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Address correspondence to:

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The contents of this magazine are protected under copyright laws, because we say they are. Furthermore, they do not reflect the real people or situations experienced by the staff members. Even though Mike tried to go out with this girl named Kathy once and is being nasty by mentioning her.

Yale University* New Haven, Connecticut 06520

Davenport College
 Michael Gerber
 Professor of History

Folx--

Just a quick note before the several big, bi-g glasses of Cran Scotch that I sucked before starting this hit my brain and declare an incoherent martial law. The few of you out there who are not moving your lips as you read this may have noticed that we are coming to you LIVE from China Hut restaurant in New Haven. Why? Because they are paying us. Maybe if you paid us, we could come over and do an issue at your place. Or you could pay us to not come over. Whatever. As long as we get some money out of it, we don't care.

Any pearls, to introduce this, the last issue of the year? No. Sorry. Can you give me a summer job?

Charlotte, take that chopstick out of your nose--you're only asking for trouble.

Yours,
 Mine,
 Everybody's,

Michael Gerber

P.S. Any summer job that I do get had better not involve typing.

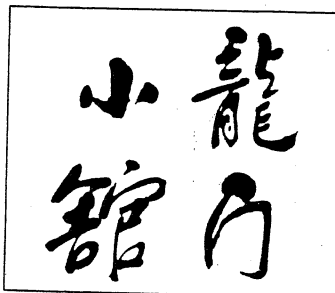
*Yale is not responsible for the contents of this letter. Betty, are you happy now?

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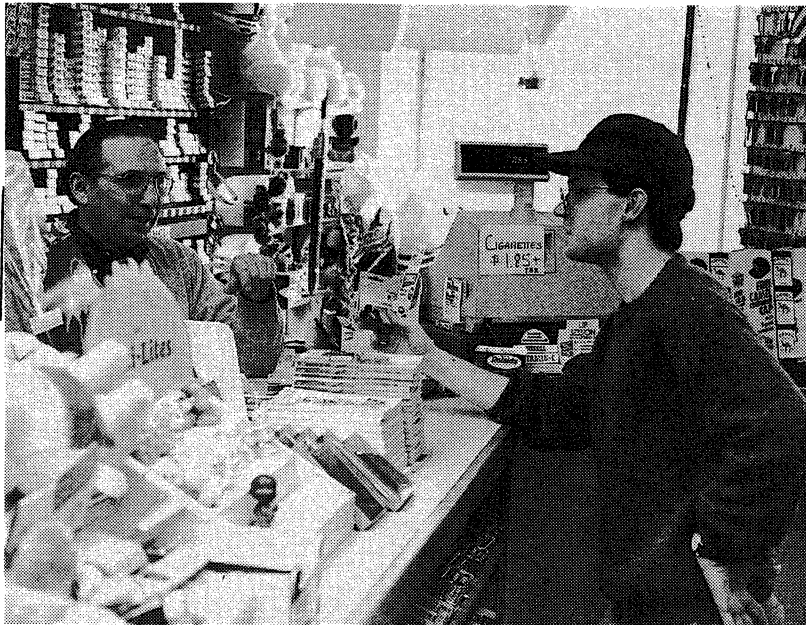
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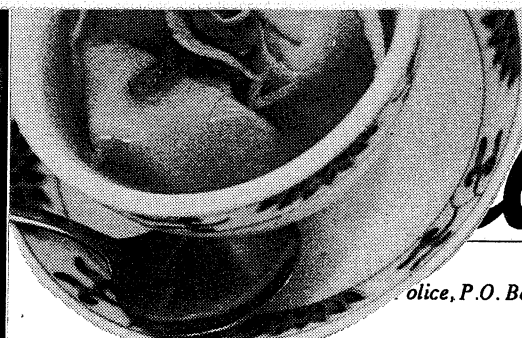
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bag

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Dear Sirs,
Is the "Grip" on a movie crew something dirty?

J.D.Q.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs,
My roommates and I were speculating recently about the use of Pam as a sexual lubricant. Whaddya think?

Rob
(Rob, "Whaddya" is not a word. -Ed.)

Dear Droopy Dog,
Woody is *really* getting on my nerves. Always bouncing around, putting holes in the furniture. And if I hear that f*ckin' laugh one more time, I'm going to shove an icepick up his ass.

Chilly Willy

Dear Sirs,
They say that the fastest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I say the fastest way to a man's heart is *right through his chest*.
Think about it.

Miss Lilly Beaufont
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Sirs,
If a tree falls in the forest, and there's no one there to hear it, who the Hell cares?

Fred Kneechy
Scarsdale, NY

Dear Sirs,
Wilma and Betty were lesbians. That's why Fred and Barney were always going bowling.

Freud

Dear Dr. Ruth,
I have a problem with premature ejaculation.

Wade Boggs

Dear Sirs,
Gee, I wish Stalin were here. *He'd* know exactly what to do! *He'd* know how to deal with Lithuania and all those other rebellious republics! *He'd* show them! *He'd* be able to get the country's economy back on track! Course I'd be purged and dumped into a mass grave.

Mikhail Gorbachev
You-know-where

Dear Sirs,
Sure, I took Advil and my head-ache was gone. But what about my broken hip, fractured skull, shattered legs, and crushed, accordian-like body?

Wyle E. Coyote

Dear Sirs,
We're making sure that renovation and expansion on the Maginot is going according to schedule. No ifs, ands or buts about it.

Sincerely,
France
France

Dear Sirs,
How much wood would a woodchuck upchuck if he went to Naples and had a couple of pitchers first?

Yours (and I mean that),
Chuck

Dear Sirs,
How many roads must a man walk down
Before you can call him a man?

Bob Dylan
1963



Sir "Don't Call Me Sir" Michael Howard

Dear Sirs,
How many bucks can I squeeze out of
Toad's
Before I can call it a night?

Bob Dylan
1990

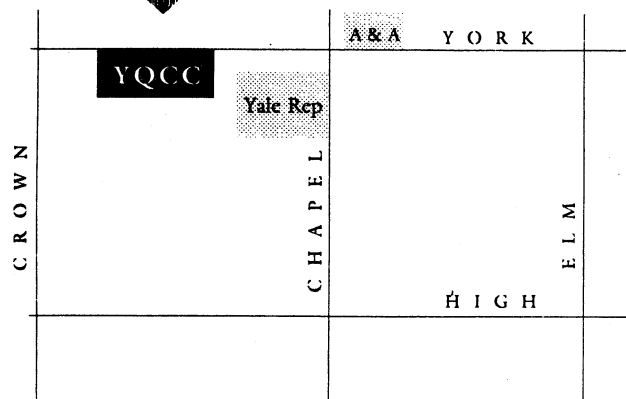
Dear *Record* Staff,
Compliments to your witty magazine! I found the February issue especially amusing. Two of you gentlemen, however, are in my history class. You sit in the back, always giggling and laughing like a couple of dicks. I think I'm going to fail you both.

Sir Michael Howard
History 268b

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Gunships attack rally, hundreds dead

The Rally for Intergalactic Peace, held Thursday on the Cross Campus mud, was seriously disrupted when helicopter gunships appeared and napalmed the unsuspecting crowd. As the gathering broke into hysterical disarray, the gunships strafed fleeing pedestrians with machine gun fire, launching an occasional rocket into the side of Calhoun College. The maimed and wounded lay helpless in the mud, kicking and moaning, even twitching sporadically. To their dismay, at least one of the aircraft then began to blare "It's a Small World" through loudspeakers mounted on the side of the helicopter.

