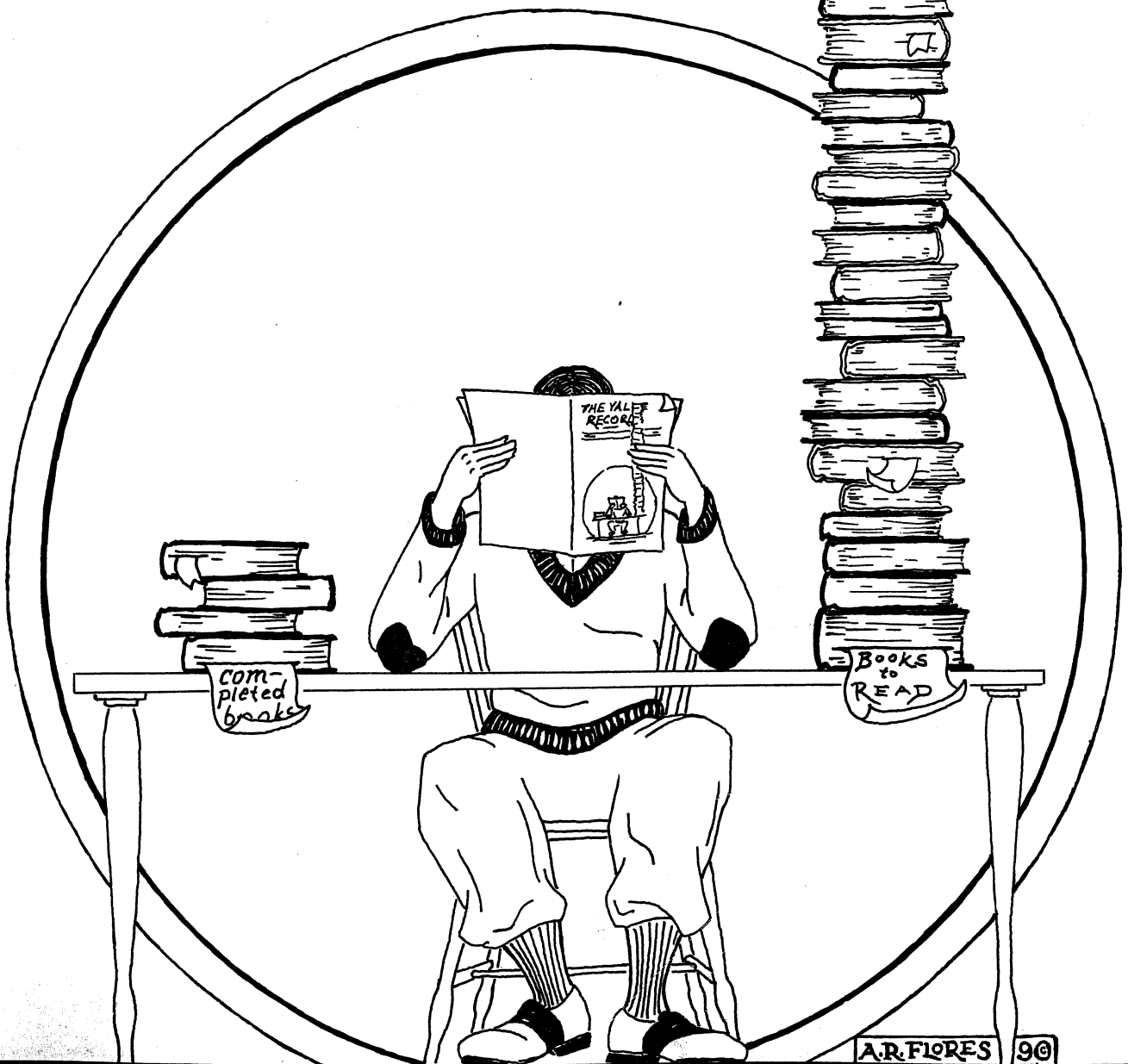


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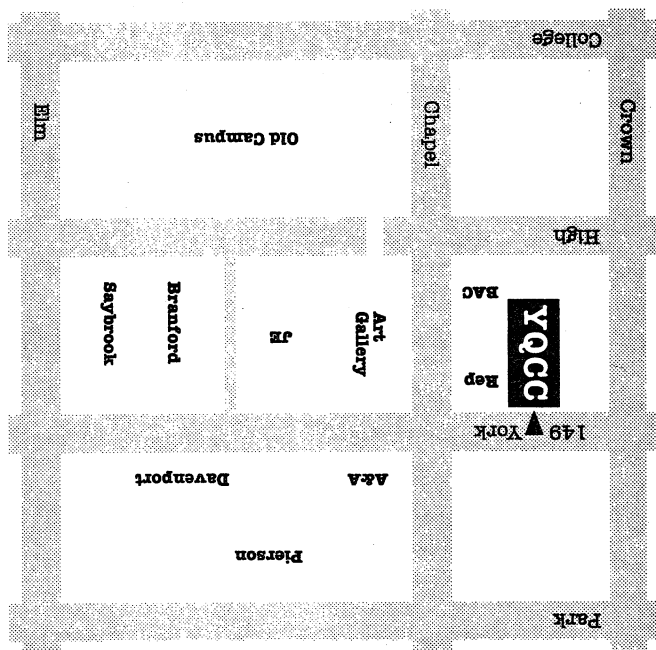
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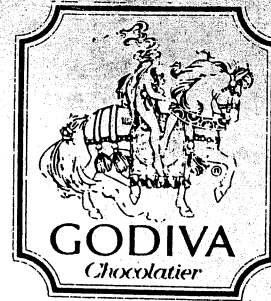


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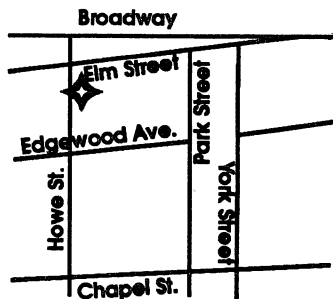
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which, of course, you must give to us.

A Record cartoon originally published in 1956, back when we had lots of money. Now we have a nice personality.

Robert Bentley
It's a Roots Thing

Of all the tributes, only this one captures the man.

Skidmore/Lynch

Keith Haring's Sunday Funnies

Finally! Stop embarrassing yourself and blackening your date's shins.

Jibouti!

How to Dance

If you're reading this, you probably are.

Gerber

Are You an Intellectual?

Michael Gerber lets a toney male gigo tell his story, and gets a free scotch to boot. With Photos!

I Was an Escort for the Lonely Society Women of New York

There's something about a train that's Divine.

Skidmore

Riding Shotgun with God on the New England Express

