

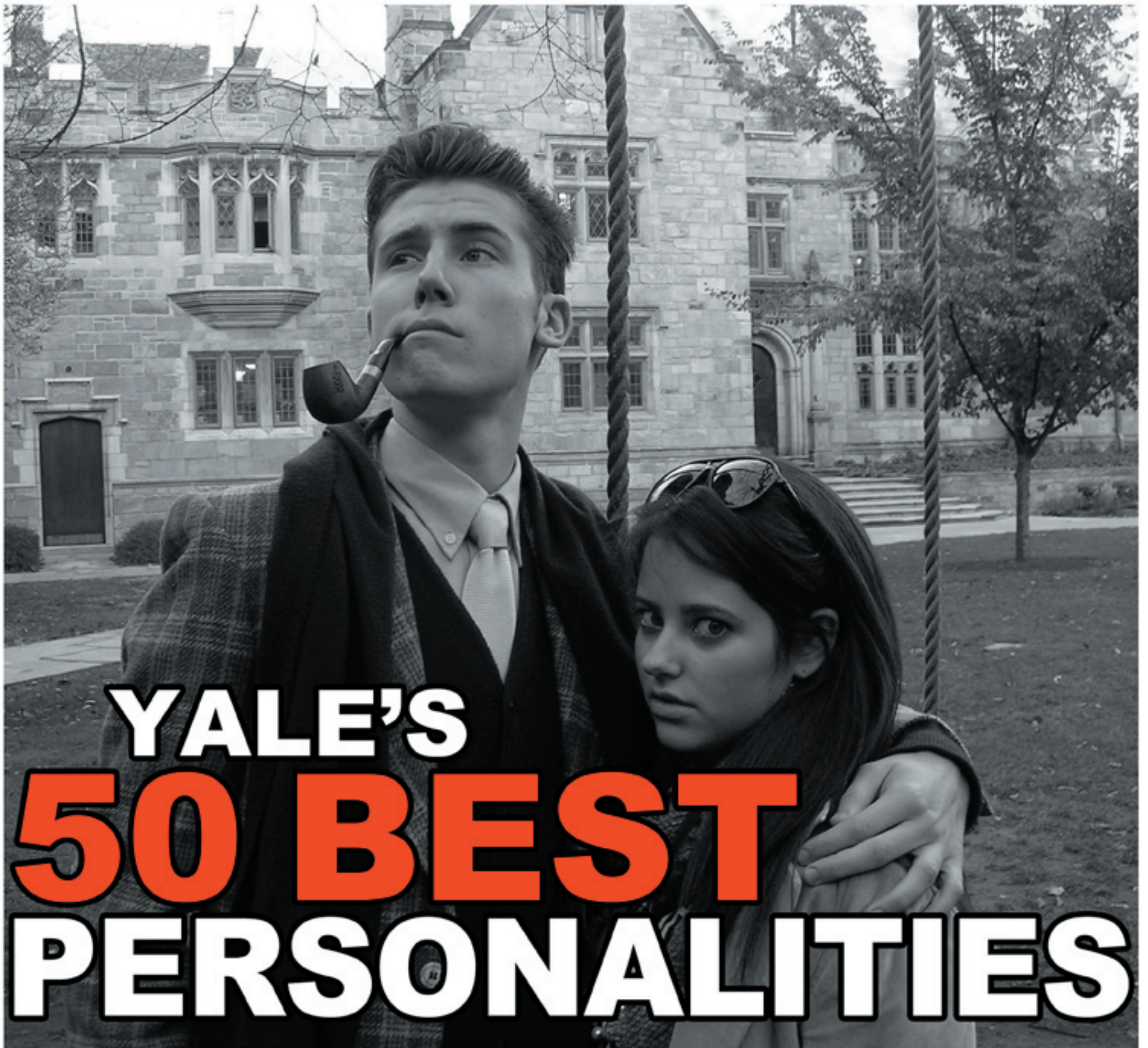
RECORD



February 2006

THE ONLY PARODY OF THE ONLY MAGAZINE AT YALE ABOUT STUFF AT YALE AT YALE

Vol 133 Number 4



YALE'S 50 BEST PERSONALITIES

RECORD

The Only Parody of the Only Magazine
at Yale about Stuff at Yale at Yale

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IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE THAT COUNTS...WE GUESS

Last Monday night, after downing some bennys, we found ourselves getting sloshed at Toad's...again. Looking through our dilated pupils at the sea of flesh writhing to the strains of Fitty (50), we caught the eye of a bodacious babe wildly gyrating in the middle of the dance floor. Just then, the DJ seamlessly transitioned into R. Kelly's latest sex jam opera. The time had come to make our move. We pimp-walked over to the aforementioned honey, our confidence enhanced by her come-hither glances and a bottle and a half of Smirnoff Apple Twist, and proceeded to get our mack on. Like so many girls before her, she became putty in our artful, groping hands. The next thing your humble *Record* editors knew, we were fumbling with the wrapper of the unfortunately festive neon green condom we grabbed from the basement. Oh, how we wish we could relive those seconds of glory! Exhausted and sated, we blacked out in our sweet love's embrace.

The harsh light of morning jostled us from our stupor. Eager for a reprise of last night's symphony of love, we nudged our sweet seductress with our conductor's baton. Horror of horrors! Our nubile nymph had been transformed into a hideous mound of fat! But emanating from somewhere within the corpulent mass, a voice struggled to make itself heard: "I just had the most wonderful dream about installing a sewage treatment system in a third world orphanage while serenading their emaciated ears with my *Time* Magazine-profiled viola da gamba playing."

Profoundly disturbed, we ushered her out of our room as quickly and quietly as possible, hoping against hope that no one had seen us the night before. But over a repast of scrambled water and egg substitute, we had to face the terrible question: "Hey

chief, what the fuck were you doing last night with that walking lard refinery?" We panicked, racking our brains for a response. What came out of our mouth stunned us: "Hey bro, there's more to bitches than just their killer bods. That ho has one fine-ass personality. Why, all you have to do is look at the next issue

of our humor magazine the *Record* to see us finally acknowledge the many breathtaking personalities

that grace our storied campus."

Fuck. The die was cast. There was no turning back. The shit had hit the fan. A stitch in time saves nine. Take it to the house.

After much hair-pulling and hand-wringing about our craven valuing of personality over luscious hottness, we realized that we actually *do* have something edifying to say to the Yale community about its personalities, or at least enough to fill up an issue of this rag. While we might not be able to focus on outer beauty, we can still reveal intimate personal details to a wide, undiscerning audience. And isn't that what's really important?

After all, O *Record* readers, how many times has your attention drifted away from the riveting discussion in your Victorian Gardening section to focus yet again on that personable guy or girl in the third seat on the left side of the table in WLH 119, TuTh 4-4:50? How often have you longed to penetrate the warm depths of his/her character, thrusting in and out of his/her faith and

goodwill towards others until your obscene thirst for personality is slaked? Haven't you fantasized about slowly removing his/her reserved nature (perhaps with your teeth), taking off his/her lacy propriety, and running your tongue down the length of her svelte, blonde, 5-foot-10, 36-24-36 personality? Jessica Hanley-Smith CC '08, you *will* be ours.

We realize that some may feel slighted by their exclusion from this year's 50 Best Personalities. To those who failed to satisfy our extremely exacting standards, we can only offer this advice: Deal with it

and stop being such a fucking Sally. Also, follow these guidelines:

- First, pay weekly visits to your local personality salon. A trained personalitician can do wonders for the split ends of your character. A salon can also provide you with state-of-the-art personality-care products, such as salves, crèmes, and other colloids to smear all over your personality.

- Second, consider hiring a personality trainer, who will help you tone your flabby integrity and tighten up your compassion. Four sets of ten reps of character crunches daily will give you a super-buff joie de vivre in no time. But be careful not to overtrain; you don't want to become too personable.

- Third, regularly wax your personality zone.

- You may also want to consider being kind to others.

If you keep in mind these suggestions, we absolutely, 100% guarantee that you will be profiled in next year's 50 Best Personalities. Or you could just be hot. Or let us have sex with you. ☺



The Rec's View

The Second 50: Those Personalities Who Juuust Missed

Maya Angelou, Susan B. Anthony, Joan of Arc, Lance Armstrong,, King Arthur, Athena, Atticus from *To Kill A Mockingbird*, Clara Barton, Dante's Beatrice, Buddha, Rachel Carson, Cinderella, Santa Claus, Confucius, Leonardo Da Vinci, Desdemona, Princess Diana, Albus Dumbledore, Amelia Earhart, Albert Einstein, Queen Elizabeth I, St. Francis of Assisi, Anne Frank, Ghandi, Che Guevara, Stephen Hawking, Jim from *Huckleberry Finn*, Thomas Jefferson, Jesus, Helen Keller, Martin Luther King Jr., Abraham Lincoln, Virgin Mary, Lucretia Mott, Isaac Newton, Florence Nightengale, Odysseus, Little Orphan Annie, Rosa Parks, Alexander Pope, Mary Poppins, "Mr. Right", Jackie Robinson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Sacagewea, William Shakespeare, Scheherazade, Socrates, Mother Theresa, Harriet Tubman ...**BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR GUYS** ☺

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RECORD RECORD

DUMB CRAP WE'VE HEARD...THAT YOU SHOULDN'T CARE ABOUT

There's nothing better and/or easier than a **vulnerable pre-prefrosh**. Twelve-year-old **Zach Wallace**, the younger brother of a Men's Squash recruit, found that out the hard (and by "hard" we might mean "erect") way when he slurped back fifty-two jell-o shots at the Men's Squash house. Having already peed in a laundry hamper and vomited very cleanly and efficiently into the mouth of an unsuspecting New Haven police officer, Wallace's night turned dramatically worse when he left the party to go crash in his brother's host's dorm room. Apparently Wallace got lost on the way home, because the next morning he woke up in the bed of none other than **basketball star Patrick Ewing (Knicks '04)**, who was nuzzling him tightly and refusing to let him go. Turns out Patrick Ewing had had quite the evening himself: after a night of sake-bombing at Samurai, Ewing proceeded to deface everything he could get his hands on, including toppling the Abraham Pierson statue on Old Campus, graffitizing his initials on each square of the Beinecke, and ripping the still-beating heart out of the chest of Annie Jones, ES '09. Then, hands still bloodied and high on whippets, Ewing found solace not in the NBA Championship that eluded him for his entire career, but in those of pre-teen Wallace. Sure little Wallace hasn't spoken in three weeks...but at least he'll be guaranteed a big envelope in six years.

We love a Yale student who knows the true meaning of "townie." **Stuart Samuels, PC '06**, began his Saturday night with a few harmless **barbiturates**, but soon turned to snorting **horse tranquilizers** and **mainlining black-tar heroin**. Who knows what happened next... but the following morning Samuels woke up in the basement of a **crack-house** off Dixwell Avenue, bloodied, wearing a knee-length baggy t-shirt, and sporting a new "Hardcore New Haven Hardcore 2005" tattoo on the back of his neck. It seems he'd inadvertently joined a **New Haven bicycle gang**, and was now enlisted with them until death or puberty. If you spot Samuels in class or at the Post Office, **watch out**—he may have a brick, or fourteen small friends—and please notify **Police Chief James A. Perrotti**.

Down on her life and living alone with her cat, **Joanna Cooper JE '08** met the man of her dreams, **Will Stevens JE**

'07, in line at the dining hall. The two hit it off and were married within a week. Soon, however, the amnesia Stevens had been suffering from after a near-fatal boating accident began to wear off, and he was revealed to be Cooper's **long-lost brother Vyacheslav Q. Cooper DC '03**. Moreover, the man he had killed to secure a place behind Cooper in line at the dining hall was none other than Cooper's **best-friend and priest Vyacheslav Q. Priestly CC '88**. Stevens/Cooper, stunned, immediately lapsed into a coma for several years, prolonged by his step-mother **Vyacheslav Q. Onasis' SM '72** attempts to **poison** him. Now what will happen? Will the nurse, enamored, use **voodoo potion** to wake Stevens/Cooper from his coma and run away to Ohio? Will the **priest-zombie** rise from the dead? And what will happen to Valerie's baby, **Vyacheslav Q. Infant NC '28**? Stay tuned until next month's *Record*.

If you're reading this, chances are you are not **Dan Summers, CC '09**, who, after a night of heavy drinking, **transformed into a sixty-foot giant** last weekend and commenced battle with a fleet of enormous winged insects. Fortunately, History Professor **John Gaddis** managed to deport him to the moon, where he now resides as **Emperor of the Moon and Everything Else Except for John Gaddis**. Thanks, Professor Gaddis!

Sometimes it's just one of those stages of life. Ask **Susan Black, DC '09**, who was having a tough time fitting into college, considering her **plain physical appearance** and **crippling social anxiety disorder**. Black, after having herself transferred to a psycho single, stopped leaving her room and soon could no longer find the courage to **face the world**. She's since **left school** and has returned to live with her parents in upstate New York. Now, she's scheduled to **live unhappily** for the next **thirty years**. See you later, Susan...unless you **kill yourself!**

Don't tell anybody I told you this, but according to **one source**, it seems that last night **that blonde chick, DC '09** had a night to not be able to remember, courtesy of **me, PC '07**. After a night of heavy drinking I ended up at **that party in L-Dub**, and while searching for a drunk girl to bang, I started up a friendly conversation with her. When she **totally wasn't**

having it, I got **pissed off** and **roofied her**. I **bet the look on some douchebag's face** was priceless **today at 5AM** when went to take a leak and saw her **inert, comatose body** on the floor. That's right: I drugged her, then proceeded to **drag her limp, almost comatose body** into the men's bathroom, where I had my way with her. As if that weren't bad enough, the source says I **took pictures of the act and put them on the internet**, because I have a **terrible psychiatric problem**. Oh, God, please make this **nightmare of guilt and anguish** end. I'm sorry. **Jesus Christ**, I'm so sorry.

It seems that last night (**name of person in room**) **ES '0**(**number between 6 and 9**), found out about privacy – the (adjective) way. Coming home from the (Greek letter) (Greek letter)(Greek letter) party (Day of the week) night, he/she found his/her roommate (**stupid euphemism for "fucking" his/her (noun)**). He backed out of the (noun) (adverb), only to find his own girlfriend, (**name of person in room**), (**either "buck" or "bare"-ass naked!** Turns out she'd been (**Verb ending in "-ing"**) it on with (number) members of the (**Verb ending in "-ing"**) team. (Insensitive, cruel, borderline-too-personal final sentence).

Every once in a while we at the *Record* get our hands on a piece of gossip so **juicy** we're not sure we should pass it on...but we always do anyway. This story—of **well-known party girl Gillian Travers '07's** just one such tidbit. Travers started the night with a **nice, intimate aperitif** with her **close friends**—who were **getting along really well**—got **comfortably tipsy**, and went out for a **nice meal at Roomba** on her **parents' credit card**, which they were **totally fine with**. Contented and **still comfortably tipsy** from a **couple of bottles of nice wine**, Travers continued on to a **not-too-crowded party with lots of nice, cute guys and great music** where she chanced to meet **Will Barrett '06**, a **reliable, trustworthy millionaire** with a **really great smile**, who wasted no time in asking her to **s'mores at Cosi the following Wednesday**. Will even **walked her home before telling her he'd never felt this way so fast before** and **kissing her gently at first, then passionately (but not in a gross way)**. She then proceeded to **win the Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes**. Be more careful next time, Gillian, you stupid slut...or you'll wind

up in *Record, Record* again.

We at the *Record* have incontrovertible evidence that **Annie Payson, TD '06**, a former intern at the state department, it an **active member of the American Communist Party**. As far back as 2001, when she did her senior project running errands for her local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, a **known Communist front group**, she has been **on a soviet payroll**. She can try to hide behind her **socialist mentors**, but she cannot escape the truth. That the State Department has employed, for an entire summer, someone who is known to be **actively spreading Marxist ideology**, is a sign of how naïve, and how imperiled, our great nation has become.

As the **United States** moves forward into the twenty-first century, there is no doubt that **oil availability** will continue to be one of our **most pressing concerns**. With the rise of China, instability in the middle east, and a **costly war abroad**, fuel prices are set to rise dramatically unless important action is taken. While some conservatives, **backed by oil company lobbyists**, advocate opening American wilderness areas such as **the Artic National Wildlife Refuge to drilling**, it is increasingly clear that these measures will do little more than profit oil companies. We at the *Record* hope our elected officials take the **morally courageous choice** in opposing domestic drilling and actively seek creative, effective solutions to this **growing national crisis**.

After two decades of heavy drinking (and one evangelical rebirth), **George W. Bush DC '68** wound up running for President. Then, coincidentally, after a night of heavy drinking, the **United States Supreme Court** voted 5-4 to hand him the presidency. Bush proceeded to **allow oil companies** to dictate our energy policy, **trample on civil liberties**, and appoint unqualified cronies to top government jobs. Then Bush, along with **Dick Cheney**, also took the time to deliberately **mislead the American Public**—including falsifying intelligence reports, and branding his opponents as terrorist sympathizers— in order to lead America into a **long, costly war** with no end in sight. He's also underfunded schools, alienated the international community, and ignored port security. Nice going, George: looks like the **American People (YC 1701-'05)** got screwed. ☹

Emily Drapeau is a girl who lives by the four 'Rs.' Reduce, reuse, recycle, and ravishing. In fact, Emily's so great, we're 15% in love with her now, and committed to being 100% in love by the year 2012.

This *Record* reporter first met Emily late November inside her pitch-black icebox of a room, but was immediately warmed by the depth of her most sustainable environmental concern.

"Sorry about

emily drapeau

the lights and the heat, I don't really use them so I can save energy," said the Birkenstocks-clad succubus, while systematically unplugging all the electrical appliances in her suite. "Every little bit counts. For example, did you know that Yale could cut down its food waste by 4% if they switched to a more sustainable single-floor campus? Students save an average of 23 calories a day if they don't waste energy climbing stairs. And don't get me started on how much Yale could save if it instituted a much-needed exercise ban. Every time I see someone jogging, I cringe just thinking about how many extra apples and granola bars they must have gnawed through to feed their selfish, destructive habit." Yes indeed Emily, and speaking of destructive habits, we'd like to "rampantly deforest" you, all the way to the next *Climax* Campaign meeting.

A member of YSEC, STEP, and YSFP, this MP recently spearheaded an initiative aimed at convincing Yale to convert to 20% eco-friendly Photosynthesis Power. Accord-

ing to Emily, "trees naturally give off 5 Btu of energy each day due to excess photosynthesis. If Yale were to plant a forest of only 4,204 square miles in size, it could easily harness enough of this energy to power most of its automated pencil sharpeners or nearly half the lights in the Fence Club." Sounds like a great plan to this reporter, who would love to chloro-fill Emily with his "renewable energy source."

But just because she's busy saving the world, doesn't mean this personable planeteer can't take a joke. "My friends know I don't eat things with faces," she says, "so one time they carved little smileys onto all my vegetables. Ha ha, I starved for a week and had to be hospitalized for severe glucose depletion. College."

So what kind of guy will Emily let enter her "natural habitat"? "I like men who are interested in showering together with me," says the seductive Gaia, "It's not really a sexual thing, it just conserves water. Oh, and he better not be allergic to plants." High standards, but Emily, this *Record* reporter is certain of one thing: you've caused him to have a "development" in his pants, and it's "sustainable" for at least the next fifteen minutes, so why don't you come on down to his "ecosystem" for a little "fucking." ☹



We were just minding our own business, walking down Whitney one evening, when bam, we became face to face with love. And love wanted five dollars.

Shatweeka Utanapishtim, known to most as the "Epic of Gilgamesh Lady" is no ordinary panhandler. This Homeric hobo has a story, and that story is the legendary quest of Gilgamesh for immortality. "Supreme over other kings, lordly in appearance, he is the hero, born of Uruk, the goring wild bull," she trills, her abrasive voice elevated slightly above

comfort levels, "Two-thirds of him is god, one third five dollars! You owe me five dollars

shatweeka utanapishtim

buddy!"

