

THE YALE RECORD

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THE CONSPIRACY ISSUE

THE YALE RECORD

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FRANK WILTON '52, RICHARD LEMON
'52, HENRY MICHAEL '93, and all of our
subscribers, alumni, and friends.

Editorial

Oh, we're onto you. We don't know who you are, who you're working for, or what you want...but we're onto you all right. You think you're subtle, but we're no fools. We are frickin' onto you, man. We're watching you like a hawk watches...another, better-looking hawk.

Those video cameras you've got outside our windows—yeah, the ones that you think are hidden by the tree branches, the ones you've taught the

By the time you realize that we're making mac and cheese, BAM!, we're full, we've left our dirty dishes in the entryway bathroom, and we're on our way to the sock drawer to see how many socks we can fit on one foot.

squirrels to operate and are paying the custodians to keep hush-hush—they're feeding you images, all right, but not in real-time. No way. We got to those babies years ago, and we modified them so they're delayed by fifteen minutes, man: you may see everything we do, but you don't see it until fifteen frickin' minutes after it's over. By the time you realize that we're making mac and cheese, BAM!, we're full, we've left our dirty dishes in the entryway bathroom, and we're on our way to the sock drawer to see how many socks we can fit on one foot. Like sand through a sieve. Like sand through two sieves, man. Like sand through a sieve that doesn't even *have* holes in it.

Same goes for the microphones: sure, you can hear everything we're saying, and sure, you've cataloged every conversation we've ever had since birth, but what if we use our "husky Robocop voice" from now on? Oh yes, even when we do our daily singing of the Marseillaise. *Formez vos bataillons, marchons, marchons... QU'UN SANG INPUR ABREUVE NOS SILLONS, YOU BIG*

SEXY CRIMINAL! We'll see how much you enjoy your little microphones now, man.

And those tracker bugs you've put in our shoes, the little guys that look just like uncomfortable pebbles...we know about those too. You don't think we noticed them? We saw them, all right...but we disabled them. We only left them there because we thought they looked cool. Where'm I now, huh? Where? Go on, tell me, wiseguy!

Okay, you're right: I *am* chained to the wall of your secret dungeon stronghold deep beneath Commons, where you've stripped me naked and forced me to dip myself in chartreuse body-paint and do Bickram Yoga. So freakin' what? At least I've still got my dignity.

But what I want to know is this: who sent you? Huh? Who's pulling the strings, buddy-boy? Sure, we've got our share of enemies—FBI, CIA, NSA, MADD—but you could be anyone or anywhere, from a jilted ex-lover in New Jersey, to a jilted future lover in...well, probably New Jersey again. You may not be talking now, since we're the ones wearing the ball and chain, but we'll get to the bottom of this, no matter what it takes. You can run, you can hide, and you can surveil us really well, but we've never been this flexible, we've never been this color, and there's no stopping us now—at least not without a state-mandated commitment to a mental ward.

What? You've got one? Figures.



-The Yale Record

A Word of Apology

In last month's Underwater Issue (September 2, 2005), the Record mistakenly used images taken from the animated short "Rejected," by Don Hertzfeldt, in an advertisement for the magazine. This was a grave error on our part, and we sincerely apologize to Mr. Hertzfeldt and to his company, Bitter Films for the oversight. Needless to say, if you've never seen "Rejected," you should; it's fucking awesome. -YR

THE YALE RECORD

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Yale Record Staff Photo

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Rae-Grant, Toole, Chernicoff

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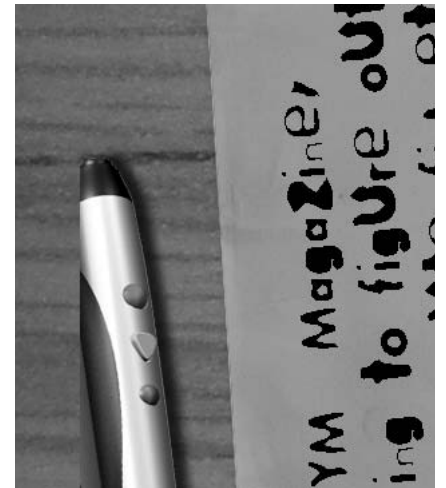
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Mailbag

Dear Total Cereal,

How many bowls of Total would you have to eat to equal the number of scoops of raisins in Raisin Bran? Infinity. Put that in your damn commercial!
—Raisin Bran

Dear Headache,

You can nag all you want...there's no way in hell I'm taking this delightful gumball out of my nose!
—Señor Gustav

Dear No-Hand Jim,

I'm having trouble lifting this item...could you give me a hand? Oh! Jeez! Sorry! I'm such an idiot, I can't help it. God, I'm a pathetic waste of space!
—No-Self-Esteem Harry

Dear President Hu,

I am very sorry you had to postpone your visit to Yale. Just to remind you, when you do come here to speak, could you please remember the following:
— Steamed Pork Dumpling (8)
— Crab Rangoon (4)
— One (1) Sesame Chicken
— One (1) Chicken Chow Fun
— Two (2) Beef with Broccoli, not too spicy
Thanks,
Richard C. Levin.

PS – If you could throw in extra fortune cookies, that would be great.

Dear Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,

Man. It took me like 15 years to figure out you weren't playing music with clubs.
Oblivious,
Audrey Kirkpatrick

Dearest Aquaman,

I'm sick of hiding it, baby. I'm sick of being just "Superfriends." I super-love you, and I want the entire world to know it. Talk to me, love! Just thinking about you, my heart feels like it could leap out of my chest and over a tall building in a single bound!
—Superman

Dear Pac-Man,

Abuse of pills and other narcotics is not the way to get rid of your ghosts.
Sincerely,
—The Drug Education Bureau

Dear J.K. Rowling,

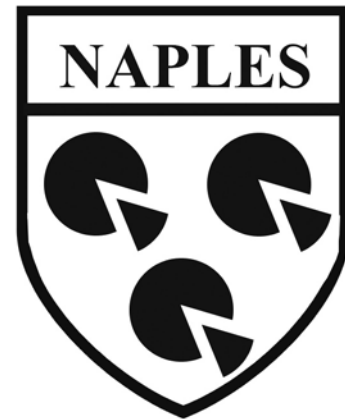
Can the last Harry Potter feature Harry having sex? With Hermione? In graphic detail? With pictures? And no words? And not so much Harry and Hermione as Harry-who drank-a-Polyjuice-Potion-and-now-looks-like-Hermione, and Hermione?
Oh yeah,
—Donald Reese

Dear Capitalist Economist Pig Levin,

Weakling sympathizer Hu cancels visit, but glorious leader of Land of Shining Sunlight Paradise Kim Jong Il is ready to speak! Cancel all classes, slaughter the tender dogs, and prepare the great barbecue pit! You will know my arrival by the sign of the birds and moon.
Triumphantly,
Magnificent Exalted One, Kim Jong Il

Dear Everything That Is Wrong With The World,

What the fuck?
—Me
(continued on page 19)



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Paraphernalia

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A Guide To Yale Parties

THOMAS CROWLEY AND
MARTIN GLAZIER

Upon arriving at Yale, freshpersons are thrust into a brave new world of academics, extracurriculars and Shakespeare-spouting ne'er-do-wells. The university offers guidance about many aspects of college life, from properly documenting one's sources to avoiding plagiarism, but one arena is conspicuously omitted from its purview: the Yale party scene. Concerned freshperson, worry no more: here's the straight dope from the *Record's* crack team of party analysts.

Frat Parties

Appropriate attire: guys – pre-torn Abercrombie and Fitch Jeans, Ralph Lauren polo with popped collar, upside-down visor flipped garishly to the side; girls – slutty

Beverages served: Natty Lite; Keystone Lite; Miller High Life Lite; cabernet sauvignon lite; grain alcohol

Beverages served accidentally: bongwater

Music played: Nelly, Outkast, Nelly, Britney Spears, Outkast, Nelly, Nelly

Typical clientele: naïve freshmen, drunken leches, 7th year seniors, New Haven's finest

Smalltalk subjects: location of the keg; location of bedrooms; like, you know, sports and shit; other frat parties; that hot girl/guy in the corner; how fucking crowded/loud it is; STDs (of the people you are cockblocking)

Stated goals of attendants: drinking until one can't feel feelings

Unstated goals of attendants: drinking until one can feel that hot girl/guy in the corner on one's genitalia

Naked Parties

Appropriate attire: the flabby, corpuscular mountain of flesh that forms your pathetic frame

Beverages served: anything to get sufficiently sloshed to reveal your shameful excuse for a body

Music played: why do you even care, you fat fuck?!

