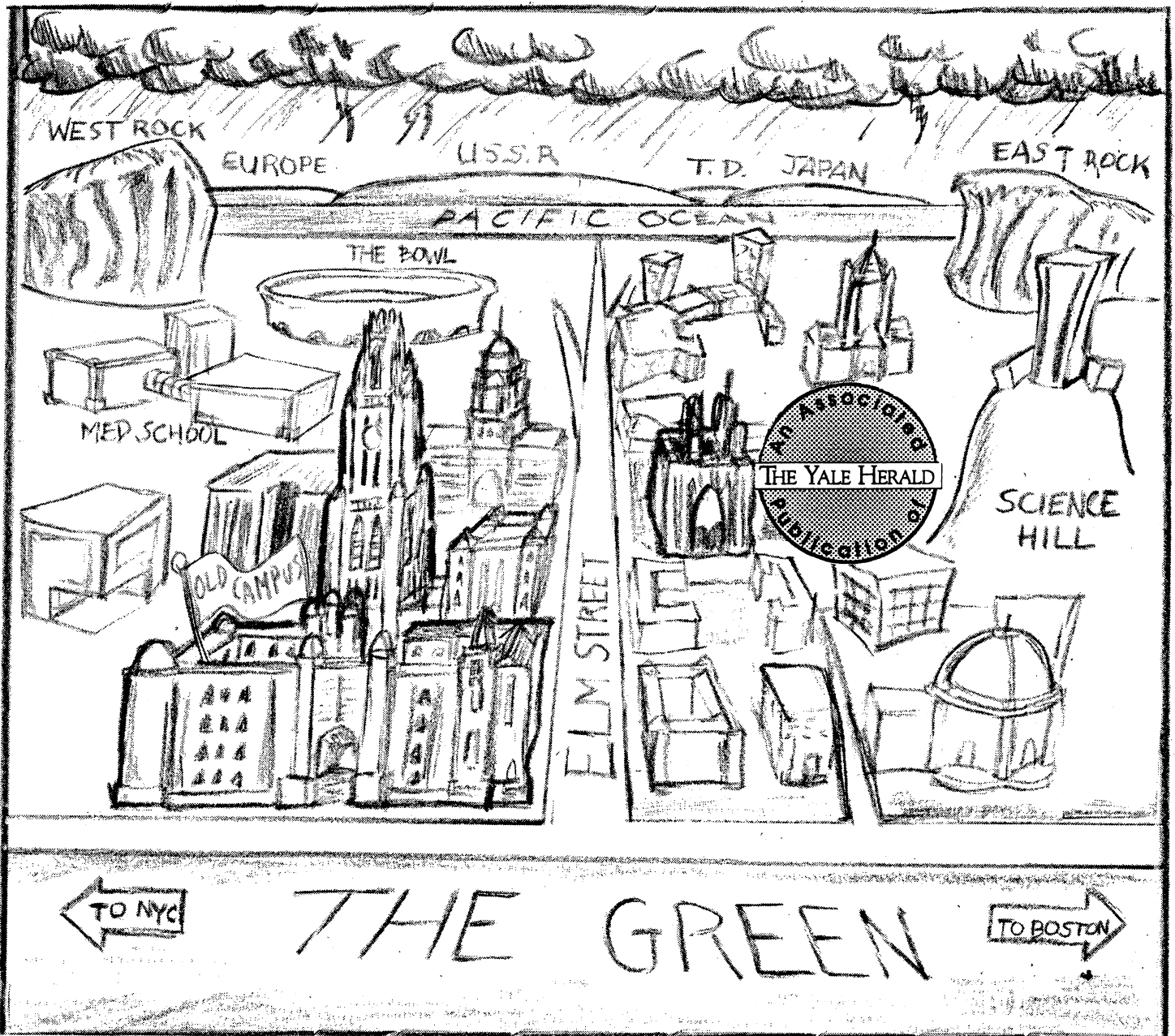




The RETRACTION

Dig This Creepy Halloween Masthead/Oct 1989





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 Bendy, June at Park Street, Maureen, Kath (who is on the
 outs with me at the moment, but Hell, thanks anyway), Mom
 Dad, and all the fine folks at Citizen Printers, especially Frank
 who I called a whole lot. Ernesto, what do you think?