Oh Shat-

weeka

your dul-

cet tones

make us want to irrigate your "Fertile Crescent."

Many students have caught a glimpse of this Sumerian seductress, who can often be seen walking unsteadily around campus, fumbling with her pockets and peddling several minutes of awkward distress for spare change, but only a lucky few have been given the true Babylonian berating. One such fortunate student says,

"In exchange for a dollar, she offered to transcribe the clash of Gilgamesh and Enkidu onto a clay tablet in the original cuneiform, but I honestly didn't have any money on me. When I asked where she got the clay and the wedge-shaped stylus, she started yelling and followed me for several



blocks shouting about 'Humbaba' and the 'seven splendors.' What the hell." Yikes, is it just us, or is it getting hot in (h)Ur?

According to one student, there is more to Shatweeka than meets the eye. "I heard she has a pretty tragic back story," said the student while taking a circuitous side-route to avoid contact with

Ms. Utanapishtim, "like she graduated from the University of Algiers with a degree in Mesopotamian literature or something, but her best friend was murdered for stealing the Golden Bull of Heaven. I just feel so bad for her, I wish I didn't pay for everything with a credit card so I could give her some change and get her to go away." One thing's for sure, Shatweeka, you can "generate a conflict" between our "vague humanitarian guilt" and our "shallow self-interest" any day. Just thinking about it has made this *Record* reporter erect a ziggurat in his pants. ☹





What's long, hard, and makes inexperienced freshmen girls scream? Why, Garles Chaddis' world-renowned class "Introduction to Renaissance Italy, 1345-1588" of course!

Garles, the Pewter Professor Emeritus of Renaissance Studies, has been at Yale longer than anyone can remember, although carbon dating suggests he be-

gan teaching two hundred and twenty seven years ago. He describes himself as the "humble successor to Proust and Kafka", but we describe him as "having just made us orgasm 13 successive times, drenching the floor with our own version of chiaroscuro shading."

A true academic, Garles is the author of such esteemed critical works as *Il Rinascimento Con Carne* and the best-selling *Chaddis' Michelangelo's David*. Together, they are considered the

impetus for the majority of modern art scholarship. But that's not all this erudite Eros is good for. He remarks, "As you recall from my seminal 1973 treatise 'Defining The Modern Renaissance Man — Exemplum: Garles Chaddis' I believe the imperforate humanist is defined by his transferal of scholarship into the forthcoming generation." Professor Chaddis, here at the *Record* we've got some humanists who you can "transfer some scholarship into." We'll be forth-coming in no time.

Unsurprisingly, Garles is not short of admirers. Be it the twenty-eight middle-aged TAs who help Xerox his readings, clean his house, feed, and bathe him, or the hundreds of students who sit captivated as he decrepity cheats death at the lectern, he is never at odds for a potential court case. When asked to describe the charm of the pedantic prima donna, one student mused, "Professor Chaddis said something about the essence of description in his noted 1926 essay, *A Genius Evaluates the Sistine Chapel*, but I don't really remember. I probably clapped for it though. All that clapping, and I still got a 'C'. God damn it." Well, we certainly wouldn't mind getting a 'C' from Gar-

les, so long as the 'C' stands for 'cock.'

So what does the future hold for this Renaissance Manly Man? "I intend to reread the complete annals of Scholastic recording," says the studious stud, "so that I can be fully prepared to update my first book, *Conversations with Leonardo*. Have I mentioned that I've written enough books to fill an entire floor of Sterling? A lot of people find that sort of inhuman intelligence quite fetching. Has anyone ever told you that you are a very beautiful young lady? It might please you to know that Garles Chaddis, one of the greatest minds of his age, quite enjoys a girl with ample bosoms, and wide, curvaceous birthing hips, such as yourself...if you would be so kind as to not tell the grievance board any of this, that would be most fortunate."

Professor Chaddis, you prolix piece

most personable
BIG NAME
PROFESSOR

garles
chaddis

of ass, it's a good thing the Yale grievance board is a sham, because we're jonesing for some "annal" sex sometime soon. You can put it in our Butt-icelli—all night long.



Vanessa Thomas is so hot. Not just like, hot, but like so so hot, or maybe so so hot hot. At first this reporter thought, "Oh, so she's really hot. No big deal. I'm incredibly smooth, well-endowed, and wealthy. She can't intimidate me"—but this reporter was mistaken. Upon entering her room, this reporter immediately realized there was no way to approach her: not with that long hair, that pale complexion, that desperate, longing gaze. She was just too hot. Also, she was sealed in an airtight chamber.

After recovering from his swollen, disfigured erection, and, with the help of Vanessa's large masculine nurse, donning the sterilized glass helmet worn

by all Vanessa's visitors, this reporter approached the chamber's communication box and asked Vanessa a few ques-

tions about her life at Yale. "It's not that bad, really, having no immune system," Vanessa said. "I mean, I'm sealed in this airtight chamber, which is sort of difficult. But my roommates have been really accommodating. They know I have special needs, so they try not to bring any food or test tubes filled with infectious viruses into the room. And they don't seem to mind living in DUH." When asked if she's had any difficulty adjusting to college life, Vanessa responded, "Not really. I mean, I can't go to class, or the dining hall, or anywhere except this ten-by-ten-by-ten cube, but things are okay. And sometimes my roommates bring friends to interact with me and explain the outside world. I guess there was that time last Halloween when they got a bunch of people to dress as white blood cells and stage an elaborate battle against cardboard 'pathogens,' but other than that things have been pretty smooth."

Charitable Yale men who may want to lend a hand "engulfing foreign bodies" in

most personable
UNTOUCHABLY
HOT GIRL

Vanessa's "mucus membrane" will be surprised to note that she's single. "I'm actually a really innocent girl," Vanessa explained. "I don't go out much, and I rarely meet guys. In fact, I've never experienced physical contact

with another human. But every now and then my roommates press pornographic photos against my chamber's glass window, so I think I know what it's all about."

Even if she lacks an immune system, Vanessa's no easy catch. She's looking for a guy who "understands her special needs," "doesn't mind the presence of her large masculine nurse, or the airtight chamber surrounding her," and "is willing to disinfect himself, twice a day, by a quick and painless irradiation treatment." She prefers tall, dark-haired boys, but admits that anyone willing to come and talk to her will do. Vanessa tends to stay in on Saturday nights, so she imagines her perfect date as a romantic dinner in her room at DUH. "But no candles, flowers, or un-



sterilized silverware. And please mash the food into a pulp and run it through a chlorine wash. And it'd be nice if you cleaned the chamber's feeding tray after dinner. And turned on the oxygen processor. Sorry."

So she's a small hassle. But did I mention that she's really, really hot? 🐱

vanessa
thomas

Some students attend Yale for the academics, others to snag a studly Ivy League spouse. But not Susan Easter Wilson. Hailing from the heart of the heartland—Red Cloud, Nebraska—where there are three

susan easter wilson

most personable
JESUS FREAK

my life partner, I want him to join me for my spiritual devotion and not for reasons of temptation." Don't worry Susan—we won't

isn't taken up by crosses of various sizes. A large armoire is devoted to Susan's large collection of shapeless three-season sweater collection. Susan explains her unusual fashion choice: "When the Lord does send

worship your Domes of the Rock.

Susan has found local churches too leftist for her Bible Belt roots ("one of them had a lady minister—what's next, a talking horse?"), so she arranges weekly Bible study sessions in her room with a group of likeminded Christaholics. Methodically proceeding from Genesis to Revelation, the group engages in friendly competition to see who can find the most justifications per chapter for the sinfulness of homosexuality or the unredemptiveness of the Jews. "The winner gets a gilt-edged Bible at our end-of-the-year party," Susan raves. "You should come hang out for Christ (he 'hung out' for us)—there'll be tons of punch, and for those who don't drink sugar, water!"

Majoring in Religious Studies—what else—Susan plans to spend a few years in Africa teaching the savages about Jesus' love and the evils of contraception. Susan speaks enthusiastically about this "missionary position," which will expose her to undreamt exotic worlds of biblical exegesis and outerwear. "I've heard that God burnt the Africans to a crisp to punish them for their idolatrous ways...I hope I can still wear my sweaters in Angola—Leviticus specifically forbids exposed elbows!" ☹

When Susan is not having heavenly threesomes with the Church Fathers, this bride of Christ can be found sipping tomato juice alone at the Saybrook Squiche [sp.?] and tunelessly humming "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." "When I really want to let my hair down—metaphorically, of course, since loose hair is an abomination in the eyes of Jehovah—I'll have a decaffeinated orange soda. But never on the Lord's Day. Then it's just fasting and flagellation for me!"

This *Record* reporter got a firsthand tour of Susan's single, which she modestly describes as "ground zero in the war against the godless." Giant posters of Creed and Jim Caviezel adorn the wall space that



2-4-6-8, to whom does this reporter masturbate? Jane Grinell! Jane Grinell! Gooooooooo, Jane Grinell! Dressed in her trademark polypropylene shirt and hiking shorts, Jane – or, as she's known on the trail, Pussywillow – is not afraid to overpower men with her strong spirit and distinctive odor.

This first thing one notices upon entering Jane's room is the large tent set up in the common room. "Yeah, you know, there's just something wholesome about sleeping on an inflated camping mattress in a synthetic down sleeping bag under the natural roof of VX02 fabric." We know what you mean, Jane – we'd loved to inflate your Thermarest!

Commenting on her extensive water bottle collection, Jane says, "Each of these Nalgene's holds a special place in my heart. See, this FOOT Nalgene was my very first love. This 'Free Tibet' one represents my undying commitment to social causes that really inspire me. And this one is 100% percent organic – it also serves as an emergency food ration." Man, would this *Record* reporter love to fill Jane up with exactly one liter of his organic, biodegradable liquid!

Jane recently took time off from Yale to travel to Patagonia through the Bulldogs in the Backcountry program.

She spent her first month there working with indigenous people and other Yalies on a sustainable farm. Jane gushes, "I learned so much from working with Bill [Corian, SY '06], Jack [DeLyle, TD '07], Dan [Sansworth, BR '07] and all those great native folk. They taught me all I know about finding myself. I can't wait to see the whole gang at the reunion [in New Haven] next month!"

According to Jane, her life-affirming time off also left her with a newfound sense of environmental responsibility. Bright eyes shining, Jane said, "When I was backpacking in the Andean backcountry, I was appalled to see natives entering the wilderness area and harvesting plants to use for feeding their families. I mean, really, how am I supposed to enjoy nature when these people are rampantly subsisting off the land?" We don't know, Jane, but we're pretty sure we could subsist off the bounty of your fertile soil!

And what is Jane looking for in the perfect FOOT co-leader? "My ideal guy would enjoy rousing games of Big Booty and Mafia, fleece in all its manifestations and world peace." An ideal date? "A multi-week expedition away from all the trials, tribulation and showers of modern society, sleeping every night in a bivy sac hanging precariously from a wall of rock."

All this *Record* Reporter can say is, boy, I'd love to drill some pitons into Jane's rock face. ☹

most personable
FOOT LEADER
jane
grinell

"IRREGARDLESS" IS NOT A WORD

From his "JMS" monogrammed Yale sweaters to his loyal attendance at every home football game to his charmingly ineradicable anti-Semitism, Montague Summers screams "classic Yale man." With his piercing blue eyes and perfectly styled sandy hair, this is the fellow every debu-

tante wants on her arm as she parades into cotillion. Ever the traditionalist, Monty gets his three-pieces at Brooks Brothers, his neckerchiefs at J.Press, and his racism from a social conscience frozen in the Coolidge Administration. "A country club should be like heaven: no Jews, Catholics, or Negroes allowed!" Monty chortled over bowls of baker's soup at Mory's. Don't forget the Irish, Monty!

Heir to the Summers ball bearing fortune, this natty playboy spends his summers on Long Island's North Shore recreating a world in which 1929's Black Monday (and seventy-seven subsequent years of history) never happened. Extravagant lawn parties blaze long into the night at Monty's beach-front estate as all of society congregates to dance the Charleston and jitterbug while sipping gin fizzes in blatant violation of the Volstead Act. "Sometimes on steamy July nights, before I have my way with her, a broad and I will go down to the dock and switch the green boat light on and off in an attempt to cause shipwrecks. It also really perturbs the renter across the bay—ah, the other half."

So where does this impeccably turned out scion spend his time at Yale when not dancing the foxtrot or taunting the proletariat? As the official tobacconist of the Conservative Party, Monty spends many an afternoon in the back of Old Owl talking tobacco lore with the proprietor, who has personally provided three generations of Summerses with Kentucky's finest white burley pipe tobacco. "A good

cigar and servile help—two things that are just hard to come by these days," Monty admits ruefully. Academically, Monty spends his time up on Hillhouse with the other EP&E majors. "The boys and I have it out oftentimes, because those chuckleheads keep trying to tell me about some powderpuff theory called 'Keynesian economics.' No Summers man got to where he is in the ball bearing industry through following child labor laws, I'll tell you that!"

However, Monty's rakish days can't last forever. So the question is, what kind of gal will one day become Mrs. J. Montague Summers? Ladies, look out: if you want this Montague to be the Romeo to your Juliet, you better meet a few basic requirements: what Monty calls "the three As—ageless, Aryan, airhead." As Monty puts it, "I don't want some talker-backer nagging me over not remembering such-and-such or having an affair with so-and-so. Just look good on my arm at opera galas and keep the Botox coming." ☹

**j. montague
summers**

**most personable
YALE MAN**



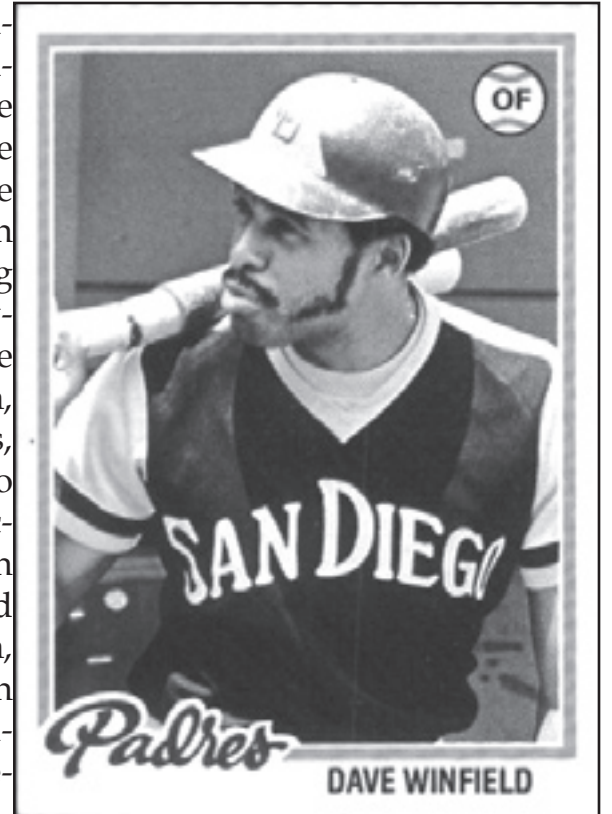
In his 22 seasons in Major League Baseball, Hall-of-Fame outfielder Dave Winfield amassed some of the most-personable statistics of any player in his generation, including a lifetime .283 batting average, 3110 hits, 465 home runs, 1833 runs batted in, 12 all-star nominations, five Gold Gloves, two World Series appearances (including a title with the 1992 Blue Jays), and one spot in Cooperstown, where he was inducted in 2001—the first year of eligibility after his 1995 retirement.

A native of St. Paul, Minnesota, Winfield raised eyebrows in his college days at local University of Minnesota, where he led the Golden Gophers to a College World Series title in 1973 as both a hitter and a pitcher. A gifted 6'6" athlete with a strong throwing arm, Winfield was drafted out of college by the San Diego Padres as well as the NBA's Atlanta Hawks, the ABA's Utah Stars and the NFL's Minnesota Vikings, even though he hadn't played football in college. The Russians also sought Winfield's services as a key addition to their space program, but he declined the offer, citing a fear of outer space.

The Padres then made an almost unheard-of move: they sent Winfield straight to the majors without any time in the minor league. Winfield played eight seasons in San Diego, including his breakout 1979 season, in which he stroked 34 homers and posted a .308 average and a career-high 118 RBI. But after the 1980 season Winfield became a free-agent and signed a landmark 10-year, \$23-million contract with the New York Yankees, making him, at that time, the highest-paid player in baseball.

"I have just signed a landmark 10-year, \$23-million contract with the New York Yankees, making me the highest-paid player in baseball," Winfield said at the time.

So began, in 1981, Winfield's nine



seasons in New York, which included a first visit to the world series (in 1981, a loss to the Los Angeles Dodgers), a career-high .340 average in 1984, and numerous run-ins with Yankee owner George Steinbrenner. In 1991, Steinbrenner traded Winfield, thus beginning the third phase of Winfield's career, in which he played with four different squads in his final six seasons, including the 1992 season with Toronto in which Winfield won his first and only World Series ring.

In addition to his long, illustrious career, Winfield is famous among baseball fans for an incident that occurred during the August 4, 1983 New York at Toronto game. During warm-ups before the fifth inning, Winfield accidentally struck a seagull with a ball he had thrown, killing it. After a less than remorseful reaction—Winfield sarcastically removed his cap—fans responded by booing him and throwing projectiles. Winfield was later served with a \$500 cruelty-to-animals citation by the Ontario Provincial Police. Fortunately for Winfield, he was the highest-paid player in baseball.

Winfield was inducted into the Major League Baseball Hall-of-Fame in 2001. When asked if he had any advice for fellow Yale students about how to be inducted to the Major League Baseball Hall-of-Fame, Winfield responded: "Live the dream. Baseball, baseball. Dave Winfield forever!" ☹

**dave
winfield**

**most personable
DAVE WINFIELD**

"In't that jus' the most adorable li'l ol' thing you eva' did see?" This was the third mailbox Claire had commented upon, but this *Record* reporter was happy to agree with any honeyed word out of the sultry Southerner's mouth. C.M. du F. is a pure product of America, a golden-haired Alabama slamma' with the mellifluous accent of a Scarlett O'Hara, and the latent racism to boot. We'd all like to ring this belle!

"Charity has always been part of my nature," Claire says while adjusting her double strand of pearls and fixing this *Record* reporter with blue eyes as limpid as Carolina swimming holes where young lovers while away the hours until they contract diphtheria from the microbe-infected cesspool. They do say that charity starts at home, even if your home is a 450-acre antebellum-era brightleaf tobacco plantation on Alabama's Gulf Coast. As this slack-

jawed *Record* reporter fantasized about the border states peeking out from her La Coste V-neck, Claire rattled off how the Du Forets have always been at the forefront of labor negotiation: "after the War of Northern Aggression, we immediately gave all our sharecroppers forty acres and a toy pony, since all the mules had been bartered for crinoline and whalebone corsets. Recently, we've increased Alabama's Hispanic diversity by shipping in non-unionized Guatemalans to harvest the tobacco. They get their own quarters to practice their native chanting and everything!"

At Yale, Claire has been active in

generates into Grey Goose shots in preparation for a big night of partying at Toad's, but no matter who/what she does that night, Claire always staggers into church bright and early Sunday morning. "Christ really inspires me to help the less fortunate," Claire says solemnly, as she handed the remnants of her Raspberry Chicken Explosion salad to a startled black businessman passing by on Chapel Street

[I think this might be funnier than just a bum because it hits the racism angle too, but your call]. Proving her social conscience, Claire is founder of Daughters of the Confederacies for the Widows of Operation Enduring Liberty/Iraqi Freedom and a facebook.com group devoted to the virtues of grits. And the twenty-four-thousand (confederate) dol-



lar question: to what kind of man will Claire give a tour of her "Dirty South?" "Well," she drawls, "he should be tall, dark, and handsome...not *too* dark of course...really just someone who will take care of me. After all, I'm only here to get my M.R.S...teehee!" So wannabe General Shermans: if you plan to pillage this Southlander, sheath your sabers and get your checkbooks out instead! ☞

claire marie du foret

most personable
SOUTHERN BELLE

bringing a little Southern comfort

to us benighted Northerners. Every Saturday afternoon, Claire and her Theta sisters host a

sweet tea hour at her off-campus place ("It's the one with the Stars and Bars in the window, just holla' and I'll let you in!"). She says the tea party usually de-



Lucas Ray Bigsby is crouching in a tree on Old Campus and refuses to come down.

