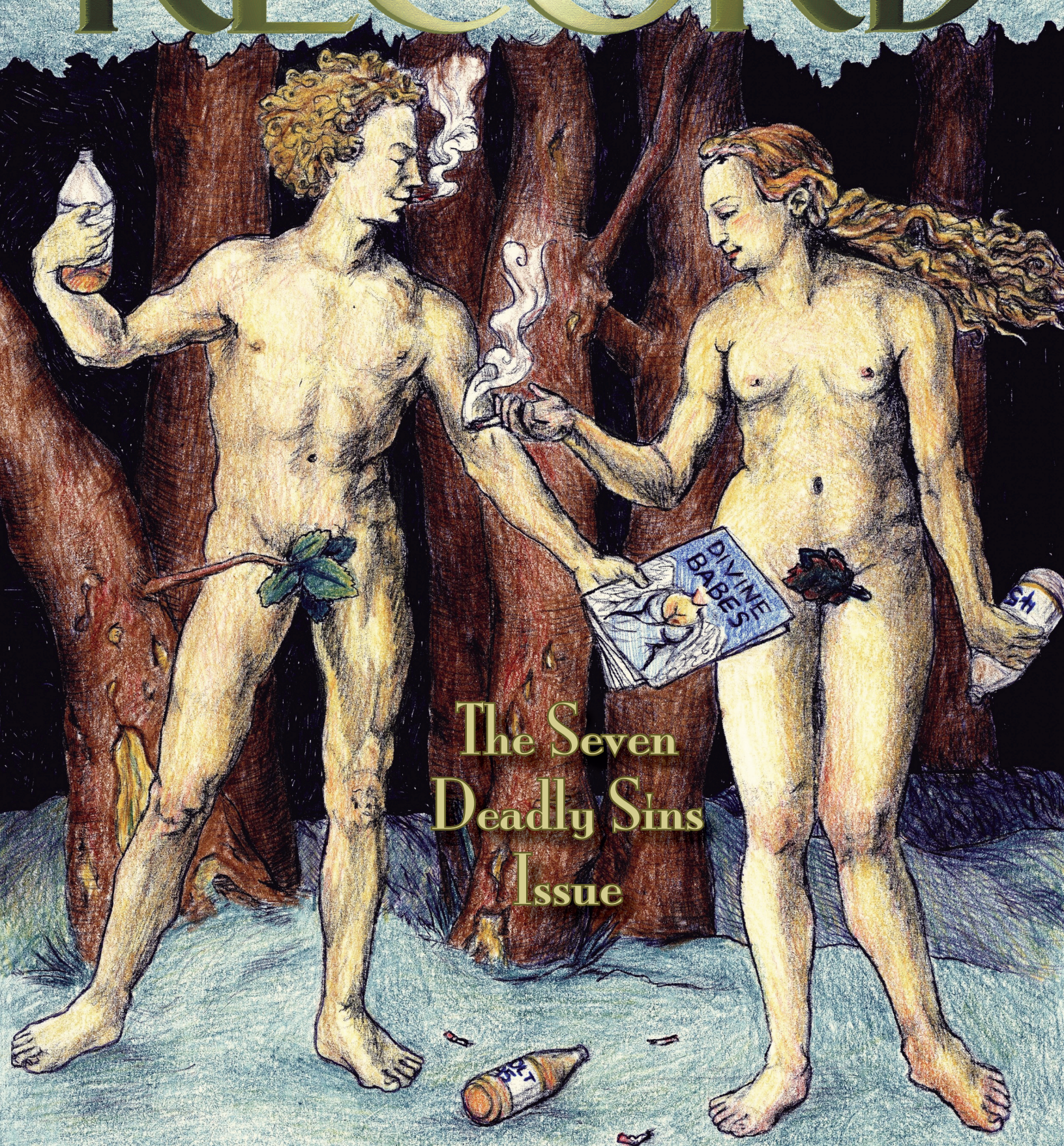


THE YALE RECORD



The Seven
Deadly Sins
Issue



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Dear John Hancock
Oh my god, I had no idea you were so huge!
—The Declaration of Independence

—————

**Dean Gentry Lacks Sense Of
Humor, Hair**

—————

Dear Smoker,
Before you throw that on the ground, ask yourself: Have you ever had your arms ripped off by a two-thousand pound wild animal?
—Smokey Bear

—————

**Bladderball Game In Tiananmen
Square Brutally Suppressed**

**Yale Courtyard Golf Team Calls
Master Krauss "Unreasonable"**

—————

Dear Student Tech,
Just because I smell bad doesn't mean I'm a grad student.
—A Smelly Undergrad

—————

**Students Advocate Establishment of
Caucasian Cultural Houses, Directed
to YPU**

—————

Dear Rolf From The Sound Of Music,
I am sorry to inform you that you have been charged with statutory rape.
—The Salzburg District Attorney

Dear Dave's Insanity Sauce,
You're not so hot.
—The Center of a Nuclear Explosion

—————

Obama Wins Nobel Peace Prize

—————

Dear Minute Hand,
I thought what we had was special. We've been seeing each other 22 times a day now for years...but now I find out you've been seeing the second hand 1416 times a day? You slut!
—The Hour Hand

—————

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Dear Benedict XVI,

That's right . . . keep telling them it's
the "papal" we . . .

—Your Secret Clone Army

Dear Bee Colony,

I regret to announce that I must tender
my resignation. This job sounded like it
had a lot of responsibility, but it turns out
it mostly involves getting raped.

—The Queen Bee

Apocalypse A Time For Reflection, Mass Death

Dear God,

Wait, no! Let there be dark, let there
be dark!

—A Man Developing Film

Dear Citizen Kane,

Most people would have learned their
lesson by now. But not you. You're gonna
need more than one lesson, Kane. And
you're gonna get more than one lesson.

—Your Math Tutor

King Of Pop Title Passes To Jesse Jackson.

Dear Ringo Starr,

Want to get together to form a band?
You can leach off my talent and I can
leach off yours.

—Art Garfunkel

Dear Covers of Bob Dylan,

We envy you.

—Covers by Bob Dylan.



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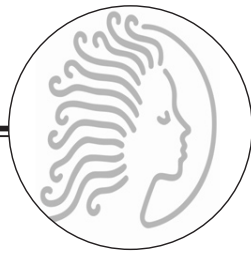
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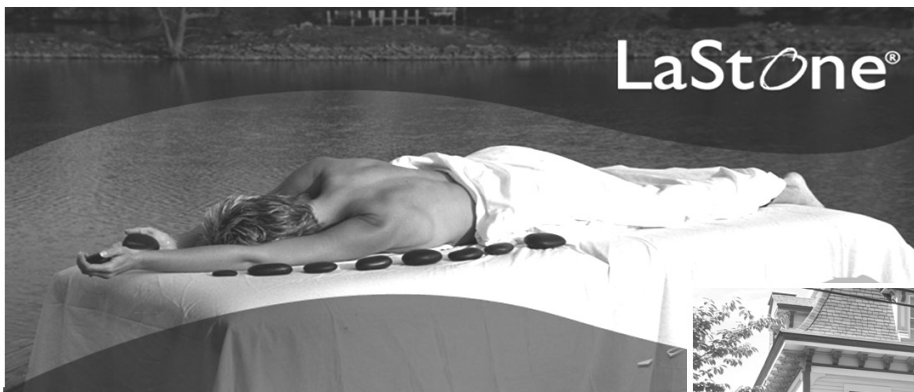


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Dear Swine Flu,

I would turn you into bacon if I weren't such a chicken.

—Avian Flu

Shooting Victims Feel Unfairly Targeted By Guns

Dear Logic TA,

You're deriving me crazy!

—Yacob, DC '10

Dear Eastern Philosophy Professor,

While I appreciate that the Buddhist tradition emphasizes non-attachment, why can't you just admit you forgot to send us the lecture slides?

—Jeff

Dear Humanity,

I don't understand how you can still fail to believe in me. Haven't you read the big list of Irrefutable Signs Of My Existence And Where to Look for Them? I could have sworn I left it with Abel.

—God

Shelly Kagan Locks Self In Box, Simultaneously Teaches Life, Death

Dear Dorothy,

I'm sorry about the smoke writing in the sky before. I realize the Emerald City has been taking on tough environmental issues and my action was neither helpful nor appropriate. Still, I would like you to surrender your life.

