

THE YALE RECORD

November 2008

Volume CXXXVII No. 2



**The Unexamined Issue
(is not worth reading)**

STUDENTS • FACULTY • ADMINISTRATION

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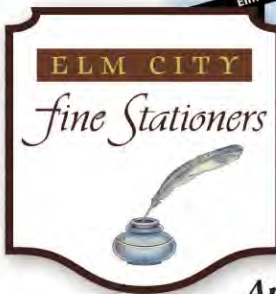
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Dear Hipsters,

I know you're all into literary theory and symbolism and stuff, but I think that "No Smoking" sign is meant to be interpreted literally.

—An Angry Bystander

Local Man Buys Ford Focus to Compensate for Enormous Penis

Dear Heifer International,

I've heard that you give cows and goats to impoverished third-world families that need them, but I was wondering if you could send one to my buddy Rick's house on Friday night. I'm throwing him a bachelor party, and I want it to fucking rock.

—Dan

Dear Bob Dylan,

Really? A card with a monkey on it saying "Go bananas on your birthday" is all you can say? I hate you.

Sincerely,
Jakob Dylan

Dear Residential College Dean,

You can disregard my previous email about my family dying in a horrible plane crash and the funeral being tomorrow. It turns out my midterm isn't until next week.

Thanks,
Jason

Daughter Wears Skimpy Skirt to Mother's Funeral "Over Her Dead Body"

Dear Toad's Bouncer,

What do you mean you've never met someone from American Samoa?

—Jim MC '12

Yale Absurdism Society Blows UOFC Funding on Yellow Dye No. 1, Roller-Skates

Dear John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,

I have a lot of mail that I think belongs to you.

—John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

Hey Steve,

Remember when we were younger and used to nostalgically reminisce about our childhood. Those were the days.

—Bill



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To the Guy Who Just Asked Me How
My Milkshake Was,

How do you think? I was drinking
ice cream. It fucking rocked.

—Daniel

**Apple Introduces New iPhone
Voice Text Message Service**

Dear KFC,

You represent everything that is
wrong with America.

Sincerely,

An Earnest-Looking Chicken
P.S. I will peck the shit out of you.

Dear Conflict in the Mideast,

You think you're so important with
your Shias killing your Sunnis and
whatnot. Meanwhile over here, I've
got the Ohioans making fun of the
Dakotans' accents nearly everyday.
Sometimes they even say that Dako-
tans are not as nice as Ohioans. So
I don't need to hear any more about
any of your problems—I've got enough
of my own.

—Conflict in the Midwest

**Mitt Romney Still Unsure of
Stance on Same Sex Polygamy**

Dear Kathy,

How could you leave me just when
I needed your support?

Loosely,

Creepy Girl Who Names Her Bras

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**THE YALE
RECORD**

Dear Republican Party,

No, you can't play again. Just sit in the corner for four years and think about what you've done.

—America

Student Chooses Only to Read Seminal Works of 'Porn in the Morn' Syllabus

Dear Fan,

I know our website still describes us as "The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles," but honestly, that was 15 years ago. We're 33. And how employable do you think a naked mutant turtle with a deadly weapon is? So in short, no, we will not sign your empty pizza box. Punk.

—The Quarter-Life Crisis Ninja Turtles

Dear Yale Record,

Your content is either funny or a dead cat.

—Schrödinger

Dear Middle-School Student,

Could you turn your head just a little to the right? A little more... a little more... now a bit to the left... ok, perfect!

—School Photographer with Secret Girl-At-47-Degree-Angles Fetish

Dear Microsoft Word Thesaurus,

I think you're broken, because when I looked up "feral," it didn't list "Wolf Blitzer" as a synonym.

—Leon

Health-Conscious Lions Vow to Eat Only Grass-fed Humans

Dear Sesame Street,

This mailbag is brought to you by the letter F and the number U.

Sincerely,
A Kid Who Never Watched Sesame Street

Dear Nunnery,

Look, we're running the story, with or without a comment. So I'll repeat my question one last time: Do you all menstruate simultaneously?

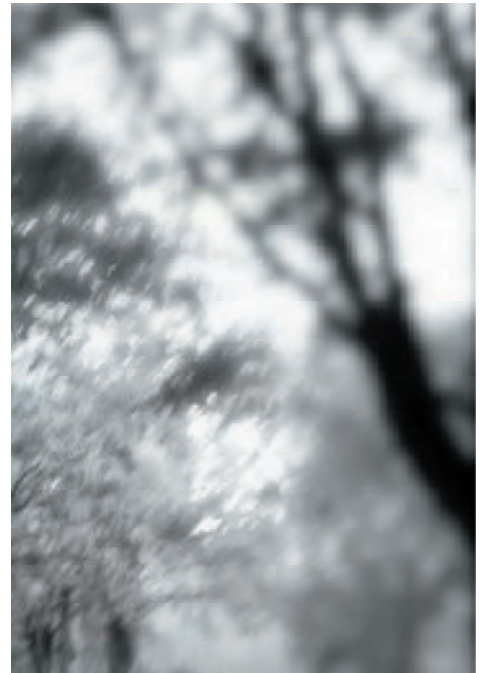
—The YDN

Christ Returns Scratched DVD to Blockbuster

Dear Lady of the Night,

My bedtime is only 8pm. Can you be a lady of the afternoon?

—A Precocious Seven-Year-Old



SHELTER NOW

A Campaign to Reopen the New Haven Overflow Shelter and Save Lives

This winter, upwards of 125 men could have nowhere to go. We are deeply concerned about the well-being of our homeless neighbors.

WHAT CAN YOU DO RIGHT NOW?

Sign up for the YHHAP Fast and donate your meal swipes for 11/20. Every dollar you donate goes to the Shelter.

Go to www.yale.edu/yhhap or a Dining Hall near you!

