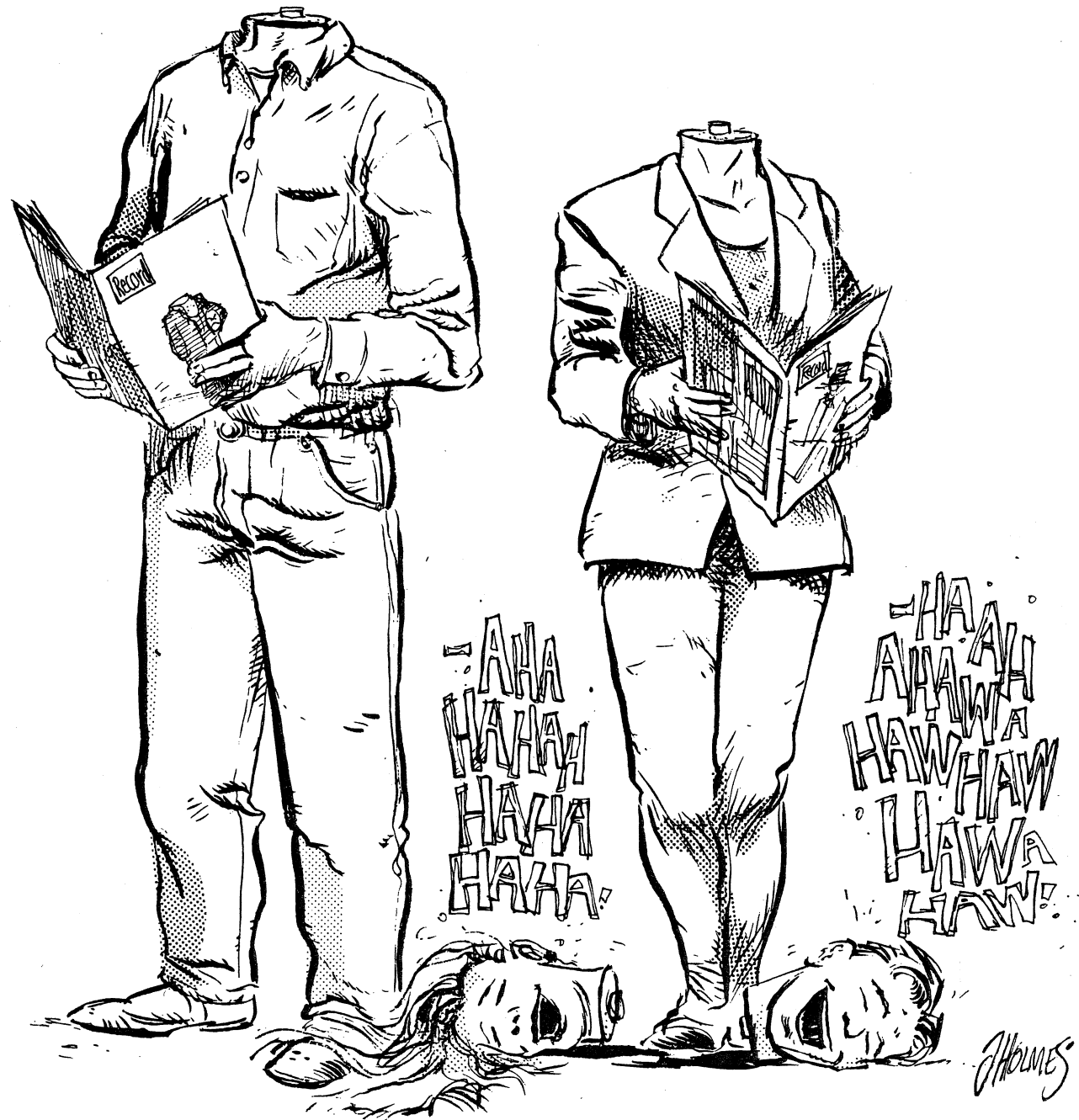


Record

OCTOBER 1994



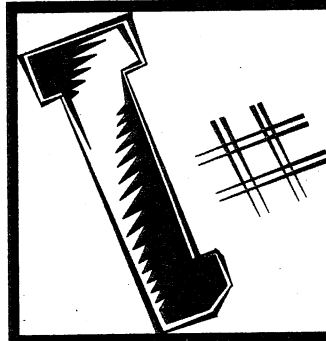
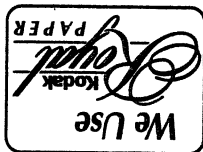
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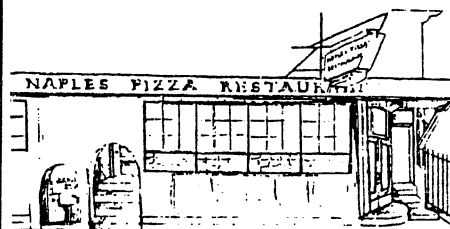
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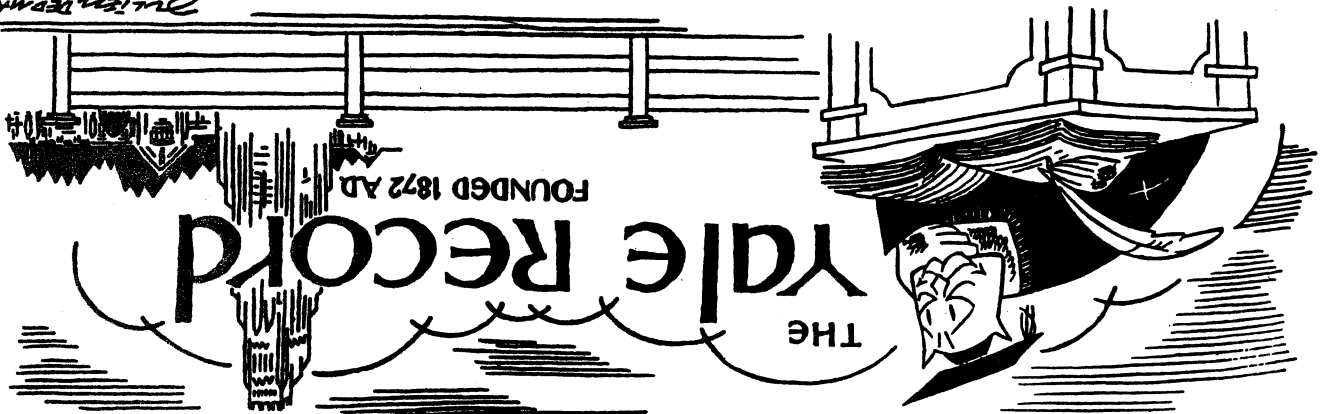
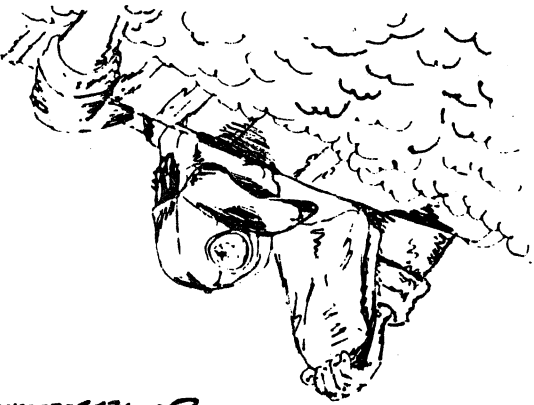


Illustration by [signature]

14 Celebrities at Yale/ CARONE, MENA
Students you definitely want to meet.



16 Guts for Group IV
Major/ CHEN, GUIDO
Every pre-med's dream.

18 Machine City Smoking Ban
Protest/ SEIFAN
The sad, brief history.

20 Story Time with
Uncle Ed/ WILSON, HOLMES
Gather around, and no crying!
22 Old Owl Has the Last Word

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8 A True Fly-Guard™ Story/ HOLMES
Get yours before it's too late!
10 Philosopher's Film
Society/ HORVITZ, SHEAR
Bringing new views to old pictures.
12 Religion Rush/ HORVITZ, NOLT, SLOBIN
None of us got tapped.