Greenly,

The Witch of the West



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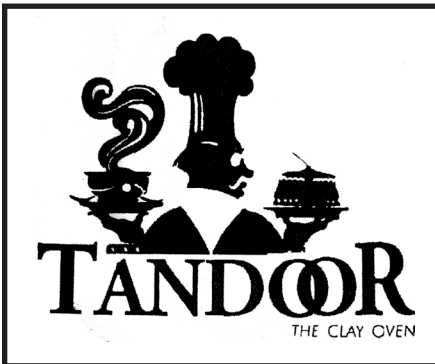


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Dear Director of Over-Eaters Anonymous,

You are never again allowed to hold meetings at our restaurant.

—Bob's All-You-Can-Eat Buffet

Dear OK Go,

You are no longer welcome at our gym. You don't actually work out, you just dance on the treadmills while others are waiting. At first it was funny, now it's just obnoxious.

—24 Hour Fitness

Jesus Terrified, Hungry At Prospect Of Crucifix

Dear 70-Year-Old Professor,

Don't even think about it.

—Hot Undergrad Girl

Dear Hot Undergrad Girl,

Too late.

—Harold Bloom

Kim-Jong-Il Finally Gets MAD, World Averts Nuclear Catastrophe

Dear Sally Smith,

Sincerely sorry concerning the sensitive subject of your lisp. Since you experience certain setbacks in saying sentences consisting of several S's, consider speaking safer sentences so silliness stays separate from your speech.

Your Speech Instructor,
 Sam Sill

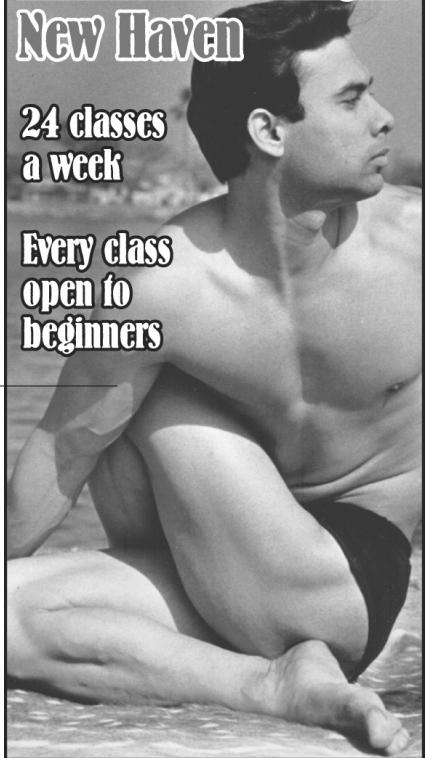
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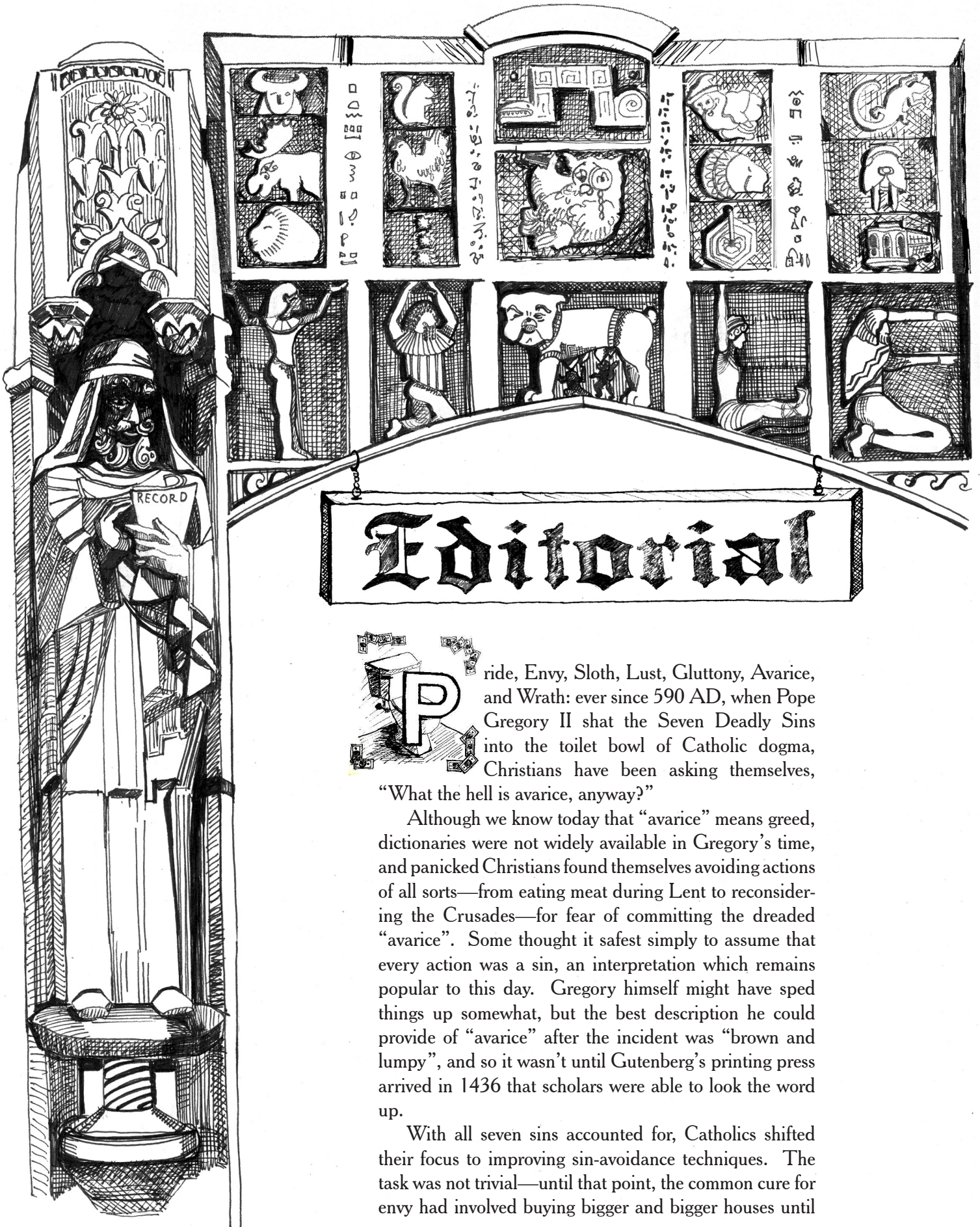
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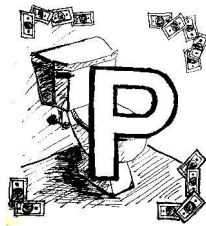
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Editorial



ride, Envy, Sloth, Lust, Gluttony, Avarice, and Wrath: ever since 590 AD, when Pope Gregory II shat the Seven Deadly Sins into the toilet bowl of Catholic dogma, Christians have been asking themselves, “What the hell is avarice, anyway?”

Although we know today that “avarice” means greed, dictionaries were not widely available in Gregory’s time, and panicked Christians found themselves avoiding actions of all sorts—from eating meat during Lent to reconsidering the Crusades—for fear of committing the dreaded “avarice”. Some thought it safest simply to assume that every action was a sin, an interpretation which remains popular to this day. Gregory himself might have sped things up somewhat, but the best description he could provide of “avarice” after the incident was “brown and lumpy”, and so it wasn’t until Gutenberg’s printing press arrived in 1436 that scholars were able to look the word up.

With all seven sins accounted for, Catholics shifted their focus to improving sin-avoidance techniques. The task was not trivial—until that point, the common cure for envy had involved buying bigger and bigger houses until

you no longer envied your neighbors, and the cures for gluttony and lust were no better. Furthermore, there was still the problem of what to do with sloth; scholars had never figured out why sloth was a deadly sin, as it seemed to be the solution to all the others. The controversy got a lot of people very angry, which just made things worse.

Over the next few centuries, various sin-defeating strategies were proposed. The Church of Ireland asked its followers to add pots of gold to their breakfast cereal, relieving them of their appetites and their love of money simultaneously. The Church of Sicily, which had never accepted gluttony as a sin, asked its followers to drown any potential object of their avarice in olive oil and parmesan and consume it whole, although critics pointed out this was suspiciously similar to their policies on health care and education. Meanwhile, the Pope, relying on a poorly-worded opinion poll, reacted to the crisis by excommunicating several popular brands of silverware. This was fine with everyone, as 590 AD was the last time in history anyone had ever listened to the Pope.

