

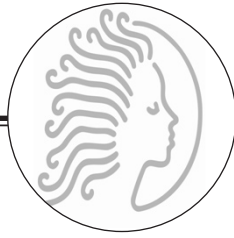
Vol. 138, No. 4

Dec. 9, 2009

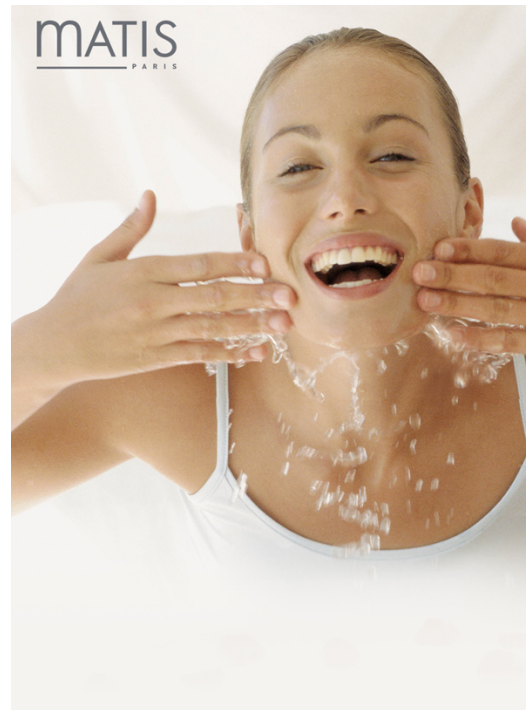
THE YALE RECORD

ALUMNI ISSUE





Remember Your Suitemates and Friends this
Holiday Season With a Little Pampering at:



RIMAGÉ SALON & SPA

One Block From The Yale School of Art

203-562-4247 • appt.rimage@sbcglobal.net, www.rimagesalon.com

Mon-Tue 9-6, Wed-Fri 9-8, Sat 8:30-4

1210 Chapel Street, New Haven

COUPON

WALL STREET PIZZA
SERVING GREAT PIZZA AND SANDWICHES

BUY ANY LARGE PIZZA,
➤ GET A FREE TWO LITER SODA!!! ➤

90 WALL STREET • (203) 776-9021
IN THE HEART OF YALE; NOW DELIVERING IN THE CHAPEL AREA!

COUPON

**Child Convinced
Shrimp Cocktail Is Alcoholic**

Dear Jim,
If you die, I will eat your face. But it's nothing personal.

Love,
Your cat

Dear L.A. Angels of Anaheim,
Naming your team after a more populous city where it isn't technically located? Brilliant!

—The New York Brewers
of Milwaukee

To Whom It May Concern,
Okay, I made you laugh. Now buy this shitty thing you don't need.

Sincerely,
Advertising

Dear Sex,
Fine, fine, you win—you are the best way for two people to express their mutual love and attraction.

Dejectedly,
Candygrams

**Marathon Winner
Indistinguishable from
Near-Death Refugee**

Dear Sir,
We are sorry to hear of your financial difficulties. Unfortunately, we have no plans to start rewarding "hair left on my pillow."

Yours truly,
Tooth Fairy, Inc.

Dear Haiku, I tire of your shtick.
Your rubbish is making me sick.

Stop wasting my time;
Real poems have to rhyme.
Signed, with revulsion,
the Limerick.

Mr. Limerick,
You got boring at line four.
Concisely, Haiku.

Dear Jim,
I am begging you to learn more than three chords—an E7, an Am, anything! I am tired of sounding like I'm retarded.
—Your Guitar

Dear Freshman,
So you're a vegetarian now, huh?
You'll be back.
—Bacon

**TMZ Reports: Jack Sprat
Into Fatties**



Harold's Formal Wear

*Serving the Yale Community
for over 60 years.*

*Complete line of Formal Wear, perfect for
all your choral needs, as well as any formal
occasion. Come see our huge inventory of
Bridal and special occasion dresses as well.*

*Group Discounts or Student discounts
for all tuxedo purchases.*



Services include:

Same day service

Complementary measurements

(for your out of town needs)

Seamstress available

by appointment

19 Elm Street • 203.562.4156
www.haroldsnewhaven.com

Dear T-Shirt Viewers,

We regret to inform you that due to a variety of circumstances, the cost of moustache rides has risen to \$7,500.

—“Association” of “Ironic”
T-Shirt “Manufacturers”

To Whomever Decides These Things,

Being called the Father of the World Wide Web, I’m fine with that. But if you don’t mind, I’d prefer not to be the Father of “Awesome Zit Cyst Surgery” on YouTube.

—Tim Berners-Lee,
MIT

Mildly Suicidal Man Drinks Expired Milk

Dear Forty-Year-Old You,

Hey! I thought we were going to get a job building with Legos!

—Five-Year-Old You

Dear Andy,

You just ate Honey Nut Cheerios. Honey Nut Cheerios. How stupid can you be? It says it right on the goddamn front of the box. You know what, I think I’m just going to sit this one out until you’ve learned your lesson.

—Your Epi-Pen

Super-Ugly Throwback Jerseys Provide Comforting Illusion of Progress

Dear First-Year Medical Student,

On your anatomy exam, you wrote, “The head bone’s connected to the face bone; the face bone’s connected to the trombone.” Could I please see your undergraduate transcript again?

—Your Professor



YALE
STUDENTS ONLY!

Show us your
Student ID and get

25% OFF
ALL FOOD!

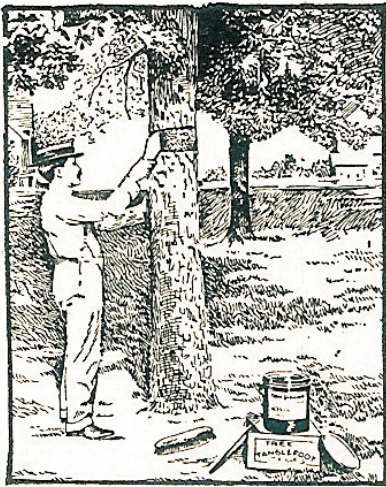
All Day • Any Day

**Thank you for
voting us #1 again!**



- **Best Sports Bar** •
- **Best Karaoke** •
- **Best Singles Scene** •

124 Temple St.
New Haven, CT 06510
203.562.2327
www.BlackBearNH.com



Send for Booklet!



STYLE 2000

137 Orange St., New Haven, CT
(203) 777-7980

Copper Kitchen

Mon-Sat 6a-6p • Sun 8a-4p
1008 Chapel St. • (203) 777-8010

Dear New Haven Pest Control,
There are hundreds of undergraduates living in my castle. Please eradicate them.
—Master Steven Smith

Dear *Yale Record*,
If Louis really dwelled at Mory's, does that mean he'll be asking me for change now, too?
—A Concerned Alumnus

Dear Oven that Runs 10° Hot,
Hey man, stop trippin'. When you burnt my cookies last week, you embarrassed me in front of my boyz. Do it again, and I'll pop you two in the front burner.
—Mike "Point Blank" Thornton

Dear Steve,
I understand your urge to shave your beard every time you get drunk, but I think you are taking the word "safety" in safety razor too literally.
—Your Face

Study: Half of US High Schoolers Cannot Locate "You Are Here" on a Mall Map

Dear 10-Pound Bag Of Potatoes I Got Because You Were only \$2.99,
You are like 8.5 more pounds of potatoes than I know what to do with.
Regretfully,
Ben

Dear Metric System,
I have come to conquer you. Take me to your liter.
—The Imperial System

Dear *Record* Staff,
When publishing a humor magazine the one thing you cannot do is—*VOLE!*
And he's gone,
Old Owl



**THE OLDEST
OFFICIAL
YALE SHOP
ON CAMPUS**

**15% OFF!
15% OFF!
15% OFF!
15% OFF!**



NEW HAVEN
IT ALL HAPPENS HERE
www.infonewhaven.com

WWW.YALEBULLDOGBLUE.COM
57 BROADWAY, NEW HAVEN, CT
203-789-2157

Raggs
ANNIVERSARY SALE
20% off all HUGO BOSS
thru november 30th



celebrating...
25 years of style

enter a drawing for a HUGO
suit and coat

special HUGO BOSS
gifts with purchase

1020 chapel street
new haven
203.865.3824
www.raggsnewhaven.com

Raggs

Dear Columbia House,

I don't remember ordering the albums *The Wallflowers*, *Bringing Down the Horse*, and *Breach* and thus I am returning them to you in their original packaging. Please stop soliciting this address.

Sincerely,
Bob Dylan

Dad,

Those albums were from me, you ass! And I know you know my address because your "Oops! Happy Belated Birthday" card was postmarked the same day.

—Jakob Dylan

Dear Tim Tebow,

This is awkward, but I'm an LSU fan.

—Jesus

PS—Go Tigers!

Area Man Confuses Denny's Menu for USA Today

Dear *Yale Record*,

If I had a dollar for every time somebody said "Windows Vista is a piece of shit" ...Oh, wait. I do.

