

THE YALE RECORD

*The
Women's Issue*



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Old Owl is pleased to announce the 2010 Yale Record Prize for the funniest cartoon, list, and prose writing by a Yale undergraduate. The winners and runners-up in each category will receive cash prizes (\$100/\$50 for prose; \$50/\$25 for cartoon and list) and a barrage of congratulatory handshakes. Send your entries to record@yale.edu by April 1.

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Dear Dean,

I'm afraid there was a slight miscommunication. I thought I was signing up to live in a quad with 3 "roommates", not 3 "room apes".

—A Student Covered In
Monkey Feces

**Q&A Session Derails Perfectly
Enjoyable Brunch**

Dear Prospective Athlete,

A warning: though Yale's new admissions video portrays fictional scenarios and was entirely scripted, the video very accurately portrays how often people will be singing at you without your consent.

—Yale Admissions

Dear Hudson River,

That is fucking disgusting.

—Poseidon

Lazy Racist Calls Everyone a Kike

Dear James Bond,

You've been in like twenty movies. Everyone knows who you are. We can't give you any more missions.

—MI6

**Man Shaped Like Artichoke Doesn't
Want People to Know**

Dear Procrastination,

I'm sorry that I never came to your party. You kept pushing it back a day, and then you never bought balloons!

—Mr. Balloon

Dear North Dakota,

Got your nose!

—North Dakota's Crazy Uncle

Dear Yarmulke,

Keep up the good work!

—Bald spot

Armadillo Used In Crude Limerick

Dear Pamela,

Baby, when you come home, shivering and sniffing from the cold, you turn me on.

—A Radiator

Dear Pancakes,

We're secret versions of you.

Signed,
Secret Pancakes



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Dear King of Clubs,
We're a pair, you and I.

—Your Wife

Nation Panics As Swine Flu Claims Third Victim

Dear Michael Jackson Fans,

Please stop addressing me as the
"Claudius of Pop".

—Conrad Murray

Dear Buffalo buffalo,

Buffalo, buffalo *buffalo* Buffalo
buffalo. Duck!

—buffalo buffalo do not buffalo

G-Spot Theory Under Pressure From Gynecologists

Dear V,

Okay, I'm really sorry, but I need your help. What am I supposed to be remembering again? I'm pretty sure it's the fifth of December, but my friend Robert says that's wrong, and it's the fifth of September. But I told him he's thinking of that other poem, "Thirty days hath September, April, May, and November." Then we both wondered if it was supposed to be the fifth of November, but we decided we were just thinking of one of our mutual friend's birthdays. And it's a good thing it wasn't the fifth of November, because yesterday was the fifth of November, and let me tell you, a bunch of crazy shit went down.

Awaiting the fifth of December,
Neville

Dear Girl Sitting Next To Me,

If you think the tip of my shaft is all I'm showing you this sex week, you should ride me to the basement.

—A Horny Elevator



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Dear Ben Franklin,

Your inventions are kind of a mixed bag. Overall, I'd give you a 2 out of 4.

—A Man Who Loves Bifocals But Hates Public Libraries

Battered Women Picket Duracell

Dear Piece of Trash That Just Missed The Waste Bin,
 Meh.

—Yale Student

Man Leaves Buffet Hungry, Just Couldn't Help Himself

Dear Editor of Nihilist's Digest,

Dear Professor Baby,

I know you're adorable and a super—genius and everything, but where the fuck are our final exam grades?

—A Student

Dear Neville's Knives Unlimited,

I feel like placing my store across the street from yours was bad business planning.

—Mark's Magnet Emporium

Cat Chokes On Swallow

Dear Mailman,

I thought you might be thirsty on your long workday, so I left you some lemonade in the mailbox. Sorry I didn't have a cup.

—06520



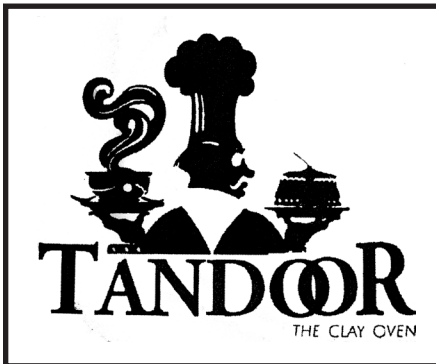
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Dear Hobo,

I'd give you money, but I have a really strong craving for cheesecake.

—Jeff, ES '13

See-Saw Tournaments Still Dominated By Fat Kids

Dear Rose,

Today, I wondered, "What if, some day, an outsider was to find the letters we have been writing back and forth? What would it be like for someone to see our love through that perspective?" Sometimes, I fear that I don't tell you enough how much I love you. That your wonderful nature and beauty are taken for granted.

—Keith

P.S. There's someone else.

Dear Man Yelling At Me Rapidly and
 Angrily in Spanish,

Fiesta. Pinata. Taco. Eva Longoria.
 I really hope one of those works.

Sinceramente,
 Dave

Wife Too Fat For Husband, Too Ugly For Affair

Dear Toys R Us,

BRING BACK FURBY.

—Furby

Dear Scott Brown,

I almost had it, but you pulled it away from me at the last minute!

—Charlie Brown

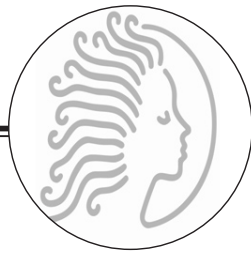
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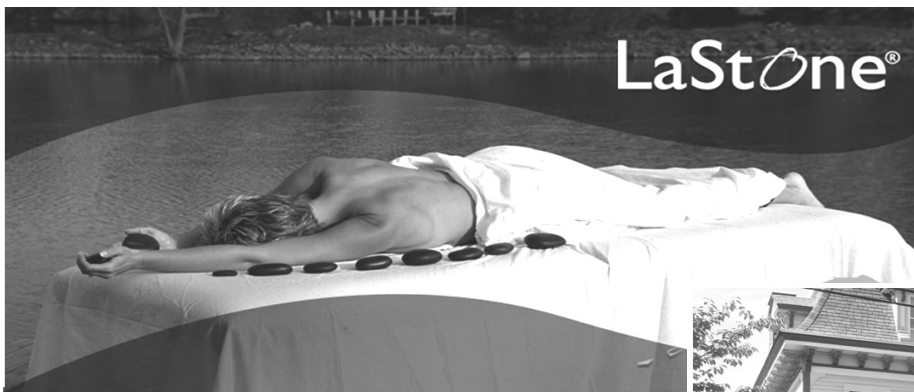
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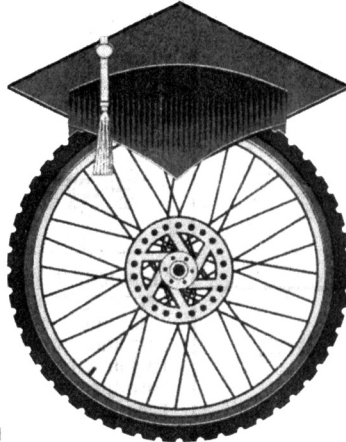


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Dear Greg,

I stole one of your jackets to build a tepee for a Model UN project. This might sound like a fake excuse, but I also stole your ability to reason.

—Frank Meyers, Silliman '20

Dear Fire,

No matter what your jealous brother might have told you, you were not an accident.

—Arson

Philosophy Major Discovers Meaning of Life, Disappointed to Discover Missed His Chance By Majoring In Philosophy

Dear Aunt Marcy,

The hot dogs were cold, the pool smelled, and Cousin Frank is running around without pants.

—The State of Reunion

Dear Doctor,

My health is fine. I've switched to Whole Grain alcohol.

—Dan Markus, confused DKE member

Escaped Convict Detained At Zoo, Charged With One Count Of "Bat"tery, Two Counts of "Ass"ault, and Eight Counts of Bestiality

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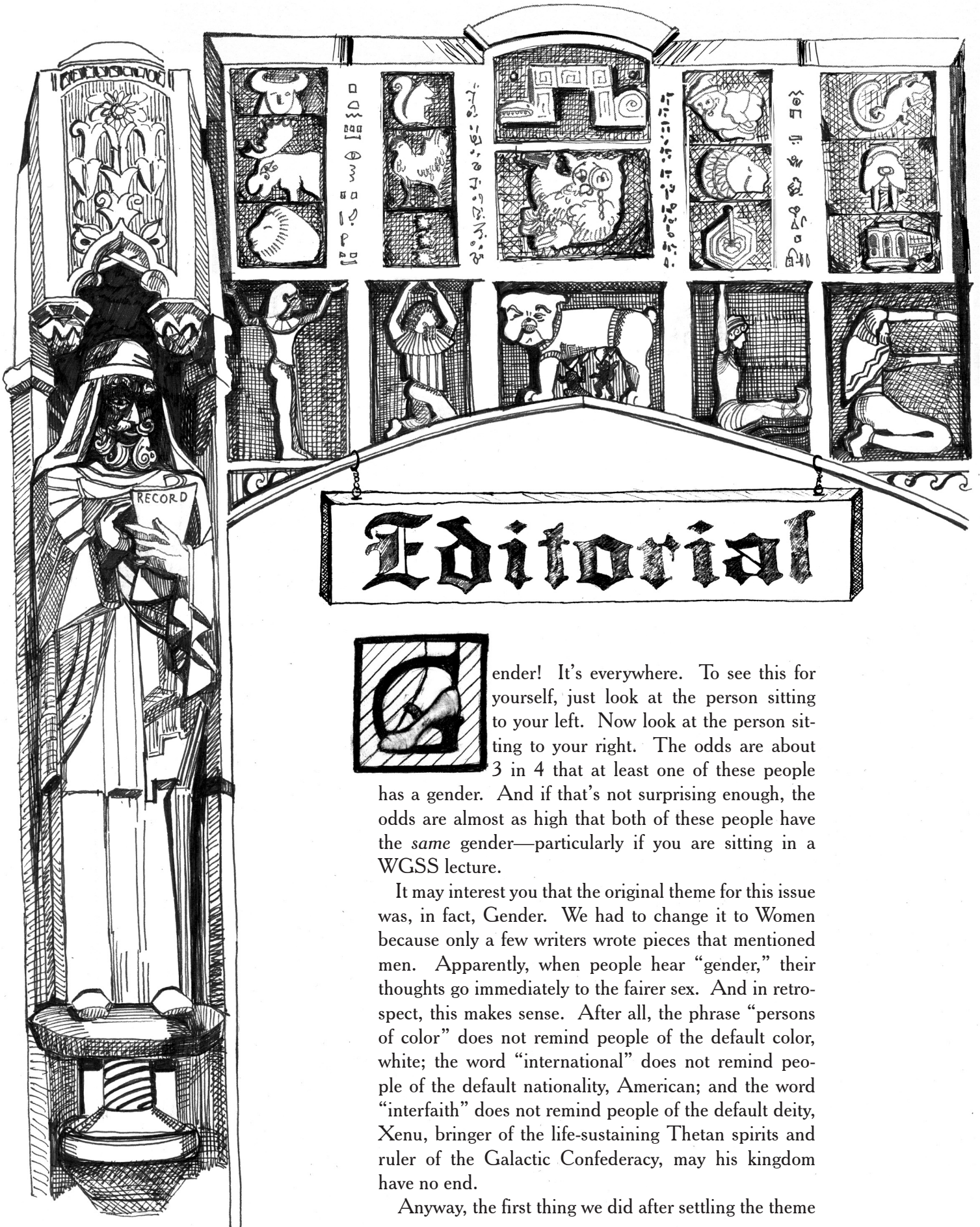
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ender! It's everywhere. To see this for yourself, just look at the person sitting to your left. Now look at the person sitting to your right. The odds are about 3 in 4 that at least one of these people has a gender. And if that's not surprising enough, the odds are almost as high that both of these people have the *same* gender—particularly if you are sitting in a WGSS lecture.

