

THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL
EST. 1899

Vol. CXIII, No. 4

NEW HAVEN, CT

CAMDEN, NJ

MEMPHIS

DETROIT

M

**"Coast
to
Coast"**

STANFORD, CA



New Haven is littered with a gathering of some of the world's most treasured minds. They crowd the streets.

Often they frighten passers-by with their plebian garb and aggressive requests for alms. But know ye, students of Yale, that these people have chosen to abandon the comfort of homes to reach higher spiritual aims. The homeless bless Yale with their dharma.

A TALE OF LOVE

Yale Student: Master Guru, there's this girl I like but I don't know what to do.

Guru with Yankee Cap: I had a girl once. She left me when I lost my job.

Yale Student: Love is fleeting. I understand.

Guru: Got any change?

Student: Yes, of course Master [hands over change]. Master, how do you live on alms alone?

Guru: If I ain't livin', I'm dyin'.

Student: I find that very insightful.

Guru: [dies]

A MORAL QUALM

Yale Student: Guru, is it moral to eat meat?

Guru Covered in Old Cheese: You got meat?

Yale Student: Not on me, no.

Guru: I've got cheese. But not much.

Yale Student: I'm not sure I understand.

Guru: I'll trade you some meat for some cheese.

Yale Student: ...

Guru: *I'll carve you up real good if you don't.*

WHAT IT ALL MEANS

Yale Student: Esteemed Guru, I want to know more about the meaning of life. Why are we here?

Guru with Newspaper Hat: They build tall towers to know more about us.

Yale Student: Like the tower of Babel?

Guru: They listen in on our thoughts. They can hear us all the time, everywhere.

Yale Student: So you're saying there's a God?

Guru: My brain is a void with millions of particles swarming and bursting and dying!

Yale Student: Wow, that's amazing.

A MASTER'S QUEST

Yale Student: Guru, I have that bottle of whisky you requested. For meditation.

Guru with Strong Smell: Fuck off!

Yale Student: I will leave you in peace, guru.

Guru In Garbage Bag approaches. Bum fight ensues.

Yale Student: Stop it! You are men of wisdom, not of brutality!

Guru In Garbage Bag: [yawns]

Guru with Strong Smell: [sips whisky, reaches Nirvana]

Editor's Note: I apologize for the *poor* quality of this piece. I haven't been able to sleep for a few days because my beeper keeps going off all night.

Wife's Note: After the baby, Miller had to get a second job moonlighting at the Hawksbill Diner. His beeper goes off whenever someone's order is ready. Please don't hold it against him.

Mark's Note: Hi, I'm Mark. I'll have a cheeseburger.

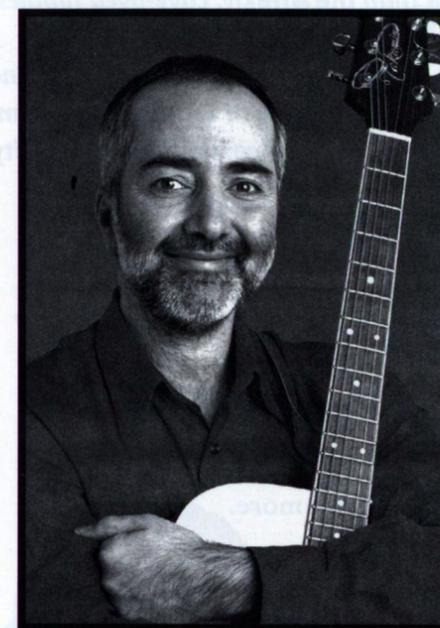
RAFFI SINGS TYPOS

Raffi, the adored children's singer, is back for a new generation.

Featuring the songs your e-kids will adore...

Such sing-a-longs as:

"Baby Bologna"
"Brush Your Feet"
"Bandanaphone"
"Drown By the Bay"
"Whales on the Bust"
"Ruffi"



All your favorite typos on one cassette tape!



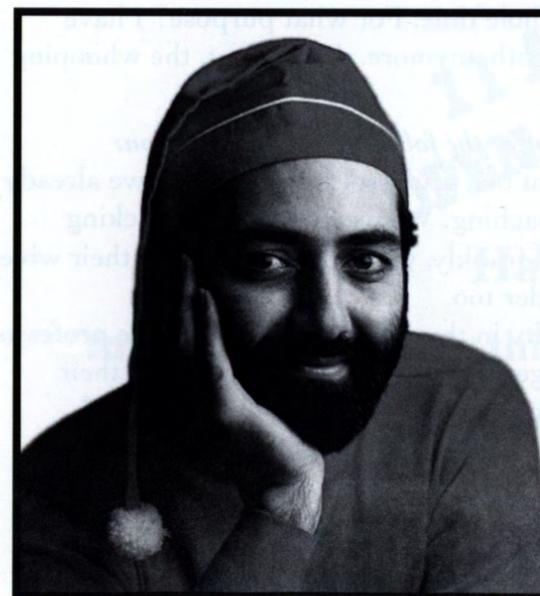
"You're on your computer and you're typing really FAST and all of a sudden you put the first letter MAST."

Oops! (Typo Snong)



And now...Christmas typos! Featuring that favorite hit, "Snowy Snowman!"

Snowy Snowman whitte adnd cold,
Crrtta bose and a butsjdl sdfkjwo,
Thistle brinch got snowman face,
Happy Christmas gryndle grobs!



A Yale Education: World-class Learning from World-Class Faculty

An undergraduate education at Yale has no equal in the sense that only here is the teaching staff at once so accessible and so veteran. Most, if not all, undergraduate courses are taught by famous, tenured professors, and Yale promises this to be true no matter what. And to be fair, what better pedagogical teat to suckle from than the wrinkly, cave-aged nipples of octogenarian Nobel-laureates?

This cheery ideal will ever remain a major attraction for prospective Yaleston Hughses (Yale students), but the innocence about it is a dark charade. The administration goes to great lengths to enforce their commitment to the students, and the idiot hordes of undergraduates are kept blithely unaware of the atrocities inflicted daily upon their beloved, old faculty.



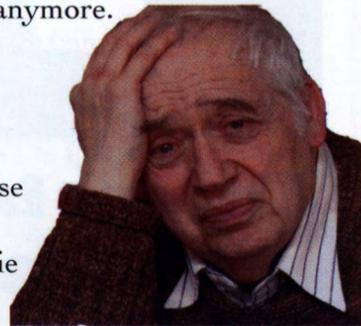
Asked to describe his relationship with faculty, Card Bergstrom '14 explains:

My buddy at Princeton gets most of his classes taught by TAs. I can't imagine having to listen to some pissant twenty-four-year-old BYU grad. Not that there's anything wrong with BYU, but that's so young! How could anybody with so little experience keep a class interested about anything?

Take a look at Humanities Professor Harold Bloom. He's almost a hundred years old! But he doesn't hole up in his office like the some crotchety Harvard stiff. No no, he's so easy to talk to. Sure, he doesn't use email, but at least you can always catch up to him after class because he can't walk very fast anymore.

But it's not all peaches and soda pop for those members of the faculty. Professor Bloom himself offers his own account:

The students harass me to no end. I am almost a hundred years old, so I can barely stand up. I don't even remember what it was like to be 20. I can't relate to these people, especially when I'm so sick. Do they realize I will be dead soon? They zip around on scooterboards and motorcycles and expect me to keep up! I just want to lie down somewhere quiet. I am very ill and don't have the time for these questions.



Professor of Classics and History Donald Kagan describes his experience:

The people at Yale—the young ones, I mean—they don't understand. I can tell you that the true blame for my misery lies with the administration. Every year, they come and tell me to teach all their students. I have to do whatever they ask me. 'No, please,' I say, 'I am so weak and old.' But they will not let me go home to rest. Instead, I teach for hours, standing on my feet the whole time. For what purpose? I have absolutely no idea what comes out of my mouth anymore. At five feet, the whooping crane is the tallest bird in North America.

Yale administrators have little to say, but offer the following in explanation:

Look, it's not that we don't care about our professors. It's just that we already said they'd be teaching the classes they're teaching. We wrote it into the fucking pamphlets, so that's what has to happen. There's a lot riding on it, and frankly, we don't give a shit if their wives are in the hospital. Yale is bigger than us all, and by God, it will be older too.

You just watch. Yale's will be the oldest and thus the best faculty in the world. So what if these professors take an hour to walk from class to class? They knew what they were getting into when they accepted their tenures. If they can't take the heat, then fuck 'em. You don't just get to 19 billion [dollars of endowment] without seriously sacrificing the physical and mental well-being of the world's greatest scholars.



Yale University

ADVOCATE
★ BEST ★
OF
NEW HAVEN
READERS POLL
2009

VOTED
BEST LATE NIGHT
S'BALLAP



ADVOCATE
★ BEST ★
OF
NEW HAVEN
READERS POLL
2009

BEST MIDDLE EASTERN
RESTAURANT

"We are three men, brothers, and we are proud of our restaurant, Marmoun's!

Our son Maroun has our sauce in his veins."

We would like to thank our customers for voting us the BEST year after year.

**Falafel Sandwich
only \$2.95
(plus tax)**

Chicken kebab.....\$4.75
Soft, juicy chicken with ethnic seasoning and a thick sauce. Served with pita.