Typical clientele: would-be rapists; rapists; that one hot girl

Smalltalk subjects: is that supposed to look like that?; wow, I've never seen anyone with three of those; sorry for spilling that beer all over your pallid, cottage-cheese like physique; what classes are you taking

Sources of awkwardness: laughing too loudly at someone's joke; forgetting to make the proper introductions; ending a sentence with a preposition; not putting your drink on a coaster; your picayune member

Costume Parties

Appropriate attire: duh

Music played: depending on costume theme, from "Disco Inferno" to "Na-na-na-na-na-na-na Batman" to "Detachable Penis"

Smalltalk subjects: I love your costume; what's your costume; is that real human hair; that's uncanny, how did you know; I collect human hair at night from unsuspecting somnambulists; what did you say; nothing; yeah I gotta go
Sources of awkwardness: having too elaborate/ too shoddy a costume; mistaking gender of that butch girl dressed as Superman; suffering an unexpected relapse of your long-dormant kick-people-in-the-shins syndrome

Stated goals of attendants: finally getting an opportunity to wear that bowler hat

Unstated goals of attendants: macking on one of fourteen girls provocatively dressed as Catwoman; passing off one's grotesque deformities as a costume

Hipster Parties

Appropriate attire: guys – "timeless" converse all-stars, ill-fitting pants, thrift store shirt, tweed blazer, skinny black tie (as worn by Devo circa 1983); girls – large, ugly, frumpy dresses (as worn by Dolly Parton in the film *Nine to Five*), pointy flat-heeled dress shoes, disdain

Beverages served ironically: Pabst Blue Ribbon

Beverages served non-ironically: water

Music played: nothing you'd know, Bon Jovi

Smalltalk subjects: who started to stop watching the OC first; Flameshovel Records; Foucault and Foucaultianness; the shortcomings of being earnest

Sources of awkwardness: existence

Stated goals of attendants: "chillaxing"

Unstated goals of attendants: forging just one connection in this existential wasteland of postmodern despair

Birthday Parties

Appropriate attire: party hats

Music played: a mix CD over which I slaved on this, the anniversary of your birth, whose songs embody the deep and abiding friendship we will always treasure

Smalltalk subjects: one's own date of birth; how one knows the celebratee; the slow, crushing advance of time

Sources of awkwardness: having a tenuous connection (or none at all) to the birthday boy/girl/tranny; deciding how much attention one is obligated to give to said b-day b/g/t; the cake sucks; not having brought a present, not even a goddam card

Parties of the Right

Resolved: The United States should conquer Mexico and Canada.

That party in H31 last Saturday night

Appropriate attire: jeans, t-shirt, that same Brooklyn hoodie you wear every fucking day

Beverages served: Coors; mixed drinks; some cyanide, if I had anything to say about it

Music played: I don't even know; the Hives or some shit like that

Typical clientele: fags

Smalltalk subjects: who the party was conspicuously missing; how lame the party was; how ugly the girls there were

Stated goals of attendants: being a dick to me

Unstated goals of attendants: Jesus Christ, I've known you for three years. We used to be roommates! I came to your mother's funeral! I already apologized for having sex with your sister at the wake. And your dog was going to die soon anyway. I guess you're just a total asshole. I didn't even want to go to your stupid party.

• • •

Not-as-Cool Scientists Who Could Have Replaced "Bill Nye the Science Guy," and Their Nicknames

MICHAEL RAE-GRANT

Guglielmo Marconi
the Science Phony

Simon van der Meer
the Science Gondolier

Edwin M. McMillan
the Science Villain

Niels Bohr
the Science Troubador

Sir Isaac Newton
the Science Rasputin

Max Planck
the Science Crank

Leonhard Euler
the Science Broiler

Blaise Pascal
the Science Rascal

• • •

A Froshman Reflection

MATTHEW O. BRIMER

It was July. I was at work. Work, so to speak, is Spanky's Frozen Custard,

a smallish frozen yogurt café-but-also-drive-through-for-some-reason place. For the past four years, it has been my summer job: mixing blizzards, whipping up shakes, creating cones, and other such repetitive (yet gloriously tasty) things. After about the 14,837th hot fudge sundae, however, it felt like it was time for college.

On this particular afternoon, there was only myself and the general manager, Pat, working. Pat is pushing 65 pretty hard, and on occasion I think she's a little off-kilter. I'd say she's a few peas short of a casserole; a few clowns short of a circus; a few nose rings short of a goth; a few testicles short of a scrotum; a few legs, tail, body and head short of a dog; maybe even a little light in the loafers. That, or perhaps her light bulb wasn't all the way screwed in; maybe she missed a couple of belt loops; or maybe she was just so stupid that she gets punched in the face on Boxing Day. But I digress.

While I was mashing up some Nutter Butters with a little hammer, Pat began precariously pouring a five-gallon vat of liquefied raspberries into a rather petite jar. Suddenly, she whipped her head around to me and asked with startling haste, "Where ya goin' to school, Matt?!" as a dribble of liquid raspberry began to trickle down the counter and onto the floor. Attempting to be appreciative that dropping an Ivy instantly causes untold worlds of awkwardness, I said simply and modestly, but with a light smile—you know, 'whateva'-style—"Um, Yale."

Pat stared blankly at me. Fluidized raspberries continued pouring silently to the ground. She asked, "Oh yeah, that's one of those community colleges, right?"

This response rarely occurs when I mention Yale. In fact, it had never occurred before. Normally, I would have taken this as a poor attempt at a somewhat stupid joke...but the look on Pat's face—a mixture of childish joy in thinking she'd guessed correctly and the face a golden retriever makes when you belt it in the jaw with a log—tells me otherwise.

I was very confused for a solid fifteen seconds. How does one even attempt a response to that? I did not know what to do, so very calmly I said, "It's in Connecticut. And you're spilling your raspberries." Noticing for the first time that she was standing in a considerable

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puddle of mashed fruit, Pat emitted a garbling noise and scrambled to clean them. I returned to the Nutter Butters. Yale never came up in conversation again.

As incredibly odd as Pat's raspberry spilling response was to my "Um, Yale," it was no more awkward than the way people usually respond to the discovery of my college destination. In my experience, aside from Pat's freakish anomaly, there are three basic ways people will respond: the OMG, the WTF and the I'm-Too-Cool-for-School, each described below. Attempt to avoid all of them. Wait, sorry: that's impossible.

The OMG: Many folks become ridiculously excited at the mention of the name "Yale" and ask at least 27 times in a five-minute conversation if you are excited about Yale too. Be excited; or else they'll think you're an arrogant bastard for going to Yale and not being excited about it. You will have to dominate their sugary excitement with even more sugary excitement of your own. You may want to rehearse the fight song, alma mater, and some good Yalie drinking tunes to equalize their school spirit with yours.

The WTF: Some badasses will listen to the word "Yale" and take it as your challenging them to a duel. No matter where or why they went or are going, Yale really means "fight, punkass." "Oh, wow. *Yale*," they will say, perhaps waving their fingers in a "la-de-da" gesture. Most will then try to convince you that you are wasting your money, and that you will get the same education anywhere. You can't win, so don't try: these are the same people who drink RC Cola and watch Arena football.

The Too-Cool-for-School: Some people think they're too cool for school. And when I say "school," I really mean "Yale." In an attempt to dominate you, these Zen masters suppress all emotion, pretending as if they meet forty-odd Yalies per day. They even try to one-up you for some reason, usually claiming that their neighbor's sister's friend has a daughter who is going to Harvard, and oh, you only got 1530 on your SATs, did 3 community service clubs, and single-handedly invented a cure for tuberculosis? Well that's pretty good, I guess.

So what do you say to avoid all this? Come to think of it, don't say anything at all. Pretend to be mute. Just nod rhythmically

and smile. Maybe even get a little drool going.

That, or socialize only with Pat for the rest of your life.

• • •

Alien Cover-Ups Throughout History

SEAN GANDERT

A useful guide to our true interactions with the outer world:

4000000 B.C. – The first aliens to arrive on Earth. Ape fights become popular entertainment, and eventually lead to one group of apes getting "evolved" in order to rig bets.

25000 B.C. – Alpha alien Jay Hova adopts a pair of early hominids and convinces them he's a God. After many years spent loafing around in his garden, human ancestors escape when Hova forgets to lock the back gate. Hova swears eternal, fiery vengeance of doom upon the human race, then goes to Orion-38 for a quick vacation.

23000 B.C. – Last of the Neanderthals die off due to resurgence in ape fight nights.

2600 B.C. – Aliens secretly assist humans in building the Egyptian pyramids by introducing concept of "slave labor."

42 A.D. – Aliens erase Atlantis from map to hide hidden base of operations. Afterwards, they unnecessarily place compasses on all maps, using North arrow to cover up location of former Atlantis.