It may interest you that the original theme for this issue was, in fact, Gender. We had to change it to Women because only a few writers wrote pieces that mentioned men. Apparently, when people hear "gender," their thoughts go immediately to the fairer sex. And in retrospect, this makes sense. After all, the phrase "persons of color" does not remind people of the default color, white; the word "international" does not remind people of the default nationality, American; and the word "interfaith" does not remind people of the default deity, Xenu, bringer of the life-sustaining Thetan spirits and ruler of the Galactic Confederacy, may his kingdom have no end.

Anyway, the first thing we did after settling the theme

was to contact the Yale Women's Center to see if anyone there wanted to contribute. That way, we reasoned, if the issue was egregiously offensive, they would be complicit, and couldn't denounce us through campus-wide chain mailings. Though some still wanted to exclude the Women's Center on the basis that their submissions would likely be informed and tasteful, our Chairman settled the argument by mentioning he'd already asked them. It turned out not to matter, however, because nobody from the Women's Center ended up writing anything. This is because women are lazy and absent-minded. Also, we forgot to tell them the final deadline had been pushed up a week.

Still seeking outside help, we asked some of our friends in LGBTQ groups on campus if they had any advice for an issue on women. One of them cautioned us to avoid thinking of people strictly in terms of female and male. After all, she said, some people don't belong strictly to one gender or another, some belong to two or more, and others simply can't remember. We at the *Record* had been unaware of this problem, and, wishing to be sensitive to readers thus afflicted, we prepared a special self quiz in which readers can determine once and for all whether they have a gender, and what it may be called. Check it out on page 22.

No Women's Issue editorial would be complete

without mentioning that this year marks the 40th anniversary of the admission of women to Yale College, an event which showed Yale to be an enlightened institution far ahead of its time. *The Yale Record*, on the other hand, did not admit its first woman until 2004, and the rest of the staff nearly tore itself apart fighting over mating privileges before realizing that the new writer was a cardboard cutout of Beyonce. Despite this late start, the *Record* soon caught up, and our female members have since achieved distinctions of their own, such as drawing the superb cover for the November issue, and becoming the first black Recordian since Stevie Wonder's disastrous stint as Art Director in 1968.

If you too would like to be a part of this progressive tradition, feel free to stop by one of our staff meetings, Tuesdays at 8:00 under Harkness tower.

Persons of gender are welcome.



THE YALE RECORD
FEBRUARY 2010

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Special Thanks to: Michael Gerber, Gwyneth Tuckett, and the Yale Women's Center

Cover: This month's cover was designed by Tasha Garcia and the Supremes

Founded September 11, 1872 • Vol. CXXXVIII, No. 6, Published in New Haven, CT by The Yale Record, Inc.
P.O. Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520 • yalerecord.com • Subscriptions: \$40/year (print)



BOOKS WOMEN MIGHT WRITE

Madame Ovary

A Tale Of Two Titties

Snatch-22

The Mothers Karamazov

Lord Of The Thighs

The Canterbury Nails

100 Years Of Fallopian Tubes

Alice's Adventures In Utero

The Autobiography Of Malcom X-Chromosome

Uteruslysses

The Communist Manicure

Great Eggspectations

History of the Fellopianisian War

Finnegan's Makeover

The Vagina Monologues

Uterus Caesar

Infinite Dress

A Clockwork Monthly

I, Clitoris

The Cunt Of Monte Cristo

A Brief Hysterectomy Of Time

On The Motion Of Celestial Babies

Ovulating for Godot

The Man In The Iron Mascara

Pregnancy Drew

The Book of Estrogenesis

Brave New Curls

The Feminine Hygiene Products They Carried

Thus Spoke Sarah Schuster

Moby Boobs

—H. Israel

REAL WORLD: EDEN
[Aside Reel: Season One]

Adam: Ever since Eve showed up Eden's been a lot more fun for me. Like, we have so much in common. We play splish-splash in the water. We talk about the animals sometimes, and also the plants. I'll point out a plant, like a grass-plant and Eve will be all like "Yeah! That totally is a plant. I just get you." It's great how we understand each other.

Eve: I'm so glad that I exist. Really it's probably the best thing that ever happened to me. I don't know what it was like not existing slash I don't remember but it must have sucked hard-core. Adam really likes talking about plants. It's his favorite thing to do, I think.

God: Bringing Eve here really helped Adam keep his spirits up. Ever since I told him practically the only rule about the Garden and also pretty much since he's been alone he's kind of been annoying. Being all "Oh I don't have any friends here on the Garden." It's kind of hurtful because I'll be all "Dude. I'm your friend. I pretty much created you so that we could talk about my lesser creations together and high five. I own you." But whatever. So I brought him Eve. She doesn't let us high five as much together and is kind of annoying. I'll probably just blame her for stuff later so that Adam and I can be buds again. But for now Adam's all up on that.

Snake: I'm so glad I have legs.

Eve: Here's the thing. I knew coming into this that there were rules. But screw that, I am woman. So when Snake was all Do It I couldn't help myself. And that's it.

God: Not to be sexist but all women, because of Eve, are gonna suck. That's it. It's a rule. Officially they are now less good. Adam's bite doesn't count. We're still gonna be man-besties. Adam's bite was more like a nibble. Or a mouth-hug. Also, I'm taking away Snake's legs. Because I can.

Snake: This is bull.

—J. Shain

A LETTER OF APOLOGY

Dear Yale Community,

We are writing in order to publicly apologize for a deed that, though committed in complete ignorance, has nonetheless inflicted great hurt upon the illustrious women and non-athletes of Yale. We are, of course, referring to the now infamous photograph showing a number of our organization's members holding a "We Love Yale Sluts" sign in front of the Yale Women's Center while wearing excessively* popped collars. In hindsight, we realize our grave error. Love is a profound, heck, even sacred thing that ought not be joked about, cheapened, or trivialized. It is a serious bond forged between a man and woman (or two homos) as a result of commitment, mutual respect, and scheduled (as opposed to random) sex. Our debauched, nocturnal episodes bear little resemblance to actual "love" – our glib use of the term was extremely presumptuous. We could not be more sorry**. In fact, a group of brothers has already repainted the sign. It now reads: "We Are Happy About Yale Sluts."

Humbly,

The Men of Alpha, Alpha, Alpha

*Though some in the organization feel the collars were merely "unnaturally" popped.

**Speaking of asterisks, we use steroids.

—J. Paul



"DON'T THEY KNOW PRIDE IS A SIN?!"

WHAT HAPPENS AT D.A.R. (DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION) MEETINGS

Perspective of a woman who does not participate

—Get group facelifts while mint julep IV's pump booze into their dry veins

—Discuss which race is most skilled at removing shrimp stains from skirt suits

Perspective of a man who does not participate

—Lie about the amount of money their husbands make

—Lie about the sexual prowess of their husbands

Perspective of a woman who participates

—Raise funds for educational grants and scholarships

—Promote patriotism and preserve historical properties

Perspective of a man who participates

—Adjust wig

—Tell another story about getting a hot flash at a civil war reenactment

—A. Gates



DATING DOCTOR DAMON

Dr. Damon: Hi Miss Perkins, I'm Dr. John Damon. If you're uncomfortable with having a male gynecologist I would be happy to call in one of my female colleagues but I assure you I am an experienced professional.

Lucy: Oh no, Dr. Damon, that won't be necessary. I'd be... thrilled to have you examine me. Just let me slip into something more comfortable.

Dr. Damon: Okay, great. I'll be back in a minute. Your examination robe is on the counter; the opening goes in front.

(Dr. Damon returns a minute later)

Dr. Damon: Now I'm going to have to ask you a few questions and I warn you, they're a bit personal.

Lucy: Please, be as personal as you can.

Dr. Damon: That's good to hear. First, have you been giving yourself regular breast examinations?

Lucy: Well, every day in the shower I lather up my flexible body and slowly stroke my D-cup breasts just to

make sure they're smooth.

Dr. Damon: Good, keep it up. The worst thing a woman can do for her health is forget to perform breast exams.

Next, are you sexually active?

Lucy: Hehe, you're a little forward. I'm up for anything... unless you're into virgins.

Dr. Damon: I just need to know how often you're having intercourse.

Lucy: As often as possible.

(Lucy winks at Dr. Damon)

Dr. Damon: I'll just put down once a month. Have you experienced any unusual sensations or feelings in the area of the vagina recently?

Lucy: Not enough. And please, call me Lucy.

Dr. Damon: Miss Perkins, I need you to lift up your arms so I can feel your breasts.

Lucy: Oh yeah, turn on the headlights doctor!

Dr. Damon: Oh I almost forgot.