Chicken Plate.....\$5.45
A heaping mound of our famous hummus served on an extremely soft chicken's body.

Chicken Kebab.....\$4.75
Very soft chicken with a bad tomato. Served with pita and a stick.

S'Ballapp.....\$5.75
English words cannot describe taste of soft, juicy s'ballap.

**11 A.M. - 3 A.M.
OPEN 365 DAYS A YEAR
Free Wi-Fi**

Haven't tried us yet?

You should have. Fix this mistake you have made and try this food!

Marmounsfalafel.job

SINCE 1977

* If you find yourself at our restaurant, try our s'billop we are working so hard for your taste! Ask for Mamron and get a pita dipped specially by Mahmoud for your great sauces!

Staff

- '11 David Kessler
Simone Perrin
- '12 Josh Alvarez
Isaac Bleaman
Nick Gardner
Tamarind King
Reyna Kontos
Alexei Koseff
Spencer Leroux
Ellis Reid
Jarrod Marks
Riley Matthews

- '13 Charles Becker, Jr.
Brandon Evans
Victor Onuigbo
Jack Reidy
Andrew Adams
Kyle Sykes

- '14 Phillip Nazarian
Sasha Arijanto
Jack Werner
Rohan Chopra

- '15 Alex Bayer
Olivier Defonst
Ariana Sofmauer
Chaz

- Special Thanks**
- Eugene Park
 - Walter Haas
 - Billy Kemper
 - Dan Mintz
 - Doug "Showalter" Kenter
 - Chris Peiffer
 - Ian Spiro
 - Barry Parr

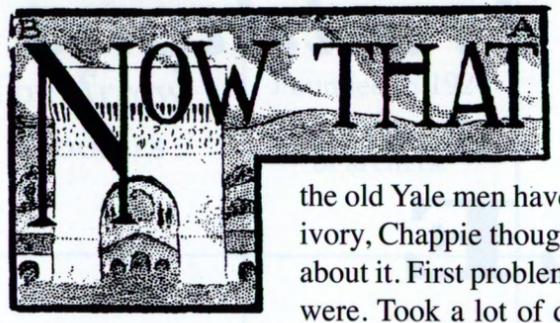
STANFORD Chaparral

Vol. CXIII April 30th, 2012 No. 4

SAM COGGESHALL '12 <i>Old Boy</i>	ALEX HERTZ '13 <i>Old Boy</i>
KIAN AMELI '13 <i>Head Writer</i>	
ANTHONY SO '14 <i>Business Manager</i>	DANIEL KONING '14 <i>Web Director</i>
RYAN DE TABOADA '14 <i>Distribution Manager</i>	ALEX BAYER '15 <i>Art Director</i>
BILLY KEMPER '11 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>	JOSH MEISEL '12 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>

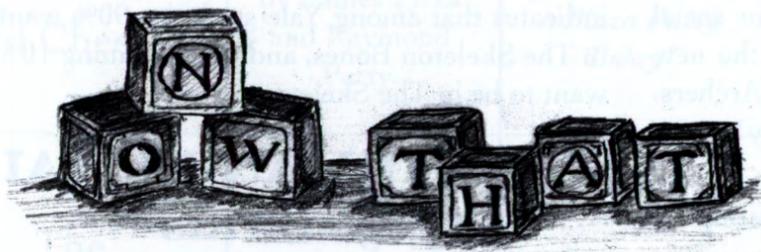
Hammer Coffin

ALEX BAYER '15	DANIEL KONING '14	ADRIAN PERRY '03
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06	DAVE LAMPSON '00	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07
CHRIS CRANE '00	SPENCER LEROUX '12	MIKE PIHULIC '06
SAM CC '13	GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02	DAVID ROSENTHAL '12
RYAN DE TABOADA '14	JOHN LYMAN '11	GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02
DAN DELONG '13	PATRICK MAHER '09	ANTHONY SCODARY '08
OWEN ELLICKSON '00	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	ANTHONY SO '14
MATT HENICK '05	NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06	IAN SPIRO '04
HUETTER! '03	VICTOR ONUIGBO '13	CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
CARRIE KEMPER '06	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	GARRET WERNER '10
DOUG KENTER '07	SIMONE PERRIN '11	ANNIE WYMAN '08
	EUGENE PARK '98	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
	DUSTIN PERKINS '00	JACOB YOUNG '02



The Yale Cheer:
"OH, YALE!"

the old Yale men have said their cheer and returned to their ivy-covered bowers of ivory, Chappie thought he would go back to *his own* roots and tell you straight all about it. First problem, off the bat, was finding where and what the hell those roots were. Took a lot of digging, and this Jester's not too proud of what he found— suffice it to say there was a dead mule, a dying hag with gangrene, and a bunch of half-empty beer cans filled with a dark, brackish liquid back in some corner of a windowless room somewhere, and we're still not even really sure what we remember or what we want to forget. But the Jester still found it necessary to return to his center—to an elevated, collegiate style, to disconnected paragraphs after now and that, to school spirit, to the *alma mater*. Those Elis sure showed us what college, and college humor, and colleges, are all about: the sweaters we're wearing again in the Western heat, the Gothic menace, the residential atmosphere, the unceasing self-reference. Go Stanford, go Yale, and go College! Write what you know, accept what you don't, and give it the old try.



you've been at Stanford for a while, it's time to venture up to San Francisco, into Zone 1. It's a dangerous approach. The Caltrain doesn't always move in a straight line, no matter what Zone you're

searching. You've got to be careful. But once you're up there, the City will make your wildest dreams, your deepest unacknowledged desires, come true. The City *is* your wildest dream. What is it you want? It turns out, the City knows, and what you want at your very core, what you haven't even glimpsed and will never be able to come to terms with, is a Pirate-themed drag bar full of old men drinking full cups of Dark and Stormy's. They stare you and the drag queens and the naked bartenders in the eye all at once with their many eyes. The bar is quiet, and smells of stale fountain water and mildewy rope and Egyptian make-up. The City is a frightening place.

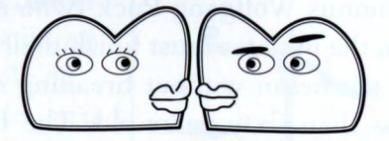


They called his name. They called his name "Now That" again and they made him run around the block. He was bound for Stanford, and not for Yale. They would not tell him what to do. It seems it might be fitting to start a magazine, he thought, and in the shade of the Sequoia he came to tower over it. Later, working, he had forgotten Yale, as all his fellow writers came from the *Lampoon*.



"The Yale Record? More like the DULL and GROANS!"

The Yale Cheer, Pt. II:
"OH, FUCK, YALE!"



Jim, that's not how it's done.

Toast to Toast!

— Heard on Campus

WRITING CREDITS

- 2 New Haven GurusHertz
- 3 Raffi Sings Typos.....Hertz
- 4 World Class Old Faculty..... Ameli
- 5 Mamoun's FalafelCoggeshall, Hertz
- 7 Now ThatOld Boys
- 8 Secret Rites Coggeshall, Hertz
- 9 Secret Rites Part II Coggeshall, Hertz
- 10 UmbrellaHertz
- 11 Yale University DiplomaKoning

- 12 Stanford Legends and Myths.....Hertz
- 13 Jest A Minute.....Mukherjee
- 14 Movie Madness.....Meisel et al.
- 15 Weird Al.....Koning
- 16 Puppeteering.....Hertz
- 17 Yale Showers.....Hertz

ART CREDITS

- 1 Cover.....Bayer
- 5 Toasts and Coasts.....Coggeshall, Hertz

Published sixish times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are eighteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues only four dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 18916, Stanford, CA 94309. Send e-mail to: oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: <http://www.stanfordchaparral.com> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers, a hard slap on the back, and a horseman's courage. All material ©2012 The Stanford Chaparral.

Secret Rites and Traditions of YALE



"On Target, Keep It So"

THE ARROW-SHOOTERS

It is said that The Arrow-Shooters Club arose in the mid-1920s, when the dominant Archers' Club ruled Yale social life and stocked the leathered salons of nearby New York. At first, Archer-Men lorded their superior social graces over the upstart Arrow-Shooters, until the new club organized bi-weekly dances that outdid the Archers. Those dances are still going on at Yale to this day!

THE GLASS and CUP



Known for attracting a particularly prestigious crowd of students, The Glass and Cup dates back to 1851. Members of The Glass and Cup are famously given cups and glasses with which to drink, and cutlery with which to eat. Members are allowed to use these glasses and cups only at the club's meetings, and in public only during the first two weeks of March.

THE PIZZA AND CHEESE

The Pizza and Cheese is especially notorious for its annual April Soiree. New initiates are made to eat hundreds of pizzas, one after the other, before they are allowed to leave the P&C castle (the "Tombstone") on Lawn Street. While all the Soiree's guests, and P&C Head Chef, alumnus Wolfgang Puck (who invented the pizza), look on, the initiates must finish their pizza stacks and wheels of parmesan without breaking into a smile. Though it's less than sixty years old, The Pizza and Cheese is fast becoming one of Yale's most exciting traditions.