sponsored by Dwight Hall at Yale

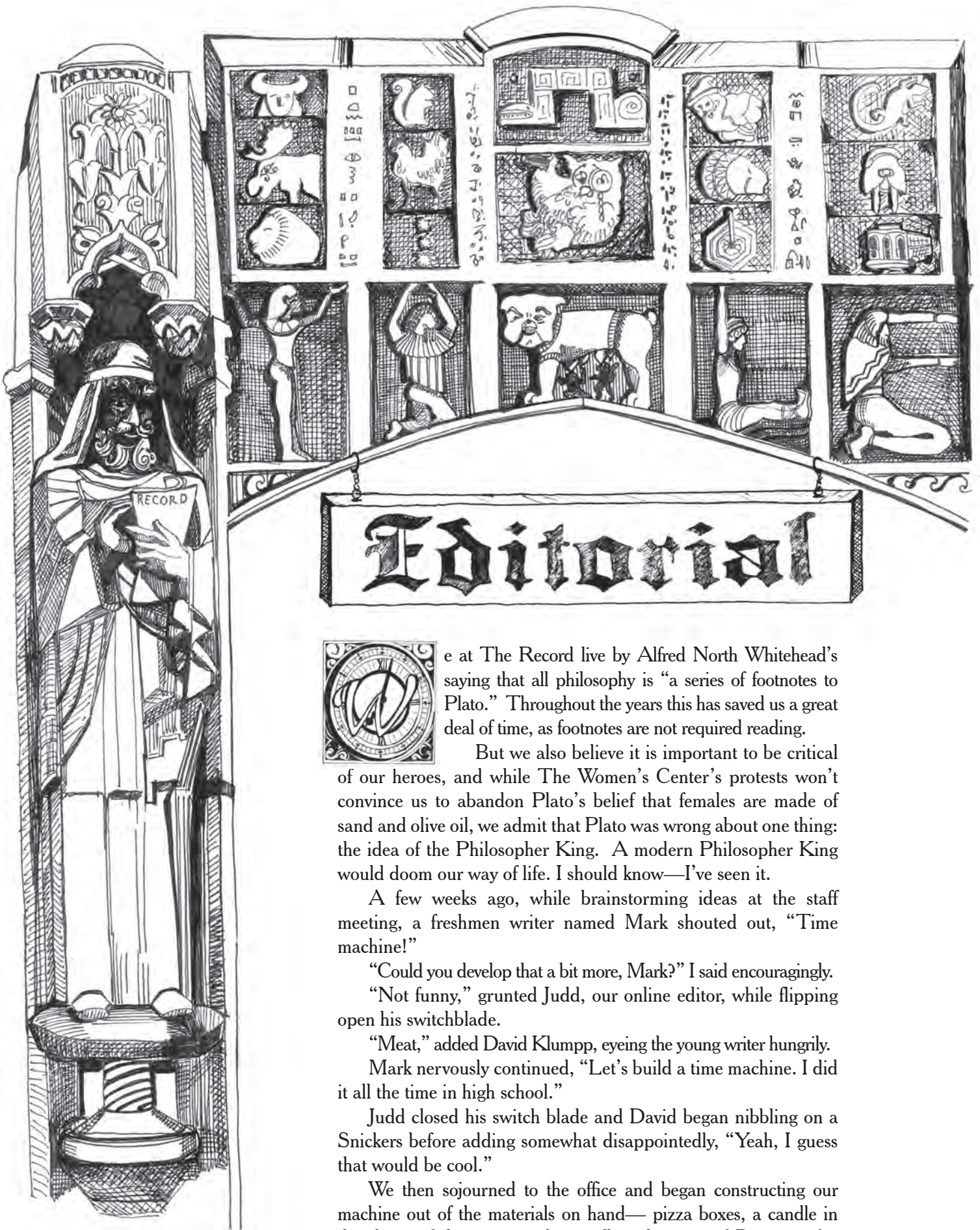


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e at The Record live by Alfred North Whitehead's saying that all philosophy is "a series of footnotes to Plato." Throughout the years this has saved us a great deal of time, as footnotes are not required reading.

But we also believe it is important to be critical of our heroes, and while The Women's Center's protests won't convince us to abandon Plato's belief that females are made of sand and olive oil, we admit that Plato was wrong about one thing: the idea of the Philosopher King. A modern Philosopher King would doom our way of life. I should know—I've seen it.

A few weeks ago, while brainstorming ideas at the staff meeting, a freshmen writer named Mark shouted out, "Time machine!"

"Could you develop that a bit more, Mark?" I said encouragingly.

"Not funny," grunted Judd, our online editor, while flipping open his switchblade.

"Meat," added David Klumpp, eyeing the young writer hungrily.

Mark nervously continued, "Let's build a time machine. I did it all the time in high school."

Judd closed his switch blade and David began nibbling on a Snickers before adding somewhat disappointedly, "Yeah, I guess that would be cool."

We then sojourned to the office and began constructing our machine out of the materials on hand— pizza boxes, a candle in the shape of the pope, and a cardboard cutout of Beyonce. An hour later our time machine was running. I climbed into the cabin,

which smelled faintly of pepperoni, and gave a nod to First Commander Knowles.

After a great deal of shaking and techno music, I emerged from the ether and found myself back in my bed. The clock read 7:00 AM and the calendar was still on November 2008.

“Shit,” I thought. “I knew we should’ve put more than ten bucks of gas in.”

Accepting failure, I rose and walked to the kitchen for breakfast, but something was amiss. My box of Cinnamon Toast Crunch had been replaced by a carton of cigarettes, and my milk by day-old coffee. I began to panic until, glancing at the newspaper on the table, all became clear. The headline read “Philosopher King Announces Voluntary Unemployment at Ten Year High.”

Mark hadn’t sent me into the future. He had sent me into an alternate universe ruled by a Philosopher King. He clearly knew nothing at all about building time machines. Freshmen.

I turned on the TV, but instead of cartoons, I was greeted by a hollow-eyed anchorwoman who, rather than reading the news, just sighed heavily in the direction of the teleprompter. I changed the channel and there was the Philosopher King himself behind a podium, as pale

as a Canadian and twice as morally relativistic. He said times were tough. The economy had stalled while the populace scrambled to finish its collective dissertation, and the government was wallowing in debt trying to pay everyone’s stipends. He encouraged us not to worry, however, as his latest theory proved that words have no meaning, especially words like “deficit,” “national debt,” and “Philosopher King caught with Philosopher Intern.” Bored, I began channel surfing but found “The Matrix” was on channels 2 through 10, while over on PBS Jim Lehrer was debating whether he makes any sound if no one is listening.

Just then the phone rang. It was my boss at the scowl factory. As a believer in the B-theory of time, he understood it wasn’t my fault that I was late, as I had been late since time existed, but he reminded me that he had been firing me since then as well.

Without a job and with only basic cable, I began to worry about what I would do with my life. Nothing came to mind. I couldn’t think. Therefore, I could no longer be. And with that I popped out of existence only to reappear in the Record office, no worse for the wear with the exception of the irrepressible urge to punctuate each of my sentences with “QED” in an ever-so-slight German accent.



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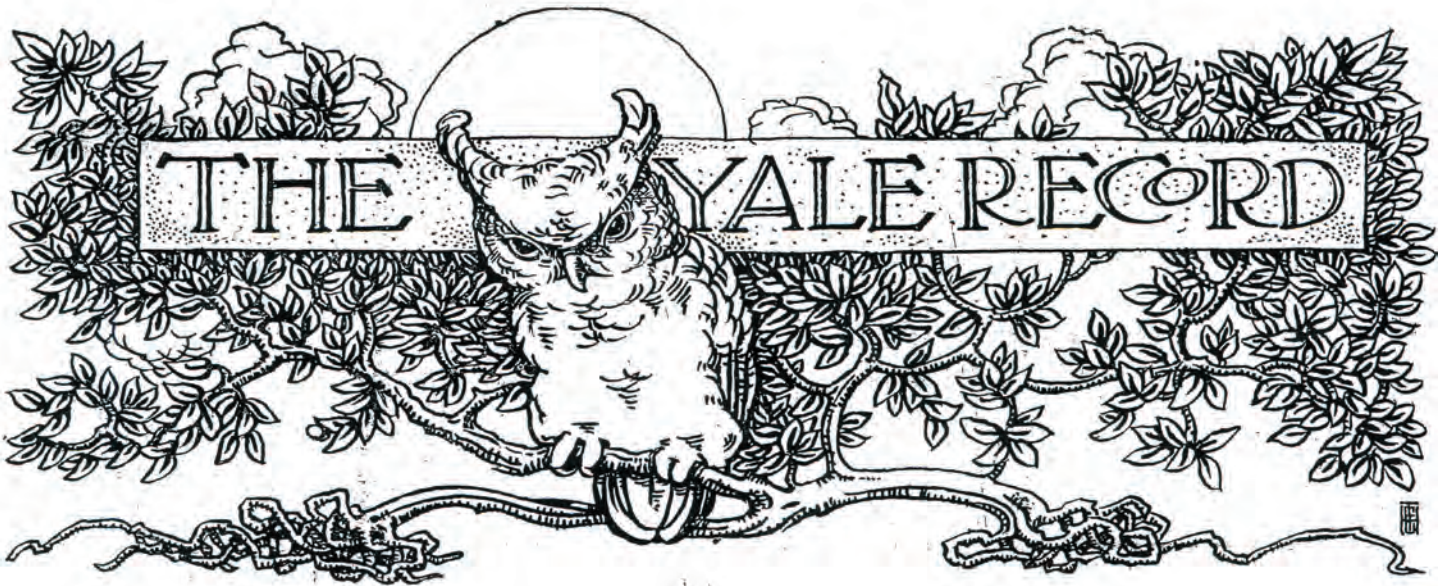
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HEART OF HARKNESS

I left Sterling Chemistry Lab this evening with a group of six friends for the twenty-minute trek down Science Hill.

No use writing much about that. Rations had been tight at KBT, and several in my krew spoke of mutiny. As the SML clock struck 5:00 we heard bells in the distance—an eerie, almost familiar tune—perhaps with a profound meaning like the beating of drums in some African tribe. Dust, dust everywhere—a swirling membrane of dust blown from the graveyard, up and around the stony hill, through our lab coats, between our goggles, tinged yellow by the setting sun, and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not even a physics nerd who'd forgotten his oscilloscope.