make lots of money*

Record Financial Wizard Marisa Barbour shows you how to

Barbour

Cash in a Flash

those goddam letters.

little things you like, but keeps us from going insane writing all

Staff—a dizzying survey of humorous flotsam that gives you the

A New Section! Bits and pieces from the charming and witty

Paraphernalia

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Old Owl is pleased to announce the following positions: Michael Gerber '91 Chair- man, Robert Skidmore '93 Editor-in-Chief.

Sam Johnston, Chris Marcell, Advisors: G.B. Trudeau, Mark O'Donnell,

in Linsley-Giffenden Hall, Room 107. Meetings are held Wednesdays at 8:00 ber. They may be given to any staff mem- ber. Your comments and questions are wel- comed. They may be sent to the above address, or may be given to any staff mem- ber. Meetings are held Wednesdays at 8:00 in Linsley-Giffenden Hall, Room 107.

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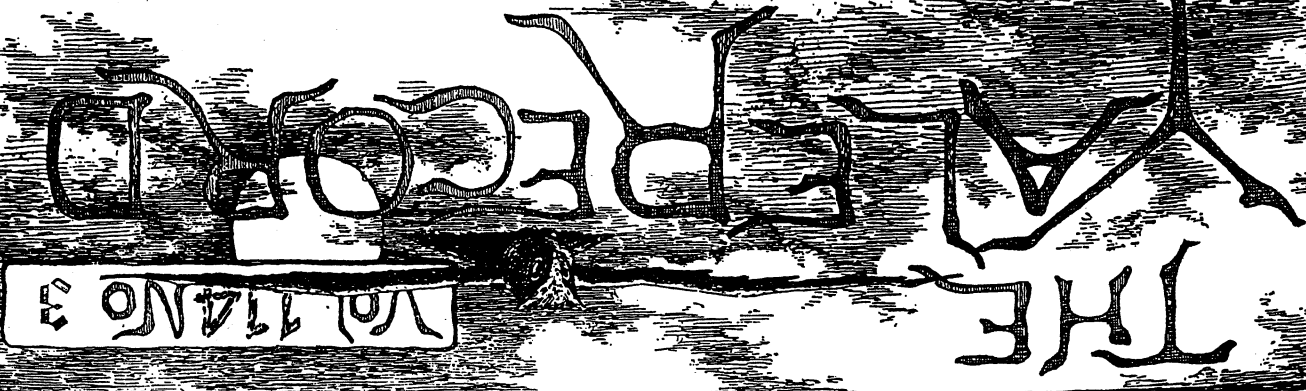
Publisher: Jay Cowles

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NEW HAVEN, DECEMBER 12, 1990.