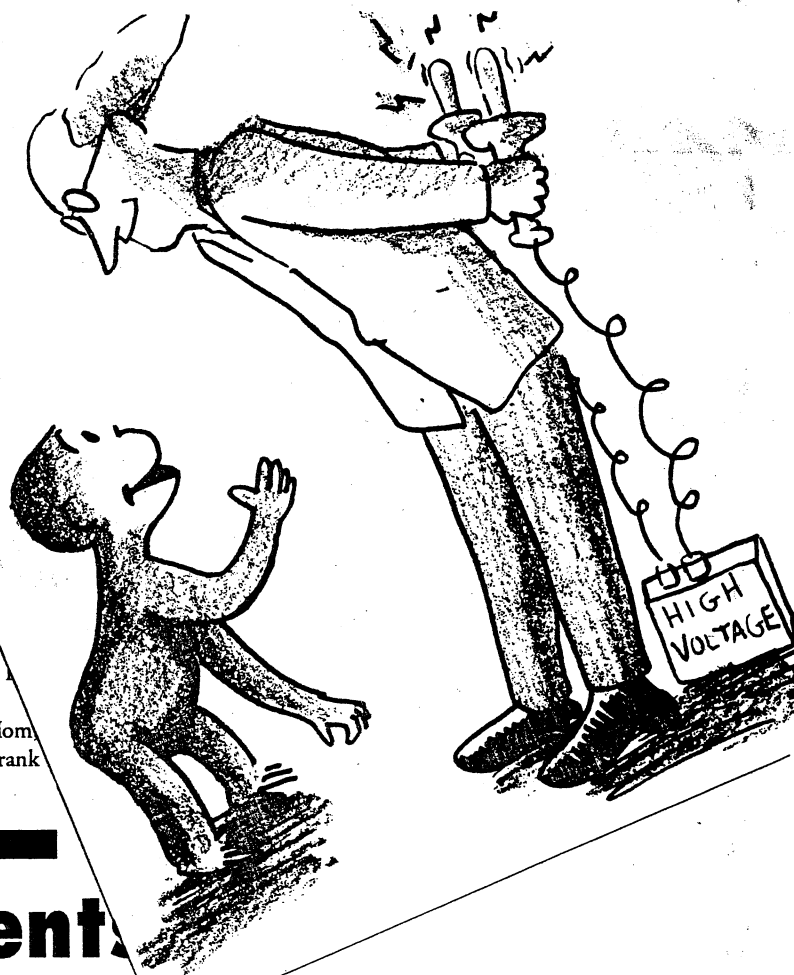


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Don't Read This Part

The *Retraction* is an undergraduate publication affiliated with the *Yale Herald* (i.e., they give us money; not enough, but some.) It is grudgingly registered with the Yale College Dean's Office, in the firm belief that they won't get most of the jokes. (*Just kidding, Betty! Put 'er there!—Ed.*) The opinions expressed in these pages do not necessarily reflect the views of either the *Yale Herald*, or the *Retraction*; or of their roommates, friends or relatives, for that matter; they are probably just the lunatic ravings of a wild-eyed staff whipped up by Dr. Pepper and excessive fatigue. Back issues will be available, after this one comes out, for a nominal charge and nice handwritten note. Questions? Comments? Federal grants? Address all of these to PO Box 5468, Yale Station, New Haven, CT, 06520.

Mailbag

Address correspondence to The Humor Police, P.O. Box 5468 Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520

Sirs,
 Sure, eating here is like filling your arteries with spackle. What can I get you?

Lew
 Yankee Doodle

Sirs,
 I'll give you three to one that I get into the Hall of Fame. Don't have any cash on me, but I got this ring from the '75 Series. How about it?

Pete Rose
 Still Not Needing
 Treatment
 Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs,
 George Burns is a vampire. Pass it on.

Bob Hope

Sirs,
 Why don't you have any perfumed pages in your magazine? I collect them, and when I have enough, I plan to roll around in them like a dog.

Jim Tenyson
 Center,
 Hartford Whalers

(Jim—We are talking to Exxon about doing a scented ad regarding the Alaskan cleanup. Will keep you posted.—Ed)

Sirs,
 I cannot understand why you insist on using profanity and going for cheap, easy laughs all the time. English is a beautiful and varied language and by using dirty words, you are just showing how illiterate [sic] you are. Why don't you use your brains (assuming you have them) once in a while, and produce some really top-notch wit (like Bill Cosby or Mark Russell, what's wrong with them?) that the whole family can enjoy?