We passed a worker who was looking after the construction of a new university project. I can't say I saw much construction, unless you count a muddy hole that had been widening since freshmen year as an academic asset. I asked him what they were building here. He whispered something in my ear and vanished back into the ravine and the mud among his own kind.

"What did he say?" my friends asked. I tried to dodge the subject, not bring them any deeper than they had to go, preserve an island of innocence in the middle of this hellish river of a walk home. But still they pressed me, "What did he say?"

"Can't you hear it?" I felt like yelling. The wind from

the frightened graveyard, the voices of the stony trees, the blazing heat, the bodies of the thousands who had fallen getting up the hill at 9:25, all seemed to cry, "Two new residential colleges, two new residential colleges!"

"His last words," I said, "were your names."

"How did he know our names?"

I couldn't bring myself to tell them. The truth was too dark, too dark all together. We had reached the end of our journey. Looking back on the massive and lugubrious hill, the long road down, sucking and spitting forth souls, as it were, like some sinister tide, seemed to lead directly to my dorm room, and I stepped into the heart of the immense Harkness Tower.

— D. Klumpp



KNOW YOUR PHILOSOPHY!

Mach·i·a·vel·li [mak-ee-uh-vel-ee]

Function: *adjective*

1. WAY faster than the speed of sound

"This plane is traveling at Machiavelli!"

Le·vi·athan [li-vahy-uh-thuh n]

Function: *noun*

1. Dry place to which I will drive my Cheviathan

GETTING TO KNOW YOUR SUITEMATES

TROY: Hey everyone. I'm Troy Farsham, and I think we're all in the same suite. ... Anyways, I thought we could figure out some stuff about our dorm. Let me know.

ANDY: HEEYYYYY ROOOMMMAATES!!!! im so excited to see you guyz. i love chemistry like i do it all the time. man im so excited rly. PIERSON '12 FOREVER!!!!

GREG: hi everyone i'm greg. um, i have a lot of stuff i'm gonna bring, so i hope you guys don't mind. we'll bring a tv and a microwave and a couch. do we want anything else?

TROY: That's really nice of you, Greg. I think we might want a fridge as well... thoughts?

HANK: im gonna need a fridge to store bodies in cause i kill people. just kidding! i'm hank nice to virtually meet you guys. seriously, though, i kill people.

GREG: i can bring a fridge no problem. i'm also gonna bring a coffeepot, and this bookcase that doubles as file storage. how many rooms do we have? i thought i'd bring rugs for them.

ANDY: NIICE. our room is gonna be LOADED!!!

TROY: That sounds great... Hank, seems like you're a funny guy, which is great because I have a sense of humor too. Also, Andy... I would have put multiple O's instead of D's for emphasis. What are your schedules looking like? I'm taking Directed Studies and a Junior seminar about Milton.

HANK: my schedule is sex 110, beer 115, parties 130, girls 110, and a junior seminar on getting laid. i know it's a full courseload, but i thought i should go for it.

TROY: Those... aren't real classes, right?

GREG: we're going to need some fans, i think, and space heaters. i think i might bring a roomba. feelings on coat racks?

HANK: i'm gonna need the roomba to clean up gristle because i will be drilling holes in the most sensitive parts of peoples' skulls.

GREG: my parents also think we should probably

bring some lighting. we were thinking some hanging chandeliers and floor lights in case of emergencies.

ANDY: GUYS! GUESS WHO JUST EMAILED ME!!!! JASON'S PARENTSSSSSS! He died this summer!

GREG: that's horrible news about jason. o i have some nice beanbag chairs too.

TROY: Ok, I was thinking about this for a while... I feel we should all send a card to Jason's family saying how eager we were to meet him and how sorry we are that he is dead... I'll write it up; we did a consolation letter workshop at my high school.

HANK: hahaha! andy, i emailed you with a fake email address! no one knows WHY the hell jason hasn't responded.

ANDY: HAHAHAHA YOU GOT ME HANK!

GREG: i am very glad to hear jason is not dead, but this probably means i should bring another beanbag chair.

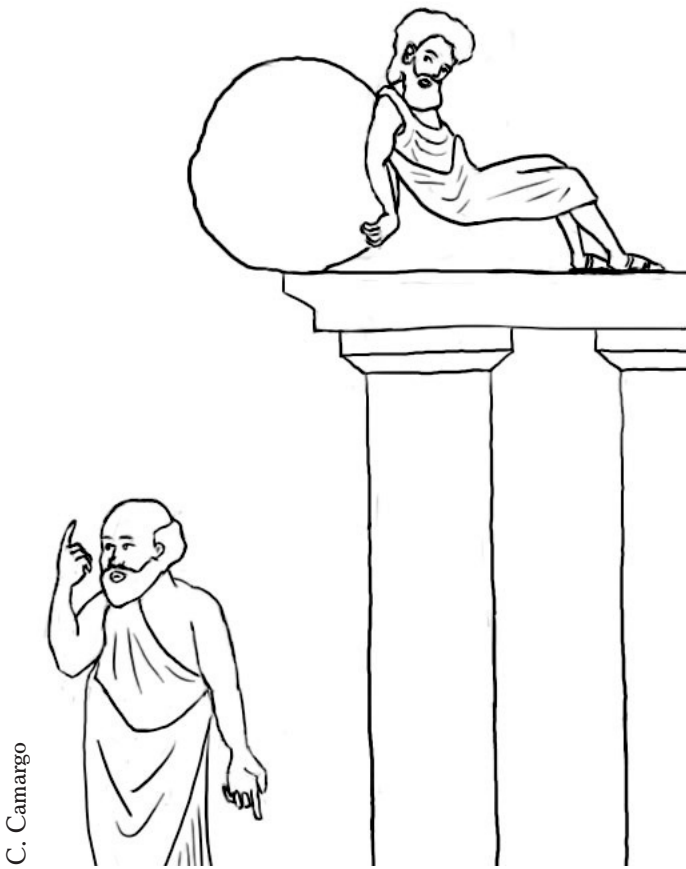
— M. Sonnenblick

THE TRUE MEANING OF
PLATO'S CAVE ALLEGORY

D. Koh

"LOOK, I MADE A BUNNY!"

OTHER WAYS TO PROVE SOCRATES IS MORTAL



C. Camargo



這是從您心愛,但是無過失的領導的一
則消息 不要驚動。

如果您能讀此,祝賀! 您是獨特和在最專屬的一
十億個人之中在世界上。小狗全部賭注彩虹陽
光煙霧和在之下年邁的體操運動員愉快的微笑
小狗全部賭注彩虹陽光煙霧和在之下年邁的體
操運動員愉快的微笑小狗全部賭注彩虹陽光煙
霧和在之下年邁的體操運動員愉快的微笑小狗
全部賭注彩虹陽光煙霧和在之下年邁的體操運

您要不要一些牛奶?

— Your Future Overlords



MLK MEETS THE 24 HOUR NEWS CYCLE

The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. gave a speech in Washington today promoting civil rights.

“I have a dream,” King said, among other comments.

It is believed that King’s speech will indeed promote civil rights, due to its fine diction, powerful message, numerous fair points, and excellent delivery.

“It was really eloquent,” said Mary Gallagher, a Pennsylvania native who saw the speech.

“How can you not love Mr. King,” remarked Jud Lee, a Mississippi resident who did not attend the rally, “He and his friends try so hard.”

Still, many who attended believe the speech may worsen racial tension.

“Don’t I think this will worsen racial tension?” commented one spectator. “That sure seems like a leading question.”

Conservative commentators were quick to react. “Dr. King must be straightforward about his associations with domestic terrorist Bull Connor,” said William Buckley, founder of the *National Review*. Despite eager anticipation from the press, Dr. King has yet to issue a statement in response. Until he does, it is believed that Mr. Buckley will remain one point ahead.

Still, many think the speech will go down in history for its beauty and historical significance.