"I just want to ask you a few very revealing questions about your personality. You can trust me, I'm from the *Yale Record*," this reporter hollers at him.

"Life at Deep Springs com-

bines rigorous academics with the challenges of the labor program and of democratic self-governance," he hollers back.

"What?"

"Deep Springs offers only an Associate's Degree in the liberal arts. Deep Springs does not currently consider female applicants. Deep Springs is located on Highway 168 in Inyo County, California. Deep Springs has..."

"Will you please come down?"

"No. I've got to read more Cicero before section."

And that was the "interview." Fortunately, this reporter is more resourceful than the average two-bit writer for a Yale publication, and decided to construct a makeshift shelter in a nearby tree so as to observe Lucas in his daily habits. After several months of close watching, this reporter has concluded that Lucas Ray Bigsby is a transfer student from Deep Springs College, a tiny school located on Highway 168 in Inyo County, California that does not currently consider female applicants and

only offers an Associate's Degree in the liberal arts. Each morning Lucas wakes before sunrise and descends from his tree to commune with a pack of deer that mysteriously appear on Old Campus each morning before sunrise. In the day-time, he can be seen riding a speckled-brown colt in the hallways of WLH, or occasionally in the stacks at Sterling, making goat cheese. He's often alone and generally doesn't communicate with other people, but he has been spotted at the top of Harkness Tower, sending smoke signals to his forest brethren. And once this reporter saw him take a dump in the Silliman courtyard, but he

quickly buried the stool and continued foraging for roots and wild berries.

Lucas doesn't have a girlfriend, but he's recently been spraying his urine in bushes and mailboxes, so he's probably in rutting season. If this reporter had to guess his type, it would either be "outdoorsy" or "four-legged mammal." Lucas is rather strapping, in a crazed sweaty

lucas ray bigsby

most personable
TRANSFER STUDENT

sort of way, and this reporter has observed various Yale women making advances towards him, but always to no effect. Apparently they

have little understanding of plumage and the benefits of sexual dimorphism in inter-sexual selection. Lucas, in turn, has taken to masturbating frequently and howling at passerby.

Lucas is, after all, a transfer student, and needs personal space while he makes his transition to Yale. If you'd like to get to know Lucas better, do not approach his tree, because he's very territorial. Don't offer him food, either, because it'll disrupt his natural diet and may introduce New-Haven-born pathogens his immune system has never encountered. And please, no flash photography. Lucas is a unique contribution to the diversity of the Yale community. Let's just let him roam. ☞

Marni Feldshuh needs no formal introduction. If you've ever stepped outside your door, you've either seen her, heard about her, or experienced her for yourself. Often mistaken for drunk Quinnipiac student, Marni is the noble recipient of Toad's prestigious MVP award for the fifth year running—even though she's only a junior. How is this possible you ask? Let's just say Marni owes favors and *always* follows up on them.

Marni is not a new addition to the pages of the *Record*. She is practically a weekly standard in our feature *Record Record*, for everything from going 15 for 15 with the men's lightweight crew team to waking up at Toad's more times than we (or she) can count. When asked about her penchant for getting up in people's business, Marni responds, "I love people. I consider myself one of the most personable people I know! Also, I'm not picky." In fact, instead of a little black

book, Marni keeps an address-library. "A biiiiiig black one," she says. "For all my acquaintances."

A quick tour of Marni's bedroom reveals even more about her personality than her lexicon ever will. Being the responsible and environmentally aware gal that she is, Marni always keeps blue recycling bin filled to the brim... with empty bottles of grain alcohol. "I really believe in efficiency," Marni explains, "and I don't like to waste energy. Think of all those starving children in Africa!

So before I head to Toad's I line up five shots of grain, to conserve liquid and calories." Marni also

most personable
TOAD'S SLUT

boasts an extensive collection of shot glasses, featuring snazzy catchphrases such as "50% angel 100% devil," and "my other ride is your dad, cousin, brother and uncle." When I ask Marni about her shot glasses, she responds, "I made those myself. I love keeping my hands busy." Marni sure does, according to all five of my suitemates.

Marni was not always such a willing, social spectacle. In high school, Marni's first kiss was senior year prom,



when her date passed out in her lap. "I take an opportunity when I see one," she says. "Especially since I was butt-ugly in high school. Everyone called me 'the bearded girl,' since I had a beard and my parents never let me cover it with cosmetics. They were big proponents of natural beauty." Luckily for 75% of the guys here, that all changed when Marni got to Yale. "I finally shaved it off. A lot of the guys I was getting to know complained about itchy burning sensations.

Now I love my new look—I'll never wear a beard again!"

Unfortunately, Marni's already taken. Speaking very slowly, crossing her fingers, and winking ten times, Marni insists, "I'm taken. Hunter Coldstone is the only man for me." What, then, would it take to land this sweet Casanova? Next to nothing. Just find her at Toad's, get your groove on, and you may be one of the lucky many that get to pick from her bowl of cherries. ☺



There is always one in each gym. He can bench press two times your weight without breaking a sweat and his biceps have their own area codes, which makes him convenient to reach when your girl swoons into his arms simply because she can't avoid the gravitational field released by his chest. Dirk Helfheber, though, is not just any old Big Dumb Fuck, he's Yale's BDF, and even he's figured out that he's

the manliest student to enter Payne Whitney, ever.

A fifth-year senior in JE, Dirk can usually be found in the gym where he's been pumping up, getting his drink on with his Zeta Psi brothers, or watching the Yankees once again prove they're worth their weight in lead from his off-campus pad. Regardless of where he's hanging out, though, Dirk manages to stick out due to the repeated intensity, tenacity, and girth of everything he puts his mind to, and that really means everything.

With all of this in mind, you might wonder why Dirk came to study at Yale. "I wasn't so into it myself, but once I heard it had the biggest gym in the Western Hemisphäre, I was sold." When Dirk can't fit time to study into his schedule he doesn't panic, "You've gotta know your goals. Some people just want to become another doctor like everyone else, but me, I want to use my Yale degree and training to help me win the strong man competitions like the ones they have on ESPN." Since he spends so much time in the gym, sometimes his biggest problem is just trying

to keep women from pumping his iron, though usually he's good to spot more than a few lifts.

This *Record* reporter doesn't want to give the impression that Dirk's all brawn, because he wouldn't have gotten where he is today without the help and support of his frat brothers, his favorite funnel, and an overactive liver. "Nobody loves Zeta Psi more than Dirk," says his frat brother Ron Selzner, JE '08, "but he's not gay or anything, even when he hooks up with one of our dudes a few times." Zeta Psi hasn't had a more stalwart member since it's founding, and to many, the frat without Dirk would just be DKE without the ruffies—or the women.

Best of all, at least for you ladies and 30% of you guys out there, Dirk's now free from the shackles of a long-term relationship and back to his old life as the biggest fish in the dating pool, in more ways than one. What's her loss is our gain. Why not see if Dirk will help you out next time you're in the gym, or at least show you how to work the showers. ☺

dirk
helfheber

most personable
BIG DUMB FUCK

From the time he was given his first Fischer-Price Trading Desk, Aaron Levinson has been preparing to make money, and lots of it, as an investment banker – oops, sorry folks, that's I-banker. It's no surprise then that future trophy wives are already eager to let Aaron F them in their Vs.

This *Record* reporter first met Aaron outside of UCS, where, looking particularly Goldman **most personable** **FUTURE I-BANKER** Sexy in a three-piece black suit, he was camping out in order to secure the "most profitable" walk-in appointment time. "Damn, I've already had to suck four recruiter's dicks this week," he yawned. "That's figuratively, of course. Make sure you put it in there that I only enjoy sucking figurative dick.

Aaron Levinson

dedication, and community concern: President of the Yale Entrepreneurial Society, Volunteer at the Yale Women's Center, a 3.83 GPA – "Yeah, umm, I so didn't make up any of that." Founder of "Trouser Snake," Yale's newest secret so-

I'm *not* gay, okay?" Well, Aaron, we hear that a whole bunch of hot ladies are currently interested in not-so-figuratively merging their acquisitions with your large portfolio.

You'd be wrong to assume that Mr. Levinson is going to let just anyone Credit Suisse First Bust in his mouth, though – this is a man of principle. In fact, his resume practically reads like an ode to direction,



ciety? "Oh yeah, that one's actually true. It's just a bunch of GOBs smoking cigars naked and stuff. Hey, don't laugh douche bag."

So where does this sexier version of Patrick Bateman see himself in twenty years? "That's easy," he says, "in the den of my Fifth Avenue apartment, sitting alone among the pieces of my modern art collection with a half-finished bottle of single malt scotch, gently weeping to myself because all the money in the

world can't make up for the fact that my children call the doorman 'Daddy'...a guy can dream, can't he?"

Nevertheless Aaron will be careful not to follow completely in the footsteps of his father, legendary commodities magnate Chad Levinson. "Yeah, he and Alan Greenspan were really, really, really close at one point. They took a lot of 'business trips' together and shit. I got pretty lonely as a kid."

But this bull (well, actually, this bear) isn't going to mount just any dame – to insider-trade your way into Aaron's pants you'll have to meet a pretty high performance target, consistently surpassing the expectations of the meat market. "Most importantly," Aaron explains, "he – GAH! she – has to be young enough that I won't have to go through the hassle of finding a trophy wife in a few years. At the moment, age thirteen is the cutoff, but anyone over nine better have a great personality." Uh-oh, Aaron, looks like you're a sexual predator!

Our bad. An "S-Predator." ☹

The lights go off and the crowd settles down in Sprague for another dull sonata from the dark ages. Then, out walks Whitney Ninternan, a lone girl carrying nothing but four spoons and a smile. Before you know it, you've been treated to the hottest, sweatiest, dirtiest night...of classical spoon-playing in your life. And as this *Record* **most personable** **VIRTUOSO** reporter can attest, it wasn't just the audience that kept standing after the show.

Some people find her skill to even be intimidating. "In high school I organized a bunch of Habitat trips to Latin America, which I thought would really make me stand out when I got to Yale," Ninternan's roommate, Jules Pointer told the *Record*, "but when your roommate is the best spoons player in the Western Hemisphere, well...anyway."

Whitney was born in Little Rock, AR,

where she began her lifelong affair with music at the age of two. Her first music teacher was her grandfather Jedediah Whitney, who used to play her pieces on whatever he happened to have around, from straws to salt-shakers, eventually settling on spoons. "He taught me it's not as important what you play on as what's in your heart."

Whitney and her family left Little Rock for Los Angeles when she was five, after Jedediah died of a heart attack.

Rest assured, though, men--spoons aren't the only piece of equipment Whitney has mastered manipulating. Following in her grandfather's footsteps, Whitney began her own experiments with different percussive instruments at an early age. Whitney spent her childhood practicing the fork nonstop until at the age of 14 she decided that their ugly, pointed tone wasn't pure enough for such a virtuous virtuoso like herself.

After a brief, misguided "chopstick phase," Whitney looked to other silverware for her answer. Remembering her grandfather's fondness for spoons, Whitney began working towards bringing her mastery of the fork with her and,

after several months spent on a transitional pair of training sporks, quickly became one of the top spoons players in the country. She debuted at Carnegie when she was only 17 and just a year ago won a Grammy for her LP duet with Edgar Meyer, *Stolen Silver*.

How does Whitney feel to be chosen for MP? "I'm proud to be recognized by

my fellow students, and maybe this'll help introduce some people to spooning. I'm doing whatever I can to increase awareness, and I'm also giving lessons to help pay for my tuition. If you're interested give me a call." Don't worry, Whitney, if you're offering a private lesson in spooning you'll have no shortage of calls. ☹



A GRUNDLE OF JOY

Hugh Grant beware - cute misunderstandings are the name of Grundle's game. A native of Azerbaijan, where "Grundle" means "joy" and "Grundleface" means "emanating from the joyous and sacred river of the heart," this is one personality who's used to taking it all in stride. "Sure, when I tell Americans my name they often laugh, at first," says Grundleface, taking a big bite of wetpussy, a traditional Azerbaijani holiday dish. "But I think the differences between the languages of our two countries is funny also. After all, there is saying in the Azerbaijani language

most personable

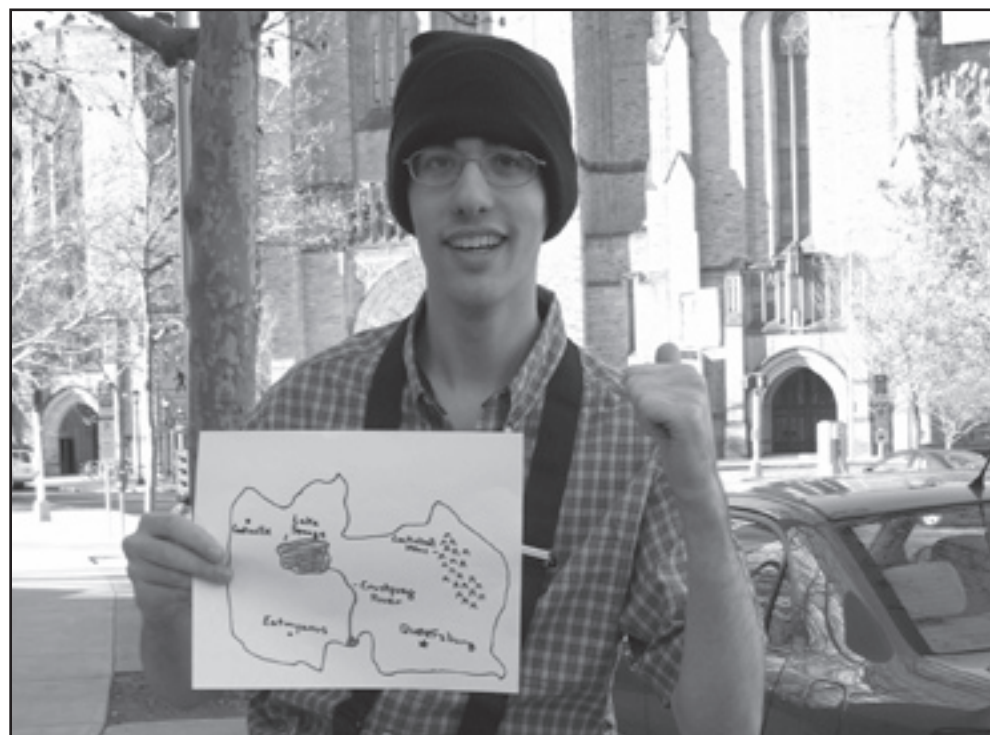
LOVABLE
FOREIGNER

grundle
grundleface

that tells us it is important to "thrusta giantgreenvibrator upyourmothers quiveringass" - in English, that translates to "go with the flow."

His roommates tell the *Record* that Grundle's still getting used to American culture, often with hilarious results. "Just yesterday Grundle grabbed a waitress at Yorkside by the scruff of her neck, threw ketchup in her face, and ground bits of half-eaten chicken strips into her hair. I had to tell him 'hey, Grundy, over here we just say 'check please,'" said Pierce Carmichael, his Freshman year suitemate. "It's great," he added, "he's just like Fez in *That Seventies Show!*" Here at the *Record*, we entirely agree, only we don't think Fez ever did something half as romantic as setting his Davenport screw date's bed on fire as a way of letting her know he wanted to see her again.

With his boyish good looks and I'm-new-here charm, I asked if Grundle often get propositions from the ladies. "How dare you!!!" he replied, and gave me the thumbs-up. "Oh, I'm sorry, in Azerbaijani 'ladies' means 'to take a rake out of the garden shed and use it to sodomize your sister-in-law.'" Then to show



the sincerity of his apology, he slapped my buttocks with his left hand while giving me a titty-twister with his right. Pure charm!

Of course, sometimes the lovely Grundle's antics get a little out of hand. "The first time I go visit Toad's," he told this *Record* reporter, "I ask a girl to dance. A friend of mine had to explain to me that in America, appropriate thing

is to get her blackout drunk and drag her into the men's room to impregnate her. I was very embarrassed."

Well Grundy, one thing that this *Record* reporter wouldn't be embarrassed about is taking you out to dinner. Sorry - make that taking you out to "adungeonpornscreening followedby avigorousround ofshoving zuchinnisup yourpeehole anddefecating inyourear." ☹

Most people at Yale-or at least the lucky ones who live near him on Old Campus-know Walter Driggs as "that chill guitar guy," since he's the chill guy who's always playing gui-

tar. But there's more to this six-foot-one heart-throb than the Fabio-like flowing, dirty-blond mane, Fabio-like far-off blue-eyed gaze, and

Fabio-like
penchant

for the romantic. As soon as this *Record* reporter's heart stopped

beating in time to Walter's knee-buckling, moisture-inappropriate-places-(or-are-they-appropriate-places?)-inducing (yet still so chill) rendition of Jack Johnson's 'Bubble Toes,' she realized he had a sensitive side. And we're not talking about his cute butt, either.

walter
driggs

most personable

POSER WITH
A GUITAR

That's right: this chill Californian is more than just a pretty-boy, as his chill lyrics soon reveal. Walter has known a lot of tragedy in his life-and not just the tragedy of resisting this reporter's advances-considering the recent death of his imaginary girlfriend, Willow, whom he eulogizes gracefully (and often) in his tunes.

"I still can feel Willow/her breath on my pillow/her breasts in the palms of my hands/ I've known other women/but from weeping I'm swimmin'/in waters no one understands," Walter sang wistfully, while staring up into the eyes of this *Record* reporter as she approached him for an interview. At least this reporter thinks he was staring into her eyes-it was hard to tell behind those inscrutable, chill John Lennon shades and that lock of hair falling down over his eye like a single, tragic, chill meteor.

"Willow's always been there for me" Walter told me chill-ly. "Even when no one else was around, she was there in my mind. It's been tough without her, but since she's been gone she's still been

an inspiration. Sometimes I still pretend to pretend to hear her...but it's just not the same, you know?" To keep it together, Walter fills his life with interests that go beyond just playing guitar on Old Campus, such as thinking, crying, writing songs, and playing his guitar at the Post Office. "No one can understand my pain," Walter reminded us. "But I'm not going to stop singing about it."

In fact, it might seem tempting to pigeon-hole Walter as being nothing more than a guitar player...and in this case, you'd be right. "I'm all about the music, man," he crooned tunelessly over the chords of John Mayer's 'Your Body Is a Wonderland.' "I'm about expressing myself and sharing my art with the world."

And ladies, right Walt? "I am a great appreciator of womankind," Walter admitted to the patch of grass between us at which he had been staring for most of the second half of interview. "A woman is like a guitar: she has six strings and you play her while you sing songs." Did you mean that, Mr. Driggs? *Record* thinks so. ☹



If we told you there's a guy out there who's on a first-name basis with the real live deputy mayor of a major city like New Haven, you'd probably shit yourself. If we told you he also regularly meets with actual aldermen to discuss allocating the city's municipal parks budget, you'd probably be as excited as you were that time the pregnancy test turned out negative. Well, ladies, grab a pair of Depends and a condom with a hole in it, 'cause Bill Westing's got all that, and more.

This year, Bill founded the New Haven Progressive Student Alliance for Progress and its political arm, the New Haven Progressive Student Alliance for Progress PAC. His most recent project, passing a resolution to repaint all of New Haven's parking meters from black to a dark hunter's green, has attracted attention from the "Yale" Daily News to the "Yale" Herald. In fact, he's already repeatedly e-mailed Jake Weisfield

'93, New Haven assistant to the subdeputy of parking, to propose details for the measure, which he hopes will reach a preliminary vote sometime in early two-thousand one-hundred thirty-one. While it's still uncertain exactly how just how many special interest groups need to be appeased before the "Meter Re-Coloration and Hue Amending Act" can make it out of committee, one thing is clear – Bill can grass this Record reporter's roots

any time he wants.

