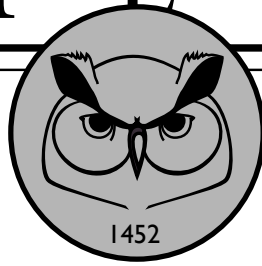


M A I L B A G



Dear *Yale Record*,

I'm writing a book called *Bad Pick-Up Lines that Don't Really Work for Ghosts*. Here's one: "If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?"

—Jesse Barbeck (dec'd)

Dear Yale Student Laundry Service,

I noticed that my laundry was "Folded with Pride." I'd really rather have it folded with love. Do you think you could arrange this?

Thanks,
A Lonely Yalie

Dear *Harvard Lampoon*,

I lampooned your mom last night!
Ha, ha, ha!

I did, actually. She was quite amused and delighted by my clever exaggerations of her foibles.

Earnestly,
The *Yale Record*

Dear *Yale Record*,

Does an octopus have genitals? Because to me the whole octopus body looks kind of like genitalia, you know?

Just Curious,
Jacques Costeau

Dear Hero,

Sorry if I was unclear, but when I said, "No, don't worry about me, save yourself," I intended for you to protest. Can you come back and get me now? Hello?

—Your No-Longer-Faithful Sidekick

Dear *Yale Record*,

Here's another one that doesn't work for ghosts: "Will you please allow me to touch you, to touch you anywhere, however briefly, to fulfill my crippling and desperate desire to touch human flesh?"

—Jesse Barbeck (dec'd)

Dear Mr. Johnson,

We regret to inform you that the anecdotes you submitted do not meet our editorial needs at this time. We would also like to point out that

the feature is called "Life in these United States," not "Life in these Drug-Altered States."

Sincerely,
Reader's Digest

Dear Valued Customers,

Try our new Winston McChurchill sandwich: it's a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma on a sesame seed bun, topped with our special sauce. Enjoy!

—McDonald's

Dear *Yale Record*,

How can we truly be said to be living in a so-called "digital age" when I have fewer fingers this week than I did the last?

—Louie the Leper

Dear Joe,

Yeah, you really freaked out that girl last night. What's wrong with you?

—Your Insecurities

Dear *Yale Record*,

When I'm online and that screen pops up and tells me I'm a winner, it's true, right?

—Your Mother

Dear Semicolon,

Oh man, I got so high last night.

—Apostrophe
(Formerly Known as Comma)

Dear *Yale Record*,

Why must you disparage me with such frequency?

Emotionally scarred,
Your Mother

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MAILBAG

Dear *Yale Record*,

Do you like to eat Fruity Pebbles because there are lots of tiny, flimsy flakes over which you can exert your dominance? I do.

—Suzy

Dear Paul,

Will you look at these bloody skid marks on my thighs? *That's* why we don't do it in the road. I hope you're satisfied, asshole.

—Heather

Dear Son,

Please come home. You're needed in Aisle 7.

—The Wal-Mart Family

Dear *Yale Record*,

I feel really stupid when I lick my eye. Your incessant mocking doesn't make it any easier.

—Gary the Gecko

Dear *Yale Record*,

I just want *all* of my clothes to be clean. What could possibly be wrong with that?

—The Naked Guy
in the Laundry Room

Dear *Yale Record*,

You know what would be really funny? If you published an article about a toad that really likes Mozart and then tells knock-knock jokes. And the toad had warts. And then he got into Yale.

Yours Truly,

—Your Eight-Year-Old Sister

Dear Home Plate Umpire,

You call that a strike? Well, in that case, watch me drive this wooden bat through your heart!

—Buffy the Umpire Slayer

Dear 'poop,'

You are such a funny word!

—Your Secret Admirer

Dear Gilligan,

How come you guys never went all *Lord of the Flies* on each other? Does it have something to do with the hat?

Curious,

—The *Yale Record*

Dear Ghost of Christmas Future,

Hey asshole, I stole your flux capacitor.

—Ghost of Christmas Past

Dear *Seventeen Magazine*,

Help! Whenever I have sex with my boyfriend, I always end up eating him alive.

—Praying Mantis

Dear *Yale Record*,

We're writing from Trenton, N.J., and we would just like to make it perfectly clear that we did not build this specific city. It is a shithole.

—Jefferson Starship

Dear *Yale Record*,

I'm an orphaned punchline with nowhere to go. Can you find a home for me in your magazine?

—“Czech” Mate

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for the
past.
we just
exhibit it.



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