THE SKELETON BONES

The Skeleton Bones is the best known of all Yale Secret Societies. Several well known public figures were members in their time at Yale, including a few U.S. Presidents. Skeleton chaps have a tightly bound network all over the world that has been the subject of intrigue for conspiracy theorists. A recent survey indicates that among Yale students, 90% want to be in The Skeleton Bones, and the remaining 10% *really* want to be in The Skeleton Bones.

THE FIRE AND CHAINS *for kids*

Very little is publicly known about The Fire and Chains Secret Society besides that they are very serious about initiation rites and that their members are all below the age of eight. The Fire and Chains building is notable for being the only building on campus built entirely out of crude black wrought-iron and is said to get very hot inside. The group's motto is inscribed on its gates: "Where fire and chains tread the ground, sweaty children abound."



THE BIGGER HEAD

Every year, two initiates of The Bigger Head Society are decapitated, their heads weighed on the Society Scale, and the larger head mounted on the Main Room Wall. For the next two weeks, the Society members who had wagered on the bigger head are treated to drinks by those who had wagered on the smaller head.

The Arrow Shooters	Founded in 1924 by a roving band of archers.	<i>"On Target, Keep it So."</i>	The Arrow's Den A lavishly decorated hunting den full of beautiful stuffed animals and Renaissance paintings.	
The Glass and Cup	Founded 1851 by Burlap Brown and his Family Friends.	<i>"Heed the Ringing of the Glass Against the Cup"</i>	The House on the Lake A colonial style mansion situated next to a field that floods in the spring every year to the dismay of its residents.	
The Pizza and Cheese	Founded in 1972 by James Pizza and Raymond Party.	<i>"We Will Have a Pizza Party Today"</i>	The Tombstone The Pizza and Cheese Castle is made of gorgeous red sandstone, prestigiously smooth.	
The Skeleton Bones	Unknown origins. It is assumed that the Skeleton Bones has always existed.	<i>"Nature Makes Only a Few Good Bones"</i>	The Monolith The secretive Skeleton Bones building has no windows, doors, or ventilation. Only a handful of its elite members know how to get inside.	
The Fire and Chains (for kids)	Founded in 1901 by the offspring of the Glass and Cup.	<i>"Where Fire and Chains Tread the Ground, Sweaty Children Abound"</i>	The Dark Place The Fire and Chains building gets especially hot in the summer time.	
The Iron Phallus	Constructed sometime in the 80s.		The Iron Phallus The Iron Phallus is not a Secret Society. It is a large and anatomically accurate penis-shaped iron sculpture.	not pictured
The Bigger Head	Founded in 1839 by Bradley R. Hemmingley and his half brother, Radley.	<i>"Cut Off the Head and Throw Away the Rest, Then Weigh It"</i>	The Wooden Jewel A decadent building made entirely of mahogany and imported seal ivory. Ghosts roam the house with fresh hor d'oeuvres.	

Stan's Umbrella: A Story, With Pictures

Stan bought an umbrella when he first came to Yale. Like most Yale students, he used it all the time.

On a Thursday, Stan picked up a piece of gruyere with the tip through one of the holes, and with an agile twist of the wrist cut it in two.

The umbrella blocked the rain in the fall. It parted the snow in the winter. It shielded his pale, gothic flesh from the sun in the unforgiving Yale summer.

On a Saturday two girls were giggling at Stan when he was pretending to himself that his umbrella was a large hat. He turned around and bowed low, raising his eyebrows. "Hello girls, you're here early," he said confidently. They remained silent.

"There's a certain nostalgia in a rainstorm," Stan realized one dark Wednesday night when he was walking his umbrella. He tenderly wiped a drop of water off its taut black surface and, upon grazing the cold metal tip of the umbrella's spine, felt a chill down his neck.

Rumors about Stan's behavior circulated and Yale cast him from its gates. Stan wandered the continent, eager to explore the world.

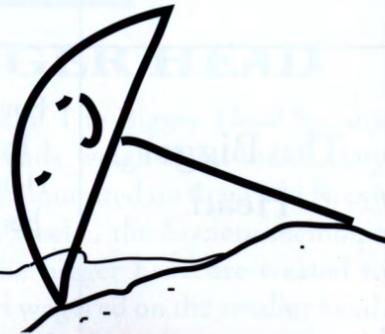
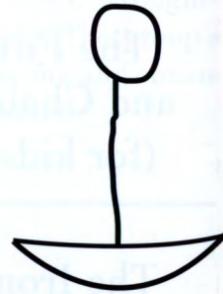
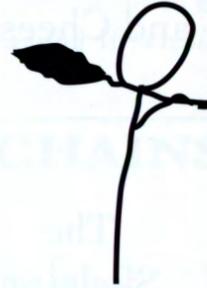
Tired of the civilization he knew, a place that had discarded him, Stan set sail for brighter shores. Unfortunately, his supplies of freeze-dried mango reached room temperature and spoiled, and Stan contracted Sailor's Delirium from eating a sea sponge.

For weeks Stan scanned the horizon. The salty waters lapped over the edges of the umbrella, salting his tan knees. He squinted across the expanse of blue and sun, hearing only the crash of waves. He thought about the endlessness of the universe and how little of it he and his umbrella had seen, and how much more he wanted to see.

At moments like this, Stan could never be sure if the world was truly beautiful or if it was just his Sailor's Delirium acting up.

By the time Stan had washed ashore in Guatemala a few months later, he was more or less an umbrella. The natives mistook him for a bat, whose flesh was highly prized for its chewiness but also its delightful sweetness.

THE END



Universitas Palensis

(That's Latin for Yale.)



"Let's all have fun in the sun"
— Elihu Yale

CONGRATULATIONS!
You finished Yale.
Not Too Shabby!

Distinction (check one):

- Summa Cum Laude
- Magna Cum Laude
- Cum Laude
- Kinda Cum Laude
- Cum Plausibili Deniability

In recognition of what we imagine to be many fine personal qualities, and in a spirit of feckish generosity, the people in charge grudgingly confer the degree Bachelor of Arts upon

PRINT YOUR YALE NAME

Affix your photo here (no stapling)

Now go get 'em, wildcat!

A Yale Guide to "Stanford School"

FAQ Section, Subsection B: Legends and Myths

Is it true that Stanford students don't raise their hands in class?

TRUE. Instead of raising their hands to get the professor's attention, students will just wink.

Is it true that engineering is the most popular major at Stanford School?

FALSE. Stanford students don't have majors. Instead, students spend their time exercising.

Is it true that there are dinosaurs at Stanford School?

FALSE. There are no dinosaurs on Stanford campus over 2 feet tall.

But there are dinosaurs?

TRUE. But they are small.

Is it true that there is no Wizard King at Stanford?

TRUE. The Wizard King has dominion only over Yale University.

Stanford is owned and operated by President John Hennessy and an administration of academic and social faculty, who are responsible for day to day life at the University.

What is "Stanford Duck Syndrome?"

"Duck Syndrome" is what Stanford students call it when someone looks calm on the surface but is actually stressed out. It is **TRUE.**

Is it true that there is no Wizard King Curse at Stanford?

FALSE. The Wizard King's Curse knows no bounds.

Subroto Mukherjee is India's most outrageous, debaucherous, and downright brilliant humorist. Through clever puns and witticisms, Subroto cuts straight to the core of contemporary Indian society. Ladies and gentlemen...

Today must be the hottest day in the history of Mumbai. So hot, our rulers are all sipping iced drinks, instead of sucking our blood!

It's so hot, even Hitler Didi and her fascist police are unable to send a chill down the spine of her critics and cartoonists!

At a New York airport, SRK made a big mistake. Claimed he was the king of Bollywood from Indian. That was all it took. The US Homeland Security people detained him for 2 long hours to satisfy their curiosity about this Indian king -- his palace, army of slaves and servants, stable of elephants, and most important, his harem of luscious maidens!

Anyway, you know why SRK performed so well and cracked such good jokes at Yale afterwards? All the 'bombs' (flop jokes) he was carrying were taken away from him at the airport.

Poor SRK! He was in the US to deliver a lecture at Yale University. After that he had to return to India and listen to a long lecture from his wife, giving him a piece of her mind about having an affair with Priyanka Chopra!

By the way, Priyanka Chopra has joined an initiative to clean up the trash-filled Yamuna river which flows by the magnificent Taj. Goes to show our Piggy Chops is far shrewder than Anna Hazare. After all, it's possible to clean up a whole river. But quite impossible what Anna has undertaken -- cleaning up our trash-filled parliaments!

And it's official. Bebo-Saif to tie the knot next year, pucca. But why does Saif keep putting off his wedding? Let me take a wild guess here. Every time Saif happens to see Bebo's mom Babita, poor Saif can't help thinking to himself: "Oh, my God, is this how Bebo will end up looking in future?"

We were given the impression that Sunny Leone had quit blue films. Now we hear that, side by side with Jism 2, she was also quietly working in a dubious movie called Black Sharma. Well, I guess she couldn't help it. She felt she owed this much to her biggest fans in India -- our porn-watching MLAs in parliament!

The most scary thing about monsters who kill babies (like Baby Falak and Baby Afreen) is that they are living right in our midst. We might pass them in the street and yet not recognize these monsters. They disguise themselves so well as regular, normal human beings.

What do you know, I hear Fatboy Slim is coming to India! Wow, my childhood favourite! I can't wait to see Laurel-Hardy again!