Nevertheless, many grew frustrated with the Vatican's increasingly farcical edicts, and some chose to switch to less demanding religions, having heard that Buddha was pretty chill. In response, *The Yale Record* has produced this issue to help restore credibility and reverence to the Church.

In preparing the Seven Deadly Sins Issue, we

at the *Record* faced two main challenges. The first was explaining why we had any business writing such an issue, given that our 8-member editorial board is 87.5% Jewish. Rather than address this, we decided to confuse our critics by throwing in random references to Buddha.

The larger challenge was how to prevent the entire issue from being about tree sloths. These lethargic fauna bear the misfortune of sharing a name with one of Pope Gregory's pet peeves, and their curvy claws, droopy faces, and eccentric mannerisms make them the perfect subject for any humor piece. This challenge, too, was never addressed, and the following pages contain a disproportionate number of arboreal omnivores, to the Editor's not un-qualified chagrin.

In the end, though, everything worked out great. So grab a sloth, ignore a pope, and enjoy a few pages of the Seven Deadly Sins Issue.

We're pretty proud of it.



THE YALE RECORD
NOVEMBER 2009

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THE 7 DEADLY SINS TRAVEL EDITION

Lust: Brazil—This country of sexy beaches and sexy rain forests is also home to one of the sexiest murder capitals of the world. Far too busy staring at Gisele Bundchen to address skyrocketing crime rates, Brazilians already suffer in their own earthly hell. Unless you don't live in a slum, in which case it's paradise.

Gluttony: Italy—Constantly buffeted by a hurricane of carbohydrates, this boot-shaped nation is known for its popular chain of embassies that offer unlimited breadsticks. Italians foolishly pair this with unlimited salad, as if vegetables counteract the vicious effects of Satan's mini bread swords on the human physique.

Greed: Switzerland—For years the Swiss have bamboozled the rest of the world into depositing their money in its banks, which we assume are made of chocolate and can only be accessed via ski lift. Depositors who threaten to remove their millions are attacked with an all-in-one knife/corkscrew/toenail scissors, designed (we assume) by a tiny devil with tiny devil hands.

Sloth: Spain—Known for its afternoon naps and coma-inducing paella (a haphazard dish if there ever was one), it seems the only feeling of urgency in Spain comes from being pursued by a bull. Citizens affectionately refer to their country as "España," which roughly translates to "Nation of Lazies."

Wrath: Greece—This proud empire, origin of philosophy, democracy, and most other human achievements, is now known mainly for big fat weddings. Unable to come to terms with this devastating fall from grace, they angrily throw plates to the ground without warning. Opah!

Pride: Ireland—The Irish are so boastful of their heritage that they can often be found insisting on kisses from friends and strangers alike. As if that is not enough, they also expect people from around the world to travel there to show their affection for the Blarney stone, a disease-drenched boulder disguised as a tourist attraction.

Envy: USA—The national anthem of this country is "Hey, Jealousy" by the Gin Blossoms. Enough said.

—C. Mulaney



LESSER-KNOWN JANE AUSTEN MANUSCRIPTS

Lust and Limited Interest
Gluttony and Glaring Social Inadequacies
Greed and Gracelessness
Sloth and Slander
Wrath and Racism
Envy and Enmity
Mansfield Park

—N. Klugman

AN END-OF-DAY CHECK-IN WITH THE BOSS

Today was a challenging day in the confessional. I was faced with a number of severe sins and though the penitents tempted me to bend toward sinful thoughts, I was able to remain decent and upright.

My first penitent was a man feeling guilty about finances whose last good confession was two years prior. He described himself as “eight-fork place setting rich” and had recently won a local lottery with a ticket purchased as a joke. He spent his winnings on a Jacuzzi engineered to run on olive oil so he could constantly churn over 500 gallons of fine pesto and hired a team of Italian laborers to replenish the pine nuts. His venture had already put three family owned Italian restaurants out of business and it occurred to him that the money could have gone toward charity or research. I told him to say 10 Hail Mary’s and 12 Our Father’s. I did not feel envious of him, even though my sink recently fell into my bathtub. I’m sure the difficulties that come with owning that many objects made of gold are beyond my comprehension.

Moments later, another man ran into my confessional—he was huffing and puffing but very excited. He told me he had a religious crisis in the Church parking lot but had been saved! He was informed on the way to services that his long-distance girlfriend had been having an affair with a pastor. He became furious with God and decided to take his anger out on the green sedan parked in the “Father of the Month” space of our parking lot. He spray painted the words, “Priest?! More like Yeast!” across the side of the car. When he realized “Beast”

would have been a better insult, he rewrote the phrase on the other side. He then slashed all of the car tires and bashed one of the windows. To his amazement, the cracks of the broken window formed an exact replica of the Pieta. It looked so much like a stained glass window that his belief in God was restored and he ran directly inside to confess. The sedan was most certainly mine. Well, I don’t need to tell you that. I told him to say 50 Hail Mary’s and spend 200 hours reflecting on the damage he had done. But I wasn’t angry with him. I was just glad his faith returned. I would never want anyone’s faith-tires to be slashed.

Then a girl entered. Her last good confession was “a bunch of months ago or something,” right after she turned 19. She disobeyed her parents and went with her friends to Cabo for spring break using the money her grandmother left for a trip to the National Cathedral. She told me that in Cabo, she had romantic touching times with two gentlemen: she rounded many wicked bases with Brad but fell asleep during her tongue-kissing with Rob. She felt guilty because Rob was a really cool guy too with a jet ski—she thought she should call him to apologize. She remembered that Rob wrote his phone number on her with a Sharpie and removed her tank top to find it. I temporarily lost my ability to speak so I croaked out the word, “Rosary,” and she left. It wasn’t because of lust, though—I just had something in my throat. Afterwards, for some reason, my palms were so sweaty I dropped my bible; I have already said two Our Fathers for penance.

—A. Gates



I'M REALLY JEALOUS THAT I WASN'T ASSIGNED
THE "GTA: BETHLEHEM" ARTICLE.

God, it really pisses me off that Will Moritz wrote the GTA article. It's such a good idea, and I could have come up with so many funny ways to write it, but now it's too late. I missed my chance. Is Will's version funny? Sure, it's sort of funny. I won't deny that there are some good jokes. The recurring Army helicopter gag is great. And a couple of the jokes about chickens are funny too.

But, honestly, I probably would have thought of them. Let's look at this realistically: He's a first-year member of the Record who's barely cutting his teeth on comedy writing, while I am a managing editor with such established hits as "Dogden Nash" in our Poetry issue. Back towards the brainstorming stage of the Seven Deadly Sins issue, I specifically asked to be assigned to the GTA article, but Will had already requested it, and our Editor-in-Chief was so concerned with not losing new writers that he didn't want to offend Will by taking it away from him. As though Will's quitting the Record would have been a terrible thing. Oh no! No more jokes involving "excretory bodily functions." What a tragic loss.

Let me just give you a preview of some of the things I would have utilized in the article had I been given the chance to do so. First of all, instead of the plot being about Jesus' brother (any Stephen Lynch fans out there?), your character would be working for the Three Kingpins of the Orient, who are interested in discreetly distributing their products of Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh throughout the community. This is a much funnier premise because it allows you to make puns like Myrrhder, which is Bethlehem slang for an incense-related homicide. My opening sentence would have been funnier too, something like "Just when you thought Grand Theft Auto couldn't be about religion, it is about religion." Maybe that sentence doesn't seem immediately funnier, but if I had actually been given the chance to write the article, I would have had more time to revise it.

Another big opportunity Will missed was the chance to connect Mary Magdalene with the prostitutes. Sure, he mentions prostitutes and Mary Magdalene, but

the two practically beg to be connected in a humorous way. I have a really good way to do it, but I feel like my point is better made if I don't publish my joke so everyone can feel the sting of missing out on it. Also I would have included a joke about camels because, at that time, there were camels in Bethlehem.

Don't get me wrong; I like Will and all. It's just frustrating that such a good idea was wasted on a writer who wasn't me.