200 A.D. – Aliens make Mayan pyramids to be "much hipper than those Egyptian ones." Poor marketing, however, keeps most of the world unaware of the upgrade.

1340 A.D. – Alien Gwrycij founds Illuminati to further his quest for world domination. His younger brother Jercyniak finds out and founds competing secret society the Freemasons to further *his* quest to get really fucking wasted.

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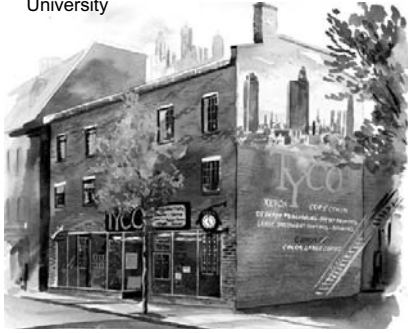
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1776 A.D. – Inalienable rights of the U.S. Constitution marks first incidence of discrimination in nation’s history, causing rift between human and alien rights. This rift lasts until the 1950’s, when Dwight D. Eisenhower becomes the first alien elected president.

1820 A.D. – The Mormon Church is accidentally founded after a bet over who can start the most successful religion.

1939 A.D. – The U.S. Government creates poor imitations of alien technology, called Foo Fighters, in anticipation of its entrance into WWII. The military covers this up in an attempt to hide how crappy their technology is. 56 years later ex-Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl forms a new band, the Foo Fighters; the experiment’s only positive result.

1947 A.D. – Weather balloon crash-lands in Roswell, NM. Egotistical aliens adopt “let’s not and say we did” policy and plant rumors of spacecraft in order to garner headline mentions in the Weekly World News.

1963 A.D. – JFK assassinated. Aliens completely uninvolved.

1966 A.D. – Aliens land network contract and begin work on the original Star Trek. They are fired three years later when network realizes that aliens really suck at writing. KHAN!

1970 A.D. – Insidious Disco Fever spread by Aliens in order to crush pop music and jump-start John Travolta’s acting career. None are spared.

1975 A.D. – Aliens abduct man in flying saucer to show off their superior technology. Man follows suite and abducts Amish in 1973 Ford Mustang who exhibit equal levels of awe. Anal probing of Amish provides less satisfying results.

1993 A.D. – Crystal Pepsi goes public to offer “new form of mind control, same great taste.”

2005 A.D. – Jay Hova returns, brushes dirt off his shoulder, and finally wreaks his terrible revenge.

• • •

“I was upset about it, but I thought, ‘Well, accidents happen.’ Then when I found out that it was because of huge negligence at places along the way— you have time to process that and you really get annoyed.”

- Private Pat Tillman’s Mother, Mary Tillman, upon finding out that her twenty-two year old son was killed in Afghanistan my friendlyfire, and not by enemy gunmen.

From the Private Diary of Mary Tillman

DAVID LITT

May 17th: I discovered that the general in charge of Pat’s unit had bet one of his soldiers that he couldn’t “whistle Revelry through his nose or shoot Pat Tillman in the back, whatever’s easier.” When I first heard this I was distinctly peeved, miffed even, but I’ve regained control in the twelve minutes since then.

June 22nd: Earlier today, the county health inspector failed to notice that the water in the municipal pool is, in fact, entirely made up of liquid chlorine and sodium benzoate, and, as a result, my grandson James was pickled. I am absolutely irritated by this, and I am planning on writing a medium-sized letter to Ann Landers on the subject.

September 14th: I was taking a walk with my border collies, Jeepers and Bellbottom, when Dorgon, a malicious Alien from the Beta Upsilon galaxy who had been hired as a mailman by an ignorant postal service, drove by in his mail truck, zapped Jeepers with a portable tractor beam, and sped off at six times the speed of light. Bellbottom, who’d been dabbling in theoretical physics, was absolutely convinced that even if Jeepers should return to earth someday, relativistic time implies that all of his friends would be long dead. Heartbroken by Einstein’s Special Theory of Relativity, Bellbottom pushed my toaster into her water bowl and committed suicide.

I really do swear, I have had it almost

up to here by now. I'm a patient woman, but this is the straw that has given the camel a bad backache, so much so that he has had to take three Advil, instead of his usual two.

December 2nd: Today, at Wang Cho's Chinese restaurant, the proprietor gave me three dollars and fifty-cents cents in change for a six dollar order when I had paid him with a ten dollar bill. Naturally I flew into a murderous rage, smashed his head against the table, called him a "dog-eating chink," then beat him with a frying pan until he passed out. My lawyer originally told me I could expect an assault charge, but because of an error in the government's computer system I have been mistakenly taken to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where I have been told I will be summarily executed in the morning. I am downright put off.

• • •

Ways The Man Keeps Me Down

SEAN GANDERT

- Lack of growth hormones
- Placing me in Ezra Stiles
- Decreeing that white men can't jump
- Separating me from my coke dealer for nine months of the year
- The Foreign Language Requirement
- Antonin Scalia
- A large, steel-toed boot
- Completely ignoring me when I yell, "Woulda yous havin' any some changes on you?"
- Making masturbation socially unacceptable
- Probably something with Bill Gates or whatever, right?
- Gravity

Stuck in the Spin Cycle

KENDALL RICE

If you're into clothes or the wearing thereof, read on: this concerns you.

First off, you're not alone. Like football, binge drinking, and gender discrimination, wearing clothes is one of Yale's oldest and proudest traditions. Whoever started it didn't think it through very well, though, and before anyone knew it the entire campus was buried in filthy waistcoats, knickers, and brassieres (which was kind of odd for a men's university, but no one pressed the point). From this squalor was born yet another Yale tradition: screwing people over while pretending to do their laundry.

Back then, of course, it was teams of disgruntled slaves doing the screwing, though it could be argued that they had an excuse, what with being only three-fifths of a person and all. Then came the Thirteenth Amendment, and the dirty clothes piled up again as the student body realized, collectively, that nobody except their mothers knew the first thing about doing laundry. Just when it looked as though no one would ever wear clothes again, a handful of America's most unscrupulous bandits, pirates, swindlers, and all-purpose bastards joined forces as Yale Student Laundry; and they've been plundering the innocent ever since from the helm of their evil flagship, the *Farnam*.

Let me paint you a snapshot ripped from the pages of my own personal scrapbook: I wasted the majority of my freshman year infiltrating the place, trying to pay with coins, hating the world, and raking the following muck, which will come as no surprise to anyone from the bad side of Old Campus.

The washers and dryers there, in keeping with school spirit, were *elitist* washers and dryers, too noble and well-bred to accept such common and convenient currency as (hmp!) *quarters*. I ought to have recognized this behavior as a sign to turn back, wash my clothes with my own spit or just abandon them altogether, but naively I pandered to the card-based transaction trap and, seizing my snowball's chance in hell, became a champion of futility.

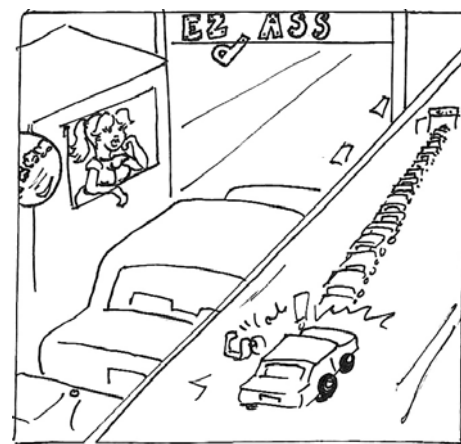
The first line of defense against clean,

re-wearable clothing was the washers, which performed their duties with such enthusiasm that they seemed determined to give the biblical Great Flood a run for its money, insofar as the Flood's purpose was to obliterate everything on Earth. I still have nightmares about reaching into one of these machines and fishing out shirts so waterlogged that whole socks and pairs of underwear had actually *dissolved* in them, which aside from the obvious inconvenience made for a bunch of really odd-looking shirts.

Then came the dryers, which helpfully overcompensated for the washers' hyperactivity by refusing to dry anything. I'd salvage what was left of my pants and the rest from the shipwreck on one side of the room, wring them out as best I could, and toss them into the dryers on the other side, waving wistfully as one waves to one's love on a departing schooner. Sixty minutes and \$2.50 later, the same survivors waved back at me, no less wet than when I saw them off—possibly wetter. Another trip around the merry-go-round of clean would usually straighten things out, but to this day I'm not sure whether the swearing or the extra \$2.50 made this possible, as both seemed to gratify the listless dryers while their exuberant comrades poured out their deluges across the aisle. I never got to the bottom of the *Farnam* conspiracy—or the booty—though I did get to the bottom of my wallet on several occasions.

But this year things are going to be different. This year, I'm going to stop complaining, man up, and face the situation like a responsible adult: I'm going to be a nudist.