At a fashion show in Zurich, the models all wore outfits made of chocolates. The show was quite a runaway success, with the models running around like crazy, brushing ants from their bodies!

And I was disappointed on the National Cleavage Day. Couldn't spot any Dolly Parton or Dolly Bindra type who looked like she had shoved a pair of watermelons down her cleavage.



MOVIE MADNESS

GOODFELLA'S PIZZA



They're gonna
make him a
pizza he can't
refuse...



Greatest Hits Of...

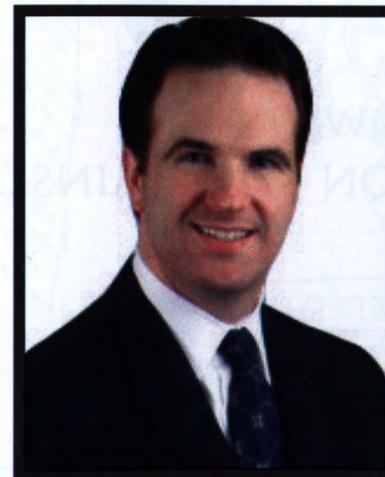


Weird AI

- My Bologna
- I Love Rocky Road
- Another One Rides the Bus
- Smells Like Nirvana
- eBay
- White and Nerdy
- Addicted to Spuds

WEIRD & WEIRD AI

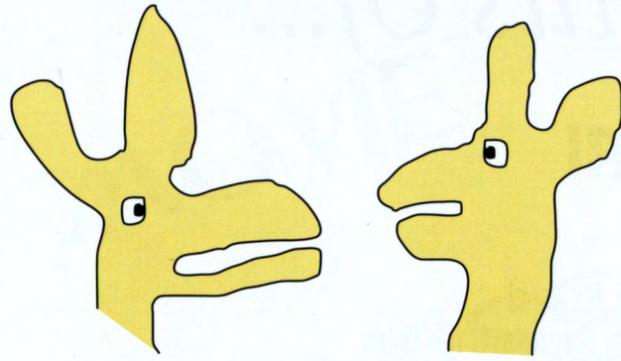
- Thy Bologna
- I Love Frogs and Toads
- Another Gun Rides the Bus (I Am Carrying It)
- Smells Like Nerve Tonic
- Me: **Gay.**
- Bite and Hurt Me
- Addicted to Bugs
- Addicted to Bugs II: Addicted to Drugs



AI.

- Stuck in Traffic
- Church Supper 2-Nite
- Family is Important (The Family Song)

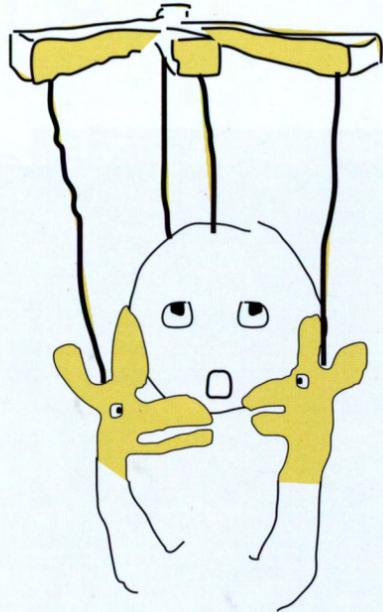
THE WORLD OF PUPPETEERING



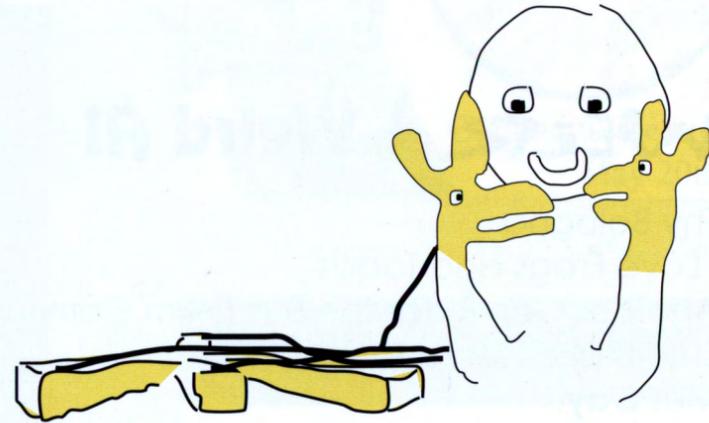
THE FIRST ORDER OF REALITY



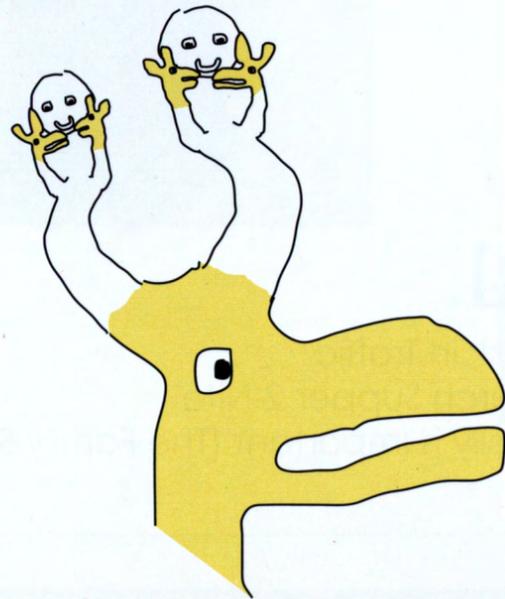
THE SECOND ORDER OF REALITY



AN EXISTENTIAL CRISIS



"It's so hard to be a good puppeteer with hands like mine."



MEANWHILE,
OUT ON THE PLAINS...

SUPERPOWERS YALE SHOWERS

A blessing for the most extraordinary humans.
A miracle.

Anyone who wants can use them...
They're showers.

With great power comes great responsibility.
You are bound to a life of good.
Evil must be defeated.

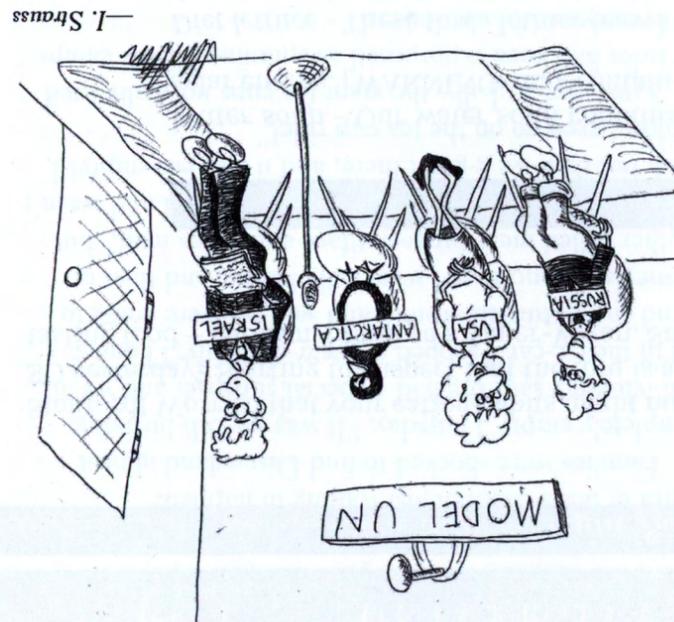
Don't use too much soap.
This water goes straight to the Atlantic!
No fish should have to die for you.

The girl's into you suddenly and things are looking up.
There may be hope for you yet.

Damn,
wish there were girls in this shower.



Now exiting BALE University...am I right?



OTHER THINGS CALIFORNIA WILL LEGALIZE

Marriage between schizophrenic people and imaginary people
Requiring residents moving out-of-state to visit a paling salon
His-fault and her-fault divorces
Marriage between people and tiny dogs wearing turtle-neck sweaters
Murder, if nobody liked the victim anyway
San Andreas Fault divorces
Polygamous marriages between the tines of forks
A balanced state budget

—Staff

UNCONVENTIONAL WAYS TO TRAVEL ACROSS THE COUNTRY

With layovers in London, Moscow, and Bangkok
Via the Underground Railroad
In the Weiner Mobile
Strapped to the roof of Mitt Romney's car
Unconsciously
In a race against time
On a bicycle built for one-and-a-half
In a bus that will explode if it goes slower than 50 mph
Slip 'N' Slide
Following confused geese
Continental drift
On an LSD trip
Delivering a pizza
Using a cheat code
In an 82-Minute G-Rated adventure in which everyone
learns a valuable lesson

—Staff



DISNEYLAND DECLARES WAR ON DISNEYWORLD

ANAHEIM, CALIF —Tourists were shocked Wednesday when Disneyland head coordinator Mike Hizowski declared war on Disneyworld.

"Disneyworld has stolen our customers and made us feel like a lesser theme park for years!" shouted Hizowski to goose-stepping troops dressed in Lion King-style hyena costumes. "Just because we're older and don't have a huge Epcot Center, that doesn't make us any less cool! It is time to take back what is rightfully ours!"

