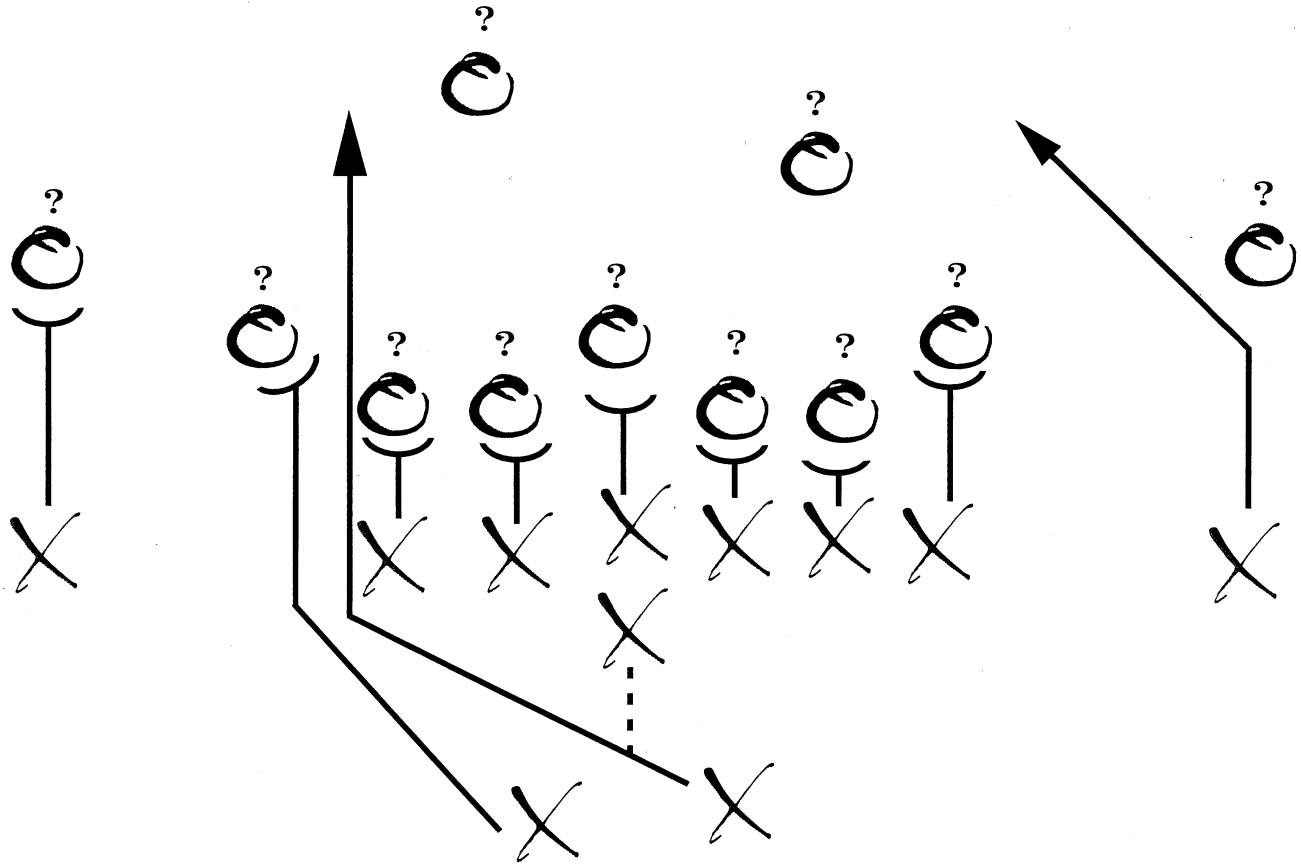


# THE YALE Record

Vol. 125, No. 2  
Est. 1872

Holiday Number 1997

\$1.00 donation (local)  
\$2.95 everywhere else



## The Game.



...AND SOME HOLIDAY TREATS: an interfaith debate on which is stupider, Chanukah or Christmas; the nefarious art of xerox hacking; Yale's very own speakeasy; "ghost words"; the poetry of Ally Sheedy; and lots more. . .