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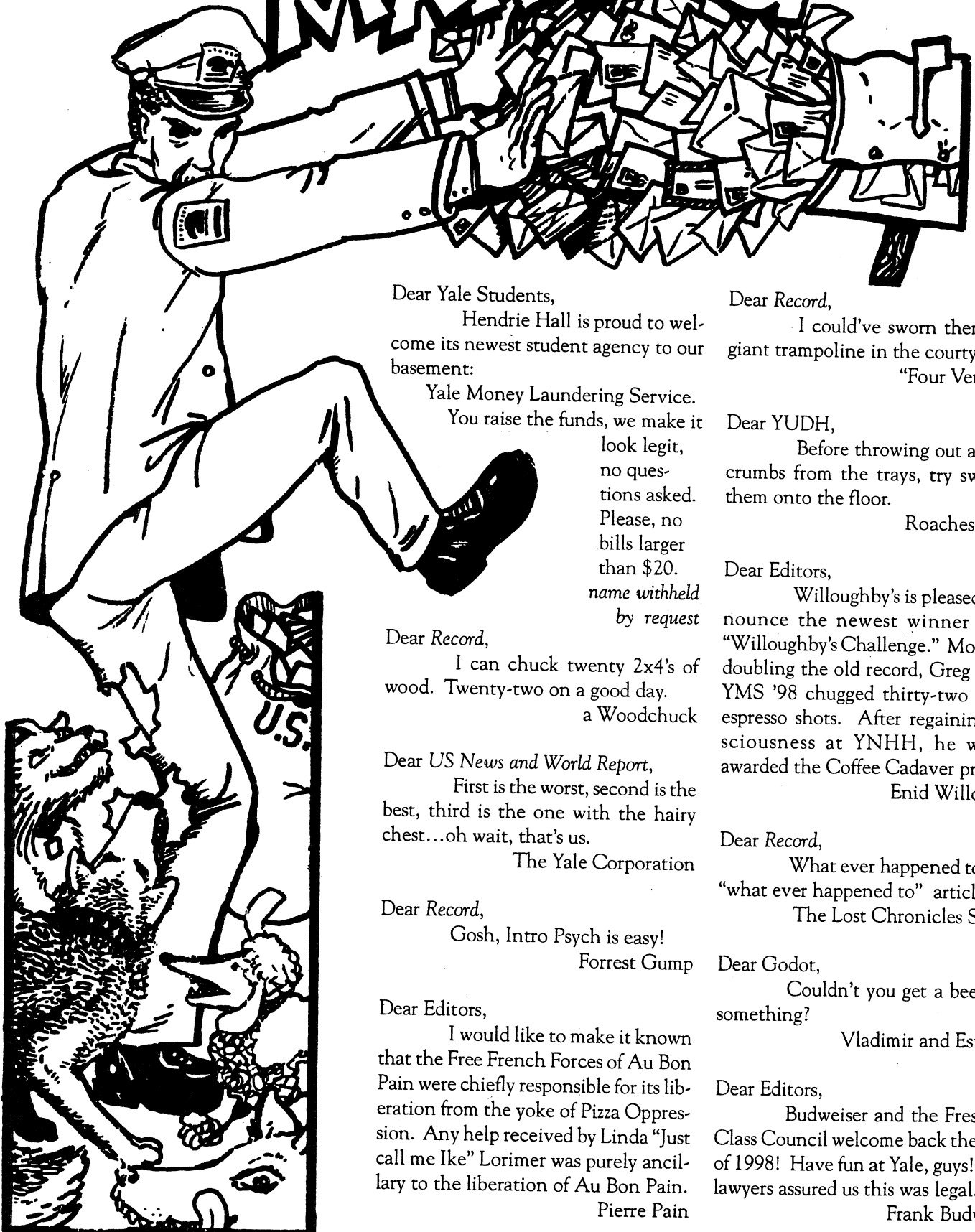
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Honorary Members: Arnold Roth, Mark O'Donnell, Garry Trudeau, Calvin Tillin.



MAILBAG



Dear Yale Students,
Hendrie Hall is proud to welcome its newest student agency to our basement:

Yale Money Laundering Service.

You raise the funds, we make it

look legit,
no questions asked.
Please, no bills larger than \$20.

*name withheld
by request*

Dear Record,

I can chuck twenty 2x4's of wood. Twenty-two on a good day.

a Woodchuck

Dear *US News and World Report*,

First is the worst, second is the best, third is the one with the hairy chest...oh wait, that's us.

The Yale Corporation

Dear Record,

Gosh, Intro Psych is easy!

Forrest Gump

Dear Editors,

I would like to make it known that the Free French Forces of Au Bon Pain were chiefly responsible for its liberation from the yoke of Pizza Oppression. Any help received by Linda "Just call me Ike" Lorimer was purely ancillary to the liberation of Au Bon Pain.

Pierre Pain

Dear Record,

I could've sworn there was a giant trampoline in the courtyard.