Not sorry,
Bill Gates

Dear Gary,

I know you bought me to look cosmopolitan, but wearing the same sweat pants three days in a row negates even my powers of cool.

—Your French Press

Dear *Yale Record*,

3.1415926535897932384626433
83279!

—The Kid Who Beat You
in the Fifth Grade Pi
Recitation Contest

Dear *Yale Record*,

Did you know that if you shift the letters in "OZ" forward one letter, you get "PA," and back one letter, "NY"—the two states in which the children's classic "The Wizard of OZ" was written?

Similarly, if you scramble the letters in "*The Record*" and shift them back and forth a bit, then read the result in a mirror covered with several lines of cocaine, it would be hard to read, because of the cocaine.

—An Alum in the Middle
of a Board Meeting

Dear Ringo,

I know you feel overshadowed sometimes, but if it helps, you are personally my second-favorite living Beatle!

—Ringo's Mom

Dear *Yale Record*,

If you're ever in a position to go laughing all the way to the bank, make sure it's not Sunday. *Awkward!*

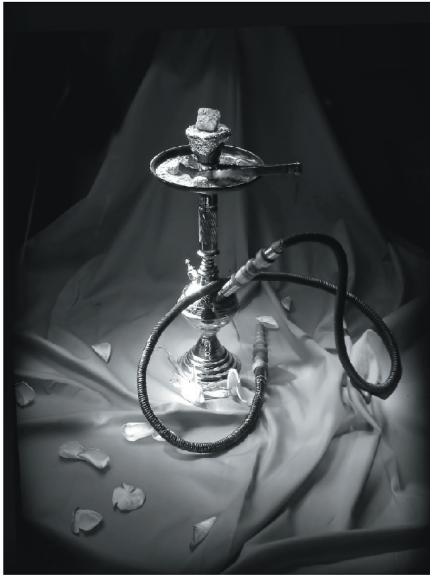
Once bitten twice shy,
Carol

Dear Yale Seniors,

If you're apartment-hunting on Craig's List and you find a great bachelor sublet, clarify it's a "bachelor *apartment*" or you could end up spending a fortune feeding and clothing him.

—A Helpful Alum





MEDITERRANEA CAFÉ

Middle Eastern and Italian Cuisine

Monday - Thursday 11:00 am to Midnight
 Friday and Saturday 11:00 am to 2:00 am
 Only Hookah Lounge in CT
 Private Party Back Room

140 ORANGE ST., NEW HAVEN • (203) 624-0589
 WWW.MEDITERRANEACAFE.COM

Dear *Yale Record*,

“It takes a village to raise a child,” huh? I guess you’ve never heard of, I don’t know, *an orphanage?*

Yours,
 Zeke, Proud Orphanage
 Director

CNN Proves That
 Tree Falling in Empty Forest
 Still Makes Sound

Dear Readers,

We apologize for the error in last week’s Horoscope. The correct sentence is, “Cancers can profit from patience,” not that “Patients can profit from their cancer.”

—The Editors

Dear Sweden,

Hot blondes, downhill skiing, Ikea...I’d be right there rooting for you if not for the smelt.

Seriously: what’s with all the smelt?
 —Gordon

Area Man Mistakes Spackle for Wife’s Greek Yogurt

Dear Obamanator,

If you find a blue ballpoint pen with a chewed cap, can you put it in the diplomatic pouch? I can’t for the life of me remember where I left it, and that’s the one black mark on my presidency.

Sincerely,
 W.

(continued on page 22)

SAVE MORE THAN JUST MONEY

New Haven • Hamden • New London • Wallingford



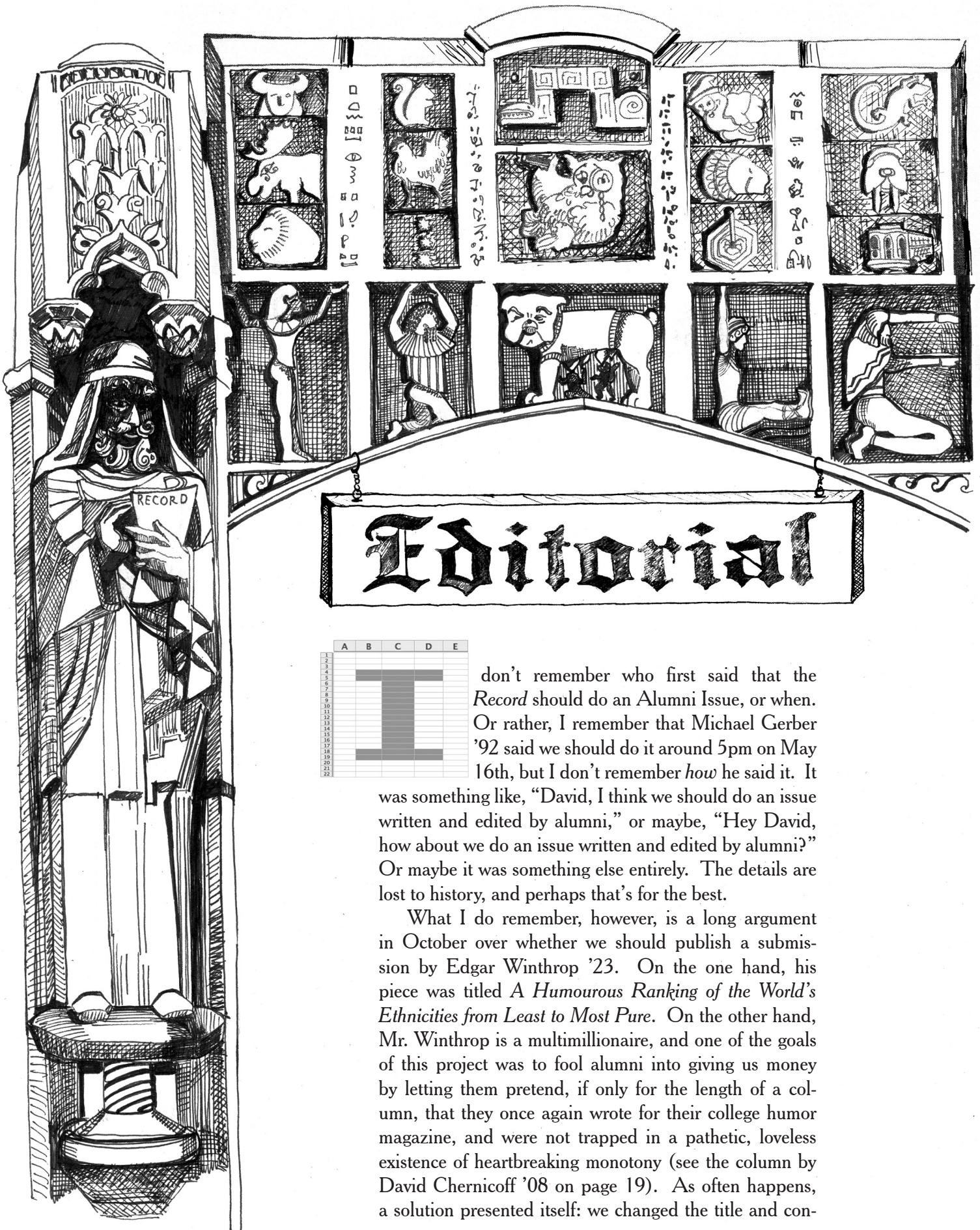
FAMILY STORE

DONATION CENTER

Learn more at SATruck.org or call 1-800-SA-TRUCK.

Thousands of Items Arriving Daily!





	A	B	C	D	E
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					
15					
16					
17					
18					
19					
20					
21					
22					

don't remember who first said that the *Record* should do an Alumni Issue, or when. Or rather, I remember that Michael Gerber '92 said we should do it around 5pm on May 16th, but I don't remember *how* he said it. It

was something like, "David, I think we should do an issue written and edited by alumni," or maybe, "Hey David, how about we do an issue written and edited by alumni?" Or maybe it was something else entirely. The details are lost to history, and perhaps that's for the best.

What I do remember, however, is a long argument in October over whether we should publish a submission by Edgar Winthrop '23. On the one hand, his piece was titled *A Humorous Ranking of the World's Ethnicities from Least to Most Pure*. On the other hand, Mr. Winthrop is a multimillionaire, and one of the goals of this project was to fool alumni into giving us money by letting them pretend, if only for the length of a column, that they once again wrote for their college humor magazine, and were not trapped in a pathetic, loveless existence of heartbreaking monotony (see the column by David Chernicoff '08 on page 19). As often happens, a solution presented itself: we changed the title and con-

tent of his submission and printed it with red ink on a green background, rendering our changes invisible to Mr. Winthrop, who has been legally, if not politically, colorblind since the early 1970s.

This encounter got me thinking about how much taste changes across the decades. To think that, one day, vagina puns will be considered immature—that calling Harold Bloom a “syphilis-infested shadow of [his] former self” will be frowned upon—that making fun of homeless people will be in poor form! I don’t know if *The Yale Record* could succeed in a world like

that. I don’t know if we would want to.