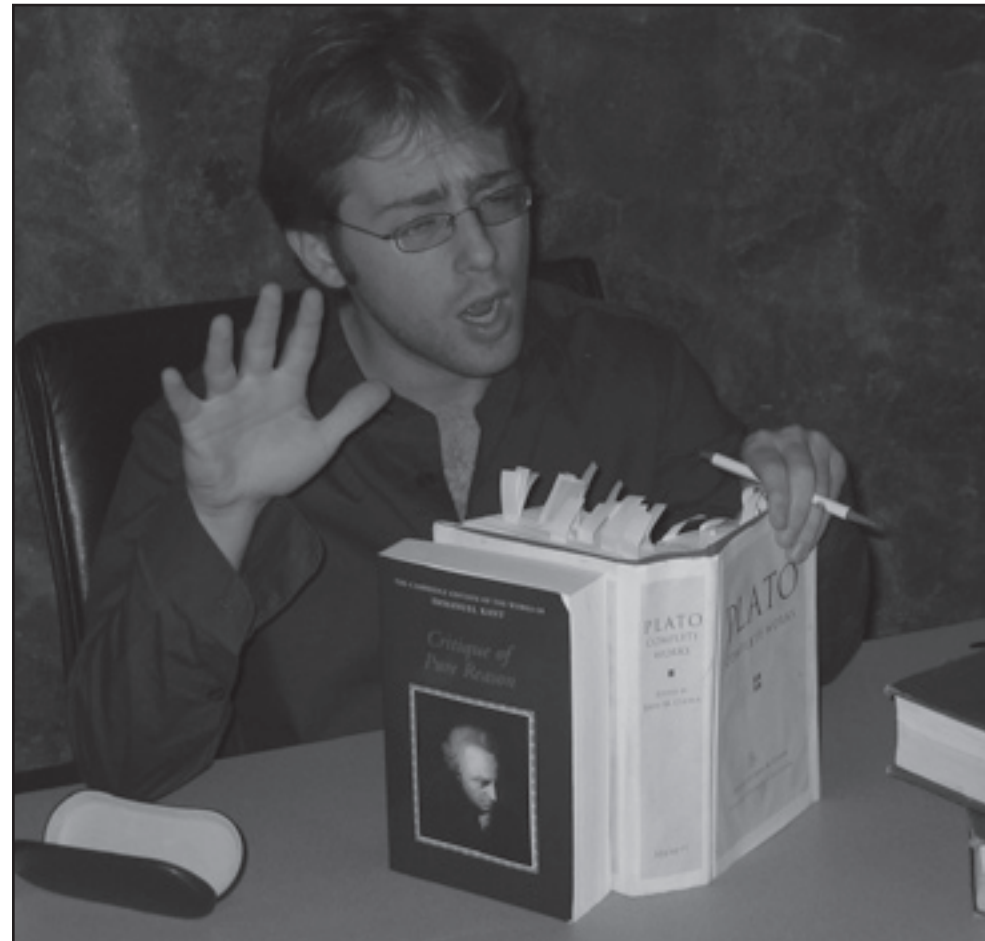
As if his own group wasn't important enough, he took extra time this fall to help run the unsuccessful aldermanic campaign of Rachel Aboden-pleasant '07. "Sure, we didn't win that one, but I'm still proud that we took a stand for undemocratic, machine-style party politics," he said in the two-hundred twenty-third "Y"DN post-election analysis piece. "Besides, there are some things that are more important than winning – like indulging our own fantasies of running a presidential campaign instead of paying attention to actual voters. Our side was on message, with a first rate communications staff which employed one of the most aggressive, obnoxious get out-the-vote efforts this campus has ever seen. We printed flyers, we put up signs, we even had a fundraiser, we walked around in campaign T-shirts – we were even almost as self-important as real-life soulless political operatives. It was so cool! But in the end, this race was a like a high school popularity contest, and the people with a good campaign strategy and charisma won."

So what does a would-be Monica have to do to snag this Bill? "You have to care about what I care about," he told this Record reporter. "Specifically, re-runs of *The West Wing*. Also, you should constantly validate my self-esteem, and you've got to be good looking enough to get me a photo-op in the Herald. Basically, I'm looking for a yes-man, with the added bonus of oral pleasure every Tuesday evening." With his charm, charisma, and slicked-backed hair, it won't be long until this power player starts getting his Tuesday-evening blowjobs in the office of the assistant to the undersecretary for highway management. ☺

bill westing

most personable

FUTURE PRESIDENT
FROM YALE



M. Kevin Harvasan knows more about Kant than you, and he's not afraid to insinuate it.

"What is this epistemological world but a synthesis of a priori and a posteriori conceptualizations of the knowable thing in itself," this hirsute academic pondered. Indeed, as I sat there imbibing his steamy smugness, one thing was clear. Journalistic integrity be damned, I had to figure out how to condescendingly disregard my way into M. Kevin's khakis.

As I soon discovered, however, wild, overtly pretentious sex is never an object for this winning MP. Standing a statuesque 5'6", MKH combines a spark-plug physique with a winning smirk complacent enough to make any female in range wet with subtle, seething resentment.

"Section is where I really turn on my ass-dar," M. Kevin explained. "I mean come on, who can resist the smartest guy in the room? Besides, chicks really dig it when I tell them their arguments aren't ontologically significant."

Though he is currently a junior, MKH attributes his bawdy brilliance to his participation in Directed Studies his freshman year. But even though he reads Plato, don't think for a minute that Kevin doesn't know how to break it down *Symposium*-style.

"I joined the Drunken Socrates Society group on the facebook.com, 'cause

honestly, whoever decided to start calling it that is freaking hilarious. I mean, just because we're way smarter than the rest of Yale doesn't mean we can't still kick it, right?"

M. Kevin can usually be found "getting his apostrophic crunk on" on the third floor of the Whitney Humanities Center. When he's not consulting with his academic advisors or "mackin' it" with his bitches in the Classical Civilizations Department, however, this supercilious sex god engages his superior brain with his other favorite pastime: class.

"Since DS, I've had a really hard time finding classes that were on my level.

Sophomore year I got into a bunch of core EP&E seminars, which were

okay, I guess. Right now I'm taking mostly graduate classes. Just between you and me, I really get off on letting that one slip at parties."

Though few would deny that Harvasan's casual, intellectual disdain for others keeps the women lining up around the block, M. Kevin doesn't want to be tied down just yet. Nevertheless, before the year is out, this imperious MP hopes to become "snuggle buddies" with some lucky lady or, even better, a lecherous Associate Professor of Greek History.

"I don't kiss and tell," he said with a wink, "though I do kiss and expound, if you've got five and a half hours." ☺

m. kevin

most personable

EX-DSER

harvasan

Stephen Walker. A name that brings to mind many things. Mystery. Intrigue. Charm. And above all, the question, “can a man be any more most personable spectacularly gay?”

When asked to describe Stephen in as few words as possible, one of his twenty-five closest female friends needed only one: “gay.” When asked to elaborate, she explained, “You know. Homosexual. Likes men. Likes having sex with men. Likes having ridiculously wild sex with men over and over again . . .” She tried to continue but broke down, sobbing something along the lines of “why is he gay? I love him so much.”

And so, early one Sunday afternoon this humble *Record* reporter found himself sitting at the local Starbucks with seven of Stephen’s other closest female friends, all awaiting a visit from this god among homosexuals. While we waited, this reporter overheard bits of conversations, including something about a “Ste-

in the coffee shop with his own blend of creamy double-shot espresso.

Stephen spotted us and started sashaying over to our table. Suddenly, with one magnificent flailing of both hands, he dismissed all the girls, some of whom broke

GAY GUY

stephen walker

down immediately. He down at this reporter’s formerly-full table exclaiming, “Oh my god, I’m soooo sorry I’m late! I was up really late last night with this darling guy from Puerto Rico and, well,

let’s just say he has a heinie to diiiiie for. Anyway, I absolutely lovvvvee your sweater! It is sooo precious! Where did you get it?!” This reporter stammered out something about the Gap and Stephen nodded and coughed something that sounded like the words “bargain bin,” followed by further coughs sounding a bit like “hobo,” “Liza Minnelli,” and “like, not precious at all.”

Our conversation progressed to what Stephen had been like growing up. It turns out he hadn’t always known he would become the most marvelous gay man to ever walk the earth, but he had

sneaking suspicions. Like that time in first grade when he was sent to the principal’s office for commenting on how horrendous the teacher’s outfit was and feigned vomiting. Or when he saw the principal’s outfit and actually vomited. Or the time he thought Ricky Martin was the most skilled singer of all time, but realized it was because he was strangely attracted to his phenomenal booty shakin’. Or when he . . . you get the idea – he was gay.

Meanwhile, some of the girls had crawled over to our table and were glancing up sheepishly at Stephen from beside his chair. Then, another flick of the hands, and they were gone.

So what does it take to get into the heart and mind of Stephen Walker? “Well he has to dress well,” Ste-

phen exclaimed, the disgust evident on his face, “you can’t look you like you crawled straight from a Banana Republic ad. I mean seriously, EW!” Asked if there was anything else, he added, “oh I can’t believe I forgot, he has to have buns like a Pepperidge Farm package.” So, in closing, Stephen is, well, extremely gay. A homosexual Liberace even. Wait, that might make him straight. He’s still ridiculously gay though. ☺

Meeting Matthew Bradley for the first time, you’d never know he was from West Virginia. Clean, well-dressed, and fully-

functioning, Matthew—or “Skip,” as his friends call him—still insists he’s 100% West Virginian. “West Virginia taught me a lot about myself,” he says. “There were a lot of doors to break down, a lot of girls to have sex with. God, I had sex with so many girls.

I love having sex with girls.” “Sex,” he adds, flipping his hands festively and re-crossing his legs, “with girls.” Skip certainly seems sincere. “Girls approach me all the time,” he insists. “It’s just that I have this girlfriend at Stanford. We’re ‘In a relationship’ on the face-

book. And even though she never comes to visit, we most personable still have a STRAIGHT GUY lot of phone sex, because I love having sex with girls.”

Skip surely couldn’t be lying, since he’s always been a hit with the ladies at Yale. He spends most of his time with his girlfriends — “But they’re not like Playboy bunny girlfriends,” Skip reminds this reporter in between commercials on *America’s Top Model*, “just like ‘you go, girlfriend,’ girlfriends. Remember, I have a girlfriend at Stanford. Who I often have phone sex with.” When he’s alone, Skip likes to try on vests and go to Yale football games, where he’s memorized every cheerleading routine.

To keep in shape, Skip masturbates to gay pornography. “It’s really great for my forearms, and since it’s gay porn I don’t have to worry about having an orgasm. Ever. I also like to tap dance—it’s



wonderful for my quads.” In fact, Skip works out so much that he decided to found the Yale Society of Men Working Out Together last semester. The YSOM-WOT meets twice a week in the basement of the York St. Café. “Since working out is such an expression of male virility, I thought it was important for a group of guys to get together and have sex with each other. It’s great for our abs, and it’s not like we orgasm. Ever. God, I love banging chicks in the vagina.”

Asked about his name, Skip explains: “My roommates call me Skip because when I get really excited I tend to skip. They’ve got a few other nicknames for me, but ‘Skip’ is the one I prefer.” Skip’s relationship with his roommates is generally ambiguous: “I mean, we watch a lot of Sportscenter and sometimes we play beer pong together, but I’m more into the leave-at-seven-and-not-tell-your-roommate-where-you’ll-be-all-night-scene.” Skip’s parents don’t seem to understand him, either: “I come from a military family, and my Dad really wanted me to join the Air Force. Things got tense. He doesn’t even know I go to Yale—he thinks I’m at Southern Methodist.” Despite his father, however, Skip has no ambitions to join the military after college: “Don’t ask me about it,” he says. “I don’t want to tell you anything.” He adds, “There’s nothing like licking a pussy, and then putting your penis inside it.” ☺



phen Walker’s Closest Female Friends” facebook group, and a group plan to get “I heart Stephen Walker” lower-back tattoos. Suddenly, the table fell silent. We knew he was a superb specimen of gay man, but nothing could have prepared us for what came next. Stephen waltzed in looking like a Versace model, but even more fabulous. Despite not even being little gay, after just one glance this *Record* reporter almost covered everyone

Between working on her senior essay in American Studies, attending her father's gubernatorial functions, and scoring eight balls, Lexi Meyer is one busy member of the idle rich. Just chatting with the ravishing First Daughter of Saskatchewan over venti double-shot half-caff toffee-nut soy frapuccinos with low-fat whipped cream made us exhausted. (We'd be even more exhausted if we had just toffee-nutted a double-shot all over Lexi's . . . venti . . . soy. Yeah.)

Lexi is a very energetic person, and she has the wide eyes, nervous tics, and slightly unhinged laughter to prove it. With all that energy, Lexi can be a little uncomfortable in a sleepy rural backwater like New Haven. "New Haven is the ass crack of the universe. Well, New Haven and Saskatchewan," she declared, returning her platinum AmEx card to its place

inside her black Dior bag. "I Acela into the city absolutely every weekend. You can't go oot—out anywhere in New Haven: no shopping, no shows, no Special K." When we asked which city Lexi was referring to, she replied, "Boston," her voice dripping with sarcasm and loathing. Well Lexi, we might think you're kind of a bitch, had we not been thinking about how we'd like to Boston your tits.

But Boston isn't the only metropolis Ms. Meyer has been around—all around. We asked Lexi what it's like to deal with the constant pressure of being in the spotlight of the notoriously vicious politics that divide Saskatoon. Shrugging, Ms. Meyer replied that she has had a few run-ins with the law—"like just the other week at that rave in Billysburg"—and that having close connections to the powerful Saskatchewan government has its advantages. As far as negative publicity, she said, "I

don't really give a shit about Daddy's—I mean, about Daddy's chances of retaining control of the Regina General Assembly." Maybe we aren't as chilled out



as this comely Canadian, but we'd most certainly like to retain control of her Regina. [Ha ha—come...ly.—Ed.]

Lexi is reluctant to talk about her

past—"I've moved on and oot," she says—but we managed to discover that this chic socialite grew up outside the tiny settlement of Moose Jaw. Cringing, she admitted that she spent her youth "running around in flannel shirts and fur boots like a typical ugly Canadian." But she always dreamed of one day enjoying the decadent drug-filled life of her neighbors south of the border. Her chance came when her father struck it rich in the potash exporting boom of the early 90s and quickly moved into Ottawa's innermost circles. "Can we get off this subject please?" Lexi asked with a completely forgivable impatience while lighting a clove cigarette. "I'm no longer Saskatchewanian. I've left behind zeds and loonies, eh? Oh, damn it!"

As we lecherously watched Lexi's Juicy-clad ass hurry off clutching a wad of bills to meet "a friend on High Street," we were lost in thought about a) the hotness of her ass, b) whether she might be able to hook us up with some adderall. On second thought, however, Ms. Meyer probably wouldn't be able to take time out of her busy gubernatorial-daughterial schedule to help out mere commoners like us—that is, unless we threatened to reveal that she won second place in the 1994 Western Canada Bear Trapping Classic. ☹



To Bebe or not to Bebe? With this leading lady, there is but one option: to Bebe, Bebe, Bebe, all night long. This *Record* reporter got to spend one intermission with this theatrical momma, and it may have been a quickie, but he can guarantee it: spend one act with Bebe and you'll find yourself soliloquizing all over yourself.

Hailing from Arcadia, it wasn't long before this California girl decided that life in the suburbia wasn't enough to contain a big personality like hers. "I just knew I was destined for the big screen. I knew because everywhere I

went I would sing and dance, yelling at the top of my lungs, forcing my brothers and sisters to play supporting roles in family films and life," she said, who was talking and signing her headshots at the same time. Looking down at her swift flourishes of the pen I noticed she was signing them Bebe Bolt, her stage name. When asked about the choice of new faux last name, Bebe replied, "I chose Bolt because I'm like a bolt of lightning. I arrive in flash of light with a large raucous to accompany my thunderous appearance. I'm very dramatic in every circumstance, and I just cannot contain my talent, try as I might." In fact, her talent is so big this reporter could not take his eyes off her talent, try as he might, which admittedly, was not at all.

Bebe's mother dragged her out of school at least three times a week to show off her titillating monologues in the city that calls itself home to the stars, Los Angeles. Not even seven years after venturing to numerous auditions, Bebe landed the role of a lifetime as an extra in *The Truman Show*. "The moment I was cast, I knew this was my ticket to the big time. Jim Carrey is just such an influence

for me. I mean take one look at his oeuvre! I research for every role by watching his performance in *Ace Ventura 2: Pet Detective*. The way he really explores the subtleties and nuances of what it's like to emerge naked from a mechanical rhino is exactly the way I want to perfect my craft." Personally, this *Record* reporter would love to get all up in Bebe's nuances, with his well-exercised craft, if you know what I'm saying.

At Yale, Bebe is an active member of the Dramat, the Drama Coalition, and has put on many one woman Sudler-funded shows. "In every show, I incorporate crying somehow. Being able to cry on command is just such a sign of a great actor." In one show, *One Woman One Hermaphrodite*, Bebe gave an hour long monologue about what it's like to have the option of swinging both ways.

She may be a drama queen, but who would Bebe like to see reigning in her theatrical court as drama king? "Jim Carrey. I'm saving myself for him. I know when he watches the moment when I freeze behind him after the set of his world is revealed, he will know I'm the one." This reporter may be no Liar Liar, but he sure would love to find Bebe's *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. ☹

**lexi
meyer**
most personable
**DADDY'S GIRL
GONE WILD**

most personable
**LEADING
LADY**

**bebe
lassapanakis**

TOP O' THE MORNIN'

"All right, love?" The dulcet tones of Bryce Weathers-Ash-

most personable
CHAP

Sipping a Pimm's and lemonade, Bryce explained why he had decided to come to the States for college. "Well, I had a bit of a cock-up on my A-levels, so Magdalen and Hertford weren't exactly nutters over me, were they? But Mum had read for the D.Phil

at Yale, so it was a right piece of piss for me to read here." Whatever Bryce was trying to say, this reporter agrees, because it sure sounded hella sweet.

Mr. Weathers-Ashton grew up in south London and attended the prestigious Harrow School, where he "just had a bit of a laugh, innit. I just couldn't be arsed to do anything but muck about." As Bryce slathered some Marmite on a piece of toast, he reminisced about "the loads of girls [he] had pulled whilst at school"—but don't worry, ladies; this lovely limey is currently available and thinks "American birds are well fit and proper tarts."

Everyone on campus will be stoked to know that Bryce likes living with

Yanks; he finds us "charming, if a bit over-enthusiastic at times." Pouring himself a cup of tea, he expressed his fondness for "funneling a pint of lager," which is apparently an unknown practice in backward England. "I do miss English telly, though," Bryce said, taking out *Definitely Maybe* from his stereo and putting in *Absolution*. "The O.C. is well safe, but it can't match *Coronation Street*, d'you know what I mean?"

In addition to having a gorgeous accent and a drop-dead sexy tone of voice, Bryce is an all-around great guy. "Bryce is awesome," gushed Hank Washburn, business manager for the Duke's Men of Yale. "I just love listening to his voice. It's a shame he can't sing for shit, or we'd have tapped him." Eleanor White, managing editor for the YD"N", also sang the praises of this dapper Englishman. "He's a joy to have around. He uses the cutest words, like 'tosser' and 'minge.' I don't know what they mean, but I love hearing them! And his columns are okay." ☺



ton's accent caressed the ears of this *Record* reporter as she entered this charming Brit's room, dominated by a large Union Jack on the far wall and David Beckham posters scattered throughout. "I'm meant to go round to the 'Y'DN offices at half four," Bryce said. "So let's keep this short, shall we?" This reporter told him that anything he said, ever, would be a-okay.