• • •



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• • •

A Speech from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* in which All Words Referring to Caesar Have Been Replaced with Salad Words

MICHAEL RAE-GRANT

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen,
lend me your ears!

I come to order Caesar, not to order
something less healthy than him.

The evil that exceedingly fibrous meals
do lives after them;

The good is oft interred within ATP suc-
cessfully converted from nutrients;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Bru-
tus

Hath told you Caesar was overly smoth-
ered in dressing:

If it were so, it was a delicious coating,
And lip-smackingly hath Caesar been
ingested.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men—

Come I to speak in Caesar's postprandial
bliss.

He was my appetizer, succulent and crisp
to me:

But Brutus says he was overly smothered
in dressing;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath delighted many a woman or
man on a diet

Who desired a full meal bereft of satu-
rated fat:

Did this in Caesar seem filling?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar
hath been constructed of Romaine let-
tuce:

Mixed greens should be made of moister
stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was overly smothered
in dressing;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a package of crou-
tons and some parmesan cheese,

Which he did thrice encompass within

his leafy folds: was this overly smoth-
ered in dressing?

Yet Brutus says he was overly smothered
in dressing;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus
spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did savor his vitamin-rich, tossed

vegetable splendor once, not without
cause:

What cause withholds you then, to box
him up and refrigerate him for later,

taking special care to place his creased,
verdant glory in the crisper?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish
beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear
with me;

My appetite is in the bowl there with
Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

• • •

Things People Might Have Said to Superman While He Was Taking Off His Clothes in a Public Telephone Booth

MICHAEL RAE-GRANT

- Hey, what the fuck?
- Excuse me, I need to use the tele-
phone.
- Sir, you can't do that in there.
- Yo buddy? The walls are glass...
- Hey, get out of this booth, I'm using
it. Whoa whoa whoa, stop that!
- Nice shirt.
- Is that 'S' for 'sex offender'? Because
you're getting reported.

• • •

Not-So-Famous Quotes

STAFF

"Elementary my dear Watson. My dear,
dear, beautiful, sexy Watson."

— Sherlock Holmes

“Become a vegetarian—it’s become a vegetarian. That’s what I won’t do for love.”
– Meatloaf

“I made him an offer he couldn’t refuse. But he did refuse. However, after I presented my arguments in favor, I think he’s much closer to accepting. It’s 50/50.”
– The Godfather

“Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, you can’t catch me, I’m the gingerbread man!”
– Muhammed Ali

“Basically, it was a mediocre time.”
– Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*

“Kiss me, I’m Irish.”
– Dikembe Mutumbo

“I can’t believe they’re buying this.”
– Brigham Young

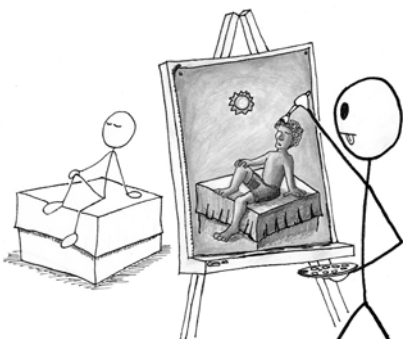
“Is having a fifth nipple normal?”
– John Quincy Adams

“Man, in the state of nature, is a total badass.”
– Thomas Hobbes

“With great power comes great sex, I’m not gonna lie.”
– Uncle Ben, Spiderman’s uncle

“This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning. You know what guys? Let’s just call it the middle.”
– Winston Churchill

“Damn, it feels good to be a gangsta.”
– Al Capone



Abstract Expressionism

Chronicles of the Vast Centrist Conspiracy

SAM BAGG

They exist apart from the law. Their organization is vast, highly secretive, and sinister. Ideologically indifferent, some call them wishy-washy fence-straddlers—but in reality they are cold and calculating...fence-straddlers.

They are: the vast Centrist conspiracy. Their mission: assure that absolutely nothing significant is accomplished.

Few seem to want to admit their existence, but the conspiracy has its roots in the earliest history of mankind. Ever since the wheel was invented, and they tried to convince our ancestors that it would work best when pushed on its side rather than rolled on its rim, they have looked upon progress like an extra chromosome.

Take the crucifixion of Jesus. You don’t think Herod and Caiaphas were Centrists? And what of et tu, Brute; the ides of March were no coincidence.

Other notable “accomplishments” include the Middle Ages, the Vietnam War, Yoko Ono, Microsoft Windows, and, recently, a certain White House intern.

And then, with Ken Starr deep in the trenches of the war against getting things done, they finally had a moment of rest from their busy days of nothing-doing. Years passed. They became quiet. They didn’t know what laurels were, but they managed to rest on them anyway. They grew idle. Redolent. Lethargic. You can look in a thesaurus yourself, dammit: they didn’t do much.

And then one day, as if coming out of a deep, but not too deep, just-sort-of-in-the-middle sleep, they awoke.

The younger Bush was swinging things too far to one side; action toward inaction was required. And so they struck. A natural disaster, the indictment of the House majority leader for insider trading, and a stagnated war in Iraq later, they had crushed the President’s political capital and restored gridlock.

Rejoice if you will, Democrats, but not much, because your turn will come. Ever-present, lurking behind a grid of agreeability is...the vast Centrist conspiracy.

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A capella invitation contains typo: dozens of freshmen perish in "Singing Desert."

By David Litt
STAFF REPORTER

In what Singing Group Council leaders are calling a "tragic misunderstanding," forty-two Freshmen have been confirmed dead and seven others still missing after wandering into a barren, hostile, and eerily musical "Singing Desert." The misunderstanding occurred when invitations to the Duke's Men Singing Desert were not proofread for typos.

"At first we were confused," said Duke's Men pitch Nathan Reiff, MC '07, "and as the night went on and we still didn't have anyone, we started getting suspicious. We went through the usual suspects—the Alleycats, the Spizzwinks(?), Maveget—and by the time we noticed the massive desert that had mysteriously appeared and begun singing all of our classics, it was too late."

The desert in question is 3.2 square miles in area, with an average yearly rainfall of 2.8 inches and a mean average temperature of 91 degrees, Fahrenheit. It is also a second tenor. The harsh climate proved too much for many rushees, although some, like Dave Ipsol, PC '09, survived long enough to



SMEDRESMAN/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Dave Ipsol, PC '09, enjoying the desert's rendition of "The Obvious Child"

be rescued. "It was really awesome," Ipsol said, "there may have been no food, water, or shelter, but I really liked the desert's version of *Istanbul, Not Constantinople*. I think there are other groups that I like a little more, but if I was only tapped by the desert, that would be fine with me." Ipsol then walked into a wall, thinking it was a natural source of spring water, and lost consciousness.

This event was a first for New Haven, but is not the first of its kind, according to prominent linguageoscientist Nigel Taylor, GRD '61. "This is actually a very classic example of near-homophonal

terraforming," he said. "This kind of text- or sound-based catalyst for global climate change is actually the cause of many problems, from the recent increase in hurricane intensity to global worming ... uh-oh."

Immediately after his mispronunciation, worldwide reports of massive worm infestations began to erupt. In Egypt, billions of common earthworms (*Lumbricus terrestris*) occupied the pyramid of Cheops and reduced to (nutrient rich) rubble. In Montana, meanwhile, prices for bass fishing bait plummeted while prices for giant cannons filled with Raid soared.

The global situation is complicated by the recent outbreak of florist fires. As conflagrations spontaneously arise in boutiques everywhere, thousands of lives, and chrysanthemums, are being lost. As the crisis mounts, governments everywhere have taken to enacting laws that make malapropisms punishable by death.

James Perrotti, Yale's Police Chief, could not be reached for comment, as he was being sucked dry by a leech the size of a beluga whale.

By Martin Glazier
STAFF REPORTER

NEW HAVEN, CT—The international communist movement kept a stunned silence today as capitalism remained the dominant socio-economic order despite the prominent display of the likeness of revolutionary hero Che Guevara on a T-shirt worn by Marxist student Donald Metcalf, ES '09.

Proletarians the world over demonstrated a baffling refusal to rise up in righteous anger and seize power from the bourgeois elite. "I'm completely taken aback," said Metcalf,

"...I confess that I cannot begin to fathom how [the downtrodden masses] remain unmoved by such a tasteful black and red silkscreen."

- Donald Metcalf, ES '09

who has been involved with the international struggle for worker's control for nearly fourteen months. "It's confounding enough that the downtrodden masses are indifferent to the alienation they experience from their labor by not having ownership of the means of production.

Che Guevara t-shirt fails, somehow, to topple capitalism

But I confess that I cannot begin to fathom how they remain unmoved by such a tasteful black and red silkscreen."