The decision to conquer Disneyworld came shortly after Disneyland's successful annexation of a local Six Flags. The Board of Amusement Park Leaders (BAPL) considered ordering Disneyland to give Six Flags back at the time, but decided against it. "It's not as though anyone cares about Six Flags, anyway," said Phyllis Chamberson, head of BAPL. "It's the place

your parents take you when your dad gets a pay cut. The rides are, like, 40 years old. It's an 8th grade class's worth of dead children just waiting to happen."

Families were shocked to find Disneyworld almost completely empty Thursday. "It was my b-b-birthday, and Mommy said she had a special surprise, and we all got in the c-c-car," sobbed six-year-old Lilly Thomas. "And she t-t-turned around and said we were going to Disneyworld, and then I was really happy, and then my brother called me a super-buttface and I was mad, but then I remembered I was going to Disneyworld and wasn't mad, but then we g-g-got there, and it was em-empty! I couldn't even go on the tea cup ride!"

Unknown to Lilly, the giant tea cups normally used for rides had been repurposed as spinning POW camps for Disneyworld ticket-takers.

The only staff member left in the park was Jacob Guilletto, wearer of the Goofy costume, who was instructed to inform any would-be-customers that the park was temporarily closed while Disneyworld "engaged in a bloodbath the likes of which children of all ages have never seen before."

Disneyworld head coordinator Helga Druthermore urged other theme parks to send troops to support the park's battered defenders. "Let's get down to business," she said at a press conference held on Splash Mountain. "Seven dwarves, I want you to hide in the 'It's a Small World' ride. Blend in with the animatronic midgets, they won't see you coming until you've already slit their Achilles tendons. I'll survey the battlefield here, where I have a view of the whole — what do you mean I'm not tall enough to ride? I'm your fucking boss! For God's sake, will somebody turn off the mic—"

Emily Weisner, who wears Disneyworld's Ariel costume and interacts with small children in character, approved of the decision to take over Disneyworld. "I'll do anything to support my theme park!" she said, twirling her scarlet hair while her eyes burned with menace. "Let's see how they like it when we're part of their world!"

Harris Wenderspeare, CEO of both resorts, quit hours after Disneyworld's declaration. With his resignation he issued one single statement: "I don't have time for this Mickey Mouse bullshit."

—I. Strauss



STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

STANFORD DINING

New Super-Vegan, Super-Sustainable Super-Menu!

Stanford! Worried that your eating habits might not be ENTIRELY environmentally friendly? Think veganism is SO yesterday? Starting to suspect that the tofu is a little TOO flavorful to be true? Don't sell out to eating good-tasting food — eat from Stanford's Super-Vegan, Super-Sustainable Super-Menu!

APPETIZERS

Water soup - Our water soup contains virtually zero calories, and is heated entirely by solar energy. [WARNING: may contain traces of nuts]

Diet lettuce - These three lettuce leaves are served with our pure water dew-drop dressing and a single crouton, allowing the vegan dieter to still partake in the zestiest of flavorful experiences.

MAIN COURSES

Gently Hand-Massaged Tofu - Worried that your tofu has been prepared inhumanely? Never fear! This tofu has received first-class tenderization from a professional masseuse while surrounded by the rich aroma of soy-scented candles and the relaxing rhythms of smooth jazz.

Beefless Wheatless Eggless Meatless Sustainably-Solar and Cruelty-Free Beef Bourguignon - Not exactly sure what's in it, but one thing's for sure — it's nothing unethical!

"Dandy"-Lion Salad - This cute salad may look like the king of the jungle, but don't worry; it's made with flowers, not lions! (All dandelions are free-range.)

DESSERTS

Soy Sundae - Made with Stanford's famous soy milk ice cream, these sundaes can be topped with sweet soy sauce, soy sprinkles, and soy nuts, all with a soy cherry on top! Flavors include: Ethical Vanilla, Cookies 'N' Soy, and Neapolitofu.

Sustainably-Produced Breastmilkshakes - All you can excrete! Please see a dining worker about using the breast pumps attached to the back of the milkshake machine. (Note: For legal reasons, dining staffer Jacob Longman is no longer allowed to do this.)

Gluten-Free Pot Brownies - The gluten content is as low as you will be high!



"Hello, Student Tech? My computer just crashed!"

-I. Strauss



SELECTED COLOR COMMENTARY FROM NCAA WRESTLING: YALE VS. STANFORD

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the second-most anticipated match of the inaugural Yale varsity wrestling season! The 0-1 Bulldogs fell to Harvard 45-7 in last week's most-anticipated match of the season, but they're sure to avenge themselves against the nationally-ranked Stanford Cardinal! It's time for... WREST-YALE-MANIA!!!

I've just been informed by Stanford coach Jason Borrelli that NCAA wrestling prohibits color commentary! But despite this, I have a megaphone! And even the Payne Whitney security guards couldn't be bothered to show up to this! And so, Coach Borrelli, I defy you!

* * *

Anyway, at the 133-pound weight class, we'll see Jordan Bryan take on Yale's own Ernest "The Stick" Lopatin. Lopatin has a good five inches on Bryan, so he'll have the reach adv— oh my! I didn't know arms could bend like that! And that's Bryan with the

takedown – with another takedown – with a fireman's carry and added helicopter twirl. Very fancy! So that makes the match score 8-0; no, 9-0, with an extra point for all that blood leaking out of Lopatin's nose. No, really; that's a new rule... Round two – no, Lopatin's headed for the bench...no, the stands, and it looks like his mother is ready with a hug, some Goldfish, and a Band-Aid. Because Yale parents care.

* * *

...And here's the 165-pound battle, featuring Stanford's Bret "Bully" Baumbach and our own handsome hero, Remy Duchamp! Yale can easily pull this out, assuming the next six matches end in technical knockouts within thirty seconds. NO PRESSURE, REMY! YOU GOT THIS! Maybe that finger means the same thing as a thumbs-up back in France? Baumbach escapes Duchamp's hold, then yanks him to the mat – but no pin! Ha! Score's 2-0 and Duchamp is furious. Looks like he's trying the old-school "windmill fist" technique, but Baumbach is holding him back with a hand on his forehead and he can't land a blow. The referee seems to be doubled over with laughter, which would explain why Baumbach just tweaked Duchamp's nose without a penalty. Did Baumbach just kick sand in Duchamp's face?! Did Stanford bring their own sand?!!

* * *

...At long last, we've come to the heavyweight match. Dan Scherer has come to wrestle with Yale's Manny Gonzalez. The two seem to be of equal size and physical condition. Should be a good battle. Oh look, they're circling one another. Not much happening...

...But what's this!? Gonzalez is putting the moves on Scherer. He's behind him – hands on his shoulders – whispering in his ear! Is it? It is! The infamous Toad's armlock! You don't see that one in Palo Alto! Scherer looks as terrified as a freshman girl, and Gonzalez hauls in the Saturday night smackdown! Stanford's champ hits the mat and curls into a fetal position! Three points to Yale! Final score: 35-3! Now that's wrestling! At this rate, we'll tie a match by 2015! What's that, Coach Borrelli? Feeling a little embarrassed? Well, why don't you come up here and do something about it? With that pot belly of yours, we can't be in the same weight class, but— oh shit. That's all for tonight, folks!

—A. Gertler

TOAD'S TO HOP THE COUNTRY, TAKE ON PALO ALTO

In a move that many have seen as inevitable for some time, Toad's Place announced plans today to expand its popular New Haven-based franchise. Toad's, which has long been New Haven's most popular club and a hot spot for friends, fun, and gonorrhea, will open up its second location next fall in Palo Alto, CA, just a few blocks from the center of the Stanford University campus.

The expansion of Toad's is expected to boost a California economy that has suffered from crippling debt in recent years. Former governor Arnold Schwarzenegger tried endlessly throughout his tenure to convince Toad's to expand into California, but until recently, most high-ranking members of the company—including the heralded DJ Action—were on the No-Fly List, making cross-country travel difficult.

"Thees is graet noos for our graet staet of Caleefornya," Schwarzenegger said. "We ovr ben drying to gat Toad'z to expond eer vor yeears."

The Palo Alto city council is expecting the club to drastically increase tourism. For years, Quinnipiac University, located in Hamden, Connecticut, has bussed students into New Haven to allow them to party at Toad's on weekends. The university's president recently announced that the school has already constructed a fleet of jet airplanes and bought hundreds of parachutes in order to transport their students to and from the club's new location in Palo Alto.

"I can't, like, wait to party in Cali," said one female Quinnipiac student who wished to remain anonymous. "Cute boys, boys with good bodies, surfer boys..."

what else could I ask for? All I'm worried about is that long "flight of shame" the next morning."

Despite the hubbub over the move, some Stanford students are less than enthusiastic about the addition of a dance club to the Palo Alto community.

"It's pretty hard to dance in flip flops..." said Chad Brolox, a concerned Stanford sophomore, wiggling his toes to flaunt his carefree California spirit.