For the present moment, however, the *Record* staff boldly carries on. And those of us soon to become alumni ourselves must find a way to survive using the tools our tenure at the *Record* has so carefully cultivated. My Dad summed up the problem well when he said, “David, why haven’t you found a job yet?”

Or maybe it was, “David, when are you going to get a job?”

We may never know.

-David Klumpp, TD '10



Founded September 11, 1872 • Vol. CXXXX, No. 4 • Published in New Haven, CT by The Yale Record Corp.
Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520 • www.yalerecord.com • Subscriptions: \$40 (print) \$10 (electronic)

Guest Editors: Adam Bildersee '09, David Chernicoff '05, Michael Gerber '91, Ben Orlin '09, Mike Thornton '09

Guest Contributors: Pat Carone '98, Aryeh Cohen-Wade '05, Andrew Chittenden '09, Ian Dallas '00, David Etkin '94, René Flores '91, Todd Lynch '93 (cover), Eric March '07, Hank Michael '93, Michael Rae-Grant '07, Mike Shear '98, Kati Stevens '05, Lee Tyler '03, Mollie Wilson O'Reilly '03

Chairman: Simon Swartzman '10 *Editor-in-Chief:* David Klumpp '10 *Publisher:* Judd Rosenblatt '11

Design Editors: Elie Chau '10, Samo Gale '10 *Art Director:* Nina Beizer '12

Managing Editors: Alison Gates '11, Jordy Greenblatt '11, Mark Sonneblick '12

Staff Director: Jessica Bolhack '11 *Editor-At-Large:* Claire Mulhaney '10 *Foreign Correspondent:* Melissa Chiasson '11

Staff Writers & Artists: Reuxben Barrientes '10, Ari Berkowitz '12, Dounia Bredes '11, Adi Kamdar '12, Nell Klugman '12, Stephanie Naratil '11, Valerie Naratil '11, Stan Seiden '10, Josh Schoenfield '10, Brendan Ternus '12, Bill Toth '11

Contributing Writers & Artists: Simon Chaffetz '12, River Clegg '11, Babe Liberman '11, Will Moritz '12, Alli Hugi '13, Venk Upadhyay '13, Lincoln Sedlacek '13, Ngozi Ukazu '13, Dana Zhu '12, Sabrina Gill '13, Jerry Wang '13, Jacob Evelyn '13, Wesley Bolin '12, Matt Shaffer '10, Alexis Delvecchio '11, David Kemper '13, Rachel Nalebuff '13, Yoonjoo Lee '12, Josiah Schoenberg '12, Paul Robalino '12, Karen Molokoch '13

Old Owls: Jacob Abolafia '10, Nazlee Samadzadeh-Hadidi '10

Senior Editors: Emily Sigman '11, Emily Waldman '10, Katy Waldman '10, Tessa Williams '10

Special thanks to all alumni submitters, Mr. Vinny Morrotti, Mr. Michael Marsland, and Ms. Gwyneth Tuckett.

• • •

All contents copyright 2009 The Yale Record Corp. *The Record* is a magazine produced by Yale students; Yale University is not responsible for its contents. Any resemblance to characters and events portrayed herein, without satirical intent, is purely coincidental. *The Record* welcomes contact from the outside world. Letters should be addressed to Chairman, *The Yale Record*, PO Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520, or at chairman@yalerecord.com. The child is the father of the man, especially if you're immature. *The Yale Record* would like to high-five the UOFC for its financial support. This sentence is just a placeholder.



PLEASE CHOOSE A PASSWORD

Please choose a password. Your password must be between six and sixteen characters in length.

Your password must contain at least one letter, one number, two wingdings and an emoticon.

Your password should not include information that may be readily accessible online (such as birth date or hat size), common words or phrases (such as “hat” or “hat size”), or any reference to how big a hat has to be in order to fit your head properly.

Security question: What is your hat size?

Passwords are case sensitive! Your password should contain at least one capital letter and at least one capital number.

Avoid words that may be found in any English or foreign language dictionary, as most hackers are master Scrabble players who have those things memorized.

Sorry, BUQSHAS is a word. It’s a Yemeni coin with a value of 1/40 of a riyal. It’s worth 21 points, plus a 50-point bonus for using all your letters.

Security Question: Who is a person you’ve met?

If your password refers to an inside joke, think about letting us in on it.

Strong passwords often use symbols in the place of letters. For example, instead of the letter “W”, consider using a series of slashes shaped like a “W”, and instead of the letter “A” use the @ symbol. With a little ingenuity, a word like PASSWORD becomes “P@\$\$\V\ø®|)”. Alternatively, if your password is “P@\$\$\V\ø®|)” you can fool would be

identity thieves by writing out PASSWORD.

However, don’t take that to mean that you can choose PASSWORD as your password. That’s way too meta. It would be like doing a Rich Little impression.

Security Question: Name the city where your girlfriend told you that she loved you, but worried that you were using your career as a technical writer as a crutch to avoid real adult responsibility, and you got angry, not because she accused you of being immature, but because her criticism really hit home and now you realize that you allowed the one person in the universe who ever really cared for you to leave you standing under the Gateway Arch in St. Louis.

If you use a public computer, check the settings to ensure that the browser does not store your password automatically. Also, remember that sharing computers is basically communism.

Don’t tattoo your password on your body. I learned that the hard way.

Avoid common keyboard combinations such as QWERTY and SARAHICANTBELIEVEYOUAREDATING-AGAINSOSOON.

Security Question: Do you know what “P@\$\$\V\ø®|)” means? I think I’m supposed to remember it for some reason, but it just looks like a weird string of symbols.

If you are choosing a new password, please pick one that’s different from your last five passwords. And by different, we don’t mean just rearranging a few letters or putting a “1” after it.

Never write down your password. In fact, the most



Liberman '11

Things The Record loves that rhyme with "Yale."

secure passwords cannot be represented in any written language.

For security purposes, don't tell anybody your password. In fact, don't even tell us. And to be super safe, you probably shouldn't know it either.

But don't make your password too obscure or too difficult! What if you really love someone, but you can't admit it to yourself and you won't talk to them? Maybe that someone would have no choice but to read your email to make sure you're okay.

Security Question: What is your password?

If you lose your password, try to think real hard about it and see if you can remember it. Check your hat size – maybe that'll ring a bell.

—M. Shear '98



GRAMMAR TO WATCH OUT FOR

Adhesive Clause: This extraneous phrase latches on to unsuspecting sentences. Called by some "the shark of the page," one adhesive clause attracts others, so to speak, until they have choked off all meaning and, in some cases, the writer herself.

Conjunctivitis: An overgrowth of connecting words which can result in jumpiness, along with slight disorientation, and fatigue. The CDC is monitoring the

overuse of semi-colons—and long dashes—which may represent a deadly new mutation.

Split Imperative: A command to do two things at once. Recent tests using lab rats have shown that prolonged exposure to split imperatives causes catatonia, followed by outbursts of psychotic rage. So you must be constantly on guard—but don't go overboard.

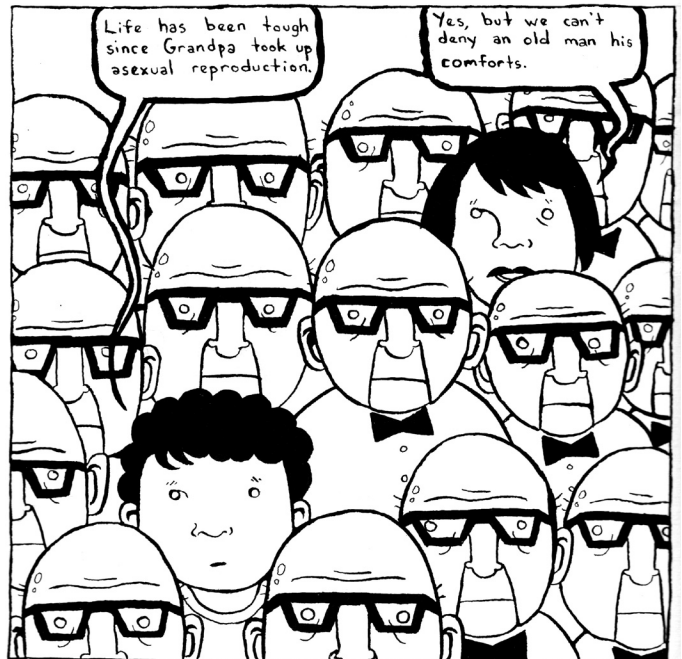
—M. Gerber '91



MORE EVOCATIVE. BUT LESS PC
ALTERNATIVES TO THE PHRASE
"COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET"

- Flying the Rainbow Kite
- Donning the Sequined Cape
- Joining the June Parade
- Jumping the Same-Sex Shark
- Making His Musical Debut
- Pulling an Ellen
- Kicking the Hetero Bucket
- Hopping the Midnight Train to San Fran
- Telling People He's Gay

—B. Orlin '09



Rae-Grant '07

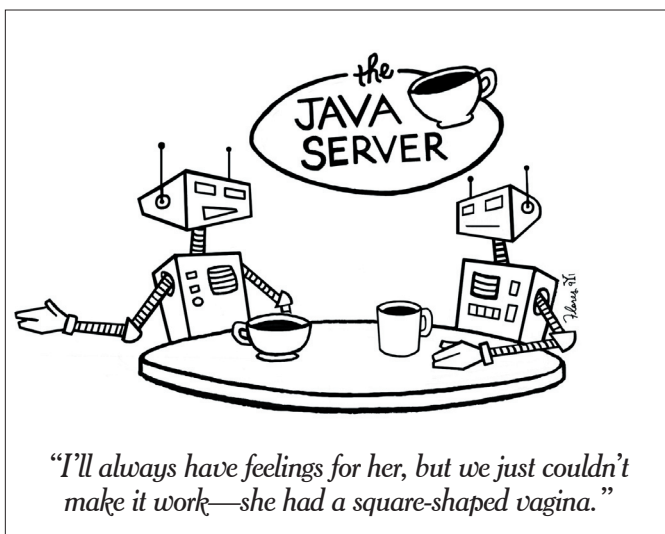
The end.

