work collaboratively..."

"Who the fuck does this guy think he is?" Jordy shouted.

"Yeah, let's steal his glasses and then get out of here," Paul helpfully suggested.

In that moment, we all forgot about ourselves and our problems as we united to steal this douchebag's glasses and then call him a nerd. Group therapy truly had brought us together.

—M. Chiasson

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November 2010

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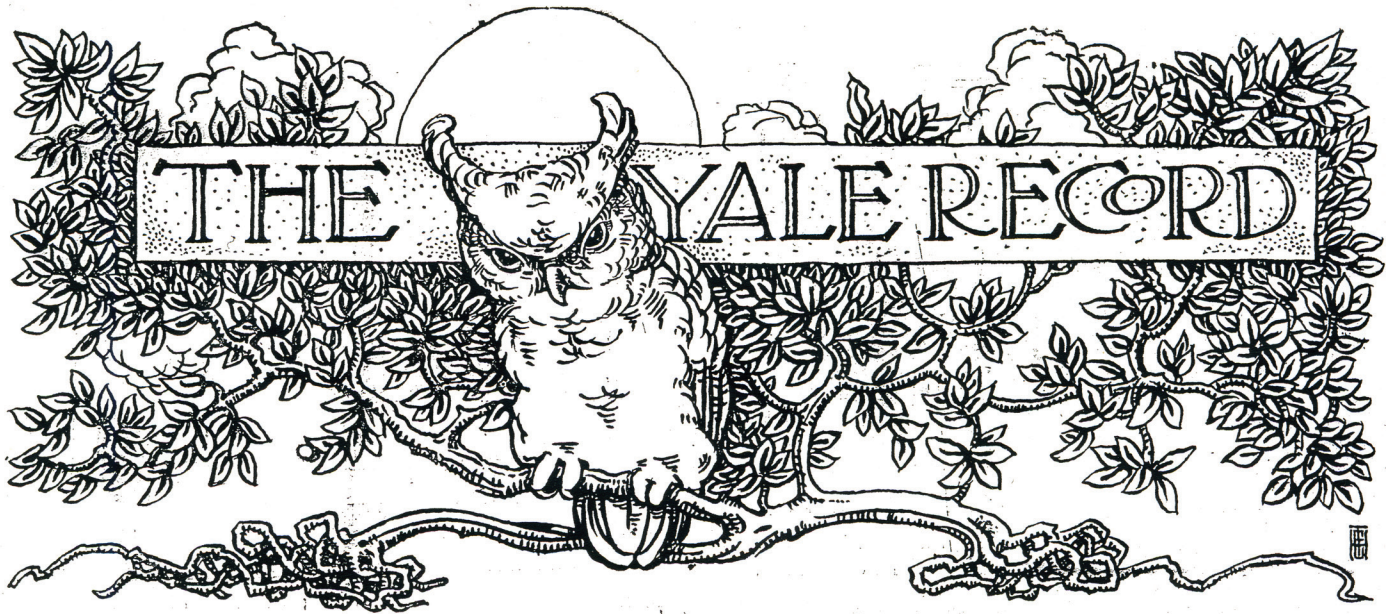
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A SUMMARY OF PERSONALITY TYPES BEYOND TYPES A AND B

Everyone is well aware of the characteristics associated with being a Type A person (aggressive, ambitious) or a Type B person (easy-going, carefree), but few are aware that there are other personality types beyond these two. Check the list below to see which of the following lesser-known personality types you are.

Type AA: You are easily tempted by life's vices and are prone to life-ruining debauchery if not guided back to sobriety by a counselor. You used to be the life of the party, but after losing your husband, kids, job and liver, you decided to change your hedonistic ways. You are usually filled with an overpowering feeling of regret and shame at your past. Your friends are grateful that you now remember the majority of what you do on weekday nights, but wish you would stop forcing "Are You an Alcoholic?" pamphlets on their teenage children.

Type AB: You are both greedy and stingy. When it comes to receiving precious life-giving fluids from other people, you are remarkably open and accepting, but when it comes time to donate to the less needy, you are suddenly "incompatible" and "not a match." Your feeling of selfish superiority is compounded by the rarity of your personality type, but even that can't take away from the sting of Red Cross employees turning you down for donations.

Type C++: You are quiet, nerdy and introverted. You find it easier to communicate with computers than with your fellow humans, although you do sometimes seek out

the company of Type COBOL people in order to argue about compiler speeds. You consider personal hygiene optional, and your major source of sustenance is potato chips.

Type DD: You are a female who is extremely popular with the boys. You are often stereotyped as a blonde, but in reality you could belong to any race or ethnicity (although you're probably not Asian). You are usually clumsy and find sports painful, but this is due more to extreme top-heaviness than to any inherent lack of athleticism. 97% of your interactions with Type C++ people involve them watching you on a screen.

Type HOHOHO: You are Santa Claus.

—D. Zhu



MENTAL HEALTH RESOURCES AT YALE

Mental Health and Counseling at DUH
Freshman Counselor
Sex with Freshman Counselor
Cosmo quizzes
Crying softly in the basement of Commons
Cultural houses
Crying softly in the basement of cultural houses
Peer Liaisons
Alcohol
Nuzzling in the soft bosom of Harold Bloom

—M. Chiasson

HOW TO PSYCHOANALYZE YOUR ROOMMATE BASED ON HER FACEBOOK PROFILE

1. *Pictures*: Your roommate's struggle between her ego and ideal ego manifests itself in the discrepancy between profile pictures and tagged pictures. The greater the difference between your roommate's appearance in her profile pictures and her tagged pictures, the wider the gap between her ideal self and actual self, and the greater her anxiety level. You can capitalize on this by complimenting her on the fact that it actually looks like she has two eyebrows in her profile picture or by telling her how if she always stood with her head at that angle, she could save money by not having to get that nose job.

2. *Friends*: You can learn about your roommate's social tendencies by checking out her number of Facebook friends. If this number exceeds one thousand, chances are your roommate is an insecure loner, a networking addict, or a whore. To figure out which one she is, check out the profiles of a few of her friends. If most of her Facebook friends lack very active profiles or do not have any profile pictures at all, these are most likely decoy accounts she created herself and then friended, making her the creepiest kind of self-doubter. If most of her friends are middle-aged suit-clad men, she is a shameless networker. If most of her friends are just middle-aged men, she is a prostitute.

3. *Facebook applications*: You can learn about your roommate's repressed drives as they manifest themselves in her choice of Facebook applications. Her indulgence in agricultural and animal husbandry games like Farmville could indicate latent thoughts about bestiality. While she may seem to be displaying her altruistic values by generously giving gifts with apps like Daily Gifts, this could just be a form of reaction formation, where she handles unacceptable impulses by exaggerating an opposing tendency—your virtually selfless roommate may in reality just be a kleptomaniac. And if she enjoys Twilight-related quizzes, she may actually be Stephanie Meyer.

4. *Wall posts*: Indirect characterization through wall posts offers the most insights into your roommate's consciousness. Your roommate has little control over which of her friends posts what on her wall, and therefore, by monitoring these wall-to-wall interactions, you can see how people interact with your roommate, and through that,

judge what her general reputation is. If your roommate's recent activities include constantly writing on a number of people's walls, but the most recent post on her wall is from two weeks ago, she's probably that annoying girl that no one responds to. Constant back and forth posts between her and another person either indicate a close friendship, or that a stalker from high school may follow her to college (you may want to replace all your locks). If that friend is stern looking, armed, and in uniform, it is safe to conclude that your roommate is on parole.

And voila! It's that easy to gain insights into who your roommate is through her Facebook profile. Don't forget—even if you fail to detect any signs of psychosis in your roommate by using these tips, perhaps you'll at least have learned a bit about what your roommate thinks about *you* based on your Facebook profile (and perhaps make some necessary adjustments). Good luck stalking!

—A. Kristal and D. Zhu



E. Su

“I KNOW WHAT I SEE, DOCTOR, AND IT SCARES ME.”

A PSYCHOLOGIST ON A FIRST DATE

He pulls up at 7:02. Off to a bad start already. Only a man wholly insecure about himself would show up at such a neutral time—he clearly arrived at 6:55 but didn't want me to think he was overeager, so proceeded to circle the block until he could pull up at exactly 7:02. Not so timely that I'll suspect his borderline Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, but not late enough that his overpowering desire to make me function on his schedule will be revealed.