D.
 name and address
 withheld upon
 threats

(D., as Quattrocchio Florentine humanist Leonardo Bruni was fond of saying to his detractors, "Eat my doublet [mangia i miei pantaloni]".—Ed.)

Some publications want your feedback. We don't. Leave us alone.

Anyway, are you so insane that you think we would actually read what you send us? Don't you think we're busy? Well, we are. Really busy. Probably even busier than you.

Not only do we have this rag to put out, but we have classes, too. And if we want to have any sort of life outside of school (say, like a relationship—nahh), that's even more time. This is really hard work. Take your life (such as it is) and complicate it twenty times—no, fifty times. Then you may approximate what things are like for us. Actually, probably not. You don't believe me; I'll bet you're one of those people who says, "Oh, that would be so much fun, I could do that, everyone tells me I'm hysterical." But you're not doing it. We are. And you're not hysterical, they're all just lying to you. So shut up and laugh and when we want your crap we'll ask for it.

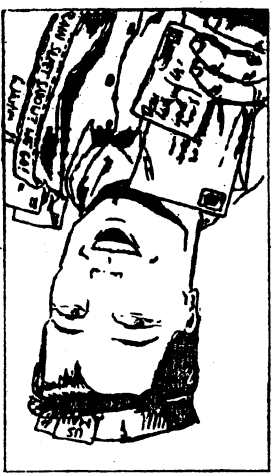
Dear Psychology Today,
 I have this dream every night, right? I'm walking down the street (well, actually I'm sleeping, but you know what I mean) and all of the sudden the ever-popular Carb-funk band Mikara leaps out at me and starts beating me up. They are really working me over, and are even hitting me in the "privies" when I wake up. I thought that it was just a dream, except that this morning I found a maracas in my bed! It really freaked me out. What do I do?

G. Duster
 Hagamagahasset, Ma.

(The Retraction does not give out medical advice, but I personally think that you should be led by a qualified physician.—Ed)

Sirs,
 The babes at Dem's go wild for my Nobel Prize. They call me "Mr. Wizard".

Sid

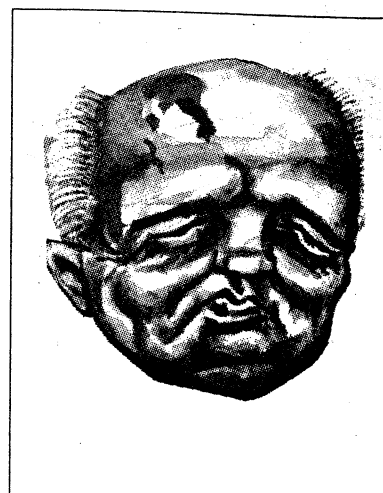




Funny.



Funny.



Not Funny.

Dear Reader,

In the forty-five years since World War Two, the USSR has been the funniest nation in the world. No other country, not even France, could touch Mother Russia for pure gut-busting comic material. Struggling comics could always rely on one or another of those nutty leaders to spout some A-1 yocks, right on the front page of *Pravda*. Who can forget Joe Stalin's wacky promise of free elections for Eastern Europe? Or Shoeless Nikita Khrushchev's "We will bury you"—remember that side-splitter? We do.

And if the Politburo was slow, they could call on the old standbys: zany horse drawn passenger trains, all-wooden eyeglasses, jet planes made out of concrete. These and other pitiful attempts at relatively basic technology have kept the West in stitches for as long as anyone can remember.

But that may be gone now.

Mikhail Gorbachev's disasterously enlightened policy of *perestroika* could be just what that ponderous country needs to finally enter the twentieth century. But not if you help. A small donation could go a long way in fighting the rising tide of sanity in the Soviet Union. Just one well-placed pipe bomb or anti-communist tract could spark reprisals that would take the USSR back to the heavy-handed good old days. You can retard the cause of human rights by decades for *just pennies a day*. Give as much as you can, as soon as you can...or else the joke may be on us.

Let's keep laughter on *this* side of the Iron Curtain. How about it?

Oscar S. Jhibhouti

Oscar S. Jhibhouti, President
Committee for a Repressive Bunch of Chowderheads in the Soviet Union



DA! Let's keep the world safe for LAFFS! My \$__ donation will help insure that the Reds are wacky for years to come.

