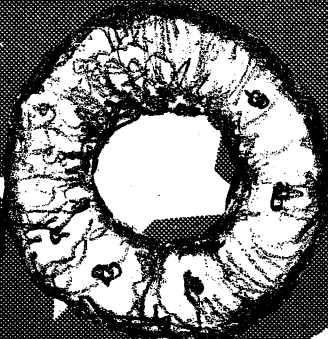


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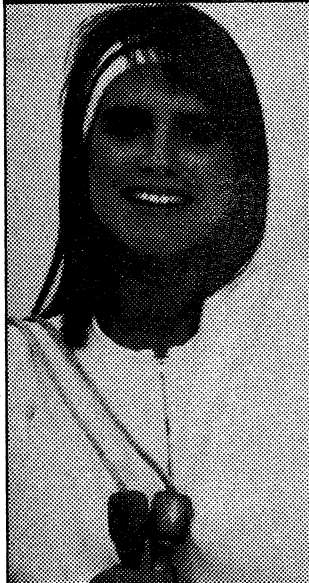
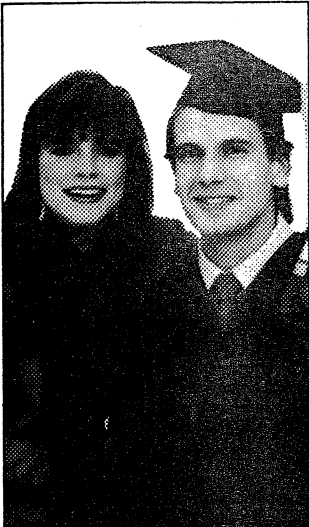
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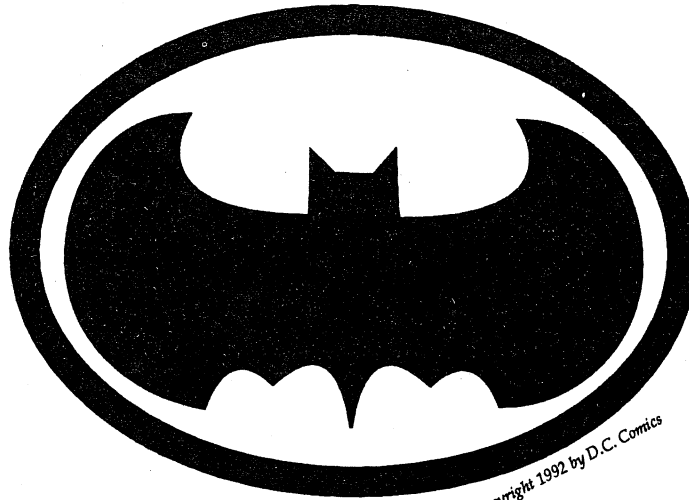
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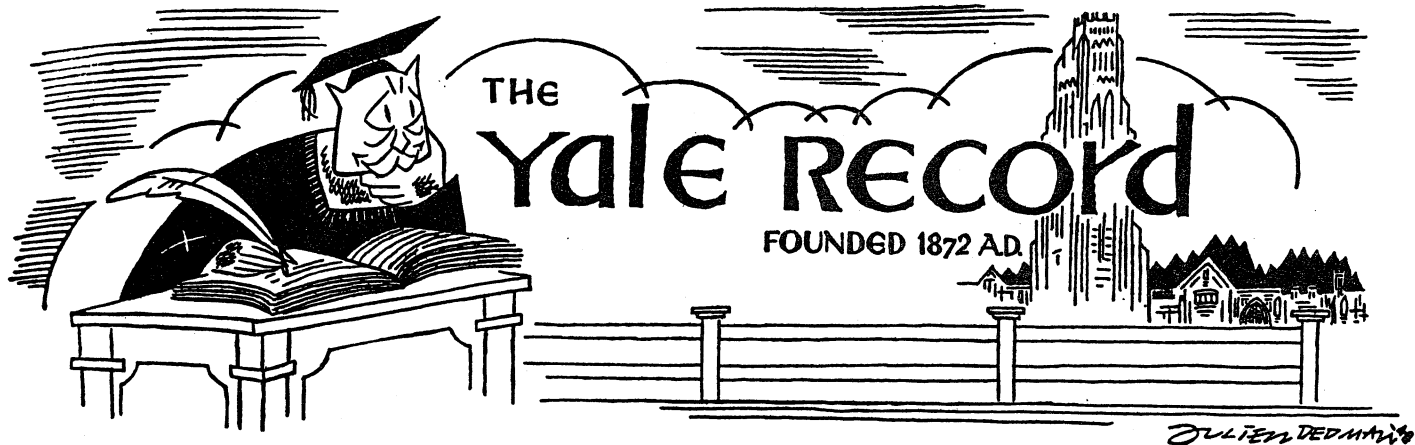
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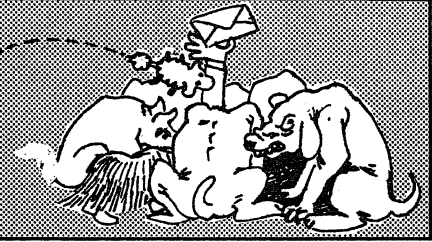
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MAILBAG



Dear Editors,
I don't know, I've just been feeling
kind of boxed in lately.
—Piet Mondrian

Dear Editors,
I can get play, but you can't.
Hee-hee,
Doogie Howser, M.D.