The assault was apparently unprovoked.

The number of dead is presently unknown; Betty Schiller of the Yale College Dean's Office estimated a toll in the hundreds. The wounded were immediately rushed to DUH, where, after a wait of several hours, they were transferred to Yale/New Haven Hospital.

Greg Peters TR '93, who barely

escaped the attack, described the scene. "At first I heard a low, whooping sound from the direction of Sterling. As I was turning to look, the noise got louder and louder. Suddenly, three, maybe four helicopters rose up from behind the library. I could see the guns pointing out the sides, just like in *Red Dawn*. They hovered for a second, as if considering exactly how many of us they could hope to kill. That's when I remembered I had a paper due."

Not everyone was as fortunate as Peters. Elizabeth "Liz" Stanley SM '92, identified via her dental records, was burned to an unrecognizable husk, and at least one doctor we talked to said it was the most painful and disgusting cause of death he'd ever seen. Stanley was unavailable for comment.

John McGinnis PC '93, who witnessed Stanley's demise, was

shocked by the carnage. "She was stumbling towards Berkeley, holding her shoulder and screaming—I think she'd been shot. Suddenly she just burst into flames," he explained. "That napalm sure is some powerful shit."

Mark Tueting CC '90, one of the rally's organizers, immediately blamed the YCC, calling the attack a "sick publicity stunt". "Those bastards," he said, "They're just pissed because nobody takes them seriously." When it was suggested that YCC involvement was probably unlikely, Mr. Tueting gave this reporter the finger.

According to University officials, the sodding of the Cross Campus mud should proceed as scheduled, despite the incident.

This story was compiled from information in Rob Skidmore's brain.

POLICE

BLOTTER

For the week ending Apr. 27

At 5:15 p.m. on Apr. 19, an unidentified white male wearing a diaper knocked a female student to the ground and asked, "How can I track down Benno?"

When the student replied that nobody knew, the man proceeded to sprint down the street.

At 5:20 p.m. on Thursday, the Ezra Stiles Dining Hall staff reported seeing a dark haired man wearing what appeared to be a diaper jump up onto the salad bar and yell "James Brown is FREE!" He was then chased into the College Laundry Room, where he allegedly entered a dryer. Police report that both the laundry room and dryer doors were unlocked.

On Thursday at 5:27 p.m. a student in the basement of Bingham Hall reported seeing what appeared to be a white male emerge from one of the dryers wearing what appeared to be a damp and slightly wrinkled diaper. The unidentified man allegedly said, "Thank God I finally made it" before fleeing with agile alledgedness.

On April 19 at 5:32 p.m. a female student in Timothy Dwight College reported seeing a tall, dark-haired man wearing a diaper exit her roommate's closet. The diaper allegedly caught on the alleged doorknob, and ripped allegedly off, exposing his alleged "family jewels". The witness reported laughing. The alleged man then grabbed a pair of blue spandex running pants and jumped out the second story window.

A sophomore in Branford walking on Grove St. was struck on the head by an unknown object on Thursday at 5:33 p.m. The student was treated at Yale-New Haven Hospital and released.

At 5:35 p.m. on Apr. 19 three students reported seeing a bare-chested white male in midnight blue pants climbing on the exterior of Harkness Tower. The unidentified man allegedly became obscene when one of the students threw a frisbee at him.

On Thursday, April 19, at 5:52 p.m. an unidentified Dean of Yale College was allegedly discovered imbedded up to mid-thigh in the sidewalk of High St. by a passing student. The man appeared delirious, and allegedly repeated the phrase "Don't you hate it when you forget to bend your knees?"

— compiled by Kate Alton

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Bonn Government Buys Controlling Stock of East Germany

by Robert Skidmore

In a bold and controversial move yesterday, West Germany procured a majority share of her former rival, DDR Limited. The leveraged buyout is the largest the world market has seen since the Louisiana Purchase of 1804, with stock being traded at six times the market price.

Rumors of a possible takeover first began last month, when junk-bond czar Michael Milken was appointed chairman of the West German board. The former Drexel-Burnham-Lambert employee had not been seen since escaping from SEC agents last January, and is likely to plead diplomatic immunity to trading charges filed by the US government.

The primary benefactor of the current move appears to be the former major shareholder, the USSR Conglomerate. USSR has in recent months been divesting itself of its

European assets, following what analysts have described as more than seventy years of "moronic incompetence" on the part of Soviet planners. As a result of this, experts claim, the stock dividends of these smaller holdings have been tailing off since their procurement over forty years ago by the brash young entrepreneur, Joseph Stalin.

The two German companies were once joined under a single corporate umbrella, and with ruthless trading tactics dominated the European market for well over a decade. Following the Nuremberg Antitrust Laws of 1945, the business was divided. Beginning recently, however, enforcement of the 1945 restrictions has been gradually relaxed, apparently with the approval of another major trading organization, United States and Sons.

The reformation of the former economic juggernaut



DANTE'S INFERNO: *This cartoon does not necessarily have anything to do with the article it accompanies. In fact, this cartoon does not have anything to do with anything.*

has received mixed reactions. François Mitterand, CEO of France, Inc., expressed some reservations concerning the move, stressing the inherent dangers of another European monopoly. "Sure, everything seems 'ok' now," he explained, "but eventually this new 'Germany' is going

to expand. Before you know it, 'Pizza Hut' will be renamed 'Pizza Haus', and the only topping you'll be able to get will be sauerkraut."

Pizza Hut representatives were unavailable for comment.

Yale to Probe Tyng

A shocking new recruiting scandal has shaken the very foundation of the University's intramural athletic program, calling into question the results of Tyng Cup competition for the last three years. The imbroglio broke when an anonymous Berkeley sophomore reported that Davenport's Master Henry Turner had offered him fifty dollars in quarters and a gift certificate to the local record store Amperes to transfer into DC and play on its ailing inner-tube water polo team. While college officials initially brushed off the report as hearsay and poor sportsmanship, more charges of supposed violations began to turn up rapidly. For example, the Branford Dean has allegedly offered the prospect of unlimited Dean's Excuses and free use of the college's Xerox machine in order

to snag fresh talent for the floundering BR co-ed touch football team.

Even more shocking is the realization that sports are quickly eclipsing academics as the most important facet of many student-athletes' lives. And, of course, when student grades have suffered, Masters and Deans have endeavored to raise Cs to Bs and As to keep their players eligible for competition. It has also been rumored that Master of Calhoun Ramsay MacMullen (History 206b) and Pierson Dean Christa Dove (German 150b) have both given unlimited extensions to students in their classes whom they hope to recruit.

Persistent rumors have once again hinted at the involvement of that ultra-secret secret society, Skull and Bones.

Individuals of... refuse ever... members... interview... organ... Han... with... more... special... Candles... really do is... rituals out... it, socially and political... really all I can say on the matter...

What motivates this ruthless scramble for talent which causes such frenzied raids on other colleges? It's

(news continued on page 20)



EZ Revolution for the "Sort of" Committed

by Michael Gerber

"In the springtime," someone once said,

"a young man's thoughts turn to blood-soaked, hey-let's-shoot-the-President-type revolution." So that we might satisfy this gut-clutching vernal urge, or at the very least not get beaten up or all our shit stolen when the Red Revolt *does* come, we here at the *Record* have compiled a short list (like, two things) of what any private citizen can do to overthrow his or her government. It's just a few weekends a month, and ever so rewarding.