Jeff Marshall is one of those guys who knows where he's going and plans to get there—fast. "Hi, Jeff Marshall, I'm one of those guys who knows where he's going and plans to get there—fast," this energetic Dporter said in greeting, as he pumped my hand and ushered me into his suite. "Conference call from Taiwan on line 2, hope you don't mind waiting." As Jeff jabbered away in Mandarin, this *Record* reporter scanned Jeff's common room and marveled at the trophy-strewn mantle and certificates plastering every available surface. If Jeff is as "well-endowed" with other attributes as he is with flimsy pieces of paper and ostentatious plastic gewgaws, then one wonders why some lucky young miss

hasn't yet hung him on her wall.

"No time for girls," Jeff brusquely explains after Taiwan hangs up. "If Jeff Marshall is going to get where he's going—fast—Jeff can't have a little lady wailing about anniversaries or childbirth to slow him down. Didn't have any friends in fourth through seventh grades because I was too busy studying

for the pre-pre-pre-SATS. But do losers who get 750s on their PPPSATS get into Ivy League schools? You bet your bippy they don't."

Too busy concentrating on Jeff's bippy to disagree, this *Record* reporter could only gaze in admiration at this man-god's sinewy if twitching frame. Jeff clearly had no time to waste

in contemplation of his aesthetic splendor; leaping out of his chair he proceeded to give me a twenty-minute rundown of his various awards. "Kickball: Third Grade: Jeff had a 994% slugging percentage and the most intentional walks in the history of Louis N. Mu-

ñoz Elementary School. Boo-ya! Here's Jeff's ASL Extempore Debating Gold Cup. Those deaf-mutes never heard it coming. Blue ribbon: Weehawken Horticultural Society Floral Arrangement Invitational. Fuckers couldn't tell their chrysanthe-
most personable mums
OVER-OVER-ACHIEVER from their aspi-

distras! Ha!" When not mastering esoteric subjects and entering obscure essay contests, Jeff is a familiar sight hustling up Hillhouse to the PoliSci building. Jeff's combative manner have landed him a few enemies, but he shrugs it off: "Ian Shapiro once tried to beat me to the water fountain, but Jeff showed him the true meaning of crime and punishment. By drowning his cat. Ha!"

Despite his protestations, this hunky wunderkind can't stay single forever. Ladies, if you're in the market for a hard-charging, take-no-prisoners, damn-the-torpedoes bullet of a man, set your sights on Jeff Marshall. Next to Most Improved and Good Sportsmanship, he'll make a fine trophy in anyone's collection. ☺



Ladies, if you've ever wanted to "unify a people in the face of an overwhelming onslaught on their 'Selves'"—but sexually—then now is your chance. Chi-

nua Achebe
most personable Schwartzstein,
PUBLIC ENEMY or Chinua

Achebe Z, chinua achebe
as he schwartzstein
prefers, is the
kind of

half-black militant that you'd love to create a "Pan-African state in the western hemisphere" with.

Mr. Z, who hails from the gated community of Rolling Hills, California, where he was captain of the Palos Verdes High equestrian team and an enthusiastic member of the school Quoits Club, fosters a broad range of interests at Yale. An active member of Black Students at Yale, the Yale African Students Association, the African American Cultural Center, and the Black Solidarity

Conference, it takes a nation of millions to hold Chinua Achebe back.

But this (half) black-power-house is not just young and angry in theory. Chinua Achebe recently protested the under-representation of minorities in the Yale Slavic Chorus, as well as led a successful boycott of the Class of 1935's 70th reunion for similar reasons. His current plan is to end racial discrimination on dining hall menus. "The serving

of so-called 'black beans' is an anathema to the Afrikan people. Yale is portraying blacks

as small and insignificant — 'not worth beans.' In addition, the racist 'blackened catfish' implies that Afrikans are the bottom feeding scavengers of society." Yes ladies, this freedom fighter is one man who you'd love to have ride your "underground railroad."

However, Chinua Achebe isn't only about sticking it to the Man (we can only wish that we were the ones he was "sticking it to"); he also enjoys hanging out with his friends. "We're a pretty diverse group," says the provocative Panther, "some of us are from East Afrika, some from West, some of us are Afrikan-American, and there

are even a couple Nubians." But voluntarily continuing the ugly legacy of segregation isn't the only thing Chinua Achebe does in his downtime: he's still an avid Quoits aficionado. "My dad first took me after synagogue one Saturday, and ever since I've been hooked. To me, the leisurely hurling of the iron ring recalls the journey of my ancestral brethren across the Atlantic. *Nkosi sikelel' Afrika!*"

But is he single? Unfortunately for all the ladies out there, Chinua Achebe is enslaved to his current girlfriend Tamiqua. Well Tamiqua, you'd better watch out, because we're determined to be with Chinua Achebe "by any means necessary."



Chaim Weisenkrantz likes to think of himself the last remaining vanguard of the free Jewish state in a university adrift on a sea of namby-pamby humanitarian guilt and liberal internationalism. That, and hot. While we were skeptical at first, this hunky Hebrew refused to Jew down our expectations. After spending just a few minutes with Chaim, his obnoxious religious zeal and borderline

his unmentionables to the mouth of some eager shiksa or, Yahweh willing, this reporter. Despite his sexual appetite, roguish good looks and casual disdain for the non-Hebrew speaking population of the greater Middle East, however, Chaim remains devoted to his faith — a faith which he first discovered in high school.

"I set my cell phone to play Shalom Rav whenever one of my old buddies from USY calls. As long as I live I'll never forget the Birthright march, those Oneg Shabbats, or fingering Brittney Rosen under the Sukkah behind the B'nai Yisrael Youth Center. Ta-sim l'olam, indeed."

Lest you think that he is all chutzpah and no walk, Chaim sponsors the annual Ramadan afternoon banquet for the

settlements, a fitting testament to the size of his matzo balls. But ladies take heed: you're not going to get porked by this Semite anytime soon.

"When Chaim told me he was kosher on the first day of school freshman year I thought it was pretty awesome, since I'd never really met a Jew before," Chaim's former roommate Ken Lu told *The Record*. "I told him it was cool, but it wasn't long before he started riding all of our asses about what we had lying around the place. About a week into September, he blew up at Mike for eating lo mein in the common room. The following day he posted a list of 374 foods that could not be brought into the suite. Who knew that Bundt cake is prohibited by Leviticus? Or that Easy

Mac needs to be circumcised before you can eat it."

"My best friend from home is a Red Sox fan and he's got this roll of Yankees toilet paper. That's how I got inspired to produce these for the Yale Destination: Israel banquet," Chaim said, casually opening up a crate filled with 100 rolls of red, white, green and black two-ply. "What'chu got, Mahmoud?"

One thing is clear, what we got was a taste of zealous geo-religious posturing from this sumptuous friend of Israel. We promise that, within minutes of setting your eyes on Chaim Weisenkrantz, you will be begging him to defend your territorial integrity too.



fanatical jingoism had this reporter begging him to unleash a devastating tsunami of ejaculate all over her face.

"Jewish homeland, baby," he said, downing an ounce of Kedem from a blue and white shot glass. At once it was clear that the only

most personable chaim
ZIONIST weisenkrantz

right of return this curly haired demigod would be supporting would be that of



With his bright eyes, sleek skin, and humongous ... tail, this dino—known as “Tor” to his friends—puts the “ass” in “Jurassic.” But this Saybrook junior is far more than just a pretty posterior; he’s quite the humanitarian. If there’s a Red Cross blood drive on campus, you can be sure to find him there, full of lusty enthusiasm. “Whenever a donor gets really woozy,” said student coordinator Lisa Reims TD 06, “Tor follows ‘em out the door. I guess he wants to make sure that they get home

safely.” Rest assured, ladies—chivalry hasn’t gone “extinct” as long as this rapturous raptor is around.

Additionally, he’s all about protecting the environment, mainly by promoting resource conservation. “Sometimes when the dining hall is serving chicken for the sixth meal in a row, I just can’t take it anymore,” noted suitemate Robbie Daniels SY 07. “But Tor, he’ll clean his plate, my plate, and the garbage can next to the tray racks. ‘Waste not, want not’ is really his mantra.”

And there’s nothing that this Yalie loves more than small children. Just the mention of babies brings a gleam to his eye and a wide, toothy grin to his face. In addition to being a member of Choose Life at Yale (CLAY), Tor works for the Yale Babysitting Service. He can often be seen running down the street with an infant clutched lovingly in his claws. “Kids have been mysteriously disappear-

ing from the program for months,” lamented coworker Kirsten Johnson BR 06. “But Tor—nothing gets him down. He’s really been our rock in the midst of this crisis.”

Tor’s generosity even extends to the dating scene. “Oh man,” said roommate Bill Janke SY 07, “he’s the best wingman ever. I swear, he totally goes right for the fat chicks.” But don’t assume that this stud can only catch the lame or sick; he’s actually a cold-blooded lady killer. “Sometimes, a dude will be chattin’ up some girl,” observed friend Jeff Alexander BK 08, “and Tor will just sneak in from the side and tear her heart away. And he has girls in his room all the time, night & day. He really knows how to

make them scream.” With looks, smarts, and a killer instinct, it’s no surprise that plenty of girls want to ride him ‘til he’s “saur.” He could certainly tear open this *Record* reporter’s abdominal cavity and savagely devour her innards any day. ☹

Velociraptor mongoliensis

most personable
CARNIVORE

When one first steps into the humble abode of Alexis Baker, Red Hot in Blue ‘08, the first thing one thinks is not ‘divine songstress,’ but rather ‘several packrat hobos must live here.’ Once one examines the massive piles of crap closer, however, one realizes that everything in the room is somehow related to Alexis Baker. Red Hot in Blue, from a Red Hot in Blue jam banner to Red Hot in Blue wallpaper to a Red Hot in Blue bra/panty set which this modest *Record* reporter kindly hid from view in his pocket.

Luckily, Alexis wasn’t even in the room. In fact, she was showering—we put it to you: can life be any better? When we walked into the wonderfully co-ed bathroom, we could hear the amazingly melodic tones of Alexis’ voice reverberating all over the shower stall like glorious candy being stolen from a baby and could barely contain ourselves—there was just so much mellifluousness in the air. We waited for her to finish one spec-

tacular verse of “Old Man River” before we jumped in... with the questions, you pervert.

We started by asking how she first got involved with a cappella. She responded, “Ever since when I was three years old and my parents recorded me trying to hit that high G for three hours, I’ve been into it!” Alexis then demonstrated the high G and shattered this *Record* reporter’s glasses in an almost orgasmic explosion of sound. We then took five minute break for this reporter to find his contacts. Alexis started alternating doing each of the parts of a barbershop quartet while this reporter searched.

This reporter had left his bag in Alexis’ room, and so we decided to make sure there were no more embarrassing undergarments lying out while we were there. When we arrived, however, there was another girl in the room—Alexis’ suitemate, Sarah. We started making awkward small talk, and it eventually got to around to us saying, “I really love what you’ve done with this place!” Sarah interjected, “LIES! It’s disgusting! I mean, having a lot of Red and Blue in the room would be tolerable, but turquoise?! She just couldn’t figure out what color ‘Hot’ is! Plus, she sings at the most inappropriate times and isn’t even that good!

When my mom died, it wasn’t the time to break out into an out-of-tune rendition of “Good Vibrations” by the Beach Boys!”

We think there may be some tension here, but we’re not investigative reporters—we just write hilarious, but often wildly untrue, stuff for the *Record*—so we went back to the bathroom.

Walking back into the bathroom, a wave of blue steam hit us in the face, clearly the result of some specialty Red Hot in Blue Shampoo. At the end of a jazz version of “Smells Like Teen Spirit,” we asked what she does for the group. “Oh, what don’t I do?! I’ve always wanted to be a Red Hottie and I do everything I can for the group! Right now I’m the pitch, but I used to be the biz and of course I was part of the shoe. I’m also the cookie bitch—I get to make cookies every other day for rehearsals!—and designated face painter and the bearer of exalted glitter. Plus I—” At this point in the interview Alexis broke off mid-sentence and exclaimed, “God! Don’t you just love my Red Hot hair dryer! I can’t even see it right now because it’s on the counter next to you and I’m still in the shower, but just thinking about it is breathtaking.” While she broke out into the first

verse of “Swing Low Sweet Chariot,” we got a chance to look closer at this Venus of song’s hairdryer—it was fantastically red, blue, and turquoise.

After she finished all five verses of the song, we asked what every BP reader, male AND female, is dying to know: what it takes to get into her pants. “Lovvvinnngg the color blue is a must,” Alexis said, “and he has to come to all of our performances, even the ones on the road, and especially the jam. But that’s it!” So, you’ve heard it here first, loyal reader: if you just listen to some a cappella and go to a scant few concerts, you just might be able to “jam” delectable singing goddess Alexis Baker. Just don’t bring anything that isn’t blue, red, or turquoise with you. ☹





Upon this *Record* reporter's arrival in her Ikea-laden grad-ghetto apartment, Sandy asked what we should have to drink. "How about some hot coffee. It's pretty cold out there," this reporter intoned in his suavest voice. Sandy replied, "Brilliant! Yes! Exactly! That's such a unique new angle on the whole coffee thing. Wow." From that point on, she earned an "A" for her interview: "A" for fucking hot! Sherman, a TA for the wildly popular class "Transgressive Sex Acts

in Modern Art," hides her own transgressive sexiness behind owl-rimmed glasses, a flowing dress and a corduroy blazer, but if you ask this reporter's opinion, that only makes her sexier. And more transgressive.

Sandy has only been a TA for one semester, but you'd never know it by her winning smile, encyclopedic class notes and eager questions.

Students in her class report that sometimes they are so stunned by the brilliance of her questions that they cannot even venture an answer. Reports modern art connoisseur and varsity lacrosse player William Mailer, "Sandy starts class with questions like 'Now what do all of you think about modern art and its relationship to heteronormativity?' How are we supposed to answer questions like that?"

Sandy, though, has nothing but pride for her students. "My charges are not afraid to take long moments of silence to contemplate the complex questions that arise in the burgeoning field of modern sex art. And when they do speak, they often have such innovative, outside-the-box comments. For instance, one of my

young savants posited that de Kooning's early works often have the threat of dirty Sanchez lurking in the background. What a precocious mixture of the profane and sacred!"

Sandy does not reserve her praise just for well-prepared, ever-attentive section students; in her luscious generosity, she lavishes praises on absolutely everybody, all the time. She told this reporter "My tax returns got audited recently and – wouldn't you know it – I'd made a small error on line C. It was just incredible that an auditor could pick out such a small error! I wrote the IRS a personal note of thanks for their undying commitment to the pursuit of truth. It was a pleasure to pay the \$100 fine in the service of actuarial excellence."

After our interview, Sandy pulled aside this *Record* reporter and asked in her sexiest nervous voice, "I did all right, didn't I? I mean, I'm kind of new at this interview thing." When this *Record* reporter awkwardly responded that, yeah, she did fine, this isn't really the kind of interview one can screw up, Sandy replied, "You're so right! Yeah!" Wow, Sandy, with a TA as accommodating as you we wouldn't even have to pleasure you to earn a passing grade! ☺

**sandy
sherman**

**most personable
FAWNING T.A.**

What do you get when you cross Antonio Banderas with another even sexier Antonio Banderas? No, the answer isn't "Antonio Banderas squared" – it's Philippe Del Rodriguez. But despite the image of a spicy night on the Ibiza beach that he conjures, this Don Juan is no ordinary Latin Lover – he just Loves Latin.

To Philippe, Latin is a spiritual lust; he lives with a primal zest for declensions and conjugations. "I can feel it in my blood!" he says passionately, "It is—how you say—plerusque ipsemet animus! Latin may be dead in the world, but it is alive in my soul! Ever since I first read Cicero's *Post Reditum in Senatu*, I knew that I was

born to engage in painstaking, yet futile, translations of archaic manuscripts!" Ay caramba, Philippe, you're making this reporter's "genitives" quiver with "desirum"!

But Philippe's interest in Latin isn't only confined to the language. According to his roommate Matt, Philippe recently remodeled their suite using first century Corinthian columns and Etruscan arches. He even went so far as to transform their previously drab common room into a fully functional Roman bath. Says Matt, "At first it was a little odd. Having him in there. Bathing. Naked. Next to my desk in the common room. But

that's how his culture is, I guess – they're just more open with their

sexuality. The only problem I have

with it is the whole 'public' nature of the

Roman baths. You wouldn't believe the kinds of people we get in here. Ugh... grad students."

With his suave demeanor, lush chest hair, and vast knowledge of infinitives, it's hard to imagine a woman who wouldn't want to "re-grout the aqueduct" with Phillippe. But unfortunately for the more having-a-vagina-inclined among us, Philippe has high standards: "She's got to have a great bust," he says, "Marble, that is. She's also got to be a Republican – I wouldn't want any supporters of tyrants like Caesar. And she absolutely has to call me 'Pater' when we screw." Oley Philippe! You're making this reporter's heart race like a chariot! Just as all roads lead to Rome,



anything you say, you spicy Spaniard, will lead to this reporter's pants! Toro! ☺

**philippe
del rodriguez**

**most personable
LATIN LOVER**



You've probably seen Alexander Romig around campus. This reporter immediately recognized him as the slightly-older-but-still-young-looking-I-guess guy often lurking at Au Bon Pain, the Yale Bookstore, Toad's, WLH, Commons, DUH, the top of Harkness Tower, and this re-

porter's entryway (just standing there, doing nothing). His piercing gaze, slightly-overweight build, and rugged, age-worn features were unmistakable.

Alex, who likes to consider himself a "super-super-senior," has been enrolled as an undergraduate on-and-off since 1996. "I've been taking some time to follow some extracurricular interests of

mine," Alex says. "Sort of like those A-Cappella guys who take a year off to go on tour, except I got a job at the Admissions Office and go to Toad's a lot." Alex is currently Yale's recruitment officer for Akron, Ohio. "I'm very dedicated to my job. It's my duty to introduce these kids to the whole Yale experience, so I'm always happy to offer my apartment as a place to stay when they visit. That's how I met my last girlfriend, actually. But she's graduated by now."

Just because he's only-kind-of a student doesn't stop Alex from leading a normal student life. Alex serves as the captain of the Jonathan Edwards IM co-ed football team, board-member of the Yale Women's Center, and a dancer in Rhythmic Blue. In his idle time, he does free-lance work as a tour guide. "I just really love Yale," he says. "And I want to give something back to it. I'm always willing to buy liquor for freshman, and I'll give anyone a ride to the airport. It's all about giving. And liquor, and car rides."

If Alex had friends, they would probably describe him as "people person," or maybe just a "freshman-girls person," since he loves meeting freshman girls. "They're the friendliest," he insists. "They really make me feel young again. I mean young, still."

And although rumors say he's dating a sophomore in TD, Alex says he's still available, and looking. On weekends, you can probably find him at Toad's, SAE, DKE, Rudy's, or the L-Dub courtyard. He'll be wearing his favorite yellow-and-white Yale trucker hat. "That's my going-out hat. It says 'Yale College' in big blue letters, just so people know I'm an undergrad and not a grad fellow, or someone's father. I mean, I have the same right to be there as anyone else. It's just that I'm more mature, and lonelier. And balder."

Surprisingly, Alex doesn't have any plans for the future. Or the next day. "Hey, what are you doing Friday night," he asked this reporter at the end of our interview. "Do you want to hand out free beer on Old Campus with me?"

"No," this reporter replied.

"What if we dressed in bulldog costumes and went to cheer on the womens volleyball team?"

"No," this reporter replied again. "I've got to go meet with my T.A."

"That's cool, I guess. See you around!" he said.

Yes, Alex. See you tomorrow, and tonight, and later again this afternoon. ☺

alexander
romig

most personable

"YOU'RE STILL

AROUND?"

When Russ Murkowski was twenty-five minutes late to meet this *Record* reporter in the Pierson dining hall, her first instinct was to get up and leave. She started to...which was when she found him outside the entryway door, hair disheveled and shoes mismatched, grinning a three-watt grin that penetrated the depths of her very soul, paralyzing her with an intense urge to have sexual intercourse with him, then and there, right in the middle of the courtyard. What roguish charm there is in an unshaven, unshowered body; what explosive intelligence emanates from those hands shoved in empty,

RUSS
murkowski

hole-ridden pockets; what irresistible dynamism there is in the capless pen shoved behind that lopsided ear. "I lost my ID," he said. This *Record* reporter nearly vomited with attraction.

