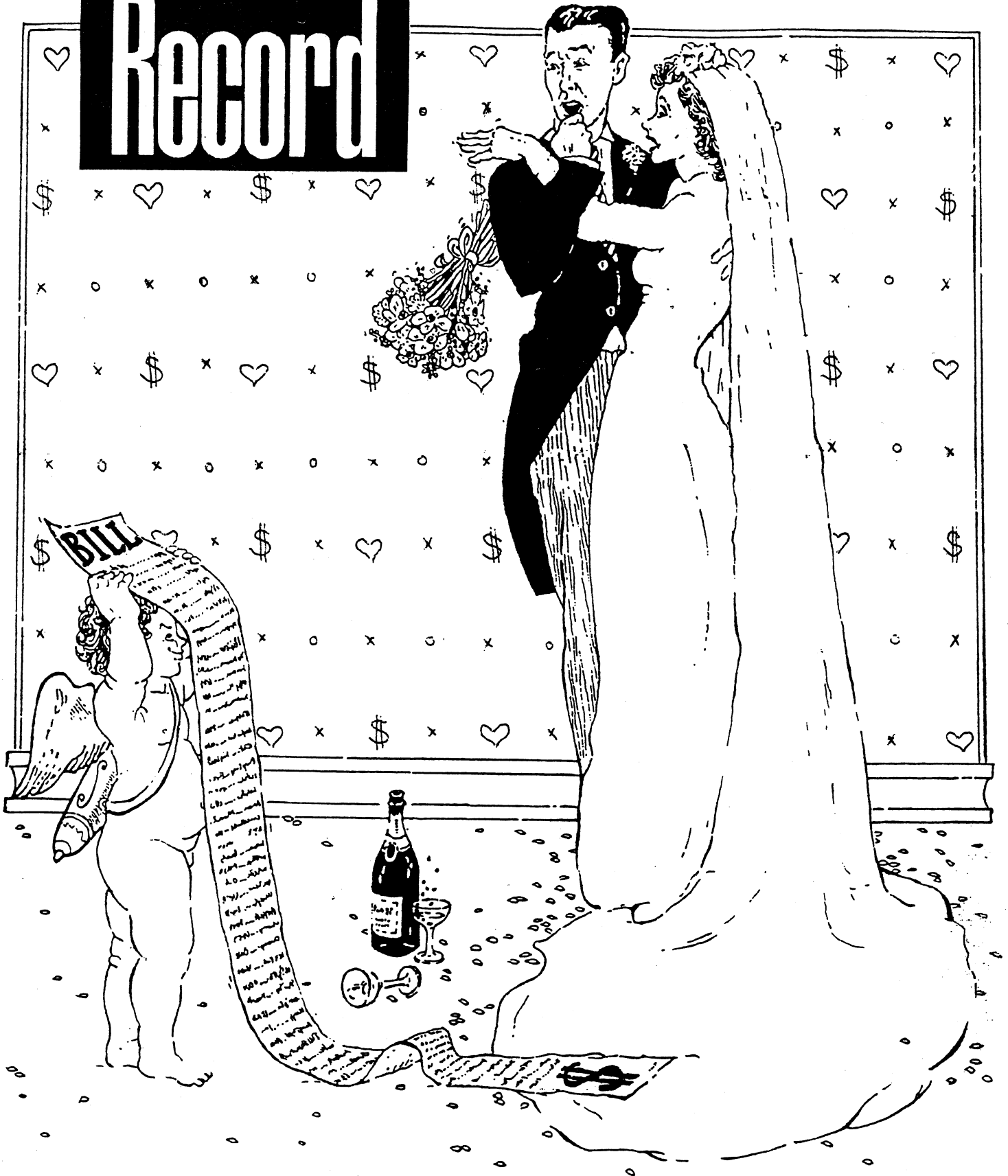


Record



Find True Love at Yale— Map Inside!!

Bring this ad for a complimentary glass of House Wine or Beer with any purchase of an entrée.

