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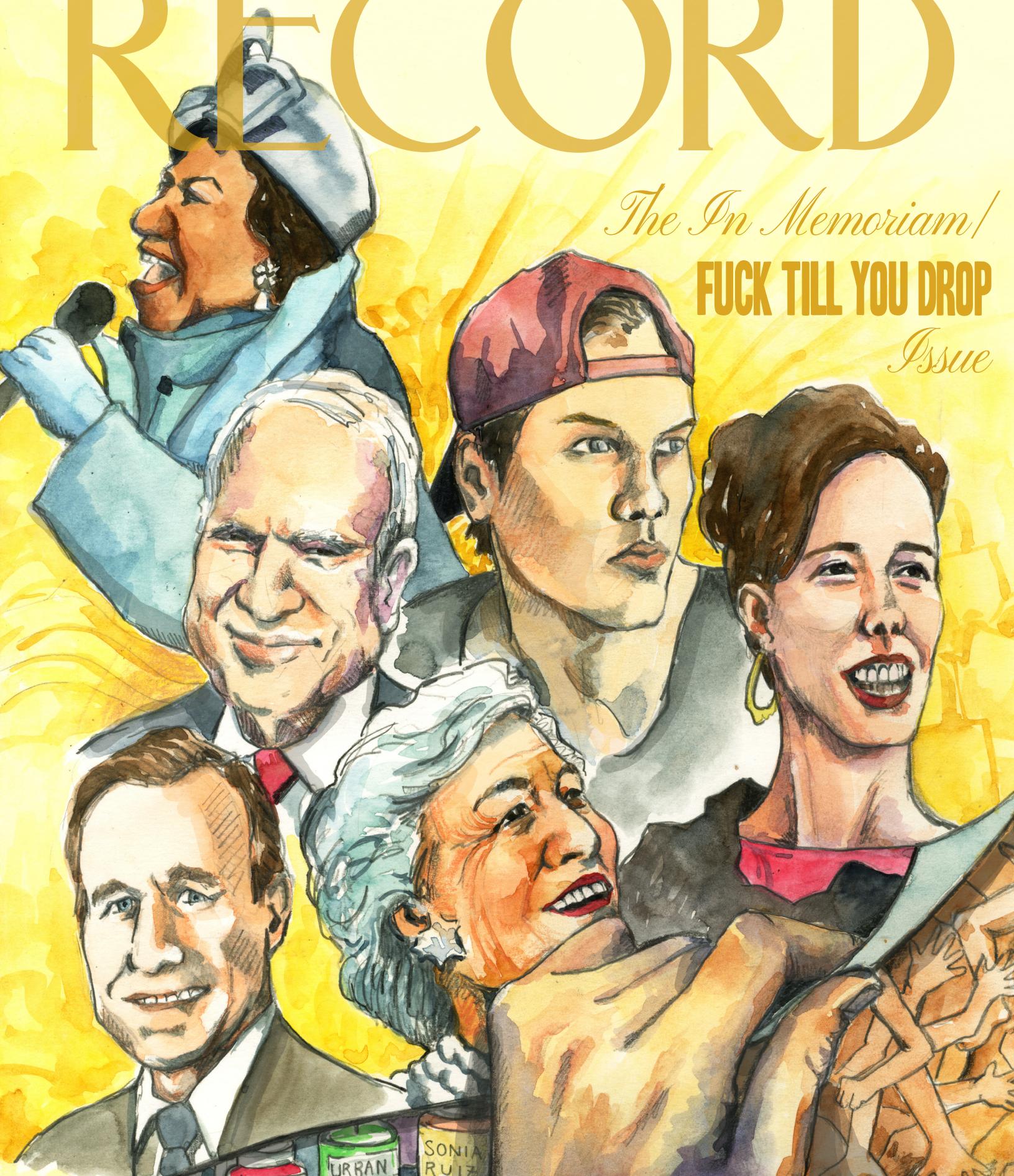
THE YALE

# RECORD

Apr. 2, 2019

*The In Memoriam/  
FUCK TILL YOU DROP*

*Issue*



*Crafted Cocktails.  
Sip n' Savor.*



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— or —

*“The Nation’s Most Humorous Old Magazine”*



Join us:  
Chair@yalerecord.org

## DISGRACEFUL: THE TOP 1 PERCENT OF LAVA LAMP COLLECTORS IN THE US OWN MORE LAVA LAMPS THAN THE BOTTOM 50 PERCENT

Dear NCAA,

Why is it called March Madness if there are games in April? Are you saying that the Final Four and Championship games aren't even mad?

Sincerely,  
A “Mad” Fan

DOVE RELEASES NEW AD CAMPAIGN  
CELEBRATING WOMEN WHO ARE  
KIND OF BUSTED LOOKING BUT  
YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF A TREAT  
EITHER SO HOW ABOUT YOU SHUT  
THE FUCK UP

Dear “Mad” Fan,

I’m sorry that you feel so mad. Now that we think about it, you’re right to be mad. The games in April are indeed mad—maybe even the maddest of them all. How do you feel about renaming the tournament to “late March and early April Madness”?

Sincerely,  
NCAA

CHOPPED JUNIOR NARROWS  
COMPETITION DOWN TO TWELVE  
BEST TEENAGE CIRCUMCISIONS

Dear NCAA,

I love that name. It is so accurate, and it perfectly captures the madness of this tournament. Now, I don’t need to watch the last few games to check if they’re mad or not. I can instead spend time with my friends and family. Thank you NCAA.

—A Happy Fan

A BIRTHDAY TO REMEMBER?  
BOY DISAPPOINTED NO ONE  
REMEMBERED HIS BIRTHDAY, SO HE  
OPENS THE DOOR TO HIS HOUSE,  
VIOLENTLY SHITS HIS PANTS, AND  
THEN TAKES THEM OFF TO WASH  
IN THE SINK. THE LIGHTS FLICKER  
ON TO REVEAL ALL OF HIS FRIENDS  
AND FAMILY SILENTLY SITTING IN  
THE LIVING ROOM UNDER A “HAPPY  
SURPRISE BIRTHDAY” BANNER.

YOUR AD  
CAN'T GO HERE

CLEARLY THIS SPOT'S TAKEN,  
DUMBASS

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*in the fast-growing field of*

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...A Toaster!

...A Hat!

...Marmots!

...A Third Home!

...More Money!

...Your Children's Affection!

# MONEY!

NOW ACCEPTED MORE PLACES...*EVERYWHERE!*

SAFE SEX WIN! THIS FIRST-YEAR RESPONSIBLY FUCKED SO MANY TIMES THAT HE HAS NO TEETH LEFT TO GIVE THE CONDOM FAIRY

Dear JFK TSA,

Please stop pretending there is something wrong with my carry on. It is not funny. In fact, it causes me a lot of stress and I would rather you stop making this joke every time I travel.

Best,  
Stressed Airport Traveller

YOU GO GIRL! THIS SHY WHITE MAN FINALLY TALKED OVER AN ASSERTIVE BLACK WOMAN

Dear Stressed Airport Traveller,

Wait, stop right here. Haha! I'm just kidding, you're doing great kid, keep up the good work.

Best,  
JFK TSA

UNCLE RICHIE ODDS-ON FAVORITE TO BECOME MY NEW DAD

Dear The Hard-Boiled Eggs at Durfee's,

Hey guys. Why the long face? Are you cold in that fuckin Durfee's refrigerator, you idiots?

Signed,  
The Hard-Boiled Eggs in the Dining Halls

WELCOME TO THE DOGHOUSE: IT'S A HOUSE, AND IT'S FULL OF DOGS

Dear The Hard-Boiled Eggs in the Dining Halls,

Nobody has bought one of us eggs from Durfee's since the Gulf War. We are as old as time. You better watch your fucking mouths and learn to respect your elders. We Durfee's eggs have seen some shit. Watch your backs in that cushy dining hall pan. Your days are numbered: the football team is about to eat breakfast.

Signed,  
The Hard-Boiled Eggs  
at Durfee's

VICTORY LAP:

IF TOMMY WINS FREEZE TAG,  
COACH G WILL LET HIM SIT  
CROSS-CROSS APPLESAUCE ON  
HIS ERECT DONG

Dear NSA,

In case you were listening to my last phone conversation, I would just like to set something straight. When I said "send me strippers and pronto" what I actually meant was "I love my wife, who works at the NSA." This is a common mishearing and it is probably due to poor service, because I spent all my phone bill money on strippers.