(Dr. Damon turns on lamp)

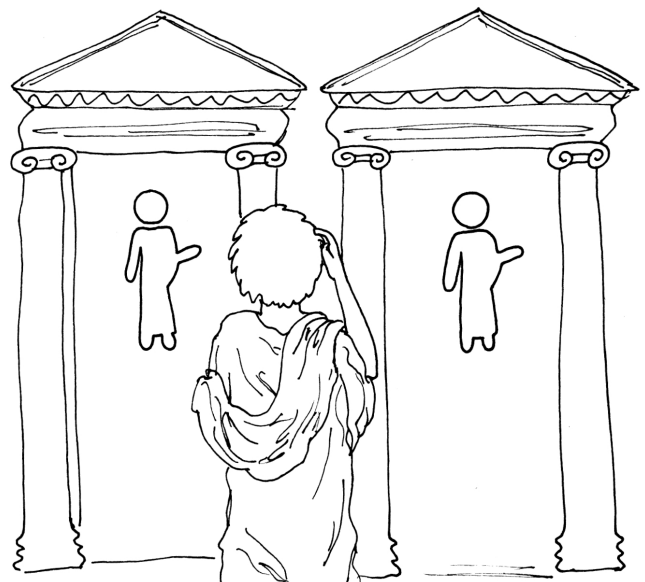
Dr. Damon: I need you to put your feet up in the stirrups now.

(Lucy puts her feet in the stirrups)

Lucy: Stirrups remind me of when I used to ride horses as a kid. All those bumpy rides, going up and going and up and down. You know what I mean?

Dr. Damon: Sure, I used to ride all the time when I was a kid.

—J. Greenblatt



THE TROUBLE WITH ROMAN BATHROOMS

MILITARY REVAMPS “DON’T ASK, DON’T TELL” TO INCLUDE GENDER

Conservative senators, reacting quickly in expectation of Obama ending “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell,” are seeking to expand it to include gender. In addition to the current prohibition on revealing their sexual orientation, soldiers are now forbidden to discuss, signal, or hint at any signs of their gender.

This new policy, tentatively titled “Don’t Look at Them, Don’t Look at Them,” has caused more than a little controversy. Some heralded the policy as a boon to soldiers who want to focus on severely torturing and killing the enemy.

“When I’m in combat, I don’t want to worry that the guy next to me has a sex-part,” one private noted.

Others have found that the policy has introduced entirely new problems that would have been unimaginable 30 to 40 years ago.

“It’s hard having friends in the military when I know their gender and I can’t tell anyone,” said one corporal.

Bathrobes and shower caps have become a staple at bases, causing everyone on camp to look vaguely like a gender-neutral grandperson.

One genderless soldier felt that the new policy impeded upon its everyday life, as a soldier and as an ambiguous human being. “It sucks that I can’t pee standing up anymore when I’m out in the desert,” it said.

“The new policy’s really changing the army experience,” another soldier said. “One of my favorite memories was when we used to be on an outpost in the mountain, and we used to see who could pee the farthest off the cliff, and some of the new guys just suck at it.”

Proponents of this new measure cite Italy’s adoption of a similar policy 4 years ago, which they say led to great advances in Italian art, culture, and cuisine, the last of which include pizza, pasta, and pizza-pasta. Critics cite the presence of pizza and pasta in Italy for well more than 4 years, and cite the absence any such thing as pizza-pasta. (Not to be confused with Pasta-Pizza. See the Arts and Living section for a recipe.)

—S. Swartzman, N. Garver, and D. Kemper

SOME OF JAY-Z’S 99 PROBLEMS

Seasonal Affective Disorder

Still waiting on the Arrested Development Movie

Can’t remember where he put the Netflix return envelope

Out of Olive Oil, and it’s Italian night

Citgo mini-mart doesn’t stock Mountain Dew Livewire anymore

Cat got sick in the living room again

Can’t find the battery cover for the DVD remote

Always forgets the difference between insure and ensure

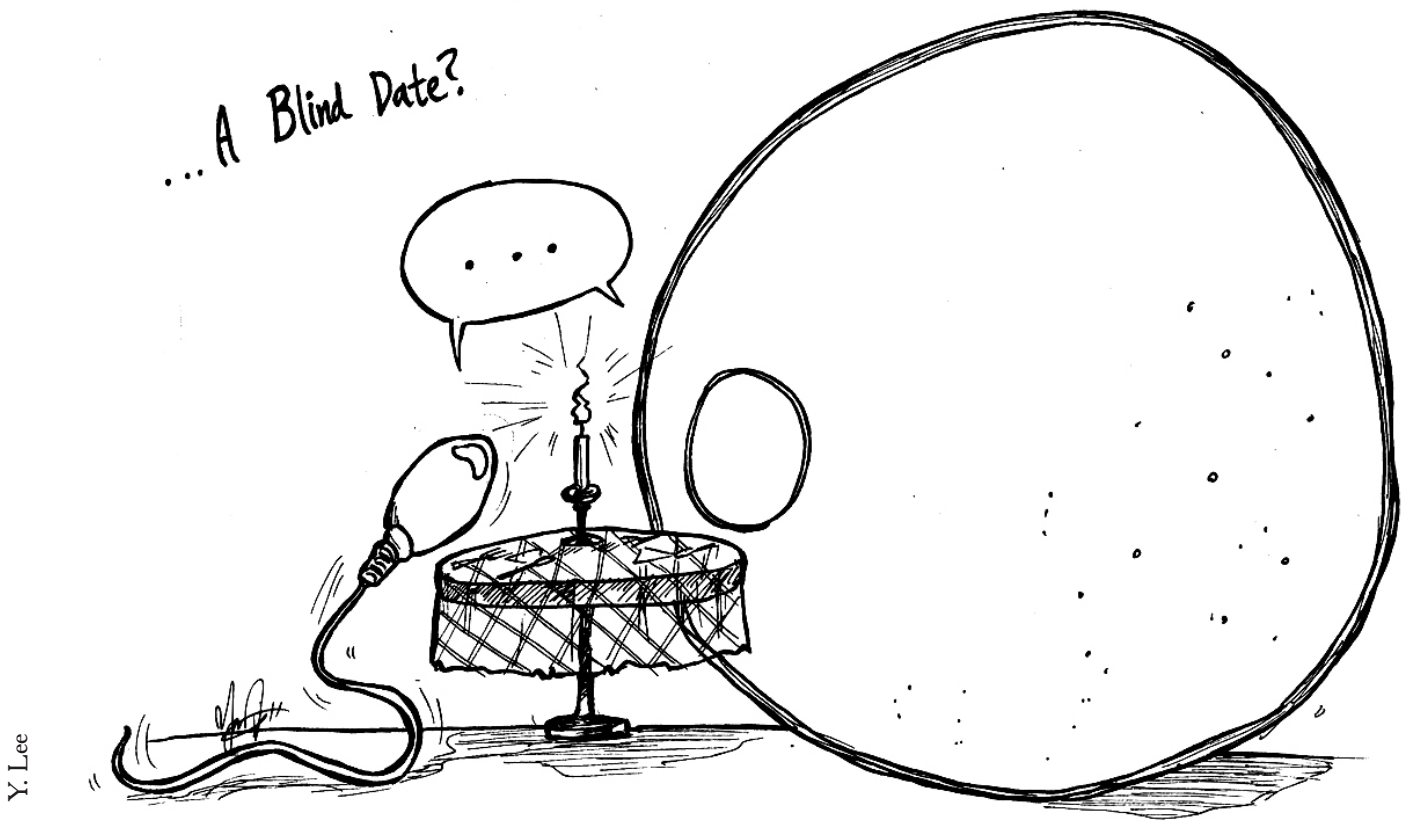
Jonathan Taylor Thomas won’t return his calls

Racial Profiling

—W. Bolin



THE DIFFICULTIES OF BECOMING A WOMAN NOVELIST



AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE
EXPERIMENTING WITH BDSM

Mitch: There you go, just move a little –
 Sarah: Hold on, you're hurting me –
 Mitch: Wait, isn't that the point?
 Sarah: Yeah, but not like that.
 Mitch: Okay, okay. Just stay bent –
 Sarah: Ouch!
 Mitch: Sorry –
 Sarah: Hold on, it's come untied.
 Mitch: What? No way, I tied a bowline.
 Sarah: A bowline? This isn't the right time for a sailor's knot...
 Mitch: I know what I'm doing! My father was in the navy for fifteen years.
 Sarah: Here we go.
 Mitch: What?
 Sarah: You've got to bring him into everything. Now this?

Mitch: I do not bring him into everything. Besides, what's wrong with my father?
 Sarah: Nothing, it's just –
 Mitch: Just what? Why not admit it: you never liked my father! You couldn't stand that we were so close. Wait, it's almost tied, just put your leg up in the –
 Sarah: Oh! No, I loved having your father move in with us because his own wife couldn't stand him. I loved it when he criticized my cooking, shopping, and driving...No, honey, the rabbit goes around the hole, around –
 Mitch: I know how to tie it!
 Sarah: Oh, right, I forgot. (Begins to hum "In the Navy" by the Village People.)
 Mitch: That does it.
 Sarah: (Still humming) What? This isn't getting you in the mood?
 Mitch: Jesus, where'd I put that ball gag...