1228 Chapel Street, New Haven, CT 06511 (203) 772-1800

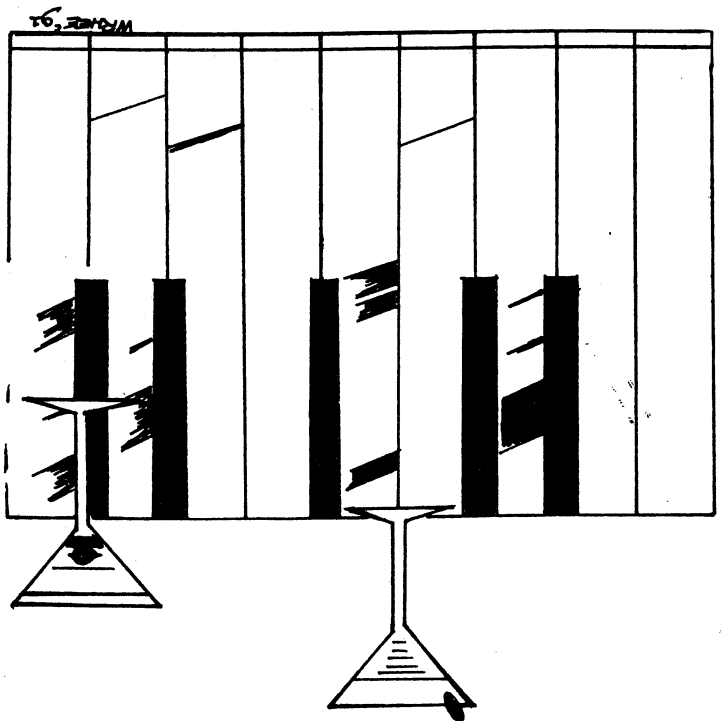
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Great New Menu • Under New Management

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Piano Entertainment Friday and Saturday Nights*

A RESTAURANT

**Elm
City
Diner**



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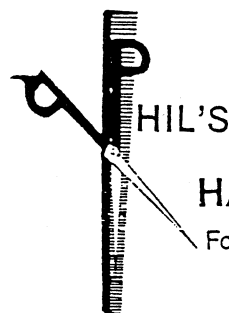
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For men and women

**Nexus,
Sebastian,
KMS, and
Paul Mitchell products**

82 1/2 Wall Street
New Haven
865-9187

19 Broadway
New Haven
865-9182

No appointment necessary.

Bring a friend to lunch!



827 Chapel Street
New Haven, Connecticut
787-2677 or fax 787-2450
Open for Sunday morning
breakfast 9:30 am to 1 pm

**Buy one lunch at regular price...
Get 1/2 off second luncheon entree**
(of equal or lesser value)
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*If you don't have a friend,
bring this coupon in
and we'll buy you a cup of coffee
when ordering any
breakfast or luncheon item!*

Rosey's

"The Wall Street Cleaner"

We will clean

- Down
- Silk
- Ties
- Gowns
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We also do

- Repairs
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Opposite Silliman

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Prompt Friendly Service
Since 1888

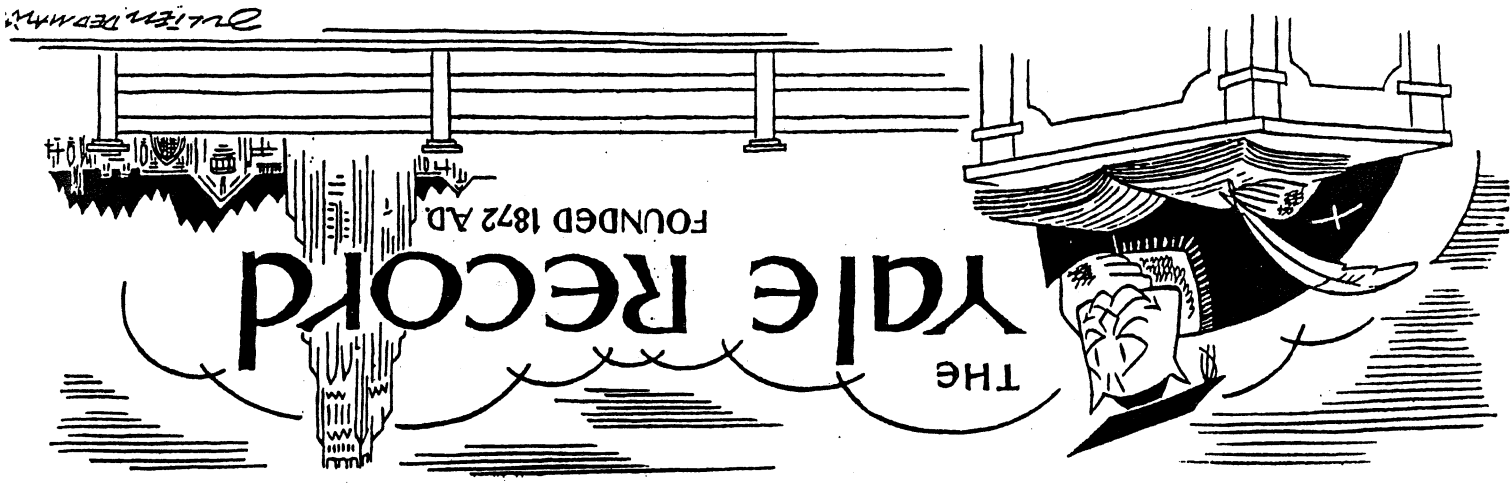
The Yale Record is affiliated with the Yale Herald, and is composed in their Bingham Hall offices.