It only gets worse once I'm in the car. The dulcet tones of Ella Fitzgerald pulsing from his stereo were unmistakably chosen after he pored over every piece of music on his iPod for at least two hours. He probably decided that her music would make him seem intelligent and sophisticated, but not haughty. The drive to the restaurant is filled with nonspecific dialogue; he has just moved to town and draws upon this heavily as he engineers the conversation closer and closer to what I know he's thinking about: sex.

"Do you know any good museums around here?" So we can go and be inspired by the erotic marble statues?

"Do you have a favorite park?" Because nothing beats hooking up behind the bushes.

When we get to the restaurant he requests a table in the back. Clearly he's intimidated by the other men in the room, with which he fears he will be compared. This low self-esteem can be seen in every action he takes as he meekly follows the waiter to a table; typical behavior for a middle child who felt forgotten in his parents' eyes.

"I just started reading Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* last week...", he begins, in a desperate attempt to connect with me through what he perceives as a shared interest. I can hardly keep myself from stabbing him with my fork. It is truly pathetic that he believes that reading the most generic of Carl Jung's works is going to get me into his bed simply because I am a psychologist. This shows such a lack of creativity and individuality that I would be surprised if his parents had not gone through a divorce as he was entering adolescence, forcing him to conform to whichever he was with to keep them happy, and thereby becoming dependent on those around him for his own emotions.

His Freudian need to assert his own masculinity becomes unashamedly obvious as he proceeds to order a beer and bratwurst. In fact, it is so blatant that I do not think I would be amiss in diagnosing him with Munchausen Syndrome, an illness that would cause him to fabricate symptoms



A FREUDIAN SLIP

Y. Lee

of disease in order to gain the attention of those around him. Now, I am not a practicing diagnostician, but after graduating cum laude with a degree in psychology from Harvard University, I of course believe myself perfectly qualified to diagnose this poor young man.

"Jacob," I begin softly, for I do not wish to disturb him (for all I know, this deception may be a symptom of the homicidal narcissism commonly seen in dark haired men over the age of twenty-eight), "when your parents divorced when you were a child, and you began craving the attention they were unwilling to provide, I believe..."

"What the hell are you talking about?" he interjects, shocked at having the truth so quickly uncovered.

"Now, I am sure this is not a conversation you usually have to face on your first dates, but it really is for the best if I just tell you I know all about the secret shame of your adolescence, how hard you tried not to give in to your feelings about your mother—"

"Who do you think you are? What the hell is this!" he shouts, jumping up from the table. "I'm not listening to this weird crap!" He throws down his napkin and stomps away.

As I watch him hurry out angrily, I sigh sadly. Another man who couldn't deal with the way I saw straight into his mind. Ah well, at least I avoided the forest animal roleplay fetish his choice of blue peacoat so obviously trumpeted.

—A. Hugi

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Master of Fine Arts in Food Artistry and Wrangling,
New York Film Academy, 2008
Bachelor of Fine Arts with a concentration in Pastry
Performance and Art, École Nationale Supérieure
d'Art et des Métiers d'Art, 2002

Work Experience (Chronological)

Le'Bistro, Food Photographer, 2001
Revamped older TV ad, adding lead-ins, fade-ins,
bisque-ins
Replaced original actors with bustier models
Arby's, Food Photographer, 2007
Photographed food for entire 2007 online menu
Introduced high-glistening plastic makeup for breads

and meats (patent pending)
Developed new light arrangement for attaining the
perfect bright lettuce leaf to dark crouton ratio when
photographing salads (patent pending)

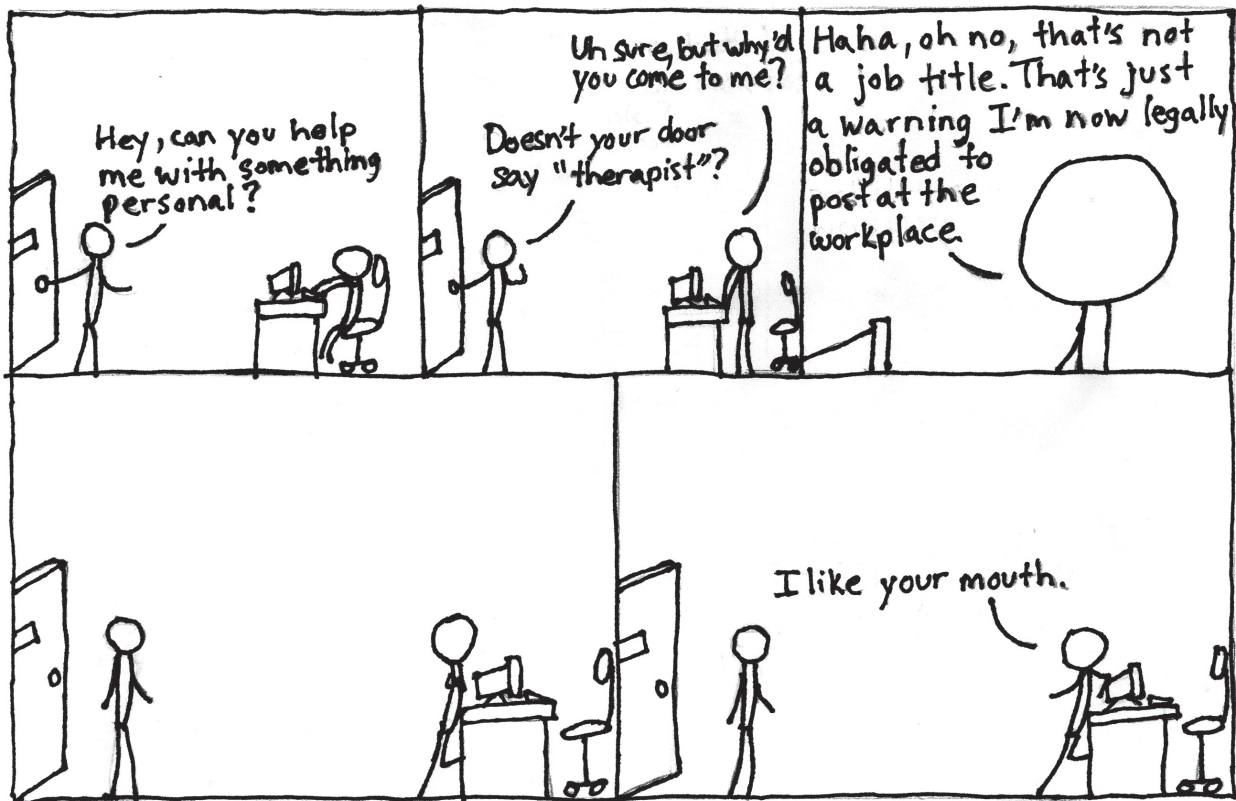
KFC, Diversity Casting Director, 2008
Set corporate record for most ethnicities (87) featured
in 30 second commercial

KFC, Asst. Director for Broadcast Advertisements, 2008
Introduced slow motion drumstick-into-flour toss
(patent pending)
Introduced slow motion drumstick-into-gravy toss
(patent pending)
Removed slow motion live-chicken-into-drumsticks-
and-wings footage

McDonald's Inc, Producer and Director for 2010 McRib
Revival TV Campaign, 2009
Coined campaign slogan "Going McCrazy
for McRib"
Replaced original actors with bustier models

—N. Ukazu

THE RAPIST



D. Fraser

SIMPLE TIPS FOR BECOMING A STAR PSYCHOLOGIST

Dear Billy,

Just yesterday your mother told me how you've decided to follow in my illustrious footsteps and become a psychologist. I'm so proud, and I'd be absolutely honored to accept the responsibility of becoming your inspirational mentor—you can bet your Uncle John will teach you some real tools of the trade! To start the ball rolling, I thought I'd address an issue a lot of psychologists have trouble with—how to keep the patient talking. Here's a list of general topics that patients usually respond well to. Don't forget to record their responses—writing continuously on your notepad is an absolute must.

“So... tell me about your father.” – I use this question every time, Billy, and I am telling you—every time it's a winner. I mean, everybody's got daddy issues. You know exactly what I'm talking about, Billy.

“Describe your home life.” – I like to pull this one out whenever I'm wondering what exactly could have made this client desperate enough to come see me. I mean, I only bought my degree off of Craigslist last year, how many problems can I really fix?