—R. Clegg

A Male Guide to Friend Terminology

From Complete Stranger to Bromantic Partner

by Ngozi Ukazu



1. GUY - This name can be used for pretty much any guy. Ex: "Hey, it's that guy."



2. DUDE - Use for a dude who seems cool. Kinda funny. You say hi to him sometimes - when it's cool to say hi.



3. BUDDY - The awkward in-between. You have fist-bumped at least twice.



4. BRO - He brought beer.



5. Braaaaaah - He **TOTALLY** could've taken 'em!



6. DAWG - The no-longer-awkward in-between. You fist-bump at least twice a day.



7. HOMES - Where has this guy been lately? Not around, that's where!



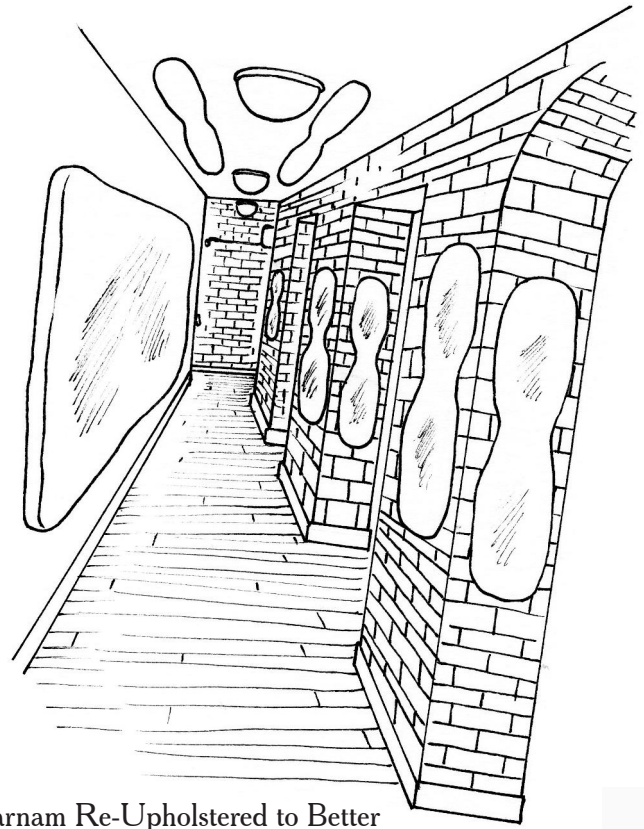
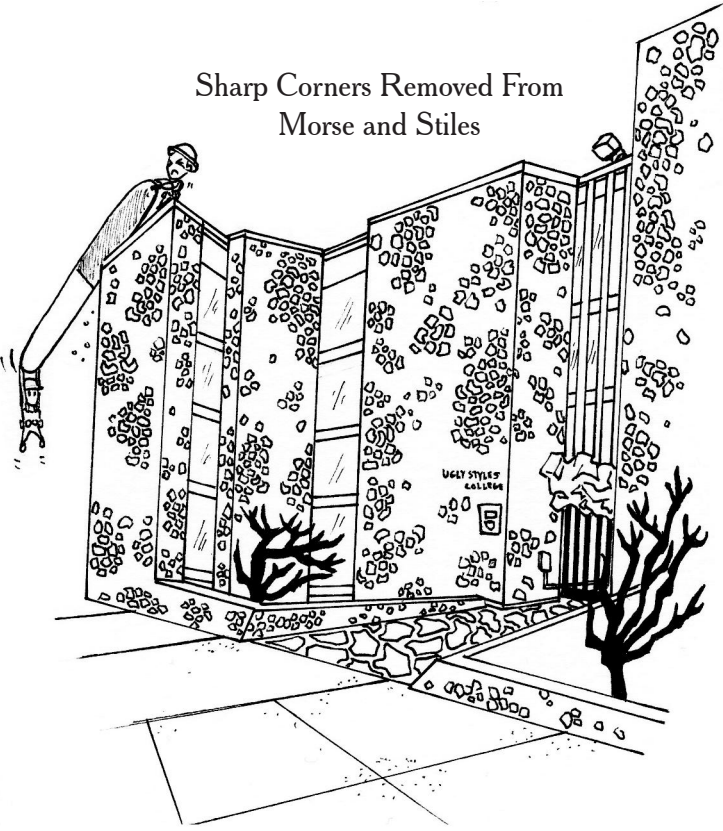
8. HOLMES



9. MAN - When you hug, it isn't gay.

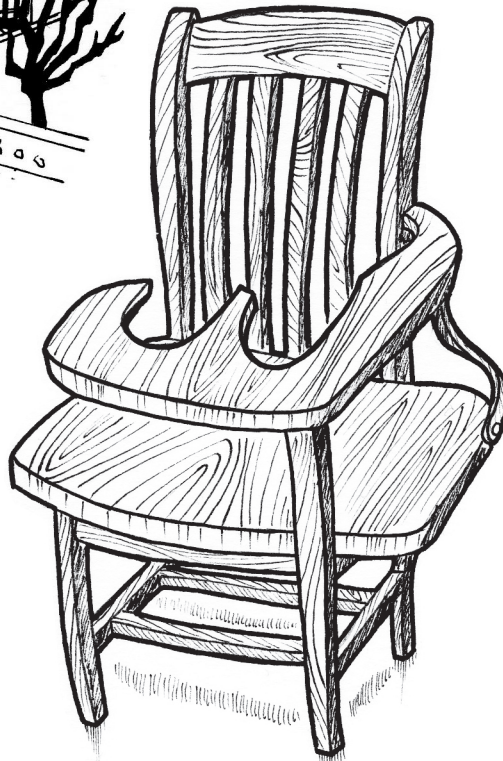
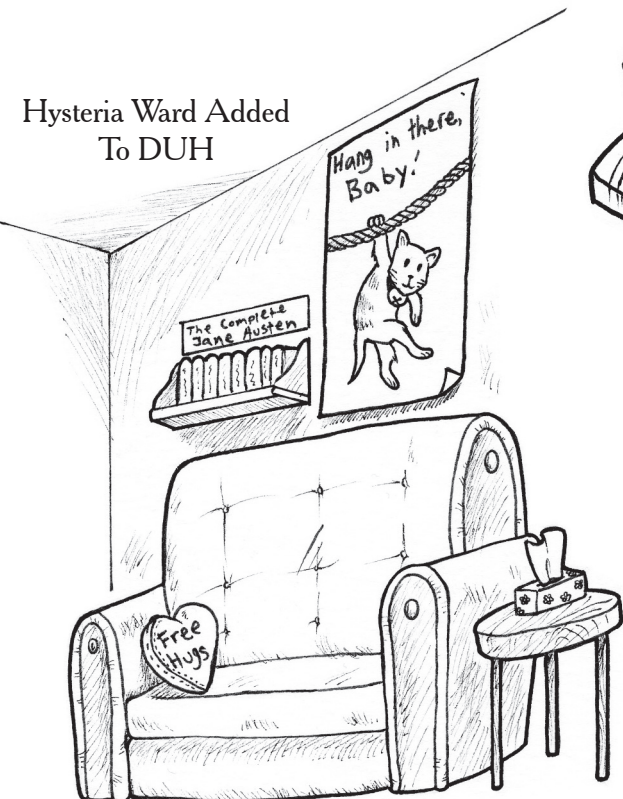
YALE PREPS FOR THE NEW CO-EDS...