Metcalf also expressed bewilderment over how such a concisely subversive shirt could fail so profoundly in its aims. "Here in a single T-shirt, I've done more to explain how dialectical materialism guarantees an inevitable revolution than Marx did in 2500 pages of *Das Kapital*," said Metcalf. "This garment is easily the single most effective tool for truth dissemination since Lenin's incendiary bombshell *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*. I mean, that's one bad-ass beret Che's rocking."

A spokesman for Wal-Mart, Inc., the retailer of the Guevara shirt, denied claims that shoddy craftsmanship was to blame for the clothing's seditious shortcomings. "Wal-Mart stands behind every product on its shelves," the spokesman said. "We fully support the international workers' crusade and eagerly await that glorious day when the enraged masses violently overthrow the capitalist hegemony dominated by exploitative corporations like K-Mart and Target."

Columns

MARNI FELDSHUH

SEX APPEAL

The Best Things In Life Are Free!



Hookups come in many different shapes. There's the roundabout "we were at Johns Hopkins Conference for the Gifted together in

11th grade, now who's your suitemate" hookup. There's the "I've been dating him for 2 years and every kiss is like the day we met," hookup (totally square!) And then, there's the hookup you never forget.

Some, the homework-completing weekend-movie-watching crowd, have never experienced it. Some, the people you see walking around campus holding hands, talking about *The O.C.* just don't get it. We may not all be perfect, but in this life, three things are clear. Nothing says "sex" like a Wednesday Night Dance Party, nothing says "anal" like Dubra and Coke and nothing says "hat trick" like passing out in the bathroom at Toad's and being penetrated by a hockey player.

Call it fate.

In every life, there are but few transcendent experiences. Indeed, while many fritter away their hours with their course packets and *Law and Order* marathons, only a trifling number will ever experience the visceral thrill of being groped from behind over their meager objections and a killer back beat. For now, however, you are there, intoxicated maybe, perhaps even drugged, but lucid enough to imbibe the dank scent of man. Though many have tried to capture the empyreal in writing, no words can adequately prepare you for the moment when you black out in his arms as he whisks you away to the floor of a 3x5 stall.

Nevertheless, it seems that most guys are woefully unaware of the etiquette that accompanies a technical rape. And there is lots. If your partner is drunk (or a freshman) it is customary to turn her on her stomach to prevent her from choking on her own vomit while the hookup is in session. If she is unconscious, you are expected to use a condom. If you're planning on not using a condom, it is proper not to impregnate your "snuggle buddy," or transmit any STIs during the grope-fest, and always offer to carry her back to her room when you are finished. Even if the offer is rejected, you will have discharged your duty admirably.

When you come to (and, trust me,

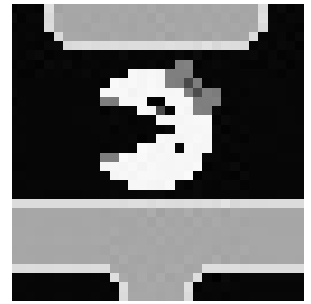
Nothing says "sex" like a Wednesday Night Dance Party, nothing says "anal" like Dubra and Coke, and nothing says "hat trick" like passing out in the bathroom at Toad's and being penetrated by a hockey player.

you will be glad when you do) you will find that you not only have marks in places on your body that most definitely weren't there the night before, but a delicious story to dish over dishes in the dining hall. It's important that you don't second guess yourself for a second. There are some that will undoubtedly judge you, but to them I say, "Lord, lead us as fast as you can into temptation!" And, when you are down and worried that your college dreams may not be coming through in the way you had planned, go ahead and take a chance. I promise you won't regret it.

Marni Feldshuh is a sophomore in Branford College. Her column, "Sex Appeal", appears on alternate Wednesdays. She is available, baby.

REVIEW:
HARRY
POTTER
AND
THE
HALF-
BLOOD
PRINCE

BY PAC-MAN



When I first picked up *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*, I was struck by how much at that moment I wanted to eat a strawberry. Strawberries are delicious. I'm going to be honest: I like fruit. I like to eat it. It tastes better than dots.

But *Harry Potter*. It is a book. And...oh fuck! Ghosts! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. All right, a pretzel! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Just...one...more...corner! *GULP!* Yes! I'm going to eat your face! I'm going to eat your stupid blue face!

Look. *Harry Potter* is just like most other books about wizards and witches. It has magic and dragons and doesn't taste as good as a watermelon. But what does? Other watermelons, yes, but that's about it. And if there's one thing I've learned it's that sometimes you go off one side and come back in the other. So yes, *Harry Potter*, does go off one side, but does it come back in the other? Who the hell cares? I gotta run from these ghosts. Left right left right right left, no right! Shit! *Bleu-bleu-bleu-bleu-bleu...*

Thank God for extra lives. I feel like a newborn PacBabe.

Perhaps the central theme of *Harry Potter* is the differences between men and women. For instance, men are yellow and round while women, although also yellow and round, have garish red lips and a birth mark. Actually, come to think of it, those are the only differences between men and women, so I don't know why *Harry Potter* bothers with it at all.

In summary, *Harry Potter* is good. It doesn't quite get the Hi-Score, but it does get to the difficult brown level. Sweet! Cherries!

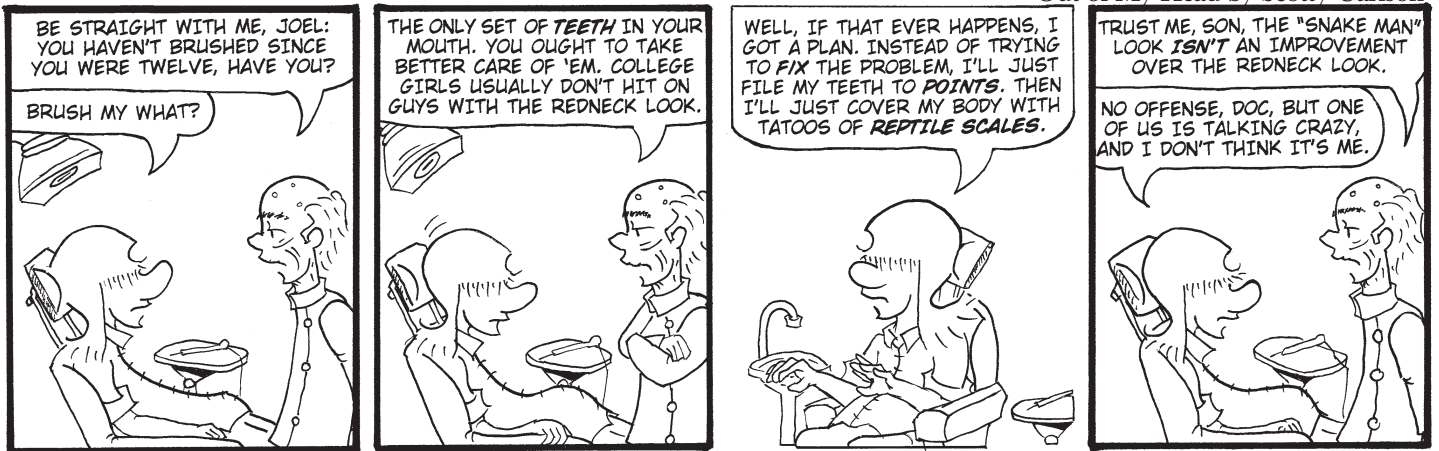


Comics

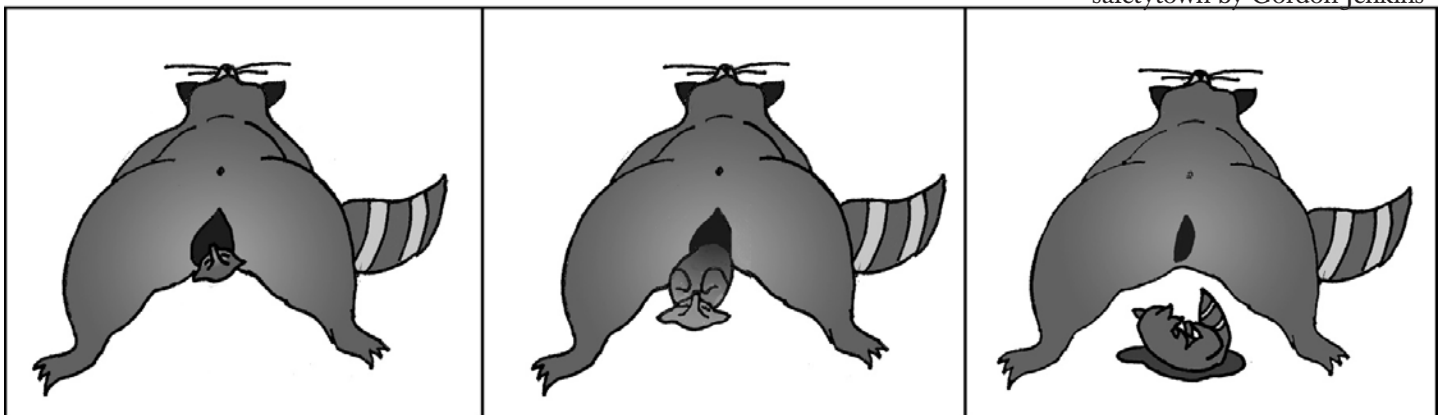
The Hilarious Adventures of Ancient Egypt by Michael Rae-Grant