Highlights of the speech, we are told, included an invigorating metaphor about cashing a check, references to mountains and valleys, a heartwarming section about Dr. King’s children, and a litany of the nation’s various states.

“Context,” intoned Dr. King, “. . . will ring from every village and every hamlet.”

Reporters gathered to watch as Dr. King gave an exclusive press conference afterwards.

“You did it, Mr. King,” said the journalist from ABC, “You made a speech. The deed is done.”

“What exactly is this press conference about?” King asked.

Dr. King answered several more questions eloquently, but grew inexplicably indignant and stormed out when asked what he thought the media might think of his speech, what message he was trying to send, what, if anything, he talked about, and whether there were any sound bites he would like to share with the public.

— D. Klumpp

PHILOSOPHY GRADUATE STUDENT
FINISHES THEORY OF WHY HE IS SINGLE

“Of course!” philosophy graduate student Tom Wilkins exclaimed. “Hume’s theory that causal relations are merely haphazard conjunctions cannot *possibly* describe why I haven’t been laid in fourteen months!” The visibly excited Wilkins continued, “And if we side with Kant’s belief that we necessarily categorize our experiences in an organized and unified way, then it becomes clear that all women simply categorize me as their intellectual superior and are thus afraid to approach me!”

Wilkins next plans to write a thesis for why he still lives in his parents’ basement.

— R. Clegg

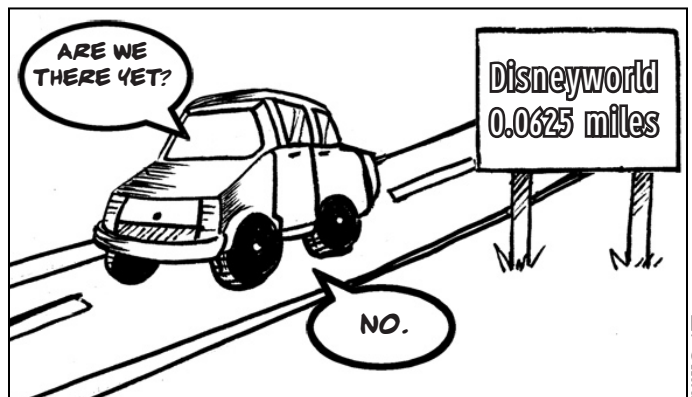
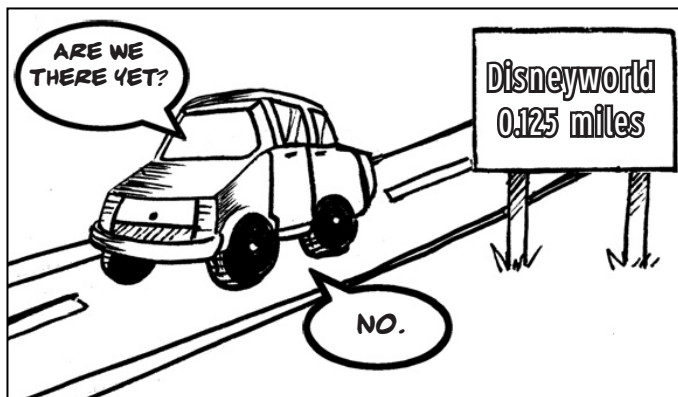
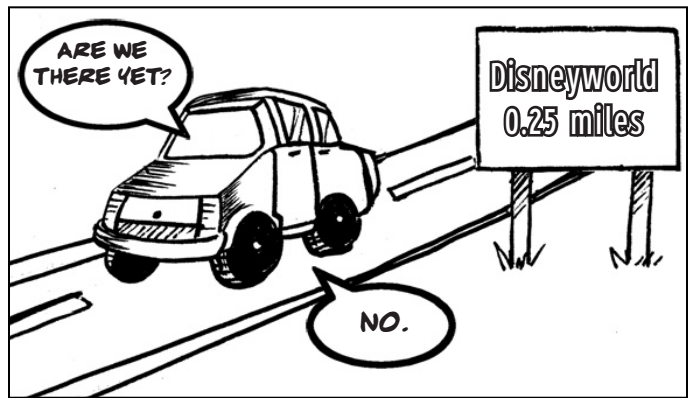
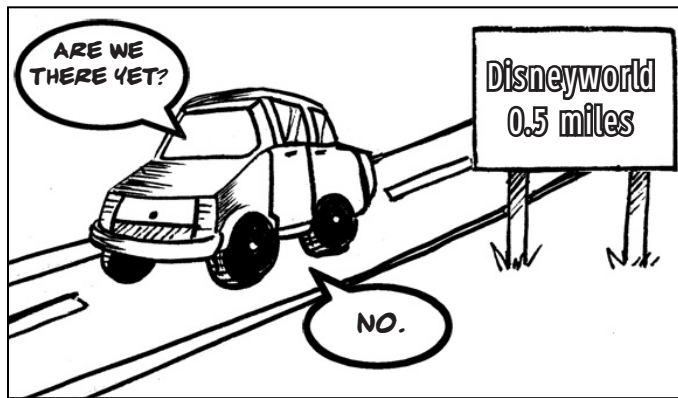
WHY STUDY PHILOSOPHY

- Something to think about on the can
- Quickest route to power in ideal city
- Doesn’t require a wi-fi hotspot
- Helps you escape when trapped in a fire-filled cave
- Allows you to create an intricate explanation for your own virginity
- Because cocktail parties won’t make themselves unbearable
- Have an alibi when you blurt your love of play-doh
- Learn you’re not the “last man” to mispronounce Nietzsche’s name
- Finally get that Monty Python skit...You know, the one with Marx and the lumberjack...or is it a parrot?

— Staff



ZENO'S FAMILY VACATIONS



E. Chan

MEDUSA AT THE BARBER SHOP



R. Barrientes

BUDDHA'S GUIDE TO
OVERCOMING THE ECONOMIC CRISIS

- A roof over your head will not keep you spiritually dry. Do not worry about the mortgage.
- Sustain yourself with a lifetime of fat accumulation.
- Free your mind and soul from desire. Particularly the desire to put your kids through college.
- Meditate to achieve Nirvana. Should meditation fail, clothe yourself in this band's "grunge" attire and embrace their aesthetic of squalor.
- Expand your spirit with a Zen rock garden, whose lack of flowers or life whatsoever will make it easy to afford.
- Let the book *Siddhartha* nourish you. Then burn it for warmth.
- The path to enlightenment is long and tortuous. Put off your Journey until gas prices stabilize.
- All life is suffering. Fuck it.

— R. Clegg



FAMILY FINANCES

Son, as you know, my health has not been well. I want to give you a full rundown of the family finances, just in case anything should happen to me.

I've got fifty dollars on the inside flap of my pillowcase, and another twenty floating around the bedroom somewhere. The pawn shop on the corner is holding half of the candy necklace that I got last Halloween, and there are two lottery tickets on the fridge, one of which I have yet to scratch off. Always invest, son—you never know when your luck will turn around.

Here's a cell phone for you, son. Don't make calls on weekdays before nine o'clock—that's how the phone companies get you. If there's an emergency, don't call me at all, because it's probably too expensive to fix.

Finally, I've hired a few of the neighborhood kids to try to steal some of the pool towels from the Kensingtons; these might be valuable for resale. Look into it.

Oh, I almost forgot: we have a bank account! A membership account at Honest Pete's Bank of Chicago-Style Deep Dish Pizza, that is—good for ten percent off a large with one topping. The membership card is hidden securely under the fishtank. Other good deals might be found in the coupons section of the phone book. Also, I have an inkling there may be some dimes or even quarters under the left couch cushion—if only pudgy Uncle Eddie would ever move so we could check.

Son, I know times are tough, but I think that if you stick to this advice, you could one day even buy your own fishtank, one that isn't mortgaged to Citizen's bank as collateral for the family toothbrush.

— A. Bildersee



CANADIAN JOKE CORNER

Q: How many Poles does it take to screw in a lightbulb?
A: One.