NYET! I have been duped into quiescence by Gorby's masterful P.R. job. I am content to sit here and do nothing while that cunning horde of baby-eating atheists destroys all that I hold dear. Shut up and leave me alone.

Send check or money order (American funds only, please) to:
Committee for a Repressive Bunch of Chowderheads in the Soviet Union
PO Box 5468 Yale Station New Haven, CT 06520

by K. Alton

With all the focus on the "war on drugs" in recent months, startling evidence has recently surfaced regarding another frightening dependency. Its addicts exist in abundance in our schools, homes, and places of business. Getting a fix is as easy as walking to the corner store. Its effects are easily recognizable; its destructiveness unmistakable. It rips apart relationships, destroys property, spreads disease and damages the ecology. This addiction is a multi-million dollar business. Its name—pencil chewing.

A former addict, "Gus", explains: "I was in second grade when I started. You don't think it's bad at first; you think that everyone does it. You try it once or twice; before you know it, you're hooked."

The numbers are staggering. Recent studies indicate that 85% of our nation's children have chewed pencils at least once by the time they finish third grade. They also show that more than 30% of these kids are addicts.

"Gus", who is undergoing treatment for his addiction, describes what it was like: "I used to go through about a gross in a week. If I wasn't 'chewing', I couldn't even think. When I wasn't able to get the good stuff—number two yellows with pink erasers—I'd chew *anything*; pens, watchbands, eyeglass stems, you name it. And the craving never goes away. I've been pencil-free for two years now, and I still have difficulty concentrating without a pencil. I tried all the substitutes: gum, food, I even started smoking, but nothing works." Now on the long, hard road to recovery, "Gus" looks back on a childhood

☞ "Gus" looks back on a childhood ravaged by his six dollar a day habit.

ravaged by his six dollar a day habit.

The pushers are everywhere. One supplier, Mrs. Margaret Wheeler, an elementary school teacher, explains why she fosters this habit in impressionable school children. "I like for the children to use pencil on all assignments. If they start chewing their pencils, I don't stop them. When they can't use their pencils any longer, they have to buy them from me - twenty-five cents each."

Last year, Mrs. Wheeler made over \$125,000 in illicit pencil deals, according to sources in the Shady Hills Principal's Office. She is currently standing trial for possession with intent to sell four boxes of fine-grade number twos. She is also charged with possession of two boxes of triangular pencil grips and seven



boxes of erasers shaped like animals. Further investigations uncovered that Mrs. Wheeler herself has been a pencil chewing addict for the past thirty-five years.

Captain Stephen Meyers heads a New York city police task force that specializes in pencil-related crimes. "We've been talking to the kids, kindergarten and elementary age mostly. We've been telling them that they *can* just say no."

But in spite of such comprehensive efforts, the pencil chewing addiction continues. "We just don't have the manpower," Meyers says, "Last week, we stopped an incoming shipment of 'staysharps.' But for each one we stop, ten more get through."

Dr. Beverly Douglas runs a pencil chewing treatment center in Los Angeles. Dr. Douglas explains that "While our success

☞ She is charged with possession of two boxes of triangular pencil grips and seven boxes of erasers shaped like animals.

rate with these cases is improving, many just can not cope without their chew fix. It has become a necessary part of their thinking process. And for all those who get help, there are dozens hiding their addiction. These are the ones we need to reach if we are going to be successful."

The health risks involved in pencil chewing are enormous. And not just to the chewer; New York State Health Official John Newmann stated in a phone interview: "The largest spreader of communicable disease—barring sex, sharing needles, and drinking from the same glass, of course—is the pencil. Germs are spread to the pencil while chewing, then are transferred to whomever comes in contact with it (this is called "passive chewing" by the experts). One person with a chewing habit can infect dozens. Sobering facts, any way you look at it; this means one classroom of hard-core chewers can infect an entire school—that school could infect a district, and "pretty soon, we have an epidemic on our hands."

Chewing pencils is an illness. If you or anyone you know has a pencil chewing problem, call your local treatment center or the national pencil chewing hotline at 1-800-CHEWERS.