When this reporter had recovered enough to swipe Russ into the dining hall—and never has a bursar dollar been better spent—he asked where we should sit. Trying not to squeak with nervous fright, this reporter told him anywhere he wanted (meaning, literally, anywhere he wanted, any thing he wanted, any time he wanted). He promptly moaned "Oh, God," sank slowly to the floor, and whispered "I can't...I can't...I just can't."

So how did Russ become so shockingly, violently, multiple-body-thrashing-orgasm-inducingly inept? Not surprisingly, he has no idea. "I don't know what happened to me," Russ whimpered. "In high school I was such a cool guy...I was really smart, re-

ally good at stuff, and everyone liked me. Now I sit in my room most of the time just hitting the 'Get Mail' button over and over again and listening to that little 'shwing' noise my computer makes when I don't have any new messages. When it says I have a new one coming I get so excited, even when it's just spam. Anything but that shwing noise. Shwing...shwing...shwing. What were we talking about? Who the fuck are you? I just don't know anymore."

What Russ doesn't know, I don't know, but I know that I know this: Russ is a complete mess, and I've never wanted to rip my clothes off and rub my naked body against a dining hall worker more than when he admitted that he hadn't done laundry in three months because he can't operate a washing machine. Just imagine: all that Russ-ness baked into each and every delicious garment, without the taint of Tide or the grip of Gain...



this reporter is so horny she might hump her Yale-issued filing cabinet just thinking about it.

Or she might send Russ an email with a naked picture of herself. Shuhwing. ☺

Yam-Yam Sam is like a ray of sunshine. A ray of *rising* sunshine. Yes boys, this giggly, perky, studious, 6'10" Asian is the girl of your most stereo-most personable typical dreams.

Like all persons of her ethnic persuasion, this Far Eastern enchantress began playing the violin and the piano at a young age. "Actually, it was the bagpipes," says Yam-Yam, bouncily ducking the door lintel on the way into her room, "and I just picked it up last year." Well we're not so sure about that, Yam-Yam, but we've got a "bag and a pipe" for you to pick up right here, you sassy samurai.

In addition to her musical prowess, Yam-Yam is fluent in an Asian language – Russian. She's also an expert in the martial arts. "That's *marital* arts," giggles the towering geisha in her bubbly baritone, "I design wedding cakes and bouquets." Hee-yah!

But this bouquet black belt doesn't only excel in the marital arts; if you couldn't tell by how she's dressed,

this schoolgirl uses her discipline to break College Boards® in the academic arena: Yam-Yam, a math and science person, plans to attend a prestigious

med-school. "First of all," she throatily chirps while changing the overhead light-bulb without a stool, "I'm only dressed like a schoolgirl in the sense that I'm going to school, and am a girl; because I'm dressed like every other female here. Additionally, I'm an English major. The only kind of doctor I'm becoming is a doctor of philosophy." Well Yam-Yam, if by "want to become a doctor of philosophy" you mean, "will let us stick it in your butt", then we couldn't agree more.

But unfortunately for us, and for all guys out there, Yam-Yam, like every other pert Asian girl, is dating a white guy. "You mean a White guy," she teases, "my boyfriend is named Sean White. He's black."

So what does this Great Wall of a woman do when she's not studying, practicing, or buying size 16 shoes? If the pictures in her room are any indication, she loves a good game of tennis. And if the throbbing back-beat pulsating (and that's not all that's throbbing and pulsating) throughout her suite means anything, she's an avid techno fan. "Do you mean this picture?" she asks, her meaty hands vivaciously palming the picture frame, "That's a lacrosse stick. And the techno is coming from my white suitemate's room. You know what? That's it. Get the hell out of here, you racist asshole!"

And as the door slams behind us like fireworks on Chinese New Year, we're sure: it's love. Yam-Yam, you've taken the Oriental Express, straight to our heart. ☺



The first time *Record* ever saw Windy Macmillan, it was at the freshman activities bazaar.

Through a pearly-white smile and innumerable wittily-phrased political slogan buttons, she had managed to get us to sign up for over three-dozen mailing lists for on-campus activist groups, none of which we've ever attended or thought about. It was love at first sight.

So this reporter was nervous when he called Windy to try to schedule a quick interview into her tight, tight schedule (something the

Record knows a thing or two about)...but

she immediately put me at ease.

"Well, I'm going to be leading a sit-in at Koffee Too to protest their lack

of fair-trade most personable BLEEDING HEART products from

4 to 5 tomorrow," she told me briskly, the sound of justice ringing in her voice. "Let's do it then." Let's do it, indeed.

When we arrived on the scene, pen in hand (awwww, yeah) we found Windy all ready to go: she had duct-taped herself to the cash register. How did she know that's how we liked it? We didn't ask questions, we just...well, asked questions.

It turns out Windy isn't interested in having sex with us...but not for the reasons we thought. "How can you engage in sexual contact when there are children without genitals in Bangladesh?" she wailed, kicking away an employee at-

tempting to ring up a small chai latte and a blueberry scone. "How do you people sleep at night with all the problems in the world today? We need to stand up



and fight back against injustice, to give the unspoken victims of today's society a voice with which to cry out against

the evil machine of free-market capitalism! We need compost heaps in every room of every house and gay couples on

every corner! We need a President of the United States with no artificial preservatives! Only when sweat-shops have been made free of nuclear materials and legal, restricted use of acid rain is approved in all fifty states will we be able to live the dream of a free, democratic society!"

Despite our inability to buy any coffee—Windy threatened to kick us repeatedly in the genitals if we even looked at the menu—this reporter would take any future excuse to spend a minute or two making her aware of how progressive my genitals felt towards her. Hey, it may not be politically correct to say so...but who cares about politics except her? *Record* certainly doesn't. ☺

windy
macmillan

Yumiko Cameron's real first name is Lucy, but you wouldn't know it from looking at her extensive anime collection, her authentic samurai sword, or her penchant for taking existing things and making them sleeker and more efficient.

Yumiko explains, "My mother is a world-class potato peeler, and after many years of free-lancing, she was recruited for the special armed cutlery division of the army. So, I've moved around a lot, but I spent all my middle school years at an international school in Tokyo. I emerged from that experience feeling more Japanese – spiritually, emotionally, grammatically, even genetically."

When this *Record* reporter first arrived at Yumiko's sparsely appointed apartment on the crowded 51st floor, the kimono-clad Yumiko was quick to giggle politely and offer a cup of green tea. Yes, this *Record* reporter would love to get at her "tea-spot"!

This sultry pseudo-Asian makes her presence felt at meetings of the Freestyle Dueling Association (FDA). A fully trained samurai warriorress, she was at first taken aback by the

prevalence of foam at the FDA. "I'm not going to lie," she says, "I sent a few people to DUH or Grove St. Cemetery with my finely crafted sai and ninja throwing stars. Oh, we had some good laughs about that mix-up!" Don't worry, Yumiko, we have our own samurai sword with which we'd like to disembowel you!

When not battling the pink

lucy "yumiko" cameron

robots, Yumiko enjoys at-
taining nir-
vana, which

she does between 9.30 and 11.30 every Wednesday. She is also on a new Zen dieting routine, which emphasizes the oneness of food and self. "Like, you know, life at Yale is so hectic. Sometimes I just need some one-on-one time with my cosmic chi," Yumiko sighs transcendently. Yeah, we'd sure like to get an "inner peace" of

her!

Yumiko is quite the busy samurai: when not attending classes or participating in extracurriculars, Yumiko finds time for cram school. "There is so much to learn about Japanese Literature after 1970 that I just can't get from Sensei Treat's class. Several hours of non-Yale class is really the only practical solution."

Yumiko is also a master of Japanese calligraphy. She often uses fountain pens and long scrolls to take class notes. Sure, we like to draw some elegant, deceptively simple characters on Yumiko with our pen...PEN15!

For those gentlemen looking to show this Asian-at-heart their ohm face, not so fast! Yumiko is presently involved with Hirotaka "Johnny" Kazahaya. Comments Kazahaya, "I love America and apple pie!"

After our tea ceremony, Yumiko cried out "Oh no! I forgot to serve the *usucha* after the *koicha*. I have dishonored the Cameron clan!" She immediately drew her sword and cut herself across the stomach. This *Record* reporter was extremely honored to lop off Yumiko's head. ☹



While trying to find contact information for the most personable, yet exclusive international student at Yale, this *Record* reporter realized that Petrushka Zhirinovsky's off-campus whereabouts at xx N___ St. have been classified for a reason – a person has to lay low when his father is Kyrgyzstan's most powerful warlord/oil tycoon. However, thanks to a stack of discarded English 114 compositions outside Branford College writing tutor's office, the location of Petrushka's cache and his pedestrian writing style have been discovered.

Though most Yale students know Petrushka as that guy making girls giggle with his Borat-like accent at SAE and SigEp parties, only few people have been visitors to Zhirinovsky's five-room apartment, which features a six-foot-tall hookah, two king-size beds, a mahogany kitchen, a balcony, and skylights. "Don't tell anybody about my apartment," Petrushka tells me after welcoming me and sitting down next to his ganja. "Do you stupid American journalist understand

that! If you did what you did in my country, you'd get your balls cut off."

Indeed, in his teens, old Zhirinovsky's competitors threatened Petrushka's life and since then Petrushka has gone to school in the States, getting kicked out of Lawrenceville prep school for threatening a fellow student with a knife. "That bitch told me Kyrgyzstan sucks at life," Petrushka remembers, "so I tried to make his face suck at life." Zhirinovsky still made it to Yale despite that incident due to his athletic excellence in lightweight crew. "I quit crew when I got here because I don't need crew to get a degree from Yale," laughs Zhirinovsky while picking his foot and inhaling from the hookah.

Zhirinovsky recalls how his father's amicable nature had a great influence on his own personality. "When my father was a Soviet bureaucrat, he smuggled many illicit import goods, and when party bosses would come to our apartment to deal, he'd give them service with a smile," recalls Petrushka. "But, he was really smil-

ing once the U.S.S.R. broke up and he hired assassins to shoot those bastards down."

At Yale, Zhirinovsky has majored in political science, taking all classes with "war" and "conflict" in the title, and was even a member of SOMA (Society of Midnight Athletes). However, after freshman year, Petrushka was dissatisfied with Yale egalitarianism and with the "SOMA idiots." Taking a year off to clear his mind sailing on the Mediterranean, Petrushka moved into his North Haven dig sophomore year and has hosted Yale's most affluent students

to dollar-bill smokefests. "I love seeing the way rich kids behave when they're chilling with me and they're not being phony. We make fun of financial aid kids when we're stoned."

Despite his disregard for Yale's val-

petrushka petrovich zhirinovsky

most personable

STUPENDOUSLY RICH FOREIGNER



ues, Zhirinovsky spends plenty of time on central campus, mainly lifting weights in Payne Whitney and flirting with women. "When your father's nickname is the 'ugly czar' you have to attract women by being muscular and I'm the meatiest international student here." Frat brothers especially love Zhirinovsky's proclivity to beat down homeless New Haveners as because, as Petrushka puts it "when you're a foreigner, they let you do things like that." In the future, Petrushka looks forward to being an oil company vice-president and to cutting off body parts of non-American journalists. ☹



his back against a rough object and howling like a coyote at the moon. When asked about his life adventures and traveling with music legends, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Morbidly Obese Jackson, and Radiating Pain to the Left Arm Jones, Walcott replied, "You gotta feel the blues in your bones to send it through the instrument." It is a rhetorical conundrum indeed! Later, Walcott commented that, "heck, all music is folk music. You ever heard of horses singing?" At the end of the day, this *Record* reporter would sure love to seed this Melon's melon.

Currently Melon Joe Walcott is very sexy and very single. He also is very senile and very unsanitary. In fact, the *Record* did some heavy research and discovered that Melon's last shower actually coincided with the last appearance of Haley's comet. But hey, you don't need to not smell like raw sewage to have a great

personality right? Walcott's favorite television show is "whatever happens to be playing on that display TV on Chapel Street." He is currently enrolled in the 60 year music program and hopes to one day start a band with the Flintstones. This reporter did not have the heart to remind him that the Flintstones are indeed fictitious and that that was probably just the liver medicine talking. But

Melon's true strengths lie in his guitar playing. The way his heavily arthritic fingers dance about the frets is sure to amaze a n y

viewer and is sure to elicit the emotive pathos from any audience. This *Record* reporter would sure love Melon to pluck his strings.

Overall, Walcott has a winning aged personality. He has a unique perspective on music and "staying away from the aliens." He always has fascinating wisdom to share and can still pluck his old guitar, which he affectionately calls "my guitar." So the next time you see old Melon Joe Walcott strumming away and singing his blues, give a tip of your hat and a click of your heels because you never know when he just might stab you. ☹

Cylindrical Jones just may be the hottest piece of metal, cork-board and wood to hit the pages of the 50 Most Personable. Tall, dark, and definitely handsome, Cylindrical has been a campus fixture since the days of yore. What keeps him standing rain, shine, or snow? Let's just say that he's got the type of stamina that keeps him erect all night long.

Cylindrical is an upstanding member of the Yale community.

Like any ideal Yale student, he is well rounded, firmly grounded, and not afraid to be in the public eye. "Public Debate Tonight!" he frequent-

ly announces with enthusiasm. If there's one thing he does not like, it's discrimination or intolerance of any kind. Cylindrical has had close contact with every political party from the Independent Party, the Conservative Party, to the Yale College Democrats. He is also multi-ethnic and religious. Good news for this *Record* reporter, who likes 'em with a bit of an exotic spice mixed in with an all American 'tude.

Cylindrical is affiliated with almost every student agency, organization, institution and performing arts group on campus. He's involved with fourteen A Cappella groups, eight comedy groups, three drama productions, tutoring both kids with learning disabilities and those without, and is constantly helping to promote talks and lectures of every kind.

You could say that Cylindrical Jones is a jack-of-all-trades, and believe us, we'd sure like to jack each and every one of his trades.

So what are Cylindrical's biggest passions? "Email janis.cho@yale.edu for

more information," he says coyly. Touché, Cyl. When we asked whether or not he'd like it if we called him 'Cyl', he replied, "YES wants you." Well Cyl, we'd like to "haves sex" you so much that we're willing to forgive your syntax. But it's not just his syntax that's queer, lucking for those liberal minded among you, Cylindrical decided long ago that he would service women, men, and anything and everything in between.

Cyl is generally an optimist, but sometimes he deals with pretty heavy-handed subjects. When asked what his most prominent cause is, Cyl shows a picture of a fetus, and says, "At 8 weeks, Jeremy's heart starts beating." Looks like Mr. Jones has a soft side after all. But if it were up to this *Record* staffer, she and Mr. Jones would get around to discovering his hard side.

But what type of person could possibly keep up with Cylindrical's wide and ever expanding array of interests? Cylindrical is no choosy bachelor. Luckily

cylindrical jones

most personable

KIOSK



for you ladies and gents, there's a high chance of finding at least three or four things in common with Mr. Jones. After all, he's willing to be nailed any time of day as long as a flyer can join for a threesome. ☹

Walking down Elm Street, one can always distinctly identify the grizzly gray shaggy beard, the wide mouth filled with the occasional tooth, and the acoustic guitar always strapped to Melon Joe Walcott. Although this fellow may seem to be your run of the mill vagrant, the *Record* recognizes true talent when we see it. A bayou blues musician-turned-Yale student, Walcott, 70, is still going strong, taking courses such as "Advanced Introduction to the Blues," "How to incorporate the Blues in Everyday Conversation," and "Welfare, Harmonicas, Prison Oh My!"

But the ravages of age have not devastated Melon too much. "I still don't need Depends," Walcott proudly boasts, "Ahhh; get these snakes outta my skin."

Walcott's amazing Super Senior personality impressed this *Record* reporter to no end. Midway through conversation, Walcott suddenly began scratching

"melon" joe walcott

most personable

SUPER SENIOR CITIZEN

If you're a soulless, mainstream Yale tool, chances are you've never heard of Lavender Pollet. You've probably never seen her torn jeans with the Oscar Wilde quotes painted onto them, or witnessed her penchant for dropping Kafka into every section discussion. Most likely, you've never even come near enough to her to experience her refusal to acknowledge your presence. In fact, Lavender Pollet only steps foot on campus to attend classes, as



she lives off campus, parties off campus, and hates-how-bourgeois-Yale-is off campus. But get to know Lavender, and you'll soon want to dig beneath her layers of necklaces and t-shirts to get to the bottom of her "post-modern condition."

Like all true hipsters, Lavender refuses to be acknowledged as such. Forget her Chuck Taylors, bangs, and extensive collection of vintage slip dresses, "I am not a hipster. I do not have a label," she announces while ashing her cigarette into an ashtray she has fashioned out of any empty CD case. "Thanks to *The O.C.* the indie scene has become mainstream. I'll have you know that I was so over that whole fad before it made it big. I listened to Elliott Smith in the eighth grade, and liked Death Cab for Cutie before they became total sellouts. Even then I didn't

like them that much. I just listened them because I knew one day I'd be able to offer an intelligent explanation for why they and their listeners suck." Before Lavender ashes into this *Record* staffers heart, he'd like to confess that he'd like to be the first to discover Miss Pollet... in bed.

When asked about her favorite bands, Lavender points to her posters of Britney Spears and a band called Sujfui, a progressive-folk-trans-metal-pop band from Sweden. "I listen to Britney Spears ironically. Just like I wear Urban Outfitters shirts, watch *The O.C.*, and know all the lyrics in B. Spears' oeuvre ironically. Did I mention my ironic subscription to *US Weekly*?" Lavender, have we mentioned the ironic erection you've given us?

A founding member of the magazine muskethurder., Lavender makes it her business to know what's "in." "The best music right now is really underground. You wouldn't know any of the names, even if I told you, which I won't, because that would wipe out my indie cred if more people than just the staff of muskethurder. have heard of these

bands." Lavender is also not-shockingly a member of Control Group, Yale's experimental theater troupe. When asked about this activity, Lavender replies, "I can't reveal much about our next project except that it involves vampire teeth, fake blood, a certain Radiohead song, real blood, and Vicodin."

Luckily for you, *Record* reader, Lavender is on the look out for a Lennon to her Ono. Asked about past loves, Lavender reveals, "I like performance artists who cut themselves. I don't look for this actively, but that's usually the type of guy I end up with." So get busy slitting your wrists, because Lavender Pollet would love to sit at the bottom of an eternal abyss with you by her side. And now if you'll excuse him, being with Lavender has made this reporter want to go masturbate...with irony, and maybe a little counter-cultural loathing. God, Lavender, you make us so horny that even though it's a cliché we'll stick with it for the sake of hypocrisy because being a hypocrite is ironic. And 'cause you're fuckin' hot. ☺

In a sunny corner of Calhoun library's Whitridge Study room lounges the famous 'Houn Hoodboss, Chris Webber, who made this *Record* reporter swear allegiance to the Calhoun Fighting Kelp, err, the Calhoun Inferno, before beginning this interview. "As I

told you in my e-mail, I want to make sure that you will not, ever, put down Calhoun College," says Webber as he takes off his residential college scarf. Indeed, in a typical week, he sends out at least 10 notifications concerning Calhoun business to the entire college. "I've learned that the best way to keep up college spirit is to send enthusiastic e-mails at least twice a day, e-mails which always end with 'Yay!' or '(8-)]'," Webber says while stroking his "Houn is on fire" sweat-pants. "And now that I use Eudora as my preferred e-mail client, I get to send even sexier e-mails in fonts like Tacoma and Garamond."

Besides flexing his college council president biceps by keeping everyone in Calhoun informed about master's teas using illegal panlists, Webber has kept the Calhoun intramural machine rolling through seven semesters at Yale. "It may be hard to believe, but I play 18 IMs for Calhoun and also order the t-shirts for all the freshmen, so that they are accountable to earn those shirts by coming to the games," Webber ejaculates as he strokes a water-based Calhoun tattoo on

his face.