“How do you handle stress?” – This generally answers what I consider a very, very important question in my psychology practice: How far can I push you in this session before you crack and start attacking me with my own medical texts?

“Any personal or family history of depression? Alcoholism? Spousal abuse? Drugs? Violence? ...” – Billy, let me tell you the secret of psychology: If you list enough awful conditions, you're bound to hit on one your client has. Just start with the biggies first, and if you don't get a response, work your way down to “rabid fear of cacti” and “strange affinities with barnyard animals.”

“I can see that [insert important event/object] is very important to you” – This is my general statement when my thoughts are something along the lines of, “You are super obsessed with [important event/object]. Like, crazy obsessed. Maybe you should take up a hobby instead?”

If any of the above questions goes over well, I like to try to throw in as many thoughtful uses of the phrase “I see” as possible while the patient is talking. It drives 'em nuts. For proper usage, let the silence ring for a bit, then write furiously on your notepad—doesn't matter what—then stop

short, pause and drop the “I see” bomb. I find leaning back dramatically before speaking works pretty effectively too.

“So, same time next week?” – I'm always hoping these crazies just won't come back. But Billy, they won't leave! It's like that hamster you had that would never die! At least I can't complain about the nice fat checks they cut me week after week. The cost of my degree - \$5 and a ballpoint pen I traded up - was soooo worth it.

Well, Billy, from mentor to mentee, I really hope my words of wisdom have been helpful for your future practice. I know you'll do great, Billy! You can start with the kids around the neighborhood to talk up your practice—kids'll believe anything. Just don't approach little boys. That sexual predator mark never comes off of your record, believe me.

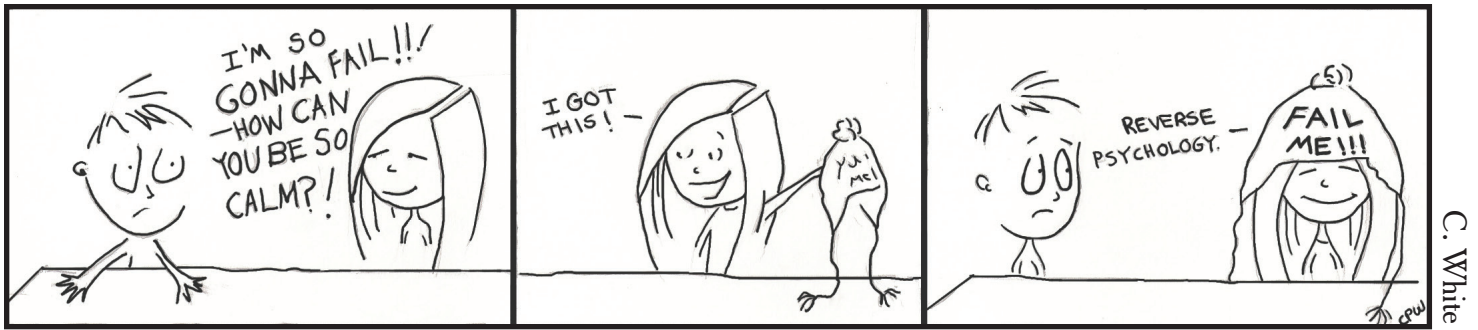
Good luck with the practice, and I'll see you at the next family reunion! ;)

Love,
Uncle John

—S. Shea



PICTIONARY WITH FREUD



C. White

A LETTER FROM A PSYCHOLOGIST TO HIS PATIENT

Look, Fred. I'm going to be candid with you. You've been a real disappointment to me, and after three months of weekly therapy sessions, I've got to admit I've become a little resentful toward you. I mean, when I first met you, you seemed so promising. So full of problems. You had that crazy glint in your eye, those little tics and mannerisms that told me you were a winner. You even had scar tissue on your wrists—I was so naïvely excited when you walked into my office.

But then it turned out that you had actually just been involved in an ordinary cooking accident, and that your problems are just the same boring cookie-cutter problems as every other patient I've had. Not that I didn't try to make something more of you, Fred—you can't say I didn't try. I asked you all the leading questions I could think of—whether you heard voices, experienced strong mood swings, had strange sexual fantasies. I practically listed every self-destructive behavior in the book. And every week, I waited for you to return to my office with the exciting news that you'd finally tried to chop up your neighbor or have sex with a dead cow. But no, all you ever do is drone on about your boring past, clutching your little Kleenex like your life is some goddamn soap opera I'm supposed to diligently follow. Well Fred, it's time you consider my feelings, and right now I'm feeling pretty disappointed in you.

I hate to say this Fred, but I think it's time you saw another psychologist. I tried to make it work, really tried to enjoy listening to your endless stories about your parents. I realize that they never loved you (and frankly, I can see why—you whine incessantly), but, Fred, they're dead. Where's the point in complaining now? It's not like either of us can do anything about it. The best you could do is just move on, maybe try to channel your depression

and frustration into something productive, a new hobby—kleptomania, maybe, or hydrophobia. Because as you are, Fred, well, I'm really sorry, but it just doesn't do it for me.

And don't even let me get started on your complaints about your sex life. That's the most pathetic thing of all. 'Fess up, Fred—are you even getting any, anyway? Yeah, I didn't think so. You know, back in the old days, I saw tons of patients with fascinating sexual fetishes—necrophiliacs, robot enthusiasts, even the odd guilt-plagued pedophile. So maybe you can understand why I'm not particularly enthused to listen to you talk about how unattractive women find you. I mean, if you keep crying all the time, you're obviously never going to get laid.

Okay, Fred, I'll admit it. Yes. I've found someone else. He thinks he's a unicorn, Fred. Just yesterday he went to the hospital, and the pesticide from the grass he ate nearly killed him. He's still vomiting grass chunks. He thinks he can fly. He thinks his tears heal cancer! And what do you do? Have you ever tried to mate with a horse? No. You avoid dairy because you're lactose-intolerant. Honestly, Fred, I think I at least deserve someone who eats grass. For Christ's sake, Dr. Quentin has a patient who's afraid to wear clothes. You're not even afraid of heights!

Anyway Fred, I think it's best if you just stop coming to see me. Look, if you need a referral, I know a nice, mundane family therapist that might put up with you for a while, but you're just too boring of a patient for me. Give me a ring if you ever find yourself getting into fights with a pink elephant that keeps following you home, but otherwise, just leave your last check at the front desk and go find another psychologist.