KNOW YOUR PHILOSOPHERS

	Psychoanalysis	Aesthetics	Epistemology	Cynicism	Almost Useful	Moderately Useless	Very Useless	Completely Useless	Syphilis	Masturbated and Pooped in Public	Had Sex with Little Boys	Fantasized about Mother
Socrates												
Freud												
Nietzsche												
Diogenes												
Syphilis												
Masturbated and Pooped in Public												
Had Sex with Little Boys												
Fantasized about Mother												
Almost Useful												
Moderately Useless												
Very Useless												
Completely Useless												

Always leading the way in both humanist scholarship and practical help for panicking students in the wake of finals, *The Record* has provided a fun and entertaining study guide to keep your philosophers straight. This guide will help you remember each philosopher’s theory, how useful their ideas actually are in real life, and, as an added bonus, what sexual deviance each of them enjoyed. Just use these clues to reveal the philosophers’ identities and save countless hours in lecture and section.*

— The moderately useless philosopher had syphilis. The aestheticist didn’t masturbate or poop in public. The philosophy major didn’t get a job.

— Freud isn’t almost useful (although he did invent the first “your mom” joke ZING!). Socrates didn’t fantasize about his mother (but not because she wasn’t ideal DOUBLE ZING!).

— The epistemologist had sex with little boys. Note: *The Record* does not endorse this practice unless by little boys you mean your TA.

— Nietzsche studied aestheticism. The very useless thinker wasn’t a cynic.

— Neither the moderately useless nor the completely useless thinker masturbated and pooped in public. The section asshole in your class is completely useless, but you already knew that.

— Diogenes didn’t know what epistemology was. The philosopher with completely useless ideas didn’t have syphilis.

— M. W. Harris

**The Record* takes no responsibility for your failing Philosophy grade.

THE PHILOSOPHIES OF POOH

The Marxism of Pooh

In Which

The Worker Bees Come to Control The Means of Honey Production

One particularly sunny day, the bees along Winnie-the-Pooh's path were buzzing more busily than usual. "My, my! Is it time for a mid-morning snack already?" asked Pooh.

"We're not making honey," buzzed a bee. "We're writing a manifesto."

Pooh scratched his tummy and puzzled for a moment. "I don't suppose a manifesto is sweet and golden and suitable for a Tuesday morning snack?"



"No," buzzed the bee, "but it is suitable for a revolution against the Bourgeois Bear Oppressor."

"Also, it's Wednesday," added the second bee helpfully.

"Oh, bother," said Pooh, who was always getting times confused. Whenever he thought it was one time, such as afternoon, it would turn out to be another time altogether, such as September, or Friday.

In Which

Pooh and Owl Discuss the Meaning of Justice

Pooh was visiting his friend Owl, who was the very best speller in the Hundred-Acre Woods. Pooh knew that Owl was a good speller not only because Owl often told him so, but because Owl had painted his own name, “WOL,” above his doorway.

“I’ve been contemplating vigorously,” said Owl as he handed Pooh a cup of honey, “and I believe that I’ve determined what is justice.”

“Just is?” asked Pooh, dipping his paw into the honey.

“No,” said Owl, “although you raise a provocative point. Perhaps justice is a concept with no firm foundation, or ‘firmament.’ Perhaps whatever is, is justice.”

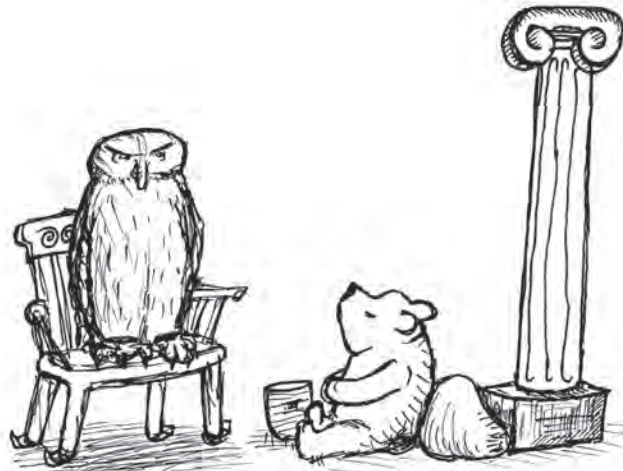
“Just us?” repeated Pooh, lifting his honey-soaked paw to his mouth.

“Another provocative proposal!” cried Owl. “You propose that justice inheres not in abstractions but in the individuals involved, that whatever serves them all well can be properly called ‘justice.’”

Pooh began to lick the remaining bits of honey from his cup.

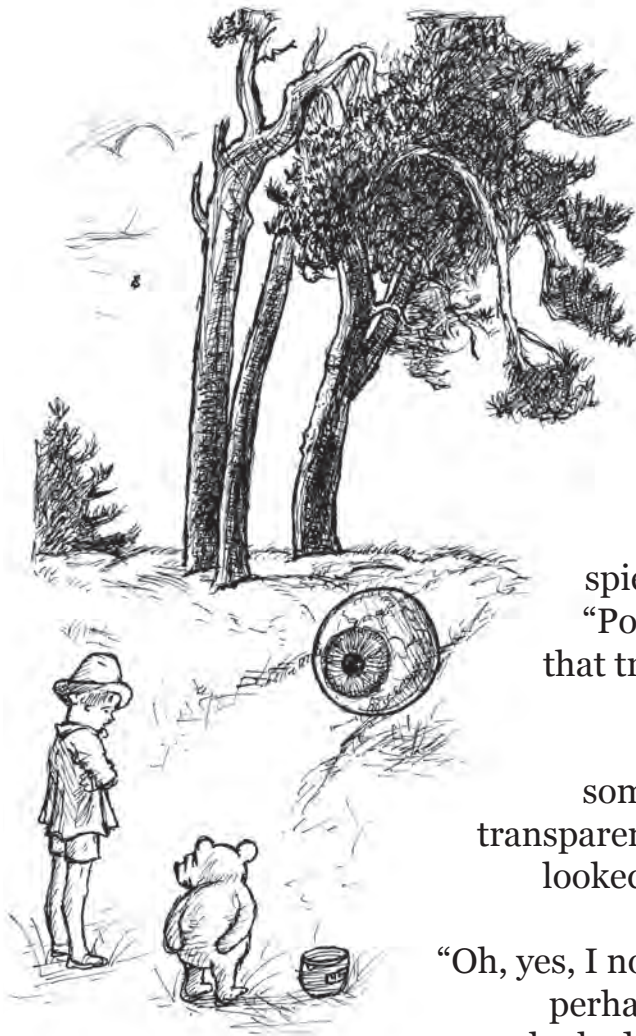
“Do you concur?” pressed Owl.

Pooh shrugged. “I suppose not,” said Pooh. “Conquering is rather difficult for a Bear of Very Little Brain.”



In Which

Pooh and Christopher Robin Happen
Upon Emerson's "Transparent Eyeball"



Winnie-the-Pooh and Christopher Robin were enjoying a friendly stroll through the woods. Pooh was carrying an empty jar. Earlier he had been carrying a jar full of honey, but he had taken a few moments to lighten the load when the full jar had proved too heavy for so gentle a bear as himself.

Just then they came to a clearing in the woods and spied a rather peculiar something. "Pooh, see that something over by that tree?" asked Christopher Robin.

"Is it honey?" asked Pooh.

"No," said Christopher Robin somewhat harshly. "It's a giant transparent eyeball." Christopher Robin looked at Pooh for a moment. "You didn't notice that before?"

"Oh, yes, I noticed it," said Pooh. "I thought perhaps there was some honey I had overlooked, on account of the eyeball." He looked down at his pot sadly, whilst the eyeball blinked in a friendly sort of way.

"Do you suppose the eyeball is a metaphor for how all mean egotism vanishes in the woods, and a man may return thus to reason and faith?" suggested Christopher Robin.

"Could be," said Pooh thoughtfully. "You never can tell, with eyeballs."

In Which

Eeyore, Piglet and Pooh Confront the Abyss



Eeyore was standing over a hold in the ground, pushing rocks and small bugs into it and watching them disappear.