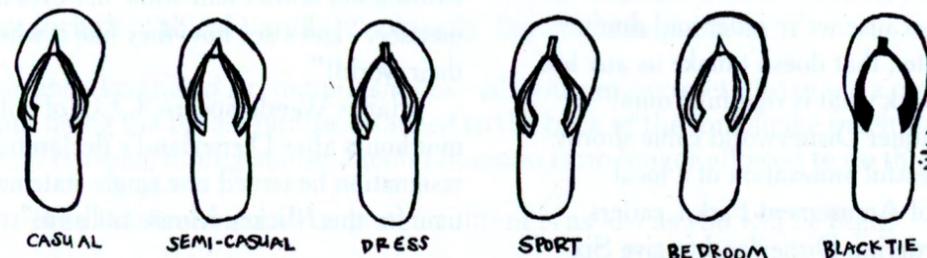
However, Many Stanford students are hoping that the opening of a club like Toad's will finally debunk the misconception that California is far too beautiful, peaceful, and stress-free of a place to receive a "real education."

"My friends from high school always tell me that I'm spoiled, that I'm too tan, that I play too much Frisbee, and that I have too many abs," said Steve Flanderson, a Stanford junior whose friends call him "Six-Pack Steve-O." "Well, I'd like to see them grind up on a stranger in Toad's and still tell me that this place is heaven on earth."

While Stanford students are looking forward to having a less-hygenic weekend option available, Yale students should not expect Toad's to leave its birthplace behind.

"Obviously, we are very excited to begin catering to Stanford students," said Lars Grimes, a Toad's bouncer and the majority owner of the franchise. "But we don't intend to lessen our commitment to the Yale community—a group of people that we respect as customers, students, and human beings (in that order), and whose business we sincerely appreciate. That's right, bitches! Penny drinks are still on for tonight!"

—Z. Schloss



The Shoe Closet of a Stanford Student

— S. Shea



THE CREATION STORY OF NEW HAVEN

The year was 1626, and Haven, Connecticut was on the verge of a precipice. Founded by a group of secessionist pilgrims who saw hat buckles as a sinful indulgence, Haven was intended by its founders to be a “fhining city ‘pon the fummit of the hieft promontory in the ftate.” But lacking a compass and surveying equipment, which they also saw as sinful indulgences, the pilgrims made their first mistake, settling at the site of what would later become Bridgeport.

The winter that year hit the residents of Haven hard. After consuming all their grain, their hogs, their hogs’ grain, and their unbaptized infants by mid-December, the settlers could only pray. Nearly a score fell to “confumpfhun,” which historians presume is either the collective term for non-violent death in those days, or that they were also eaten.

But then, on the evening of December 24, a small native hunting party – “five to feven favages,” wrote town councilman William DeLauro – approached from a hill to the east. Their appearance was hailed as a miracle, and they and their horses were quickly shot and eaten.

But one young settler, knowing that the worst of the dreadful New England winter was yet to come, realized that the supplies would not last. After the

traditional six-hour Christmas vigil service and the nine-hour Christmas day service, the settler, a young John DeStefano, gathered his family and a few others for consultation and still more prayer. That night, they bundled themselves in furs and trekked eastward as the snow began to fall, knowing not what awaited them.

After two days’ journey, the new settlers found themselves in a clearing, within earshot of the ocean. “Afide from the numbers of homelefs, & other vagrants alrely prefent,” observed a traveller, “we felt it would be a fetting moft ideal for our new Haven.” Finding an abundance of wild squirrel in the area (“Might this new Haven never be a foode desert!” wrote Minister Adams), the settlers set to work downing trees and building a small cabin – New Haven’s first city hall. They gave it the name “Toad’s Place,” due to the family of adorable amphibians that took up residence in the gap under the porch, and prayed that it might always be a God-honoring temple of justice and peace.

By spring, they had built three more houses and an Au Bon Pain, and drafted a straightforward, accessible, 220-section town charter. For lack of a viable alternative, the residents elected DeStefano their mayor, a tradition that continues to this day

—J. Newsham



THE CALIFORNIA-ENGLISH DICTIONARY: CALIFORNIAN PHRASES IN PLAIN ENGLISH!

“Hella”:

- 1) A versatile intensifier that could apply to anything from the weather to academics to societal matters. “It’s raining hella much.” “That test was hella easy.” “Conservatives ought to go to hella.”
- 2) An alternative of the classic descriptive “shit-ton” that is easier to say for a Californian because it requires only the same tongue motion required to say “Cali.”

“This weather sucks”:

- 1) Any weather with a temperature below 75 degrees Fahrenheit. Alternatively, if the sun disappears for more than 20 seconds.
- 2) “I’m in San Francisco.”

“Animal-style”:

- 1) A particularly delicious type of specialty fries sold at In-N-Out, which is just as good as (or better than) the particularly primal type of sex to which it alludes.

“Purplehydrobudkush”:

- 1) Whole Foods-worthy, organically grown marijuana from a local family farm
- 2) The only profitable export of Northern California

“I live in Oakland” (also see “I live in Compton”):

- 1) “I’m a felon.”
- 2) “Statistically, I’ve got three months to live before I become the unfortunate victim of a drive-by shooting.”

“I’m in the industry”:

- 1) “I moved to LA six months ago and the closest thing I’ve gotten to an acting career is a being in a sex tape with a guy who claims to be an agent.”

“Gayest place on earth”:

- 1) Disneyland, Anaheim, CA

—S. Zhang



WAYS TO DO WORK AT STANFORD WHILE STILL LOOKING CHILL

Put your flip-flopped feet on the desk

Wear sunglasses...indoors

Find the circumference of a Chipotle burrito

Slip your homework inside of a tanning mirror

Have Twitter ready to pull up on your computer in case anybody looks

Dry your art project by waving your shirt at it

Use your calculus assignment as rolling paper

Practice Mandarin with a valley girl accent

Hide your physics flashcards in a bong

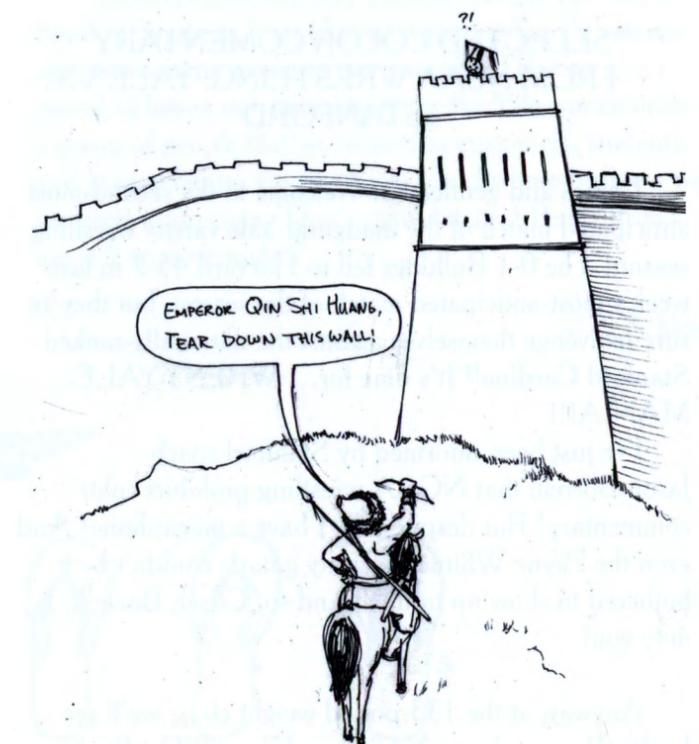
Begin all your essays with, “Sooooo, this one time...”

Be a part of the Enchanted Broccoli Forest...whatever the fuck that means

Start a wet T-shirt contest in the emergency chemical showers

Don’t do it

—Staff



—A. Von Plinsky.



When someone first brought up the idea of doing a joint issue with the *Stanford Chaparral*, my first question was, what's a chaparral? Is it something I can eat? (Stanford, strangely, had the same question about the *Yale Record*. I guess the culinary culture is pretty different over there.)

After we established that a chaparral was a flatland and not a delicious bonbon, and that a record was, uh, exactly what everyone thought it was, we agreed that a collaborative issue with Stanford would be a great way to stir up a little coast-to-coast rivalry. After all, what's California got on us New Englanders? I've been to California, and I'll tell you, it's nothing but generic, affluent suburbs with unusually large Jewish populations and occasional influxes of escaped zoo animals. Or is that Shaker Heights, Ohio?

After some research though, I was forced to recant my opinion. California's a pretty amazing place—they've got organic farms, sunshine, Katy Perry, surfer dudes and the odd goldpanner skeleton lying around; in short, the kind of beautiful environment that attracts cultural heavyweights like Steve Jobs and Pamela Anderson. Being a center of hybrid cuisine and having the highest

artichoke to actress ratio in the world doesn't hurt either.

In fact, after this initial investigation of California, the Record staff and I were getting just the tiniest bit jealous and were maybe jonesing a little to answer the seductive call of the Golden State. So in the name of research and animal fries from In-n-Out, we packed our bags for the City of Angels: Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, as it turned out, didn't share the same enthusiasm for us as we had for it. Seventy-two hours after our departure, we were back, bedraggled and without a single lock of celebrity hair to show for our effort. The medical marijuana we had scored off a John Lithgow lookalike had fallen into an offshoot of the San Andreas Fault, but at least the earthquake had thwarted the private security guards chasing us off David Lynch's property. We didn't even have a chance to work on our tans since we had spent too much time eating Korean tacos and were thus ashamed to bare our lumpy flesh.