—M. Sonnenblick



WHERE GLUTTONY INTERSECTS THE OTHER SINS

Pride: Freedom Fries

Greed: Pie Charts

Sloth: Harold Bloom

Wrath: Colonel Sanders After a Bottle of Jack Daniels

Envy: Takeru Kobayashi, World's 2nd-Fastest Hot Dog Eater

Lust: Harold Bloom

—S. Chaffetz



S. and V. Naraiti

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN WITH ENVY

REVIEW OF *GTA VII: STREETS OF BETHLEHEM*

If you ever thought that *Grand Theft Auto* could not get any worse, you were wrong. *Grand Theft Auto VII: Streets of Bethlehem* is by the far the most gruesome, hateful, and ethically debased edition of the famed series. After playing this game for two minutes, you will think that using a lawnmower to kill a gang leader is child's play.

You start out the game as Jimmy Christ, Jesus Christ's neglected half-brother. As you get a hang for the controls, you quickly learn about the newest mannerisms added to the game. Now, with the just the combination of the X button and a directional command, you can conjure up profanities, racist slurs, and even certain excretory bodily functions. The game designers deserve credit for adding this kind of detailed, nuanced vulgarity in the most unexpected places, truly filling out the virtual environment.

You start out in the brush and mud of a pig pen, where Jesus was born years earlier. You immediately are thrown into action and you must escape the pen by ripping the pigs to shreds with your bare hands. You then meet a foreigner named Vladimir, who wears a leather jacket, and who provides you with all your weaponry throughout the game. Though you may initially question why one of the Bethlehem villagers is a modern day Russian, Vladimir will prove to be your most useful asset.

As you familiarize yourself with virtual 10 A.D. Bethlehem, you will quickly learn how to hijack Jesus' food cart, blow up the sacred chicken coop, and smack a wench. But don't worry, classic moves such as soliciting sex from a prostitute, paying the prostitute, killing her, and taking your money back, remain in the game. Except in Bethlehem, the prostitutes are well-intentioned peasants. And if you want, you can get an army helicopter.

But there is much more to *GTA: S.O.B* than random acts of hate: in fact, you must carefully plot out your satanic hijinks in order to complete the given missions. Such missions include: kidnapping a cherub, using Mary Magdalene as a bartering tool in order to score drugs, and ultimately, turning Jesus evil, and thereby initiating an alternate multiplayer mode, where Jesus and Jimmy Christ drive across town in a Hummer,

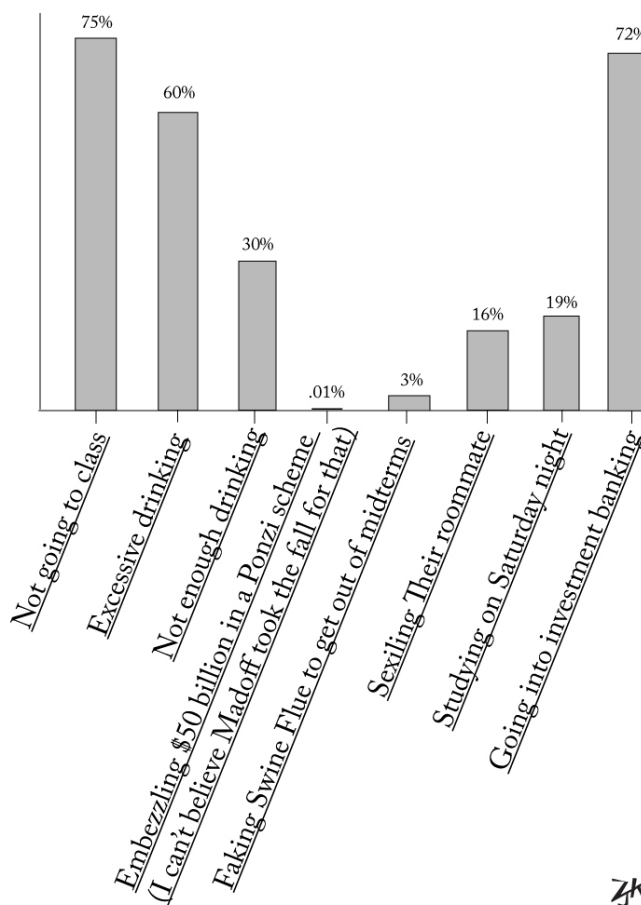
equipped with flamethrowers and Molotov cocktails, to the tunes of Marilyn Manson.

But be careful, for sinning does not go unpunished! While minor crimes such as killing a chicken and wearing it's carcass as a hat will attract the Bethlehem guard, major acts of devil-worship will trigger the wrath of God, who attempts to smite you with lightning bolts from the sky. Also, he has an army helicopter, so be careful.

So has *GTA: Streets of Bethlehem* taken it too far? Perhaps. But perhaps the makers of this game have also realized that the only thing sexier than a bad boy is a devil worshiper. So, go out and buy this game—you will not be disappointed. After a day of office space tedium, go home, relax on the couch with some Cheezits, and slay some saints.

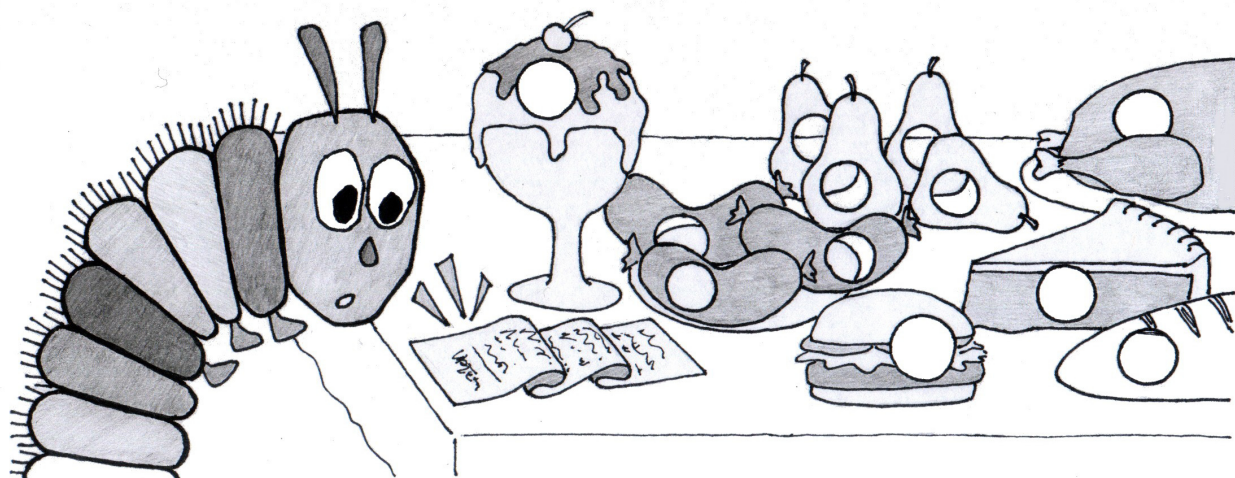
—W. Moritz

Sins that Yale Students are Committing



THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR GETS THE BILL

S. and V. Narati



WAYS THE 7 DEADLY SINS CAN KILL YOU

Lust: Dangerous if you have a heart condition or a thing for the wives of professional boxers.

Envy: Upon turning green, you are mistaken for the Incredible Hulk and shot down by the National Guard.

Pride: Looking down your nose all the time causes fatal injuries from clotheslines, low hanging branches, and stray Frisbees.

Greed: The ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future aren't always so friendly.

Sloth: The mafia breaks into your house and tells you what you need to do if you want to live; the only problem is you just don't feel like doing it.

Gluttony: Too busy salivating to hear James Bond tell you, "Wait—that's not a sandwich!"

Wrath: Spontaneous combustion.

—K. Molokoch

RUNNER-UP SINS

Rudeness
Whining
Blowing your nose too loudly
Peeing on the toilet seat
Excessively praising your pets
Failure to disclose all STDs
Genocide

—Staff



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF SECTION

Breaking the silence
Taking the good seat
Asking the TA how his weekend was
Holding up your upraised hand with your other hand
"Performativity"
Announcing you're taking the class Cr/D/F and putting your feet on the table and blaring the boombox
Using your life examples for a discussion of Arendt

—Staff

The Seven Deadly Sins STRIKE!!