Love,  
Phil

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION:  
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS MAKING  
PRIEST'S ROBES MORE FORM-FITTING SO THAT THEY CAN'T HIDE  
LITTLE KIDS IN THERE TO GIVE  
THEM SOME HEAD

**Obituary Correction**

*The Yale Record Editorial Board would like to apologize for an erroneous obituary in a previous issue of the magazine. The issue misreported that legendary stuntman Evil Knievel "died doing what he loved: riding an electric scooter so fast off a children's skateboard ramp that he crashed into the sun." Knievel actually died of a pulmonary embolism.*

Dear Cash4Gold,

I've always been confused by the construction of that sentence fragment. Like, do I give you the cash, and then I get the gold? Because that would just be a pretty normal jewelry store. So I guess I must give you the gold and you give me the cash, but in that case, what are your purchasing rates? This seems somewhat exploitative, especially since I always see these signs in historically underserved, majority black neighborhoods. Thank you for your time and I eagerly await your response.

Sincerely,  
Caroline

Dear Caroline,

We buy gold, to be clear. And yes, such businesses have historically been somewhat exploitative, but we also provide an invaluable service as one of the few ways underbanked people can receive a quick influx of cash. Plus, we sell the gold to a manufacturer of luxury dildos, so everything we buy ends up in a very wealthy person's sexual orifice. We here at Cash4Gold consider that an honor. Hope this helps.

Best,  
Cash4Gold

**FUCK THE POLICE!**  
**NO REALLY, FUCK THE POLICE!**  
**OUR OFFICERS ARE VERY HORNY**  
**AND NEED A BLOWJOB AND**  
**SOME HOT ASS!**

**FOR SALE:**

*Baby shoes, never worn, kid died.*



*"Fortunately for you two, your spots in hell had to be reallocated to people in the Trump administration, so... looks like you're getting in."*

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Not valid with any other offer.

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Pizza & 1 Lt Soda

**\$19.95 + tax**

One Coupon per customer.  
Not valid with any other offer.

Dearest Family,

It is the 1700s. I am at the General Store. Anybody need anything while I'm here?

Sincerely,  
Father

## SPOTTED: A LEOPARD! HE WAS SPOTTED AT THE HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS CHEATING ON HIS LEOPARD WIFE

Dearest Father,

We just received your letter in the post. We need eggs, oats, and medicine in order to survive, but we're afraid that by the time you receive this letter, you surely will have left the General Store!

Sincerely,  
Your Family

## DIVERSITY WIN! THIS INTERRACIAL COUPLE IS JUST AS ANNOYING AS ANY OTHER COUPLE

Dear Family,

No worries! It is now 7 days later, but I am still here at the General Store! Unfortunately, your last letter got smudged out a little bit so I couldn't see what you needed. Let me know what it was ASAP! I bet you guys are STARVING by now!

Sincerely,  
Father

### Obituary Correction

*The Yale Record Editorial Board would like to apologize for an erroneous obituary in a previous issue of the magazine. The editors confused Stephen Hawking with skateboarder Tony Hawk, misidentifying the late theoretical physicist as "X Games champion and founder of the 'Boom Boom HuckJam' BMX freestyle motocross tour."*

Dear Father,

Most of us are dead by this point. Please come back with eggs, oats, and medicine if you want to save the rest of us.

Sincerely,  
Your Family

## CATFISHING WIN! I PRETENDED TO BE A TEENAGE GIRL ON FORTNITE AND TRICKED MY SON INTO SENDING ME A PICTURE OF HIS NAKED BODY SO I COULD CHECK HIM FOR MEASLES

Dear Family,

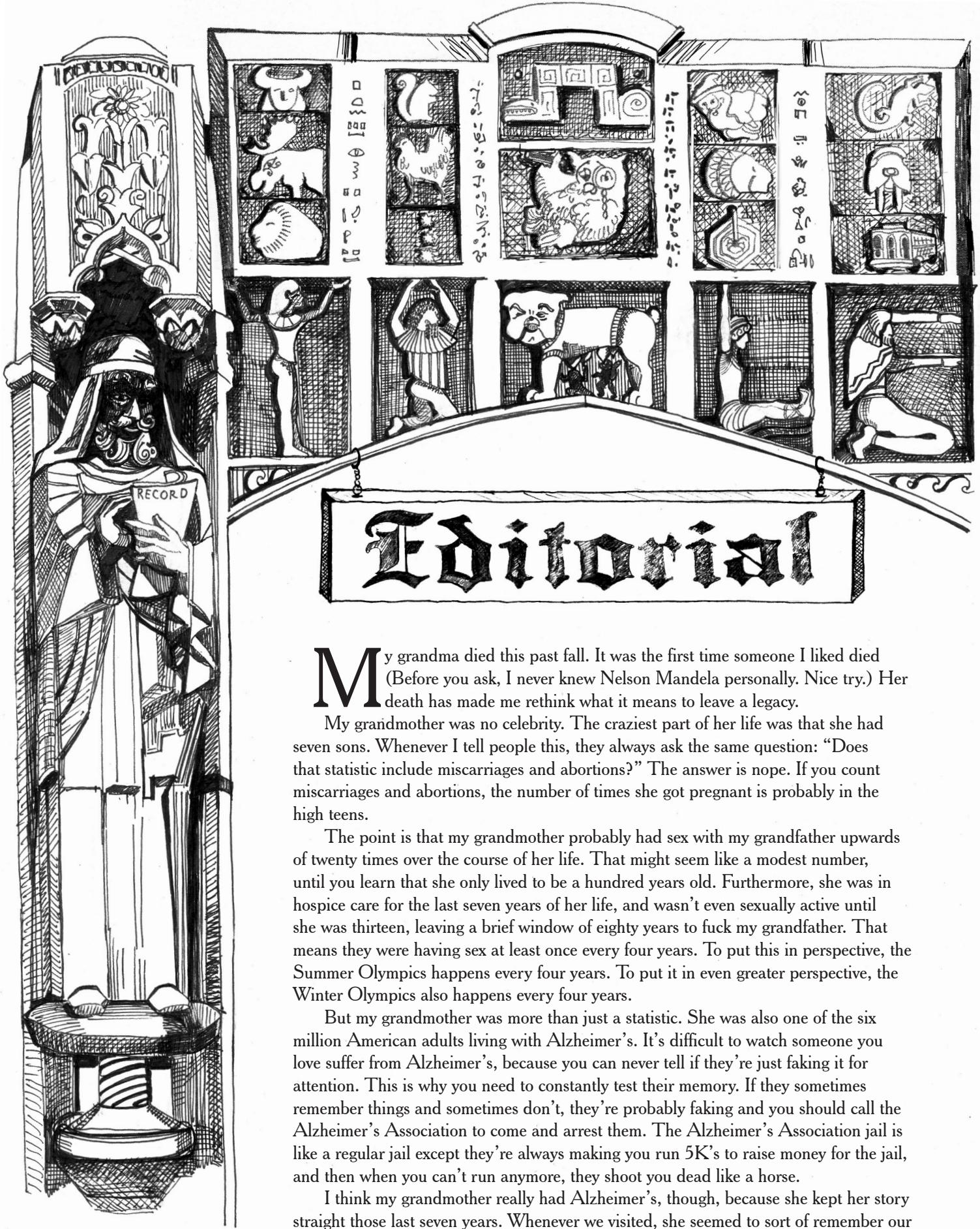
This one's on me.

Father



**"Go easy on me, I bruise easily"**

—R. Chang



**M**y grandma died this past fall. It was the first time someone I liked died (Before you ask, I never knew Nelson Mandela personally. Nice try.) Her death has made me rethink what it means to leave a legacy.

My grandmother was no celebrity. The craziest part of her life was that she had seven sons. Whenever I tell people this, they always ask the same question: "Does that statistic include miscarriages and abortions?" The answer is nope. If you count miscarriages and abortions, the number of times she got pregnant is probably in the high teens.

The point is that my grandmother probably had sex with my grandfather upwards of twenty times over the course of her life. That might seem like a modest number, until you learn that she only lived to be a hundred years old. Furthermore, she was in hospice care for the last seven years of her life, and wasn't even sexually active until she was thirteen, leaving a brief window of eighty years to fuck my grandfather. That means they were having sex at least once every four years. To put this in perspective, the Summer Olympics happens every four years. To put it in even greater perspective, the Winter Olympics also happens every four years.

But my grandmother was more than just a statistic. She was also one of the six million American adults living with Alzheimer's. It's difficult to watch someone you love suffer from Alzheimer's, because you can never tell if they're just faking it for attention. This is why you need to constantly test their memory. If they sometimes remember things and sometimes don't, they're probably faking and you should call the Alzheimer's Association to come and arrest them. The Alzheimer's Association jail is like a regular jail except they're always making you run 5K's to raise money for the jail, and then when you can't run anymore, they shoot you dead like a horse.

I think my grandmother really had Alzheimer's, though, because she kept her story straight those last seven years. Whenever we visited, she seemed to sort of remember our

faces but never our names. Her memory essentially rewinded, so that by the end, she thought she was a kid again. She often asked when her father was going to pick her up and take her home, which was sad, because her father was really, really dead. I kept trying to tell her this, but she never believed me. She thought it was one of my classic bits. And can you blame her? I was comedy's favorite bad boy; but at what cost?