4	Letters
6	Paraphernalia
8	Spring Syllabus It's supposed to look like it's poorly xeroxed. Schwarz/Weisberg
10	The Lost Quotations of Chairman Mao Tse-Tung Bop-bop-bop-ooo-mao-bop-bop-ooo-mao-mao... Gerber
11	Grotto of Love Join Vincent Scully in a harrowing Valentine quest across campus! With map showing special Record clues! Skidmore/Lynch
14	How Your Record Gets to You Why we always looks so tired. Michael
16	Membership Has Its Privileges Join Vincent Scully on a harrowing trip through one man's credit history. Gerber
18	I Before E, I Before U, I Before Everybody Vincent Scully is not involved with this William Safire parody. Barbour
19	Harry Global: The Man, the Legend, the Seminar Join two Stilemans in a quest to get big and buffed. Kotay/Huffaker
22	Old Owl Gets The Last Word He says, "Never eat cherries and milk." Gerber

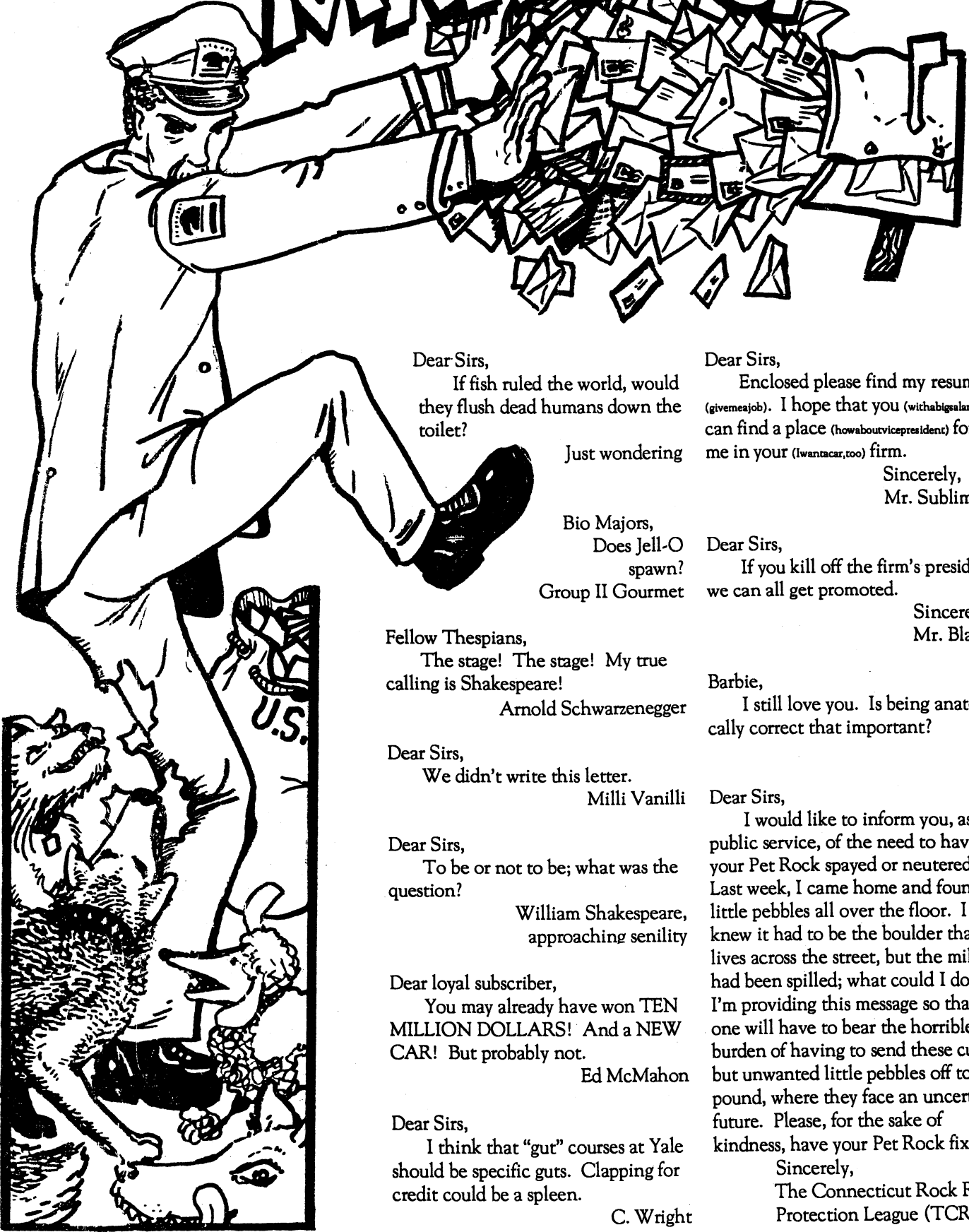
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Advisory Board: G.B. Trudeau, Mark O'Donnell, Sam Johnston, Chris Marcell