Not disturbed by this *Record* reporter's ill ease in his presence, Webber talks about how he donated his nana's Ford Windstar, which he drove from Tennessee to Yale freshman year, to Calhoun to be used as an IMs shuttle. "I can't drive the car myself most of the time because I'm working as a Master's aide, putting up posters and cleaning the student kitchen," explains Webber. Because Yale Uni-

versity only allows 19 hours of wage work per week, Webber volunteers an additional 10 hours a week, delivering edibles to the buttery and negotiating t-shirt deals with "those bastards at Campus Customs."

So what does the most personable Calhoun leader do on weekends when the senior administrative assistant is not around? "I witness Calhoun parties and Bingham parties, and also make sure that Mathematica works on all computers in our cluster," Webber says.

If Webber's having a particularly good night, he's probably getting lucky with his favorite type of lady – an insecure Calhoun freshman. With a drink cabinet stock full of sprite and grain alcohol and several Calhoun related pick-up lines at his disposal (exam-



ples include "haven't I seen you at the SAC meaning," and "I was a shoe-in for freshman counselor, but everyone figured the freshmen would be too into me" and "I think your hot ass, your hot ass, your hot ass is on fire"), this is one guy who is always happy to make new 'Hounies feel right at home in their college – particularly in his room, after a few drinks. All we can say is that is that this *Record* reporter hope he takes time off from sketchy predation and makes some room for intramural fucking the shit out of me. ☺

chris
webber

most personable
RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE BOOSTER

If you've been looking for a special lady to "play doctor" with, Devon Peters might just be your match. If this pre-med D-Porter ever has free time, that is. "I get up every day at 6:00 A.M. – even on weekends," she said. "And then I don't get to bed until 4:00 A.M. every night. Otherwise I'd get behind on my reading!"

If you'd like to study **most personable** Devon's biology, you can find her in the front of the classroom. "Man, those freshman pre-meds have no idea how to arrange seating," she whined, flailing her arms. "Normally I show up 25 minutes before class, and they think they can just grab my seat when I'm in the bathroom. Today, I was in front row center until I got up to get a drink of water and lost it. Then later, I made a hot pocket, and the cheese was molten hot and the pepperoni was ice-cold. God, life is so hard!"

Devon is quite popular with her other classmates, a fact which bothers her immensely. "Oh god," she sighed, "everyone is always trying to get me to be their 'study buddy.' I hate working with people, though – when I make a 67-page-long study guide, it's for my benefit, not theirs! It's like if you're brilliant and everything comes easy to you, your supposed to help others or something. Also, I stubbed my toe

earlier. What the fuck."

In addition to taking seven classes and two labs, Devon is an active contributor to the *Yale Magazine of Strenuous Scientific Research*. "It's so much work! Sometimes it feels like I'm publishing the magazine all by myself," she exclaimed. "I swear, if I weren't constantly telling people what they need to be doing and then telling them that they're not doing it well, nothing would ever get done."

If you'd like to give Devon a full-body physical, you should know that she's looking for an intelligent, mature man – the kind who likes to listen. "I don't think I'll find a boyfriend until after I graduate," she said, rolling her eyes. "All the guys here are sooooo immature! I swear, none of them take their studies seriously."

Still wondering if you can get an "A" in Sexual Chemistry? Make sure you're punctual. "I hate how every one around here is always late – even the professors!" she exclaimed. "One week my chem professor didn't upload the next problem set on-time. I immediately e-mailed him about it, but he didn't reply. He uploaded the new problem set a couple hours later, but it had already totally messed up my reading schedule! Life sucks. I wish I were Sudanese."

Devon Peters really has it all; with a sharp mind and tongue, a more enticing whiny pre-med simply can't be found on campus. This *Record* reporter sure would like to proctor her exam. Just so long as it's not oral. ☺



Some people take a locked door and lack of response to persistent knocking as a sign that they are not wanted, but not Brad Wayland. "If I knock loudly enough, someone usually comes to the door. If not, I can always just wait around until someone has to leave to go to class." "Actually, it's Sunday," said this *Record* reporter. "That's okay," said Brad, "I brought a blanket and some jerky. Besides, according to the facebook.com, Rachel Davis, who lives here, is taking Bio 160, and that has a review session today, so she'll probably be back soon."

When Brad is not hovering outside dorm rooms or leaning on entryway doors, he works as a dining hall manager. Speaking of his glamorous job, Brad commented, "It's a great chance to see all my friends, classmates, fans and well-wishers. For some reason, I occasionally have a hard time getting in touch with them – bad cell phone connections, I think – but everyone's gotta eat, right?" Damn straight; this *Record* reporter would love a piece of Brad's Grade-D meat.

This *Record* reporter interviewed Brad in the fifth-floor suite where his "best buds" live. "Yeah, it's cool, this place is like my second home," Brad said as the occupants of the suite stealthily crept out their common room window and climbed down the adjacent drainpipe. "You know, I got a lot of people who claim to be my friends, but they'll ignore me when I'm talking to them and they're trying to write a term paper. These guys, though, in this suite, like Aaron..." Brad extolled, pointing at the swarthy stud entering the suite (at which point, this *Record* reporter wondered why Aaron can't be the subject of this article).

"Hey how did you get in, Brad?"

Aaron responded. "We took the hanger off the door because we didn't want y–, um, any of our stuff to get stolen. Oh, wait a minute, someone just texted me, I gotta go." Aaron then sprinted at top speed down the stairs and out the door, where he hid in some bushes until Brad left forty minutes later.

"Yeah, great guy," said Brad, "And that reminds me of how I spent my last five hours. So first, I went to breakfast and they didn't have any bowls left so I had to go behind the counter. I tried to say hey to all my home boys working in the kitchen, but everyone seemed to be on break. So I



was like 'sup' and they all were like, 'oh, hey Brad,' and then I was like 'hey, if you could be one James Bond villain besides Dr. No, who would it be. I would definitely be Jaws, the one from *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and *Moonraker*. Now, I know that technically Jaws was a henchman and not a villain, but he was in two movies so it evens, out right and they were like..."

Unfortunately, this *Record* reporter could not hear the end of this story because her Econ professor called to tell her about emergency office hours that she had to get to right now.

When this *Record* reporter returned home after an exhausting day of interviewing people and coming up with euphemistic terms for "vagina," there Brad was, downloading music onto this *Record* reporter's computer. "Hey what are you up to tonight?" Brad inquired chipperly. We don't know, Brad, but it will surely involve a sordid sexual pun and, if we have anything to say about it, you. ☺

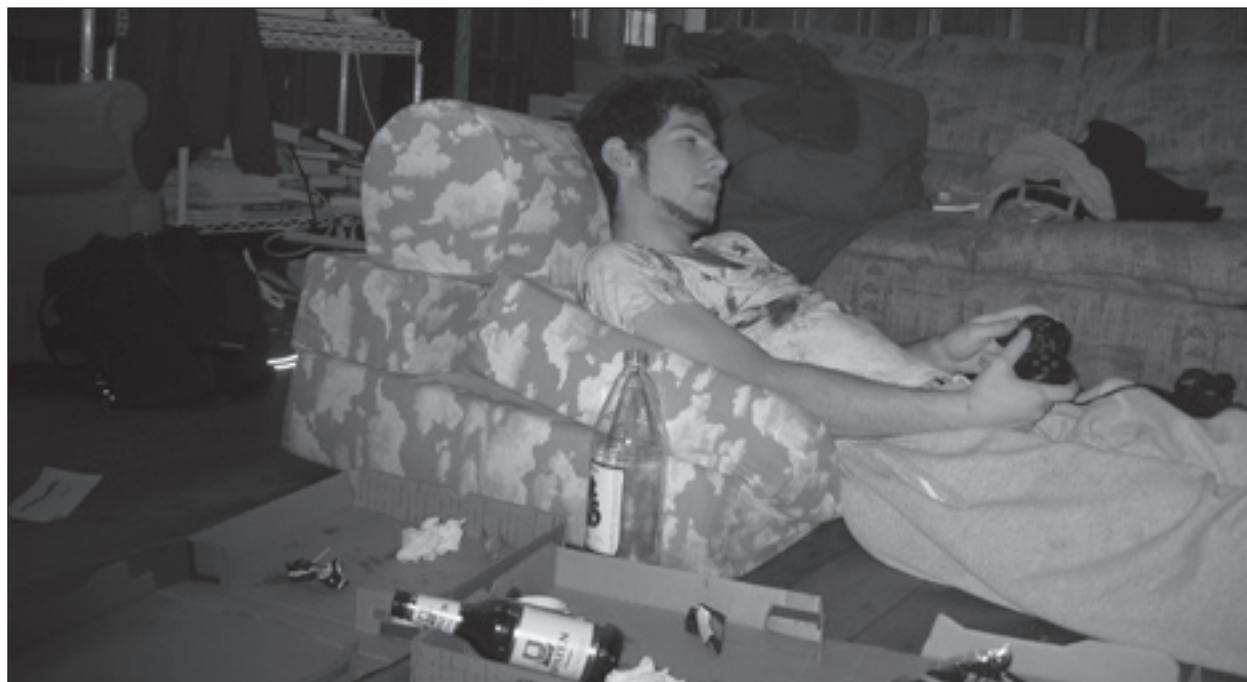
most personable
HANGER ON

brad
wyland

Andrew Smith's record says it all. Captain of the debate team, vice-president of the student council, author of the school play, a universally beloved all-around all-star. Until Yale hit him like a ton of bricks, that is. Nowadays, not a challenge can be found that this MP won't take lying down. Indeed, the one thing this moping man-god won't vaguely depress will be your desire to listen to him whine about his pathetic lack of motivation and accomplishment. All...night...long.

"I honestly don't know what happened," Smith told *The Record*, prompting this reporter to spill 2-3 quarts of semen under the interview table (I'm looking at you, WLH 003...). "In high school I fucking owned. Now I can't even drag my lazy ass out of my room for IMs. Stupid, stupid stupid."

Looking for a few good men to help staff a new anti-poverty community initiative? Don't think for a second that this sexy superstar turned underachiever will bite. Sassy and sedentary, A"S"S boasts a licentious combination of self-pity and



existential malaise that will make you realize how much better you used to be at not drooling all over his sweet ass.

"I remember going to the freshman bazaar with Smitty," Smith pal Grady Eisen said. "Sure, he made his

andrew
"smitty"
smith

most personable

BURNOUT

rounds, collecting flyers, whoring out his e-mail to the YDN, YSECS, the Libs, the Dems, the Progs, the Logs, EWB, EWWB, TUIB, but I could already see the surrender in his eyes. I'm not sure he got off the futon for a month after that. His suitemates and I spent pretty much the rest of the semester trying to find something, anything to get him excited. I even tried getting him to smoke pot,

which he did for a few days until he quit for lack of enthusiasm. After that we all pretty much gave up."

As a freshman, Smith cloistered himself off from the outside world. But two years later, this MP may finally be coming out of his shell. Electronically speaking. "I've created maybe five facebook groups which I check twice or three times a week to see if I've gotten new members,"

Smith confessed to this reporter. "I get really excited when someone I don't know joins. Almost makes up for the fact that I can't ever remember to show up to the meetings of the real groups I belong to. Nominally, of course."

Well, Andrew, we'd nominally like to take your disconsolate, sullen manhood into any three of our orifices (your choice, you indecisive Adonis!) And ladies, beware: this budding MP will soon be gunning for you, too. After his nap.

There's only one word that can describe the social phenomenon known to most as Hunter Coldstone: cool. Without regard to the incredible pun implied there—and we do believe it's incredible, almost as incredible as this paradigm of human perfection—it's actually impossible for us to think of anything as cool as being president of SAE...except maybe being heir to a tremendous fortune.

Hunter Coldstone is both.

"If you like a little sugar mixed into your ice cream, ladies, then you've come to the right place," Hunter kids coolly while mixing a gin and tonic with two large metal mallets on a piece of granite recently installed on the porch at SAE.

"And if you're hungry, why wait? I'll throw in a Snickers, too."

While she may not be snickering when she thinks of Hunter, a butterfin-

ger, and a nice-sized helping of chocolate sauce, this *Record* reporter had no trouble chilling out with Hunter for a few choice minutes at his new palace, the SAE house. "It may not be much compared to the place on Martha's Vineyard," he jokes, "but it sure beats the dorms. I could never get a decent blow job in those skinny-ass beds."

But if you think all there is to this super-cool frat brother is nothing but thinly-to-not-at-all-veiled dirty talk and unimaginable wealth, you've got another thing coming: he's got a generous side, too...and we don't just mean his penis, which is probably tremendous. No,

Hunter dedicates a large portion of his endowment (nope, still not that one) and his time to charity work through the non-profit organization his family founded, the Stone-Cold Kids.

"It's about warmth and charity and making a difference and stuff," Hunter said. "Basically, we collect used jackets and mittens and stuff and give them to black people—

I mean, poor people that need them. I'm not totally sure how it works, actually... but my Dad just told me we finally got approved for tax-exempt status, which

I think was a big deal."

Although just about everything out of Hunter's mouth was either stupid, obvious, or both, we couldn't help but be won over by something about him. His incredibly popular on-campus persona? His triple-decker polo shirts? Maybe it was just the incredible promise of his bank account/trust fund. Either way, it left us questioning: do we like it, do we love it or have we got to have it?



hunter
coldstone

most personable
FRAT BRAH



Although not much is known about Brendan Tiles' personality, morality or criminal record, one thing is for sure: he's a great guy. Indeed, according to

nearly all of his four hundred closest friends, this impressive MP boasts the most personable personality of all.

"He's such a great guy," friend

Juli Raymond, TD '06 told *The Record*. "You should meet him. He's really the best."

A self-proclaimed "born schmoozer," Brendan's talent for charming the pants off everyone he meets is only exceeded by his talent for knowing a lot of people. And, fortunately for this reporter, many of them are more than eager to testify to his unique great-guyness.

"Brendan is one of those guys that just makes the most of life and everything around him," former classmate Carl Washland explained. "He plays X-box, he does IMs, usually finishes his homework AND he goes out on the weekends. I must admit, I think I'd be jealous if he wasn't such a stand-up guy."

But such feats aren't the only slam dunks on this upstanding citizen's resume. Other, but no less frequently mentioned credits include: making conversation with friends in the dining hall, calling his parents upwards of three times a month, usually remembering his girlfriend's birthday and never getting less than a C+ in any class.

most personable
GREAT GUY

brendan
BT
tiles

"Last semester I got stuck on this ConLaw paper I was writing, and so naturally I gave Brendan a call, since we were both in the class" said Jamie Pantankin, Founder and President of Yale Students Against Cancer and rabid BT devotee. "He helped me figure out ideas for my paper for a good few minutes and he only charged ten dollars. Just between us, sometimes I wish I could be more like him."

With all that generosity, it's clear that Brendan ain't got much time to bleed. But this attractive altruist is not above random acts of kindness, especially those involving the opposite sex.

"He's so sweet," admirer Shana LeFornin exclaimed.

"Whenever I pass him on the street, he always makes sure to give me a stiff-handed wave or, at the very least, an upward nod of the head. It's selfless gestures like that which really restore my faith in the world, you know?"

And what does Tiles himself think about his own seemingly boundless ability to give?

"That's basically how I play it," he said. "You'd be surprised how often it makes the panties drop."

Brendan, ours are on the floor. Ignition. ☺

After wading through the sea of flesh that is Toad's place or peering past the naïve freshmen at his totally radical frat parties, one can usually find Mr. Jason Preston "housing Jack Daniels to the face." Preston boasts this to be his main talent and his consumption of obnoxious amounts of alcohol have earned him the right as the craziest party animal. *The Record* was able to catch a quick interview with Jason while he happened to be throwing several waffle irons off the 3rd floor of his fraternity house in a drunken rage.

Before we were even able to pose him with a question he hollered, "Just glad to be here Carson, WOOOOOO!" He savagely removed his shirt which

said "Designated Driver" in large white bold lettering and screamed a breath redolent of Tequila and Dubra of times past.

After asking his opinion on Palestinian determinism Preston cleverly retorted, "I WILL MAKE YOU MY WIFE!" Despite several attempts to mount this *Record* reporter and indeed make me his wife, he calmed down and slowed his breathing to that of a delirious baboon recently escaped from captivity. He spoke at deafening decibels, "What are you doing dude, this is CALLEGE! You party in CALLEGE." He then attempted his hand at singing, "You gotta fight...for your right...to

have funnnnnnn in callege!" After several seconds of jumping in a lunatized fashion, Mr. Preston eventually decided to sit down on what he called "a chair" but what this *Record* reporter considers "my laptop."

He fled down the stairs back to the main party perhaps to thrive off the body heat of other pressed individuals. While hearing the occasional screams of "suck my



jungle juice teat," and "you can't spell beer pong without beer," further interview with Preston would have to wait until later.

The *Record* eventually approached Preston hours later, alone on the couch with his hands buried in his face. "I'm never getting laid. I didn't get laid tonight and I'm in callllege. It feels like Donkey Kong is raping coconuts in my head. I think it's the rough and stressful schedule I have here. Tequila Monday, Whiskey Tuesday, Vodka Tonic Wednesday,

day, Laundry Bleach Thursday, Gasoline Friday, Saturday Fight Night at Toads, and Sunday, the Lord's Day. I have a lot of responsibility here as the party guy. I'm not as prestigious as a Czar like in Harvard, but I'm moving up in the ranks."

The most intriguing thing about Preston was that he is completely reserved when separated from his alcohol. In fact, most of his acquaintances or teachers describe him as "reserved" or "prone to headaches" or a "useless hunk of mass." Some of Preston's other hobbies besides partying include celebrating joyously, making merry, rejoicing in a festive environment, and reveling at social gatherings. Although no one has actually seen Jason Preston at classes or walking around campus, he is well known for his totally awesome ice luge and flammable piñata. Make no mistake about it this animal certainly knows how to party like it's the current year in which he is partying. ☺

jason
preston

most personable
PARTY ANIMAL

Lois Furtz loves being at Yale. No, really. I mean, she likes it okay. It's pretty good, she guesses. Well, sometimes she does miss her family's ranch outside of Whitefish, MT, and her grandmother, and her dog Jo, and her best friend Bonnie, who is majoring in agricultural economics at MSU-Bozeman and who is "a really great person who's just so decent and down-to-earth, not like ..." Lois trailed off. This *Record* reporter sat on the couch awkwardly, mesmerized by the hundreds of photos plastered all over Lois's walls and by a vaguely mammalian aroma.

But Lois doesn't spend all of her time at Yale pining for the wide open spaces of Big Sky Country. She is active in several clubs, including the Yale Ranch Society and The Organization of Montanan Yalies (TOOMY), of which she is president. "Charlie and Burch and I sure do tons of fun stuff," Lois said of TOOMY. "Like we just hang out and talk about how much we miss Whitefish or White-

hall or White Sulfur Springs." Lois, you can dust our crops anytime. And by dust our crops, we mean have sex. Sexual intercourse. With us. Please.

Lois may think a little different from some Yalies, but to her this just means she has a chance to share some of her down-home values with us nihilistic East Coast hedonists. Asked about her views on gay marriage, Lois said, "I don't really want to talk about it. You won't like me anymore." This reporter was fascinated, in a Jane Goodall kind of way, by Lois's reluctantly shared tales of going to "church" every Sunday morning, and of "voting for Bush." Was there someone other than Kerry on the ballot last election? And everyone knows the point of Sunday morning is to expunge the last remnants of Saturday night's Carlo from one's stomach. Speaking of which ...

While stumbling back from the toilet to Lois's room, this reporter tripped over a charming straw hat in her common room. Lois explained that it had been part of her Halloween costume. "I went as a Montana rancher," she said. "I

Lois
furtz

most personable

FISH OUT OF WATER



know it's just pretend, and it was only for a few hours, but ... it was nice." I quickly mobbed out of the interview as Lois, choking back tears, speed-dialed

her mother in Whitefish. This reporter would like to speed-dial Lois's sweet, cattle-ranching ass some Tuesday evening for a little free range poontang. ☹

From the pasty-white skin to the "desperate for attention" smile, the *Yale Record* staff gives Stacy's mom a run for her money in the "got it going on" department. These guys (well, actually only 93% guys) aren't just hot: they're highbrow. "We're all about keeping our integrity," said Editor-In-chief Michael Rae-Grant '07. "Hey, how about this one: Dear *Yale Record*, Suck my cock. Sincerely, a guy who makes animal shaped lollipops."