“Is this your hole?” Pooh asked.

“It’s a very nice hole,” added Piglet softly.

Eeyore looked at them silently.

“You could keep a lot of things in a hole like that,” said Pooh.

“Yes,” nodded Eeyore glumly. “I like to keep my dignity and sense of hope down there.”

Piglet peered down cautiously. “But Eeyore, I don’t see them,” said Piglet.

“Also any possible notion of objective morality, and my lingering, misplaced faith in humanity,” added Eeyore, cheering up as he made this list.

“Yes,” said Pooh, nodding. “It’s nice to have a place to keep things.”

Piglet was growing ever more curious, and so he leaned ever further over the hole to peer down. It gave him quite a fright, as it reminded him of the time last week when he had fallen into the sink.

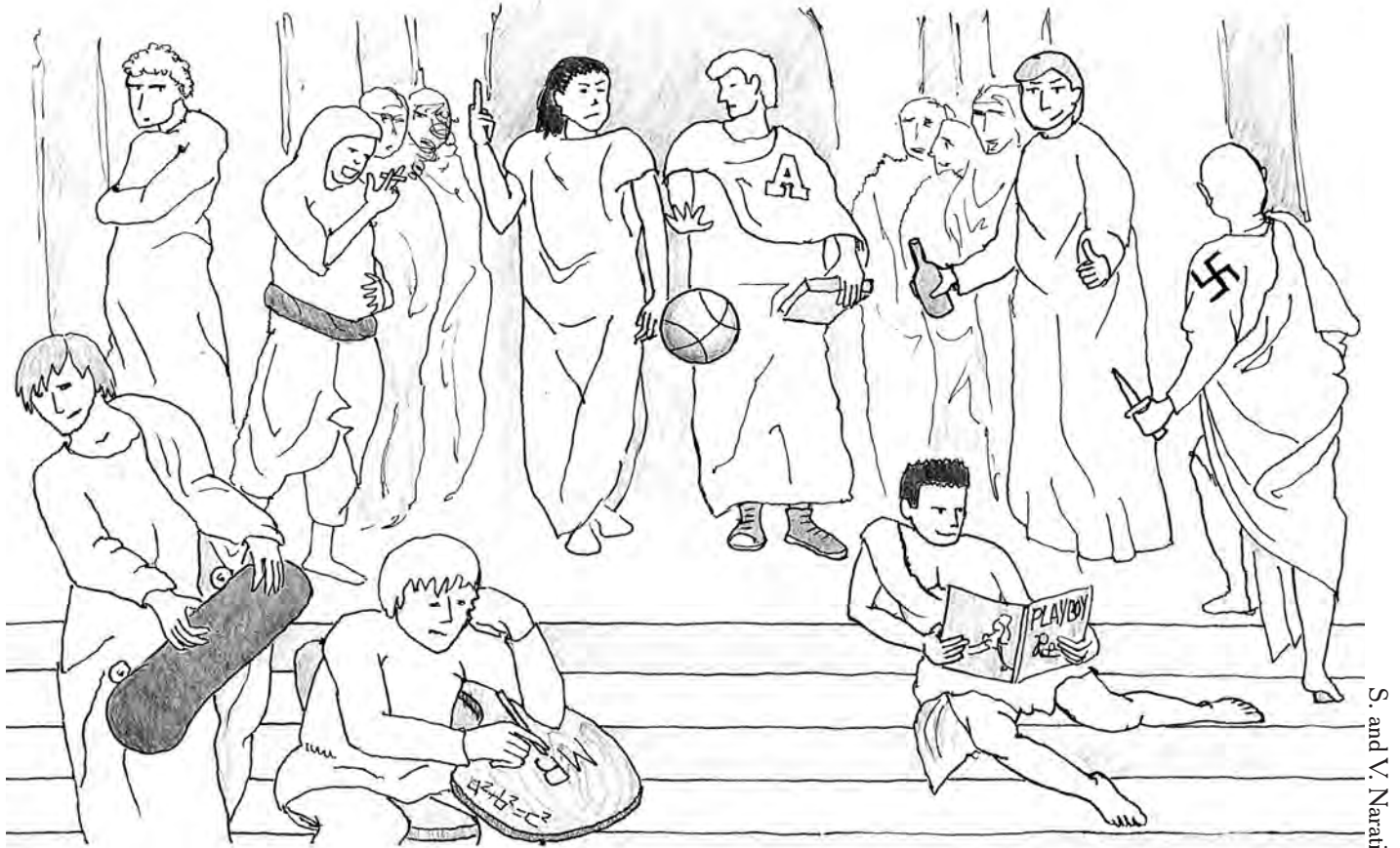
“I don’t see anything,” said Piglet.

“That’s because it’s empty,” said Eeyore matter-of-factly, “and nothing can fill it.” Then he pushed Piglet into the hole.

“Heelp!” cried Piglet.

“Oh, bother,” said Pooh, as Piglet disappeared into the blackness.

DETENTION AT THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS



MOVIES NOT COMING TO A THEATER NEAR YOU

Purebred Lady falls hopelessly in love with Tramp, the dog from the other side of the tracks. There's just one problem—he's riddled with venereal disease.

A group of bohemians try to carve out a life for themselves in a condemned New York high-rise. There's just one problem—AIDS.

Kenny has just finished writing the next Great American Novel, and every publisher in the country wants to buy the rights. There's just one problem—he's illiterate.

Tyrone Washington wants to join the KKK. There's just one problem—he's Jewish.

Sally always wanted to play baseball with the boys. After winning a Title IX suit, she gets the chance. There's just one problem—she's an iguana.

Ryan is waiting for the cell phone call that will change his life forever. There's just one problem—it's the year 1901.

Sarah enters the statewide math competition. There's just one problem.

— Staff

A JOKE THE YALE RECORD DOES NOT APPROVE OF PUBLISHING ON ANY ACCOUNT

Q: What is the only thing more uncouth than a joke about an Irishman?

A: An Irishman!



PARENTS' WEEKEND UPDATE

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

I am glad that you get to meet all my teachers. They are so nice! Today I made a drawing of a truck. Lots of things were in the truck, like horsies and lollipops and lots of soft things and band-aids. Remember when you gave me a lollipop? That was fun. I hope that you and my Russian teacher, Ms. Tiernan, will be bestest friends and that you will tell her to stop hitting me.

All my classes have such interesting projects. In my freshmen seminar I made a painting called "My Social Life". It is made with alcohol. Next week I am going to glue on minimally protected sex and pipe cleaners. In Directed Studies I wrote my paper on moral choice in Plato's *Republic*. I wrote it in finger-paint. I like finger-paint because it hides the scars because there are pretty colors. I also have a new pet. It is a lab rat whose pancreas I removed. His name is Samson. He doesn't have very many digestive enzymes!

My Three Goals for the end of the semester are: learn to write missives for help to drop out the window in cursive, get a fake ID for Toads, and never ever eat food from the YSFP because they kill tofu.

The two things I would most like you to tell Ms. Tiernan are: my favorite animal is a cheetah and you are both lawyers.