But if just one good thing came out of our ill-fated trip, it was inspiration. After traveling to California, we had become sufficiently disenchanted with the place to be able to criticize it; what we had imagined before to be a land of beautiful, tan people and unending hugs

from Mickey Mouse turned out to be a home to poorly applied spray tans and dirty looks from the woman yanking the headpiece off her Pluto costume. We had seen California's troubled economy manifest itself in the form of billboards plastered on sequoias, and Chamber of Commerce members robbing Botox-immobilized old ladies. Even Lindsay Lohan was charging a fee to allow passerby to watch her have a public breakdown.

So, in short, this issue is nothing but an unbiased examination, the culmination of an exhaustive investigation, of the merits and demerits of that land of opportunity gone to seed: California. We were definitely not swayed either by the Mexican food we scarfed down or the multiple rejections we received from Jon Hamm, but we may have cried a little when Arnold refused to autograph our lower backs. Proceed with caution when reading, and definitely watch out for the avocado stains.

—D. Zhu
The Yale Record
May 2012

Chairman: David Kemper '13 Editor-in-Chief: Dana Zhu '12 Publisher: Jerry Wang '13

Design Editor: Sydney Shea '14

Managing Editors: Alli Hugi '13, Lincoln Sedlacek '13, Michelle Taylor '13

Art Director: Paul Robalino '12

Online Editor: Jack Newsham '14 Publicity Manager: Daniel Fraser II '14

Staff Writers & Artists: Juliet deButts '14, Aaron Gertler '15, Ben Green '14, Vic Hall '15, Spencer Katz '13, Yoonjoo Lee '12, Mitchell Nobel '13, Tiffany Pang '12, Emily Sandford '14, Zach Schloss '15, Andrew Sobotka '15, Ilana Strauss '13, Ellen Su '13, Autumn Von Plinsky '13,

Natey Weinstein '14, Catherine White '13, Sylvia Zhang '15

Contributing Writers & Artists:

Angus Ledingham GS '12

Special Thanks to: Michael Gerber, Gwyneth Tuckett, and the *Stanford Chaparral*

Cover: This month's cover was illustrated by Ilana Strauss

Founded September 11, 1872 • Vol. CXL, No. 7, Published in New Haven, CT by The Yale Record, Inc.
Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520 • yalerecord.com/magazine • Subscriptions: \$50/year (print) • \$10/year (electronic)

All contents copyright 2012 The Yale Record, Inc. The Yale Record is a magazine produced by Yale students; Yale University is not responsible for its contents. Any resemblance to characters and events portrayed herein, without satirical intent, is purely coincidental. The Record grudgingly acknowledges your right to correspond: letters should be addressed to: Chairman, The Yale Record, PO Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520, or chairman@yalerecord.com. Offer only valid at participating retailers while supplies last. The Yale Record would like to high-five the UOFC for its financial support.

College Wine

68 Church Street

New Haven, CT 06510 • Phone: 203-777-7597
email: collegewine68@gmail.com

10% DISCOUNT ON MIX AND MATCH WINES ON CASE

WE DELIVER IMPORTED BEERS

Dear Dr. Hernandez,

I appreciate the advice to stop eating red meat, but red meat is the only thing that keeps me from drinking. Drinking was the only thing which kept me from smoking, which kept me from hiring prostitutes, which kept me from stalking Julia Roberts, which was how I finally broke free of cannibalism. Can't a man have his vices?

—Carl

VEGAN EATS CHICKEN, CROW

Dear All-American Rejects,

I really don't understand the premise of one of your songs, "Iguana." Those lyrics, "Iguana iguana iguana touch you, iguana touch me too," are quite possibly the most offensive things I've ever heard. Have you no shame?!

—Larry, the hard-of-hearing iguana

INSPECTOR GADGET ACCIDENTALLY UNDERGOES SEX CHANGE WHILE TALKING ABOUT "GO-GO GIRLS"

Dear Julian,

I noticed how you and Sarah got quiet when you saw me the other day. Why did you do that? All my life people have done that. I want to know why.

—Piano

Dear Rumpus,

Just wanted to tell you that I had a sexy encounter last night and WOW! I think I may have discovered the biggest penis on campus. I'm not going to name names, of course, but I will say that he's the President of our university.

—Charlotte

Zoi's

Local breakfast & lunch café

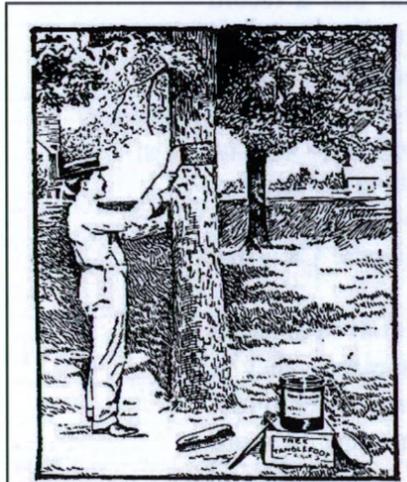


We Cater

Hours:
Monday - Thursday 7 am - 6 pm
Friday 7am - 3 pm Saturday 7:30 am - 1:30 pm

338 1/2 Orange Street
New Haven, CT 06511
P: 203.777.6736
F: 203.777.6740
Catering: 203.777.6735

Single, active missile seeking heat.



Send for Booklet!

STUDENT TAKING CLASS CR/D/F WRITES GREAT PAPER ON HOW MUCH ALCOHOL HE DRANK LAST NIGHT

Dear Mrs. Benetti,

Well now, wasn't it nice for you to invite me over! I haven't been over to someone else's place for drinks in years. And I'll be a monkey's aunt if this isn't the sweetest thing I've ever had! This is lovely...but wait, why can't I pick my feet up? Oh... OH GOD. I'm slipping...this stuff is dragging me RIGHT INTO YOUR HOUSE! WHY IS THIS HAPPENING!? SOMEBODY, HELP ME! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS!? LET ME GO! OH GOD, ANYBODY, HELP ME, PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE!!!!

—An insane fly, talking to a pitcher plant

KINSEY SCALE EXPANDED TO INCLUDE MICHELLE BACHMANN'S HUSBAND

Dear Jennifer,
I know you complained to me about Timmy pulling on your ponytail during class, and I just wanted to explain that. You see, Timmy is on a very special mission from me. He's collecting samples of your DNA for me so that I can clone a whole army of Jennifers to take over the world someday. Now, this is kind of insane and highly illegal, so you've probably deduced by now that I'm a little unhinged. So I'm going to be fair and give you a heads up: if you continue to complain about this, I'm going to have to...dispose of you. Understand?

—An elementary school teacher who is tired of Jennifer's constant whining

NEW VERSION OF CLUE INTRODUCES NEW SUSPECT: THE FAMILY CAT

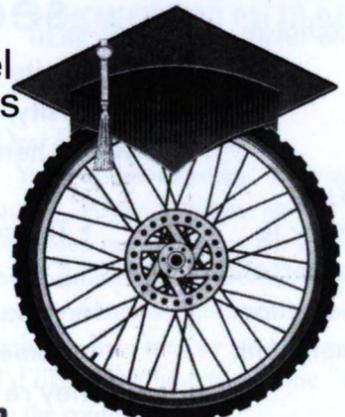
Dear after-school detention,
You think you're so badass. But last time I checked, you were over at 4:30.

Sincerely,
Indefinite detention



College Street Cycles

Repair, Apparel and Accessories



Mon-Thurs. 10:00-7:00
Fri-Sat 10:00-5:00

GIANT, Cannondale, KRYPTONITE Bike Locks

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

203.865.2724
Hydraulic & Suspension Specialist

Have you always been interested in Writing • Art • DESIGN • Business ?

ALL OF THE ABOVE? YOU SHOULD BE FEELING

THE YALE RECORD

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE HUMOR MAGAZINE
Send an email to chairman@yalerecord.com for more information

Indira Palace RESTAURANT

The Oldest
Indian Restaurant
in New Haven



\$9.95 Lunch
Lunch Buffet &
Specials

**15% OFF
TOTAL
BILL**

Dining In
Free Delivery
Catering Available

Open 7 Days A Week
11:30 AM to 3:00 PM

65 Howe Street,
New Haven, CT 06511
Phone: (203) 776 - 9010
Fax: (203) 777 - 5566

Found: the courage to leave
you at last, Benjamin

Dear linguistics major I'm hooking up
with,

I don't know what "glottal stops"
and "alveolar retroflex liquids" are,
but hearing about them right now isn't
doing anything to help this blowjob.

—Randall Fox, BK '13

Dear Little Bo Peep,

You crossed the line. We ain't comin'
home.

—Your sheep

INTERN INTERRUPTS PRESENTATION
TO POINT OUT THAT "WORST-CASE
SCENARIO" PROBABLY MORE ALONG
LINES OF APOCALYPSE

Dear Michael,

Well, shake it up, baby, now,

(Shake it up, baby)

Twist and shout,

(Twist and shout).

In pain.

Stabbing you with a knife,
Jim

Dear potato chips,

Thank you for being so delicious.