(1) **Use lots of Canadian money.** Have you ever noticed that Canadian coins are almost the same color, size, and weight as American ones? This is certainly a lucky coincidence for the laissez-faire Jacobin, for with a minimal effort one can pass just loads of these foreign coins into circulation. Then a rash of jammed parking meters, washer/dryers and vending machines would rapidly infect this country. And when the government tried to impose its stiff fines for using foreign coinage, the already frustrated populace would be a dead lock to rise up.

Soon enough, we will be metamorphosed from a (albeit sheepish) Superpower to a country that cannot even decide on a language. The U.S. will have switched identities (and bank accounts, including cash cards) with the World's

largest exporter of hiking boots and flannel shirts. Actually, that wouldn't be so bad—let them have a crack at the deficit and the Japanese for a while.

(2) **Send chain-letter cinder blocks to corporate product representatives.** Not many people know that if you write an address on something and stick it in the mail, the Postal Service *must* deliver it, collecting the postage due from the addressee. Add this tasty factoid to the 'capitalism-with-a-human-face' product response addresses found on the back of most products, and voila, instant mayhem!

The real flair to this strategem comes with the illegal but highly wacky cultural thingymabob known as the chain letter. The scenario, then, runs like this:

1) Buy a cinder block, pig or some other wildly inconvenient mailing object.

2) Write a chain letter. For example: "BEWARE! Send this x (pig, block, what-have-you) to three other companies TODAY by bicycle messenger. If you do so, your stock will split at the end of the quarter, and you personally will be mentioned in the "What's News" section of the *Wall Street Journal*.

Drexel-Burnham-Lambert broke the chain. So did Salomon Brothers. Look what happened to them.

Signed,
a Friend"


3) Send this to an address. This par-

ticular one is from the back of my Edge Menthol shaving cream can:

"Carol Hansen
c/o S.C. Johnson and Son, Inc.
Racine, WI 53403"

Now, sit back and watch the festivities erupt. Not only will you cripple the Postal Service in a trice, but the bike messengers of New York, Chicago, and probably Boston but certainly San Francisco (all those hills, you know), will be dropping stone dead from overexertion. Soon the offices of most Fortune 500 companies will spend most of their productive hours attempting to fax each other potted plants. By the time they question the wisdom of this, it will be too late.

And you and your friends could pick up the pieces of our shattered society, which means big bucks!



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Helpful Hints from Helena

by Charlotte Brooks

P(roblem): What can I use to scrub my face with?

S(olution): Most of today's facial cleaners are too gentle to remove tough oils on the skin, so a good old fashioned homemade mixture of ammonia (try Windex), lime, and vinegar will do the job. If you don't have any of these handy around the house, you can always buy a cleanser like Comet or Boraxo at any drug store.

And don't end your sentences with prepositions, honey.

P Drying my baby after a bath seems so difficult and takes a long time because she squirms around. What to do?

S A spin dryer on the "Perm Press/Sturdy" setting will work like a charm. Even the most aqueous baby will be done in 12-14 minutes. The centrifugal force will pin the infant securely to the side of the dryer.

P I have some beautiful glasses that are stained or discolored.
S Wash them.

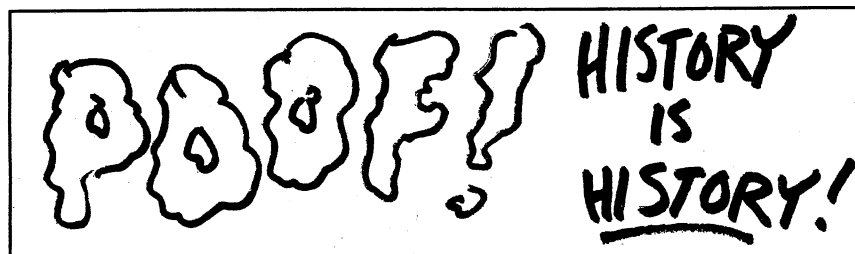
P How can I keep the skins of my baked potatoes from cracking?

S Spray them with an over-the-counter athlete's foot

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medication like Tinactin or sprinkle them with medicated powder before baking. If you forget to do this before you cook them, just use a little clear fingernail polish to seal up the cracks before you serve them.

(continued on page 11)



Oh, *great*. The one thing that I thought I could count on, if not necessarily to make sense, but at least to continue for God's sake, is now gone. Some academician or other got it into to his throbbing, overheated noggin that History was over and leaked it to the Press. The great loving masses of Historians, not realizing what this would mean for themselves and their families, just nodded their heads sleepily in acquiescence.

But what does this mean for my major? Am I now in the same boat as all those medieval Alchemy majors in the ancient universities of Europe, done over by capricious Fate, and doomed to a sad-eyed personal obsolescence? Yep. It sure looks like it. They say "there will always be a tomorrow." Well, they lie.

The repercussions for Society will be minimal; History as a profession was never as popular as, say, making money. But there are a few aging library rats and sickly archive junkies that must enter the work force. As an ironic, but slightly sentimental farewell to the pulse of human affairs, I have written the story of one of these castaways— truly, "a man without a lectern".

After the bottom dropped out of the History market, Harold C. found himself in quite a pickle. He had a wife and kid to support, *dammit*, and for the first time in his life, he didn't have a job. Sure, times were tough back in Harvard grad school, but there was the stipend and the extra hours at the used bookstore to make ends meet. Faced with his own undeniable failure, Harold succumbed to a kind of paralysis; his long, irregular days were spent with his books, TV, and a little magnetic game that his seven year old, Brendan, had gotten at a birthday party. His half-finished paper, "The Disasterous Financial Policies of Weimar Germany", the one that he had hoped would be picked up by one of the big university presses, sat on his desk, mocking him.

"Harold, dear, I'm worried about you," said his wife, Sylvia, as she pulled her hair into a ponytail and fixing it with a rubber band, "Look at yourself; it's one in the afternoon and you still haven't combed your hair. You've been wearing that tweed jacket for four days now. You're a mess." Harold didn't look up, underlining a key passage in *The Guns of August*. "I think you need to get out of the house. I think you need to get a job."

A job? The idea terrified Harold. What if they didn't let him bring his pipe? What if he had to take the train? The intricacies of urban transit sent a chill up his spine. He stared fixedly at the TV, a close Showcase Showdown reflected in his glazed eyes. "That's easy for you to say," he said acidly, "with your leg. The

(History continued)

government sends you money." It was the first time either had mentioned Sylvia's wooden leg, the fruits of a childhood farming accident, in their Decade of Connubial Rancor.

Sylvia was furious, and spat gin on the carpet. "You leave my leg out of this! If it weren't for my checques, we wouldn't even be eating cereal!" This was true. For the last three weeks, they had eaten nothing but cornflakes, and though they didn't know it, Brendan's grades were beginning to suffer.

"I find it very telling that any mention of your disability makes you flare up and rapidly whirl out of control, not unlike the Balkans in the period directly before the First World War. After the Bosnian Crisis of 1908, the Great Powers found themselves trapped in a "zero-sum" situation, one where..."