Dear Editors,
I break more arms by 9:00 than
most people do all day!
Steven Seagal

Dear Sirs,
*How do you get your VCR to stop
flashing 12:00?*
Sincerely,
God

Dear Editors,
Perhaps you could settle this little
dispute of ours: my wife insists that the
traditional 25th anniversary gift is sil-
ver, while I say it's a copy of "Playboy's
Girls of Spring Break." Which is it?
Write back soon,
Trevor Larson
Walker, Oklahoma

Honorable Editors:
Kroi-oozit!
Ken and Ryu
Durfees



"Helmet head!! Helmet head!!"

Dear Pam,
Thank you for a nice evening. Al-
though the build-up and the climax was
well done, I found the outcome too
predictable, and I was rather disap-
pointed with the acting. I'm afraid I'm
giving you a thumbs-down. I'll grab my
things in the morning.
Sincerely,
Gene Siskel

Dear Sirs,
The real reason nobody
understands my singing
is because I don't use
real words.
Yours,
Michael Stipe

Dear Pam,
Thank you for a nice evening. Al-
though the build-up and the climax was
well done, I found the outcome too
predictable, and I was rather disap-
pointed with the acting. I'm afraid I'm
giving you a thumbs-down. I'll grab my
things in the morning.
Sincerely,
Gene Siskel

To the Enquirer:
I have a potato that looks exactly
like Ross Perot in my closet! But then
again, who doesn't?
"Spuds" MacElroy
Intercourse, PA

Dear Editors,
I am writing this from

To Whom It May Concern:
I lost a contact lens last year at the
Yale/Harvard game. Has anybody turned
it up yet?
Yours,
John Gorman
Madison, WI

Dear Staff,
All my classmates call me "Jake
Rendale the idiot." What do I do? Please
don't use my name with this.
(Name withheld upon request)
Portland, Oregon

a very fast moving train...
Sincerely,
Mr. Doppler

Dear Anyone,
I have been stranded on a desert
island with no means of communicat-
ing with the outside world for 12 years.
Any suggestions?
"Ron"
a.k.a. "Ned"
Tennessee

Dear Editor,
Take two well-fattened ox to the
deep harbor of Hkryse as a hekatomb;
there, strew about grains of barley, and
cut the joints of the ox from the beast
and wrap them in fat, two layers, folded,
with raw strips of flesh.
Serves an army.
Agamemnon

Editors,
						' "							
						,							
—Woodstock

Paraphernalia

Philately

SO YOU'D LIKE to start a stamp collection? Almost everyone goes into the field ill-prepared for the treacherous new environment of postal perils that they encounter. A world that can have only one name, one face ... Philately.

Let me tell you a tale of epic proportions. It was right after the Event. No, it's not a typo; I am talking about the release of the infamous Spangled Oak-Leaf Glitched Semi on a still innocent world.

Just a small 10-cent stamp, rather nondescript. Its classic serrations and standard border were misleading. Its diminutive size masked its greatness. This was no Greek lead-backed 5 sesterce Senatorial issue, no Mesopotamian flint Octet; nor was it the Great Arthurian lickable Morgan. No, it was a rather unimposing USPS gen-



eral issue, and yet it dwarfed even the greatest giants. It was the Hope Diamond of the stamp-set, the philatelist's folly. It bestrode the world like a colossus, and the wars spawned in its shadow were too numerous and bloody to be

recorded here.

It surfaced periodically throughout the next half-century, bearing its parcel of evil with it. The price was always C.O.D. Silent as starlight, irresistible to all eyes, it left legions of philatelists at war, with one another as well as their own private demons. It was a thing of pure, crystalline evil, as dark as the primal pit that spawned all philatelists. It is one of the Seven Deadly Stamps of man, and any person who feels the cautious tendrils of philately tugging at their mind must be aware of its existence.


So be wary, gentle reader, of entering into a hobby of which little is known and less is true. Stay at home with your comics, coins or shrunken heads, but for God's sake, don't go to the post office.

-ETKIN

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THE OPERATIONS RESEARCH GOING-OUT-OF-BUSINESS SALE!

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The following is an excerpt from the diary of Shemp Harrelson (withdrew September 1988, supposed to be Silliman '92), roommate of one Joe Talbot. They did not get along.

September 15: Dear Diary—great day!
10:35 I return from my intensive Spanish class to find Joe gone for his mid-morning weight training session. I make his bed and fold and iron his laundry. We're best buds. Joe is great, but can be such a slob. This isn't a pigsty, you know!!!

11:30 Adjust all of the knobs on Joe's stereo so they make a nice, symmetrical pattern. The music also sounds better.

12:30 Eat lunch with Joe; chastise him on his manners and enunciation. He's a cool guy, and we're pals and all, and I want to see him improve.

4:30 Joe still at his mid-afternoon weight training session; I take advantage of the time to rewind and reorganize his cassette tapes. I throw out the tapes without cases.