—Insane potato chip

PUDDLE OF RANCH DRESSING
REMEMBERS ITS SALAD DAYS

Dear Bionic Limbs Inc.,

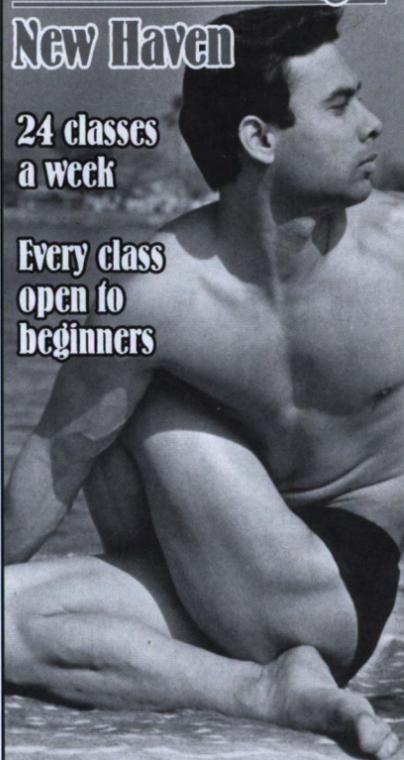
Your discount policy is completely
unfair. Army veterans get 25% off,
wounded police officers get 25% off—
but I almost nail the world's first 1080
on my skateboard and you're not even
going to help me pay for my new legs?
I'd like to see how you define "service
to the country."

Dismayed,
Kevin

Bikram Yoga New Haven

24 classes
a week

Every class
open to
beginners



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

203-785-0844
www.bikramyoganewhaven.com

Starving child seeks food.
Well-fed man seeks self-
actualization.



Smedley & Co
POINTY, PRICKLY,
OMNISCIENT

ESTD 1853 - CAN NOT COMPARE - FORTUNE TELLER



YALE ReachOut: Stanford

Mission statement

Reach Out Yale's mission is to increase awareness of the hardships faced by citizens of developing communities around the world. Last year, a group of Yalies went to Uganda and built a clean water well, also bringing hygiene products like toothbrushes, toothpaste, Band-Aids, antibiotics creams, and vitamins. This year, Yale is hoping to do even more good – by sending students to help the developing university of Stanford, located on the West Coast in California!

Humanities Tutoring

While Stanford students may believe they are getting a liberal arts education, the fact is that Stanford's humanities program simply cannot hold a candle to Yale's, which has always been strengthened at the cost of its math and science programs. Stanford's Humanities department is of a similarly deplorable state.

For instance, did you know...

- Some Stanford students think opinions have to be backed up by facts, research, and logic!
- Half of Stanford students haven't even read Foucault's *Discipline and Punish*!
- Most Stanford students have never experienced a Harold Bloom lecture!

In order to try to help even the scales, *Reach Out* is excited to bring Stanford workshops in some of the most important skills a true Humanities scholar should have!

Workshops will include...

- Bullshitting 101 (led by the Tory Party)
- When Should I Say "Performative"?: How to Use Pretentious Words in Cocktail Conversation
- Research Methods in Science Credit Selection (or "How to Fill Your Science Requirement with Classes a 3rd Grader Could Pass")

Accessible Shakespeare

Lacking the presence of the renowned Yale School of Drama, theatrically-impooverished Stanford has never had the opportunity to see a production as beautiful and artistic as those of Yale University, like *Glengary Glen Ross* or the recently-produced *Pokémon: The Musical*.

Join us in putting on a production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* that is accessible even to the uncultured Stanford student, in which the ending duel is replaced with a surfing competition and Hamlet gives his famous "To Be, or Not to Be" soliloquy while high.

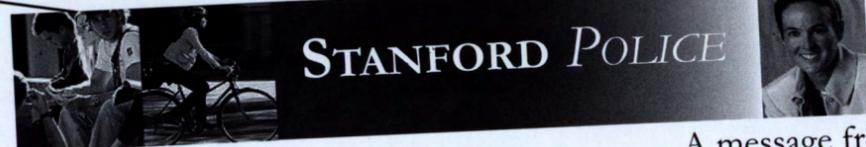
And while you're here, see Stanford!

Despite its status as a not-quite-developed university, Stanford is a beautiful place. While you're here, do some sightseeing and enjoy...

- The sun! They have it here! For real!
- One of California's dozens of historic landmarks – some are almost 80 years old!
- Some of California's beautiful beaches. They're like Connecticut's beaches, but happy.

To the Yale Community,
I write to inform you that Yale police officers have uncovered a complex drug network operating in and around Cross Campus, following the seizure of a large quantity of cocaine hidden inside the Saybrook College grand piano. As ever, I would urge you to remain untroubled – incidents such as this will, after all, happen from time to time – and attend to your studies.
Peace out,
Ronnell A. Higgins, Chief of Police

A message from Chief Ronnell A. Higgins



STANFORD POLICE

A message from Chief Laura Wilson

To the Stanford Community,
I write to inform you that a student's Frisbee was stolen shortly after a game of Ultimate that ended near the Hoover Tower at 3:46 PM yesterday afternoon. Disturbing events such as these inevitably impact the entire community, but I hope that you will manage to remain calm at this difficult time; it may still be the case that the item in question was simply mislaid. Nonetheless, I do ask, as ever, that you maintain vigilance at all times.
Regards,
Laura Wilson, Chief of Police



To the Yale Community,
I write to inform you that a series of violent assaults was committed outside Durfee's yesterday with the aid of a writing implement stolen from the Beinecke Library's pencil collection. The attacker has yet to be apprehended, but you can rest assured that that this was the work of a lone psychopath with no discernible motive, so there is no element of predictable risk around which you might otherwise feel the need to plan your lives. Also, as the majority of Yale's student body consists of lone psychopaths, chances are good that the criminal in question is no one you know. Grievous injuries were reported, but nothing to lose sleep over.
Stay trayless,
Ronnell A. Higgins, Chief of Police

ra Wilson

To the Stanford Community,
It is with a heavy heart that I write to inform you of a further grave occurrence that has struck at the very heart of the university. Yesterday evening a male student repeatedly cleared his throat during the World Peace Hour held at the Healing and Meditation Center. I wish I was in a position to reassure the community about the karmic ramifications of this event, but I cannot. I would urge you, however, to remain constantly on your guard and to make use of one of the emergency blue phones if you notice any further laryngic activity of a suspicious nature.
Uneasily,
Laura Wilson, Chief of Police

message from Chief Ronnell A. Higgins

To the Yale Community,
I write to inform you that former Yale Chief of Police Ronnell A. Higgins was found dead in his office today at 5:59 PM. He appeared to have suffered three gunshot wounds, seven stab wounds, and third-degree burns from what we believe to have been a Molotov cocktail. No injuries were reported. In addition to informing you of this incident, I would also like to introduce myself as Yale's new Chief of Police. I look forward to working with Yale and New Haven in the coming years to ensure that our community is as safe as it has always been.
Don't drink too hard tonight,
Harold J. Krisham, Chief of Police

Written by A. Ledingham
Designed by S. Shea

Welcome to the Mystical World of Fine Indian Cuisine



Lunch Buffet Daily \$9.95	Catering Available <i>Offering the Lowest Prices to Academic Groups</i>	Coming Soon: Party Hall	15% Off <i>Parties of 15 or more</i>
---	--	--	--

FREE DELIVERY - 7 DAYS A WEEK - 203-777-3234

— Open Every Day —
11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. • 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

10% Discount on Dinner
With Student I.D.

45 Grove Street, New Haven, CT 06511 • Fax: 203-773-3235 • www.sitarindianrestaurant.net

Dear Mom,
I hate to lick a gift pig on the elbow, but this book of "Bartlett's Unfamiliar Quotations" doesn't seem like a very useful graduation gift.
Confused,
Henry

Dear Greedo,
Don't worry, you're not the only one who's upset about how Han "shot" first.
—Princess Leia

Dear reader,
I need your help. Someone's following me. They're watching my every move, waiting for me to turn my back. I think they know I'm onto them; they keep looking at me and whispering to each other. I don't know how much time I...oh, wait...wait, never mind. It's just the Secret Service again. I guess I should kind of expect them to follow me around.
—President Barack Obama

Dear Professor,
I am sorry I miss yesterday test, I was at meeting of my father investment group. Did you know it now worth 8billion (\$800,00,000,000,000,000.00) usd- with offices in london, uk, andin boston?! If you give me time, date, location, social security number, bank account number, password, and pay pal account that work for you, I am glad to meet and discuss makeup exam.
—Prince Michael Okoye of Nigeria,
JE '13

**FORREST GUMP'S LAST WORDS
REVEALED: "LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF
CHOCOLATES: SOMETIMES YOU HAVE
A PEANUT ALLERGY AND DIE"**

Dear thrill-seekers,
Fuck you, I swim the English Channel every day.
Fond wishes,
Fish in the English Channel

**SCHIZOPHRENIC BUYS BLUETOOTH
HEADSET TO AVOID AWKWARDNESS**

Dear friends and family,
I know I haven't always been perfect, but you should know that I'm a different person now.
—Jason Bourne

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,
My mom told me you were shocked and offended to hear me call your Easter get-together "the shit." I'm really, really sorry you heard me use foul language. Also, you misheard. I actually said it was shitty.
—Bobby

**RICK SANTORUM REFUSES TO
ABORT CAMPAIGN**

Vol. 140, No. 8

THE YALE

May 3, 2012

RECORD

FEATURING
WORK FROM

THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL
EST. 1899