MAILBAG



Dear Sirs,
 If fish ruled the world, would they flush dead humans down the toilet?
 Just wondering

Bio Majors,
 Does Jell-O spawn?
 Group II Gourmet

Fellow Thespians,
 The stage! The stage! My true calling is Shakespeare!
 Arnold Schwarzenegger

Dear Sirs,
 We didn't write this letter.
 Milli Vanilli

Dear Sirs,
 To be or not to be; what was the question?
 William Shakespeare,
 approaching senility

Dear loyal subscriber,
 You may already have won TEN MILLION DOLLARS! And a NEW CAR! But probably not.
 Ed McMahon

Dear Sirs,
 I think that "gut" courses at Yale should be specific guts. Clapping for credit could be a spleen.
 C. Wright

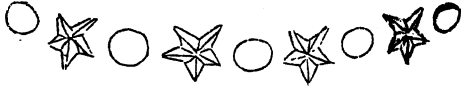
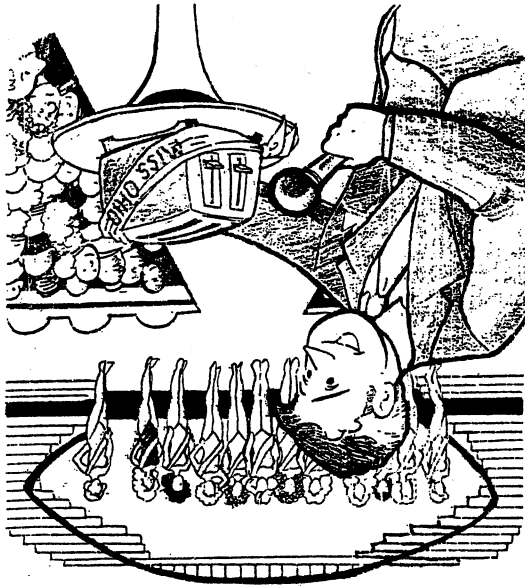
Dear Sirs,
 Enclosed please find my resumé (givemeajob). I hope that you (withabigalary) can find a place (howaboutvicepresident) for me in your (Iwantacar,too) firm.
 Sincerely,
 Mr. Subliminal

Dear Sirs,
 If you kill off the firm's president, we can all get promoted.
 Sincerely,
 Mr. Blatant

Barbie,
 I still love you. Is being anatomically correct that important?
 Ken

Dear Sirs,
 I would like to inform you, as a public service, of the need to have your Pet Rock spayed or neutered. Last week, I came home and found little pebbles all over the floor. I knew it had to be the boulder that lives across the street, but the milk had been spilled; what could I do? I'm providing this message so that no one will have to bear the horrible burden of having to send these cute but unwanted little pebbles off to the pound, where they face an uncertain future. Please, for the sake of kindness, have your Pet Rock fixed!
 Sincerely,
 The Connecticut Rock Rights Protection League (TCRRPL)

"My interests include journalism, the environment, and, of course, making toast."