7 Deadly Origins:

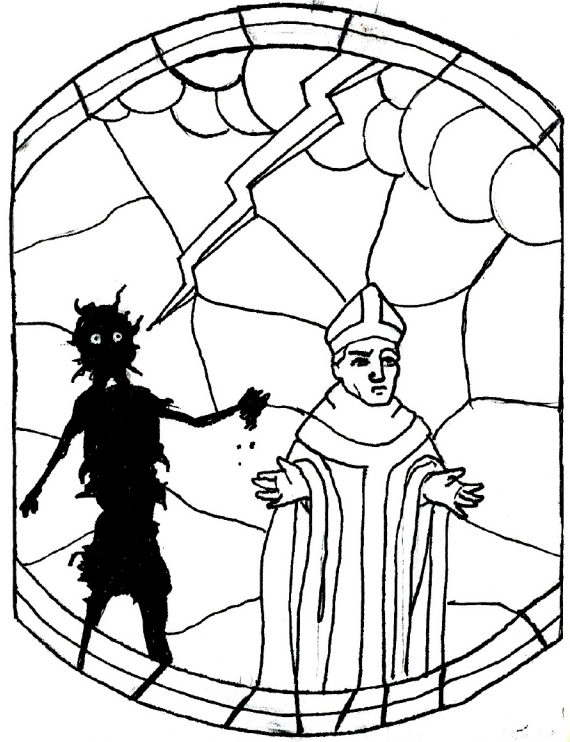
THE INCIDENTS THAT LED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TO ADD EACH SIN TO THE LIST

ILLUSTRATED BY TASHA GARCIA



Wrath:
65 A.D.

Fed up with God's smiting, the Church realizes it can just make wrath a sin. By chance, this year also marked the transition between the old and new testaments.



Envy:

401 A.D.

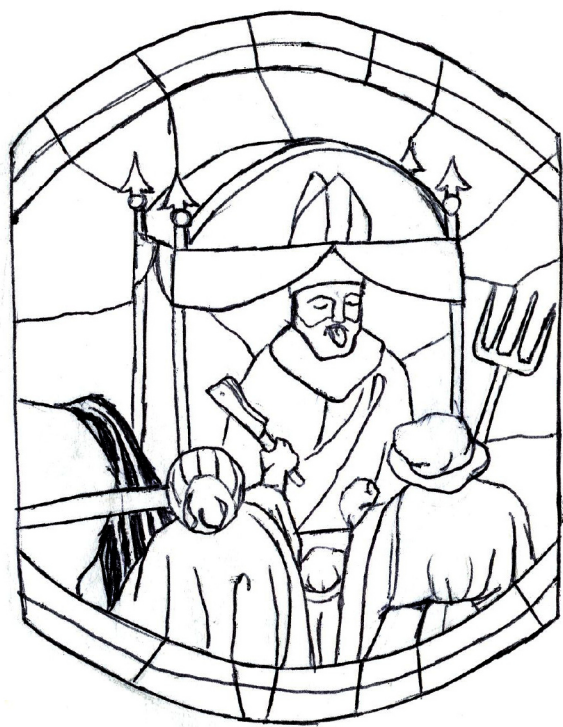
Mutiny threatens to tear apart the Sistine chapel, fueled by lesser clergymen jealous of the Head Bishop's fancy hat.



Pride:

575 A.D.

Touring hostile Slavic provinces in his new horse-driven Popemobile, Pope Gregory forgets that plexi-glass hasn't been invented yet.



Gluttony:

334 A.D.

Sunday mass is ruined once again when the head priest eats all of the communion wafers.



Sloth:

352 A.D.

The Church commissions a magnificent stained glass backdrop for the Cathedral of Prague. Minutes before its debut, the artists mentions he "didn't feel like doing faces"



Greed:

587 A.D.

In an ill-fated game of strip poker, Pope Gregory II bets the Holy Grail on a pair of 8s.



Lust:

590 A.D.

The Vatican's first and only *Take Your Child To Work Day*



VATICAN RANKS THE SINS

In a surprising move last week, the Vatican released a statement in which it ranked the ‘deadliness’ of the Seven Deadly Sins. A Vatican spokesperson explained: “We just had one too many priests who complained about parishioners who were torn between committing the ‘lesser of two evils.’ The Pope spent a few days in isolation, praying for guidance, and this is what he has come out with.”

The list that has been released is as follows, going from deadliest to least deadly: envy, gluttony, greed, lust, pride, sloth and, finally, wrath. The Vatican has assured us that the alphabetical order is a coincidence and the ranking of sins is nothing short of divine inspiration.

Priests are already raving about the new ranking system. Father Frank Martin, a priest from the Salt Lake City region, describes: “Oh, yes, confessions have already become easier. Everything’s much more straightforward. No longer do I have to ask a congregant which sin he feels worse about in his heart; there’s none of that touchy-feely stuff. No, it’s very black and white. Big improvement.” Father Hank Smith, from the Tampa Bay area, agreed: “I feel like this is a great way to bring Catholicism into the 21st century. These days, everyone wants to know exactly what they should do. We like lists and rankings. Why should religion be any different?”

Those on the other side of the confession booth are also reveling in this new found clarity. Susan Adams, an elderly woman from Colorado, told us how this revision of Church doctrine has already changed her life: “I was having this horrible moral dilemma. I was obsessed with a man at work, who is married with nine grandchildren, but I could not forget about him unless I ate. I gained twenty pounds and could not see an end in sight. Then, I read about this new ranking system. When I saw that gluttony was one of the worst sins I could commit—and much deadlier than lust—I was easily able to make my decision without any moral controversy. I’ve been sleeping with Jake for a few weeks now and my weight is back down. What’s more important is that I know that I am doing what God would want me to do.”

7 DEADLY CHARMS BRACELET



L. Sedlacek

Some have critiqued the ranking system’s failure to tell us how to compare a large amount of a ‘lesser’ sin to a small amount of a ‘deadlier’ sin: i.e., how many instances of road rage are equivalent to a jealous comment about a neighbor’s swimming pool. The Vatican has assured us that it will soon come out with a series of simple algorithms with which these problems can be solved.

Overall, this unforeseen development from the Vatican has been met with positive reviews. A Facebook poll asking members what they thought of it found that 97% of responders thought it was a great idea that would make the world a less sinful place. Since the rankings were released, worldwide consumption of chocolate has gone down 46% while the purchase of firearms has risen by 311%. We can only help that these positive trends continue.

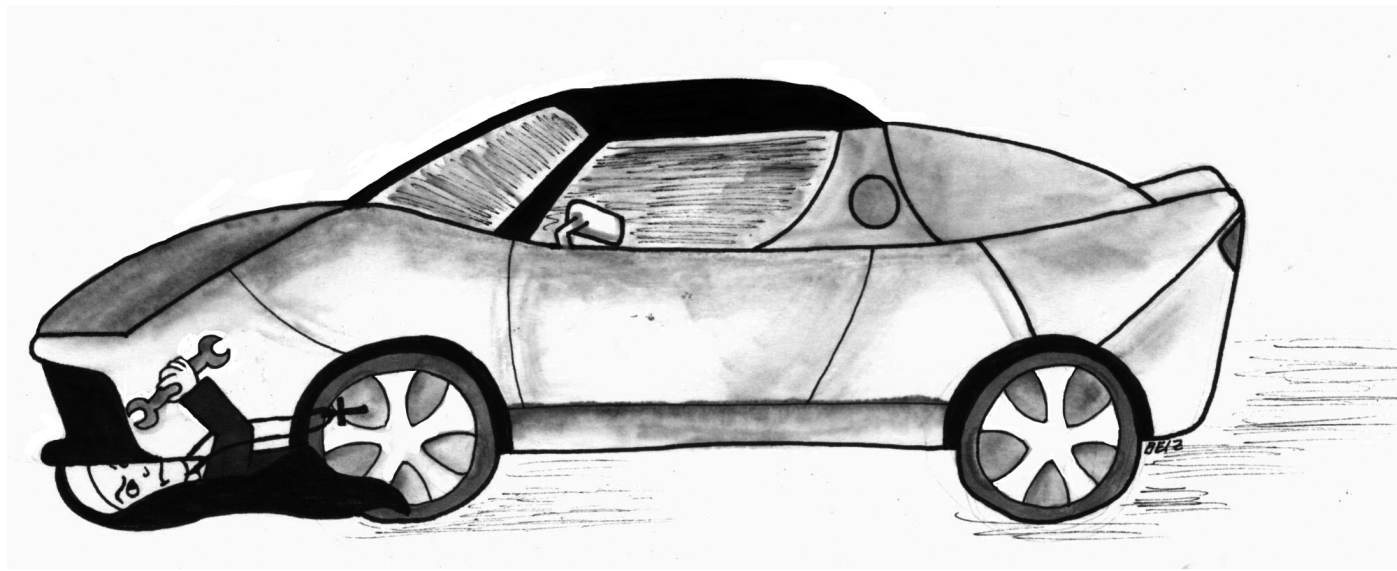
—A. Hugi



THIS MONTH IN SPANISH HEADLINES

“Matador Can’t Help It If He Looks Good In Red”

CATHOLICTIC CONVERTER



N. Beizer



WHAT GOD MEANT

“Who told you that you were naked?” (Gen 3:11) = There goes my free porn.