OTHER RECENT IVY LEAGUE
ART PROJECTS

From the *Columbia Spectator*, 9/12/09—Marcus Zimmer presented his senior art project on Tuesday, a conceptual work titled “USA, A-O-GAY.” The piece consisted of Zimmer marrying another man while burning an American flag. “I think it reveals that the bourgeois American ontology of capitalism is actually a locus of subversion,” the artist wrote in an explanatory pamphlet. For his MFA thesis, Zimmer plans a companion piece in which he and his new husband adopt a child whom they will teach to vomit on soldiers returning from Iraq.

From the *Brown Daily Herald*, 10/17/09—Louisa Cherny, a sophomore, recently exhibited her project, entitled “I Make New Mes,” in which she harvested her own stem cells and performed what she termed “frankly unethical” medical experiments upon them. The work, which consisted of strange, quasi-human creatures that roamed the Sudler Gallery during the week of April 6, was meant to “critique the industrialization of the body” and the “mass-produced nature of contemporary aesthetics.” Cherny claims to “know absolutely nothing” about a mysterious being who has been spotted shambling furtively around downtown Providence; eyewitnesses say the creature bears an uncanny resemblance to the artist, except with an extra neck, and flippers for hands.

From the *Harvard Crimson*, 11/24/09—Shock and outrage roiled campus today after freshman Lucas Mills unveiled his final project for Introduction to Studio Art.



I. Dallas '00/R. Flores '91



I. Dallas '00/R. Flores '91

The untitled work consists of five still-life paintings of fruit, tableware, and furniture. There is no explanatory literature accompanying the work, and in speaking about the piece the artist failed to use the words “deconstruct,” “objectification,” or even “heteronormative.” A coalition of campus groups plans to rally tonight in front of Webster Library, where the work is displayed in the second floor hallway. The protesters demand the paintings be removed and immediately replaced with a video loop of “Wymyn’s Ryghts,” a four-hour long performance of junior Art major Jessica Blake manually masturbating a cow while dressed as Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

—A. Cohen-Wade '05



ARCTIC CIRCLE > FOR SALE/WANTED > HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Reply to: kkringle1@claus.biz

Moving sale--Everything Must Go! - \$1 (North Pole)
Hello! Due to unforeseen circumstances, I have to move out of my old place ASAP. I’ve got some great stuff that I can’t take with—help me out by buying some! All items are in excellent condition unless otherwise noted; I’m only selling because I really, really need a change of scene.

For sale:

1059 toy-making kits! Each kit includes tiny hammer, needle-nosed pliers and straight-edge ruler; all other tools (jig-saw, tap-drill, soldering kit, plasma-cutter) confiscated. Previous owner’s initials engraved on each



Roberto '12

Wendy probably shouldn't have represented us at the Bazaar.

BLOOD-SUCKING CREATURES
FROM LEAST TO MOST SUCKY

- leeches
- lampreys
- ticks
- mosquitoes
- intestinal nematodes
- vampires
- vampires' intestinal nematodes
- El Chupacabra
- assassin bugs
- my student loan provider
- my roommate's cat (long story)

—K. Stevens '05

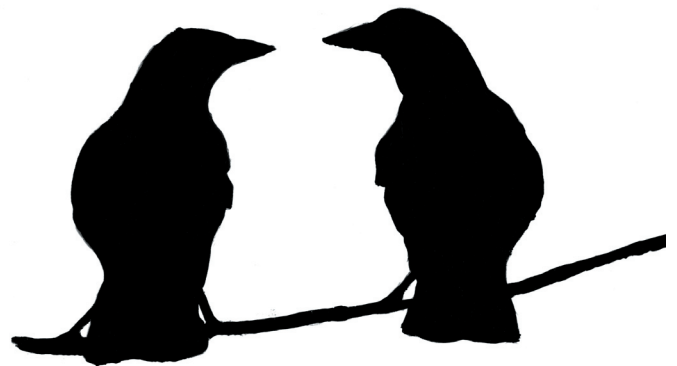


REASONS WHY THIS LIST IS AMAZING

It is fun to read.
 You were the first one of your friends to find it.
 It is bulletproof.*
 It wants to hear what you have to say, even though you're not the smartest or most interesting guy in the room.
 It doesn't need to have an order to be interesting.
 It is the second to last list you will ever read. So you know you've still got some time.

*Please don't shoot this list.

—E. March '07



"How many of us does it take before we look ominous?"

box's handle. \$29.95 each.
 1059 gold-rimmed spectacles! Frames 18 kt., gross weight 20.5 kg. For elf eyes only; prescription may cause trans-temporal acuity or panopia in human wearers (with usual roster of associated dementias, etc.). Some lenses in fair/poor condition due to thermal and kinetic shock. \$15.00 each or \$15,000 for the lot.

~2,117 small boots—high quality! Scorching damage to some units. \$5000 for all.

643 elfin caps! All caps washed/sterilized by Polar Industrial, LLC. Any cap containing shrapnel remnants and/or unidentifiable organic matter returnable for full refund. Price varies with condition; contact seller for details.

Gasoline and rags! Remnants of much larger original lot. Maybe you can use? \$20 obo.

Massive corrugated outbuilding! Some smoke damage, warping from heat, tiny little scratchmarks by exit doors. Partially melted padlock now part of structure. \$50.

Half-size mass grave. Very fertile; rings/gems/gold teeth make this a metal detector's dream. \$500/acre obo.

Futon! Large, sturdy, desecrated. \$75.

Ruddy-faced, husky domestic partner! Bakes sweets. Kindly, honest-seeming expression. Prone to indiscretions with nimble-fingered, pointy-shoed types. Free of charge.

Free overnight delivery available anywhere in the world, on any/all items.

—D. Etkin '94

Thornton '09

Our coffee is the best.

By David Etkin '94

Disregard what you have heard from others. Forget what you think you know about the best coffee in the world. Our coffee is the best! It is better than the coffee your mother makes when you go home. It is better than the coffee they serve the President when he wakes up and demands “the best coffee!” It is better than the coffee consumed by the owner of a coffee plantation in Jamaica widely renowned for producing the finest beans in the world, even though he has his roasters give him the freshest, most select beans upon pain of death and then he observes his valet/barista Gorky grind them to perfection in a burr grinder—not a despicable blade grinder which would heat the beans to undesirable temperatures and thus damage their precious, delicate oils—and then soaks them oh so lovingly in triple-filtered artesian well water imported from a distant country very well known for producing water that makes terrific coffee; and even though this perfectly ground bean is soaked in this perfect water (which has been heated to the perfect range of 196-206 degrees Fahrenheit) in a perfect French press (which does make the best cup of coffee, especially if you drink it black which is the only sane way to drink a truly fine cup of coffee) and poured in such a way that something in Gorky’s wrist action actually makes it taste even better, even though all of this is done this coffee tastes like a cup full of tepid tar when compared to the coffee which we brew here at Jimmy’s Diner. We do it! We brew the finest, most world-shattering cup of coffee in the entire world and we who staff Jimmy’s Diner will no longer hide that unwavering beacon of light under a bushel! We are tired of the Smile Deli and the cloyingly named Sugarcube Café and the irritating bundle of swagger who slings singed beans to empty-eyed corporate suits out of a squeaky-wheeled pushcart trying to lay simultaneous claim to a title which common sense dictates can only be honestly applied to one entity, and which your palate should and will dictate can only be applied to we few, we happy few here at Jimmy’s Diner, no matter what libelous claims are foisted upon a gullible public via signage posted at these and other wretched monuments to self-aggrandizing, megalomaniacal excess and hyperbole. Jimmy’s Diner has no sign, because our coffee does not require one! The truth needs no agent. Justice does not rely on good P.R.! Jimmy’s Diner coffee speaks to you from our kitchen, heralding its rightful title to your nose long before our simple white mug is presented to your palate. Sip it once and be transported to a place beyond all care, to the place where Plato posited that the perfect, conceptual ideals, of which all the physical world is merely a shadow, exist. Sip it once and look me in the eye and if you do not instantly sing a glorious hymn to Jimmy’s Diner coffee then you must snuff out my life for everything I have ever known is a lie!