5:30 Joe returns from working out. I overhear his phone conversation with his girlfriend; he says he is going to drop Econ. He also yells at me, but I know it



is just his temper and means nothing. He'll feel better about me as soon as he turns on the stereo, anyway.

5:45 Joe leaves for his late-afternoon weight training session.

6:45 Throw away my Econ book—the class just won't be the same without Joe. I hope we don't drop any more classes, though.

7:00 Follow Joe to dinner. Sit two tables away. Have to eat with hallmate Poindexter Crulstein, but I watch Joe the whole time. Joe is one of my bro's, but he throws some tempch chunks at

me when I'm not looking.

8:00 "Pumping iron" with Joe in the Silliman weight room. I ask him to spot me, but he has to go home and wash his hair. I understand.

8:10 Work out with Poindexter instead. Spend 45 minutes trapped beneath 65 pounds of pure steel.

9:30 Go to bed.

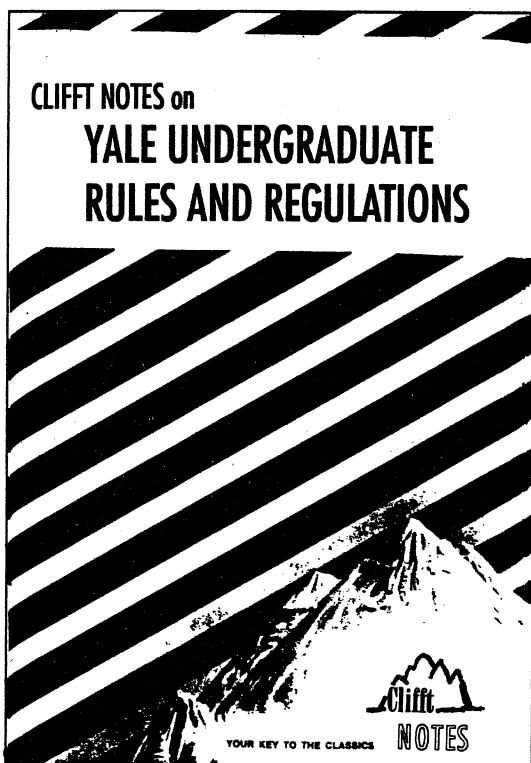
3 a.m. Awake with a start and Joe's size 12's on my skull as he climbs to the top bunk. Notice that I cannot move my arms, legs, fingers, neck or stomach, but feel noticeably studlier. Despite intense lactic acid build-up in every muscle in my body, I manage to twitch an eyelid at Joe, a gesture I'm sure he understood as, "No, really, our friendship is deeper than that."

September 16:

6:30 Wake up just in time to make my 8:30 Spanish class. When I see how late I'm running I get this incredible adrenaline rush and manage to move my legs enough to get to class. Unfortunately, I have lost the capacity to carry any books. But that's okay; Studs never takes his books to class earlier.

-KAYLIE

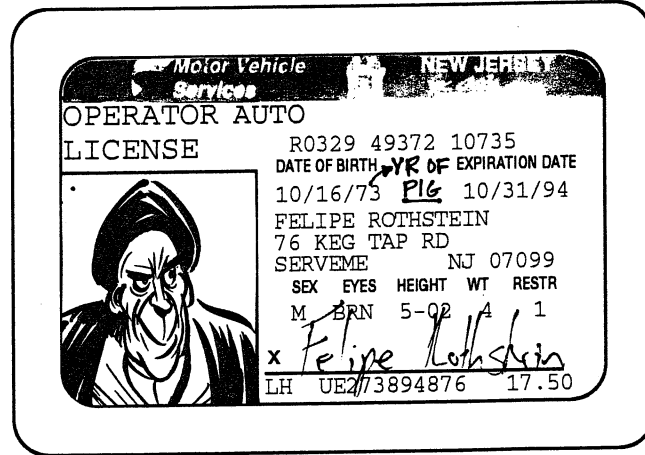
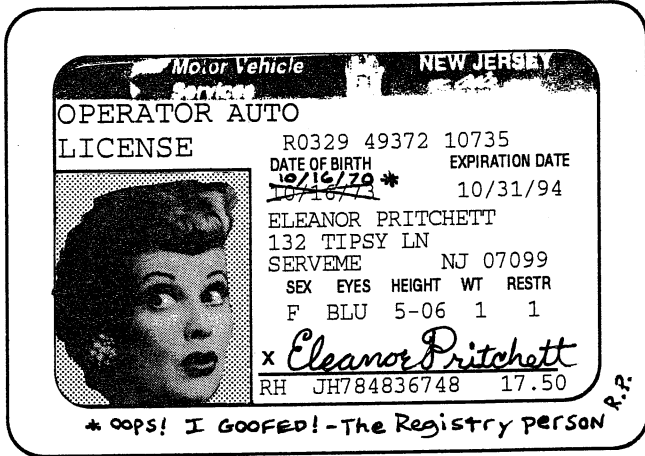
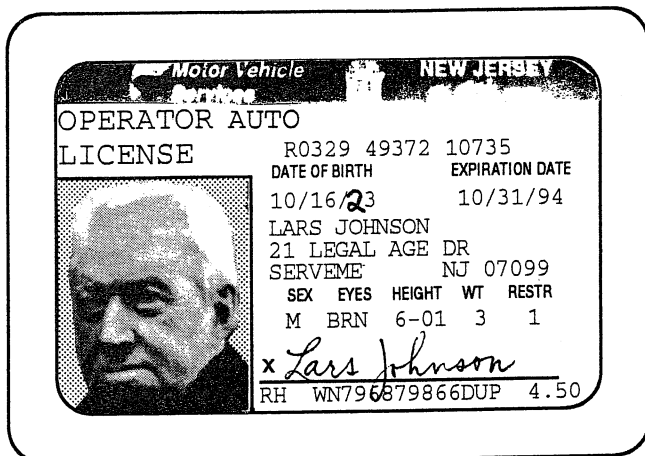
**We got you into Yale! We got you through D.S.! We got you through English 129!
Now we're here just to make sure you don't get kicked out!***