“It is not good that man should be alone.” (Gen 2:18) = Masturbation can cause chafing.

“Thou shalt not lie with man as with a woman it is abomination.” (Lev 20:13) = But a little girl-girl action never hurt anyone.

“When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying: Show a wonder for you; then thou shalt say unto Aaron: Take thy rod, and cast it down before Pharaoh, that it become a serpent.” (Ex 7:9) = Thou shalt say unto Aaron: ‘Whip it out, bro.’

“Be fruitful and multiply.” (Gen 8:17) = Have children and eat bananas.

—B. Toth



COMMON CAUSES OF WRATH BY MAJOR

Compsci	Bugs
Biology	Bugs
Economics	Real-World Data
Chemistry	No Hits On Chemistry.Com
Math	Humanities
Astronomy	Astrology
English	French

French	German
German	Portuguese
Philosophy	Illegality of Philosophic Man-Boy Love
Humanities	Cyborgities
Psychology	Reverse Psychology
Environmental Studies	Narcotics Officers

—Staff



THE SEVEN STUDLY SINS

—People call you Stanley the Manly. And your name isn't Stanley.

—UPS can't mail packages the size of yours.

—Your mother's milk consisted entirely of raw eggs and rare steaks.

—You once set a small fire with the friction of your facial stubble against the collar of your flannel.

—Your collection of power tools would put John Deere to shame.

—You once held up a store clerk with your two giant guns. Six feet in the air. And spun him around. Until he giggled with delight.

—You lost your Harley Davidson motorcycle in your chest hair.

—N. Beizer

COME TO SIN VILLAGE!

Howdy there. I'm mayor of a little town you might not have heard of. Nope, it's not the big, bad Sin City—our town here's a quiet place, where you can get away from all that noise and confusion and enjoy a peaceful day of gorging on cheesecake and nailing your mistress while the wife's out.

It's called Sin Village.

It's truly a beautiful town, with majestic mountains overlooking the vomitorium and a glistening lake in between the La-Z-Boy shop and 24-hour oxygen bar. I know, I know—life in Sin City can be great, each day jam-packed with blackmailing your business partners and snorting coke off strippers' naked bodies. But don't tell me you've never wanted to escape for a while, to come to a simpler place where you can enjoy defying the laws of man and God at your leisure.

For the Hell-bound, this is Heaven on Earth.

We've got a whole set of sinfully—forgive the pun (I know God won't!)—quaint cottages that call back to the rustic days of wicked yore, and all without sacrificing comfort. Have you ever seen a traditional Victorian bed with its own mouth-feeding escargot attachment? And when's the last time you got to drink yourself silly while watching a good old-fashioned bear bating? Yep, Sin Village has it all.

We have a variety of ungodly activities for the whole family. Come learn to boil your own maple syrup—it's that much more satisfying when you pour a whole gallon of it down your throat in a binge of gluttonous ecstasy. And nothing will get you enraged quite like our Scrabble tournament, where your limited intellect, poor vocabulary, and mounting frustration will surely burst forth in a tidal wave of verbal and physical abuse.

And don't forget to bring the kids! We have our very own children's camp, "Li'l Hellraisers," where your little ones can learn to reject the Lord. We'll instill a sense of pride by doling out the fanciest cabins to the wealthiest kids. And if you happen to be a richer parent, come show off in style by staying in one of our deluxe "Caligula's Choice" suites. As for pre-teens, there's no better place to start having drunken, casual sex with strangers than in the moonlit fields of Sin Village.

What's that you say? You're one of the poorer or uglier visitors, and you feel left out of some of these activities? Feeling a little, dare I say it, jealous? See, you're sinning like a champ already!

Yes sir, the only sin here is having to leave! That, and anger, sloth, greed, pride, lust, gluttony, and envy.

Come curse loudly at other drivers on our traditional cobblestoned streets, or wake up bright and early to buy up all the fresh cinnamon rolls from our local bakery. (That's greed and gluttony—two sins with one stone!)

I tell you, whether you're into depraved, hours-long orgies, perpetually loafing around in an unholy food coma, or just flaunting your fabulous wealth in front of our rapidly dying homeless population, there's no better place than Sin Village.

I know, there will come a point when you're itching to get back to the faster pace and more ethnically diverse prostitutes of Sin City. But try to enjoy your time at Sin Village, and stay for as long as you like.

But please, no investment bankers. We're not trying to outdo Satan here.

—R. Clegg



P. Robalino



The Movement for Beauty and Justice
has a third bunny who usually stays at home.



THE RULES OF FIGHT CLUB RESTAURANT

You do not talk about cockroaches
You **DO NOT TALK ABOUT COCKROACHES**
No shirts, no shoes, no service
2 people per entree (they're big)
One course at a time
If a customer yells stop, goes limp or taps out, the meal is
over; bring the check
If this is your first night at fight club restaurant, you
simply have to try the snapper soup—it's our specialty
—Staff



THINGS WHICH, WHILE NOT KILLING YOU, WILL NOT MAKE YOU STRONGER

Reading Dickens
Boxing Muhammed Ali
Getting shot in the foot
Exposure to radioactivity
Global warming
Skipping your workout
AIDS

—A. Bildersee

SEVEN DEADLY SINS: STAR WARS EDITION

Envy – Dear Han, Something tells me that you shouldn't worry too much about that kiss between Luke and Leia.

Gluttony – Fun fact: Jabba was just your average swamp slug before discovering the Wendy's Baconator™

Greed – Why not try to only rule half of the galaxy with an iron fist next time?

Lust – That Padme girl looks cute now, but what good are elaborate headdresses and fancy robes when you're half submerged in lava?

Pride – Hey, did I tell you about my new Death Star? It's a top-of-the-line planet destroying battle station, able to withstand an attack of any magnitude and I got it custom made. I mean, I guess it's nothing special, unless you're into raining terror down from the heavens onto your enemies and completely obliterating all who dare oppose you.

Sloth – It's okay to be slothful, but only if you're frozen in carbonite.

Wrath – Humblest apologies, Lord Vader, but OSHA regulations advise against choking the life out of junior officers with your magic mind powers.

—W. Bolin



ACTIVITIES OF THE CLUB CLUB:

Mimicking secondary clubs
Clubbing seals
Going to night clubs
Eating club sandwiches
Playing poker
Drinking club soda
Joining the Club Club Club

—Staff



GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL

Let's cut the crap, Kinsey. If it weren't for me, you'd still be selling forged passports to illegal immigrants on St. James Place. Do you remember what your credit was like back then? Huh? You sold all your houses on Baltic and Mediterranean just to pay a one house rent on Ventnor. And who was it who stepped in and paid you 100 big ones for Oriental even though you were desperate and would have settled for 50? It was yours truly! And who was it that offered you 50 bucks for your Get Out of Jail Free without you even having to ask? You're goddamn right it was me! Hell, you think anyone else at this table would have stepped in to let you make ends meet? John? Will? Those guys wouldn't bat an eye if you got run over by the Short Line. Look where you were and look where you are

now! Do you really want to go back to getting 20 dollars a pop for giving sweaty Japanese businessmen happy ending massages outside the Electric Company? I didn't think so! I may not be the wealthy man I was half an hour ago, but don't think I wouldn't be more than happy to ruin you, you little shit! Suddenly you land on free parking and you're too much of a big shot to remember who helped you in your time of need? You make me sick. You have a chance here, kid. You can either cut me a little slack and give me an extra turn or two to pay you for Park Place or you can be a dipshit and bankrupt me right here, right now. But if you do, I promise you that I'll blow up your hotel on North Carolina and frame you for insurance fraud. We'll see who doesn't have time for who when you're trying not to drop the soap.