—M. Taylor



PHRENOLOGY OF GOD

BY R. CLEGG

Angel Porn
Pleasure Center

Deadly Sin
Generation Lobe

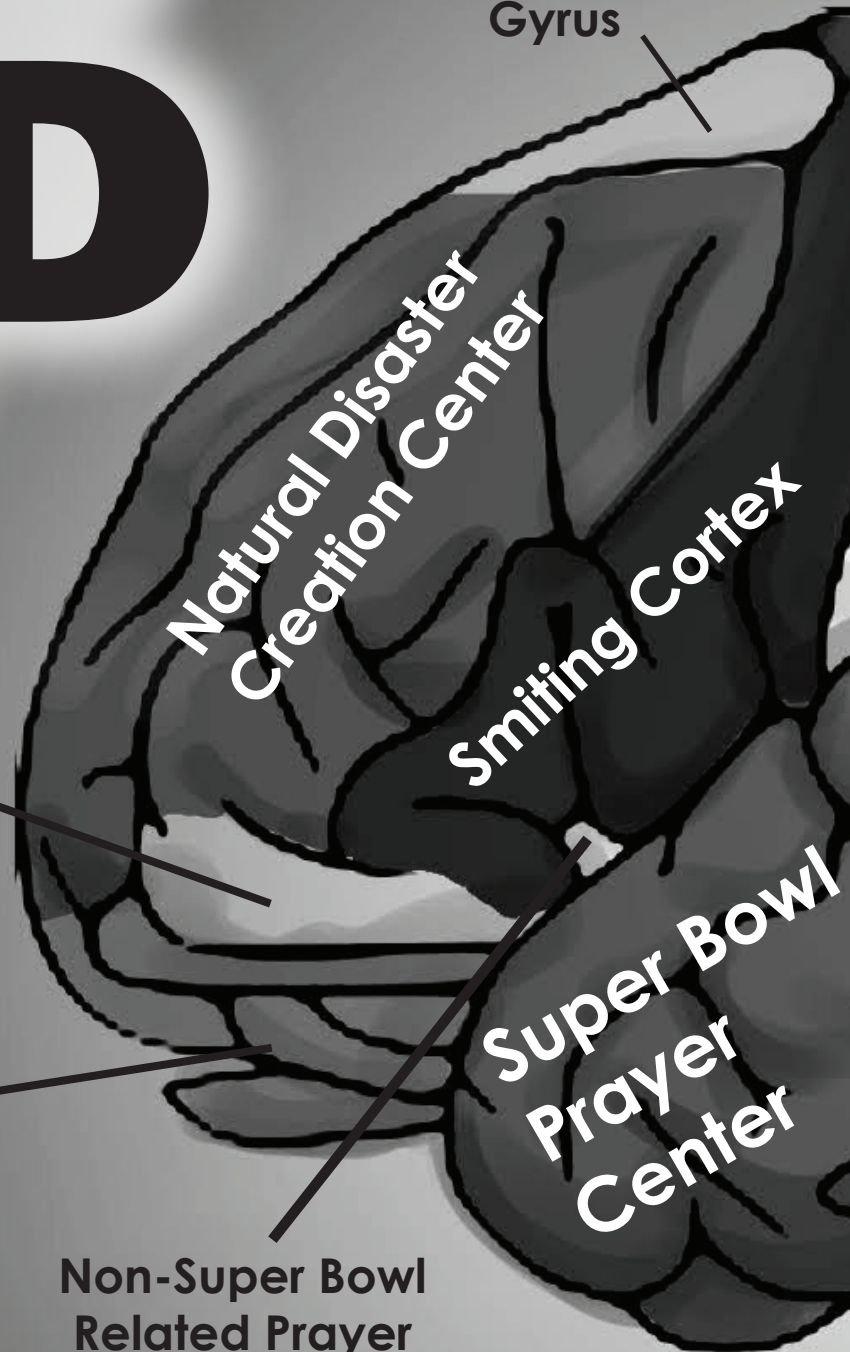
Non-Super Bowl
Related Prayer
Center

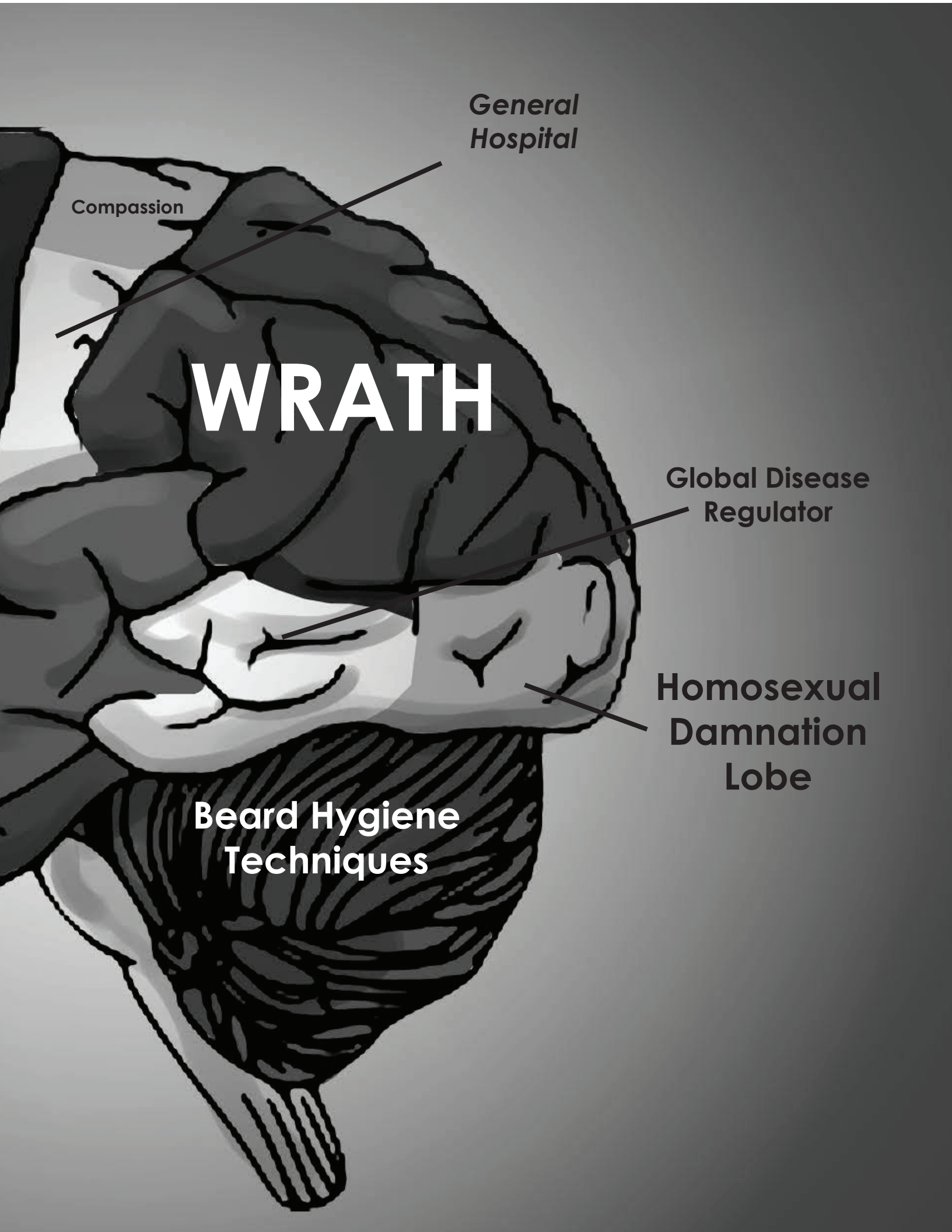
Racial
Prejudice
Gyrus

Natural Disaster
Creation Center

Smiting Cortex

Super Bowl
Prayer
Center





General
Hospital

Compassion

WRATH

Global Disease
Regulator

Homosexual
Damnation
Lobe

Beard Hygiene
Techniques

Consent Form

By J. deButts

In order to participate in this research study, it is necessary that you give informed consent. By signing the below statement you are indicating that you understand the nature of the study and your role within it, and you are agreeing to participate in the study. Also, no one reads this far, and I was wondering if you were free for dinner tonight?

If you agree to participate in this study, you will be consenting to do the following:

- Watch a series of video clips which show a series of interactions between Jenny and Sally.
- Tell us honestly whether you think Jenny and Sally were kind of lame names to choose.
- BYO pencil, moron. Failing that, you are legally obligated to write the answers in your own blood.
- Fill out a questionnaire about the power dynamics in the film clips.
- No, not that kind of power dynamics, you pervert.
- Complete no fewer than thirty jumping jacks for my sadistic amusement.

The total time required to complete the experiment will range from 20 minutes to 7 hours, depending on the phases of Jupiter and how recently I remembered to do laundry.

Risks/Benefits:

Participants will realize just how difficult it is to be a psychology major, as well as how unreasonably ugly the room they gave me to complete this experiment is. They will also acquire new perspectives about my personal grooming habits and the brand of lettuce I prefer. Risks include any discomfort you may feel while listening to and discussing the film clips, and the hazards that normally accompany doing jumping jacks with live scorpions balanced on your head.

Voluntary Nature of the Study/Confidentiality:

Your participation in this study is entirely voluntary (except for telling me how my ass looks in these jeans, which you will not be allowed to weasel out of) and you may refuse to continue at any point during the experiment. Your name will never be used in connection to your response and information which would identify you will only be accessible to researchers working on the project and all of our Facebook friends.

Statement of Consent:

I have read the above information, and I consent to participate in this study.