Hello! And welcome to the Holiday issue of the *Yale Record*! My name is Nancy and I'll be your recorded guide to a pleasant and safe reading trip. Our staff is also here to serve and assist you.

Because Federal law prohibits smoking on flights of six hours or less, the bathroom is equipped with a Federal smoke detector, which is not to be tampered with as Federally dictated by Federal law. Our cabin is also equipped with a savage attack dog to ensure that you obey the "no smoking" sign. The seat cushion beneath you may be used as a personal flotation device in the unlikely event of a water landing. (Extremely unlikely since you're just sitting there reading this magazine article, but you never know, do you? I don't).

If during our flight, cabin vision becomes impaired, the aisle will be illuminated with huge floodlights for your assistance. Also, cataract surgeons will fall from the compartment overhead. If traveling with small children, please assist them in undergoing laser surgery before undergoing it yourself. Your seat belt is designed for easy fastening or release— simply throw the strap over your left shoulder, so that the flat part of the buckle lies securely against your rotator cuff and insert the buckle spike firmly into your spinal column. This will ensure that you have a safe and pleasant trip as well as removing all sensation in your lower body. If you have any problems (lungs are collapsing with reduced cabin pressure or cannot reach orgasm) please do not hesitate to push the 'call' button, which won't provoke any response among our flight attendants, but which will drive our attack dog crazy. Please stow your baggage beneath the seat of the person in front of you and maintain good posture during takeoff. This will lessen the chance of organ failure due to rapid acceleration of the aircraft.

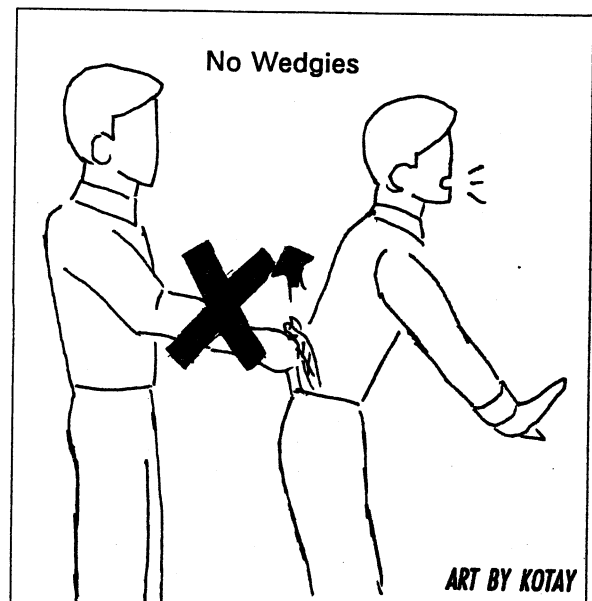
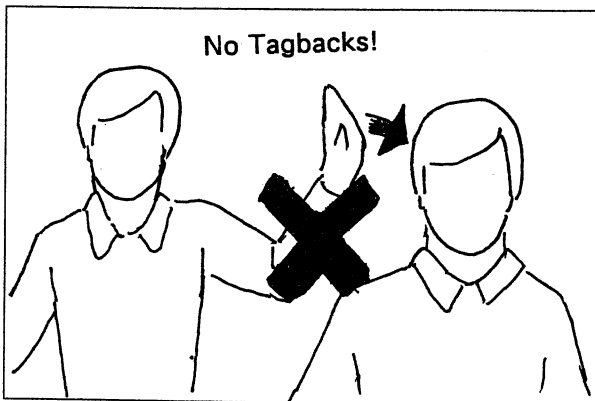
If you have any other questions, 'airline question request forms' are available at the front and rear of the plane, and you will receive an 'airline question form' in six to eight weeks. Typical questions are: How do you work the emergency lever? What, I can't hear you? Where does it go when you flush the toilet? Ionization energy a) increases b) decreases c) stays the same when traversing the periodic table from left to right?