Sharp Corners Removed From Morse and Stiles

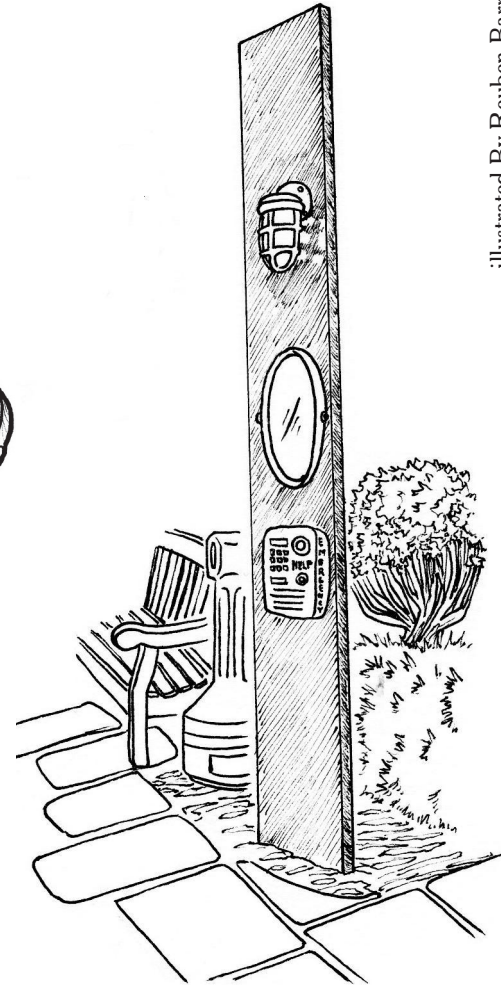


Farnam Re-Upholstered to Better Absorb Menstrual Fluid

Hysteria Ward Added To DUH



Chairs Modified to Accomodate Breasts and Hips

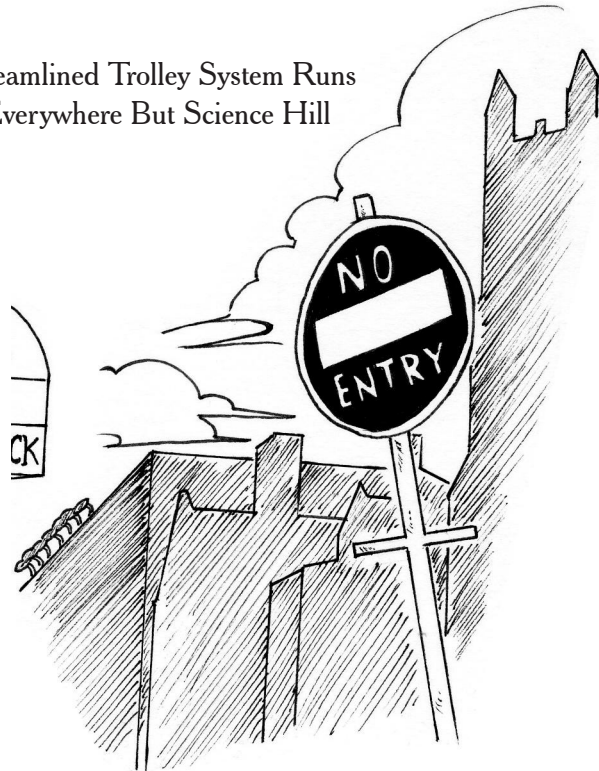


Special Vanity Mirrors Placed Around Campus Marked By Blue Lights

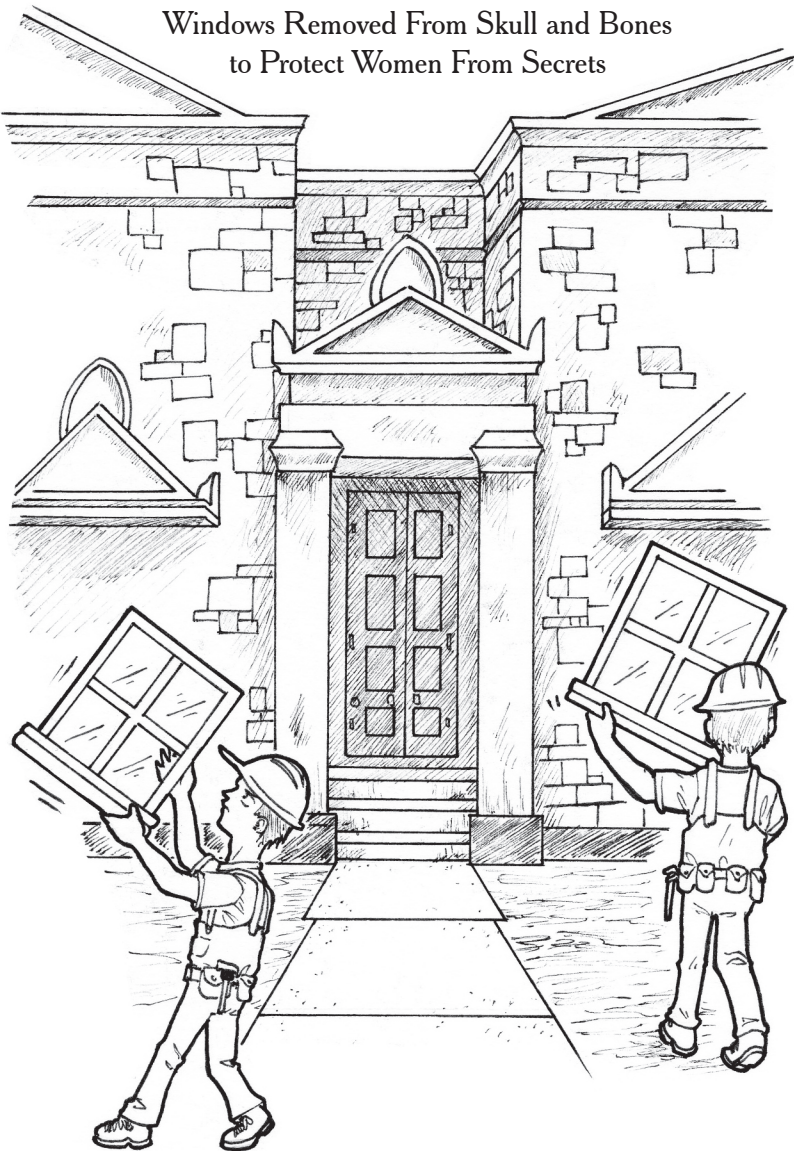


Toad's Gay Place Re-Named

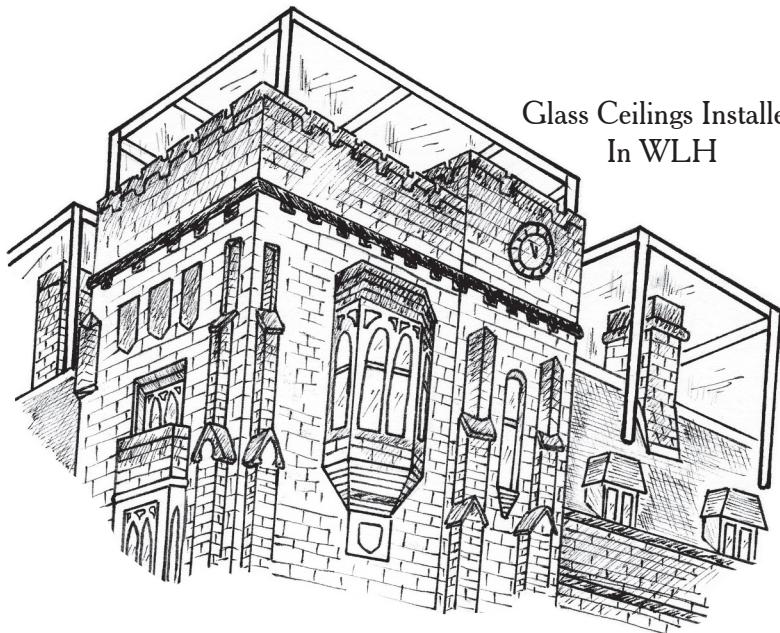
Streamlined Trolley System Runs
Everywhere But Science Hill



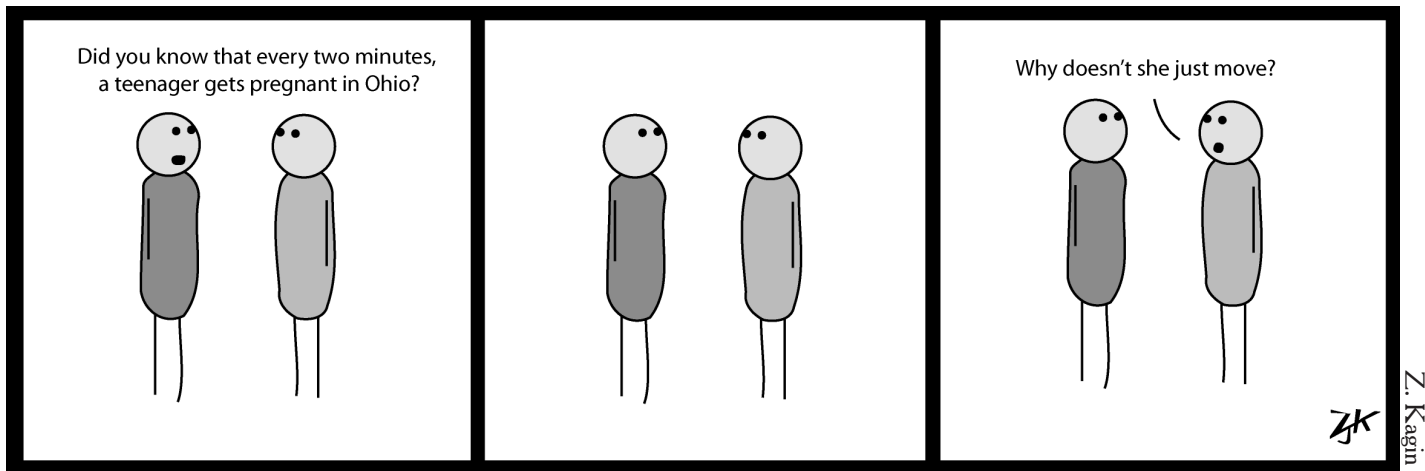
Windows Removed From Skull and Bones
to Protect Women From Secrets



Glass Ceilings Installed
In WLH



Harold Bloom Chained in Pit Far
Below Harkness



JACK AND HIS WRETCHED ROSALYN

Jack was rummaging through his wife Rosalyn's jacket one morning when he found a note crumpled in the pocket. As he read it, his eyes widened in horror. Just then, Rosalyn walked into the breakfast nook.

"Oh, Muffinbear, you found my jacket," she said.

"Honeytart, can you explain what this was doing in your pocket?"

"What?"

"If you're hungry," Jack read, "for a taste of what your old man doesn't give you, call me. Richard."

"I... I can explain," said Rosalyn. It was obvious she couldn't.

Jack calmed himself and placed the jacket upon the table. "You don't have to. I want you out."

"No, just let me—"

"I will not share my bed with a cannibal!" blurted Jack.

Finally discovered, his wife began to plead, "A what?"

"You disgust me," said Jack, "All those times I kissed your mouth, not knowing what you'd done with it. I thought you were better than all the others, but now I realize you're just like them."

"You've dated other cannibals?" Rosalyn countered, trying to shift the blame. And then, with an earnestness that all cannibals learn to fake early on in their sinful careers, she said, "Sweetie, I am not a cannibal."

"Don't 'Sweetie' me. Hearing you say that just reminds me what you've done."

"Jack, I don't eat people," said the cannibal. "This—"

this makes so much less sense than the truth. What kind of preposterous situations would make you think that I'm a cannibal?"

With no small bit of pride, Jack laid out his deduction for Rosalyn, beginning with the night when she called late from work. Or so she claimed—Jack could hear the groaning of a man on the other end of the line, a victim of her illicit desires.

"Don't worry," she had told Jack. "I'll find someone for dinner here at work."

In the breakfast nook, Rosalyn listened with her mouth agape, perhaps salivating over that memorable morsel. "Are you kidding me?"

"I didn't think much of it," Jack admitted. "But I had the nagging suspicion that you weren't at the office."

"You're stupefying."

Jack continued his inquisition, relating how he had walked in on her doing laundry the next morning, hiding her nocturnal misdeeds from the daylight.

"Well, let me see that stain," Jack had said, reaching out with undeserved kindness, offering to aid unwittingly in the crimes of a man-eater. "I just bought some new detergent and—"

"Don't touch it!" she had all but shrieked, likely out of terror and guilt. "Don't... sorry. I got it. Thanks. Don't touch it though. It's just some sauce. Fish sauce. Thai food. At work. Noodles with fish sauce. Work clothes. Don't touch it."

"And then," Jack said, walking around the breakfast nook and taking a seat in the sunlight. "Then there were the messages on the machine a few days later. 'Hi Rosalyn. It's Richard. I was stuffed after that

Mexican. And it didn't go down too easy. Do you want to grab some Indian tomorrow? I saw you get jumpy when I played that message. What were you so nervous about?"

"I... don't know," Rosalyn replied, taking a seat across from him, calculating how she could get away from this situation to hunt down another satanic snack.

"And how about that interior designer that came over to talk about our kitchen? I saw you eying him the whole time. Don't tell me those looks were just about the parquet floors. And then, after you 'drove him to his motel', I never saw him again."

"That's because he was awful," Rosalyn said, "Such bad taste."

Jack looked at her with frightening comprehension.

"In upholstery!" Rosalyn exclaimed, rising up from her seat at the breakfast table to strengthen her case. Or was it from fear of the undeniable? "Bad taste in upholstery!"

"Whatever," Jack concluded calmly. "I loved you. And you betrayed that love by eating people. So this morning I went through your pockets for hard evidence and found this note."

"Are you kidding me? There's a logical explanation for all of that."

"Yeah, like what? You just happen to be seeing a man named Richard who just so happens to take you out to restaurants where the adjective to describe that nationality's cuisine sounds just like the noun for people of that nationality? And you just happened to sleep with the interior designer while still disliking his sense of home decorating? Is this what you're saying?"

Rosalyn felt trapped like an animal, which was fitting since that's how she acted while she was eating people, like an animal. "Uh... No, I think that..." Seeing further resistance was hopeless, Rosalyn gave in to the unremitting truth. "I'm a cannibal. Now you know. I have needs that you can't provide. Can you still love me for who I am?"

Jack thought for a second. "It will take time," he stated, with heroic grace. "But I respect you. It's worth it to me. To us." He held out his arms to embrace his unholy wife and she pulled him close, probably imagining him in a pot pie.

—S. Swartzman

EXCERPT FROM A JANE AUSTEN NOVEL WHERE EVERYONE IS THE SAME GENDER

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man or woman in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of another man or woman. Whether that other man or woman is also a man or woman in possession of a good fortune, or whether he or she is indeed also single, is up for interpretation. If indeed the other man or woman has an "other" man or woman, then there is further ambiguity with regard to the latter man or woman's fortune. It is a rather complicated, universally acknowledged truth....

