

Doin' Time

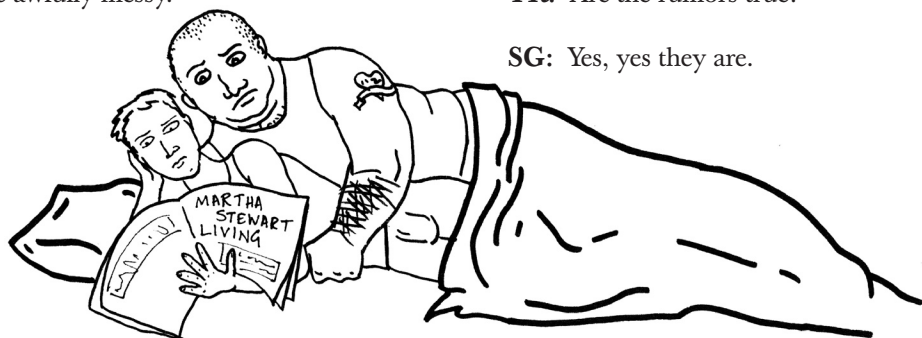
It was not Sean Gandert's night. He was already late for section in Harkness Hall, and one final obstacle stood between him and arriving a respectable ten minutes behind schedule: Elm Street. While most Yalies cross it on a daily basis, pausing along the way for the occasional game of pick-up street hockey, Sean soon found himself apprehended for jaywalking. One wasted phone call later, the Connecticut state court sentenced our hapless hero to a six-month, all-expenses-paid vacation to Club Fed. Eager for the exclusive scoop on a world unfamiliar to most rich-ass, law-abiding Yalies, The Yale Record dispatched investigative journalist Kendall Rice to, well, investigate.

YR: It's been a week since your parole release. In retrospect, how would you say the time you spent in prison stacks up against life on Old Campus?

SG: Well, they're similar in a lot of ways. How do you compare two rat-infested 10' x 12' hellholes that haven't been cleaned since World War I? Durfee's is pretty convenient, I guess, even if it costs \$12.00 and one-tenth of my soul to buy a Snickers bar. On the other hand, I was more successful at washing the bloodstains out of my orange Day-Glo® jumpsuit in the prison laundry room, and, as a long-time Farnam patron, I'd say that counts for something.

YR: Indeed it does. I realize this isn't easy for you, but your classmates must be curious: How did other prisoners treat you when they found out you were a student at Yale?

SG: I'll admit it got pretty rough in there sometimes. The tea parties were nice, of course, but Crème Brûlée Tuesdays could be awfully messy.



YR: I can only imagine.

SG: Besides their table manners, though, the boys in Block D treated me right—if you know what I mean.

YR: The thought sends chills down my... spine.

SG: I hear that. Why, one night it got so cold in that cell that Big Jim, my huge simian roommate, noticed my shivering and offered to warm me up. Big Jim was always a stand-up guy like that.

YR: Eerie. The memory must be painful, but can you tell us what happened next?

SG: Sure. He gave me his blanket.

YR: Oh. So he never... took advantage of your sleeping arrangements?

SG: Heavens no. In fact, he even gave me some good advice: "Never sleep on your stomach, or you'll be sore in the morning." A few nights later I forgot and passed out face-down anyway, and boy, was he right!

YR: You don't mean...

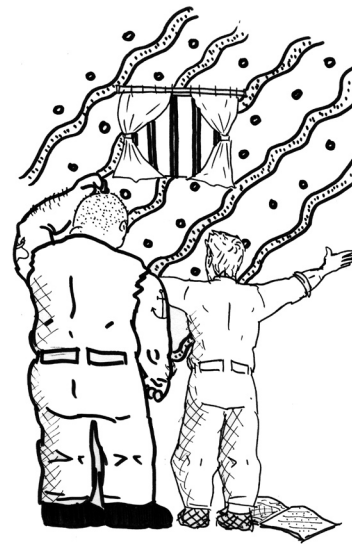
SG: Yes! I've never had such a crick in my neck.

YR: Clearly there is no justice in America. This has all been most enlightening, but seriously, Mr. Gandert, let's stop beating around the bush. What about the soap?

SG: What about it?

YR: Are the rumors true?

SG: Yes, yes they are.



YR: Sweet Lord, that's terrible.

SG: You're telling me. For starters, it was impossible to hold on to. Why, I remember one time I lost my grip on it and that slippery son of a bitch landed directly beneath Bob "The Meat Grinder" Gonzales, who was showering just two feet behind me. So I bent over to pick it up, and—

YR: And—? And—?

SG: And he said to me, "Did you drop this soap?" "Yes, I did," I said. "Oh. Let me get it for you," he responded, and promptly gave me back my soap. "Thanks," I said. Bob's a nice guy like that. But it wasn't all fun and games in the shower. The soap they made us use just wasn't slick—it was Dove brand. I told the warden I can't use that stuff, because I'm not clean until I'm Zestfully clean. He beat me with his nightstick until I cried.

YR: Heavens. After all the trauma our state put you through, I bet you're awfully glad to be back at Yale.

SG: Actually, they kicked me out just when the boys and I had finally decided on the right shade of pink for repainting the cell, which was not cool. So I returned to my room at Lawrance, making sure to use the properly designated crosswalks, and fell sound asleep as soon as I fell onto my bed. Tragically, I'd thought Big Jim was referring exclusively to prison beds when he cautioned me about sleeping on my stomach, and that night I was sodomized until the sun came up by my suitemates, who are all Dukemen.

YR: Jesus. Get the hell out of my office. ☹