Love,
Sammy

— K. Waldman



MCCAIN'S FAILED LAST-MINUTE SWIFT-BOAT ATTEMPT:

- Obama actually a sheep
- Obama actually 10 sheep
- Obama doesn't know about 7 of his sheep
- Michelle Obama married to a sheep
- Obama owns Muslim sheep
- Obama drowned sheep on faulty swift-boat
- Obama ex-vViet Cong

— D. Klumpp and A. Bildersee



GULLIVER'S MASOCHISTIC TRAVELS



D. Koh

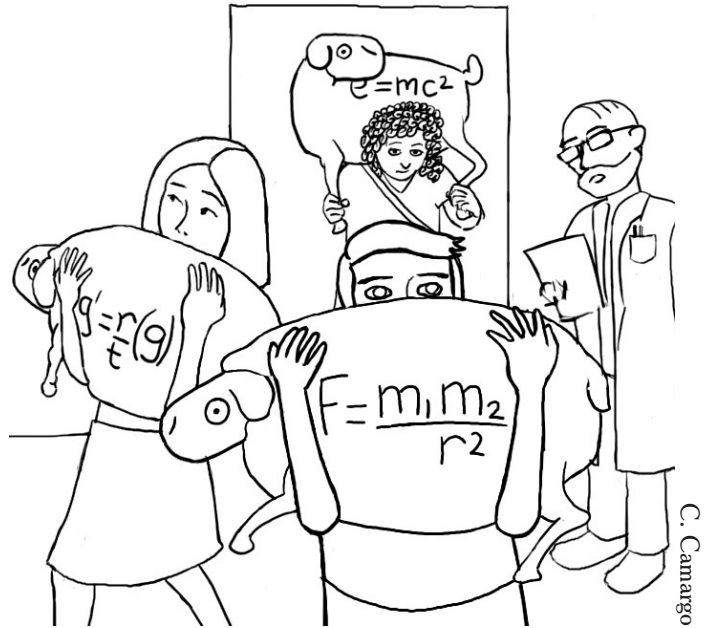
"MY SAFETY WORD IS 'GLUBBDUBDRIB.'"

MOVIE REVIEW OF SUPERMAN

BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

I'm pretty steamed over this whole Superman movie thing. First things first, I think "superman" is a poor translation of the term I use in the original script for the movie. I would have opted for something like "overman". When I sold the movie rights to "Thus Spoke Zarathusta", I thought it was fairly clear that the protagonist would be a free-spirited amoralist ready to purge decadent Europe of its rotten morality and herald a new age of life-affirmation. Instead, they brought in some hack script doctor (probably Jewish, now that I think about it) and suddenly all the dialogue is about "truth" and "justice" and "saving innocent civilians from a nuclear holocaust". I give up. God is dead. If you want proof, just watch this movie. No omnipotent, omniscient, and omnibenevolent deity could have allowed such a piece of crap to be made.

— J. Abolafia



"REMEMBER, STUDENTS! YOU ARE ONLY ALLOWED ONE EQUATION SHEEP."



IF DONKEYS HAD PARTIES



S. and V. Naratil



SPOKEN NERD POETRY

Can you take the derivative of love?
Of pain?
My desire approaches infinity
Your interest approaches zero
Never reaching
Asymptotic

Is there an end to destruction?
Of hatred?
Multiply evil by its reciprocal
Divide it by zero
Make the world one, oh,
Impossible.

3 equations
4 unknowns
Y = Sorrow

— C. Mulaney

THE SCIENCE MAJOR'S GUIDE TO WRITING AN ENGLISH PAPER

THESIS STATEMENTS

The English major's hypothesis is called a "thesis." Luckily, in the history of "literary criticism" (a fancy word for all the English papers ever written), there have been only five thesis statements:

- The text deconstructs the heteronormative anglonormative/ethnocentric patriarchy;
- The text deconstructs archetypal conceptions of identity by appropriating traditional conventions;
- The text deconstructs the notions of Objectivity and the Cartesian Self;
- The text deconstructs John Milton's *Paradise Lost*;
- The text deconstructs itself.

The wonderful thing about all of these thesis statements is that they can be used equally with any poem, novel, essay, epic, painting, photograph, web site, flash animation, or bathroom graffiti (all things you might potentially be asked to write about in an English class). It's okay if you don't know what some of the words mean; most of them don't actually have any meanings.

EXPLICATING PASSAGES

You'll have to cite and analyze passages of text in order to support whichever of the five thesis statements you have chosen. Luckily, opening to a random page and pointing to a paragraph is a method of gathering evidence that has stood the test of time.

When explicating passages, it is important to never talk about yourself, but to talk about "the Reader." No one really understands what an author is trying to say in a poem, but if you say "I was confused," you are certainly going to fail. Instead you must say "the Reader is confused," "the Reader cannot follow the story," "the Reader is threatened by the narrative's action," "the Reader enjoys the cute bunnies on p. 179."

FREUD & SHAKESPEARE

A paper without a reference to either Freud or Shakespeare will fall in the C range, while quoting both will get you an A most of the time. When talking about Shakespeare, call him "the noble Bard." All writers experience "anxiety" about Shakespeare's influence;

make sure to say so. Selecting a random minor character and calling him a "distorted amalgamation of Ophelia and Julius Caesar," combined with a line or two of his dialogue, will give your paper a stately and intellectual feel. As for Freud, select a different minor character and say that "Obviously" (you never have to explain yourself when you use the word "obviously") the character embodies the author's "repressed and sublimed childhood memories" of the parent of the opposite sex.

SAMPLE EXERCISE

To help you get started, I've included an English paper mad-lib to show you just how fun and easy writing an essay can be:

_____ 's use of _____ imagery in _____ clearly shows an indebtedness to Shakespeare's _____, but distorted through the post-structuralist ideas of _____. The New Historist might note the commercialization of _____ that was occurring in _____, but any proto-Marxian ideas are suppressed through _____'s development as a character. The dichotomy between _____ and _____ erodes any possibility of legitimacy of _____-normative values.

— M. W. Harris



"JULIA, WE THINK IT'S TIME TO
TELL YOU THAT YOU WERE ADOPTED."

The PHILOSOPHY MAJOR'S WORST-CASE SCENARIO Survival Handbook

By J. Greenblatt and Illustrated By D. Bredes

HOW TO INGRATIATE YOURSELF AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

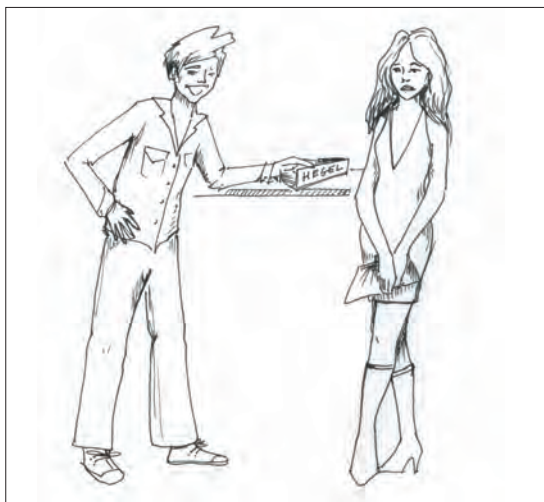
- 1 Scout out somebody who looks interested in Hegelian philosophy.
Target may be stuck in a conversation with some bore as they prattle on about sports or sex, laughing and smiling to maintain the illusion that they are interested and having a good time. Help them out by infusing their conversation with some intellectual rigor!
- 2 Loudly extol the virtues of Phenomenology of Mind.
- 3 Follow target to the bar.
- 4 Repeat.

Be Aware:

Target will be easily distracted and may accidentally change the subject. If this happens, just subtly guide the conversation back to German Idealism. For instance:

Target: ...yeah that's interesting. Did you watch the Red Sox last night?

You: An object's identity derives from properties universal to its type.



HOW TO ESCAPE FROM QUICKSAND

- 1 Wait until the sand gets to your knees. If God made us in his image, does that mean that he too has knees? If God is an infinite being spanning all space and time, can his knees "bend"?
- 2 Contemplate the above.
- 3 After pondering that query, the sand should be up to your shoulders. Your lower body is entirely submerged. If it never resurfaces, does it become an artifact of the past or can we say that it continues to exist after we've lost sight of it merely because this has always been the case in past experience? Hume seems to claim that this is insufficient evidence for its continued existence; however, his claim goes against some of the most fundamental tenets of human reasoning.
- 4 Contemplate the above.



New Testament Godzilla Much Kinder to Japan

Dear New YDN Editors,

You know how you only get one chance to make a first impression? And you know how with your very first issue you got to cover the appointment of a new Dean, which is maybe the biggest story you'll have this year? And you remember the headline you chose? It wasn't "Miller Named as New Dean" or "Miller to Replace Salovey" or "Saybrook Master Ascends to Deanship," was it? No, New YDN Editors, with your one chance to make a first impression, you chose, "It's Miller Time."