—K. Molokach



CHEAP SURROGATE MOTHERHOOD

R. Barrientes

EASY, NO FUSS, SEVEN STEP GUIDE TO DETERMINING THE GENDER OF YOUR NEW PET HAMSTER

Hamster gender blues got you feeling down? Can't choose between the pink and baby blue pellet dispensers? Fear not, gentle reader, your day is saved! By following our easy, no fuss, 10 step guide you'll be telling your Lukes from your Lucilles and your Billys from your Billies in no time at all.

Step One: Heat some water on the stove, have a relaxing foot soak. This isn't strictly part of determining the gender of your hamster, but you deserve to kick your shoes off and relax once in a while! You're worth it, reader!

Step Two: Now that your feet are feelin' fine, it's gender time! Put on some smooth jazz, this is a special occasion for all involved.

Step Three: Ok, now we're good to go. Blindfold your hamster and let it roam free on a map of the Canadian provinces. Note where it poops first. If the poop is in Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick,

or Newfoundland: dudester. Nova Scotia, Ontario, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, or Saskatchewan: ladyster. If your hamster fails to poop on a province and instead goes for one of the territories, skip to five.

Step Four: Dive into your 1990s era toy box and find a Tamagotchi and a pog. Place both in the cage, note which the hamster attempts to stuff in its cheeks first. Pog: male. Tamagotchi: female.

Step Five: How does your hamster feel about the failure of the Equal Rights Amendment? Sit down and have a chat. To be safe you should probably read the Wikipedia article on second-wave feminism and maybe go to the library and check out a couple books on the subject that you'll thumb through a couple times and never actually read, eventually returning them months late for a \$30 fine.

Step Six: Knit your hamster a teensy weensy scarf and place it in the cage. Disguise yourself as potted plant and observe in secret. If your hamster puts on the scarf and moves inside to its Furry Critter Condo™, record whether it is wearing the scarf genuinely or ironically. Genuine: girl hamster. Ironic: boy hamster. This is a serious issue, because if you do in fact have a male indoor scarf wearer there's a four in five chance that you're dealing with a hipster hamster, in which case you should go to the vet and have the poor thing put out of its misery as soon as possible.

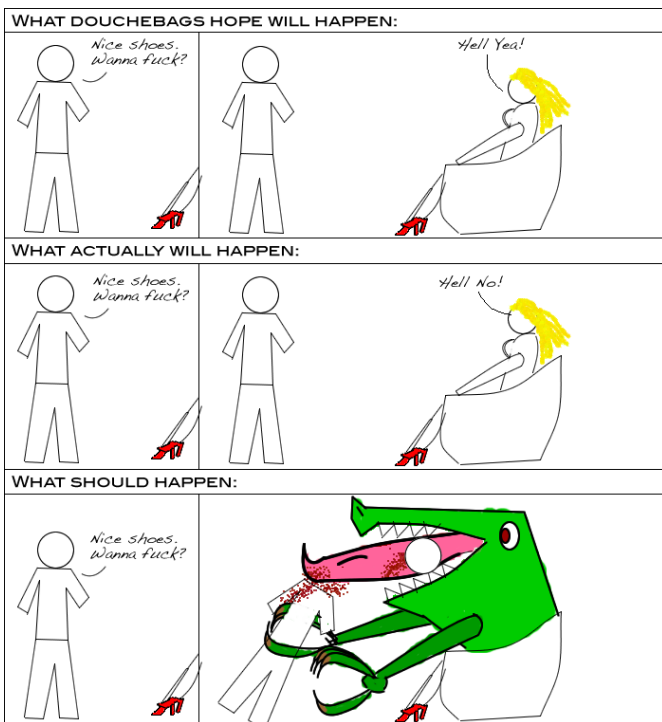
Step Seven: Recreate the 2008 Democratic Primaries to the best of your ability. If your hamster writes an impassioned letter to the editor about the possibility of the first woman president, you're probably dealing with a femme ham. If it just keeps writing Daily Kos posts about how dreamy Obama is, go back to step four. That one could go either way.

—W. Bolin

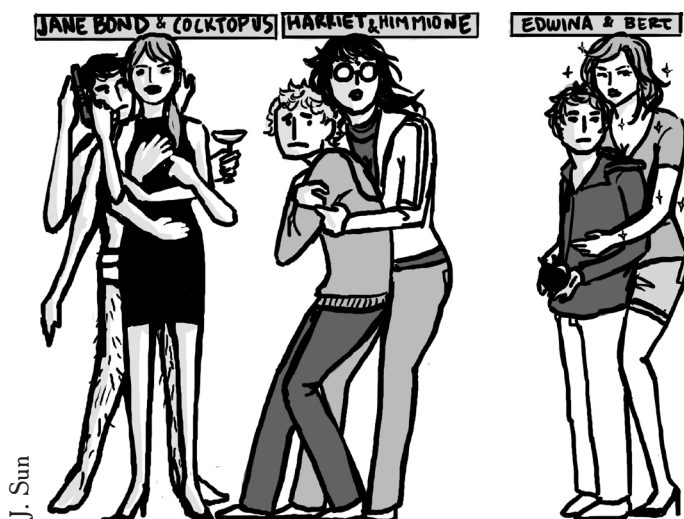


THIS MONTH IN SPANISH HEADLINES

Matador Told Profession Is "A Load Of Bull"



B. Toth



MACHO MOVIE GUIDE

Hey manly men. Ever want to watch a movie, but you just don't have the time for fancy schmancy panoramic shots and intricate lighting and a plot? Yeah, we thought so. That's why we've created this **MANLY MAN'S GUIDE TO MOVIES**.

We don't mean your obvious manly man movies — Fight Club, that's pretty obvious. Instead, we look at the other movies. You know. The one nobody expects you to watch. **BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO MANLY**. But which you might have to some day. If you follow the guide, you'll turn these bad movies into actual good, testosterone soaked, chest-hair coated, **MAN** movies. So grab a few strips of beef jerky and skip the "I'll never let go, Jack" bullshit. Get right to the big ship cracking in half. And Kate Winslet's boobs.

Forrest Gump

One word. 'Nam.

The Princess Bride

The classic example of a different sort of manly man. With some fancy footwork/swordwork/poison immunity work, Wesley proves that manly men can be stylin'.

The Karate Kid

Catching flies with chopsticks. Badass.

Amadeus

Mozart was a freaking ladies man! And then he gets back home at like, 7 in the morning, and writes freaking operas and requiems and brilliant shit! And then he dies at like, 30-something, because he is just so freaking hardcore. Also, check out the very beginning, with the Salieri suicide scene — lotta blood. And eternal, soul-sucking guilt.

The Incredibles

Classic, red uniforms, puts Superman and his dangerous-propeller attracting cape sporting ways to shame.

Casablanca

Here is what should have happened. Rick hears the song. He goes over to Sam. "I thought I told you never to play—" and then instead of stopping because he sees Ilsa he should have grabbed the freaking piano and smashed it in two with his bare hands. And then Ilsa goes with the manly man in the end. The man who decimated a piano with his bare hands. Yeah. Punching stuff. Yeah.

Sleepless in Seattle

Sometimes, even manly men need a good cry.

—N. Beizer



CAVEMAN COSMO SEX TIPS

- Don't be afraid to get high tech: nothing gets him hot like fire
- Try a little mammoth role play
- Don't let just anyone into your cave: make him work for it.
- Sometimes all it takes to get him going is a pair of handcuffs fashioned from bone and deer sinew
- Need reliable birth control? Try our brand new "pull out" method
- Maybe his turn on is playing a little dress up: put on a kinky stewardess or French maid pelt
- Sex wall paintings: not just for celebrities
- You can always bring a little food into your lovemaking, if your hunter gatherer society has a large enough surplus
- Staff

A REVIEW OF MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN
ARE FROM VENUS BY A FIRST GRADER

Did you know that lizards can cut their own tails off and then regrow them? That's so awesome! Tommy Peters told me that, and I thought he was a liar, but then my mom got me this book about lizards and alligators and it was true. I'm also supposed to talk about this book about men and space and women, but that lizard book is my favorite. Wouldn't it be so cool if lizards were from space? Oh man, I would love to be a lizard from space. This other book, it had stuff about space in it, but there was a lot of other stuff in it that was boring. I'll tell you about the cool parts.

So apparently boys are from Mars, which I totally could have told you, because Mars is the coolest planet! Boys eat Reese's Puffs for breakfast every morning on Mars and get to ride in the front seat every day to school on Mars. Girls are from Venus. Venus totally blows. Girls get together on Venus and spread rumors about you sleeping with a stuffed animal. Girls tell you that Snuffleupagus is a stupid TV character, and you go home crying to your mom, and she gives you yummy ice cream. Your dad tells you to man up, but he doesn't know girls and their cruelty. This all happens in space.

Sometimes the girls think it would a good idea if they blew up Mars. So they build these super lame spaceships that fly to Mars in like three seconds. But the boys have space robots with laser guns that they shoot at the girls. The girls' faces melt off and they feel really bad about ever saying anything bad about the boys' Thomas the Tank Engine lunch box. Then an asteroid hits Venus.

The boys then spend the rest of their time on Mars riding space lizards and becoming really good at karate. They discover an underground reservoir of Capri Sun in the middle of Mars, and it's snack time all the time.

In conclusion, I found this book very informative. Space is so cool. I heard that if you go into a black hole, your butt will become your face and your face will become your butt.

—M. Chiasson

SEX CHANGE SURGERY MISHAPS

Accidentally turning patient into ferret
Extra testicle
Patient gaining superhuman sense of smell
Pregnancy
Discovery of third gender, "temale"
Patient secretes deadly venom when aroused
Long tail with row of protective spikes
Wrinkled genitalia
Death

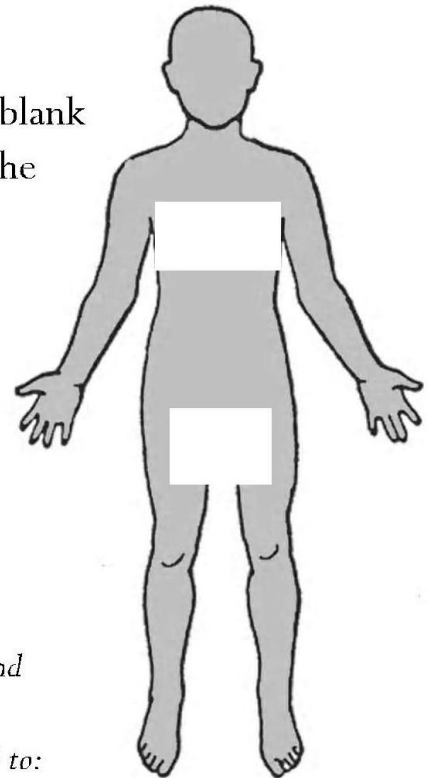
—Staff

Find Out Your Gender!