Sylvia cracked. Tears of rage and despair streaming down her face and collecting in her turtleneck, she yelled, "Harold, don't you get it? It's over! History is over! Even the most rigorous documentation won't bring it back!" She snatched the magnetic game from the grasp of the bewildered Harold, and hurled it out the window.

"Honey, you took my...my thing, and now I am going to have to go get it. Explain the significance of this event, both regionally and worldwide. Use specific ex..." Harold was cut short by his wife, who grabbed him by the knit tie and slung him towards the door. "Go out there and get a job, and don't come back until you do!" she cried, and as he staggered to his feet and struggled to form a defensible thesis in his clouded brain, she gave him a kick which sent him sprawling down the stairs.

The bright sunlight blinded Harold. He had forgotten his keys, and was locked out. He walked into the street, where his magnetic game lay, broken. Harold got angry. "Sylvia delenda est!" he shrieked at the window. "We will fight her on the beaches, we will fight her in the cities, we will fight her in the foyer (if we can get in), we will fight her in the bathroom..."

"Fine, bud, just don't fight her out here," said a bum who was draped over the stoop next door. Though this comment reminded Harold somewhat of

a Greek chorus, he was not amused. "I bet you don't even know who said that," mocked Harold, his voice heavy with scorn. "Mike Tyson," replied the bum, his voice heavy with Thunderbird. "Winston Churchill, you toad," said Harold, and just as he was about to show just who had the Ph. D. around here, he was cracked on the back of the head by B. H. Liddell-Hart's *The Second World War* (New York: Random House, 1965). He turned to face his adversary, who was raining the contents of his bookshelves onto the sidewalk. "Go, you" (she flung a copy of Huzing's *The Waning of the Middle Ages* which narrowly missed him) "scumbag! Get a job!"

The bum was laughing so hard he slipped into an emphatic coughing fit. Harold was shamed; he started walking away. "She's got a wooden leg, you know," he threw over his shoulder, but the bum didn't answer.

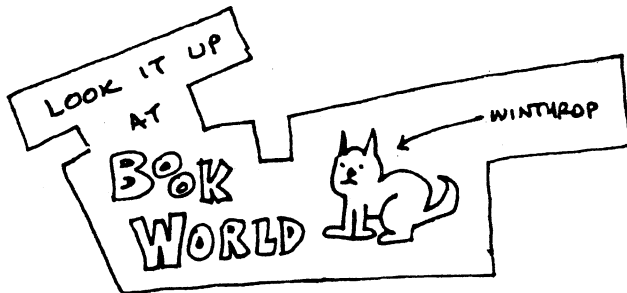
POSTSCRIPT: The police found Harold, wild-eyed and gibbering, huddled on the steps of the now-deserted School of Government three days later. He, along with a few hundred others, was sent to a massive reprogramming center for displaced intellectuals in Telluride, Nevada. The rigorous curriculum included professional sports, slang and techniques for dressing. He made acceptable progress, and earned a grade of "B".

Harold now holds a tenured position at Jiffy Lube of Cambridge, Massachusetts.



"SHUT UP!" I EXPLAINED.

-- Ring Lardner



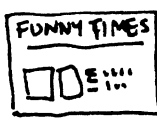
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("Hints" continued from page 9)

P Our new house has a barren front lawn, and I want to plant grass. What's the best and cheapest way to insure all-over growth?

S I like to plant each seed individually, using a toothpick or a straight pin to make the holes. It takes a little longer, but the lawn is sure worth it!

P I'm having a large dinner party. Is there some way I can serve wine without the expense?

S Wine being as expensive as it is, I always use a simple mixture of white vinegar, rubbing alcohol, and water with a little food coloring added depending on whether the main dish is fowl, fish, or pork, beef, etc. Most guests aren't gourmets, and those who are will be too polite to mention the wine.

P I want to make sure that my radiator is in good shape. How do I check it?

S Warm your car up by driving it around for about an hour or so, and then pop the hood and remove the radiator cap, placing your face close enough to the opening so that you can see in.

P My children always get restless sitting in a shopping cart at the store.

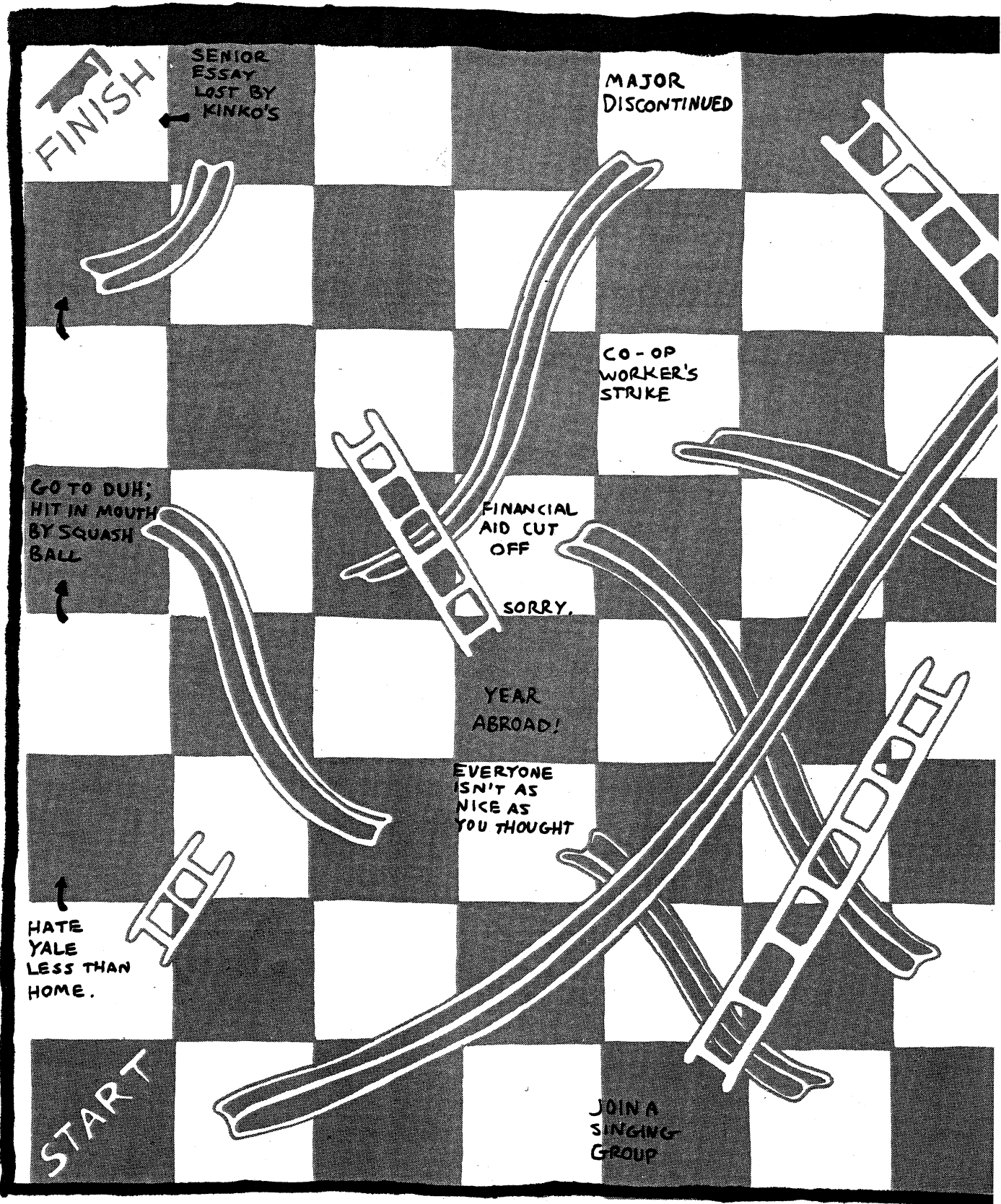
S Restless toddlers can make shopping a frustrating ordeal; just give them something to play with, like a plastic bag from the produce section.