La Presidente

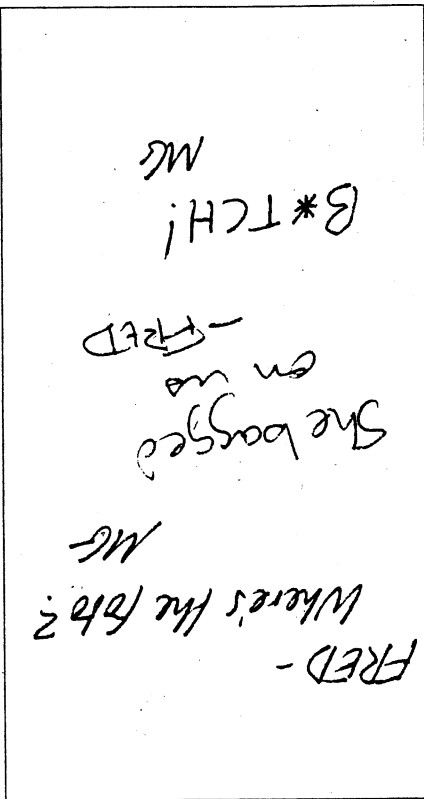
by J. Schwarz

"I'm just a normal teenager," says 15 year-old Christy Snowden of Santa Monica, California, as she flops onto her pink-comforter covered bed. And indeed, her bedroom (on the second floor of her family's home in a serene, affluent suburban development) would seem to indicate just that. The walls are covered with posters of her heroines and heartthrobs: Debbie Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Mary Lou Retton in the former category, Terence Trent D'Arby, Jon Bon Jovi ("He's so cute"), and Bruce Springsteen in the latter. Her closets are filled with clothes perfectly attuned to the whims of adolescent fashion. A high school biology textbook lies open on her desk, and pictures of her two best friends, Terri and Cindy, are tucked into the corners of her mirror. Yes, Christy Snowden would seem to be the most normal of teenagers, except for one thing - on March 17th, Christy will be sworn in as the 56th president of the tiny, strife-torn Central American nation of Guatemala.

"My parents have always told me that I could do anything if I put my mind to it," says Christy with her impish, infectious smile. "And as long as I can remember this has been all I've wanted to do." The Snowden family is sitting together in their comfortable, tastefully decorated living room (or at least, Christy and her parents are - her six year-old brother, Billy, is in and out, tearing around the house with a new model airplane), discussing Christy's rise to power. Arthur Snowden is an optimist, and Carol works as paralegal in downtown Santa Monica; neither is surprised by what their daughter has accomplished.

"It all started the Christmas when she was five," says her father. "That morning she came and woke us up at the crack of dawn. My first thought was that she had gotten impatient and wanted to start opening presents. Instead, she looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Daddy, I'm going to be President of Guatemala.'" Christy laughs. "I don't even remember that."

Christy and her "Chief of Staff" Senator Cuddle bear



"At the time, of course, Arthur and I just smiled," says Carol Snowden. "We thought it was the cutest thing. But as she got older we realized she was serious."

"Who knows where she got the idea," says Arthur. "Maybe from something she saw on television. But pretty soon there was just no stopping her. The big question now is where she got the talent for this - certainly not from my side of the family."

"Well, dear, that's not completely true," says Carol. "Wasn't your cousin John vice-president of his high school?"

The phone rings in the kitchen, and Christy jumps up to answer it. After a few minutes she returns, looking glum. "That was Terri," she says. "Cindy and her are going to a movie. But I have to stay here and wait for a call from the head of my transition team."

This brings up the subject of the effect that Christy's ambitions have had on her life outside of the political arena. What

has been the reaction of the other students at Santa Monica High to her election? "Well, my friends all think it's pretty neat," says Christy. "But a lot of people that don't really know me think that I just did it to get into college." She laughs. "Of course, some of them never paid attention in the first place - a couple of people congratulated me on being elected President of Peru!" Her commitment to her dreams has also kept her from being as social as she might be otherwise - for instance, she has never had a serious boyfriend. She has a lot of male friends, she says, "but I think they get kind of intimidated. I mean, I try to explain that Guatemala isn't that geopolitically important, but guys my age just don't like going out with heads of state."

One area in which Christy has refused to compromise, however, has been academics. She has been going to a private tutor for the last year and a half to make up for the time she has had to spend out of school, either traveling in Central America or raising money for her campaign, and she has no plans to stop after her inauguration. "I know an education is totally important," she says. "I mean, I'm not going to be the President of Guatemala my whole life. I have to have something to fall back on - I don't want to end up endorsing products like General Megia." After her five year term is over, she plans to major in economics at an American university and then hopefully to get a job in the banking industry. Of course, many teenagers in her position would say much the same thing, but Christy's commitment to her education is genuine - the day before the elections, for instance, she flew home to take a test in algebra. She charmingly makes light of this, however, saying, "I just couldn't miss it - Mr. Davidson's make-ups are killers!" Christy obviously looks back happily on her two years of high school, and says that she has only one regret: "I kind of wish now that I hadn't stopped taking Spanish.