(Let's leave it blank, like NJ—Ann)
(I have a very lucrative advertisement—Karin)
(NO! NO MORE ADS! TOO MANY ALREADY—Mike)
(Run a huge graphic!—Todd)
(What! I must have dozed off—Hank)
(Just fill it, please. I don't care how—Rob)

Kate

Dear Rob,
What are we going to do to fill up the empty space at the end of this page? You nixed the letter about recycling dead people.

Call Audrey
383 3921

Dear Sirs,
SWF, nonsmoker, likes rainy Sunday afternoons, sad movies, and candlelight dinners, seeks SWM for hours of good clean fun involving whipped cream-filled jacuzzi. Egg beater optional. Please, no freaks or deviants.

Bottom Scientists
The Buttockial Collective

Dear Sirs,
We have discovered that the left buttock is adept at mathematics and spatial orientation, while the right is more skilled at verbal communication and artistic expression. Try it at home! See for yourself.

Quarrelling Siblings
via Western Union

Dear Sirs,
Leave me alone stop stop it stop quit it stop jerk stop go away stop stop; stop

Tim

Sirs,
I am intrigued. Please rush me, at no obligation, your pamphlet about rigor mortis.

Sam Penis
Penis, Penisland

Sirs,
All too often you people seem to rely on vulgar language and coarse imagery in order to make your so-called comic point. Are you all so genuinely bereft of true creativity and inspiration that you must fall back on the same bankrupt formula again and again?

Larry King

Readers,
I feel that my column in USA Today hasn't had enough of the "real world" in it lately, so I'm here in East Los Angeles in order to find out what's really going on in this troubled area of our nation...Has anyone seen Dyan Cannon latest film? Entertaining, uplifting, and with a message...My god, that sounds like gunfire...Jesus, a bullet's punctured my aorta...Those in the know say the rumors about Demi Moore and Bruce Willis's marriage being in trouble are wrong; the truth is, they've never been happier...Blood is pumping out of my chest; it's so dark it almost looks black...Patrick Swayze has signed on for Ghost II, and Paramount is ecstatic...For the love of God, help me, I'm dying...I'll tell you one thing: we won't see the likes of Armand Hammer again...Mom? Mom, is that you?...And it looks as though with the spring Angelica Huston has found new love!

God

you.
I'm told that a lot of you are upset that you have to spend all your time here programming my VCR, fixing me nachos, etc. Apparently there's been some type of misunderstanding—I never said it was going to be Heaven for To Whom It May Concern,

Brian Hill, BR'93
age 19
Bloomfield, Michigan

Dear Sirs,
Goddammit, I am not past my sexual peak, thank you very much.

Hauntingly yours,
The eighth grade class of 1972

Dear Sirs,
Did you know that the letters of "Spiro Agnew" can be rearranged to read "Grow a penis"?



As haggard Muscovites brave the bitter Russian winter to queue for a tasty meal of hearty McRib's, we in America can only swell with "Made in the USA" pride. How better to declare the end of Communism, the end of tyrannical rule by a squadron of apoplectic hard-liners, than to stuff 'em all full of Ronald's crispy, delectable fries?

Yet it's not so cozily capitalistic as one might think; there is trouble a-brewin' in the Moscow McDonald's. One miner I spoke with expressed his dissatisfaction; he had traveled all the way from Irkutsk and spent a month's wages for a McDLT... only to find that the hot side was cold. A gnarled old woman clutching a Happy Meal to her gnarled breast wailed in despair when she found there was no prize. She blamed the KGB. "They watch who comes in here. They count the Apple Pies," she hissed under her moustache, and scurried away.