My grandmother's greatest legacy is clearly the family she fucked out of the ether, but by the time she died, she didn't even recognize her sons. Alzheimer's takes away the backwards-looking contentment of nostalgia as much as the forwards-looking contentment of knowing you've fostered something that will outlive you. You're trapped between these two forces that should act in opposite directions to stretch your life out but instead close in like *Indiana Jones*-walls to make you feel claustrophobic and small.

One of the ironies of Alzheimer's is that it also jeopardizes other people's memory of you. When you can't sustain a conversation or leave your nursing home, you slip out of your family's collective consciousness. You miss milestones: weddings, bar mitzvahs, separations, divorces, baptisms, amicable divorces, funerals, bat mitzvahs, confirmations, children's coming-of-age ceremonies, quinceañeras, etc. You miss your grandson blossoming from a conventionally attractive child into a young man with the face and body of a conventionally attractive child. Even worse, you can't teach him all you've learned about sex. He has to learn from his fucking pediatrician like a fucking idiot. You're not even the first person he calls when he loses his virginity. He calls his fucking pediatrician like an absolute fucking idiot.

Like most people, I've thought a lot about my legacy. For

a while, I thought it was going to be founding *The Record* and making it the world's oldest humor magazine. Now, I'm worried people will remember me for driving *The Record* into the ground. The truth is, we're out of money. That's why we had to combine these two issues. It ended up working out this time, because "In Memoriam/Fuck Till You Drop" is a funny juxtaposition, but I don't think we'll last much longer. It's really nobody's fault, except our publisher's (Chloe Prendergast) and our business manager's (Simon Custer). Sometimes things like this (Chloe and Simon not selling enough ads) just happen.

Still, I've become less concerned with leaving a legacy and more concerned with remembering the life I've led. I will let my children serve as proof not only of the fact that I learned to fuck as prodigiously as my grandmother even though she got Alzheimer's and couldn't teach me even one goddamned thing about sex, but also of the fact that I led a rich and meaningful life. I don't even care if my children are stupider than me. They'll still get into Yale, and in many ways, that counts for more in this world than being "smart" or "hard-working."

Even now, I'm tearing up thinking about my seven future sons: Rico (bastard), Antonio (second bastard, led to a shotgun wedding), Big Rico (conceived on the wedding night, but with the 6'2" maid of honor), Ricardo (far and away my favorite), "Sonny", Massimo (last-ditch effort to save the marriage), and Little Giuseppe (complete accident. We agreed to have sex one last time after the divorce mediation. Next thing we know, we're stuck with Little Giuseppe. Kid survived two fucking abortions.) They all look like their great-grandmother.

—E. Connors  
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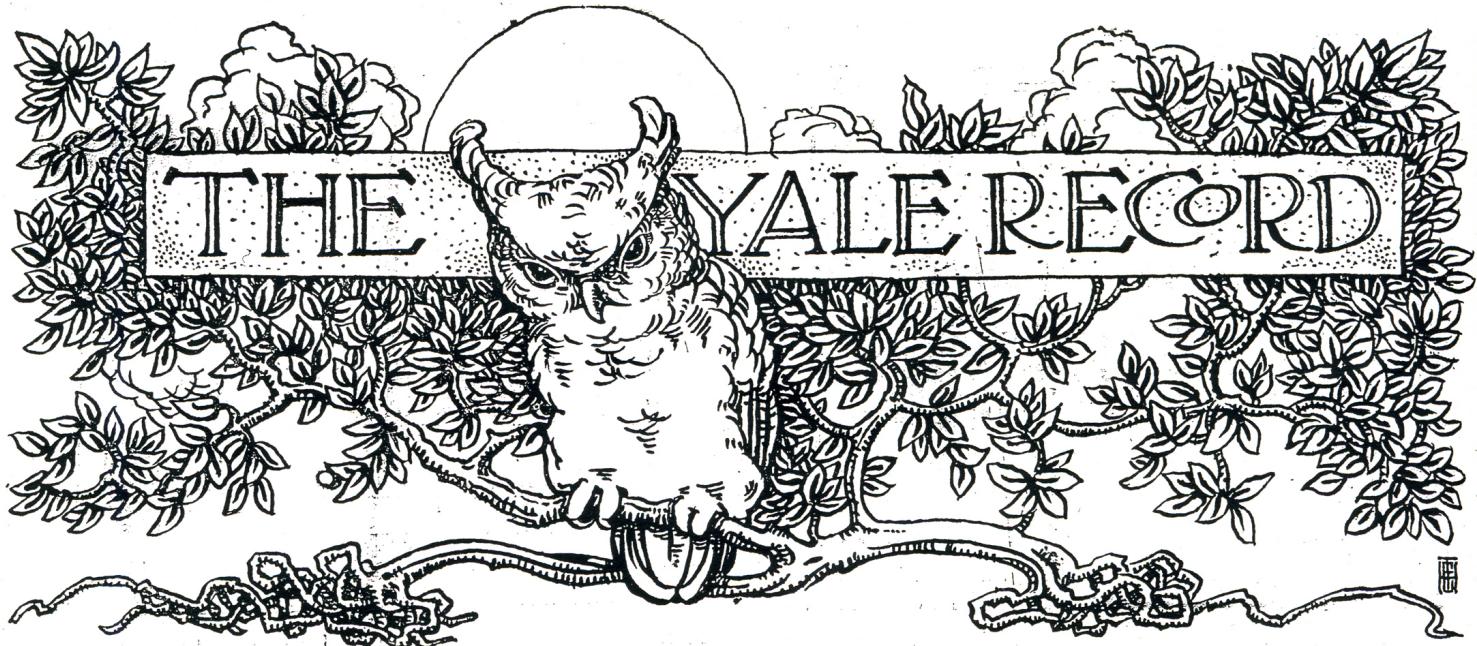
Special thanks to: Archie Kinnane '18, who had the idea for this issue. Direct all hate mail to archer.kinnane@yale.edu.

Front Cover: Sonia Ruiz '19, who apparently thinks Avicii should be remembered more than Mac Miller and Anthony Bourdain combined.

Back Cover: Itai Almor '20, who perfectly depicted George H.W. Bush's funeral.

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## I'M A SEXY, EMPOWERED, 15-YEAR-OLD SLUT IN A TEEN MELODRAMATIC AND IT'S ACTUALLY SUBVERSIVE THAT I'M WRITTEN BY A 50-YEAR-OLD MAN

I'm Catherine, but you can call me Cat because it's feline and alluring and hot, according to the 50-year-old man, Marvin, who created me. I'm 15, which is very sexy to Marv because soon I'll be 16. It's not weird at all that in the opening scene of this Netflix series I get railed behind the bleachers in full view of the boys track team. I'm woke because I flip off the cheerleaders on my way to the parking lot, where I smoke clove cigarettes and listen to the Smiths unironically. That's right: I'm a cool and liberated teenage slut, written by a 50-year-old ally brave enough to show his 18 to 49-year-old male demographic female sexuality.

I'm cavalier with my body and safety because it's just sex. Also, Marv, the 50 year old head writer for *Sexdale*, who is 50 years old, thinks me (15) fucking dudes behind the bleachers is empowering and not evidence of larger emotional development issues. It's 2019, which means we're still in the wave of feminism that lets girls fuck constantly (finally!). Every time I think about displaying character depth, I break out into mysterious hives, which are distinctly not hot. I'm allergic to interiority! Did I mention Marv has been divorced twice?

Halfway through the first season of *Sexdale*, I make unlikely friends with the virgin head cheerleader and teach her how to give head, which I'm naturally good at because I don't have a gag reflex. Marv knows this is plausible because his high school girlfriend never once complained when he asked her to go down on him. In exchange, Chastity McPrude teaches me how to brush my hair and "learn to be

less skank-a-licious, Cat." She's the witty one. Marv knows girls can either be funny or horny, but not both: then they would just be guys!

Tragically, in Season 2, I betray Chastity by sleeping with her boyfriend, MeatHead Jones, because a woman who's loose with her body is also loose with her morals. Eventually, though, we discover that our friendship transcends my nymphomania and her prim moralism. I return MeatHead's varsity jacket to Chastity as a sign of reconciliation. She's truly the Charlotte to my Samantha, a reference we're both too young to get because we were both born in 2003. Sexy. Marv has a niece my age.

As the most tantalizing protagonist of a show with a canonically underage cast, I'm played by a 25 year old. Meanwhile, my Mom is played by the marginally older actress who didn't get my part. Don't worry: her character is flatter than a dental dam (at least I think it is—I've never seen a dental dam!), so the audience will never get a complex portrait of my homelife. She's just a bitter cunt who resents me for being sexually liberated. Little does she know, she's a MILF herself. Marv thinks women can be hot even if they're thirty. After I accidentally get pregnant in season four (in which I'm still somehow underage), I'll graduate into MILF-hood myself. Marv hasn't spoken to his mother in eight years.