Name of Participant: _____ Preferred Funeral Parlor: _____

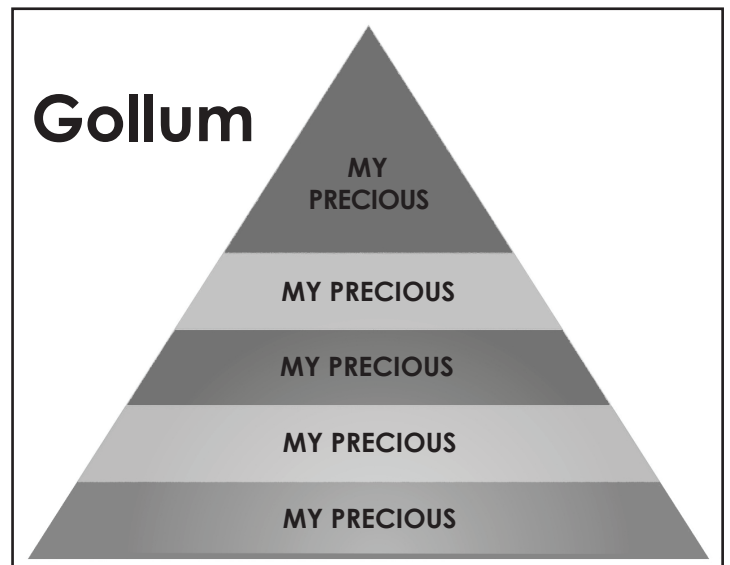
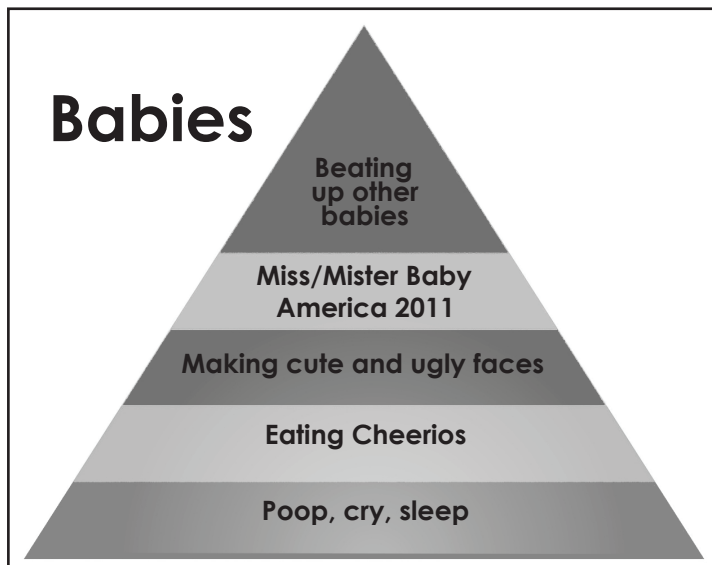
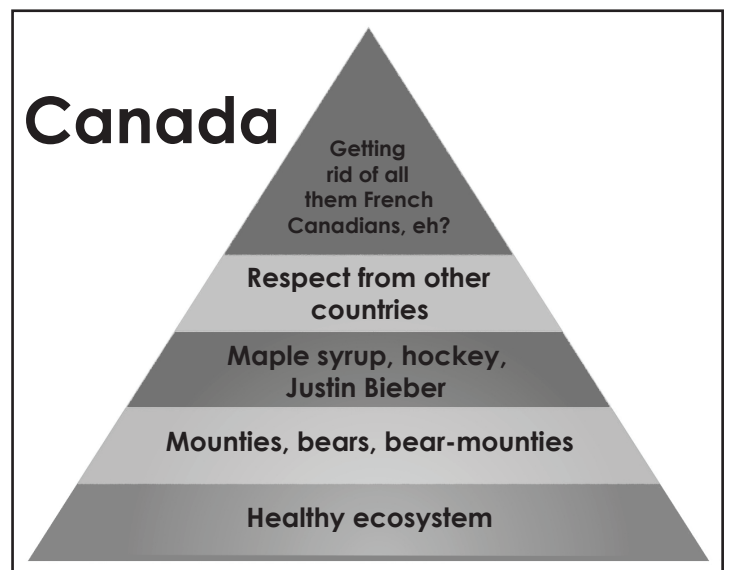
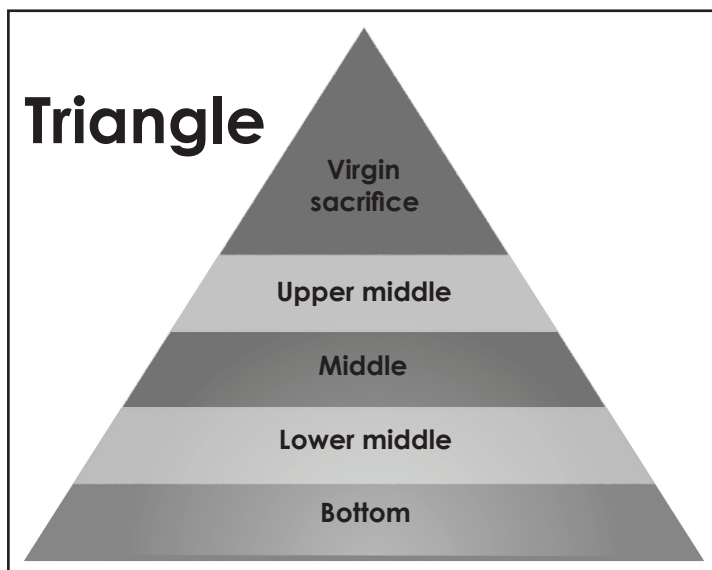
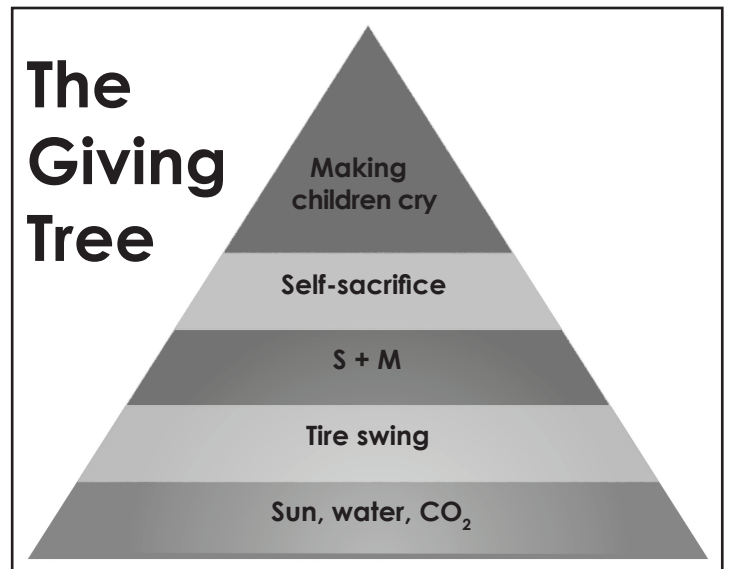
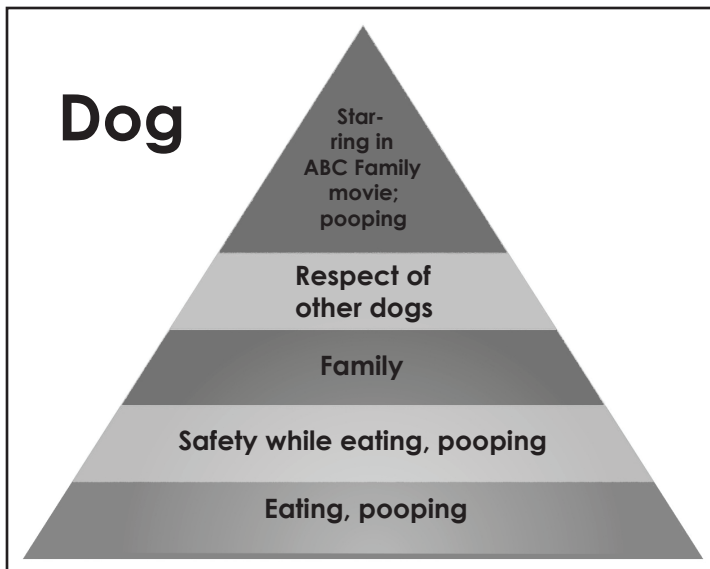
Signature of Participant: _____ Age (must be 18+): _____ Date: _____