"Four Vertebrae"

Dear YUDH,

Before throwing out all those crumbs from the trays, try sweeping them onto the floor.

Roaches of Yale

Dear Editors,

Willoughby's is pleased to announce the newest winner of the "Willoughby's Challenge." More than doubling the old record, Greg Raskin YMS '98 chugged thirty-two double espresso shots. After regaining consciousness at YNH, he will be awarded the Coffee Cadaver prize.

Enid Willoughby

Dear Record,

What ever happened to those "what ever happened to" articles?

The Lost Chronicles Society

Dear Godot,

Couldn't you get a beeper or something?

Vladimir and Estragon

Dear Editors,

Budweiser and the Freshman Class Council welcome back the Class of 1998! Have fun at Yale, guys! (Our lawyers assured us this was legal.)

Frank Budweiser

Animal

Reh-cordi! Reh-cordi! Me EAT Reh-cordi!
Patty Davis

Dear Mom and Dad,
Sorry I haven't called lately, but I've been kinda
"tied up."
J.J. "Popcorn" Jerginson

me! So where's my money!
consumption of Smartfood™. Hey, it obviously worked for
detailed study of the correlation between intelligence and
respond. Everyone can see the practical application of a
my research project. I can't see what's taking you so long to
to determine whether you have made your decision to fund
As per my previous request for funds, I am writing
Dear Fullbright Scholar Committee Members,

(Militant Canadians for the Occupation of America)
M.C.O.A.
You only thought the trouble with NAFTA was
with Mexico, eh? Well, WATCH OUT!

Dear USA,
Congressional Problem Solving Task Force
checked.
It took seven of us to screw in the lightbulb. We
Dear Record,

Bob
let you see a free movie, can we call it even?
wouldn't have kidnapped him from the zoo, would I? If I
If I knew iguanas were an endangered species, I
Dear ASPCA,

Ralston-Purina Public Relations
three rousing bars for Bone N' Biscuit World!
food! Hey, if Hershey™ can do it, so can we! So let's have
rides . . . no, a whole theme park . . . based on selling dog
I have an ideal! A brilliant ideal! Let's make some
Dear Record,

Yale Minimalist Society
Dear Editors,

"Brothead for President"
future. Levin can't even read poetry aloud.
and he has the command and poise to bring Yale into the
after all, has the hair, has the moustache, has the voice,
better President of Yale than that nerd Levin. Brothead,
conviction that Richard Brothead would make a far, far
for President" campaign, an alliance of students sharing the
We write to enlist your support in the "Brothead
Dear Record,

The Knock-Knock Guy
Dear Record,
It's me!

The Plant Lady
Spider plants, Aloe, Swedish Ivy, Moses' Cradle,
and Marjjuana...homegrown...2 for 5 dollars...home-
grown ...

Dear Editors,
Seventy-nine licks.
Dear Record,

Yale Athletics Dept.
your (inflatable) friends!
graphs of a packed Yale Bowl! Come on down and bring
you actually have a social life and we get great aerial photo-
social life? Bring a blow-up doll! Free! Hey, you look like
Yale ID, you and a guest can attend absolutely free! No
to revive student attendance at the Bowl. With your valid
local women's colleges), we are implementing a new policy
geneous, economically secure males (and their dates from
of yore when Yale's stadiums were overflowing with homo-
In an attempt to revive the Bulldog spirit of days
Dear Yale Students,

Dear Record,
To whom it may concern:
Um...guys, enough is enough. Could you please
give me back my BIG brushes? This is getting ridiculous!
Seurat

C.S. Lewis Society of Yale
shave off his mane?
scene where they tie Aslan down on the slab of rock and
Doesn't the Women's Table remind you of that
Dear Record,

Higgins "Puck" Wentworth III
I move back into the house? Pleeeeease!
World" is actually real? So who cares that I'm a jerk. Can
Common guys, like who really believes that "The Real
Dear MTV,

The lawyers for the Yale Spizzwinks(?)
Lose the question mark, baby! We had it first.
Dear Koffee!,
a Snappaholic
Snapple overboard? What a waste!
I think it's cool that on your bottle you have a pic-
ture of the Boston Tea Party, but were they really throwing
Dear Snapple,

Paraphenalia

Students hunting for residential college seminars this term were intrigued by this offering:

CSTC/CSSM 455a, THE MEANING OF LIFE AND PURPOSE OF EXISTENCE. God.