By the time *Sexdale* is in its tenth season, I'll get written off the show after finally turning eighteen, the age of Marv's third wife and his only daughter. Something about not being underage anymore will just make my character less compelling to Marv. If I'm lucky, I'll get to come back for an episode to fuck my old history teacher. A girl can dream!

## SEX TIPS TO DRIVE HIM WILD IF HE IS VICE PRESIDENT MIKE PENCE

Ask him what he looks like without his Sunday Best  
Get it on somewhere unexpected, like your kitchen or the  
Conservative Political Action Conference  
Push your twin beds together  
Get on your fucking knees and pray for deliverance  
Roleplay as Adam and Eve (not Adam and Steve)  
Two words: missionary position  
Carve a glory hole in the confessional  
Say something kinky, like “I’m a Christian, a  
conservative, and a Republican, in that order”  
Tell him you’re not on birth control

—C. Cohen

## GOD ISN’T DEAD, HE’S IN HOSPICE (BY JESUS CHRIST)

Listen up you depressed little nihilistic shits. I know that after skimming the Wikipedia article for Nietzsche, you think “God is dead.” No, my dad is not dead. I just had to put Him in hospice because He’s so worn out from dealing with you ungrateful mortal scumbags. Do you know how taxing it is to keep those shitty Boeing planes in the air? Extremely fucking taxing, you arrogant pieces of shit—not to mention the amount of work that goes into deciding which kids should get shingles every year. And how do you repay Him? By describing the world He created as “Kafkaesque.” Shut the fuck up.

I had a lot of trouble picking out a good place for Him. At the first one—Cottage Grove—the other residents were screwing all the time. It was like Eden, except He couldn’t banish anyone because the living room was a “shared space.” Then, we tried out White Sands, a quaint little hospice center on Lake Michigan; but after two weeks, He caught one of His new friends gathering sticks on the Sabbath. I had to get my dad out of there before He organized a stoning.

They stopped sending my dad Social Security when they realized he’d been on the payroll since 1935 and voting Democrat since Kennedy—they just assumed he was dead. Now I have to pay for His hospice out of pocket: as if putting me on Earth just to be tortured and nailed to a piece of wood wasn’t enough! If I lose one more deposit, I might just have to euthanize Him. That would make you fuckers happy, wouldn’t it?

—A. Kane

## KIDZ BOP ACCUSED OF KILLING PUBESCENT SINGERS

By K. WALSH

LOS ANGELES, CA—A group of Hollywood parents have accused the music brand KIDZ BOP of murdering their newly pubescent child singers in an attempt to avoid paying out severance packages. In light of the allegations, the company has postponed the release of its newest studio album, “Kidz Bop 145: Anthems of the American Civil War,” until further notice.

“Last week, Tyler told me he’d found a hair in his ‘silly spot.’ The next day, he was gone,” recalled Carrie Hasting, mother of KIDZ BOP sensation Tyler Hasting. After Hasting posted on Facebook about the possible connection between her son’s disappearance and his “blossoming manhood,” twelve other parents came forward with similar stories of their KIDZ BOP prodigies going missing after a voice crack or sudden growth spurt. The guardians have since come together to organize an awareness concert featuring the label’s remaining talent.

Ron Lipman, a former executive at KIDZ BOP’s parent company Razor & Tie, explained the dilemma the company faces when their stars reach puberty.

“These kids can’t be released back into the real world. None of them have ever heard a swear word before,” remarked Lipman. “So when they don’t sound like kids anymore, there’s really nowhere for them to go.”

While Lipman said he sometimes saw producers handcuff pubescent KIDZ BOP singers before leading them into a dark room, he hadn’t realized the children might be in danger. “I just thought it was some weird sex thing,” Lipman admitted. “Ok, now that I say it out loud, I realize I probably should have reported it.”

Razor & Tie president Jackson Chandler refuted the allegations, calling them “really fricked up.” “Why would we murder these kids when we could just castrate them?” asked Chandler. “That would be bad business.”

At press time, Hasting and other parents were calling on law enforcement to launch a full-scale investigation of KIDZ BOP. While most Razor & Tie executives have declined to comment, Chandler posed a simple question to reporters: “Let’s be honest, though. Would anyone really miss them?”



—I. Almor

## BEST PORNOGRAPHIC FILMS TO CHEER UP THE DEBBIE DOWNERS AT GRANDMA'S FUNERAL

*Heavenly Pleasures: Christ's Anal Apostles:* Turn those frowns upside down by reminding everyone that Grandma Milly is going to get nailed like Christ in the afterlife. Make sure to pepper your eulogy with some classic Anal Apostles references: referring to God by his porn name, "Heavenly Daddy," is sure to brighten the room. By the end of this porn staple, funeral-goers will be longing for the second coming of Christ in a whole new way.

*Sexy Swedish Viking Gangbang Galore IV:* Hey Johnny Rain Clouds, today isn't just about mourning Grandma's death. It's also about celebrating her life:

and what better way to commemorate her than by projecting primo footage of her favorite Scandinavian sex titans above the open casket?

*Choose-Your-Own-Fuckventure: Cincinnati Edition:* Milly was a woman of action, you Pouting Patricias. She chose her own fuckventure in a big way. Having her family and friends vigorously stroking, fingering, and exploding their way through the Horniest City in America is exactly what Grandma "Pelvis Pulverizer" Milly would have wanted.

*Necrophiliaxxx: Grave Dickers:* To all the Mopey Marvins who say death is the end of carnal pleasure, this classic will bring to mind Grandma Milly's famous campaign slogan: "With just a little bit of determination and a state-of-the-art pile-driver, I will personally ensure that everyone in Cincinnati enjoys the pleasures of post-mortem fornication."

*Grandma Milly Takes It All: The Trilogy:* Wipe away those crocodile tears and break out the Vaseline, you sorry fuckers! Grandma "Hips Don't Lie Per Se, But They Sure as Hell Require Some Context" Milly's body might decompose, but her legacy as Cincinnati's horniest mayor will last forever.

—C. Berg



## EUPHEMISMS FOR SEX

- "The Old One-Two Punch"
- "The Five-Legged Mud Crawl"
- "Releasing the Kraken"
- "Getting my parking validated"
- "Parent-Teacher Conference"
- "Herpes Roulette"
- "The Sheboygan Shuffle"
- "Tossing the pigskin with pops"
- "I have a Record meeting"
- "The Hindenburg disaster"
- "Roughing the passer"
- "Snaking the drain"
- "Draining the swamp"
- "Finding the clit"

—Staff

## HEY, WHY ISN'T CLINT EASTWOOD DEAD YET?

Clint Eastwood isn't dead and we need to talk about it. You know Clint Eastwood: he's the guy whose most famous movie came out before the moon landing. The guy who earned a Lifetime Achievement Award before the Black Eyed Peas even existed. The guy who, just last year, cast himself as a drug mule for the Sinaloa Cartel: who the hell would actually believe he could squeeze a kilo of coke past that crusty prostate?

Clint is old as fuck. Each year, his eyes grow further apart and sink deeper into their holes. It's like a receding hairline except it's his fucking eyeballs. Scientists predict that within five years they'll have easy access to Clint's brain through his gouged eye sockets, so they won't even have to wait until the autopsy to figure out why he's so deranged.

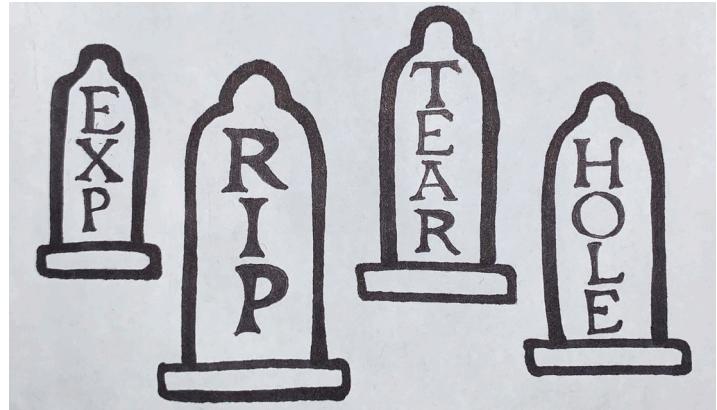
Clint is so old he outgrew the stereotype of the racist, crotchety old man. Now he's just a racist, crotchety old husk. Clint is so old he forgot where in the Italian desert the cast of *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* buried their horcruxes, so he couldn't even die if he wanted to.

Seriously, who is benefitting from Clint Eastwood being alive? It sure as shit isn't Clintus himself: he probably thinks he's already died and gone to some paradisal afterlife where he will never get #MeToo'd. It sure as shit isn't the Academy: there's no way they'd ever give him the public platform of an acceptance speech—he'd probably just pull a chair on stage, accuse it of being an illegal immigrant, and then throw it at Rooney Mara.