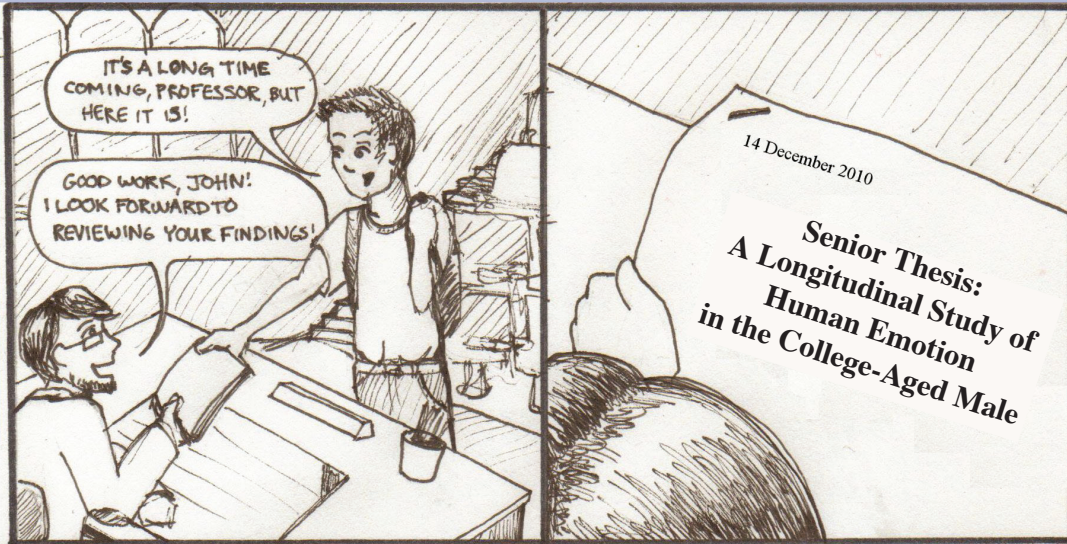
Thanks for your participation!

If People Said What They Actually Thought



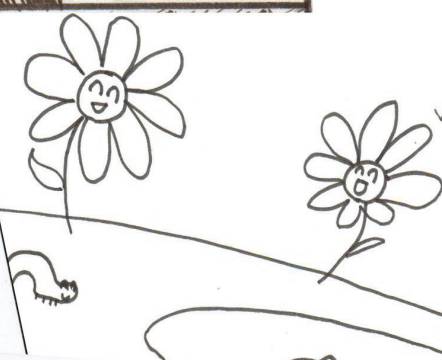
Maslow's Hierarchies of Needs





TODAY I GOT AN A!!

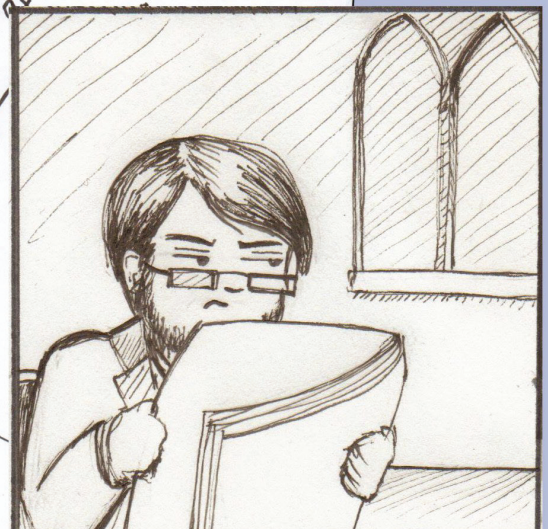
TODAY SOMEONE CUT ME IN LINE!



TODAY MY ROOMMATE ATE ALL MY COOKIES WITHOUT ASKING!



DISTINCT LACK OF COOKIES



SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE CASE OF THE OBVIOUS ASSASSIN

Early on the morning of the ninth of September, 1878, my companion, the eminent detective Sherlock Holmes, and I left our shared lodgings at 221B Baker Street in London to travel by train to Birmingham, whence we had been summoned by a Mrs. Pycroft regarding the rather curious matter of her missing husband. My companion and I were greeted at the door of Mrs. Pycroft's house, an old mansion at the top of a hill on the edge of town, by an elegantly dressed butler, who led us into the sitting room.

"There is something decidedly strange about this room, Watson," mused Holmes as he paced back and forth in front of the window. "Something sinister."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is the dead body lying in front of the piano."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Holmes, rushing over to examine the body, that of a well-dressed, middle-aged woman. "This woman is, as you say, dead. Your powers of deduction are improving rapidly. I should very much appreciate your medical expertise in determining the cause of her untimely demise."

"Well, Holmes," said I, glancing over the body, "I should assume the cause of death to be the rather large gunshot wound in her back."

"Extraordinary indeed," mused Holmes. "A middle-aged lady, no doubt Mrs. Pycroft herself, shot to death

in her own sitting room. Who could have done such a dastardly deed? And what reason could the scoundrel have for it?"

"It was probably the butler, Holmes," I said, "as he is currently standing behind you aiming a revolver at both of us."

"No, no, Watson, that could not possibly be," said Holmes, shaking his head. "This murder was too hastily executed. She was murdered in her sitting room, with a revolver—hardly the neat, carefully planned operation that one would expect from a butler, the epitome of planning and organization. No, this murder was certainly carried out by a butcher. Or a hairdresser. Or a fisherman."

"No, it was me," said the butler. "Really."

"See, Holmes?" said I, gesturing toward the butler. "He just confessed."

"Come now, Watson, if you accepted every detail at face value, then you would never solve any crimes," laughed Holmes. "No, we must seek out the real murderer, beginning with his motive. What motivation could there possibly be for such an act? A crime of passion, perhaps? The hastiness of the crime certainly seems to suggest so. Aha! The missing husband! That was the key all along, Watson! Her husband ran away with a disorganized hairdresser, and they both returned to finish her off and reclaim the estate."

(Continued on next page)

THE REAL DEFINITIONS OF WELL-KNOWN PHOBIAS

PHOBIA	POPULAR DEFINITION	REAL DEFINITION
Homophobia	Fear of homosexuality	Fear of homogeneous mixtures
Brontophobia	Fear of thunderstorms	Fear of Charlotte Brontë
Arachnophobia	Fear of spiders	Fear of Iraq
Agoraphobia	Fear of open spaces	Fear of Al or Tipper
Triskaidekaphobia	Fear of the number thirteen	Fear of Triscuits
Claustrophobia	Fear of small, enclosed spaces	Fear of Santa Claus
Acrophobia	Fear of heights	Fear of Adobe Acrobat
Xenophobia	Fear of strangers	Fear of Xena, Warrior Princess

“Or,” I suggested, “maybe—it was a robbery. Because, you know, the butler is also holding a large sack of money. So, maybe, the butler was sneaking out the door with the money? And she saw him? And he shot her?”

“Yup,” said the butler, “that’s pretty much what happened. Her husband actually did run away with a hairdresser, though, so that’s an interesting coincidence.”

“Watson, the sheer lack of imagination you display in these cases is extremely discouraging,” said Holmes. “You insist upon seeing everything exactly as it appears. Absolutely no creativity whatsoever. Now, what could have happened in your childhood to stunt your creative development? A lack of parental praise, perhaps? Or perhaps, it was *THIS PRIMARY SCHOOL CREATIVE DRAWING ASSIGNMENT, ON WHICH YOU RECEIVED AN F!*” He whipped a piece of paper out of his pocket and waved it in my face.

“Holmes!” I gasped, stumbling back against the wall. “Where...where...where did you find that? That is personal property!” I lunged forward to take the drawing, but Holmes held it out of my reach.

“I paid a visit to your mother last month, Watson,” smirked Holmes. “And I understand everything now. You thought you could keep this from me forever? I know all about your mess of a childhood now. The way your creative energy was suppressed. How you felt you were a failure. How you later decided you would seek your eternal revenge by committing complex crimes with superficially obvious explanations. It worked on lesser detectives, but it won’t work on me, Watson. I know you’re responsible for Mrs. Pycroft’s death!” At this, the butler rolled his eyes, tucked the revolver in his pocket, and strode out the front door.

I did a double-take. “Wait! The butler! The real killer! Holmes! Holmes, you bastard! He’s getting away! We must catch him!” I sprinted toward the door, but skidded to a halt at the click of a pistol behind me.

“Not so fast, Dr. Watson. Or, should I say, little Johnny Watson from Miss Smith’s primary school art class? You and your pathologically dull personality have endangered the public for long enough.” And Holmes pulled the trigger.

—E. Sandford



RARE MENTAL DISORDERS

No-Personality Disorder: The state of having not one personality, and not multiple personalities, but absolutely no personality.

Eyebrow Dysphasia: The belief that one was born with the wrong eyebrows.