(continued on pg. 12)



Sex and Your Body With Queen Victoria

Dear Your Majesty:

I am a healthy 19-year old woman. Though I have had my "period" more or less regularly since I was about 13, of late I have developed a clear, intermittent, definitely dishonorable discharge. Should I be worried?

Worried, Branford, CT.

Dear Worried,

Words cannot express how shocked I was after your letter was explained to me. I had to be fanned & verbally calmed by my ladies for several minutes! It was almost as bad as the time that Prince Albert (God rest his soul) put a live garden snake in our conjugal bed! Young woman, do your parents know that you write such pornography, & then sign your name to it? This behavior shows the coarsest breeding & impudence of a frightfully saucy sort. Go back to the squalid garret which bore you!

Dear Your Majesty:

I am the mother of a teenaged boy who seems addicted to self abuse. I

have never caught him "in flagrante" as it were, so I have no solid proof—but as you well know, a Mother *knows* these things. What should I do?

Mrs. S. Peaquat, North Haven

My dear Mrs. Peaquat,

The frightful vice of onanism rears its ugly head in nearly every family, I'm afraid. Why, I can remember when I caught my grandson Wilhelm (you probably know him as the Kaiser) exacting the most terrible abuse upon his immature loins. I was just going in to get a hand towel, & there he was, frightful to behold. Thank goodness it wasn't one of the servants coming upon him! Anyway, once I regained my composure, I took the newly-pubescent Wilhelm over to the guardhouse, & watched a fine calvary officer administer the birch to the boy, lecturing all the while. Wilhelm was thoroughly shamed, but went on to rule Germany & launch the First World War.

Dear Your Majesty,

I have been going with this guy

(we'll call him "Phil") for about a year now. He's a really nice guy, and I think I love him, except for one thing. Recently, he's been pressuring me to have sex, but I don't feel ready. When I say "no", he gets all huffy and childish and burns his forehead with a cigarette. What should I do?

Angie, Hartford

Dear Angie,

In the time before I married Prince Albert (God bless him), I often ran into the same problem, & even with men of the highest calibre & distinction. When Phil makes advances, I would slap him sharply on the nose with a blunt object, while at the same time saying "no" in a firm voice. If he persists, send a few of the servants over to bust his pinkies. As a very last resort, (since you do have some feelings towards him) pull some strings & get him sent to Australia or India or some other sweaty province.



Oh! Rodge!

by Roger Wise

After breakfast, I have certain things I like to see and certain things I don't. On the "things I like to see" list are my roommates, my books, completed papers of longer than 8 pages, etc. The other list includes such visual delicacies as my pile of laundry and the other half of the bathroom. But the thing I most dread seeing after a large breakfast is the smashed remains of animals that adorn the roads on my route to classes.

For example, Chuck the Squirrel decides to visit his friends, the Snakes, on the other side of the street. Why, he hasn't

seen them for ages; he really should stop by. So he drops in for a visit on his way to work. Unfortunately, the Snakes never see Chuck. On the way across the street, poor Chuck unwittingly becomes the new hood ornament for a green 1976 Impala.

I can't understand why squirrels continue to cross the street. If I were a squirrel, I think I would get the picture. It's *basic logic*. Point one: everyone I know cross the street. Point two: everyone who crosses the street is eventually crushed into something resembling a bloody pancake. Conclusion: crossing the street is hazardous to one's health.

And it's not just that squirrels are

undaunted by the mistakes of their comrades. Squirrels aren't terribly smart animals (they say you are what you eat and squirrels eat nuts), so I can accept the fact that they might find the logic above a little complex. But even squirrels' innate responses are inane. When I see something dangerous, I run. It's simple. If a large pink elephant in a tutu charges into my room late at night, I leave, no questions asked. But not squirrels. When they see those two big headlights looming in the distance, do they run? Do they hide? Do they even squeal? No. They *stand and stare*. "My how pretty," the squirrel must be thinking. "What lovely luminescent orbs. And, you know, the funny thing is