Sun. 9-11 A.M. NOT CR/D/F II, III, and IV

"I think the Master knew him or something," commented one Trumbull student on the unexpected availability of the Almighty in a seminar room.

"Didn't His Son go to school here?" asked another.

Applications were heavy, despite the somewhat unorthodox course requirements that students "lead a life of virtue," write a sixty-page paper "under inspiration from the Instructor," and be graded on the basis of "the goodness of your soul at the end of the course."

The Lord admitted eighteen students into His course. The enthusiasm of the chosen was apparent at the first meeting, when the Lord asked each student to say their name and why they signed up for this course.

"I hadn't really heard of You before, but the course's title looked interesting," one said.

"I'm an E.P.&E. major, so this subject is very novel to me," offered a junior in Silliman.

However, after the initial exaltation at being of the Chosen few, some students had second thoughts.

"There's no discussion," said one. "He just lectures at us, and gets mad if we don't take notes."

"It kind of bothers me that He only assigned His own Books," said a student in Jonathan Edwards.

Some objected to the seminar's theoretical nature. "When are we going to use this in real life?" an Electrical Engineering major asked. Others objected to the Instructor's "impersonal style" and his "foreign accent."

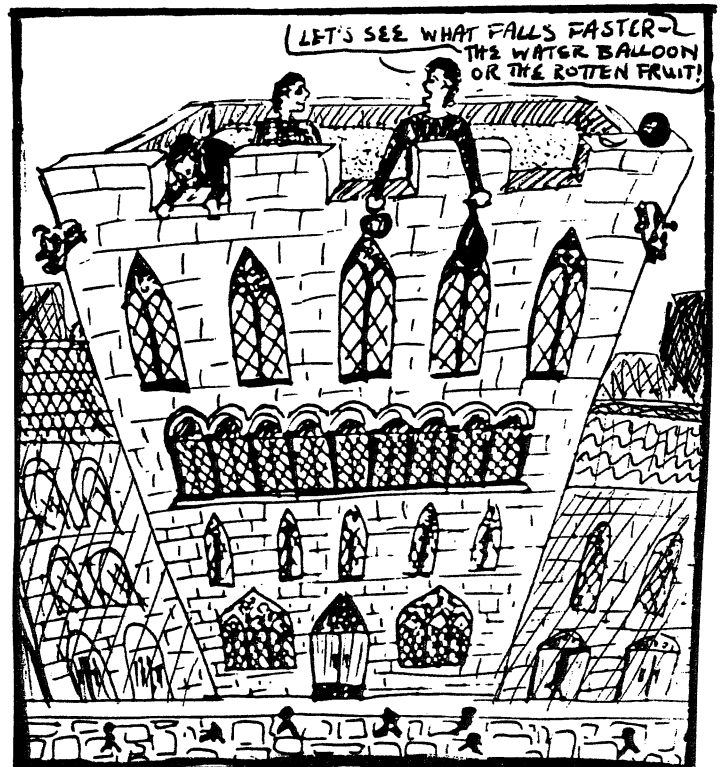
However, as of the course's fifth meeting no students have dropped. Two students were expelled from the class for eating fruit in the seminar room. All students say they are learning.

"The Instructor is fabulous...He has a unique Perspective that's quite interesting, although I'm not sure I agree with it," said one student.

"I'm learning a lot from this Guy. He seems to know everything," said a junior in Morse. "I think I've got a great shot at scoring a summer internship with Him," he added.

"The Instructor is almost perfect," agreed a third student. "I totally worship at His feet."

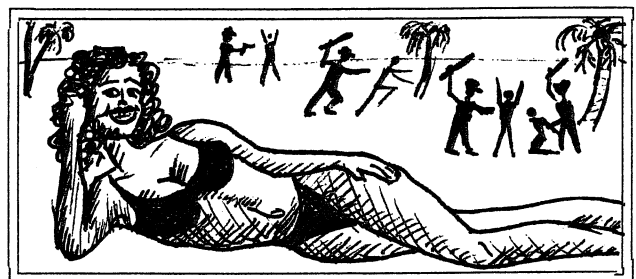
-GOLDFOOT



Long before he ran afoul of the Pope, young Galileo was known to be a troublemaker.

visit exotic

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- Haiti, the new Alabama!
- We speak French, but we're not pussies!
- Haiti is for Lovers!
- No singing groups!
- Not responsible for lost or stolen items or children!
- Foliage free since 1969!
- You won't want to leave — nor can you!
- Are you man enough? •

-SEIFAN

Matt Turbator's Day

11:30 A.M. Matt returns to his room for his second one-hour session of the day, only to find that his roommate is sleeping on the bottom bunk. He never did like his roommate.

