

Traugott Lawler's Guide to Football

Hello, Professor Traugott Lawler here. Now, those who know me outside of my famous class ENGL 170b, CHAUCER, would know that if you and I were now sitting in Anna Liffey's, the conversation would turn inevitably to football; you would also know that I am an incredible bore,

*Achilles then grabbed
Aeneas's head
And punted it. (My translation.)*

FOOTBALL IS WAR...

When the Cleveland Browns hired coach Erwin Rommel for the 1958 season, no one expected him to take them all the way to the Champion-

ecuted a faultless *pas d'élevation*, and is preparing a *port de bras*. We take Brigitte's silverware and try to fix the electric football machine.

THE COMMENTATORS

Al Michaels stands on the staircase of his local museum, transfixed on a portrait that hangs on the opposite wall. What meaning does he glean from the piece? Is football involved? Does Al Michaels glean? Do his co-anchors know this?

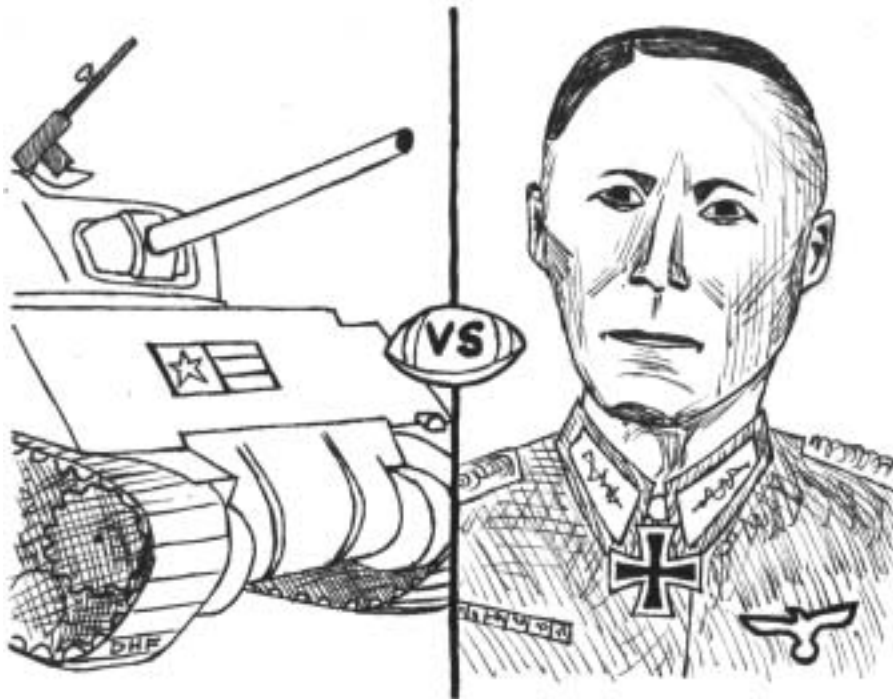
OTHER FORMS OF THE GAME

Australian-rules football does not seem to me particularly Australian, mainly because crocodiles do not play as important a role as one would expect. The field leaves the Australian frontier unexploited: there are no moats or vines; teams are named the Crows, the Swans, the Bombers, names associated with England; the aboriginals do not enjoy it; the band does not play the didgeridoo, the click stick, or the Australian flute. I have only watched it on ESPN2 once and on ESPN3 twice.

THE PLAYS

Everyone would call a Hail Mary a feat of accomplishment, but what about a Double Hail Mary? I invented this in a pick-up game against my grandchildren in 1997, in which I initiated a regular Hail Mary, then immediately dropped the ball. Ignoring my opponents' stunned amusement, I recovered and quickly tore through the lot. Score one for the Prof., you hooligans.

--Tony Lazenka '03,
art by David Fabricant '04



and would talk down to you as if recalling my 1957 PhD defense of John Donne's homosexuality. That all goes without saying. But how about we put my thoughts on football into writing any booby could appreciate?

Well, we will, in what we shall call

PROFESSOR TRAUGOTT LAWLER'S GUIDE TO FOOTBALL

THE POETRY

This goes back to the *Iliad*, where Homer wrote:

ship. He didn't, because the Giants that year were led by a large Allied tank (non-significative).

...AND IS NOT BALLETT

When Paul Fry's wife Brigitte walks into Anna Liffey's, you know something's up; when she changes the television to Ballet, you suspect Paul's not in on it. So Paul and I escape to the back room to play electric football. Discovering the machine to be out of service, we return to our seats: Jacques d'Amboise has just ex-

Yale- Harvard in London

So it's that time of year again. November. Yale-Harvard. Thanksgiving. Your first break from the soul-sucking grind before the bigger more terrible soul-sucking grind before break before another semester of the crippling soul-sucking grind, which leaves you limp by summer. Time to get cranked! Bombed out of your gourd! Time to pass out, awake and get cranked some more. Except harder, longer, faster! Always harder, longer, faster till the game's over and the campus has thinned and you're exhausted and have a Connecticut limo to catch at some godless hour of the morning when not even the bums are conscious. And you travel to New York City to catch a plane, where you stand in queue with a heavy bag of dirty laundry cutting into your shoulder like a bozo staring at the bozos staring at you.

Good times... good times. But not this year. Not for me at least. No tailgating. No getting juiced up beyond belief. No jeering. No cursing and spitting. No acting the fool. No pot brownies at the half. No brief conciliation knowing that, though I live in the SINKHOLE of America for 9 months of the year and though there ain't ever a good party and half the girls couldn't pass for a mid-op transexual on even the best of days, things could be worse - I could be a Cantab.

But don't feel sorry for me, dear reader - I am in a better place. I'm across the big water in London, England, where I can get bombed out of my gourd at any time of the day of any day and nobody could care less.

You ask: What of the pigskin and gridiron? What of watching our biggest and least mentally gifted SMASH into their biggest and least mentally gifted in an epic clash of fallen athletic titans? What of the sweat, blood and tears? What of stealing victory from the jaws of defeat? What of it! Who cares?! Let it go, Yale. For once, just let it go. Quit reading. Quit exercising your already overdeveloped cerebral cortex and start drinking. Get blitzed. Lose your vision, Yale! Loosen your necktie, Eli, and breathe easy. [Cue fight song.]

--Rory-Owen Delaney '03



**ORGY
PORNO** for Pyros
& **SEX** Pistols
hear them on **CTultraRadio.com**

live in studio CHAT
we actually play your REQUESTS
CT area CONCERT listings
we play your favorite LOCAL music
we let you RATE the music
contests and FREE stuff

connecticut's best rock station
ct ultra radio .com
see our studios on college st. next to the palace theater
www.CTultraRadio.com

ELM CITY Packaging & Shipping

45 High Street
624-2960

Free Pick-Up
At Your Door!

*We Will Not
Be Undersold!*