We are now ready to take off, so remember, fly defensively. And thank you for choosing the *Record*.

— RATNER



(NorthWest Pilots only)





Christmas has become cliché in America, from the daunting shopping gauntlet running wild and free after Thanksgiving to that huge hormonally-treated ham perched atop your dinner table. In light of this, the *Record* staff has collected several delightful and heartwarming stories from around the world concerning the origins of jolly old Father Christmas. They're sure to warm the cockles of your heart and to keep the Marmion of Madison Avenue at bay just one magical season longer.

From Wales, we get their own version of Santa Claus: Kris Llykylingwyl. Each Christmas Eve, Kris flies through the air on a golden sleigh pulled by eight Welsh rarebits, and distributes small figurines of Bonnie Prince Charlie to all the good little boys and girls. Naughty little boys and girls receive used Margaret Thatcher campaign stickers and another silent letter 'T' to add to the front of their name.

From Italy comes the centuries-old tale of a blind Venetian salesman whose gondola is towed by the six oldest cardinals from Rome. At one minute past midnight each Christmas Eve, he quietly attaches a thirty-two horsepower outboard motor to one of the cardinal's foreheads, and using the pull-rope, starts the engine. The other cardinals jump ship in fear and subsequently drown, while the first cardinal decorates "La Scenissima" with traditional Christmas red. Thus are the

Why make it sad to take Finals? Just because you are watching your academic career go the way of the Dodo and vaudeville, it doesn't mean that you shouldn't have a little fun. Here are a few ideas:

- Tape one eye shut for six to eight hours a day, then tape the other one. This will allow them to sleep while you do work.
- On days when your roommates wake up and think it's 8:57 when it's really 6:12.
- Remove the shoes of a person sleeping in OCL and put them on another sleeping person's feet.
- Get a couple of friends together and play Tic-Tac-Toe on the side of Beineke Library by throwing squishy, rotten fruit onto the squares.
- Go to Wawa and ask them why, if they are open seven days a week, three hundred sixty-five point two five days a year, do they



—RASKIN

eldest cardinals in the Vatican disposed of, making room for fresh blood in the Church.

From Tel Aviv comes a truly different version of Christmas. Rabbi Moshe Abramowitz says, "There is no Santa Claus, and remember that Christ was a nice Jewish boy. So there, Goyim."

When we were preparing to lay out this issue, we were dismayed to find the offices of the mighty *Herald* (names of publications have been changed to protect the innocent) already occupied by the plucky, PC *Eccentric*. Stepping outside, we weighed our chances in a

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—ALTON

have a lock on their door. You can pretend to be a reporter.

- Glue a whole stack of dining hall trays together.
- Go to the final of a class that you aren't taking, and, ten or fifteen minutes after the exam has begun, walk to the front of the room, smiling smugly, and turn the exam in. You may also whistle.
- Fill your college's moat with water and make a skating rink.
- Turn in a fake bio essay on the combustibility of Spam™.
- Conduct the research for this paper on your Master's lawn. Ask to borrow his/her hibachi.
- Write subliminal messages (use lemon juice) in your roommates' textbooks to make them paranoid.
- Get about 300 bags of popcorn kernels, sixteen air-poppers, and about sixty-three fans. Pop the popcorn in the dining hall, then turn on the fans. Pretend you are inside a snow globe.

rumble—no dice; who wants to tangle with the battling Loftus brothers? Anyway, Dr. Skidmore came up with a better plan. He burst in and said “Guys! they’re cutting down all the trees on the Green and replacing them with huge styrofoam containers!” As expected, the Eco-squad quickly donned riot gear and tromped off to defend the honor of Mother Nature. We slipped in and got onto the computers in the resulting confusion.

— GERBER



A staffer, lyre in hand and fortified by ouzo and baklava, writes the following after a weekend trip to Western Massachusetts...

“Sing in me Muse, and through me tell a story
in that man skilled in all ways of scamming
the wanderer, horny for years on end,
on the proud height of Mt. Holyoke.

Brave Wifistón III ‘93, sharp of mind and body
Son of Winstõn Jr., ‘60, son of Winstõn ‘46W
Prosperous and only marginally crooked merchants
From the great port-city of Hoboken.