Indeed, the tremendous lines beneath those golden arches provide for a certain degree of confusion. A bundled-up man at least an hour's wait from the door confided that he did not actually know what he was waiting for. Another man told me enthusiastically that he was signing up for the war. I didn't bother explaining, fearing a riot.

Tonight the atmosphere is tense. The Baltic crackdown has these simple, hungry folk worried, and the future is uncertain. Standing in the shadow of the Kremlin's mighty spire, I enjoy some quiet time. One lone official strides out a door into the night, briefcase in

hand. Perhaps I imagine it, but I am almost sure that the whistled tune echoing through the quiet streets takes the words "Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese..." Perhaps there's hope after all.

—CROWLEY



Seems that newly esteemed classical actor Mel Gibson will play Iago opposite Danny Glover's Othello in the New York Summer Shakespeare festival. After realizing that the play was *not* a dramatization of the board game of the same name, Mel came up with "several fresh directing ideas".

—RASKIN



At first glance, Lonnie Grizzard, Jr. may look like any other ordinary local chicken farmer. Beyond the façade, there can be seen the barest glimmer of his infinite greed and crafty lies. "I like groundhogs. I really like them," said Grizzard during a recent edition of Fox's *A Current Affair*. "Their beady eyes, trembling whiskers, and wiggly tails are très cute." Grizzard further revealed that "...for hours, I just sit and dream about them. I especially

like them sautéed."

Hours before those damning words were spoken, investigators had finally linked recent disappearances of local groundhogs to Grizzard. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) revealed that they were tipped off by an anonymous source.

After a massive police raid, a representative of the FDA commented, "We were both shocked and flabbergasted that anyone would deliberately sell pseudo-chicken parts to the public."

"Times are tight and the economy is shot to hell. Meat is meat, be it chicken or groundhog." Grizzard defended himself by saying, "Except for the grainier texture, groundhog is virtually chicken. Trust me, I've had no customer complaints."

—MANUEL



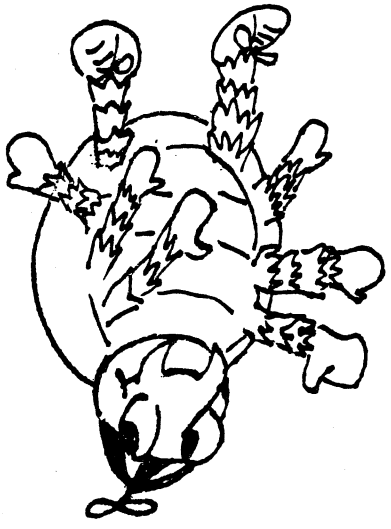
Today's Forecast:

- 60%— chance of snow flurries
- 20%— chance of showers
- 2%— chance of sponge baths
- 40%— chance that Joan Rivers is really a wooden marionette
- 0%— chance of my attending chemistry ever
- 39%— chance that the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood" was really a transvestite and not hungry at all (i.e. he just *liked*

artist for the Yale Record.
 you've got what it takes to be an
 organizational Meeting and see if
 Bring your drawing to the Organ-
 No entries can be returned.
 sharp.
 107 Linsly-Chittenden Hall, 8.00
 Meeting, February 19, 1991 in
 the Yale Record Organizational
 at any of these things, come to
 if you'd love to try your hand
 own Lyme disease?
 ending them with Connecticut's
 New Haven shopowners by threat
 even try selling an ad to surly
 evocative lines of the tick? Or
 was suggested by the clean,
 designing a page whose format
 comely parochial school girls? Or
 involving Skippy and a bunch of
 penning a sprightly little vignette
 the Yale Record. How 'bout
 draw Skippy, you can still work for
 'Course, even if you can't
 rized by Art Editor Todd Lynch.
 her art talent, signed and nota-
 free professional estimate of his/
 Every qualified entrant receives a
 Use pencil, but don't erase.
 any size, except like a tracing.
 Let our friend Skippy the Tick help
 you test your art talent. Draw him

As I sit here matching wits
 with the Herald's "user-resentful"
 Econ 116 TA that compared every
 economic problem to the function-
 ing of Wawa's; so shaken I was by
 the idea of a nation-sized Wawa's,
 that I never went to section after
 that. (Still got a B, though.)
 —GERRBER

**YOU MAY ALREADY
 BE AN ARTIST FOR
 THE YALE RECORD**



Draw
"Skippy the Tick"