With this quick and easy quiz!

Question 1)

Fill in the blank spaces in the following diagram:



For results, send answers with check for \$40 to:

What's My Gender?, Inc.
c/o American Testing Center
524 Sputnik Dr.
Flimview, MN 55467

THE SOFTER SIDES OF DISNEY VILLAINS

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS



Chief FBI Handwriting Analyst Jennifer Reede has been making great progress in her efforts to determine the genders of writers by their handwriting. To help us understand some of her recent discoveries, Reede has supplied us with two handwriting samples, one from a man and one from a woman:

THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG.
The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

As you can see, there are a few significant differences. In the top sample, which is the male sample, the letters are slightly darker, hinting that the males may write more quickly, use more forceful pen strokes, or are stronger in general than females. The female letters are lighter and also seem to have a tendency to “fade out” at the end, pointing toward an unwillingness to lift the pencil off the paper. This phenomenon could be due to the fact that women spend large amounts of their time writing love letters to desirable males (Reede says that Wolf Blitzer is often the recipient of said letters), or that the women sampled in this study were told that the longer they took to write the sample, the more they would be reimbursed.

There are many differences between the handwriting of men and women. But one should not worry if they cannot pick out these differences easily. “It’s taken me years to determine these methods of differentiating between the two,” Reede says. “It’s not as though one can just look at them and tell the difference on the spot.”

—L. Sedlacek



Unrealistic Standards Of Beauty in the Animal Kingdom

- DDDDDDDD-Cup udders
- Ants that can lift 80 times their weight
- Daddy long legs that are all leg
- 30-Watt lightening bugs
- Bunnies with huge perky ears that don’t flop with age
- Well-toned asses

—Staff

S. and V. Naratil

A LETTER HOME

Friends & Freaks,

I'm sorry for disappearing so suddenly, but have no fear. I, Fredrico the Great, am fine. What happened to Fred? you probably wondered. Did he swallow his sword too enthusiastically? Was there a fire-juggling mishap? Did that Gypsy hooker suddenly start demanding child support? The truth is, after thirty years as a professional circus knife-thrower and sword-swallower, I craved something new. Something exciting. Something dangerous. So I ran away from the circus to become an i-banker.

Guys, the corporate world is scary. I mean, the men here have beards! People ride bicycles correctly proportioned to a human body! And they come to work in suits, with shoes that match their foot size. For exercise, some of them play this brutal blood sport called "football." Call me old fashioned, but I'd rather just jump through rings of fire.

I started carpooling with a few coworkers, but it turns out they're most comfortable when there are three or four people in the car. Not, you know, twenty. And yesterday a coworker asked me to hand him a letter opener, but he was really more at a tossing distance. So I picked up the blade and let instinct get the best of me ... But no worries. I mean, he's still got one good eye.

All in all, high finance is great. The price per barrel of cotton candy is very stable. And if times get tight, it's not like we have to start cannibalizing the most recently hired clowns. Although we do have temps ...

But I miss you all, and I'm always thinking of you. Strong Man Bruce, be cautious about steroids. Three doses a day is plenty. Lorenzo the Lion Tamer, be careful. I think one of the lions may have gotten into some of my angel dust. Good luck with that. And how is my sword-throwing partner, Cheryl? I hope her leg is looking better. Gangrene usually just clears up, I think.

Magnificently,
Fredrico the Great

—R. Clegg

REASONS TO SUSPECT YOUR WIFE IS GROWING TOO INDEPENDENT: A 1950S GUIDE

- Changed hamburger night to Thursday without permission
- Didn't tell you whom she voted for
- Actually, voted at all
- Stays out at Tupperware parties past 7:30. Comes back smelling suspiciously like Shirley Temples
- Stares dreamily at image of JFK for over four seconds
- Wonders aloud or in private whether America's role in recent international nuclear tensions is entirely one hundred percent innocent
- Leaves apron with note "I want a divorce" pinned to your dresser with a knife

—R. Clegg



WAGNER'S WASH AND RINSE CYCLE

You'll Regret It

A lesson in gender neutral housing

By Richard Winston VI '65

As an alumnus of Yale University, I have been avidly reading the Alumni Newsletters sent out from my beloved alma mater for forty-five years. Recently, I have sensed an increased interest in allowing 'gender neutral' housing at the College. As a word of warning, I would like to tell my own story with the sincere hope that the radicals propagating this absurd idea will see the light and forget the whole proposal. I have never told anyone this before, but I simply could not stand idly by and allow this travesty to progress unchecked by the lessons of the past.

It all started sixty-seven years ago on a brisk autumnal day. That's right; this was the day that I came into the world. I was a healthy, sturdy baby boy with a lush head of hair and the faint outline of a five o'clock shadow on my rugged jaw. Right from the beginning I was a man's man. At two I was playing football, at four I could change a tire and by the age of seven I was drinking my dad under the table. No one could question the extent of my masculinity.

Then she came. I was a strapping eight year old man when my seven year old cousin, Amy, moved into our house after her parents decided to become Scientology missionaries in Burma. Of course both our New York penthouse and the house in the Hamptons had more than enough room to accommodate the two of us, but she was a taker right from the beginning. She could not stand to sleep alone at night and, a week later, there she was, her bed right in the middle of my bachelor's pad. No more rock and roll until three in the morning. No more leaving my boxers on

the floor. But these little inconveniences were nothing in comparison to what was coming.

The changes were small at first. Amy decided to cut her hair short, and I changed mine to a longer style. She began practicing on my drums; I began reading her romance novels. Before I knew it, I was knitting my own sweaters while Amy was chopping down firewood from the backyard. One day we were both in front of the mirror—I was fixing my cuticles; Amy was working on

“Then she came.”

her sideburns. As I looked into the mirror I realized that there was no way to tell the difference between the two of us. We were—dare I utter the words—gender neutral.

It was the greatest struggle of our lives overcoming the damage that our gender neutral living arrangements did to my cousin and me. I would rather die than see the hallowed halls where I followed in the enduring legacy of my father, his father and his father before him inculcated by androgynous, gender neutral students. I tell you all from the bottom of my heart: this is not an exaggeration or an idle warning. What those liberal, free-sex Commies have failed to tell you is that gender neutral housing does not only encourage gender neutrality, it breeds it. Once the floodgates are open, they cannot be closed. So I implore you, save yourselves before it's too late. o

Alli Hugi Writes Record Article

Alli Hugi, Yale Woman, wrote the above hilar-

NCLB Turns Math Education 360°

President Bush's groundbreaking educatio-



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And now a bit of...

A →

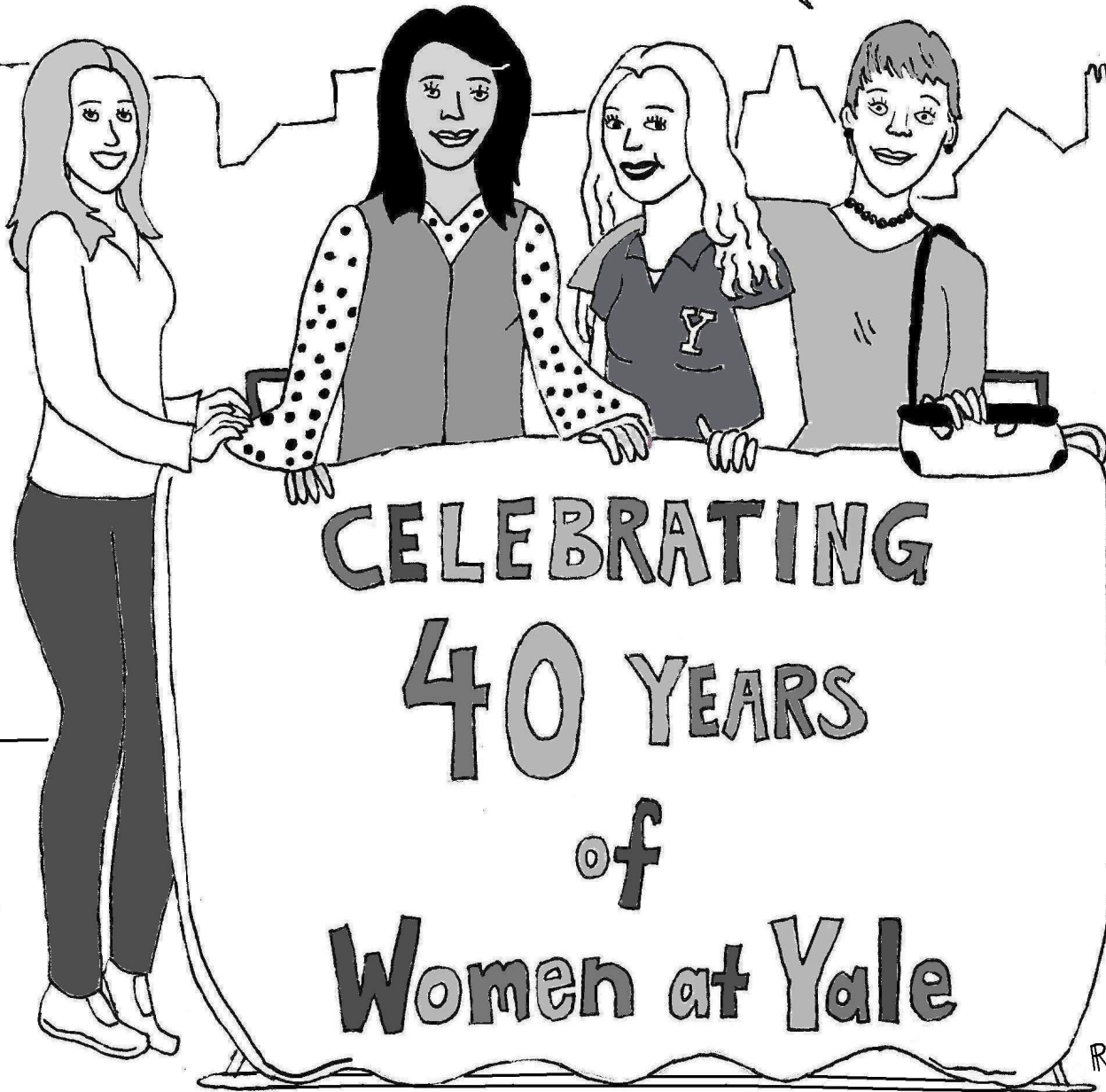
← B

Off-Colour Humour

Inspired by the MAD Fold-Ins of Al Jaffee

The Members of The Yale Women's Center Fight Sexism with an Iron Fist! I Can Always Turn To Them For Help.