Talk

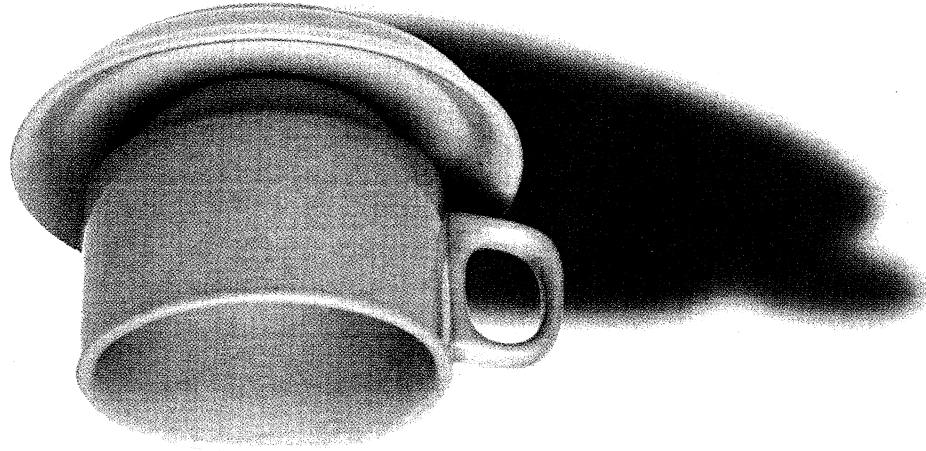
*art & nature*

with a physicist

*while sipping java*

on a rainy

afternoon . . .



...like you know one. Get real.

**THE YALE  
BOOKSTORE**  
A BARNES & NOBLE COLLEGE STORE

77 BROADWAY, NEW HAVEN, CT

203-777-8440

Full Service Cafe • Worldwide Shipping • Author Events • Children's Events • Special Orders • Over 150,000 Titles

# Contents

Vol. 125, No. 2

## Editorial

The *Yale Record*, a history.  
 Michael Shear '98 ..... 5

## Mailbag

A delightful selection of missives ..... 7

## Paraphernalia

Ally Sheedy, Pig Sex, others ..... 10

## Reviews

Stuff we like ..... 31

## Weird Old Yale

AYA meets AA.  
 Abigail Spieler '01 ..... 34

## Features

### Who's Who at The Game

A bird's eye view of the crowd at the Bowl yields some surprises ..... 18

### Team Rosters

Rosters for the Elis and Cantabs, to help you customize your insults ..... 20

### Christmas is Stupid...

A tirade.  
 Rob Schlaff '99 ..... 24

### ...But Chanukah is Stupider!

A rant.  
 Patrick Carone '98 ..... 25

### Xerox Hacking

It's technology. It's photocopies. It must be cool.  
 Ian Dallas '00 ..... 26

### Pantoum

A poem.  
 Jason Koo '98 ..... 30



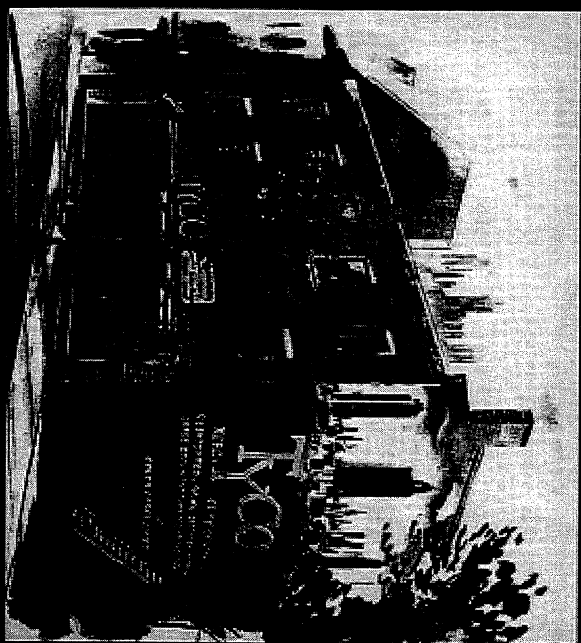
Cover: Michael Gerber '91  
 This page: David Moore '98

All contents ©1997 The *Yale Record*. All rights reserved, except in the case of reprinted material, which appears here courtesy of the copyright holder(s). No material may be reprinted, in part or in whole, electronically or otherwise, without the written consent of the *Yale Record* or the copyright holder(s). Any similarity between the events depicted in this magazine, without satiric intent, to actual events and persons is purely coincidental. The *Yale Record* is an undergraduate publication registered with the Yale College Dean's Office. "This magazine is published by Yale College students and Yale University is not responsible for its contents." The *Yale Record* is affiliated with the *Yale Herald* newspaper. **All profits from sales of this issue are donated to charity.** Students, Yale alumni, or civilians interested in getting involved or finding out more about this magazine's activities, charitable or just plain fun, are encouraged to contact the staff. Dial up the *Record's* website at [www.yale.edu/record](http://www.yale.edu/record), email at [record@yale.edu](mailto:record@yale.edu), or write to P.O. Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520.