Also pissed about the new crossword solutions format,
Frank

Schrödinger's Son to Receive Puppy for Christmas, Maybe

Dear Statue of Liberty,
Do you swing?

—Mount Rushmore

Dear God,

Can you create a stone so heavy even you couldn't lift it? And if so, could you create it on top of my philosophy professor's head, 'cause I could really use another day or two to finish my paper.

—Tim, PC '09

"Just Checking Email" Enters Fourth Grueling Day

Dear Steve,

You are such a better lover than my husband.

Sincerely,
Steve's Parrot

Dear Doctor,

When I told you I didn't want to die in the hospital, emphasis was on the not dying rather than not in the hospital. Please come retrieve me from the parking lot.

Thanks,
A Cold Patient



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New Haven—Bridgeport

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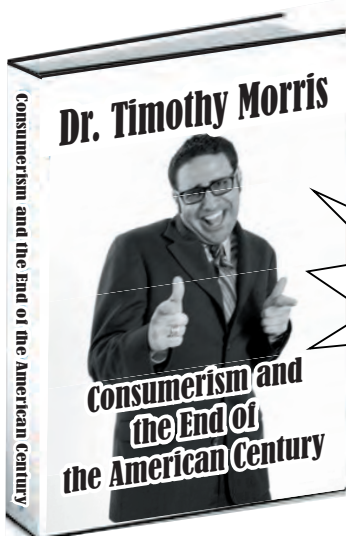
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Dear Diff E.Q.,
WTF?

—Q.E.D.

YDN Reporter Trying to Find Edgy Angle on Master's Tea

Dear Third Amendment,

We hear the Americans don't need you
anymore; could you come help us out?

—The Iraqi People

Dear Pabst Blue Ribbon,

Who did you have to blow to be
named America's best beer in 1893? I'll
tell you who—Grover Cleaveland.

—Sam Adams

Dear Drunk Rushee Who Crashed Our
Last Event,

I know it sounds like a frat, but we
sort of frown on public urination

—Tyler, President of
Phi Beta Kappa

Dear Long John Silver,

What happened to you, man? Fried
fish? We used to rule the seas.

—Blackbeard

Area Man Runs with Bulls, Dies with Slow Spaniards

Dear Kant,

Why do you always critique every-
thing I do?

—Your Girlfriend

Consistent with federal reporting requirements I write to inform you that these prices

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-- Chief James A. Perrotti



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Hey Tim,

I need you to know that each time I make a "your mom" joke I mean every word. We had a brief but passionate affair this past July that ended on friendly terms.

See you in bio,
 Nelson

**Noam Chomsky Says
 'Buffalo' Lots of Times**

Dear Ronald MacDonald,

I wish I could be as popular as you, but I guess playing with children is a better way to get them to like you than watching them sleep.

—Burger King

**Dancing Queen Disappointed
 to Find Her Office Largely
 Ceremonial**

Dear Boston Red Sox,

I know you're probably angry that Manny Ramirez peed on the infield last night, but hey, it's just Manny being Manny.

—Manny Ramirez

Dear Man of Letters,

I am sorry I had to return your latest epigram, but you had included insufficient wit.

—Man of Stamps



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 and Gritz**

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**Come for the free-will,
 stay for the determinism.**

IN THE BASEMENT NOVEMBER 12, 2008.

The unilateral Declaration of your twenty-six-year-old Son

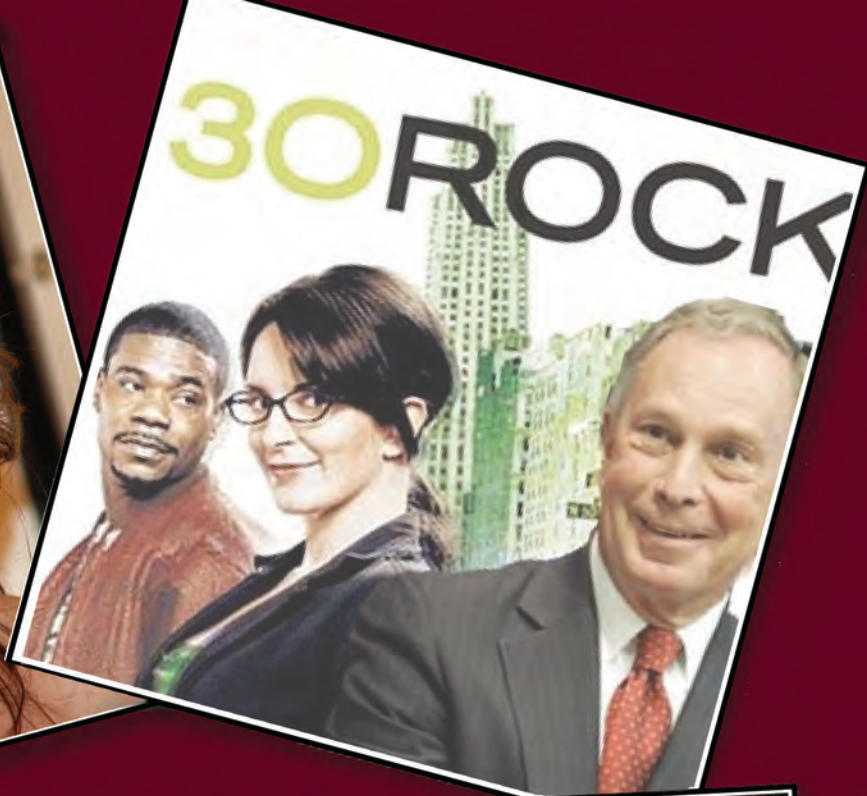
When in the course of a man's life it becomes necessary for him to renew the bonds which have connected him to his parents and assume among the dwellings of the earth their basement bedroom, a decent respect to the opinions of his peers requires that he should declare the causes which impel him to the regression. — I hold these truths to be self-evident, that I have lost my job, that I have accumulated throughout my early adulthood certain inescapable debts, that among these debts are student loans, F-O-U to my ex-girlfriend's step dad, and a tab at O'Reilly's Bar and Grill. — That to pay these debts, monthly rent must be reduced, and free food must be sought regularly. — That whenever the real world does not allow for this, it is the right of man to flee from it, and to return home, seeking the foundations that in the past have secured his comfort and happiness. Prudence, indeed, I have lacked, and experience hath shewn that I am inclined to just live off Ramen noodles and not buy laundry detergent, when this is sufferable. But when a long train of self-abuses and poor judgment reveals a tendency to reduce myself to absolute bankruptcy, it is my duty to give up and return to the old Guards of my future security. The history of my post-college life has been one of repeated failures and frustrations, leading to my inability to survive on my own. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world. — Employers are continually unimpressed with my striking resemblance to Fred Savage. — The New Yorker has repeatedly denied me my rightful title of Caption Contest Winner. — My ipod ran out of power three weeks ago, and I am currently using the charger as a shoelace. — The bean bag chair I slept on for months has caused me considerable back pain, and I may have unknowingly eaten some beans that leaked from it. — My charming smile failed to convince a police officer that urinating in public is indeed an attempt at sustainable plant watering. — My drug dealer failed to successfully double as my accountant. — I, therefore, Theodore J. Brimstock of Westchester, in my parents' living room, do solemnly mumble, that I just have to crash here for a while until I get back on my feet, that all connection between me and my dealer is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as a free and independent adult, I have the power to surrender that independence, and do all the things my parents tell me. — And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Domestic Providence, I pledge my Sex Life, my (remaining) Fortune, and my sacred Privacy.

Aunt Gertrude
Theodore J. Brimstock
Michael Dinos
Joe Biden
Albert Schweitzer
WILE E. COYOTE
Joe the Plumber
B. Arthur
TIMMY NEXT DOOR
E. Sabathia
Miley Cyrus
Bazooka Joe



THE BEATLES AND COMEDY

a yale record master's tea with **michael gerber '91** bestselling humorist, publisher & beatles freak **friday, nov. 14** 12:30pm davenport college



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