Also, we make very, very good carrot cake. □



THE GREAT YALE

Hello everybody and welcome to Yale! We're going to start the tour over here by the oldest building on campus, Connecticut Hall. Back when that was built, there were no cities yet, just colonies. This whole area was just called "Connecticut," and they called this building "Connecticut Hall" because it was the tallest structure in the colony. At that time there were no rooms inside it. It was just one big "hall." But since then they've put up some walls. There's also a computer cluster in the basement. Any questions so far? What? Me? I'm a history major. Anything else?

Over here is a statue of one of the most famous Yalies, Nathaniel Hawthorne. If that name doesn't sound familiar, you might recognize his most famous saying: "Give me liberty or give me death." He was executed during the War of 1812, and after that Yale wanted to honor him with a statue. But there was one problem: no one knew what he looked like. All the existing images of him were destroyed by order of King George III. So legend has it that the sculptor, James Gamble Rogers, modeled the figure after his own mother. The only way you can tell is if you look at the back—he has a ponytail! If there are no questions, everybody follow me over here...



Swing Space, the oldest residential college at Yale.

That building right there is Dwight Chapel, which was named for our fifteenth president, Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was Yale's first library. When the books outgrew the space they moved the library next door to Linsey-Woolsey hall, which is a former fabric mill.

Now, before we cross the street, everybody look up at that big tower in front of us. It's the highest point in New Haven—maybe in all of Connecticut. You might hear some bells playing during your visit. They are played by an elite group of seniors called the Whiffenpoofs. The rest of the time the tower is totally quiet, and no one is allowed inside. That's why they call it the Sleeping Giant.

OK, this is Jonathan Edwards, the oldest residential college at Yale. Let me explain: We have a system here for undergrads that is exactly like the one they have at Oxford, except that it's completely unlike any other school anywhere in the world. There are twelve of these colleges, one for each of the twelve tribes of Israel. Students live in them after freshman year, unless you're in Silliman or Timothy Dwight Chapel—that building across the street. It's the oldest residential college at Yale. If you're in one of those colleges, you move in freshman year and live in dorms in the basement. Each college has a master and a dean, who pick your classes for you and prepare the meals and screen your mail. Yes? ...No, you can't choose which college you want to be in. The admissions office randomly assigns them, unless your mother or father went to Yale, in which case you get to live in an apartment in the Taft Hotel, on College Street.

This is a statue of the college's first president and student, Elihu Yale (legend has it the face is modeled after John Wilkes Booth)! Japanese tourists rub his foot for good luck.

CAMPUS TOUR

BY MOLLIE
WILSON
O'REILLY '03

This pathway we're on is called "Library Walk," which is weird because it's not near the library! It's actually named after an alumnus, John Jacob Walk, who used to travel this way going to and from the Dramat—that building over there. It was once a Laundromat, which is where the name comes from. Hey, look, it's Handsome Dan! Get your autograph books out and let's give him a big "Boola boola!"

This is Davenport College. It's the oldest one at Yale. It's nicknamed "the Hollywood Hotel" because of all the famous movie stars who lived here. Keep your eyes peeled, because you might see one of Yale's many famous celebrities! Jodie Foster was in Davenport, and Claire Danes, Edward Norton, and, I'm pretty sure, Ben Affleck. I'd have to look that up. The one major exception was Julia Stiles, who, of course, was in Morse. Morse and Ezra Stiles were built in the 1960s, when women were first admitted to Yale. The administration was afraid the women would be a distraction to the men, so they built dorms way over there where no one ever goes for the girls to live in. Here's a fun fact: the builders wanted the new colleges to look as much like the old ones as possible. So they poured acid over all the stones and then buried them to make them look aged. Then they forgot where they were buried, so they had to make the new colleges out of concrete instead. Too bad! The stones were eventually found by Skull and Bones, who used them to build their top-secret tomb. To this day, no one knows where it is.

We're going to cross the street here and head toward SML, which stands for St. Mary's Library. You can tell just by looking at it that SML used to be a cathedral. Yale took it over from



In a nuclear war, Beinecke Library will drop into an underground bunker and be replaced by an exact replica. It'll look like this.

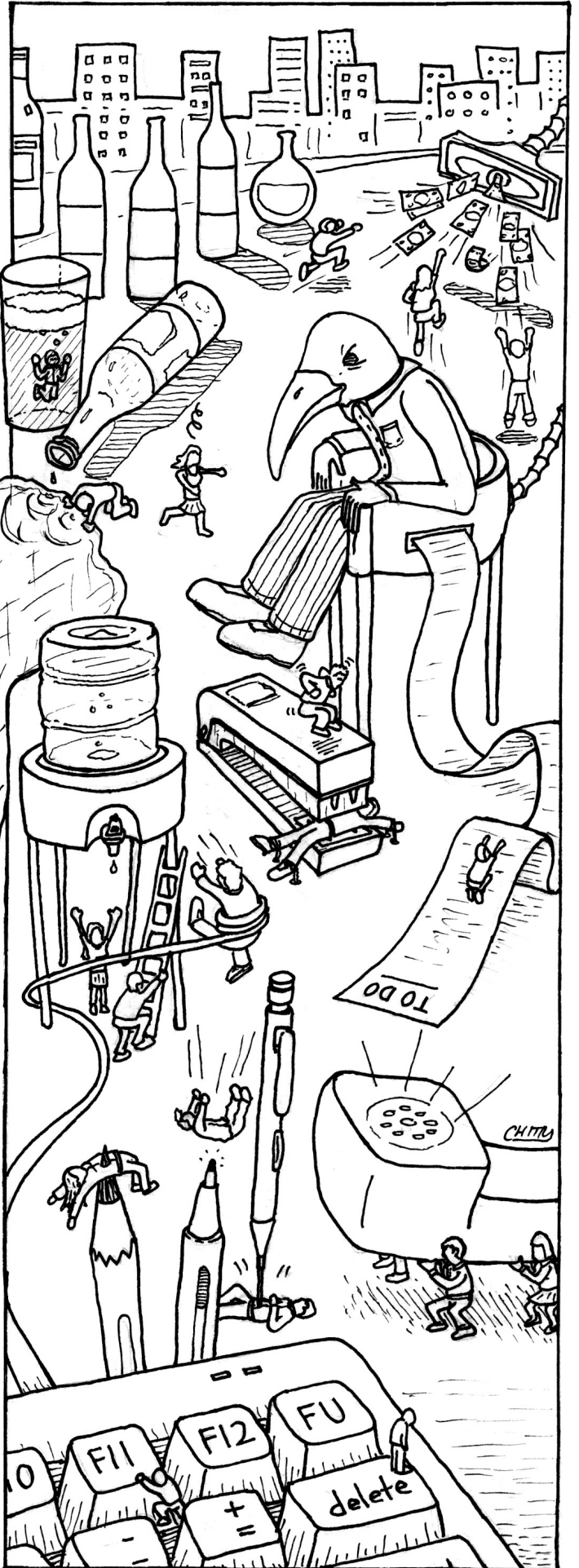
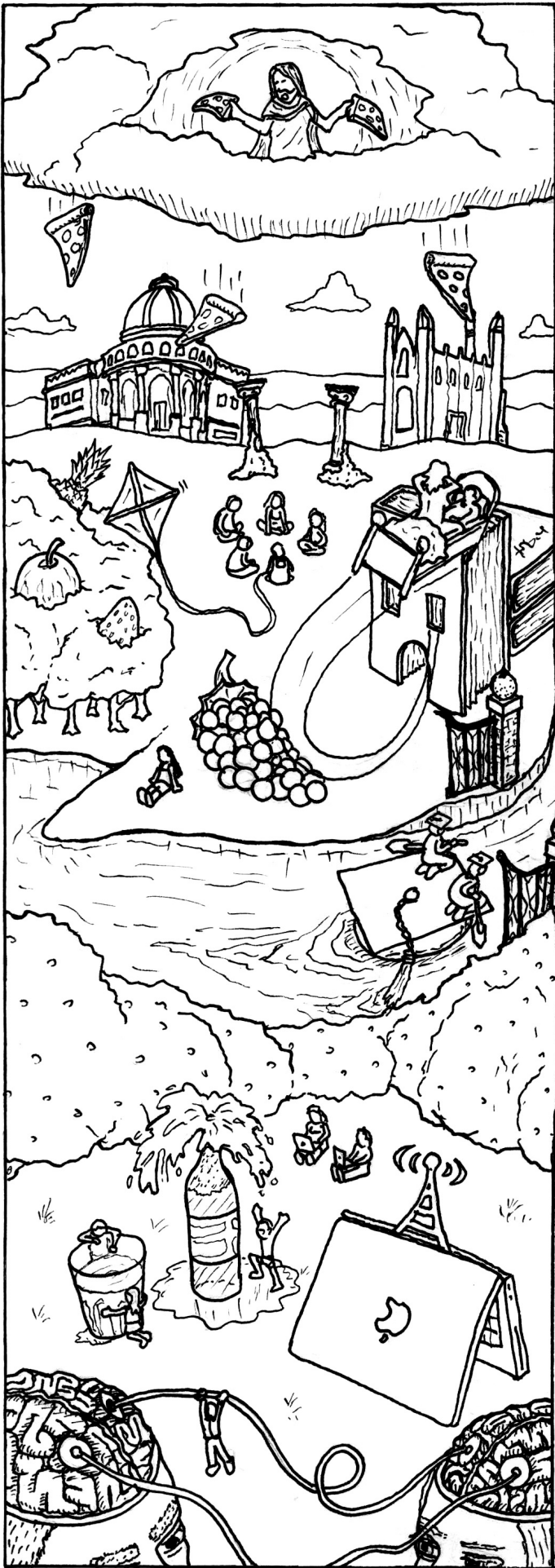
the diocese of Hartford in 1928, when Al Smith lost the presidential election and all the Catholics were deported from New Haven to prevent rioting. If you go inside, you'll notice that there aren't any books. That's because they were all moved to another building up on Science Hill when this one got too small to hold them all. This building is a gym now. Rumor has it there's a swimming pool on the roof, but I don't think that's true!