# NEED COPIES? THINKTYCO

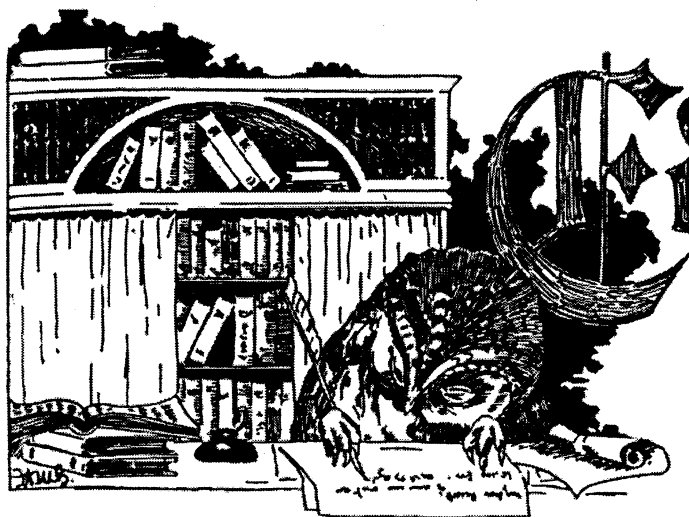
*THE "ORIGINAL" COPY CENTER*

- XEROXING
- OFFSET PRINTING
- BINDING
- BUSINESS CARDS
- CANON LASER COLOR COPIES
- CASSETTE COPYING
- DESKTOP PUBLISHING
- LARGE FORMAT COLOR



- FAXING
- KODAK COPYING
- LAMINATING
- LARGE DOCUMENT COPYING
- MAILING
- MOUNTING
- PASSPORT PHOTOS
- RESUMES
- RUBBER STAMPS

262 Elm Street, New Haven (203)562-9723



# Editorial

In September, 1872 a group of God-fearing (but otherwise well adjusted) young men created the *Yale Record*. Originally a vehicle to promote the use of free silver in an increasingly anti-free silver campus, the *Record* became a humor magazine in 1885 when the staff realized that, even if the silver were free, exorbitant shipping and handling fees made silver hoarding a costly pastime. Now, in our 125th year, we are proud to look back at the *Record's* distinguished history, and we are eager to see what the future holds.

Like most products of the Gilded Age, the original *Record* was gilded. This made for extremely heavy (and sometimes toxic!) magazines, although their production value was second to none. Few, if any, grammatical mistakes were made, although editing was much easier in the days before regularized spelling. Indeed, Cole Porter's first piece for the *Record*, "Toppe Tenn Reezonz Y Harverd Suks," is as fresh and readable today as it was in 1910.

Over the years the *Record* has been consistently innovative in the world of humor. The "Red Scare" number in 1925 featured the first knock-knock joke ever to appear in print:

Knock knock

Who's there?

Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson who?

What, you don't know who Thomas Jefferson is? You're a commie. Everyone, get the commie!

The innovations continued through much of the twentieth century. The pun was introduced in 1932 and was quickly followed by the Tom Swifty in 1934. In 1946, after ten years of research, the "walks into a bar" paradigm was unveiled. The *Record* did not gain world wide recognition, however, until the one liner premiered in 1951 at the World's Fair in Oslo. In 1962, the *Record* achieved some success when it introduced the "dead baby joke," which, although unpopular with critics, proved to be a cash cow overseas. Nevertheless, the boon it provided was not enough to help the fledgling *Record*, which had been reeling from the "shaggy dog" incident of 1958.

Not all of the jokes in the *Record* were innovative, or, for that matter, very funny. It developed a reputation for blue humor in its early days due to a reflexive, idiotic use of words such as B.M., genital, and Catholic which were deemed inappropriate for Yale men of the time. One article, "Mr. Genitals and the Catholic B.M.," was deemed so offensive that its author was expelled and the magazine was nearly driven out of business by sabotage. Reading it a century later, it is clear that no one, author or audience, had any clue what these words meant. They were just thrown around non-sensically. "B.M. your genitals Catholic-wise, Brigadier!" What a bunch of dorks.

The golden era of the *Record* began in the 1920s, when the *Record* built its own building, martinis could be ordered with a straight face, and everyone at Yale was comically rich. But in October, 1929 the country entered the Great Depression and the *Record* was dragged down with it; the building was taken away, martinis gave way to cosmopolitans, and the comically rich became Oakies.

With the start of World War II, the *Record* printed its infamous "Bonesmen Don't Get Drafted, Do They?" number. Then, for some odd reason, the entire editorial board of 1941 was summarily drafted. However, the board joined editors from other student humor magazines in the Witty Corps, where their job was to entertain the troops with their wry brand of college humor. Unfortunately, their first issue entitled, "Hitler, I hardly even knew her!," failed to please, and they were all sent to North Africa where they remain to this day.