- Summaries of major rules and regulations
- Alternative interpretations of key rules
- Fold-out poster detailing step-by-step how to find loopholes

**On Sale at Your Major
Yale Bookstore**

** Cliff Notes are not a substitute for the text itself or for discussion of the text, and students who attempt to use them in this way are denying themselves the very education that they are presumably giving their most vital years to achieve.*





NAME:
NUMBER: 109-77-8976
EXPIRATION DATE: Tuesday
BIRTHDAY: 1/15/69
RESTRICTIONS: 4, 7, 14

I'M ALLOWED TO DRINK!

Official Yale Record Identification Card

Just have to get into Toad's? Stones playing again? Saw a really cute girl with really big hair stroll into Dem's? Under 21 and too puny to get past the bouncers who look like they could eat minors for a light snack? Sick of introductory paragraphs that begin with the old cliché of lots of rhetorical questions? Well, never fear! Just read ahead and never again use the excuse "Um ... I left my wallet at home."

The Record Guide to FAKE I.D.'s

- ▼ Method 1: Gain 50 Years! With a little creative penmanship, a 7 can look like a 2! Just tell the bouncer you use lots of Oil of Olay®. (Note: for those of you born in the eighties, try using Wite-Out™ on the left side of the 8. Now it's a 3!)
- ▼ Method 2: Oops! Heck, we all make mistakes. Who'll believe that the Department of Motor Vehicles is no exception? Just cross out the old date and write in a new one. Don't forget to forge the initials of the president of the DMV!
- ▼ Method 3: Cross-Cultural. Just what is 73? The Year of the Pig? It could be 1987, it could be 1942 — you don't know and neither will your bouncer! Warning: don't use to by a drink at Wah Fu.
- ▼ Method 4: Record Fake I.D. It'll work. Trust us!

Restriction Codes: 1. Corrective lenses 2. Automatic Transmission 3. Corrective lenses, automatic transmission, pacemaker, thinning hair, iron lung 4. Harelip 5. Cars only 6. UFO's only 7. Tends to drive 30 in passing lane 8. Tends to leave left turn-signal blinking indefinitely 9. No grasp of reality 10. No sense of humor 11. No clue 12. Not valid during Leap Years 13. Not valid during summer solstice 14. Only one prize awarded per contestant. For a complete list of prizewinners, write *The Yale Record*, PO Box 4732 Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520. 15. Never, never on a Sunday 16. Not transferable 17. Melts in your mouth, not in your hands 18. No purchase necessary 19. Some assembly required 20. Do not try this at home, we're paid professionals 21. *The Yale Record* takes no responsibility for anything, at all. Ever 22. Don't employ slash and burn farming methods 23. Do not eat 24. No deposit, no return.

Spiral Notebook News®

Newsletter for spiral notebook collectors and enthusiasts

By Aaron "Wide rule" Cooper

The temperature changes, yet life goes on in the enjoyable world of spiral notebook collecting... The Mead people remain quiet about their new 3-Subjects, to be issued this Fall. "Expect something big," says Jack Davis in the company's hole-punch division. As with last year's batch, these triple-gunners will first go to private shows before becoming available to the general public... A veteran collector, whom, in order to protect her anonymity, I'll identify only as "Andrea Higman of 322 Spruce Lane, St. Louis, Missouri, 63141," has silently acquired one of the few remaining 1954 DuoTang Limited Edition Perforateds. Your secret's safe with us, Andrea... Walgreen's is running an excellent sale on Stuart Mill 600's; check your local store... Everready AA batteries also on sale... In his comprehensive *Spiral Notebooks: The First 600 Billion Sheets* (\$21.95, Doubleday, 1992), Leonard Witt gives insight into the industry's origins. According to Witt, in 1931 Edgar L. Spiralnotebook invented the "paper pad," as it was then called. Within five years paper pads were owned by more than two-thirds of all American households, exceeding the total number for three-ring binders and clipboards combined... Have you ever eaten spaghetti completely raw? It tastes really bad... Special exhibit at the Houston Show, November 12-15: the original press plates from the 1970 Wide-Rules. Organizers say all 28 horizontals as well as the margin-line

News Flash!