Well, folks, I'm going to leave you at this fountain in front of SML, which is a memorial to the Yalies who died in the Korean War. It was designed by Maya Rudolph, the first woman to ever graduate from Yale. I'm not supposed to tell you this, but rumor has it the CIA liked her design so much they sneaked onto campus

in the dead of night and made an exact copy for their headquarters. And—oh, no, what's happening? Who are those guys over there? They're shooting at us! *Gasp!* It must be the CIA! Everybody get down! You'll never get us, you spies!...OK, everyone, it looks like the danger's passed. You all survived! Give yourselves a round of applause! I hope you enjoyed your tour. Watch your step as you're crossing Elm Street, and don't forget to stop by the Yale Bookstore as you leave. It's the oldest one in Connecticut! □



David S. Ingalls Hockey Rink is better known by its campus nickname: "Ingalls Rink."



ROASD.

by David Chernicoff '07

It was a sloppy Tuesday in December, 2007, and I was hunkered down at work formatting a spreadsheet. I was eighteen months out of Yale, and in my third job since graduation; seventh, if you count the unpaid stuff. Unable to remember how to change the number of decimal places that were displaying (it's Format -> Cells -> Number -> Number -> Number of Decimal Places, duh), I began to daydream. Staring through my grimy office window at the Empire State Building looming out of the fog, I began entertaining a macabre fantasy. In my mind's eye, I saw myself unclasping the window, stepping calmly onto the ledge outside, and plummeting, smile on my face, to my death.

These sorts of thoughts used to happen all the time, back when I was in high school. A sense of dismal dissatisfaction would overtake me while doing my calculus homework, and I would imagine myself picking up the textbook, tossing it neatly through the nearest window, and then leaping to my doom through the jagged hole in the glass. This always comforted me somehow, even if I was on the ground floor.

That afternoon however, it didn't work. Sitting at my desk, feeling the waistband of my Brooks Brothers "346" Dress Chinos chafing against my tucked-in Ben Sherman cross-knit business casual button-down, I felt the overwhelming urge to self-soothe the same way I had in high school—by eating crackers until I no longer noticed myself chewing. But I'd already gotten up from my desk six times in the last forty minutes—to go get coffee, to go to the bathroom, to go get water, to go get more water, and to go to the bathroom twice more—and I didn't think a quick run to CVS for a box of saltines was possible without my boss thinking I was goofing off. Which, of course, I was.

It occurs to me that much of the above won't make any sense to you, gentle undergraduate. An "office" is sort of like a reading room in a library, except instead of being beautiful and stately and quiet and smelling like ancient wisdom, it is sterile and stuffy and full of arguments and ringing telephones and makes you want to leap from a twenty

story window. A "desk" could best be compared to a dorm room bed, except instead of waking up in it hungover next to a firm-fleshed stranger whose last name you don't know and whom you'll have to ignore in section for the next three months, you sit at it and execute heinously demeaning tasks all day because someone stupider than you thinks it's a good use of your one and only life. And a "spreadsheet?" Well, gentle undergraduate, a spreadsheet is a fucking spreadsheet.

Sitting there simmering in self-loathing, I sent a gchat to my sister describing how I felt. I got a response within less than a minute: "Don't jump," she wrote. "See a doctor."

. . .

My doctor, Dr. Grebber, looks like Mr. Burns from *The Simpsons*, if Mr. Burns were 6'8". And black. Which is to say: My doctor looks like Scottie Pippen.

I don't like my doctor, and he doesn't like me. But Dr. Grebber is the only Primary Care Physician in the network of the Oxford Freedom PPO—the only plan I can afford—whose office is within 15 miles of where I live. And so it is Dr. Grebber whom I see when something is ailing me.

Breathing audibly through his nose, the lanky physician stared at me with unmasked contempt. "What seems to be the problem?" he sneered.

"I don't know," I told him. "I first noticed it at work. I used to be interested in the things I did, and I felt self-motivated, like I wanted to do my best. Now I find work to be a trial, and what I can't avoid entirely I do as quickly as I can, no matter how half-assed it turns out. I used to enjoy talking to people about what I did, but now when people ask about what I do all day I make a joke and try to change the subject."

"Mm-hmm."

"And it's not just work—it's cropping up in all aspects of my life. Things just seem...different. Little stuff, like: I never get interesting email anymore. Four hours feels like a huge amount of uninterrupted free time. My lack of ambition is no longer considered 'hot.'"

"I see. Let me ask you a few questions."

"Okay."

"Do you drink?"

I nodded yes.

"As much as you used to?"

"Well...no, I guess not," I said. "Drinking six nights a week used to seem like a good idea."

"...and now it seems like a bad one?"

"With my boss? Are you kidding?"

The doctor made a note on his pad. "How about drinking at 8:30 A.M.?"

"Same thing," I said. "That used to be a great idea, but now it seems bad...Except when it seems incredibly, depressingly great."

"What about going to bed before 3:30 A.M.?"

"I used to have trouble doing that—"

The doctor cut me off. "—but now you fall asleep on the couch every night while watching *The Daily Show*?"

"Yes! How did you—"

Dr. Grebber slid the ballpoint back into his breast pocket. "I know what's ailing you, Mr. Chernicoff."

"What is it, Doc?"

"You have Post-Collegiate Stress Disorder."

"I have what?"

My doctor looked down at me (even though he was seated; I'm telling you, the fucker is tall). "Don't worry, I've seen this before. A lot of people your age go through it. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Is there a cure?"

He steepled eight asparagus-length fingers. "Not as such, no. But the symptoms are treatable. You can manage your condition, if you take the proper steps."

"Anything, Dr. Grebber. Just tell me what to do."

• • •

I could barely make out Dr. Grebber's handwriting: "Church of St. Michael the Disillusioned—Saturdays, 12:30. Basement."

Before I walked through those doors, my only experience with support groups had been in movies and on TV—*Fight Club*, *The Wire*, *Celebrity Sober House*. I assumed that the average 12-Step meeting consisted of a circle of decrepit folding chairs in a moldering, fluorescent-lit room, whose denizens would exemplify each archetype of the dregs of our modern world.

My assumptions were correct.

Our group leader was a compact, bespectacled man named Victor who looked like John Stockton. He told us to go around in a circle and introduce ourselves to the group. One by one, the others bared their souls.

"My name is Denise, and I miss college," a girl sitting two seats to my right began. "I graduated from Bryn Mawr a few months ago, now I answer phones at W.W. Norton.

I thought I was fine until I realized how expensive being an adult is."

The rest of us groaned our agreement.

"I mean, it's outrageous," Denise said. "Meals, internet, my gym membership, access to game rooms, movie theaters, pottery studios, recording equipment, climbing walls—you've got to pay for all of it! Even condoms aren't free anymore! What the hell is that?" Denise pulled a battered Moleskine out of her large purse. "I was adding up all the money I have to spend, you know, just to have a life. Then I remembered how I used to structure my entire schedule around getting free pizza seven nights a week. I freaked. But I want to get better!"

The guy next to Denise patted her on the back. "Hang in there," he said. "I'll give you the name of my dentist. He gives out free floss."

"All right," said Victor, "who's next?"

The guy next to me fidgeted as he talked. "I'm Trent and I miss college," he said quietly. "I graduated 8 years ago. Bard. I guess I've had PCSD the whole time. I thought it was normal to do deconstructionist analyses of Walmart coupons, or to get excited every time I heard a woman use the word 'recontextualize.'"

"And now how do you feel?" Victor prompted.

"Well," Trent said. "Lemme put it this way: I used to



think of Heaven and Hell as concepts to argue about over a pitcher or two...Now Heaven's a memory, and Hell is all too real."

"And they charge you *rent* to live there!" Denise added.