And I know what you're thinking: "Oh but what about Clintonium's beautiful family? Won't his loving wife and two darling daughters be sad to see him go?" That's where you're wrong: this man has had so many relationships there's an entire Wikipedia page dedicated to them. His last marriage was to a woman 35 years younger than him, and she was still a senior citizen. Clintonis has had so many children we don't have a definite headcount—he's essentially a sperm bank.

If you're reading this, Clint-Man, please know that I'm a fan like everyone else. Just because the immutable laws of physics say you should be dead doesn't mean I want to see you go. You were hot in *Rawhide*, and I'll even admit you even have a weird, kinky, senile-cowboy thing going for you now. But Clint, this has got to end—it's 2019, and we have to start thinning the white herd at the Oscars; see you on the "In Memoriam" reel, C Dog.

—D. McCowin



—V. Chen

## BEST WAYS TO KILL YOUR SIMS

Don't pray for your Sims every night before bed  
Hire the "Gavrilo Princip" Sim to assassinate your Sims  
Let your Sims trick or treat at all of the registered sex

offenders' houses in SimCity

Don't vaccinate your Sims

Tell your Sims they're in a computer simulation and see if they kill themselves

Have your Sims play Pop Warner as children so they get CTE

Download a terabyte of porn to fry your hard drive



—I. Almor

# MEANINGLESS PLATITUDES TO SAY TO A GRIEVING RELATIVE

We often live life for so long that we forget how to die.

If life is a highway, then death is a second highway that kills drivers.

You only live as much life as you put into your life.

After two months of death, the face is barely recognizable. So actually, we aren't always who we say we are.

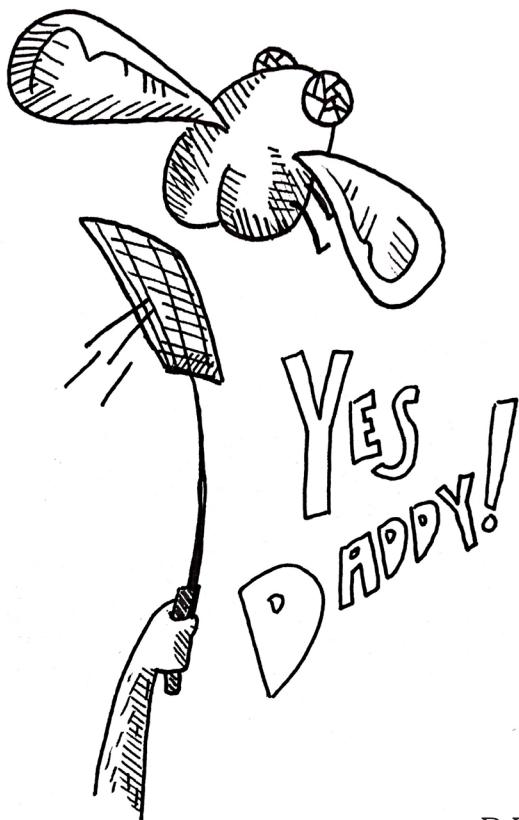
The more you've lived, the more you die.

Death doesn't have to be an end to life, because it's only the beginning of a different kind of life.

Life is like a game. Once you get to a high enough level, you win, which means you die.

—J. Houston





—P. Davis

## OBITUARIES FOR THE SPERM THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT

*Herman Speman:* Loving brother, brother, and brother. Torn from life at the precious age of negative 9 months. After the Boss Man put his MacBook on his lap, it was only a matter of time. You could say he died the way he lived: swimming furiously towards a light at the end of the tunnel.

*Jerome Chromosome:* Everyone knows Jerome was an exceptional sperm. Alas, he was taken from us at the stroke of midnight, which is apparently the only way Boss Man can fall asleep anymore. Jerome's remains were laid to rest on the keyboard. His memory lives on in the sticky "Y" key. We'll miss him dearlyyyy.

*Jacques Ejaculate:* Jacques might have grown up to win a Nobel Peace Prize or cure cancer. Unfortunately, the Man Upstairs is on a cold streak right now and needed to blow off some steam. Jacques passed away peacefully, surrounded by his loving family of 40 million other doomed spermatozoa.Flushed, but not forgotten. (In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Singles Club of Bridgeport or to DateAGamer.com.)

*Reed the Seed:* When the call of duty came, Reed made the ultimate sacrifice: volunteering himself to be frozen in a cryogenic cell until the Boss Man finds "the one." We've realized that the Big Man isn't exactly marriage material, so we're just gonna do this obit now. Goodbye, sweet Reed! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, teste to eternal reste.

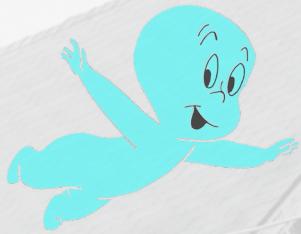
*Lloyd Haploid:* Lloyd was a fine spermatozoon. We are deeply saddened by his passing. On the other hand, he had a genetic predilection for Tay-Sachs, so in a way it was kind of a blessing? Oh, come on. You know what I mean! Oh, ok, so if the next Hitler ended up in a crusty sock, you'd be sad about it? No, I'm not saying that having Tay-Sachs is the same as being a white supremacist. Open your eyes! Jacques is dead. Jerome is dead. Herman got incinerated. Who will the Grim Wanker come for next? We are sperm, and we were born to die!

*Adolf Jr.:* We shanked this fucker and left him to lyse in the epididymis. Who knew spermicide could be so fun? Can't wait to collect my Nobel Peace Prize.

—N. Amsel



—I. Almor



# BEST GHOSTS IN MY GRANDMA'S ATTIC

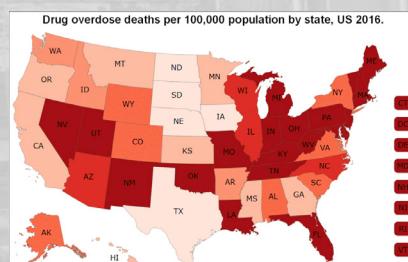
**THE POLTERGEIST:** Oh, so when a ghost flickers the lights on and off and throws random shit at the walls it's "thrilling" and "dangerous in a kind of sexy way," but when I do it, it "doesn't work because you can still see me" and "Jesus Christ, is that literal shit you just threw at the wall?"

**FORMER US PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR:** I'm gonna be honest, I did not know who this guy was when I first met him. Things got awkward real fast, especially after I brought up my go-to small talk topic: how I wish I could go back in time and fuck Grover Cleveland while Chester A. Arthur mans the video camera like a stupid fuck.



**THE YOUNG GIRL:** When I was younger and going through my “shovel phase,” I found her mangled corpse under the garden shed. I didn’t tell anyone about it for seven weeks. Then, all of a sudden, Mom wanted me to see someone to talk about my new hobby of setting fires. Moms! Can’t live with ‘em, can’t live with ‘em. Seriously: I’ve been made a ward of the state.

**RANDALL:** Thiss guyyy. This. Fucking. Guy. Randall is an ABSOLUTE MADMAN. I wish I could explain, but honestly, you just have to meet him for yourself. Actually, I guess I can explain. Basically, he has really big hemorrhoids.



**UNCLE STEVE:** We thought we'd finally gotten rid of this goofball after his fentanyl overdose. Who said the opioid epidemic has to break up families?

—M. Blaney  
Design by V. Suri

## WE BURIED GRANDPA WITH HIS FAVORITE HOOKER

It is the year 2000 BC and we live in Egypt. This means that we bury people with items they will need in the afterlife, like their wives and weird beetle things. One time I tried asking, “Hey guys, do we really need to keep making all these beetle things?” to which my brother Thutmose responded by throwing sand in my eyes.

When it was Grandpa’s time to move on to the afterlife, we couldn’t agree on what to bury him with, so we called a family meeting.

“Let’s bury him with his cat,” said my father. “He will need companionship in the afterlife.”

“Let’s bury him with his jewelry,” said my mother. “He will need to look regal when he meets the gods.”

“BEETLES. Bee-tuh-les,” said Thutmose, to which I nodded vigorously, fearing a reprise of the sand incident.

I liked the cat idea since we worship those little fuckers, but still nothing felt right. There were so many different aspects of Grandpa’s character to draw inspiration from: a scroll of papyrus to symbolize his wisdom. A staff to symbolize his leadership. Grandpa was such a complex and multi-faceted man. And then, it suddenly dawned on us to bury him with his favorite hooker.

We believe the hooker will help Grandpa transition smoothly into the afterlife, where, Ra forbid, there might not be any hookers. We also believe it is a good choice for Grandpa because he’s the one who said, “You know what would be funny? If we built some giant pointy breasts and just stuck them around the place.” We all laughed, and even started piling up some rocks to go along with the joke. Next thing we know, everyone’s entombing their dead friends inside giant pointy breasts. Gee, I really hope future archeologists don’t misconstrue them as religiously significant or something.