"We were taking turns breathing
 helium and singing our favorites
 from *Free to Be You and Me* when
 we saw a spider with icky, spiny legs
 on Chad's cookie. He didn't want to
 kill it, so Chad climbed the scaffold-
 ing to put the spider back on its web.
 He was just that sort of a guy. We
 didn't think he'd really hit the
 ground as hard as he did. I mean,
 Chad was such a bouncy, buoyant
 person, and we all thought he was,
 well, sort of magical, like Mary
 Poppins, you know?"
 According to the coroner's
 report, Hanson might have survived
 the accident had the cast been
 quicker in extricating him from the
 plywood James Brown or in calling
 an ambulance for his injuries to be
 treated. "Nobody knew what to
 do—we still don't," stated a
 distraught Marcus Aurelius '91. "He
 was thrashing and moaning and
 everybody was screaming. Some-
 body thought that maybe if we just
 believed hard enough and clapped
 our hands, you know, then Chad'd
 be all right. We clapped our hands
 for a good half-hour or forty-five
 minutes, but it just didn't do any
 good."
 College dramas have vowed
 to observe a day of mourning and
 will hold a memorial service spe-
 cially written to explain to children
 why Chad Hanson had to "go bye-
 bye."
 —SULLIVAN



The cast of *Martina's Magical
 Monday in Motown* discovered the
 dark underbelly of children's theater
 Thursday when one of their mem-
 bers met his untimely end in an
 accident after a late rehearsal.
 Police reports indicate that Chad
 Hanson '92 was atop a scaffolding
 when he lost his footing, and was
 struck by a 15-foot-square piece of
 plywood painted with the image of
 James Brown. Cast members claim
 he had "humungous bunches of
 helium balloons" tied to his wrists
 thinking they would break his fall.
 Kim Tolan '93 tearfully explained



—RATNER
 dressing up as Little Red
 Riding Hood's grandmother)
 chance that George Burns
 would look no different after
 being microwaved for 15
 minutes
 70%—chance that George Burns
 would survive being mi-
 crowaved
 50%—chance that George Burns
 will outlive cockroaches
 84%—chance that Scandinavia does
 not actually exist, or is at least
 unimportant
 72%—chance that Marie Osmond
 will choke on her own vomit
 95%—chance that Charo will guest
 star on "Love Boat"
 90%—chance that someone at Yale
 will be offended by this
 statement
 30-something% chance that Hope
 and Michael will be killed by
 Elliot
 99%—chance that women save up
 their farts until the end of the
 day and then let it all out in
 their dorm room
 1%—chance that women just don't
 need to fart
 5%—chance that you're still
 reading this