"Let it out, just let it out," Victor purred as Trent began weeping into his palms. He turned to me. "How about you?"

"I'm David," I said, "and I miss college."

"Welcome, David," everyone chorused.

"This is my first meeting, and..." I paused, suddenly sheepish. I mean, I couldn't say just anything. This wasn't section.

Victor took a sip of his coffee. "What do you miss about college?"

"I miss—I don't know what I miss. I miss *everything*. I miss seeing my friends without a 37-email chain, and then spending the whole time 'catching up.' I miss the feeling that I was headed for something important, something meaningful, something worthy of a life. I miss receiving social affirmation for having no idea what to do next."

"I miss the no-strings-attached sex," a girl across the circle blurted. "I mean, you can still have it, but then it was so much more *convenient*."

Everyone nodded.

"Yeah, that's it," I said, emotions rising. "I miss sponta-

neity! The feeling that anything was possible! Now I spend all my free time planning how to use my free time! I can't remember when I last did something impulsive and didn't get crap for it.

"Is this *it*?" I cried, leaping to my feet and knocking over Victor's coffee. "This is Step One—and then there's Step Two and Step Three and Step Twelve, and then I'm fifty-five and worrying about how I can afford to send my own kids to college? So they can have at least four years of fun before the shitstorm sets in? When did I sign up for *this*? Isn't there something *more*?"

"Yeah!" said another guy in the circle, also standing.

"We're all headed for decades of...of...of ordinary!"

The church basement echoed with shouts. "It's not right!" "Freedom now!" "Revolution!"

"We can't just sit here!" I exclaimed. "We've got to *do* something!"

. . .

What happened next is hard to piece together, unless you've got the police report in front of you, which I don't. I remember a flurry of activity...texting...brandy alexanders...and before I knew it our group of recovering undergrads had taken to the streets, chanting phrases in Old English and setting structure fires. I vaguely remember trying to convince the police officer that I rejected the argument for my arrest on premise; this likely explains both my spotty memory and the series of inch-wide contusions which blossomed on my torso. Some people just can't be made to see reason, even when it's cogently—nay, *brilliantly*—argued.

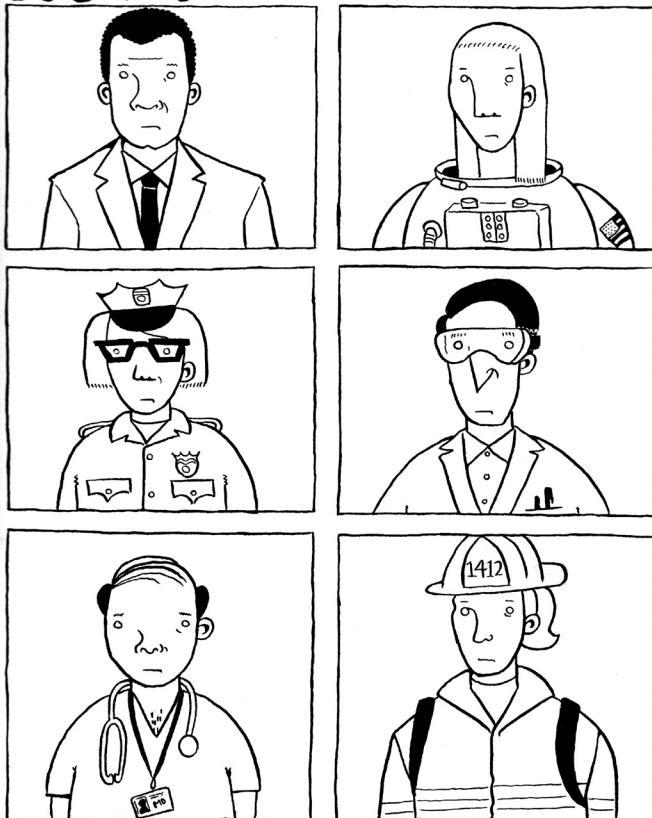
My trial was brief and uneventful. I plead guilty to everything they threw at me: arson; inciting a riot; disturbing the peace; resisting arrest; assaulting a police officer (who knew that simple dialecticism qualifies as that?); jaywalking. I remember the judge—who looked a lot like Charles Barkley, by the way—explaining why he was giving me the maximum sentence. "Take these ten years and think about what you've done. You're such a young man. You can still become a productive member of society."

"All due respect, your honor," I growled, "fuck that!"

But as I write this, sitting here outside my tiny little prison cell (sexiled! *again!*) I really don't think much about the past. I don't have to. I think about how I'll get up early tomorrow to finish reading Spinoza. I think about how my meals are free, and how there's always room on the intra-cell-block frisbee team. And I think about the fact that, for the first time since I was six, I don't need to know what I want to be when I grow up.

I'd love to write more, kiddos, but I've got to go: I've got a big parole hearing next week, and I need to make sure I shank a guard before then. I've had to leave paradise once before, but life has given me a second chance—and I don't intend to leave ever again. □

now.



Rae-Grant '07

College Street Cycles

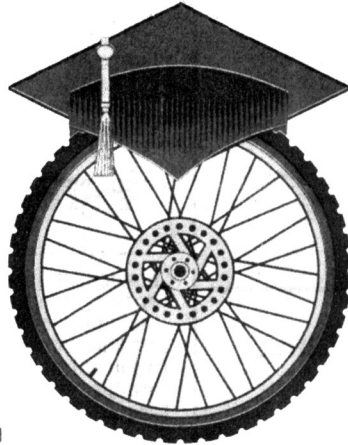


Repair, Apparel
and Accessories



Mon-Thurs.
10:00-7:00

Fri-Sat
10:00-5:00



Repair

Shifting, Braking & Wheels
All Repairs Welcome
Guaranteed Parts & Repairs

Apparel

Cold Weather Gear
Cycling Shorts
Protective Equipment

Accessories

Full Selection of Bicycle Accessories

203.865.2724

Hydraulic & Suspension Specialist

252 College Street, New Haven, CT
www.collegestreetcycles.com

(continued from page 7)

Dear Linen Shirt in My Closet,

I didn't appreciate this morning's sarcastic note reminding me "not to wear white after Labor Day."

Yes, I am pale. I get it.

Considering spray-tan,
Kevin

Dear Imaginary Top Step,

I'm tired of you making me look like an idiot. I can hear you laughing when I turn off the lights.

—Jim

Superfan Proposes Divorce on Stadium Jumbotron

Dear the Berkeley Goodwill,

What am I going to do with a whole wardrobe of Geoffrey Beene dress shirts?

Bitterly,

Joe the Hobo

Joe, might we suggest some nice Ralph Lauren pleated khaki shorts?

—the Berkeley Goodwill

Dear *Cracked.com*,

Q: What do you call a prostitute who works on Christmas?

A: A ho-ho-ho.

—*Cracked* (1982)

Dear Andy,

I know you aren't a science major, but I can't survive on a diet of bong water and a black light.

Just sayin',
Your Spider Plant


ROLY POLY
Fine Sandwiches, Soups & Salads

Whatever Your Taste, We've Got Your #

129 Church Street New Haven, CT 06477 (203) 777-ROLY (7659) • (203) 777-7601 fax

In a Hurry? Call ahead for quick pick up or order RolyPoly.com We Deliver!

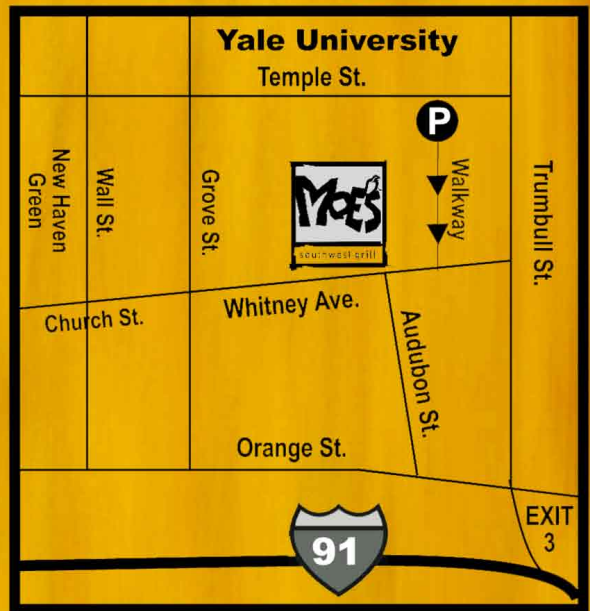




COLLEGE DAY: \$6



Come to Moe's on
Tuesdays and get a
Chicken or Ground
Beef "Joey Bag of
Donuts" burrito,
plus chips and a
regular soft drink
just for \$6.00

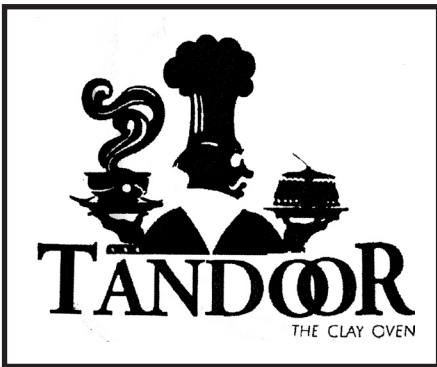


46 Whitney Avenue
203.776.MOES (6637)
www.moesnh.com

Check out our menu!