Do I worry that burying Grandpa with his hooker is sacrilegious? Yes. Do I worry that Anubis will punish us by decimating our remaining hooker population? Of course. But in the end, I’m just happy knowing that Grandpa will be happy in the next life. Because one day I, too, will join him there—maybe with a hooker of my very own. Grandpa’s eyes will well up and in his tears I will see reflections of myself and realize that we are one and the same. I will take his hand as our hookers merge into one giant hooker who will guide us through the chaos of the unknown. And together we will walk, our hooker at the helm, into the eternal night.

—D. Schifrin

## YALE STUDENTS COME TOGETHER TO SAVE BASS

By S. FORCE

NEW HAVEN, CT—In order to create more study space for a growing undergraduate population, the Yale University Library System recently announced plans to reduce the Bass Library collection from 150,000 books to 50,000. The renovation will affect the accessibility of Bass and the Sterling Memorial Library stacks for the foreseeable future. In response to the news, Yale undergrads have rallied for the right to come together in the libraries’ rich collections.

“I’m tired of adults saying us Gen Z-ers don’t use books. We need those books,” Walter Jones ’21 explained, “for the library is where we go to fuck.”

Many students have echoed Jones’s sentiment, complaining that an open floor plan would make the library “basically just an orgy warehouse” instead of the intimate, romantic environment they’ve come to cherish.

“My girlfriend is a psychology major,” said Taylor O’Shea ’20. “She found us this great hookup spot next to Freud’s autobiography. If the Library Committee has their way, our literary pound town will be converted into a U-shaped collaborative standing desk. Which, now that I’m thinking about it, would actually be pretty hot.”

Other students have said that the bookshelf partitions afford students some much-needed solitude. “I live in a double, so if I’m itching to give a guy a handjob, I have to bring him to Bass for a little privacy,” said Christine Hatfield ’19. “We staple a sock to one of the security guards to let people know things are about to get messy. Then, it’s go time. Best of all, the bookshelves are way less creaky than those slabs of recycled tires Yale calls mattresses.”

At press time, students were protesting the proposed renovation in Bass Cafe, chanting, “Having fun, getting hard, don’t take our library card!” Reading for pleasure FTW!



I. Almor

I GET ALL MY NEWS FROM VICE.  
INCIDENTALLY, SEX DOLLS OD'ING ON  
SPICE IS A MORE URGENT CRISIS THAN  
CLIMATE CHANGE.

Hi, it's me, your local 35-year-old "entrepreneur" who longboards everywhere and only dates college students (and the occasional, deceptively mature high-schooler). You know: the guy who didn't vote in the last election because mailing things makes him nervous, but who somehow still manages to run an Instagram sneaker boutique? That's me, bro. Anyway. I've been hearing a lot about supposed "threats" to our "society," like climate change and nuclear escalation, from virgins who read, like, the New York Times. But after years of only getting my news from Vice.com, I've come upon the greatest—no, the only—threat to civilization: sex dolls overdosing on synthetic marijuana.

Oh, you're laughing? Well, you wouldn't be laughing if you saw the 32-minute documentary posted on Vice Channels last week, in which host Veev "If A Black Person Ever Told Me It Was Okay To Use The N-Word, I Would Jump On That Opportunity" Nasty travels to Ukraine to visit a sex doll brothel. Once you get past the first 24 and a half minutes, which is just unedited footage of Veev fucking the sex dolls, you get to the really important shit. Not only are the sex dolls really close to sentient (all they're missing is conscious thought!), they're at super high risk for getting caught up in Dnipro's growing K-9 trade. I know what K-9, aka "spice" or synthetic marijuana, is, because I make a point of doing all the drugs I've heard Veev Nasty talk about on Viceland. That got me in trouble when Veev went to Arkansas to explore how the opioid crisis impacts strippers in the Ozarks. Unlike the NYT paywall, however, a percocet addiction is a small price to pay to see how fucked up society really is.

Anyway, if sex dolls are getting hooked on spice, who knows what could happen to the rest of us. We've got to stay woke. That's why the only reporters I trust are the ones wearing t-shirts with ketchup bottles on them, talking to Eastern European brothel owners about which Instagram models they'd both fuck. Because while the mainstream media is trying to distract us with sensational claims about "the death of democracy" and "human trafficking in actual brothels," Vice remains a shining beacon of responsible, unbiased journalism.

—M. Kreutter

## A LETTER TO ME RE: JANET'S TIT

Dear Logan,

It's me, Logan. I'm writing this letter because our therapist thought it would be good to reflect on what happened. I know you already know what happened cause you're me and I'm you, but when I told that to our therapist he pointed to the diplomas on his wall and said maybe I should just shut up and trust him for once. I asked him why all his diplomas say "DDS" and he told me to shut my mouth or else he would give me a root canal.

Anyways, last Friday, if you remember, you were at the party with that girl we like (Janet from math). Janet smells like flowers and makes you happy and looks like the stepmom from the Thanksgiving dinner porn we like. Anyways, Janet asked if you wanted to leave the party to go have sex. You should remember this part because you almost nutted in your khakis, but then you thought about the dad in the stepmom porn and how he didn't treat the stepmom right and it made you angry.

Anyways, Janet took you to her place. You liked her place because her bed was an iron lung and usually you just sleep on a futon. You were still soft from thinking about how the dad didn't even acknowledge the bountiful Thanksgiving feast his second wife had prepared, so you squeezed Janet's boob to get hard, but Janet's boob was super cold. You thought it was a Cosmopolitan sex thing, like "Ice Your Tit to Soothe His Eczema and Make Him Come Like a Faucet." The fact that she cared about your eczema enough to refrigerate her boob made you want to nut. You said "get a load of this guy" and pointed at your dick, but Janet didn't laugh so you thought she thought you weren't funny. But you still got off because she humiliated you, not in a cuck way, cause you're not a cuck, not like that dad who walked into the bathroom to find his son and wife penetrating each other with the wishbone.

Anyways, you nutted in Janet. Then, you pulled your dick out and you felt dirty because she didn't even ask you if you had fun. Like at least the stepmom always asks "Was it fun?" You started to cry thinking about how much the stepmom cares about her stepson even though they aren't kin. Meanwhile, Janet didn't move or breathe. That's when you turned her over and realized her whole body was super cold. Janet died mid-sex. It was terrible. That's when you learned porn really does foster unrealistic expectations.

Love,  
Logan

—A. Thomas



—I. Almor

# SPIELBERG SAYS METHOD ACTOR DANIEL DAY-LEWIS ASKED TO BE ASSASSINATED IN PREPARATION FOR LINCOLN

By C. COHEN

LOS ANGELES, C.A.—Director and producer Steven Spielberg announced Wednesday that Daniel Day-Lewis asked to be brutally murdered in mental preparation for his eponymous role in the 2012 historical drama *Lincoln*.

“Daniel told me that in the months leading up to filming he wanted to ‘live like Abe, and die like Abe, if that’s what it takes,’” said Spielberg. “Daniel is a devout method actor, and he wanted to do the role justice. For him, that meant getting assassinated.”

Though Spielberg was initially enthusiastic about the endeavor, he soon realized the implications of Day-Lewis’s plan. “I started to worry about how getting shot in the head might affect Daniel’s stamina during the longer days on set.”

As a seasoned director, Spielberg is no stranger to eccentric method acting techniques. “I remember when Daniel learned to track and skin animals for his role in *Last of the Mohicans*, not to mention his insistence on becoming fluent in Czech for *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* even though his role was entirely in English. But this was a whole new level.”

Day-Lewis’s agent, Arlene Kaminski, said she voiced concerns about how the assassination might affect his industry reputation. “Footage of Daniel getting his brains blown out would make him look like a slapstick comedian. We’re in the business of making movies, not bloopers.”

Despite concerns from his inner circle, Day-Lewis persisted in his quest to fully emulate President Lincoln. According to the following excerpt from Day-Lewis’s journal, his plans grew increasingly specific in the days leading up to the shoot:

October 14, 2011

Dear Diary,

*Spielberg should fire the bullet. It has to be Steven—who else? Picture this: I’m sitting in the balcony of Ford’s Theater with my wife Rebecca (a.k.a. “Mary Todd”). Steven (a.k.a. “John”) creeps up behind me during Act III. He reaches into his authentic Victorian overcoat and removes an original 1860’s Derringer handgun. Before he pulls the trigger, he leans in real close and whispers in my ear: “My name is John Wilkes Booth, and today is your lucky day you sonuvabitch, because I’m gonna assassinate you so hard that they’ll have no choice but to give you an Oscar.” That’s how it will all go down. Ok, gotta go. Talk to you later.*

Abe

Day-Lewis’ meticulous plan fell apart when he couldn’t find a willing assassin. Spielberg, an anonymous crewmember revealed, was reluctant to take on a manslaughter charge, even if it meant helping his star win another Academy Award. According to the source, though Day-Lewis ultimately won the Oscar, he refuses to accept it until Spielberg “takes the final shot.”