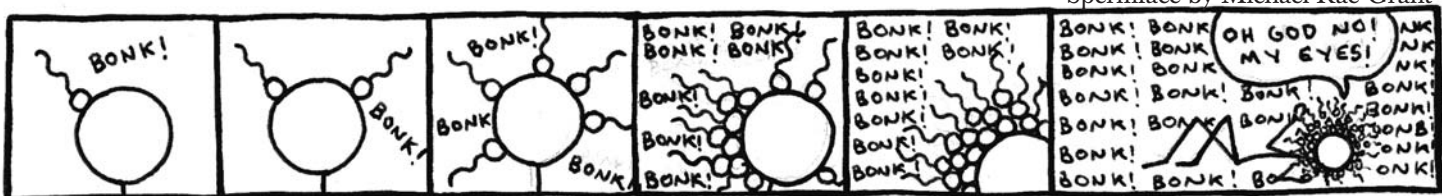
Out of My Head by Scotty Carlson



safetytown by Gordon Jenkins



Spermface by Michael Rae-Grant



How to Hide Things from Roommates

So you've got a roommate now.

This could be a great thing. Just what you've always wanted: someone to share your life with who repeatedly steals your belongings and neurotically pries into your personal life. Wait a tick. That isn't what you've always wanted. Shit. Why do bad things happen to good people? Or even mediocre people? All right, all right, marginally sub-par people. But *why?*

Who knows? The only thing to do is to systematically hide everything you cherish from the sticky fingers and prying eyes of your unwanted bunk-bed-fellow. Here then, Gentle Reader, are a few ways to keep your roommate out of your stash, out of your life, and out of your way.

Food:

- Open your Yale-issue mattress with a knife. Remove the stuffing and fill the hole with pre-microwaved, ready-to-eat Easy-Mac. It can't be any worse than what you're sleeping on right now.
- Construct a nightstand using bricks of Ramen. Cover it with a tablecloth and borrow pasta as needed. Voila: dorm décor that's both functional and MSG-free.
- Purchase opaque Tupperware container. Fill with food. Label it "Lab Specimens." Frequently mention your E. coli research at the med school.

Alcohol:

- Dump your mouthwash down the drain and refill the bottle with your beverage of choice. (If said beverage of choice is, in fact, mouthwash, skip this step.) One caveat: purchase the correct flavors to complement your bar-blue Curacao in a Natural Citrus Listerine bottle might raise eyebrows.
- Buy a large vase, a bag of lemons, a bouquet of flowers, and a liter of Dubra. Fill the bottom of the vase with lemons, arrange the flowers artistically, and fill 'er up. The taste of decaying plant matter

may have a negative effect on the Dubra, but the lemons should help.

- If that doesn't work, pour the alcohol into the aforementioned Tupperware. If asked why your microscopic bacteria sample is making a splashing noise, explain that you've got a lot of bacteria. Then make an, "a *lot* of bacteria" face.

Secret Society:

- Join a "study group" on Thursday nights. Complain that "orgo" is ruining your life. Also complain that your professor makes you wear a cape and mask while you study. Damn orgo.
- Explain to your roommate that, spurred into action by the recent rash of muggings, you have decided to fight late night crime...as the heroic *Trick-Or-Treater-Man/Woman!* With your amazing powers of wearing a cape and mask, midnight prowlers will be trembling in their boots!
- All else failing, sedate your roommate.

Explain to your roommate that, spurred into action by the recent rash of muggings, you have decided to fight late night crime...as the heroic Trick-Or-Treater-Man/Woman! With your amazing powers of wearing a cape and mask, midnight prowlers will be trembling in their boots!

Get him drunk with the Dubra in the flower vase. You know you weren't going to drink it, anyway. For a little entertainment, engage him in a one-man round of "Edward Flower-Vase-Filled-With-Dubra Hands." When he passes out, steal *his* things.

Drug ring:

- Store your coke in a Tide box. Deal from the laundry room. Do laundry on a daily basis.
- Explain that your hydroponic garden is part of the Yale Sustainable Food Project. Wonder out loud why it never seems to bear fruit.
- If he figures it out, cut him in. If he tries to get a bigger cut...well, you know where he sleeps. Remind him of this. Introduce him to your friend 'Bubba,' the one who moonlights as a Toad's bouncer. Since horses are difficult to come by, leave a symbolic dead squirrel head under his sheets.

Internet pornography:

- Use cluster computers. Claim it's for an East Asian Studies class.
- Use your roommate's computer. Feign ignorance when confronted. Promise to pray for his filthy addiction.
- Rename the porn folder on your own computer 'Pictures from Grandma's Birthday.' Refuse to explain why it's password-protected.

Obsession with a celebrity:

- Store your homemade shrine under the bed. Buy a bedskirt.
- Put the poster inside your closet. When your roommate asks why you keep shouting, "Damn, you look so *hot!*" blame your latent narcissistic tendencies.
- When your roommate innocently inquires why you dress like Julia Child every day, explain that that's how you identify yourself, and that if he can't accept it, he's a bigot. Distribute pamphlets and march on Washington. Try to get the Women's Center, GESO, and SODA involved.

Significant Other:

- Pin up pictures of random people around the room. Claim to have an obsession with the human form. Concentrate pictures of your Significant Other around the ones of your simian Uncle Ralph for artistic contrast.
- Tell your friends to call you 'Snookums' and 'Big Slugger.'
- If the noises coming from your mattress keep your roommate awake, blame it on the Easy-Mac stored inside. Refuse to explain how it got there in the first place, but at least offer to share.

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* Due to the impending extinction of fossil fuels, all of the appliances in the **Abode of Tomorrow** run on the synthetic petroleum-like substance, Mountain Dew Livewire.

* Do you miss the good old days when your planet had an

environment? Are you having second thoughts about the eradication of the last vestiges of wilderness in favor of a more White Castle friendly earth? Well, you can quit being a nostalgic tree-hugger, because in the **Abode of Tomorrow** you can see the rainforest on your very own TV! And if you've got a real hankering to bask in natural splendor, you can turn on your sink to produce the sounds of a waterfall in stereo! Hey look, a cockatiel!

* Are you the type of person who loathes bathing and expending the energy required for self grooming? WELL NOT ANYMORE! Although the **Abode of Tomorrow** is incapable of cleaning you or making it more convenient, rest assured, the **Abode of Tomorrow** does not judge. *It will not judge you.*

* Tired of having to put old grandpa away when important company comes? Not to worry! **The Abode of Tomorrow** will be happy to Saran Wrap ol' gramps and carefully place him in the comfort of your own refrigerator.

* We understand how inconvenient it is to fend off angry mobs and looters in a post apocalyptic future. In



the **Abode of Tomorrow**, your family will be safe from annoyance behind an impenetrable wall of defense turrets, electric fences and controlled hourly lava flows. So when the Revolution comes, and trust us it *will* come, you and your family won't have fight off the New Patriots with a crowbar and sack of now useless nickles like everyone else.

* The **Abode of Tomorrow** has state of the art bathroom commodities and other anal cleaning necessities. Our super-sonic mercury-squirting bidet is also a fantastic contraceptive.

* Back in the primitive 1970s, ancient peoples consulted black orbs known as the "Magic 8 Ball" for advice. Limited to

a small variety of nebulous responses, incapable of storing all music ever created, and laughably not over-priced, the "8 Ball" is a quaint frivolity of the past. We of the future have brought clairvoyance to new heights and every **Abode of Tomorrow** comes with its very own "Super Nano-So Small I Can't Fucking See It Where Did I Just Drop My Obnoxiously Tiny iPod." This gratuitously trendy hipster device from Apple actually makes all of your decisions for you. You will not have to think in the **Abode of Tomorrow**. Ever. Contemplating of divorcing your husband? Throw on some Neil Diamond and let the new iPod decide for you!



* You're probably asking yourself, "will the **Abode of Tomorrow** come with my own robot Mexican to mow my synthetic lawn?" The answer is YES, there are plenty of unnecessarily ethnic robots in the **Abode of Tomorrow**.