Tripolar Disorder: Defined by extreme mood swings, it causes victims to go through stages of mania, depression, and uncontrollable hop-scotching.

Pie-anoid Schizophrenia: Schizophrenia characterized by the belief that one is being followed by menacing floating pies of different flavors.

Temporary Tourette’s Syndrome: A tendency to replace commonplace niceties such as “How are you?” and “It’s so nice to see you again!” with phrases like “Fuck you!” and “Get the hell away from me!” Commonly experienced at family gatherings during the holiday season.

Vampiriphilia: An inexplicable capacity for loving the Twilight series.

Lucy-Pevensie Disorder: Characterized by repeated attempts to try to find a magical land in one’s closet.

Tarianism: The psychological need to forgo eating both meat and vegetables, instead eating only tables.

Stupidity: The tendency to use the word “irregardless.”

—L. Sedlacek

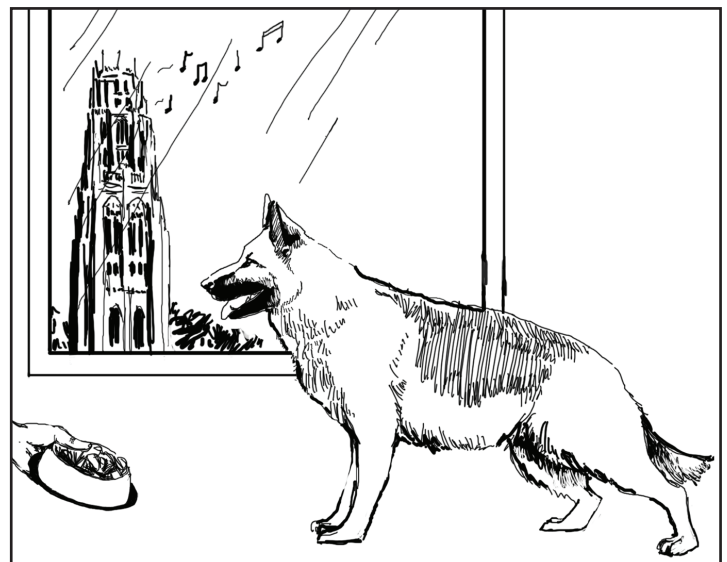


FIG 1: PAVLOVIAN CONDITIONING IN RESPONSE TO CARILLON BELLS

ROMAN HOLIDAY

Dear Diary,

They say, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." On my vacation last week I tried it out and, while it makes for an interesting trip, it's not a good way to ingratiate yourself with the Italians.

I know by this point in my life that good traveling experiences are pretty much luck of the draw, so I wanted Jupiter on my side for the trip. Naturally, I picked up a young lamb from a shepherd just north of the city and brought it down to what's left of Jupiter's temple by the Forum. To my surprise, not only do they not allow livestock in the temple anymore, but some little girl ran away screaming when I slit the animal's throat and drained its blood onto the altar. Then a police officer yelled and gestured rudely at me! I was like, "Hello, which one of us is condescendingly scoffing at your Italian heritage and which one of us is celebrating it by honoring the gods of your ancestors?" Talk about ignorance. Sheesh!

Next thing I learn is that brothels are illegal. Thanks a lot, Constantine! There go 100 Euros for the hooker, 200 more for bail, and another precious day of my trip down the drain.

Frustrated, exhausted, and still smelling of lamb's blood, I thought I would get my mind off my troubles by watching some gladiatorial combat in the Coliseum. Guess what? Shut down as well! Not only that; my audio-tour broke down after explanation 134. I could have just as easily spent that money on a good mutton joint and some dates, but instead I squandered it.

By that point I just wanted to clean myself off and get some dinner so I went to the public baths. Once there, I was disgusted to find men wearing Speedos. Speedos? What kind of world is this where men don't go to the baths naked? And what's more, I discovered that the slaves working at the bathhouse received pay and healthcare. You can hardly even call it slavery at that point!

It was a rough couple of days to say the least. From the savage beating I received for some harmless groping at what I assumed was a bacchanal to my untimely ejection

from the "Formula 1" hippodrome for stoning the chariots, I was abused more than I care to tell. All I have to say is that Rome isn't what it used to be.

-Jim

—J. Greenblatt



CONVERSATION TOPICS TO USE WHEN YOU RUN INTO YOUR THERAPIST WHILE STANDING IN LINE AT THE GROCERY STORE

How long the line is
 Who got voted off *Dancing with the Stars*
 Susie's cello recital
 Those necrophiliac sex dreams you're still having
 New hand lotion you've been using
 New yoga class you're starting
 New affair you've been having
 Weekend plans
 Holiday plans
 Weather
 Whether or not you still love your husband
 Great places to get Indian food

—N. Ukazu



E. & M. Ritvo, ill.: N. Ukazu

EVOLUTIONARY PSYCHOLOGY:
 MATING SYSTEMS IN EARLY HOMINIDS

HOW I WOULD TREAT MY CHILDREN IF I PAID THEM THE SAME ATTENTION I AFFORD SOFTWARE UPDATE REMINDERS ON MY COMPUTER

Child: Dad, can we play catch?

Me: Not now.

**

Child: Dad, will you help me with my algebra?

Me: Remind me later.

**

Child: Where are you going? You promised you'd give me a ride to karate.

Me: Jesus, this again?

**

Child: Dad, when are we going on our big fishing trip?

Me: (aside) Maybe I should just say "Never"...God, but I may want to do this sometime, right? Will it ever ask me again if I say "Never" this time? (to child) Not now.

**

Child: That's your sixth whisky, Dad, please don't drink anymore.

Me: Where's the little X in your top right corner?

**

Child: Dad, do you still love Mom?

Me: Go away so I can watch porn.

—R. Clegg

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when ordering. Offers cannot be combined

FAMILY DEAL

2 Large Cheese Pizzas
2 Liter Soda

\$18⁹⁵

Must Mention Coupon when ordering
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MEAL DEAL

Order 1 Dinner
1 Appetizer &
Get One Dessert

FREE

Must Mention Coupon when ordering
Offers cannot be combined

SUPER DEAL

Large
3 Topping Pizza

\$12⁹⁵

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when ordering. Offers cannot be combined

HERO DEAL

Order 3 Subs &
Get 3 Sides of French Fries or
3 Cans of Soda

FREE

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when ordering. Offers cannot be combined

College Street Cycles

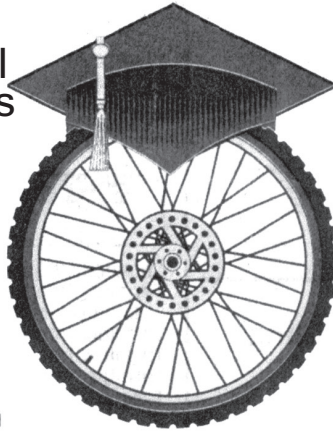


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Dear PETA Member,

Thanks for throwing red paint all over me. I suffer from a genetic disease that causes excessive hair growth, forming a thick fur coat that covers the majority of my body. Now I will just be

doubly embarrassed today as the hairy guy with paint all over him.

Fuck you,
Jim

Dear Amateur Comedy Night,
Balls! Boobs! Poop!

Sincerely,
Immature Comedy Night

Fauxhawk Embarrassingly Mistaken for Actual Mohawk

Dear Jim Henson,

I suppose you think the romantic tension between Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy is really cute, don't you? Well, I'd like you to see the actual hell spawn produced by a frog and pig after engaging in sexual relations and then tell me how cute you think it is.

—A Zoologist Who Has Seen Too
Much in His Lifetime

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Friday - Saturday:
5:00 PM - 10:30 PM

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Wanted: My sense of dignity. Last seen right before I removed my top in order to convince my professor unsuccessfully that my boobs could compensate for my poor writing skills. Contact Betty.

**Guidance Counselor Not Even Sure
What This Job Is About**

Dear Bar Mitzvah,
I just mitzvahed all over your bar.
—Your Drunk Aunt Who
Thinks She Knows Hebrew

Dear Professor,
I come to your office hours, and you tell me to make myself comfortable. Now you're upset that I'm shirtless and sitting in your desk chair? Liberal arts college, my ass.