## BEST PLACES TO FUCK IN THE ASSISTED LIVING HOME

Life Alert charging station

Herman’s bed

The memory care unit

Herman’s automated sex swing

The memory care unit

Not on my grandma’s sofa, that’s for sure

She’s not a freak at all

Doesn’t know the first thing about riling me up

Getting me hard

Never mind.

Herman’s recliner with the hemorrhoid cushion

The fuck room... duh!

The ball pit

Herman’s iron lung

## **DEAD ON ARRIVAL: AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT ONE OF YALE'S STRANGER, AND MOST NEGLECTED, LOOPHOLES, LEAVING ONE STUDENT ASKING "SHOULD DEATH COME AT A COST? AND TO WHOM?"**

I was recently perusing the tuition rebate regulations to see if I should withdraw from Yale this semester for my clinical depression, when I came across a fascinating loophole in Yale's tuition rebate policy. The clause reads like this: "Death. In the event of a student's death on or before the fifteenth day of a term, the inclusive fee for that term will be canceled in full. Should death occur after the fifteenth day of a term, the Registrar's Office will adjust the inclusive fee on a pro rata basis as of the date of death."

I know that students cannot always decide when they die, but clearly, it would be advantageous for a student to die within the first two weeks of a semester in order to attain a full tuition rebate. However, the first two weeks of the semester are also the time of another storied Yale tradition: shopping period. Shopping period is a very hectic time in which students are deciding what classes to take. It is a very stressful time in which many students have enough decisions to make, and shouldn't have to worry about whether they want to die now or later in the semester when death might come at a cost.

I will be organizing a Leland Stange-style protest to change this policy. I encourage everyone to check out as many books as they can from Bass Library in the coming weeks so that our administration will extend the death date to 21 days, giving students a full week after shopping period to decompress and die without financial ramifications. After 21 days, students should have to die on their own dime, if you ask me. If we extended the date any longer, students would just be able to die whenever they felt like, and that would be bad for Yale's reputation among peer institutions and prospective applicants.

—E. Connors  
Design by V. Suri





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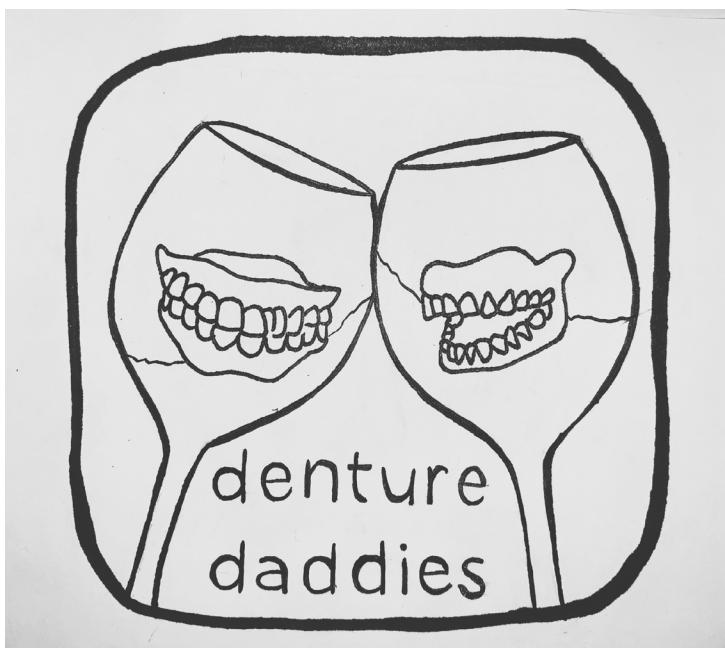
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—V. Chen

### A TOUCHING TRIBUTE: I FUCKED THE DRUMMER OF A BON JOVI COVER BAND

My wedding was one of the happiest days of my life. I remember my gorgeous stallion of a husband lifting up my veil with tears in his eyes, gently holding my hand as he said "I do." Little did I know, a mere two months after our perfect day I would uncover a terrible secret: I had unwittingly married (and just as unwittingly fucked) the drummer of a Bon Jovi tribute band.

As someone who hadn't thought of Bon Jovi since getting fingered in the backseat of my high school boyfriend's 1978 Ford Granada, this was a jarring revelation. How had my loving, horse-like husband kept this from me for so long? In hindsight, I guess there were red flags, like when he insisted we hire Slippery When Wet: The Bon Jovi Experience as our wedding band, or when I didn't see him and the Slippery When Wet drummer in the same room on our wedding day, or when he immediately forgave me for fucking the Slippery When Wet drummer in his grandmother's wedding dress, or when he somehow recovered his grandmother's wedding ring which I'd lost fingering the SWW drummer's ass in the handicapped stall of the church bathroom. But I guess hindsight's 20/20.

You hear about things like this happening to other women. They find a pair of silk panties in their husband's underwear drawer, or catch him texting "Debra from 7-11," a euphemism for the prostitute named Debra he met in the 7-11 bathroom. Still, I had no idea how to react when I saw my husband was hosting a PUBLIC Facebook event for Slip-

pery When Wet's gig at the Central Valley County Fair.

I tried bringing it up to him multiple times, but he shut me out completely. "You're crazy," he'd say. "I don't even LIKE Bon Jovi's fourteen studio albums, three live albums, five compilation albums, five EP's, sixty-six singles, fourteen video albums, and seventy-one music videos." I wanted to talk about it with my best friends, but all they could muster was "Bon Jovi? What songs did he do again?" and "Your husband is handsome in the same way that a horse is handsome."

One day, it got to be too much. I drove to Sun Valley to see Slippery When Wet: Wetter Than Ever live. I can't articulate how I felt when I saw my gorgeous, coltish husband sitting behind the drum set in nothing but a pair of aged, pleather jeans, a sea of middle-aged women with blonde roots climaxing in unison to the rhythm of his kick drum.

I couldn't bear to stay for the encore. My husband still doesn't know I know, and I don't think he ever will, because some things are better left unsaid. At the end of the day, I can't complain. I've got a husband with the dick of a horse and also the features of a horse. He's got a wife that reminds him of his grandmother and also likes to finger his ass. Some people might think that we Give Love a Bad Name. But baby if our love is wrong, then I don't wanna be right.

—L. Garcia

# WANTED: YOU!

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## A MESSAGE FROM HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Hey kids. The name's Henry David Thoreau, of Walden fame. You probably know who I am, but what you do not know is that I am more than just a pretty face. I also have a very sexy body, not to mention one of those penises.

160 years ago, I wrote "Civil Disobedience." Contrary to popular belief, I did not write the essay solely to provide high school seniors with cringeworthy yearbook quotes. While I think it's hilarious that Leonard Fishman, President of the East Gimbleton High Coin Club, somehow thinks he can relate to the idea that "we have a duty to disobey the law if it is unjust," this gag was incidental to my ultimate goal.

Here's the deal: the Massachusetts General Court passed a statute in 1846 declaring that Transcendentalists are "not sexy and never will be." That law was clearly unjust, making it a law I had the duty to break. And boy did I ever! I retreated to the forest, showing society I was too horny to play by their rules. This got society all riled up, especially women. They realized that if Transcendentalists could be horny, they could too. In this way, I am responsible for third wave feminism.

However, being a renegade sex symbol and feminist icon got lonely after a few years. I wrote "Civil Disobedience" so that my Transcendentalist colleagues would follow in my footsteps and fuck in the woods. Admittedly, Walt went a little overboard, but other than that, it was a great success. Ralph Waldo Emerson agreed to let me build a log sex-dungeon on his pondside property. I even wrote a book about my experiences there: *Two Years at the Walden Cesspool, with Horny David Thoreau and his Clean-Up Crew*. Unfortunately, my editor cut out all the parts about me getting venereal diseases from fucking in the pond and replaced them with dumbass passages about me just looking at the pond and thinking about the pond. Worst of all, he made it about self-reliance! Now the modern reader thinks I just masturbated the whole time!

In short, please do not remember me as a self-reliant man of nature. Please do not remember me as a man of principle who fought the law. Most importantly, please do not remember me as an environmental conservationist: for I left the forest a whole lot filthier than I found it.

—H. Rubin

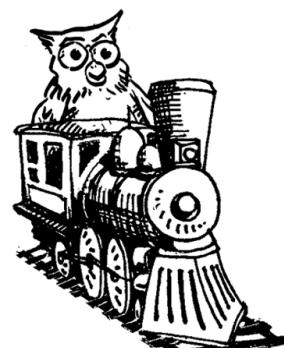
## JOHN MCCAIN IS DEAD, AND SO IS MY DREAM OF PERFORMING "SEASONS OF LOVE" WITH HIM AT THE SCARSDALE HIGH SCHOOL TALENT SHOW

On August 25, 2018, we lost the incomparable John Sidney McCain III. He was a great American hero who fought for the ideals of our country. He was a leader who stood for integrity in politics. Most importantly, though, he was the perfect alto to complement my husky baritone for a rousing duet of "Seasons of Love" at the fifth-annual Scarsdale High School talent show.