P I am always worried about glass jars and things breaking.

S I suggest that you see a good therapist, as this type of anxiety probably stems from an incident in your childhood and shouldn't be dealt with alone.

P My little boy sometimes wets the bed—and when we go on a visit overnight, this makes me edgy.

S When my children had this problem, I simply carried a large Hefty bag (or some other brand) along on trips, effectively "sealing" my problem up for the night with a twist tie!



FINISH

SENIOR
ESSAY
LOST BY
KINKO'S

MAJOR
DISCONTINUED

CO-OP
WORKER'S
STRIKE

GO TO DUH;
HIT IN MOUTH
BY SQUASH
BALL

FINANCIAL
AID CUT
OFF

SORRY.

YEAR
ABROAD!

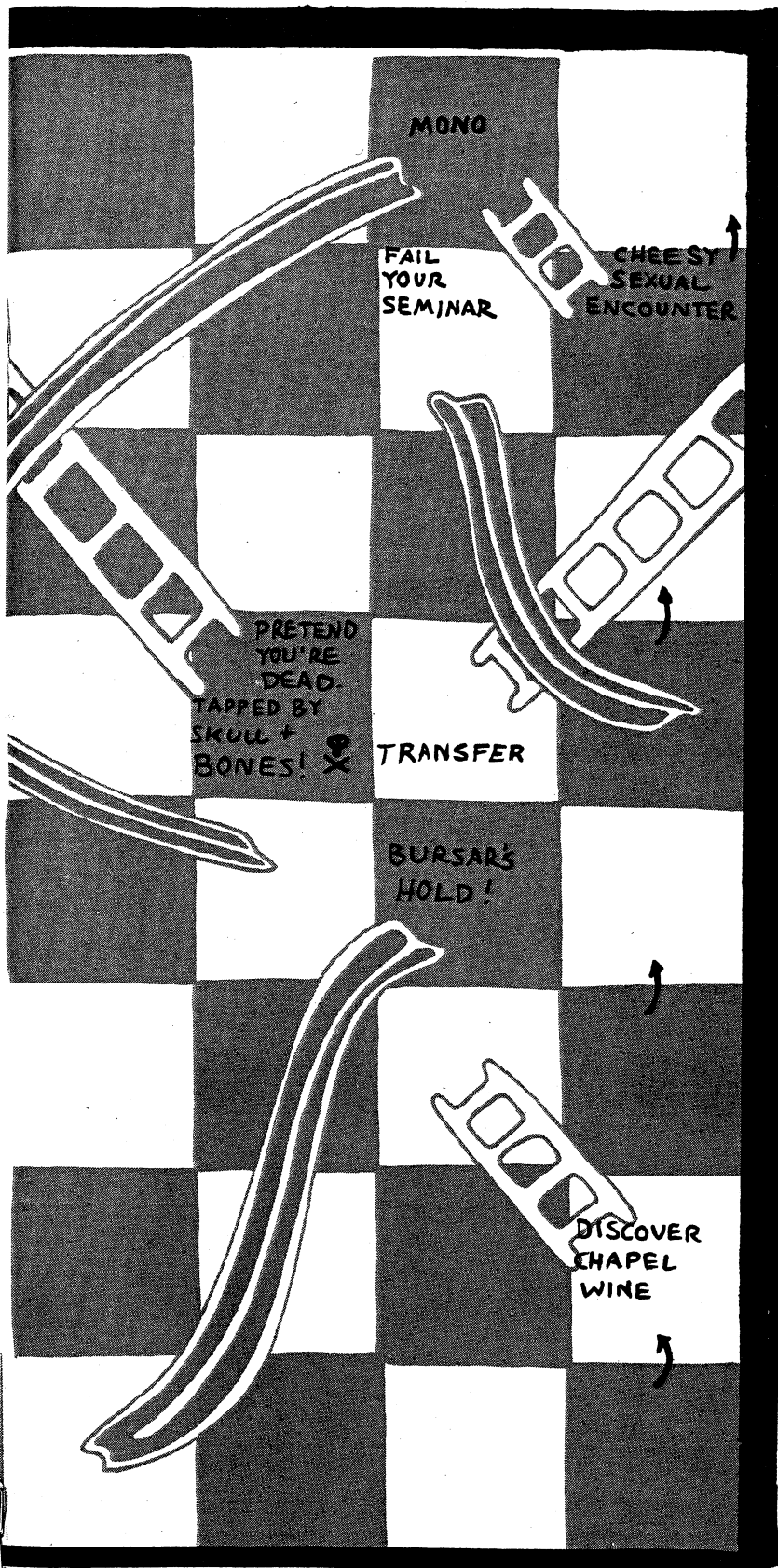
EVERYONE
ISN'T AS
NICE AS
YOU THOUGHT

HATE
YALE
LESS THAN
HOME.

START

JOIN A
SINGING
GROUP

CHUTES 'N'

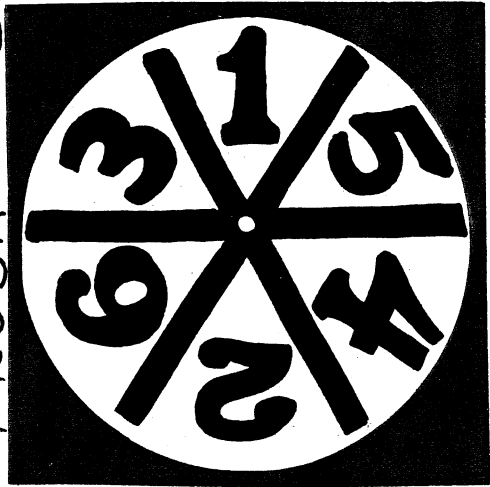
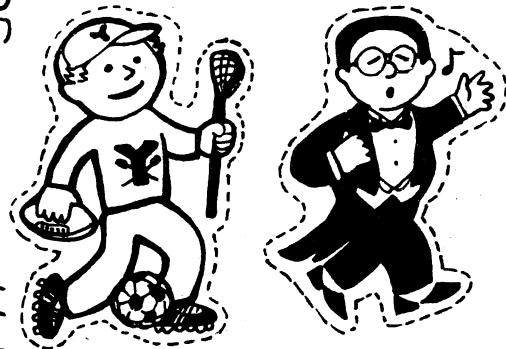
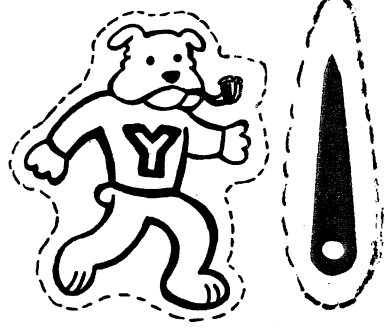