11:32 A.M. Matt very quietly begins his one-hour session.

12:15 P.M. Matt cracks a knuckle. His roommate stirs.

1:00 P.M. Am Studies 116L. Matt's sample is a big hit, as expected. Matt is now allowed — with a Dean's excuse — to work freely during lab hours so that the other students in the section may benefit from his prowess.

6:00 P.M. Matt enters the Ezra Stiles dining hall. They are serving mashed potatoes today. And gravy. The beast is pleased.

7:00 P.M. Am Studies 115, discussion section 6. Today's topic: the compatibility of a heating pad.

9:00 P.M. Matt goes to bed early. For obvious reasons.

11:00 P.M. Matt dreams. He is being chased by a bottle of Tide.

7:00 A.M. Matt awakes. He has a 9:00 Am Studies class. Therefore, he has a full hour before he has to take a shower and get ready for a day's work. He lies in bed, considering options: his hand, his pillow, or his mouth. His pillow is much too stiff to be of any use, and he hasn't done his calisthenics yet, so his choice is easy this morning.

7:03 A.M. Matt begins his one-hour session.

8:05 A.M. Matt is disappointed. His Am Studies prof will also be disappointed. He was counting on Matt for quality samples to examine in lab today.

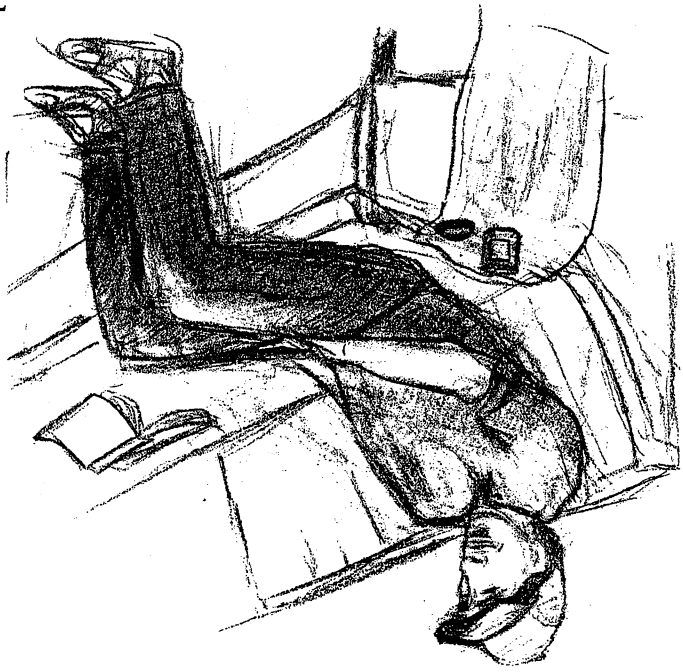
8:15 A.M. After another desperate attempt in bed that went ar ray, Matt enters the domain of the shower. Matt owns this domain, as well as his own.

9:00 A.M. Am Studies 115 begins. Matt is excelling in this course. Includes writings by Madonna, Bill Clinton, and Richard Levin. Viewing of "Lovers: A Portrait" is mandatory for a passing grade in the class.

9:27 A.M. Matt grows restless. There are students seated to his right and left, so any covert action is inadvisable (although prof calls on him, then asks him why his hand is shaking. Matt smiles; he asks to be excused. The Prof obliges.

9:30 A.M. Matt has his sample.

11:00 A.M. Lunch in the Commons. For Matt this is like eating in hell. He receives his daily ration of pasta, then when he is sure only a few people are looking, he feeds the beast. The noodles are extra slimy today, for enhanced sensation (the cook is a friend of the family).



A TRUE STORY!

BY JOHN R. HOLMES

HOWDY, FOLKS!
I'M JOHN, YOUR
HUMBLE NARRATOR.
I WANNA TELL YA
WHY I'M WEARING
THESE GOOFY
EAR-THINGS.

IT ALL HAPPENED
IN THE SUMMER
OF '85 WHEN
I WENT TO A
PUTT-PUTT GOLF
COURSE WITH A
COUPLE OF FRIENDS...