Not only do these sexy staffers put out a magazine that rivals *Light and Truth* in readership, they also parody popular campus publications. That's sexy, right? Please God, let that be sexy. "We put out the fake blue book earlier this year," says Chairman David Chermicoff. "Apparently, some people even



went online to find out more about the fake courses. Man, people who are interested

in their own education are so stupid. Thank god I have these aviators to let everyone know I'm too cool to care about stuff."

When they're not busy cracking wise, these insecure sexpots love to cut loose, or at least make fun of other people who are cutting loose. "Weekends at Yale are so pathetic, and the worst part is, no one realizes it," said Managing Editor David Litt '08, sitting alone in the Branford courtyard at 1AM on a Friday. "It's just a bunch of immature college students who boost their self-

esteem by pre-gaming at friends' places, partying all night, and then having lots of casual sex. Or so I've overheard." Unfortunately, this reporter was unable to continue the interview, as Litt was inadvertently knocked to the ground and sat on by a large, much-better-looking rower who mistook him for a stool.

Managing Editor Eric March agreed. "The thing about Yale is people just take themselves too seriously. They're always like 'look at me, I'm running for an e-board position,' or 'check me out, I'm teaching poor kids to read.' I mean, how self-absorbed can you get," he said. "Listen. None of us have really had sex in while," he added.

There's no question about it: these awkward Adonises (well, actually, only 93% Adonises) may just be the best-looking people on campus, as long as your standard for evaluating looks involves "Arrested Development" trivia—lots of "Arrested Development" trivia—and is in no way based on good looks.

So now the question that's on every lady's mind – how to bag one of these crotchety cuties for yourself? That is the question on every lady's mind, right? Or at least, some ladies. One lady? Oh God, we're so cynical and lonely.

Hotness!!! ☹

the yale
record

most personable

BITTER, OBNOXIOUS ASSHOLES

CALL ME IF YOU NEED 2-TALK

Everyone has their fantasies. I want to share one of mine with you.

It is late afternoon to evening hours, somewhere in the area around Dwight toward Kensington Street. It is dark when I notice a medium height, white female aged 18-21, who is wearing clothes and having breasts. She is oblivious; listening to an iPod while jogging. I am not distressed to report that I find her dangerously attractive. Titillated, I respond to the incident by increasing patrols in her area.

Suddenly, a group of masked teenagers riding bicycles, brandishing all manner of brick attacks the student and knocks her to the ground. I think about radioing for back-up, but decide against it. This is my fight. It's time to bust out a little Perrotti Karatti.

"Ride your bicycles to areas of New Haven not affiliated with this Universi-

ty, you ten-gear rascallions," I command.

"Or what, Chief James Perrotti," the teenagers scoff, "You'll step up police activity in the area of Lot 80?"

Without hesitation, I lunge for a blue phone and they scatter, driven away by the unholy fear of an effective campus safety aid.

"Good thing I ran into you, white female aged 18-21," I say, as I undo the top button of my police blazer. "You should be mindful of the excellent security resources Yale has put in place for your protection. And you should never be alone. Especially at night..."

"Oh, James Perrotti, I'm alone more than you can ever know. Say,

is that 'w h a t appears to be a weapon' in your pocket, or are you just h a p p y

to see me?" It is clear that this student body was aware of my "presence." I



help her stand up; her 18-21-year-old breasts of average build heaving up at me through the fabric of her running shirt. Faster than I can say Bod-dOper, the minibus arrives, and we ascend two steps to paradise.

As soon as we are sealed within our mobile pleasure dome, I notice something suspicious down below. I am worried that the activity in my pants makes her feel uneasy, but the look in her eyes tells me she is willing to risk serious injury from *this* armed assailant.

"Pork me, you dirty pig!" she says.

"Call me Chief," I demand. "Time to enforce some law and order."

Wordlessly, she eases down my utility belt and blue police britches. She is delighted to find that I am hung like a black male, aged 13-65. She handles my nightstick while I commit a little armed robbery behind her convenience store. I can tell already that she is going to surrender her V-wallet.

The steam builds on the minibus windows as I unclasp her bra and begin to search her crime scene. Caught up in our passion, we are only vaguely aware of the three frightened freshman

girls looking on, one a little too intently. The minibus driver, a tall, muscled old woman threatens to stop the bus unless we return to our seats.

"This is a public place! You stop that, or I'll call the YPD!" she screeches.

"Screw you lady! I *am* the YPD!" I retort in a forceful baritone. Unfazed, my liaison and I retreat into our own private holding cell as I begin to accost her more and more forcefully.

I penetrate her like a deadly Teflon-coated bullet through a police issue vest. The minibus is rocking as my arrests become increasingly frequent. Climaxing, she screams "E-MAIL ME JAMES! E-MAIL ME ABOUT PERSONAL SAFETY!" Her body shudders, cracking the glass. She receives a flesh wound in one hand, but is otherwise unharmed.

As I slip on my utility belt and blue pants, I tell her not to hesitate to call us at (203) 432-4400. I promise to take her safety and security seriously any time. Again and again and again.

When I return to the station, I tell my buddy about the encounter. He gives me a hi-5-5555. "Chief," he says, "You really know how to service the Yale community!"

"Just another day for the Chief of the Yale Police," I respond, "Now let's get going. We've got a long night of underage 'violations' ahead of us!" ☺



A Message from Chief Perrotti

With Chief James A. Perrotti

TURLEY AD

THE TENTH CIRCLE

Every month it is my blessing and my curse to scour Yale's publications for the inevitable idiocy that lurks therein. It is my firm belief that only through spending hours upon untold hours of my life cataloging minor grammatical inconsistencies can I affect positive change on this, our cherished university. For what kind of world would it be if amateur college writers were allowed on occasion to misspell the name of a professor (*Yale Herald* 11/13 p. 5, line 17, "John Gadis" anyone?) and be left unscathed? Justified thusly and without further ado, I bring you the scathing.

The "Yale" Daily News

11/28: I was shocked—and by shocked I mean totally un-shocked—to find **Dana Gidrigton's** article on the underground steam tunnel network staring at me like a golf course: long, rambling, and full of holes. Without even touching on its senseless verbosity (look, Dana, lots of kids know big words!), I'll comment merely on the following: 1) there is a shameless comma splice in the second paragraph; 2) describing the view into the tunnels as "smoky" is clearly idiotic, since they're called the steam tunnels; and 3) they are not "inhospitable"—there're plenty of edible vermin in the steam tunnels, believe you me.

11/29: The lovely and talented—and by lovely and talented I mean hideously incompetent—**Ms. Gidrigton** has, through her painful linguistic indiscretions, nearly destroyed both journalism and the English language itself. While writing, no doubt, with ink comprised of the ashes of the Chicago Manual of Style, Ms. Gidrigton decided to use "cliché" as an adjective, and "it's" as a possessive. My God. This is one of those all-too-common instances in which all I want is a fully loaded fire-arm (be it for Dana or for myself). Appalled by her article, I decided to write a letter to the editor of the "Y"DN demanding her dismissal and, at the same time, a serious appraisal of their copy-editing process.

After completing the letter, a rigorous 15 hour exercise, I was exhausted and fell asleep clutching Teddy, my stuffed MLA Handbook.

11/30: Imagine my pride—and by pride I mean horror—upon picking up the "Y"DN and seeing my Letter to the Editor printed in such an altered fashion that it was nearly unrecognizable. Whole sections had been slashed without concern for the rest of the article. My stated "six reasons" for setting **Dana Gidrigton** ablaze were gutted to two. I skimmed along, my blood pressure rising, until finding the "Anyways" beginning the third-to-last paragraph, which had been substituted for "Furthermore." Are you shitting me, "Y"DN? I do *not* speak that way, and I certainly would never make such an error in a widely-read article, unlike some people I know named Dana Gidrigton. Without pause, I wrote a second letter, this one a 9,859 word, 19 hour (and change) affair, whose revision was not complete until well after 5AM.

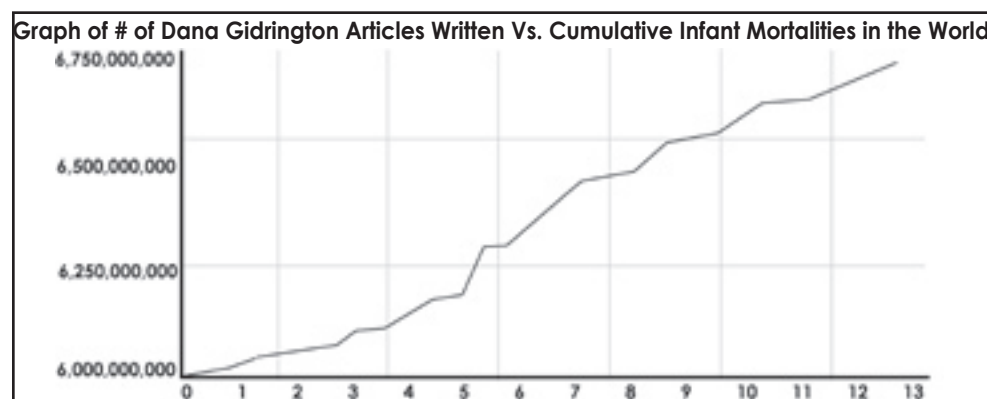
The Yale Herald

11/28: In her article on long-distance relationships, **Elise Fermier** wrote, "the worst thing you can do for your LDR is to not call." What a coincidence, Elise, because the worst thing you can do "to not make us think you're a total moron" is to split your infinitives. And speaking of "LDRs," **my girlfriend** seems to think

that if I don't call her for *one single night* over Thanksgiving break then, "for all intensive purposes, [I] don't really love [her] that much." Well, sweetie, I'll ignore your butchering of a common idiomatic phrase (not to mention your hideously colloquial sentence structure), and simply point out that it was *one night out of eight*.

My Girlfriend

11/29: It appears that **my girlfriend** has a twisted animal cruelty fetish...because she won't stop beating a dead horse. Yes, I'm committed to this; yes, I'm taking you seriously; but look, we've already discussed this, and I have



11/30 - Coincidence? I think not.

a letter to the Editor that I need to finish up. Excuse me? No, I am not "compensating" for my **small penis**. I'm going to stick it to the "Y"DN, because they fucking blow...which is more than I can say about *you*.

11/30: In her text message today, **my girlfriend** wrote, "Sorry luv u call me plz." Well, sweetie, I'm glad to know how much you like that particular vowel, but with spelling like that, it's no wonder you're a chem major. And sorry, I don't have time to chat: a grave injustice has been done me by **Dana Gidrigton** and her band of journalistic hottentots over at the "Y"DN, and I've got another letter to write. Sometimes things come up, and we've got to be able to live our separate lives. And don't even think about IM-ing my roommate and asking him to have me call you—it ain't happening.

REJOURNALISMAL JOURNALISM with 5-Ball

12/1: Fine. Fine: I'll skip my roommate's birthday party—which I helped organize—to sit in your room and watch *The OC* with **your mindless, vapid suite-mates**. It's not like Steve's my best friend or anything...no, don't worry about it. It's like you said: this is *my* decision, and I *choose* to stab my friend in the back to appease your frigid, vengeful whims. Whatever. No, seriously: whatever.

My Roommate Steve

12/1: Today **Steve** said, "You can't go to my birthday? That's bullshit." **Dude**, I'm really sorry. I know it's "bullshit," man, it's just that **Molly's** being a fucking nut-job right now, and I kinda gotta

go deal with her. We'll chill tomorrow night or something. All right, peace man, I'll see you at brunch or whatever.

12/2: **Dude**, I already apologized for the **Molly** thing; I thought we were going to hang out tonight, and now I find out you went without me to that concert we planned on going to together? Man, you're like my best friend, but you can be a real shithead sometimes. I would say what you did was "fucked up", but unlike some roommates I know, ending sentences with prepositions is some ungrammatical shit by which I will not stand idly.

My Severe Alcohol Problem

11/28: Today I got drunk at ten in the morning. Why, you may ask? Because I can't bear to remain conscious in a world that condones the hideous **Dana Gidrigton** article I just read.

11/29: In **my** letter to the editor of the "Y"DN, I evidently thought it a good idea to write, "4. **Dana Gidrigton** has casued the worldd of noosepaper raeders to live daily in a firey journalustic holicaust, therefore it si ooonly fair that she herselfes b set ablaze./" Not only did I have to run spell-check *twice* on this sentence, I muddled my singular and my plural. Any why would I do that? Because I was drunk off **my ass**.

11/30: Speaking of **my ass** being drunk, it's a good thing **I've** got a single, because otherwise I would have to share my vodka while writing this letter.

12/1: It's not *actually* **small**, it's just hard to get it up when you're blindingly intoxicated.

12/2: With **Steve** gone and **Molly** pissed, there's no one left but **me** and **you, Mr. Jack Daniels**. Let's hit the town hard—and by "town" I mean my liver—and by "hard" I mean...well I guess I mean hard.

...OF JOURNALISM

My Astro Problem Set

12/1: **My Astro Problem Set** reads, "The orbit of such a pulsar will decay rapidly due to gravitational wave radiation. Sketch a space-time diagram showing the trajectories of the pulsar and black hole as the two objects spiral together. Explain what aspects of the motion of the two objects are correctly described by your diagram. Are there other aspects of the motion that are not accurately depicted?" What the fuck does that even mean? I need more whiskey.

12/2: Dammit, I passed out and didn't do my **problem set**. Now I have to meet with **this fucking TA** on a Saturday morning to explain things. Saturday?! I swear to **God**, nothing is sacred anymore.

My Hairbrained Astro TA

12/3: **Jesus, who are you? Dana Gidrington's sister?** Don't you understand that I was so hung over when I dragged my carcass out of bed to meet you at Atticus that I can't remember a goddamn word we exchanged...and that includes the so-called "string of abusive epithets" that you've accused me of using which, if they were half as well-constructed as you've since described, was pretty impressive for a guy whose head was pounding like the timpani section of Carmina Burrana. Report me to the professor, will you? Looks like someone is in for a scathing satirical memorandum.

My Irate Astro Professor

12/4: In the angry speech he gave me today, **I think Professor Giribaldi** said, "It is highly inappropriate to send a TA a death threat, even in jest." I'll tell you what's "highly inappropriate," Professor: your complete inability to understand nuanced literary wit. When I suggested lighting **what's-her-name** on fire, it was a *metaphor*. In any case, I say "I think," because by that point I was so drunk I could barely understand which of the sounds I was hearing were human speech and which were part of the normal background noises to which one doesn't normally attend. I do vaguely remember your referring me to **Ex-Comm**, as well as my vomiting into your briefcase, but the details are somewhere between "fuzzy" and "sideways."

The Ex-Comm Board

12/5: Really, how many times can

one panel ask, "What do you have to say for yourself" before realizing that I'm nearly catatonic with intoxication? Are you complete morons? "Fuck off and let me go through alcohol withdrawal in peace"—that's what I "have to say for myself." I don't know if I got this across clearly enough. I *tried* breaking that pitcher and those glasses to get your attention, although all that seemed to do was make my escape route more dangerous. Look, in a world where one's letter to the editor can be so grossly misrepresented I don't care about things like "basic human decency" and "already being on academic probation." Hit me with your worst, **Yale**, you fucking institution of higher education—and by "institution of higher education" I mean **"Dana Gidrington's journalistic sodomy parade."** Go ahead: make my day.

My College Career

12/6: **Yale**, in its letter to me wrote, "We regret to inform you that, due to your unfortunate actions, we must ask you to leave Yale College permanently." Well Yale, the joke's on you, because I "regret to inform you that" **my parents** have disowned me, and I don't have the cash to go anywhere! Looks like I'm stuck on the streets of downtown New Haven for the foreseeable future. *And* I have an "unfortunate" tendency towards substance abuse, so I'm going to start accosting **your students** more aggressively than I went after the **"Y"DN** accosts standards of decency! **Bitches!**

12/7: With no school, home, or job, it's lucky that I still have my laptop, because I don't have anything better to do than use the free wireless in **Starbucks** to look at porn all day. You should see

the grammatical errors they make on these sites, it's "hardcore." I mean, cum on, guys, seriously.

A Gang of Street Thugs

12/8: Late last night, a **bunch of New Haven hoodlums** decided to give us all a lesson in poor sentence structure when they instructed me to "auit runnin', yo, and give that shit over." Or that's what they claimed to have said once they chased me down, beat me senseless, and took my computer and my shoes. Luckily, the **Yale Police** were nearby. Now, I know what you're thinking: they probably helped me back to my feet and immediately went chasing after the perpetrators. Wrong; instead they demanded rather crudely that I "show some ID," became incensed when I informed them that neither I nor anyone else could show "some" of an ID short of concealing part of the card itself, and, upon discovering that I was no longer technically a Yale student, beat me senseless once more. Well faithful readers, I may not have a laptop anymore—or the use of my left arm—but at least I have my syntactic dignity.

Yale's "Hospitality"

12/8: After sacrificing my already-broken body to the long-repressed desires of a Police force castrated, I made my slow and painful way towards central campus, where I hoped to find a propped entryway door and spend the night out of the bitter, bitter cold. After waiting on York Street for several minutes, I got access to Branford College after a **friend of my girlfriend's** (who was no doubt returning from one of their marathons) asked "Do you need to get in here?" Why no, Jolene, I was just

standing out here with my arm limp at my side because I was waiting for you to tell me how the cute one's date with the bisexual one went. But now that you mention it, yes, Jolene, I would love to come into Branford...and look for a laptop to steal.

12/8: Having regained use of a computer—this column is brought to you by Joey Oliver, BR '08—I settled down in the Branford Common Room. Who would have thought, then, that there would be a routine security sweep of the room every night, and that I would be run out by a **security guard with a beer gut the size of a kodiak bear cub**. (By the way, sir, I assumed that the "Who the fuck are you?" was rhetorical, and that the "Get the fuck back here" was directed at someone else.) With few options available to me—especially given my hard-to-replace payload and need for internet access both to dispense this missive and keep my appetite for self-gratification at bay—I took refuge in the only place left where I could remain safe, hidden, and relatively warm and dry: the steam tunnels.

The Steam Tunnels

12/16: After months of writing this column—and years of living in this world, I daresay—I am a man of low, low expectations. And that's why, God bless them, the steam tunnels beneath the Yale campus have proven themselves a most propitious hiding place. Sure, there are annoyances: the maps are oriented wrong; I haven't a clue what "through ground board access" could possibly indicate; there's a sign deep below the entrance to Calhoun whose "D" has rubbed off, leaving only "ANGER" in its place. But, as I mentioned above, the implication by that ignorant bilgelicker **Dana Gidrington** that the steam tunnels are nothing more than a series of interlinked junk heaps is both ludicrous and personally insulting. For what it's worth—not that any of you seem to give a shit, based on my few attempts at panhandling in between liquor-stealing binges—I'm doing quite all right down here. I've even found the place that I'll conceal **Dana Gidrington's rotting cadaver**, once I can jimmy the lock on the door into the Pierson basement and find my way to entryway F, suite 24. For now, though, I'll have to wait, satisfied that the rat I've mailed to the "Y"DN will find its way to the desk of someone important...or die trying. ☹



12/16 - It kind of feels like home. A tremendously oblong, humid, underground home with scorpions in it. Like my summer house.

Pierson College and *The Record* present

A CONVERSATION WITH RICH “LOWTAX” KYANKA



RICH IS:

- THE FOUNDER of Somethingawful, one of the internet's most popular humor websites

AS WELL AS:

- OWNER of the City Name Sports Team, a parody of sports fanaticism
- OWNER of Awful Video, which recently published *MEGA 64*, a satire of video game culture, as well as *Doom House*, a parody of horror films



COMING SOON TO THE
Pierson Master's House