Sincerely,
Lindsey Callahan, SM '14

Dear Tit Fucking,
This is a travesty. You take an act carried out by two loving birds to ensure the survival of their species and turn it into some crude sex act. Desplicable.
—The Tufted Titmouse

**Facebook Profile Pictures Reveal
Girl's Love for Shakespeare, Reading
Shakespeare Suggestively in
Bikini**

Querida José,
Mi ser enillo del gato divertido vámanos al taco a la mode con Los Angeles precaución comer pastel de tres leches en burrito.

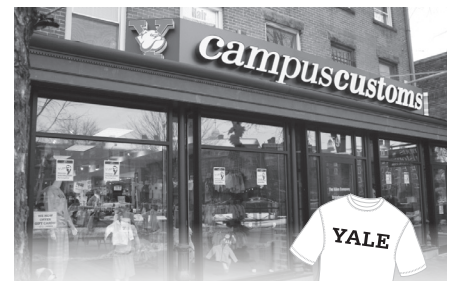
—Kevin
P.S. I don't really know Spanish, but I threw some words I do know in there. Having a foreign pen pal is so much fun!

**Kindergartener Learns that Sticks,
Stones Do Indeed Break Bones**



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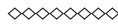
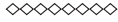
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Send for Booklet!

Dear Mr. Snuffullupagus,
Why are you called that? Do you have a cold? I hope you feel better because you are really funny!
—Cindy, Age 6

Dear Cindy,
Thanks for your letter! In response to your question, no I don't have a cold; I just do a lot of blow! Uh-oh, got to go, I think Grover's at the door, and he'll be trying to suck my dick to get some of this Colombian snow.
Sincerely,
Mr. Snuffullupagus

Jews Unsure Whom to Complain to About Negative Media Portrayal

Dear Lucifer,
Ha ha, I've got your nose! Also, I cast you down to the fires of Hell.
—God

Dear Blackboards,
Granted, you may have been here

first, but our superiority has been clearly demonstrated. We are cleaner, quieter, and divinely chosen as the greater wall-mounted writing mediums.
Sincerely,
Whiteboards

Dear Seal Pup,
Do you see that documentary film crew over there? Yeah, those bastards are trying to get awesome footage of me eviscerating you, but I'll be damned if they get it for free. So here's what I propose: first I will destroy their cameras, eat the crew, and high five my buddies. Then I will eat you. Sound cool?
Sincerely,
A Killer Whale

Dear Sally,
I'm sorry, it's just that we either had to give you up, or we had to give the entire orphanage up. Our funds just aren't what they used to be anymore. But don't worry; I'm sure Satan's Foster Home for Virgin Sacrifices will be just as nice as we are—maybe even nicer!
—Sister Mary



Geraldine, a florist
1207 Chapel St.
New Haven, CT 06524
(203) 624-4243

For all of your floral needs ...
and so much more.

Notes from Brian Lotz's Therapy Session, 1/21/11

- afraid of spiders
- regrets not making amends with father before he died
- stress about job as doctor (I should charge more)
- nightmare where he was choking on a pizza... I had a nightmare once. It was called this session
- he's nuts
- feels guilt over killing kitten when he was little - BAHHA!

Grocery List

- milk
- bread
- hot dog buns
- TP
- nuts

Big
Ridiculously
Idiotic
Alcoholic
Nincompoop



can i not diez pweez?

You know what would make Brian feel better?
A mustache!



Oops, now you can't complain about your life to me.

Number of times I get Brian to talk about something so sad he starts crying

X	X	X
O	O	
X		O

AAAUUU
GGGHHH!!!



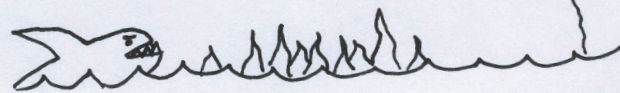
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I don't have multiple personalities...

...yeah, and neither do I.



Goal: 50



A Class Act

Classic...



rugs

furniture

lighting

baskets

soaps

tabletop

candles

accessories

classy gifts
for everyone

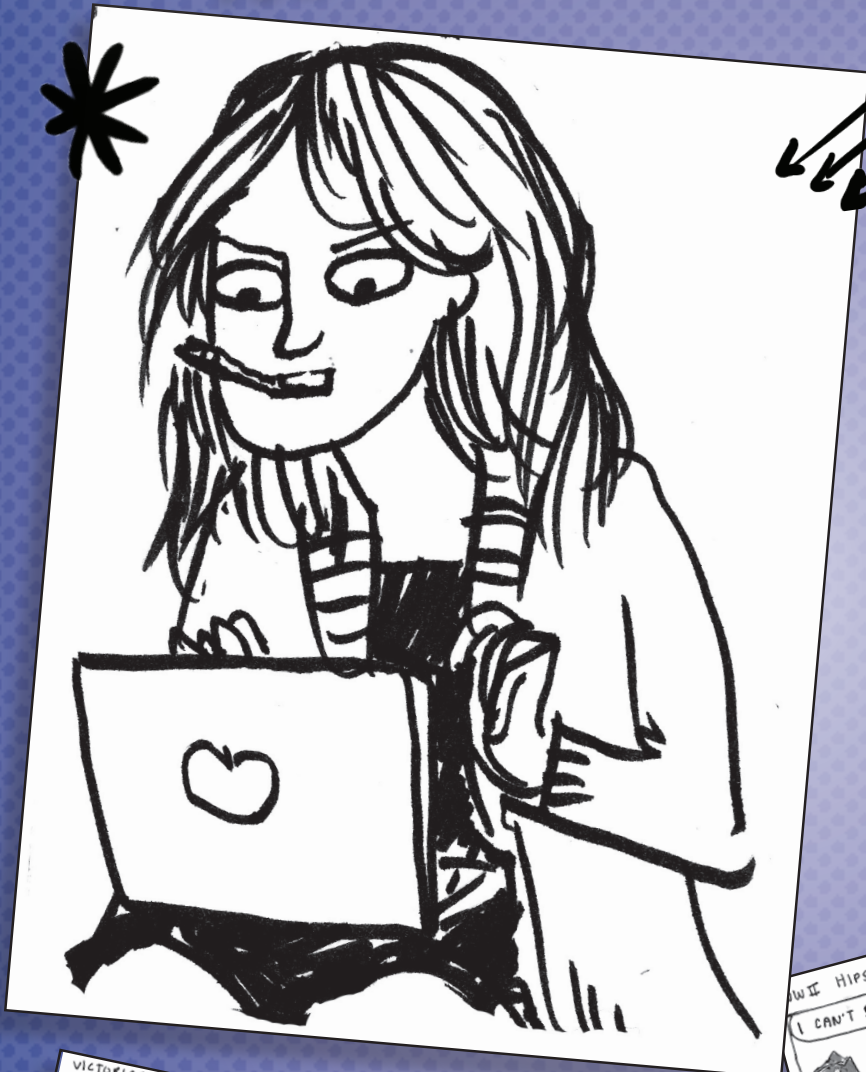
KATAHDIN
furniture

60 Whitney Avenue
New Haven CT.
203-777-5551

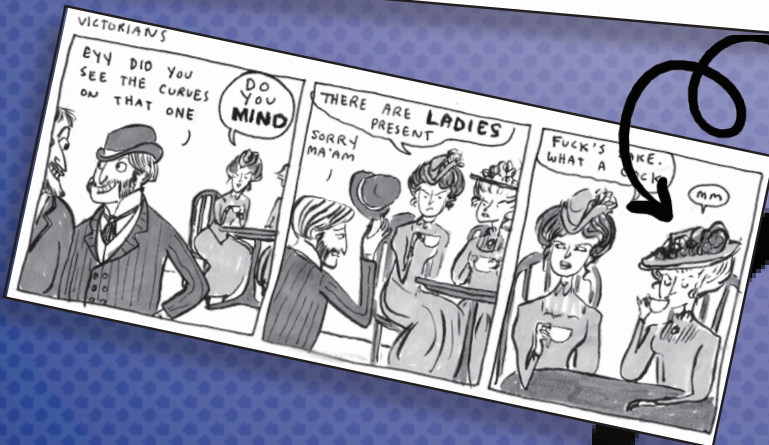
THE YALE RECORD AND PIERSON COLLEGE PRESENT:

a master's
tea with:

kate beaton*



creator of the
webcomic
Hark! A Vagrant



4 pm . monday*
january 24th

at the master's house on
231 park st.



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