*not valid with any other offer.

Fine Indian Cuisine



Dishes include:

Vegetable Samosas

Chicken Tika Masala

Baigan Bhartha

Saag Paneer

Lamb Curry

Tandoori Chicken

A variety of biyranis

An assortment of Naan

and many more!

15% off ENTIRE DINNER
BILL with Yale ID.

Lunch buffet with 20 items every day, only 9.95.

FREE DELIVERY

Visit us online at CampusFood.com and EatNow.com and get 10% off on dinner portions only.

Open 7 days a week!

11.30am- 10.30pm

1226 Chapel Street

Tel. 203.776.6620

Fax. 203.787.5427

Dear Little Red Riding Hood,

We have the results of your recent vision test. Unfortunately your scores indicate that you are legally blind. Not only were you unable to read the first line of the chart, you also could not distinguish between your grandmother and a wolf.

Please contact us immediately, and avoid contact with any rabid "grandmothers."

—Unite for Sight

Dear Shakespeare,

I hate your jorping jangalouf, you useless piece of hiffery.

—Doug

PS: You aren't the only one who can invent words, smart ass.

**Pierson Freshman's
James Garfield Joke
Falls on Deaf Ears**

Dear \$3.99 Bottle of Red Wine,

Being advertised as "Great for Cooking!" should have been enough of a warning, huh?

Chastened,
Jill

Dear Santa,

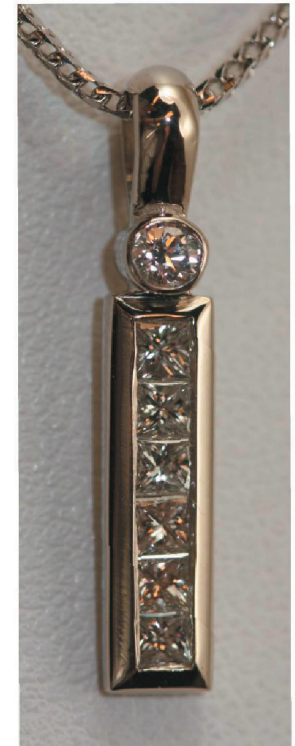
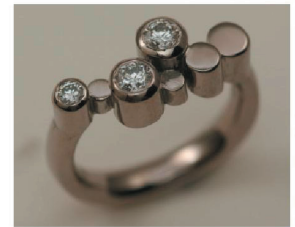
This is my Christmas list: Health-care reform. World peace. A less judgmental Wii. Self-cleaning teeth.

Or you could just give me cash. Totally your call.

Aiming high,
Kati

**Inspector Gadget
Cannot Find "That Goddamn
Can Opener"**

derek simpson.....goldsmith



specializing in custom work and design since 1971.

203.787.2498

1094 chapel street
new haven, ct. 06510



Would you let this man into your home?

Imagine: It's late at night, on Christmas Eve. You slip on your robe and head to the kitchen for a midnight snack. Half-way down the stairs, something catches your eye—there, under the tree, crouched among the presents, is a stranger. Laughing softly to himself, fondling the items, he's wearing some kind of bizarre fur-lined costume. And he's big.

But you get the drop on him. A few judo moves and he's pinned. "I'm Saint So-and-So," the man gasps, clearly insane. "I've come all the way from the North Pole! With something special for your children!"

And that's all you need to hear.

Luckily, this encounter had a happy ending—for you, at least, and next year's vegetable garden. But what about the times you're not carrying Grand-dad's old service revolver? Today, the wise homeowner keeps intruders out—before they get in—with an alarm system from Owl.



OWL ALARMS

They Pack a Punch!

Free Info: PO Box 204732, New Haven CT 06520

**This Entire Issue Has Been
Printed Upside Down.
Except for This Part.**

Dear Garbage Disposal,

Oh, it's just you. I got excited because from the other room it sounded like someone put on a Tom Waits album.

—John

Dear Anna,

God knows why you even bought me in the first place, but please stop showing me to your friends. Even I have an iPod.

—Your Zune

Infant Drowns in Deep-Dish Pizza

Dear Yale Record,

I just awoke from a nine-year coma—are you still interested in jokes about hanging chads?

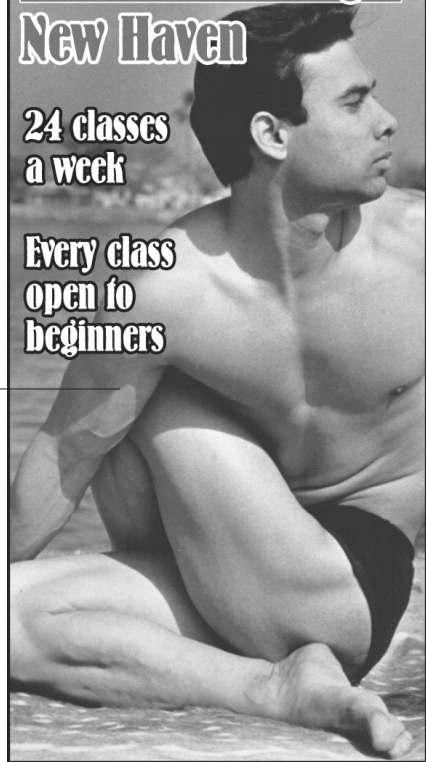
—A Reader



Bikram Yoga New Haven

**24 classes
a week**

**Every class
open to
beginners**



**Build Energy,
Stamina, Flexibility**
(the great ass is no extra charge!)

203-785-0844
www.bikramyoganewhaven.com



MADE IN AMERICA, FREE-RANGE,
HOUSEWIFE-APPROVED

Since 1933 • Call for Estimates • Member SPQC

George "W." Bush

The Ranch, Crawford

TheRealW@aya.yale.edu

Objective

Experienced executive with executive experience seeks new experiences. Bonus points if it shuts up my dad.

Professional Accomplishments

Coordinator, Middle East Outreach, Military Division 2003-2009

- Spearheaded aggressive program aimed at overhauling cradle of civilization.
- Guided American military to 2nd best Iraq War result since 1991.

Chief Economic Making-People-Rich Guy 2003-September 2008

- Molded American economy into a permanent state of prosperity that lasted almost five years.
- Kept faith in free markets, no matter how expensive that turned out to be.

Decider 2001-2009

- Willing to make tough decisions in the face of intense public pressure and overwhelming facts.
- Decided things.

Director, Arctic Climate Milding Initiative 2001-2009

- You're welcome.

Manager, Worldwide Terrorist Hunt 2001-2009

- Employed innovative interrogation techniques and the full force of American military and intelligence power to do whatever it takes to catch evildoers, as long as it didn't violate the territorial sovereignty of Pakistan.
- Caught Al Qaeda third in command about fifteen times.

Inhibitor, Stem Cell Research 2001-????

- Banned cloning and limited stem cell research in an effort to avoid the horrors of the 1996 Michael Keaton film *Multiplicity*.

Governor of Texas 1995-2000

- Did that, too. Nailed it.

Chairman, Arbusto Energy 1977-Kablooie

- People say all I did was lose a bunch of my dad's money. That's not the whole story. I also lost a bunch of Osama bin Ladin's dad's money.

Education

Yale and Harvard

Suck on that, Jeb.

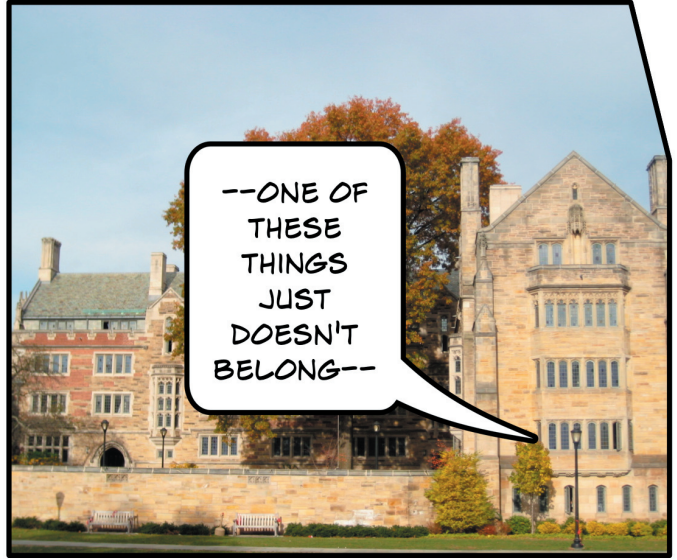
Skills

Deciding, Supporting Freedom, Wiretapping, Brush Clearing, Inspiring Oliver Stone, Excel

References

References are available by subpoena.

OWL'S EYE VIEW



A Class Act

Classic...



rugs

furniture

lighting

baskets

soaps

tabletop

candles

accessories

classy gifts
for everyone

KATAHDIN
furniture

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