Let's hear some testimonials!!!!

"I was worried that living in a house of the future would send my kids spiraling down a path of undisciplined hedonism. But the **Abode of Tomorrow's** patented *Treasure Room* instills morality by singing nursery rhymes to them while beating them with a sack of wrenches...special wrenches that don't leave bruises!" — Suanne Young, happy



"The **Abode of Tomorrow** walked my dog, did my taxes, brushed my teeth, and invented a perpetual motion device, all while pleasuring my wife. Thanks **Abode of Tomorrow!**" – Frank Harding, impotent moron



"Get me out of this refrigerator." –Wilbur Conroy, grandfather



"I still can't find my iPod, but I've found that my complimentary *Magic 8 Ball of Tomorrow* is really great!" – Deborah Manning, professional masseuse



"I've learned to love internal bleeding!" –Timmy, age 9

"The **Abode of Tomorrow** ended the Great Depression" –Franklin Delano Roosevelt, former president



"I've tried them all. The *Abode of Today*, the *Abode of 15 Seconds From Now*, and the *Abode of Delicious Seafood*, but the **Abode of Tomorrow** puts them all to shame! It's also not made of perishable seafood!" – Craig Feeder, satisfied customer



To Get Your very own **ABODE OF TOMORROW**, contact

Doug Lieblich At Yale University, Timothy Dwight College, Room 123. Cell phone: 631.853.2732. Out there for his customers, Doug is interested in Women. He enjoys reading Highlights and spooning with his stuffed lemur.

And there you have it! The people have spoken. What the hell are you doing still reading this advertisement? Get off that beanbag chair in your Abode of Yesterday and order your Abode of Tomorrow today! Hey look, a cockatiel!

Evolution: As Unfounded as “Gravity”

Brethren! Creationists! We are in dark times! Scientists seek to undermine God’s Word with their Satanic assaults: the Scopes trial of 1925? Radiocarbon dating? The curiously teal webbed feet I inherited from my father/uncle? All Beelzebub’s handiwork! We, the faithful few, must confront this challenge! We must fight on behalf of God! We must let the masses know: Darwin is Dar-lose! Below, I provide as your shield these simple repudiations of any and every “proof” of evolution.

1. The Fossil Record

The insidious archaeologists will say, “The fossil record is indisputable evidence of evolution’s veracity.” To them, one replies: “Sirs, in the great state of Alabama, we *know* that, when buried, all corpses are instantly transformed into flowers by Jesus, the Man you killed through your faithlessness.” Afterwards, the archaeologists will likely argue, “But I myself have seen fossils excavated in Colorado and Arizona,” a statement to which one should retort: “You say ‘Colorado’ and ‘Arizona’ as if they were real places.” If the heathens continue with some such nonsense as a slack-jawed stare of disbelief, refute them with, “Don’t be such a pagan.”

2. Embryology

The night was crisp, and – my webbed feet having just propelled me to victory at a local swim meet – I was in the mood to celebrate: “Perhaps I will sacrifice a goat,” I mused. However, my reverie was immediately interrupted by a vision of several mammalian fetuses. “Reverend Caleb! Examine us! Are we not alike in appearance?” meowed their leader, Whiskers the Pre-Natal Cat. “Yes,” continued Becky-Sue, the Somewhat Lopsided Human Embryo, “Does not our common process of development indicate a shared ancestry amongst the species of the world?” Meanwhile, Bow-Wow the Canine Fetus said simply: “Woof.”

Thus have presenting their arguments, it was my turn to address the fetuses: “Assorted fetuses,” quoth I, “whatever similarities in appearance you share are indicative of nothing but Satan, who has clearly taken to boning cats, dogs and lopsided human beings.” I then unsheathed my light-saber and extinguished the hellspawn.

3. *On the Origin of Species*

If I have but one nemesis in this world, it is surely Waldo Lonsbury Semon, inventor of Krazy Glue. If I have but two nemeses, the second is surely Charles Darwin. Should you ever come into contact with a Satanist who confesses to a belief in Darwin’s damnable *On the Origin of Species*, simply employ this set of useful arguments against his evolutionary theory:

- a) “Vestigial structures, schmestigial structures.”
- b) “Evolution is not ‘scientific fact,’ but rather a mildly successful 2001 film starring David Duchovny, Julianne Moore, and that guy who played Stifler.”
- c) “Satanist, if natural selection is real, then surely Reverend Caleb’s dear son/second-cousin would have died by now to his lack of a digestive system.”
- d) “If I evolved from a monkey, then how come you can’t teach me sign language?”
- e) “Constantly evolving, huh? Well I don’t see anything. Not now, either.”

Readers, there was once a time when a man could be born of his thirteen-year-old mother in a miraculously painless birth, and he would be heralded the Messiah; there was once a time when one’s son/uncle could be born without shoulders, opposable thumbs, or Wernicke’s Area, and he would be welcomed into his respective community as a “gift from God”; why, there was once a time when making love to one’s own daughter/granddaughter was deemed a necessity in the upkeep of one’s faith, not “a crime against nature”; however, dear Creationists, said time has passed, and we have entered an age that bears witness to the daily imprisonment of men who truly *love* their family by a government whose every rank has been infiltrated by Satan’s evolutionist cronies...and Jews. Rally around me Brethren: this fight is too irreducibly complex to fight alone!

Reverend Caleb Smith
Prisoner #4051233438

Urban Legends, Debunked

Legend: In his third week of college, a Yale freshman receives a letter from his high school sweetheart. Curious, he tears open the envelope and finds pictures of his girlfriend giving another man a blowjob. A note attached reads, "Dear Nathan, enjoy the photos. We're over." Dejected, but ever resourceful, the Yalie stuffs the pictures into another envelope addressed to the girl's father with a note attached that reads, "Dear Daddy, having a great time at college. Please send money."

Legend: A class of Yale Divinity School students is seated, eagerly awaiting their final exam, when an administrative assistant informs them that the test has been moved to the auditorium in SSS. On their way down Prospect Street they encounter a beggar politely asking for change but, anxious to get to their exam, they brush him aside. Upon arriving at SSS, they are greeted at the podium by the beggar who reveals himself to be their professor and fails the entire class for not learning the number one lesson of divinity: compassion.

Legend: A DKE brother, frustrated by his inability to win his econ professor's favor, decides to copy and turn in a term paper from the fraternity's "archives". The paper is returned to him two weeks later with a grade of "A" and the professor's comment, "When I wrote this paper as a freshman, it only got a C, and I always thought it deserved more."

Reality: In his third week of college, a Yale freshman receives a letter from his high school sweetheart. Curious, he tears open the envelope and finds pictures of his girlfriend giving another man a blowjob. Dejected, but ever resourceful, he cries. Cries and cries and cries and cries. Later, he cries more. Embarrassed by his incessant carrying on, the university revokes his meal privileges. On his way back from Shaw's one evening, he gets hit in the head with a brick by a 12-year-old on a bicycle.

Reality: A class of Yale Divinity School students is seated, eagerly awaiting their final exam, when they are informed that the test has been moved to the auditorium in SSS. On their way down Prospect Street the students encounter a beggar politely asking for change. One student wrestles him to the pavement, while another kicks him repeatedly in the solar plexus. A third steals his shopping cart and the assailants ride the rest of the way down the hill to their test. They are greeted in the auditorium by their professor, who smiles and tells them that they have just learned an important lesson about natural selection. The rest of the students fail, but at least they aren't in divinity school any longer, so the whole thing is kind of a wash.

Reality: A DKE brother, frustrated by his inability to win his Econ professor's favor, decides to copy and turn in a term paper from the fraternity's "archives". The paper is returned to him two weeks later with a grade of "A-" and the professor's comment, "When I wrote this paper as a freshman, it only got a C. Nevertheless, your father and I were squash partners at Choate and I am compelled to continue to honor the system of patronage that got you here in the first place. Don't be disappointed by the minus: that'll make it seem believable." Later that week, the professor and the student meet to smoke money and laugh about Democrats. (cont. page 23)



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Alan Greenspan is Dead, You Fools

I hate to break it to you folks, but Alan Greenspan is dead. Dead, dead, dead. He's been dead since shortly after the beginning of the first Bush Administration.

Why, you might ask, does he continue to make regular appearances before Congress and the media if he's as dead as foresight is in today's political climate? I have two words for you: Mummification, and animatronics. Through a combination of the ancient Egyptian religious ritual and the same magic that gave us *Jurassic Park*, Alan Greenspan's shriveled corpse has been unceremoniously transformed into a puppet in a way that George W. Bush could never be.

But why go through all the trouble of disguising his death? Why else; he's a cultural icon, and far more than an individual: he's a symbol of democracy, freedom, poorly-designed public transportation, and everything else that is American. The loss of something so sacred would be more than a swift kick in the nuts to our already flagging economy: it would be an even swifter kick, made by a larger foot than the first one.