llllll
llllll

SYLLABUS
ENGLISH 199B/AMERICAN STUDIES 213B
AMERICAN LITERATURE 1865-PRESENT
TTh 11.30-12.20 + SECTION



William Llevyld
LC 312 2-2247
Office hours: F 1:30-3:30



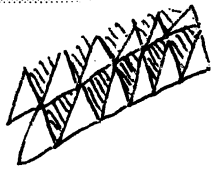
- Jan. 15 Introduction to course. Professor experienced with shopping period, so delivers special brief, joke-heavy opening lecture. He will never be this funny again.
- Jan. 17 Twain. Professor begins by asking, "Did anyone have a chance to read any of Huckleberry Finn?" Few students raise hands at first, but a second wave soon follows, made up of those who have not actually read any of it but feel bad for professor. Professor explains that initial course packet, as well as all subsequent ones, will be available at Wall Street Copy. Morse, Stiles students dismayed.
- Jan. 22 Twain again. Professor asks students to fill out cards listing their top three choices for section times and introduces course's married, impoverished TA's. Class's juniors look at them and quickly solidify decision to apply to law school.
- Jan. 24 Shopping period draws to close; students feel first, mild pangs of guilt over having not yet done any work.
- Jan. 29 During lecture about Sinclair Lewis professor makes embarrassing attempts to demonstrate that he is a regular guy by gratuitously mentioning previous weekend's Super Bowl.
- Jan. 31 Shopping period now over. Entertainment-quotient of professor's lectures begins precipitous, irreversible decline.
- Feb. 5 Emerson, Whitman. Section lists posted. Each student jubilant/distraught over being placed/not being placed in section with class's most physically attractive members of the appropriate sex.
- Feb. 7 First section meetings this week. Students carefully write their TA's Machine City office hours in their notebooks, pretending to themselves that they will someday actually utilize them.
- Feb. 12 Special guest lecture on parallel developments in English literature. Topic - "Wordsworth: Is he incredibly boring, or does he just seem that way to people not as smart as me?"
- Feb. 14 Topics for first paper distributed. Students immediately eliminate questions that require reading more than one book.
- Feb. 19 Stock market crashes; students ignore day's topic, Pearl Buck, and attempt to draw analogies between gargantuan financial disaster and The Good Earth.
- Feb. 21 Hemingway, Fitzgerald. As the lecture begins students look through their notebooks and discover that that the sum total of their notes for the past three classes consists of dozens of smiley faces, crude sketches of the professor, and, inexplicably, the word "nebulous" written over and over again.
- Feb. 26 **FIRST PAPER** due in section for freshpeople. Paper due up to month later for upperclassmen, who have discovered most TA's couldn't care less when things are turned in.
- Feb. 28 Faulkner. Professor cuts lecture short and solicits questions from students. Only people sitting near the front are brave enough to do

nebulous
nebulous
nebulous
nebulous
nebulous
NEBULOUS

Wed. 3-5

Machine City

Anne Fernald 562-2931



habits for next semester.
can die. Final ends; students make first resolutions about study
early, as everyone else fantasizes about the many ways in which humans
deterioration first. Several people turn in test more than an hour
see whether handwriting or reasoning ability will achieve complete
essay; second much shorter, and usually used by brain as contest to
FINAL. 8 ID's, 2 essays. Students write long, fairly coherent first

May 10

Study session / "party" at TA's apartment. Students psych selves up
beforehand to ask attractive section member out at this last
opportunity. Decide not to at last minute. Hate selves forever.

May 4

"The Fish."
mental gasket and starts talking about why his father's nickname was
Seems to be doing well up to Ann Beattie, but then clearly blows a
this is the last class and he has fourteen more writers to cover.
Relatively relaxed lecture on Tom Morrison until professor realizes

Apr. 25

they spent \$29.95 on a book there is no chance they will ever read.
Theodore Dreiser and begin process of admitting to themselves that
Course winding down. Students look at their copy of The Collected

Apr. 23

Wow, April 18 already?
managed to turn in first on time.

Apr. 18

and have sense of shame. Paper due indefinitely later for those who
SECOND PAPER due in section for those who turned first paper in late

Apr. 16

Abraham Lincoln ate clams for the first time, 1833.

Apr. 11

columns and numerous pointless letters.
about this each of the next three days, along with several opinion
Paramedics called in. The Daily News runs essentially the same story
during discussion of Rabbit, Run and begins bleeding from both ears.
Updike, Malamud. Highlight of semester as student has asthma attack

Apr. 9

which professor has German measles.
reading by lecture. Is unfortunately also only day of semester on
Only day of semester on which over half of class has done the assigned

Apr. 4

Don't bother to come; no one will remember this class anyway.

Apr. 2

relates to post-civil war literature is not explained.
performing a show called "A Bovine Tribute to Rita Moreno." How this
correctly. Suddenly, a cow dropped out of the sky and began
explained that she was leaving him because he did not sneeze
along the bank of a river his wife tapped him on the shoulder and
feet tall, but his teeth were still the same size. As he was walking
Professor discusses dream he had previous evening: he was only two

Mar. 28

they are sadly mistaken.

Mar. 26

Break 13-inch pizzard. Students think class will have to be canceled;

SPRING BREAK

Professor reminds class that tomorrow is last day to withdraw without
class appearing on transcript. Students idly try to remember if anyone
they know has ever actually gotten a "W".

Mar. 7

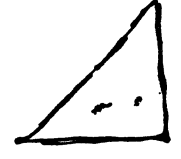
several days later and throw away.

Mar. 5

MIDTERM. 8 ID's. TA's hand out three bluebooks each: one for students
to write answers in, and two for them to find in their backpacks



so, since if you sit farther back you can see everyone turning around
to look at you.



KERTEN 6-1178