—J. Greenblatt

Humphreysville Recreational Center Envy Management Support Group
Meeting Transcript November 24, 1994

SIMON: Hello, my name is Simon and I am an envier. Ever since I was young I have been covetous of everything from the Swedish health care system to the candy children get at the doctor's office. But I'm working on controlling my debilitating jealousy and I'm here to help you all do the same. Are there any questions?

DAVID: Can I lead the session?

SIMON: No, I've been appointed to lead.

DAVID: Son of a bitch.

SIMON: Does anybody have a moment of weakness to share with the group? Go ahead Mark.

MARK: Yesterday, I had my ethics exam and I was sitting next to Nina who I happen to know has gotten an A on every assignment so far. It got me so upset thinking about her perfect transcript and I just wanted that satisfaction for once so... I... I thought about cheating off of her.

ALISON: Oooo look at me! I'm Mark and I have the saddest story in the world.

SIMON: Alison, this is an envy-free zone. In this room, we don't let the sewage of jealous enter the town reservoir of our minds. Would you like to tell us a story from your experience?

ALISON: Alright, I was at my Aunt Claire's house three weeks ago and she was playing with the new baby. I used to be the baby of the family and get all the attention, so it was hard for me when she spent all her time playing peek-a-boo and changing the baby's diaper. I mean she wouldn't spare one minute of her precious time to smoke pot with me in the bathroom but she had hours and hours to spend staring into the stupid baby's eyes. So, when she left the room, I hid the baby in the cupboard.

SIMON: Alison, we forgive you and some day Claire will too.

ALISON: Forgive me? She was asking for it. Anyway, I'm guessing she's found it by now.

SIMON: Uh ... does anyone else have a story about an encounter with the green monster?

JUDD: I have one. Hi, I'm Judd and I'm an envier. Last spring break I went home and I found out my brother Jacob got a beautiful new horse. All throughout high school I begged and begged my parents for a horse and they just kept on refusing. I felt that jealousy welling up inside of me but I checked myself and took deep breaths for 10 seconds.

SIMON: That's great, Judd. Just great.

ALISON: (mimicking) That's great Judd. Just great.

DAVID: Oh yeah Alison that's so clever. That's twice you've made that stupid joke. Even Mark could have thought of that.

MARK: What you think you're better than me? Because I do, I wish I could spend a day in your shoes.

DAVID: You're just saying that because you think everyone's got it better than you, which is ridiculous because everyone's got it better than me.

JUDD: That's a nice watch Mark.

ALISON: Give it to me.

MARK: Alright, you guys can have it.

ALISON: Oh really? I don't want it.

JUDD: Yeah, me neither.

MARK: Why can't I be as bold as you guys and just ask for things?

DAVID: Why can't I?

ALISON: Why can't I be humbler like Mark?

JUDD: Why don't I have a better question to ask?

SIMON: Why couldn't I have been assigned to the anger-management session instead?

CHAPTER 10

AND the Lord spake unto the angel Gabriel: "Dude! Can you keep a secret?"

2 "Certainly, Almighty lord."

3 "So, three months ago I was passing over Judea on the way back from Egypt. As I drew nigh unto Jerusalem, I saw this girl fetching water for her camels from a well. And I saw that she was good! Suddenly I started feeling things I had never made myself feel before. I was overcome with the sudden urge to thrust wildly in her direction."

4 "You felt Lust, Lord?"

5 "Yeah that's the thing."

6 "If You don't mind me asking, Sir, how can You feel lust?"

7 "Why the hell couldn't I? I can do anything. And I have needs like anybody else. And hell, after having people praying all day from afar about how much they love You, You begin to want some real contact. Anyway, I went down to help her with her camels, one thing led to another, and the next think I know she's praying to Me in tears at like four in the morning telling me she's pregnant."

8 "You got a mortal pregnant?"

9 "Look don't judge Me. I have been repressing My urges for almost 4,000 years now. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to be constantly aware of all the hotness that You have created and keep it in Your celestial pants?"

10 "Can't really say I do."

11 "Of course you can't, you angelic stooge! Nobody understands Me. That's what I love about Mary... She just gets Me, you know? I feel like I can be Myself around her. No pretending like I'm some high and mighty super-being on the verge of smiting all humanity. Plus, she's a beast in the sack."

12 "Yeah, honestly I'm still a little confused on that point. You mean You physically--?"

13 "No no no, it's some crazy mental shit. It's safer and like ten thousand times kinkier."

14 "But it can still get her pregnant?"

15 "Well, it would be immoral to waste seed, even mind seed."

16 "Sometimes I think You should try to work out the inconsistencies in Your philosophy."

CHAPTER 11

SILENCE! We still need to figure out what I should do. Do you think going back in time and stopping Myself constitutes an abortion? But hey, here comes Uriel, the only other angel I've told. Maybe together we can figure out how to deal with this."

2 "Hey guys. I mean, sloot bang katoong brakaka, yefoo?"

3 "You can stop speaking in tongues, Uriel, I just told Gabe everything and I can't understand a word you just said. So I have an Idea about how

to keep this covered up. How about I create a new airborne virus that knocks up virgins? Think radioactive air-sperm. Then nobody will know that anything involving Me ever happened."

4 "Uh, I might have accidentally just complicated that plan...or really any plan."

5 "What the hell hast thou done, Uriel?"

6 "Well I was so excited that You were going to be a dad that last night I ran out to a random field and told some shepherds. I thought that there was no way this could possibly do any damage. Even if they told, who's going to believe a shepherd? They smell like goat urine. Anyway it turns out that people in bars will believe a lot of stuff you wouldn't expect them to and by all rights they probably shouldn't."

7 "Please tell me those were the only people you told."

CHAPTER 12

FORGIVE me oh Lord, but then I got worried about what Joseph would think once word got around. How is he going to react when he finds out? Even if Mary somehow convinces him that the baby actually is his for now, what's going to happen when the kid comes out all glowy? He's going to absolutely freak! So, I went down and tried to explain the situation to

Joseph."

2 "You tried to explain that the Lord of lords had the hots for his fiancé?!"

3 "Well, not exactly. I didn't want to embarrass You, so I may have made up some excuse about him coming to save humanity from their sins or something like that."

4 "What? HE save them from THEIR sins? That doesn't make any fucking sense. Also, why the hell would you tell him that? I reserve the right to smite. It's a vital part of My panache."

5 "Well, sir, perhaps Uriel's mistake wasn't so bad after all. Maybe we need to start thinking about how to spin this the right way. You've been working 144 hour weeks since You created the universe. If anyone deserves a break, You do. Maybe, after he gets old enough you can start delegating some of Your responsibilities to him, and that can offset the inconvenience of not being able to wantonly smite people. Plus this could do wonders for Your approval rating. No offense, but I hear that the people are getting a little fed up with the whole vengeful God shtick. This could be the fresh face we need to get stuff done as we enter the new millennium."

6 "I don't know, do you really think people will go for it?"

7 "Well, if Gabe's plan doesn't pan out, I know some people in Israeli politics who owe me a favor."

We Must Sinergize

By Kenneth Mandrake, CEO

Good evening. Ahem, Steve, where are my fangs? ...gooooooood evening, and welcome to my lair...sorry, LARgest meeting of the year. We're here tonight to talk about a revolutionary new framework for our company. No, it isn't a new line of three-in-one children's machete-ruler-dart guns. No, it isn't even a sequel to our highly popular line of chemical warfare scratch 'n' sniff stickers. What I'm here to talk about is bigger, grander, and bolder than all of the individual innovations of the past, and that includes the crystal methigarettes. What I'm here to talk about is very simple, yet very rarely practiced. What I'm here to talk about is synergy. Let's take a look at what this means on a night-to-night, ahem, day-to-day basis.