Hanging with My Gal Pals Always Gets Me Thinking Women are Unstoppable!



A →

What memorial on Cross Campus commemorates the role of women at Yale?

← B

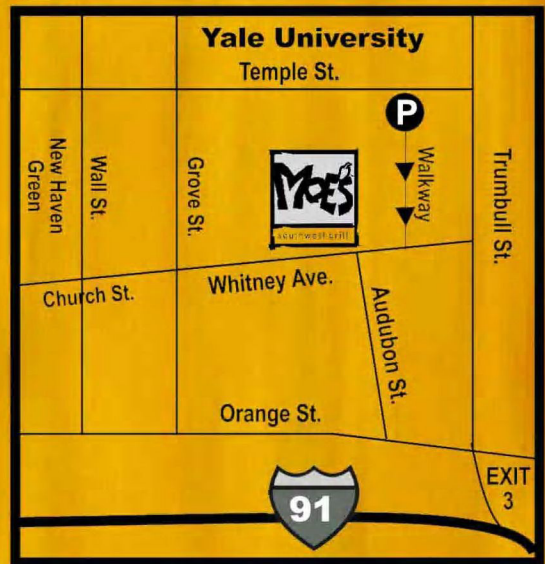
Fold the Page so that A alligns with B.



COLLEGE DAY: \$6



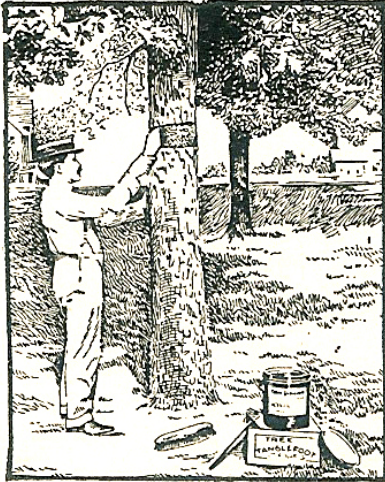
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plus chips and a
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Send for Booklet!

Dear American People,
We apologize, but there will be no State of the Union address tonight. It was last month so there's no reason to have it tonight.

Signed,
Information

Democrats On Health Care Compromise: At Least We're Spending More Money

Dear Fist,
I love your music so much. Sing that one about sealions again!
—Someone who thinks Feist is spelled Fist

Escaped Tiger Found In Heavy Petting Zoo, Returned To Failing Marriage

Dear Random Passerby
We must stop the expansion of the universe!
—Guy who took a science course once.

Dear Humans,
Please don't hunt the Dodo to extinction.

Signed,
300 years too late

Large Hadron Collider In Ruins After Italian Physicists Discover That Anti-pasta Is More Than Just Delicious

Dear Sri Lanka Tsunami,
You think you got what it takes to roll with the big boys? I'm gonna rock you like a hurricane.
—Haiti Earthquake



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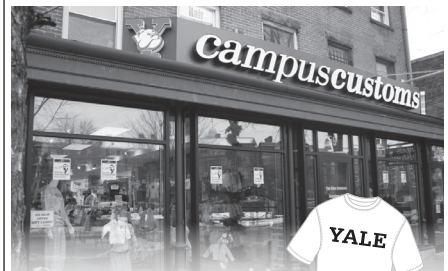
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Dear Frank, I'm tired of being walked all over, cut down, and shat on. —Your Lawn

Harvard Sophomore Drowns in Own Tears; Roommates Too Busy to Notice

Dear Labels and Signs, Inc., Your idea for the new symbol designating bathrooms as co-ed is, while creative, disturbing. Please come up with a new design immediately. —Your clients

Dear Mr. Clean, If I had known what you were going to use those "urinal" cakes for, I wouldn't have baked you any! —Mrs. Clean

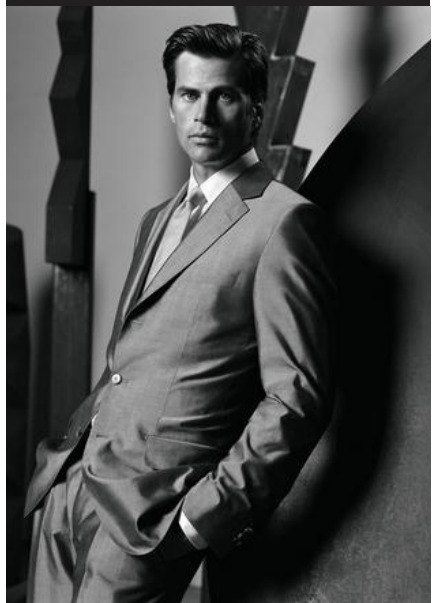
3rd Attempt At Suicide Gives Family Even More Proof of Son's Utter Failure

Dear Dying in the Desert, I'm sorry, your problem did not get into this week's paper. If you resubmit your request, there is a chance we could fit you into next week's. —Abby

Dear Tax Cats, Help, oh help! I'm in grave need of a cute cuddly accountant! —Person Who Is Soon To Be Audited Thanks To His Blinding Affection For Cats

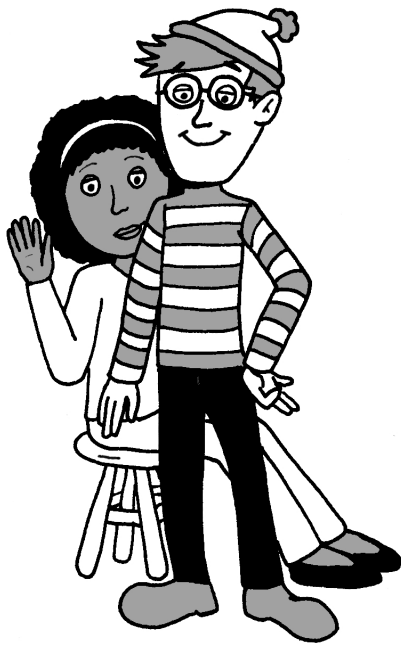
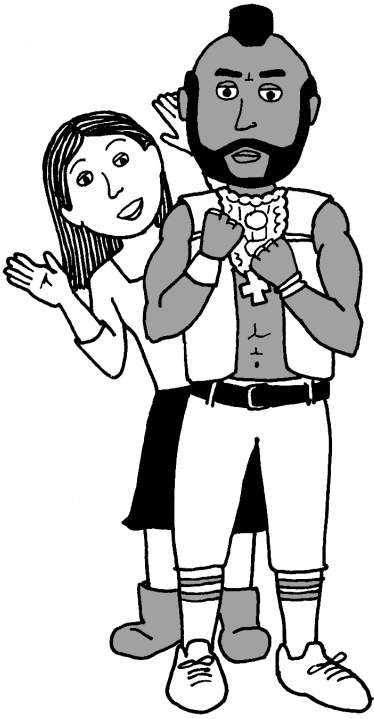
Dining Hall Services Announce New Butternut Squash Dish

Dear Prospective Student, Just wait until the second act where all of them go stark mad and start baking each other into pies. —John TD 'll

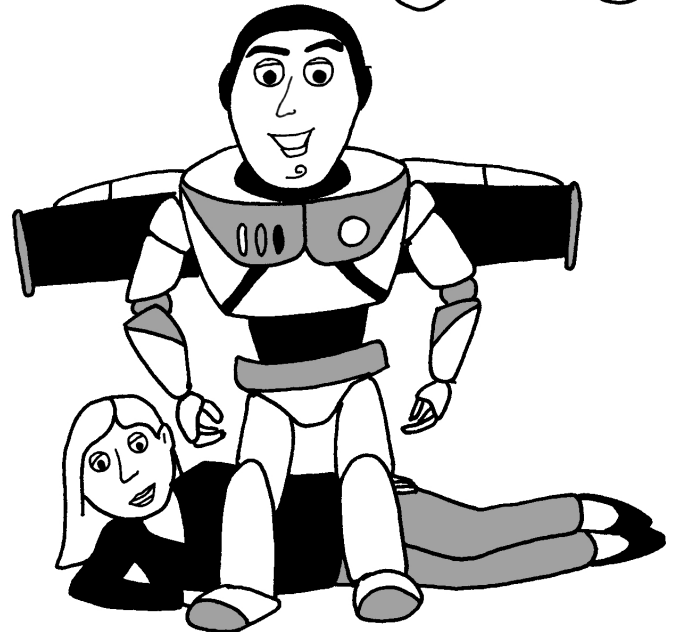
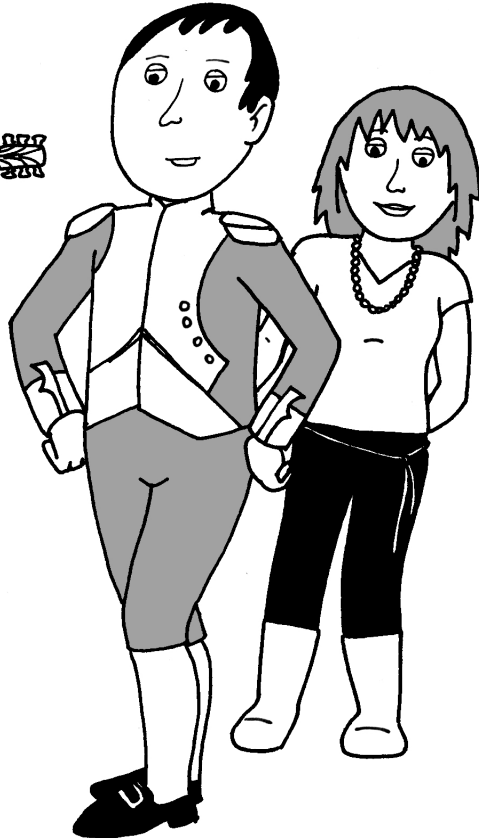


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JE COLLEGE, WED FEBRUARY 24 AT 4:00PM