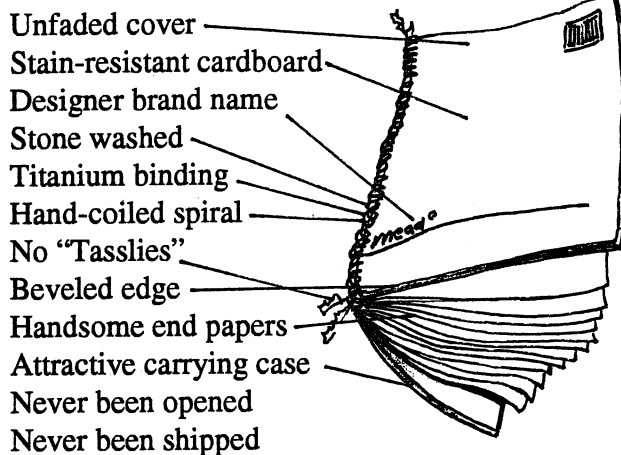
The Spiral Review Board has released its standard notebook gradations for the season; not many changes from the summer:

1. Mint condition (best).
2. Near Mint.
3. Nearly Near Mint
4. So Close to Near Mint you can almost taste it.
5. Peppermint.
6. Very good.
5. Poor condition (worst)

What to Watch For

A beginners' guide

Any of these factors will increase the value of your spiral notebook considerably.



remain intact and visible... Next week the National Education Association will hold a much-delayed referendum on whether or not teachers should accept assignments done on spiral notebook pages. Expect big opposition from Mrs. Preston of Northshore High in Wichita... When a four-year-old kid asks me about potential equity-returns on '88 Roaring Spring 2-Pockets (great in "leaf-green," by the way), I start to wonder what's happened to our hobby. Remember when it wasn't profit-margins but the margins themselves that mattered?

Vern's RPAT

**a tiny test for Yalies
from a wild and crazy guy!**



"Sa-a-y! That's not so ba-a-d!!" For starters, always stick to the small ones.

Hi. I'm Vernon Stewart. My friends call me Vern. Coupla days ago some smart-aleck Yalie came into my shop in Fingerbone River, Nebraska and started running off at the mouth about how we mechanics don't know nothin' about nothin'. Well, I'll ask you somethin' — how many of you stuck-up, hoity-toity city slickers can replace both cams and an aluminum header in under three hours? None of you? Well, that's what I thought. But I'll tell you who can — Vernon Stewart, hotrod racer-repairman, that's whom.

So to prove that you don't know a gasket from a catalytic converter, I present you with my Rodding Proficiency Aptitude Test (RPAT). Good luck. We'll see which one of us has a job after you graduate.

Anthropology:

- 1) What is the difference between an anthropologist and an archaeologist? (5 points)
- 2) What is the difference between an anthropologist and Indiana Jones? (7 points)
- 3) What is the difference between an anthropologist and a hotrod repairman? (10 points)
- 4) How many *National Geographic* photojournalists can you fit in the LaBrea tar pits? (20 points)

Biology:

- 1) Grasshoppers will almost never initiate a violent or sexual encounter if they approach one another from the side. Why, then, does anyone find them worth studying? Hint: Remember the Alamo. (5 points)
- 2) The Apache Indians believed that every animal had enough brain mass to smear over its entire body. Explain the fundamental flaw in this belief. (10 points)
Important: Deduct 5 points for mentioning "Darwin" or "surface area." Add 7 points for every mention of "hotrod."
- 3) Reconstruct Kennedy's brain using recombinant starfish DNA and a Bunsen burner. (25 points)

Classics:

The term "hotrod" was:

- a) Augustus' second favorite battle cry, after "It's clobberin' time!!"
- b) The name of the 13th muse, who was too wild to run with the pack.
- c) An obscure term recurrent in Horace's later odes; literally translated it

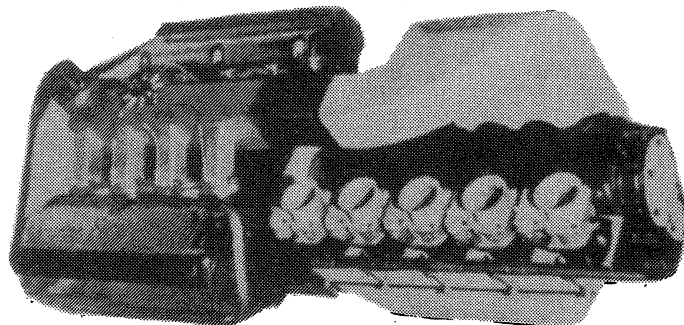
means "he who is made impotent from eating too much lead and must therefore leave the orgy immediately."

- d) Probably invented by a smelly Visigoth and should never be used in mixed company.

Extra Credit: Quietly attend a large Group II lecture (Scully, Von Staden, etc.). Wait until the professor asks a rhetorical question difficult enough to hush the room. Stand up with great flair and pride and shout, "I'm Spartacus!" Walk out defiantly. (15 points)

Economics:

- 1) Calculate the Laffer growth curve, for a line of poseable Kenner action figures based on the Naples staff. (7 points)
- 2) Sell crack to your friends. With the profits from each fiscal quarter, organize a bacchanalian orgy the likes of which haven't been seen since Caesar's day. (Only 2 points, but a hell of a boost for the reputation of economists everywhere.)