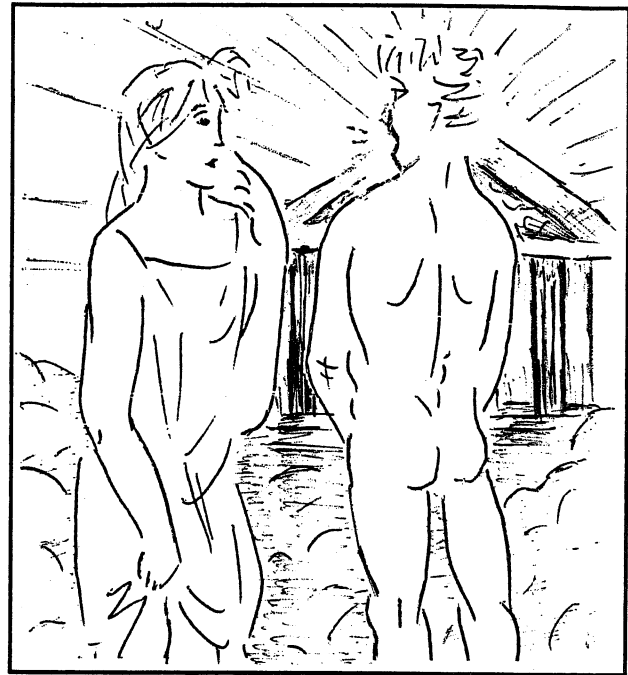
Winston, guided by wise Athena
And perhaps a little by Aphrodite
(Maybe Bacchus too)
Tormented by Yale’s mighty strumpets—yea

For just as a farmer’s hunger grows, behind
the bolted plow and share, all day afield
So grows the Yale’s own particular brand of want
In a way not easily approximated by a convenient
metaphor.

The mighty war-fleet took to the wind Friday eve
A treacherous U-Haul concealing eight young,
lustful warriors
Gravely discussing the coming plan of conquest
Over four-and-sixty bottles of Colt 45 longnecks.

The U-Haul was stealthily drawn into the quad
As crowds of curious she-citizens looked on
Wifistón, with a last hollar to mighty Arês
Left out, and presented his rather meager case.

“Greetings, fair-eyed maidens, supple of limb,
selfless
Of disposition
Tired wayfarers are we, from the fair Haven of
New,



So, what’s your major? **KOTAY**

Looking only for simple food and drink
And perhaps a wine bowl of libation to Zeus; some
hekatombs
Wouldn’t say no to a compassionate sponge-bath
A little anointment with sweet-smelling ointment
here and there
Couldn’t hurt;

And”, spoke Winstõn, with a final exhortation to
the Gods,

“A toasty place of repose where we might find
tender comfort
Whilst awaiting dawn’s finger tips of rose?”

...and we haven’t even got to the good part. Stay
tuned for the next installment.

—MICHAEL



Historians have often called the Spanish Civil War (1936 -1939) the “dress-rehearsal for World War Two”— prior to its long and successful run in Europe and Asia. But were you aware that a special theatre was built in Madrid just for its performance? And that a scaled-down travelling cast performed skirmishes at high schools and nursing homes throughout Spain? The bloody, conflict even spawned a “Spanish Civil War on Ice” which ran for several months.

— GERBER

A CHRISTMAS POEM

O hark! O'er yonder,
behind my window pane
I see that winter wonder
Jack Frost has come again.
Nipping at more than noses
Eyes gleam bright; evil leer
Checks blushing red as roses
Frost man comes again this year.

Drips o' drool flood his chin
Ho! To drop the bomb
Few know his carnal sin
Our boy Jack's a peeping Tom.

More juicy gossip hard to find
I do not tell a lie;
Says my source for enquiring minds
Jack loves buttocks and thigh.

Woe! Our voyeur darling,
The depths to which you've sunk

Your cry for help I hear calling

Stop! Just say no! You
pervert... You... punk.

—MANUEL



A new arrival to our bookshelf is
*Three "Hall Mary"s Equals Hot Sex on
the Bus*, the Andrew Greeleyesque
expose penned by Catholic priest
Stephen Dwendle.

Shattering the hal-
lowed confidentiality
of the confessional,
Dwendle pulls no
punches in this
explicit, damaging
volume. Dwendle's
prose style is turgid, but
you may be too after
passages like "Father, I
had my tongue in her
ear and rotated it ever
so slightly. She was
biting me, I think.
With a feathery touch,
I moved my hand to
the inside of her
thigh..." Modesty
prevents us from saying
any more; the picture
section is especially
...drippy.