SENIOR

JUNIOR

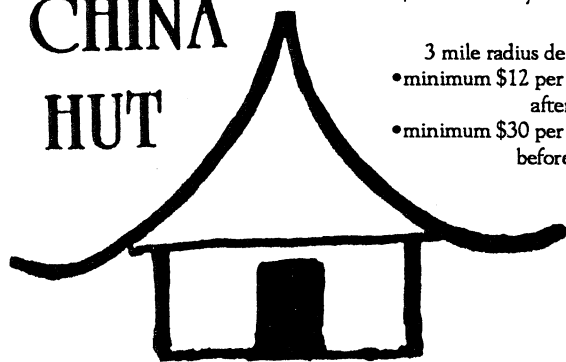
SOPH

FROSH



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CHINA
HUT



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CAMPUS

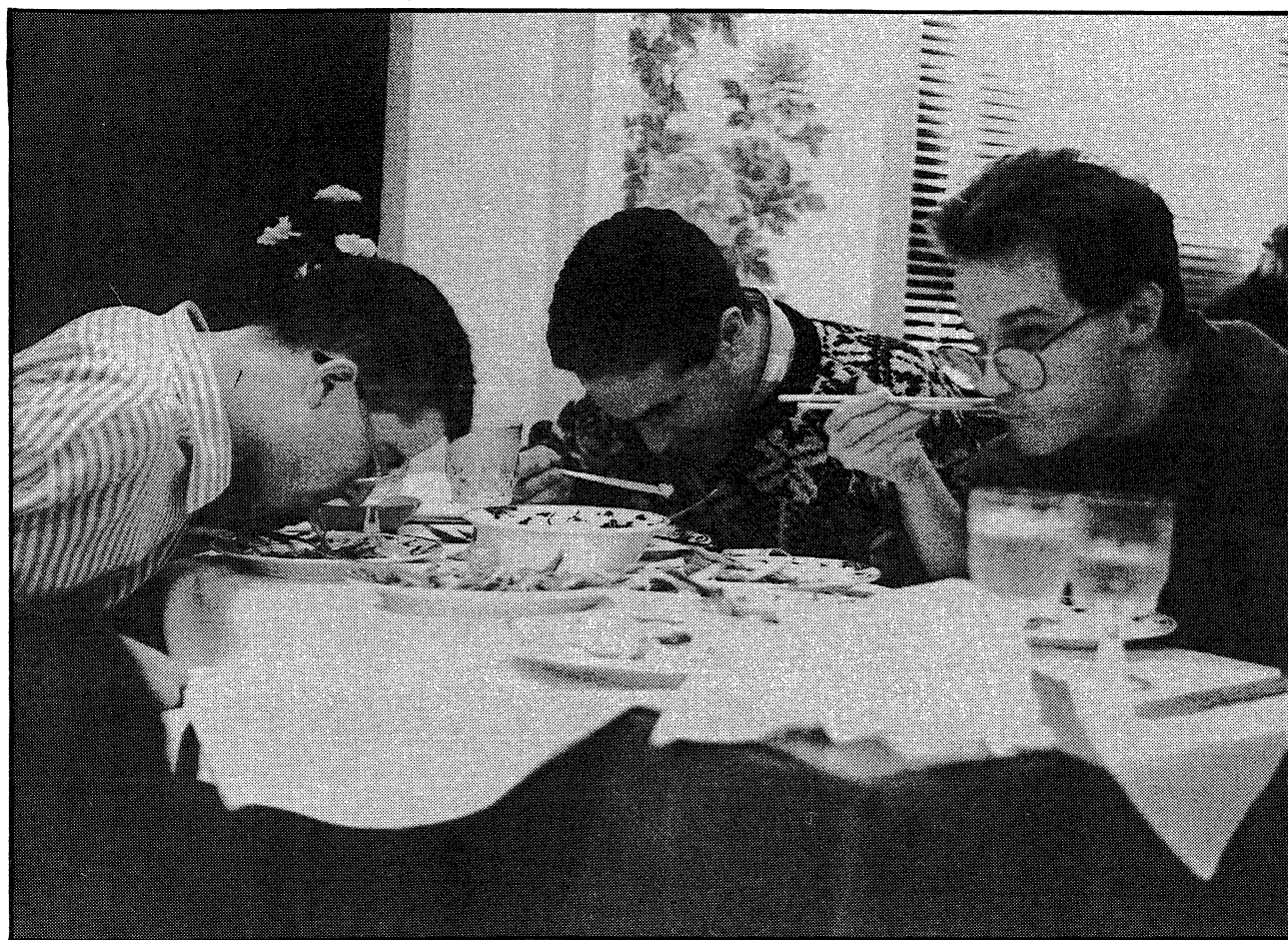
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Medical College Admissions Test

Thank you for taking the Medical College Admissions Test. Do not adjust your test booklet. We control the horizontal. We control the vertical. You are under our power, and you will do exactly as we say..

If you pass this exam, oodles of fame, respect and an Amex Gold Card are yours for the taking. If not, you can always try Veterinary School. Good luck. Fill in the bubbles completely, as per the diagram below.

WRONG
 RIGHT

We gave you a Scan-Tron[®] sheet. Don't tell us you lost it *already*. You're not very responsible are you?

1. We bet you're feeling pretty stressed right now. Estimate the amount of emotional pressure you are under, in Torr.

① 2 HRS. SLEEP
 ② WAKE UP 15 MIN. BEFORE TEST
 ③ FORGET MY PENCIL
 ④ AM MAN TRAPPED INSIDE A MAN'S BODY

3.86 x 10¹⁵

2. Look at that guy next to you. What's wrong with him? Would a good smack do him some good? Go over there and do it. It's OK.

Write below what he said to you when you hit him.

"Now you have my cooties."

3. You're stuck on a desert island with several other people. One of them (called "Skipper") wakes up one morning with what you think may be appendicitis. Using only coconuts and Mrs. Howell's diamond tiara, explain your procedure.

First, I would clear the operating room. Then, as he groaned and thrashed, I would put him out of his misery with a sharpened coconut. Gilligan and I would drag him to the cliff and pitch him over. As the sharks ate and the seagulls wheeled and dove, I would enjoy some of several hundred pounds of drugs that were stashed by 'Skipper' in the hold of the ship.

4. What situations would demand peeing in a patient's IV bottle? How about just for laughs?

*Insufficient funds.
 Noisiness.*

5. You are performing open heart surgery. The patient is hemorrhaging heavily. Circle the proper course of action.

- a. Pull down your mask, and yell into the patient's face, "Look, you gotta meet me halfway."
- b. Send out for Chinese food.
- c. Pinch a valve and say, "See how pale he gets!"
- d. Use some tape.

Staples also work.

6. Handwriting.

Please write the following sentence, in your normal script: "Go ahead and take me to court, you S.O.B.! I can't help it if the baby has no nose! You made it, I just delivered it!"

I'll have to talk to my lawyer first.