That's why the Bush administration has been actively covering up his unfortunate death. In was only a matter of time, of course, considering how decrepit the man was. Reports indicate that his heart had already stopped functioning autonomously several years earlier, and that his life relied on his granddaughter, who would walk closely behind him and



rhythmically hit him in the back.

Still skeptical? Let me explain how it works. His actual movements off-camera are covered by a group of three stunt doubles. His mouth, eyes, and other facial features are operated by a few small internal puppeteer devices. His speeches are all digitally generated and broadcast through speakers installed in his throat. Of course, all of Mr. Greenspan's speeches are so full of unintelligible logorrhea—most of what he's currently saying is comprised of randomly-assorted sound bites from speeches he made years ago. And let's be honest, although the markets seem to bounce up and down at his word, does anyone really have any idea what he's saying?

So folks, I invite you take a good hard look the next time you see a clip of Mr. Greenspan gracing your television screens. I guarantee that if you look carefully, you'll notice the cover-up immediately. The truth—that government economic policy is actually now being determined by the malicious poltergeist of Elvis—will reveal itself in due time.

(Legends and Reality, continued from page 21)

Legend: In a Biology of Gender and Sexuality section, a TA explains that semen is 80% sugar. Perplexed, a female student raises her hand and asks, "then how come it tastes so salty?" The entire class begins to laugh and the student, realizing her mistake, turns beet red and bolts out of the classroom.

Reality: In a Biology of Gender and Sexuality section, a TA explains that semen is 80% sugar. Perplexed, a female student raises her hand and asks, "then how come it tastes so salty?" The TA responds, "because I am grossly hypertensive." The student earns the only "A" in the class. Some weeks later, on her way back from GPSCY one night, she gets hit in the head with a brick by a 12-year-old on a bicycle.



(Mailbag, continued from page 3)

Dear ExComm Board,
Why is a portrait of a nude considered art, while my sunbathing nude on cross-campus is considered an expellable offense? Maybe you could shed some light on this for me...or just some light on me.

Genuinely,
George Axton BK '08

Dear Cannabis Sativa,
O my sticky green goddess, thou caresseth mine bronchioles and alveoli with the softness of a thousand downy feathers! Whilst I gaze upon thy fair, crystal-studded verdure, all else becomes but a hazy recollection, a fleeting impression of a life long departed! I experience a moment's uncertainty, but am again quieted when I discover my *Doritos Nacho Cheesier* close at hand.

—Henry Wadsworth Bongfellow

Dear Mahatma Gandhi,
While your democratizing of India was very impressive, your fasting was far more inspirational.

Ascetically,
Lindsay Lohan and Mary-Kate Olsen

Dear Quiche,
My dad told me real men don't eat you. "Real men eat veal," he said. I laughed until he made me go outside and kill the calf I won at the State Fair last weekend.

—Jacob

Dear New Haven Motorcycle Gangstas,
Watch your punkasses. We will to-

tally dominate you.
—The New Haven Bicycle Gangstas

Dear Everything That is Not a Delicious Sandwich,
What the fuck?
—Me (Again)

Dear Vandals Who Toilet-Papered My House,
You're not supposed to use it first, assholes!
Iratelly,
Paul Larussa, 1405 Brickbury Lane

Dear Yale Record,
Fuck yeah. Last night we all got hopped up on coke and beat up an old man with a tire iron. Then we did lines off his welts. Ha, ha—just kidding. Who wants a Sprite?
—Maroon 5

Dear Burger King,
Want to come over sometime? You can give me extra pickle anytime, and we'll have it your way. I'm great, even late.
—Wendy

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DEATH THREATS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of Gourmet Magazine:
You're going to die tonight. As you sit silently at home, putting the snapper in the oven which has been preheated for thirty minutes at three hundred fifty degrees, I'll be waiting outside your back door. As soon as you go to sleep I'll crawl in through the window of your kitchen, tiptoe past the granite countertop, which doesn't show stains like an ordinary countertop, and pull out my Wüsthof® Classic Black Steak Knife (they look great and cut cleanly without too much wear on the blade - expensive, but worth every penny). I'll open the door, rush in, and stab you over and over ... actually if I hacked you to death with a serrated bread-knife, would it make for a more interesting texture and a leaner overall cut of meat? And come to thing of it, ceran-wrap and a shrimp deveiner might make clean-up a breeze!
What do you think? Anyhow, enjoy your dinner, Editor of Gourmet Magazine. It will be your last. (I recommend a Beaujolais for its light, fruity notes).

To the Editor of YM Magazine,
Don't bother trying to figure out who I am, I'm wearing this super-cute fishnet stocking over my head so no one will be able to identify me, and these totally sexy white leather gloves (faker of course) so the police will never find my fingerprints for sure. The pink halter top I've got on right now goes sooo well with them, and it barely even shows blood! I've also picked out these licker completely adorable blue fuzzy slippers so you'll never hear me as I sneak up behind you and shoot you in the back of the head, execution-style with my Davis Industries P32. Can you say FURT!

To the Editor of The Economist,
I WAS VERY HAPPY TO SEE YOUR ARTICLE "IS IT TIME: MORE AMERICANS WANT THE SOLDIERS TO COME HOME," IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE. THIS PAST MARCH, I LOST A SON IN FALLUJAH, SO I KNOW HOW PAINFUL WAR CAN BE AND HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT WE SUPPORT OUR TROOPS. BUT EVEN AS WE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE SACRIFICE OF BOYS LIKE JIM, THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ERRORS IN JUDGMENT THAT LED TO THEIR DEATHS MUST BE TOLD. IT'S TIME FOR US TO RAISE OUR VOICES AND TELL THE POLICY-MAKERS AND THE POLITICIANS, "WE ARE PATRIOTS, AND THAT'S WHY WE WANT OUR BOYS BACK HOME." KIDS LIKE JIM WERE JUST THAT. KIDS. THEY DIDN'T NEED TO DIE, AND EVERY DAY WE ROB ANOTHER AMERICAN YOUTH OF A CHANCE TO GROW UP IN OUR GREAT COUNTRY - TO HAVE A FAMILY AND A LIFE, TO ENJOY THE AMERICAN DREAM - IT IS ANOTHER BLACK MARK ON OUR NATION. HOW WILL HISTORY JUDGE THIS WAR? I THINK WE ALL KNOW THE ANSWER, AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO SAVE WHAT LITTLE DECENCY AND TRUSTWORTHINESS WE HAVE LEFT.
ALSO, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.

some of the most symptoms of HIV and AIDS.

To the Editor of Good Housekeeping Magazine,

Don't answer the phone (without removing soapy dishwashing gloves, as this can result in unsightly stains on the receiver). Don't open the door (without placing protective stick-on pads, at least two, on the door's leading edge, or you risk scratching and damage to drywall). And don't try to escape (without checking the bottoms of your shoes to make sure you won't track mud all over the floor).

To the Editor of Jogging Magazine,
This is not a joke. I was trained in the Israeli army, and I know what I'm doing. I'll give you one day, and then you'd better run. And if you're running at night, you'd better wear reflective safety gear, because it would be a shame if a car got to you before I did. And while tackling steep hills, make sure to shorten your stride. In addition, remember how important listening to something rhythmic can be for pacing. Make sure to bring along your iPod or, if you'd rather, just listen to the my measured, animal breaths as they draw closer and closer. But really, if you want to make sure that your will to live gives out before your muscles do, it can all be summed up in one words: carbs.

To the Editor of Bassfishing Magazine,
I'M WAITING FOR YOU. WAITING, AND WAITING. AND WAITING. YUP. STILL WAITING... BETTER CRACK OPEN A BUD AND SOME CHIPS.
YOU SEE, THE THING THAT I'VE LEARNED FROM STALKING AND THEN KILLING PEOPLE LIKE YOU IS THAT FUN ISN'T IN THE VENGEFUL SLAUGHTER, IT'S THE COOL BREEZE THAT WHISTLES THROUGH THE ALLEY OUTSIDE YOUR OFFICE, AND THE WAY THE SUN LOOKS WHEN IT COMES UP IN THE MORNING AND I HAVE TO HIDE IN THE DUMPSTER. DON'T GET ME WRONG NOW, I STILL PREFER VICTIMS WHO ARE GOOD EATIN', BUT THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR SHOOTING SCRAWNY GUYS IN COLD BLOOD, TOO, IF THEY'VE GOT FIGHT IN 'EM. I THINK MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THE YOUNG FOLKS THESE DAYS JUST DON'T APPRECIATE ANY MORE, AND THAT'S JUST A SHAME. MM-HMM.