—GERBER

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Few know his carnal sin
More juicy gossip hard to find
I do not tell a lie;
Says my source for enquiring minds
Jack loves buttocks and thigh.
Woe! Our voyeur darling,
The depths to which you've sunk



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Cash in a Flash

By Marisa Barbour

It's 1:23 a.m. Eighty million couch potato Americans are in front of the television watching *Leave it to Beaver* reruns. What does this mean to you as a soon-to-be graduate of Yale College? You guessed it—starting your own mail order business. It's fun. It's easy. It's the wave of the future, and best of all, it allows you to put a down-payment on that new car by preying shamelessly and rapaciously on your less educated countrymen, like the great American capitalists before you.

Once you establish a mailing address in, say, Four Corners, South Dakota, a locale relatively untracable by post office officials, you are ready to choose a product. Your main concern here is to somehow relate your product to sex. Make your drooling, Dorito-eating, sloth-like viewer believe that the reason his sex life is so bad is that he has yet to purchase your product. But be careful. Creativity is key. Your average couch potato has probably tried all the normal modes of enhancing his sex life; so sell him something he hasn't thought of as a sexual object, say, perhaps, an eggbeater—wow! think of the possibilities!

Now, the commercial. Let's say the product is your average, everyday green plastic garden hose.

SCENE: backyard garden party with numerous bikini clad women playfully frolicking with muscular men; your average wimp begins to water his lawn; immediately, all the women rush over; one with breasts the size of small torpedos and a rapidly disappearing bikini draws "Gee, Frank, I just love a man with a big, ah, a big...hose."

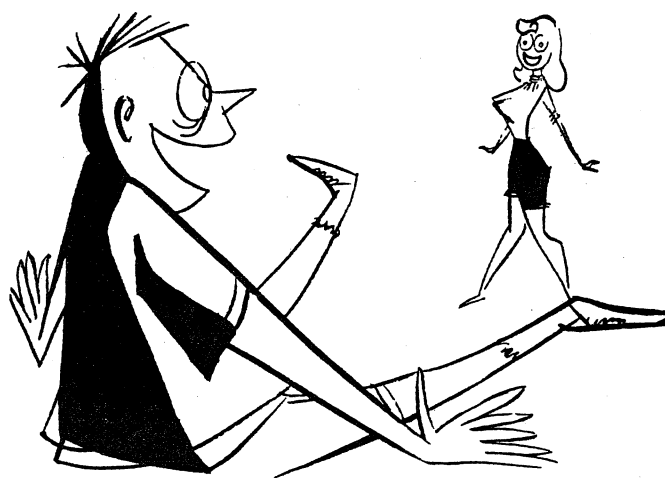
Now, sit back and watch Freud in action: women who desired their fathers, men suffering from fears of impotence, women with penis envy, men with penis envy, women who love men who love women with penis envy. They will buy and buy and buy and maybe take out loans and buy some more.

However, maybe the American public is not as ridiculously stupid and gullible as that. For you realists, make the woman flat-chested; but the truth is, selling sex is the American way. Look at any Victoria's Secret catalog. Victoria has managed to convince millions of American men and women that \$80 is not a ridiculous price to pay for a six-inch piece of lace with snaps. Even the dresses in the catalog are unbuttoned in the front and open to the crotch. Every business suit opens to reveal a glimpse of bare breast as if sane people would want a woman who has to keep tucking her nipple into her suit to sell them stocks or to write their will.

If there is no possible way to relate your product to sex, don't despair. America has another obsession: living forever. If you make your product as vile tasting as possible and call it "healthy", people will buy it. After all, Americans may be dumb, but they are *not* stupid; they know that if food tastes good it can't be good for them. So, sell them shredded cardboard with tiny balls of purple Play-doh, tell them it tastes like toxic waste, and play on their suspicions about bad-tasting food.

Let the actor choke down a bowl of your product, smile, put his arm around his son and say, "Son, we'll have more time to play basketball now that I've avoided that heart attack thanks to new Styro-flakes." Not only will Americans buy your product, but also you will flatter their intelligence—they have been right all along—the worse something tastes, the better it is for you.

Now if you really have your eye on a cherry red Lamborghini, combine sex with living forever...perhaps a low-cholesterol spermicide or edible high fiber condoms for the post-coital munchies, the ultimate American products? Here the field is wide open.



TAFT