Can you name this unit? Neither could Augustus.

English:

- 1) Find anagrams for the phrase "Tether the Dodo." Publish in *Zirkus*. (1 point per anagram. Double word score for any phrase containing the word hotrod.)
- 2) There are 12 references to hotrods in Whitman's *Song of Myself*. Find them. (2 points per reference)
- 3) In essay form, please discuss the influence of John Donne's slug fetish on his later poetry. Points will be given to the essayist whose paper smells the most like jasmine (jasmine drives me crazy).

History:

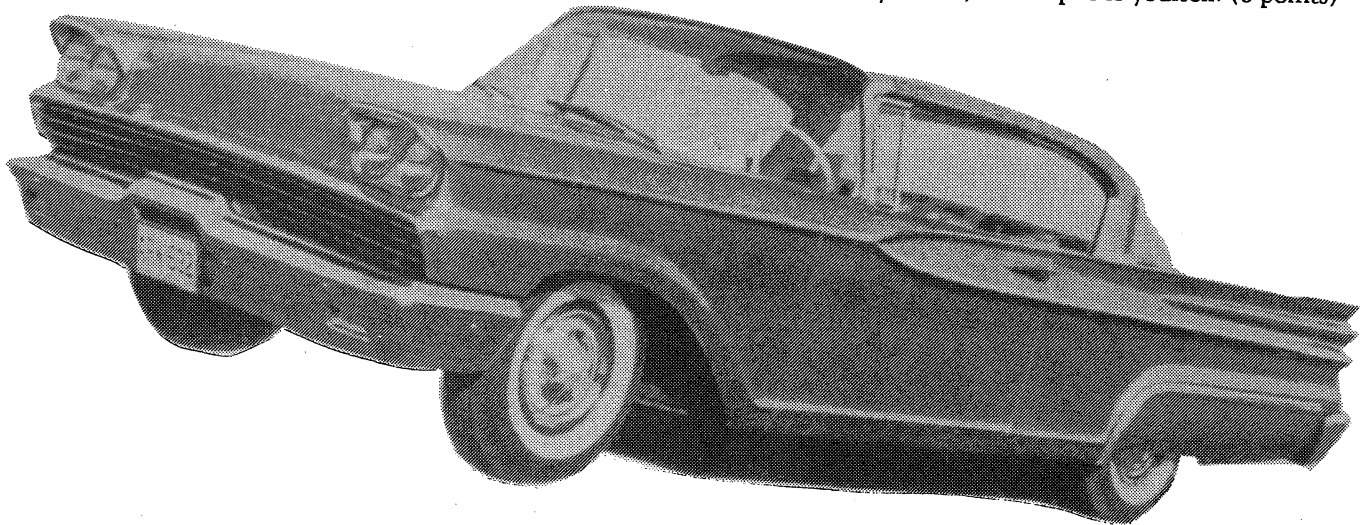
- 1) Write a five-page essay on anything. Go to question 2. Do not go to question 2 until you have completed your paper.
- 2) Count the number of times the word hotrod was mentioned in your essay. Give yourself (you got it!!!) 75 points for each time. As a bonus, you may go back to question 1.
- 3) Postulate a feasible scenario for World War III with the condition that it be fought by guys in hotrods. (23 points)

Math:

- 1) Copy the Japanese translation of your stereo instructions on the back of this paper and mail it to your TA. With any luck, he or she will mistake them for abstract number theory equations and develop a chronic tick in both eyelids. (10 points)
- 2) Come up with some more symbols for constants. There is a real market for these as mathematicians have just used up all of the old Greek ones. Give yourself 3 points for each symbol that looks like a hotrod component.
- 3) The Google is a number so large that it gets its own proper noun. The Google Plex is even more impressive. Calculate the probability of a math major scoring with Claudia Schiffer or Bruce Willis. Write down the answer to the nearest Google. (10 points)

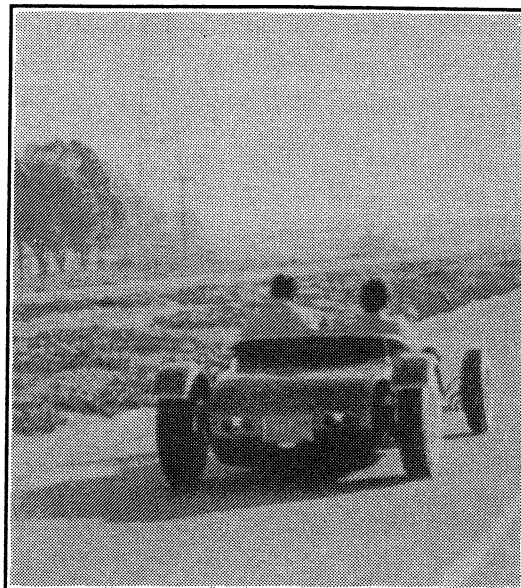
Psychology:

- 1) Argue from the perspectives of Freud and Piaget about the image of the hotrod as both phallic symbol and a desire to return to the womb. (12 points)
- 2) Obtain a large glossy blow-up of a neuron. Superimpose this on the dorsal view of a hotrod. Draw whatever conclusion you like, but keep it to yourself. (6 points)



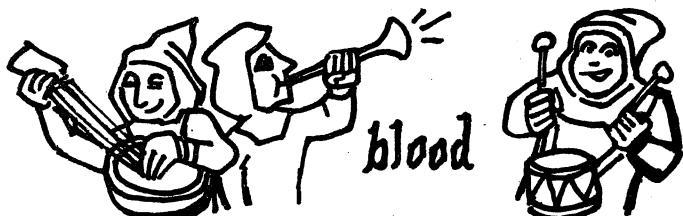
Ratings Key:

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------------|
| 0-5 points | Novice Greasemonkey |
| 6-20 points | Matchbox Mechanic |
| 21-25 points | Pitstop Gopher |
| 26-40 points | Hubcap Thief |
| 41-65 points | Smelly Dirt-Merchant |
| 66-80 points | Pinto Chauffeur |
| 81-95 points | Piss-Boy |
| 96-100 points | Apprenticed Axle-Jock |
| A Google | Vernon Stewart |



"That's all, folks!" Vern and his wife enjoy a leisurely drive in the country. Car handles well in traffic and has proved very reliable in everyday use.

All Teachers...



Richard Gerrig— Associate Professor of Psychology — relates his beliefs on blood.

Record: Are you familiar with the four humors?

Professor Gerrig: Sure.

R: And the belief that those who were sanguine had too much blood?

G: Yeah, sure.

R: Okay, to start off generally, do you have any opinions of sanguine people?

G: Well, it depends on the circumstances under which they're being sanguine. If I offer an opinion, and they sanguinely agree with me, that's perfectly fine. But if they're being sanguine about things with which I disagree, that gives me cause for contempt.

R: Is sanguinity something that can change day to day?

G: Sure, oh absolutely. You should know this by Friday (Intro Psych mid-term), in the sense that situations control behavior. I mean, no one in the Milgram movie was saying, "Oh Yeah, gee, great. Yeah, let's fry the hell out of them." So, given the situation, it's sometimes hard for people to be sanguine.

R: Well, I ask that because there was just a blood drive, and I was wondering if people are less sanguine after they donate blood.

G: Sure, sure, and, you know, if you have too much lunch, all that bile ...

R: What professions do sanguine people tend to enter?

G: I don't know. I guess phlebotomists, is that the appropriate name for people who draw blood? Maybe butchers.

R: Vampires?

G: Yeah, vampires. A lust for blood ... Metaphorically, I'd guess they'd all want to be American Gladiators. I want to be an American Gladiator.

R: Do sanguine people tend to become psychologists?

G: I would have to say no. I think there is something antithetical to being sort of chipper and cheerful and unquestioning that does not lend itself well to any scientific endeavor. A scientist can't have the sort of personality that's going to lead them to say, "Yep, good enough for me!" You have to be just right. I would say every member of the Yale Psychology Department has exactly the right amount of blood.

— RAST

Peter Moore — Professor of Chemistry and Molecular Biophysics and Biochemistry — discusses black bile.

Record: Excuse me, professor, but what are your feelings on black bile?

Professor Moore: On what?

R: Allow me to explain. Are you at all familiar with Hippocrates' theory of the body consisting of these four bodily fluids, and if so, what is the chemical formula of black bile?

M: Well, I couldn't tell you the *exact* chemical formula of black bile, although I am aware that it consists of a series of cholesterol salts and hemoglobin that acts as a sort of detergent which is stored in the gall bladder. For a more accurate description I'd suggest looking it up in a good Physiology text book....

R: That's okay. Is it really black?

M: I doubt even Hippocrates himself could have told you the chemical formula of black bile, and I'm not even sure how he came up with the idea of "black" bile to tell you the truth.

R: I'm sure you're aware that Hippocrates is considered the "Father of Medicine" and thus an obviously important figure in the world of science. Shouldn't the scientific community be embarrassed to acknowledge Hippocrates' obviously inane theory?

M: Like so many other situations in science, 99 percent of the time the theory turns out to be wrong. Hippocrates was just unlucky.

R: So what would a 1 Molar solution of black bile look like? Would it be huge?

M: Sorry, but I can't help you out. Once again, I'd suggest a good Physiology text book....

R: Last question: Will there be any questions about black bile on the next hour test?

M: No comment.

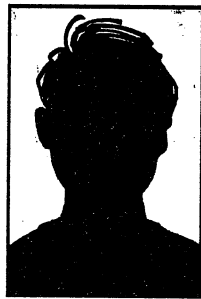
— HELLMAN



THIS ISSUE'S TOPIC: THE FOUR BODILY HUMORS



Alexander Purves — Professor of Architectural Design and Acting Dean of the School of Architecture — cholericly denies us an interview about yellow bile at 9:40 p.m. on Sunday night. You would, too.



Phone rings...

Professor Purves: Hello?

Record: Hi, Dr. Purves?

P: Yes.