The magazine perked along, printing issues and drinking up the profits, until February 22, 1972 when a dog named Goosed Lightning finished fourth in the sixth race at Freemont Dog Track, outside of Providence. Three days later, the *Record* fell into bankruptcy.

But, as with so much other cultural flotsam from the 70s, the *Record* has come back in the 90s. We may not have the scandalous wit of the 19th century writers, the lucre of the 20s Robber Barons, or the nice tans of our 40s counterparts, but we do have a really good source at the track that would make our early 70s brethren proud.

With this issue the *Record* is 125 years old. We were going to throw a party for our fellow college humor magazines, but thought better of it. Last time, the *Harvard Lampoon* got drunk and threw up on a 15-year-old from Saint Anne's in Hamden, the *Princeton Domestic Beluga* stole a year's supply of toilet paper, and the *McGill Gorilla* would only dance to the *Grease* soundtrack.

Great things are in store for the *Record*. A researcher at the Human Genome Project recently announced that they have found the gene responsible for funniness. This means that humorists will no longer be at the mercy of the randomness of nature. This gene will be taken from today's *Record* staff and implanted into rhesus monkeys who will then be trained to write short, funny articles. Will the monkey staff be too lazy to sell ads and let the *Record* go under?

Not if we shock them, they won't.

*Michael P. Shear*

Michael P. Shear '98  
Editor-in-Chief



EDITORIAL BOARD

Chairman  
Patrick J. Carone '98

Publisher  
Robert I. Schlaff '99

Editor-in-Chief  
Michael P. Shear '98

Managing Editor  
Ian J. Dallas '00

Senior Writers

L. W. Gordon '98  
C. E. Mena '98

Associates

L. B. Horvitz '98  
T. M. Mark '98  
J. R. Heller '99  
G. T. Romero '99  
E. C. Krasowski '00  
B. C. Park '00  
J. C. McGuire '01

A. L. Kosloff '98  
D. A. Moore '98  
B. J. Phillips '99  
A. D. Greenblatt '00  
I. F. Kushnirsky '00  
D. L. Burch '01  
A. R. Spieler '01

The Yale Record would like to thank all the individuals who have donated time and money to this issue. All original material © 1997 The Yale Record, Inc., a not-for-profit corporation in the state of Connecticut. Back issues are \$5.00 each. If you'd like to contact us, write to The Yale Record, P.O. Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520.

Special Thanks  
Michael Gerber, O.O. '91  
Jonathan Schwartz '91  
Imprint Printing  
Dwight Hall  
Dean Greene  
Mathew Liebman  
Sean Chappin  
Omer Imtiazuddin  
Zak Pines  
Tom Khelleher  
Donald Watson

## James Phillips

*Luggage & Leather Company*

*Introduces:*



"...I'll tell you what, take it easy, and don't get so religious about labels, alright?"

1996 BEST BUSINESS AWARD  
1997 BEST BUSINESS AWARD

Best Luggage & Leather

1997 BEST BUSINESS AWARD  
1997 BEST BUSINESS AWARD

Free Monogram & Gift Wrap

260 York Street, New Haven • 789-8994

Free Parking Lot next to Iyco on Broadway

FUN... FRESH... BACK PACKS... TRAVEL



Dear *Yale Record*,

Here are some tips for up-and-coming young comedy writers like yourselves:

1. Don't make jokes about God.
2. Don't star in movies about God.
3. Don't star AS God in these movies.
4. Don't assume God is as forgiving as you'd like to believe.

*Somewhere in purgatory,*  
George Burns

Dear *Yale Record*,

Keaton, Kilmer, Clooney? Sure there are laughs, but where is the dignity?

Adam West

Dear *Yale Record*,

We were saddened to see that this issue's cover makes no mention of either the chart topping "Block Rock'in Beats" or our new album *Dig Your Own Hole*. Perhaps you did not receive our previous letters, or perhaps you haven't seen the covers of *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, *Keyboard*, or *People* featuring the Chemical Brothers. Remember, being on the cover of every magazine in America wasn't our idea. It was a promise we made to an 8-year-old fan in Germany who has since died of leukemia. Please don't break the chain.

The Chemical Brothers

Dear *Yale Record*,

That thing about every time a mousetrap snaps, an angel gets set on fire...that's not really true is it?

Clarence the Angel

Dear *Yale Record*,

CC: Damon Wayans

I've been watching lots of *In Living Color* on FX, and I just wanted to say that in re-runs I find the whole "Handyman" super hero thing *significantly* less funny.

Christopher Reeve