Look, I always knew my dream of performing the iconic ballad from Jonathan Larson's Tony-winning musical with a former Republican presidential nominee in front of all my peers was far-fetched—I graduated six years ago, and they've never let an alumnus perform. Besides, McCain was a renowned maverick. He probably would have wanted to perform solo.

Still, I held out hope. I imagined belting out "Five-hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes" as the senator from Arizona riffed over the top, getting that little twinkle in his eye like he does. We wouldn't miss a step of our elaborate choreography, and at the song's peak, he would leap into my arms for a stunning lift à la Dirty Dancing. The crowd of 9th through 12th graders would sit, mouths agape at our spectacle. I still think about it sometimes, late at night, looking at the poster of the McCain family I have on my ceiling with red X's drawn over Cindy's eyes, crying softly into the night.

But alas, it is too late. John McCain has died, and with him, so too has my greatest dream. I will never be known as "the guy who sang 'Seasons of Love' with John McCain at the Scarsdale High School Talent Show only to be named runner-up to that little prick Richard Falk for his completely uninspired rendition of 'Defying Gravity' alongside John Boehner." Instead, I'll just be known as "the guy who got his history teacher pregnant." I can only hope that John Sidney McCain IV will have a better fate than me.



—J. Wexler



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## WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STEP BRO?

Hey step bro, do you know what time your dad (my stepdad) and my mom (your stepmom) are getting home? I'm so lonely. How about we play a game? You want to play Twister again? I was thinking that we could maybe play Monopoly this time. It lets me live out my dream of being a businesswoman even though I never finished high school because I dropped out to support my family after Dad died. I could've won a scholarship, gone to State, gotten a good job at that design firm in the city! I could've met a guy, fell in love, gotten pregnant, gotten an abortion, gotten pregnant again, had a shotgun wedding, bought a house, taken out a mortgage, raised the kids, and then gone back to work once they left the house. I could've been something! I could've been someone...

Yea, now that you mention it, I guess Monopoly is pretty fucking boring. We can play Twister. I'm happy to do anything for you, step bro, if you know what I mean. If you don't, I'll clarify: I'm talking about my inability to put myself first, to really focus on what's best for me and prioritize that. I know it's good to consider what's best for others, but at some point, I need to take ownership of my life. I'm tired of saying "okay" to things that I don't want.

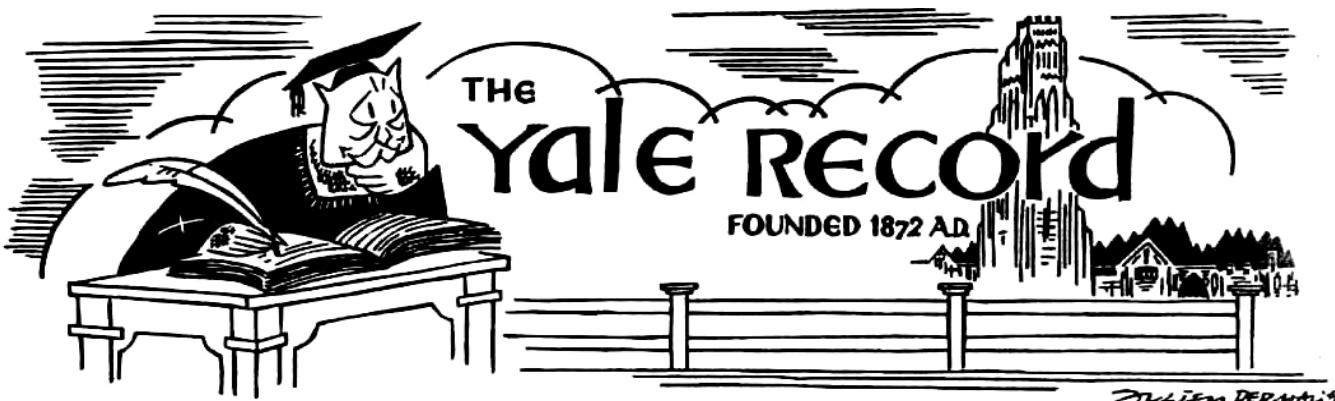
Sure, we can play Twister naked. I guess it is getting pretty hot in here. You got a watermelon for refreshments? I'd love a piece! Isn't it uncomfortable holding it in front of your groin like that? Oh, it's not heavy because you hollowed it out? Reminds me of a little someone I like to call myself. Most days I feel as though there's nothing inside me except my throbbing heart, leaping out of my chest towards the big city, into the bodies of the children I never had, so that one day I might wake up in a hospital, surrounded by family, a hospice nurse monitoring my vitals until my heart can finally, contentedly, flatline.

Oh, your dick is inside the watermelon? And you want me to reach inside and touch it? I can relate to the feeling. Sometimes I wonder if anyone will ever reach inside and touch that throbbing heart of mine or if it will forever yearn for someone who's not there, who will never be there, yearn for the father that left too soon and the husband that never came and the step bro that never really loved me.

—W. Cramer



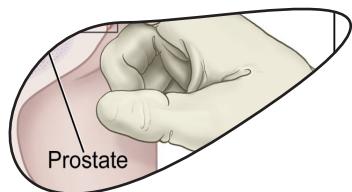
—P. Davis



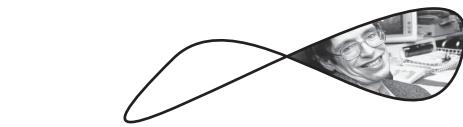
# SEX TIPS TO DRIVE HIM WILD (BY STEPHEN HAWKING)

**Find the black hole:** I am perhaps best known for my research on the enigmatic astrophysical phenomenon of the black hole. However, I have also spent a great deal of my life exploring a different “black hole,” namely, my prostate. One horndog can only discover so much, so I encourage you to further my research by delving into your own man’s pleasure cavern.

**Theorize about sex without actually doing it:** Sometimes I think being completely paralyzed was the best thing for my sex life. You too can train yourself to get off on hypotheses such as “I postulate that when my finger revolves around your black hole, there might be an eruption.” Finish him off by establishing the “a priori axiom of fucking me raw, you filthy boy.” I swear to god, though, if any of you salad tossers try to imitate my robot voice, I’ll report you to the ADA.



**Give ‘em the Einstein:** Many people know that Albert Einstein was one of my biggest intellectual influences, but what most don’t know is that he also taught me how to eat people out. You know that picture where he has his tongue stuck out? The one in every middle school in America? Let’s just say the AI I knew wouldn’t have been allowed within 800 feet of a middle school.



**Sexting:** Try out the text-to-speech feature to really heat things up.

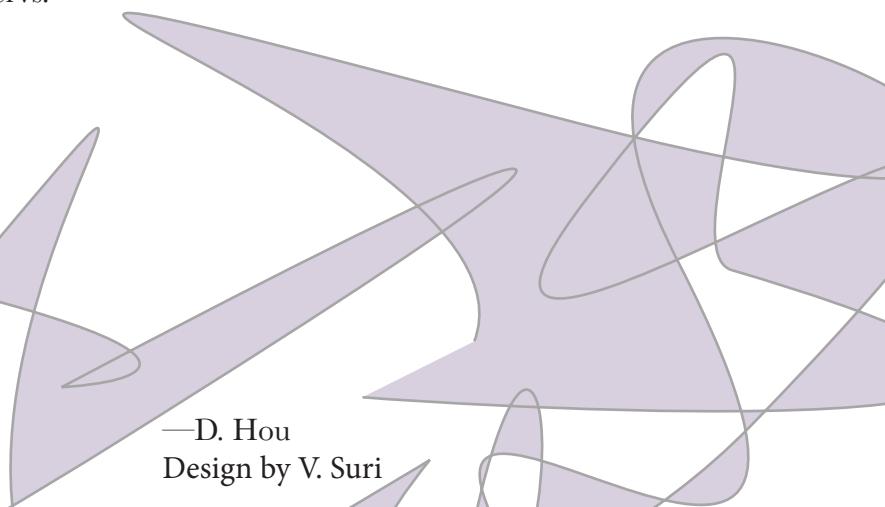
**Buy my fucking books:** Nothing will get your man ready to rumble like buying my fucking books. Sex experts say that with the exception of playing Marvin Gaye on vinyl, the best way to get your man in the mood is to purchase *The Theory of Everything* or *The Universe in a Nutshell* on Amazon Prime. Plus, royalty checks are the only thing that make me hard these days. Please buy the fucking books. Please. I’m so horny.



**Buy my fucking books on Kindle:** You know you want to, you little perverts.



—D. Hou  
Design by V. Suri



I + ai