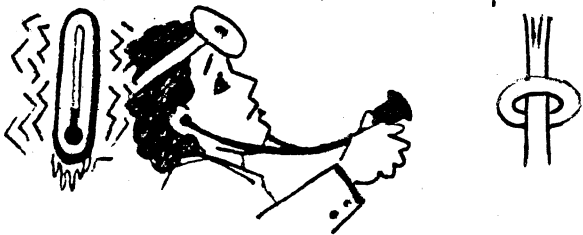
7. Bill spends \$80,000 to go to University of X. After taking and passing this test, he goes to University of Y for Medical School. For this, he pays a further \$170,000. Then comes several years of crappy work as an intern, at a salary of \$20,000. Finally Bill

becomes a doctor. He is paid \$60,000 per year, but has \$17,000 in malpractice insurance alone. Is all this worth it? (Hint: don't forget the crippling school loans)

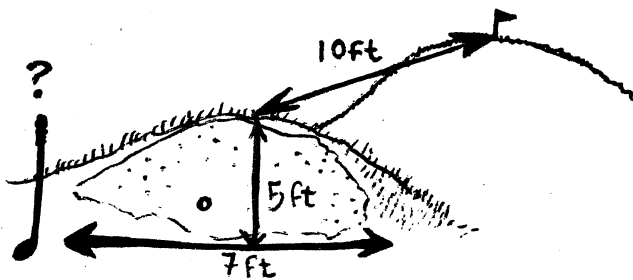
Yes! For then he will be a healer, mightiest of mortals, bound by no law other than the Hippocratic Oath!

8. Dr. Stevens' stethoscope is chilled to a temperature of 12 degrees Fahrenheit. When she places it on the nipple of a patient, the patient jumps several feet into the air. Is this an example of the Doppler effect?

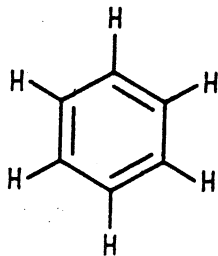
Yes. ~~It~~ Depends on patient.



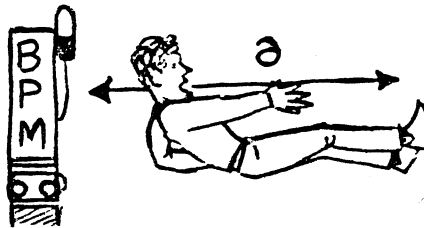
9. On the par-five ninth hole, Dr. White slices into a bunker that is 7 feet by 5 feet and is dug into a hillock. If the green is 10 feet away and at a higher elevation than Dr. White, what club should he use?



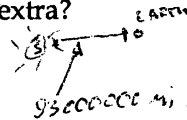
10. Below is a diagram of the Valium molecule. As succinctly as possible, explain why this drug is so effective in turning suburban housewives into slobbering love slaves.



As it relaxes them, it inhibits their sense of smell. Therefore, they do not notice the faint whiff of formaldehyde that comes from days in the 'medical trenches'. That's what Dad (Marvin Kaufman, M.D.) says.



11. You are performing a routine check-up in a frictionless environment. If the force of the patient's cough is a , at what speed would that cough propel him backwards into the blood pressure machine? Is the rest of your office frictionless, too? Do you pay extra?



25000 mi in diameter

U.N. founded 1945

$$1945 / 93000000 = 25000 / a = 7235400 \text{ M.P.H}$$

12. You find that a colleague whom you dislike because he smells bad and is foreign has made an important discovery in your field. What would be the most effective way to discredit him/her?

1) Plant copies of Mao's "Little Red Book" in his desk and call the FBI.

2) Steal his Green Card.

13. Suppose you had to choose between a Porsche, a Mercedes, and a Jaguar. Given that you have ingested seven Nembutal and Scotches within the last hour, which car would you pick to drive?

Given that you were out scoping young med students, would your choice change? Why or why not?

"7 Nembutal and Scotches" - the Mercedes

"Med Students" - Porsche (red, 911)

The Porsche, because it cooes sex. But the Mercedes would be a classier coffin.

14. If the entire lifespan of the Earth could be expressed as one day, would your shirts be ready by 5:00?

It depends on where you go. Would you want starch?

15. State the first Law of Thermodynamics.

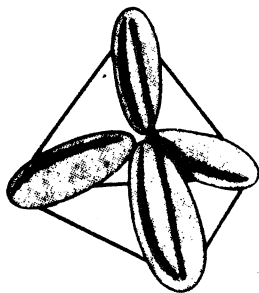
The amount of energy in a closed system always remains constant, except for that time right after dinner when all you want to do is sleep and couldn't move even if a million wild beasts were stampeding towards you.



16. This is Cathy. How many moles of Cathy would it take to significantly raise the activation energy of seven Navy guys on a 24-hour pass?

7 guys x 8 minutes = 56 minutes

NOT MANY.



17. When you were a kid, did you ever have one of those balloon-twisting clowns at your birthday party?

I was never a "kid".

This is an important question because
From earliest times,

Ok, I give up. I studied every square inch of the human body - and memorized the entire Periodic Table, even those new elements that only last for one-billionth of a second - just to take the MCAT and get jacked over by a bunch of weird questions! My Dad wants me to be a doctor, but I think they are arrogant asses and I vomit at the sight of blood. So take your test and go straight to HELL!

20. Bob is building a patio. If the space measures 6 feet long by 4 feet wide, and each stone is 2 feet square, how many stones will Steve need? How many days will he work on the damned thing before calling in the contractors?

What is the likelihood that he will force his teenaged son to do it?

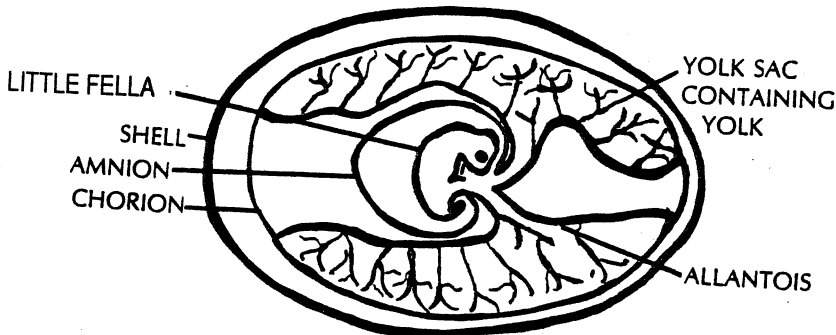
? 18.

Convert these numbers to scientific notation.

200000

3

19.5



GO BACK

? Convert these temperatures to Fahrenheit.

12 C

78 C

780 K

Convert three class members to Islam.

19. Essay.

Explain, in detail but not superfluously, the benefits and drawbacks of addiction to barbituates. Do not forget the emotional aspects of the scenario. (attach extra sheets if needed)

21. This is an egg. Can you believe you eat these?

Shot up. Leave me alone

STOP! Do not continue the test until instructed to do so by a member of the Record staff.

I think that

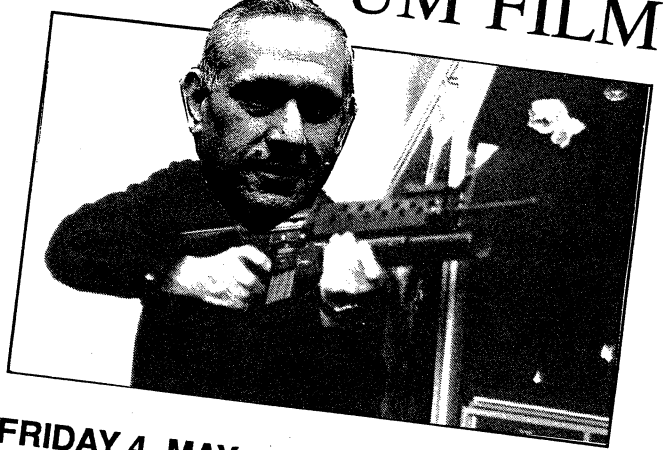
10 P.M.