Firstly, we will no longer pay homage to the 20th-century folly that is a customer support staff. No, this is not the downsizing you've all heard whispers about. Starting tomorrow, all former support staff members are to report to mandatory customer disservice training, which will cover the fundamentals necessary to handle the 21st-century whiny customer. These fundamentals include:

1. Pre-emptive fury – if they're going to get angry at you anyway the sixth time you tell them to reboot their My Little Demon Computer, you might as well start the conversation by verbally assaulting their mothers;

2. Excessive lust – if one of you guys gets a girl on the phone, she probably only called customer service because she wanted to be hit on gratuitously, so give her what she wants (keeping in mind that, for the majority of our demographic, "no" means "yes");

3. Sloth-that-would-shame-a-sloth – all calls, no matter how simple, are to be finished in a minimum of 45 minutes using a creative combination of "er"s and "umm"s, peanut-brittle snack breaks, five-minute bursts of unabashed cellophane crinkling, and very, very long holds.

If this sounds complicated, don't worry

– exceptional, life-changing disservice is complicated. As before, the support centers specializing in general unhelpfulness and utter incomprehensibility will remain outsourced overseas.

Secondly, we would be lying to ourselves if we believed that we still needed traditional accountants in an era of free-for-all profits. Don't worry! This is not the downsizing either. Accounting is henceforth to be no-holds-barred maximization of any and all profit margins. Yes, this means that you can continue depreciating assets that we no longer own. Yes, this means that you can falsify numbers to ensure that we meet target earnings-per-share figures. Yes, this even means you can wear your Arthur Anderson t-shirts on casual Fridays. Some of you may be wondering if this means you can reimburse yourself from the petty cash drawer should you purchase a switchblade to stab SEC auditors (the rare few that make it beyond the crocodile moat), and I assure you that we're looking into it. For lack of a better quote, greed is, for lack of a better word, good.

Third, a brief word about other departments. The human resources department, which we have determined to be incompatible with synergy, will be tied down with rocks and thrown into the Brooklyn Bay. Yes, this is the drownsizing you've been hearing about. Changes in research and development will be generally minimal and sulfur-based. Finally, upper management and the legal team will not be changing. One bit.

Sinergy is not easy, but neither is winning. We must take every measure that we can to gain an advantage over our competitors—and our customers. That means getting rid of the things that slow companies down – namely, ethics. Welcome to the wet and wild world of sinergy, I hope you brought your umbrellas. No, seriously, the brimstone incense in my office is due to set off the fire sprinklers any moment now. □

Jerry Wang Writes Record Article

Jerry Wang, Yale Man, wrote the above opi-

New Porn Film To Be Presented In Triple D

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sci-

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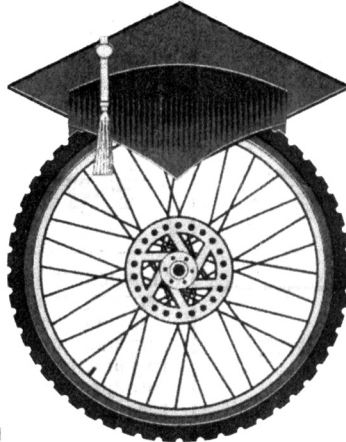
Mon-Thurs.
10:00-7:00



Fri-Sat
10:00-5:00



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Experts Label Everest "Hoax," Albert Elaborate One

Dear Art Garfunkel,

I heard Yale threatened to call the cops on the people who hung around swing space to try to get in to your master's tea. I guess that means they didn't find the giant bag of pot you carry wherever you go.

—Jay TC '11

Dear Shelly Kagan

I didn't know professors were allowed to be the section asshole.

—Jeff

Dear Hot Sauce,

I will replace you. How can you possibly imagine you are better suited to inflict pain on people's mouths than I?

—Everlasting Gob-Sea-Urchins

Brutal Murder Ends in "R," Police Say

Dear Yale College

How can you consent to having colleges named after brutal slaveholders when there are so many legitimate national heroes deserving of recognition?

—Thomas Jefferson

Dear Family of the Dalai Lama,

I regret to inform you that His Holiness has entered a persistent meditative state.

—Dr. Steinberg

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Dear Obscure Historical References,
 You frustrate me more than the Battle of Falkirk frustrated the Scottish in 1298.

Sincerely,
 Frustrated in Falkirk

Vengeful Spelling Bee Contestant
 Can't Spell "Onomatopoeia," "Mercy"

Dear Senior Essay Advisor,
 I left a copy of my first draft on your desk. Sorry that it's a bit rough at this point. Also, sorry it's torn-up, missing every other page, a little smelly and on fire. It's been a tough week.

—Simon Swartzman

Dear Guy From Last Night,
 That lobster we shared yesterday evening was amazing. But those crabs you shared with me later weren't as amazing. To be fair, though, I guess both came with a good amount of butter.

—The Girl From Last Night

Purple Brokers Landmark Peace
 Accord Between Blue And Red

Dear Kid Behind The Concessions Counter,
 It'd be one thing if your dyslexia prevented you from winning a spelling bee or proofreading your English homework. It's a totally different thing if I order popcorn and end up with pictures of naked police officers.

—A Customer



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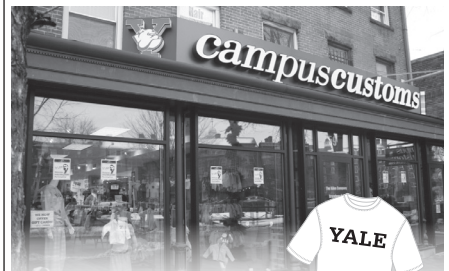
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Dear Club I Never Really Wanted To Join,

Would you please take me off your panlist? I put down my e-mail because you shoved the sign-up sheet in my face. I didn't know you were going to send out 25 emails a day.

—Joe, CC '13

Professor Does Something Kind of Wacky, Students Embellish It Later

Dear Bladderball Participants,

Thanks for stealing our thunder, jerks.
—The Yale Riot/Anti-Town-and-Gown-Relations Club

Tank Prices Skyrocket, Skyrocket Prices Tank

Dear Creepy Guy Hitting On Me,

That's a great story. You know who likes stories like that? My boyfriend. He tells them all the time with his friends at the boxing club when they're lifting weights and taking steroids. I'm sure he'll be thrilled that I met someone so friendly when he gets back from anger management. Oh wait, no, anger management is Friday night. Saturday is his "stabbing jerkoffs at parties" class.

—Girl

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Dear President Obama,

You go first. I'll follow in 15 minutes so it won't look suspicious.

—Mediocrity



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December 5, 1473

Dear Pope,

We write to you with a single request.
Please stop calling us a sin.
Us sloths are very hurt by your choice.

Yes, we have set lower goals than most mammalian species, but we work very hard to reach our goals.
For example, after generations of writing, we have finally achieved the first half of this letter.
My father spent his entire life crafting the previous example.

And my father spent his entire life explaining my grandfather's example.
Our cries will not be silenced, only elongated.
Us sloths are very hurt by—oh, we already wrote that.

Our children will now tell you what they have come up with as a new name.
We have decided that the new name should be
Sorry, mother died as she wrote that sentence. We never learned how she would finish it.

Our children will now tell you the new name for "sloth."
It will be "eagle."
Yes, "eagle."

Our new king, Flavius II, has agreed—oh no! Eagles!
Our new king, Flavius III, the Enlightened, has agreed that "panda"
would be a more fitting name for your sin than "sloth."

Pandas don't do anything. They're too lazy to procreate, even
we, on the other hand, fuck like sloths.

Because we fuck more than rabbits.

Perhaps it only seems that we do not do much. But often that is because
we're hungover. From all of the stuff we did last night while the
ZOOLOGISTS THOUGHT WE WERE SLEEPING.

And all of the sloths we did
Pandas don't bury their own feces. We bury our own feces.

Because we're fastidious.

If, perhaps, you intended the word "sloth" to mean "fastidious," then
you would be correct. Because that would describe us to a T.

If that was your intention please ignore this letter and accept our apologies.
WHILE YOU FIND US SLOTHS TO BE SINFUL, YOU FIND PANDAS TO BE CUTE. WHY?

Is it because our fur contains symbiotic cyanobacteria?
Is it because our claws are long and curved?

I assure you, if you lived among us, you would understand our ways.

PLEASE HEAR OUR ELONGATED CALL.

Sincerely,

King Flavius XXXV the Thorough
October 29, 2009

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