LICENSE TO SWILL

1989. Dir. Steven Spielberg. With Donald Kagan, Chuck Norris, Kim Bassinger. 112 m. A university dean (Kagan), frustrated by his inability to enforce the Connecticut state drinking age, decides to take the law into his own hands. Opposed at every turn by the sinister organization known only as DKE, Kagan nonetheless carries out his vigilante mission with ruthless precision. His four-wheeled attack on Chapel Wine is *not to be missed!*



EXPECT'UM FILMS



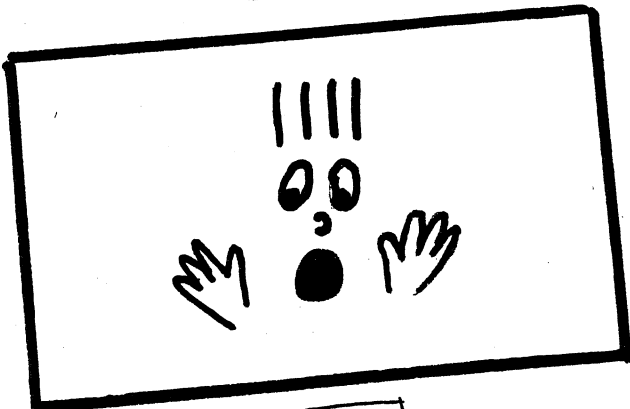
FRIDAY 4 MAY at 7, 9 & 11 P.M.

I WILL KILL YOU NOW

1987. Dir. John Carpenter. With Arnold Schwarzenegger, Prince. 110 m. Although tough Detroit cop McGraw (Schwarzenegger) initially rejects his new partner Mapplethorpe (Prince), the two must band together when Mapplethorpe is framed for a series of steroid thefts which threaten to paralyze the city. Winner of two Grammy Awards (for Best Supporting Actor and Best Soundtrack).

\$2.50
with title 10

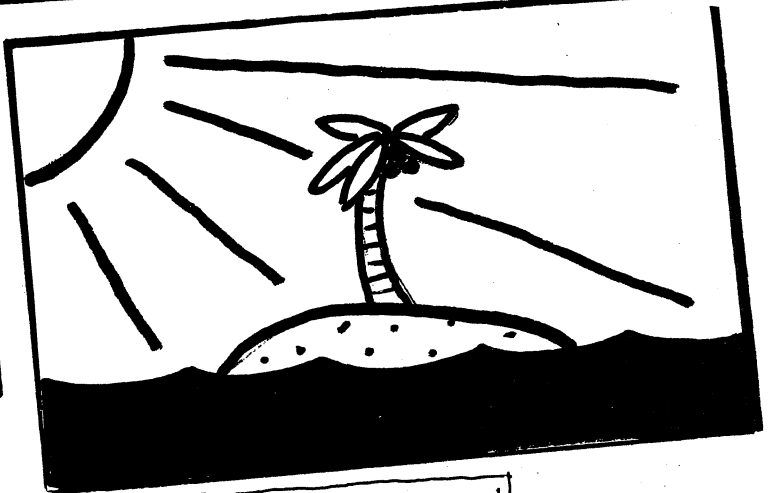
PHOETUS FILM



WATCH OUT, TIM!

FRIDAY, MAY 4
8⁰⁰ + 10⁰⁰

Dir = Tim's roommate; Cast = Tim, Tim's friends
Shy, skittish sophomore Tim Hooper SM '92 is in for a shocking surprise when we unveil this 2-hr. sock-umentary made by his sporty roommates w/o his knowledge or permission! Scenes of Tim sleeping, in class and talking on the telephone to his girlfriend (or so he says) at Tufts make this movie a real sleeper.



WHOOPIE BEACH

SATURDAY, MAY 5
* 7³⁰ + 10³⁰ *

Dir = Rudy DeLuca; Cast = Corey Lazer, Brandi Bates
This sensitive film explores the pain and ecstasy of adolescents growing up and discovering themselves. Centering on the relationship which develops between Dude (Lazer) and Bambi (Bates) during their Spring Break, it climaxes when Bambi competes in the wet T-shirt contest for the title "Queen of the Beach!"

15 THURSDAY AT 8:30

EIGHTEEN WHEELS OF LOVE

1976, USA, 97m, Color. Directed by Federico Fellini. Cast: Elvis Presley, Florence Henderson.

In his least known and final motion picture, the King stars as Billy-Joe, a wild-living singing trucker who falls in love with a Texas madame (Henderson). After he enters a fried chicken eating contest to win her love, the two band together to save her brothel from bankruptcy.

TWO NIGHTS:

4 FRIDAY AND 5 SATURDAY AT 7:30 & 10:00

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT THE NORTHWEST REAR WINDOW

1957, USA, 85m, B & W. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: Cary Grant, Ingrid Berman, Jimmy Stewart, Raymond Burr, Grace Kelly.

Produced near the end of his fulfilling career, this little-known Hitchcock thriller is yet another subtle blend of intrigue, humor, nouveau-voyeurism, and clips from all his earlier films. And don't forget to watch for those sneaky little cameos! A must see for film majors and drunken Naples patrons alike.

6 SUNDAY AT 8:30

BACK PAIN

1989, USA, 122m, Color. Directed by Ridley Scott. Cast: Michael Douglas, David Chang, Darryl Hannah.

A Los Angeles cop (Douglas) takes on the entire Tokyo underworld, only to get the shit kicked out of him by a handful of really pissed ninjas. But when the Japanese foreclose on California, Douglas has no choice but to jump back into action. Bone-busting chop-socky Japanese-American relations have never been better!

YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL FILM SOCIETY

SATURDAY 5 at 7, 9:15 & 11:30

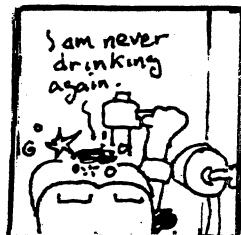
in Davies Auditorium

\$2 with Yale ID

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Part 6

1989. Dir. Robert Zemeckis. With Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd. 97 m. Blatant commercialization, tacky plot, and enough Michael J. Fox to make you sterile. But you'll come see this one anyway, won't you? That's why we're showing it—to make LOTS of money. How much do you think we pay for these films anyway? ALMOST NOTHING—so ha! Commemorative Pepsi T-shirts to be sold in the lobby.



and shown before the film—
THE DRUNK KIDS

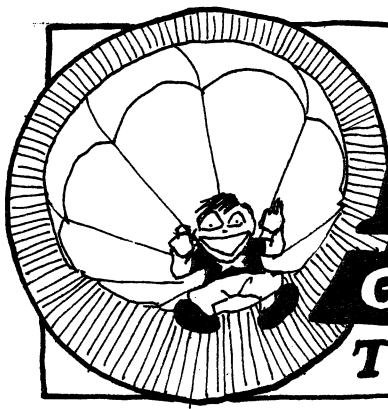
in "Budweiser Roulette"

From the same people that brought you *Roger Rabbit*, this playful animated short is guaranteed to offend just about everybody. Just *imagine* the laughs when the Drunk Kids urinate in one out of six pitchers of beer!



MICHAEL J. FOX
CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
Getting back was only the beginning.

FILMS



REAL KID STORIES

GREG PAK COMIX APRIL 1990 #1

TODAY'S EPISODE: THE PLANE RIDE