R: Uh ... my name is Jon Andrews. I'm calling for the Yale Record and I'm very sorry to bother you so late, and the reason is that we are very close to our deadline and we need this interview and I was wondering if you would consent to a very short on-the-phone interview.

P: Um ... right now?

R: Yeah.

P: Why?

R: Yeah, right now — is that okay?

P: Yeah, well ... um ... can you tell me what you're ... what the purpose of the interview is?

R: Well, we're doing an article on the four humors. We interview great professors ... last year we did the El Camino. This year we're doing the four humors: blood, yellow bile, black bile, and uh, phlegm. But ... you'd be doing yellow bile.

P: I see. I think this is not the right time to ask me about yellow bile.

R: Okay ... so you're not in the mood for yellow bile at the moment?

P: No, not at this moment.

R: Oh, okay.

P: Yeah.

R: Sorry to bother you.

P: Yeah.

R: Bye.

— ANDREWS

William di Canzio—playwright, Lecturer in English and Theater Studies, and Dean of Trumbull College—talks about phlegm.



Record: Let's start with the obvious. Who was the most phlegmatic playwright ever?

Professor di Canzio: There are no phlegmatic playwrights.

R: Why not?

dC: Playwrighting is the very opposite of phlegm—it is not calm and sluggish at all, but rather, it dispenses entirely with prose in favor of pure emotion. Couldn't we just talk about playwrighting instead?

R: How do you spell that?

dC: P-l-a-y-w-r-i-g-h-t-i-n-g. That's because one does not write a play, one wroughts a play.

R: I see. So if phlegm were a writer, who would it be?

dC: I'm thinking that maybe phlegm would write catalogs and commentaries on artifacts—just so long as whatever phlegm was doing was rhythmic and quantitative.

R: Pope?

dC: No, there's nothing sluggish about Pope: he's intellectual brilliance subjected to tight form and discipline.

R: So phlegm is undisciplined?

dC: There's nothing to discipline. Phlegm is not struggling at all, but is by nature even-keeled.

R: So what changes can we expect in the post-MTV literature, as it were, as a result of this phlegm increase?

dC: I'm reminded of an undergraduate by the name of Anarcholo who requested a dean's excuse claiming his life was no longer less than zero, but zero to the power of alef naught. He's cryptic, but I took him to be alluding to phlegm, and we should remember Pound's statement that artists are the antennae of the race, the most sensitive part of the animal. Anarcholo was onto something there ... I forget whether he got the dean's excuse.

R: So you think Anarcholo was making a prediction about phlegm?

dC: Anarcholo would not be so vulgar as to make a direct prediction about phlegm, but rather he leaves it up to us to deconstruct his remark and draw our own conclusions about phlegm, or better, to draw none at all.

— GREEN



GREAT AND small

October 16, 1992

To: Graduate Student Teaching Assistants

From: Richard Levin, Dean of the Graduate School

As per GESO request, here is the "E-Z Paper Grading Guide." I hope this ~~keeps you out of our hair~~ makes your life as graduate students easier. In addition, I have recently become aware that some of you are fond of calling me "Bubbles." Cut it out now.

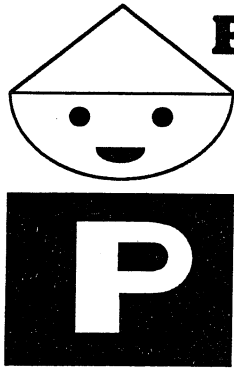
1— **History:** Key Phrase - should include course title. Example (Change and Continuity in Colombian Agriculture 324a): "Much change has occurred in *Colombian agriculture* since the dawn of humankind; yet through it all, there is the continuity of addictive substances." Remember to raise the paper one-half grade per semi-colon. Important for German History TA's: Give A to any paper that includes both the words "hegemony" and "zeitgeist."

2 — **History of Art:** Key Phrase - "medium as a vehicle." Example (History of Roller Derby Performance Art 511b): "Ever since the dawn of man, roller artists have tried to use their *medium as a vehicle* to express dissatisfaction with social power structures."

3 — **English:** Key Phrases - "death and renewal," "spiritual cleansing." Example (Britcom Scripts 249b): "In episode 28 of Thomas the Leprous Accountant, Thomas experiences *death and renewal* when he forgets to bring book back to the library, and the librarian feeds his arm into the microfiche projector. Thomas thanks the librarian, and in an act of *spiritual cleansing*, shoves a bottle of rubbing alcohol up her bum."

4 — **Religious Studies:** Key Phrases - "comprehend the unknown element," "omniscient divine force . . . against our free will." Example (Culinary Mysticism 777a): "Since the dawn of humankind, many have tried to *comprehend the unknown element* within brown sauce. Many gurus perceive that a *omniscient divine force* has given us the sauce *against our free will*."

5 — **American Studies:** Key phrase- "modern social ills." Example (Formation of Modern American Greed 213a): "Perhaps the most influential kneejerk against the counterculture of the sixties since the dawn of time was the 1968 Harvard Pre-Med Riot. This cataclysmic uprising, which made Harvard Yard famous, is the root of all *modern social ills*." Remember, yesterday's culture is today's problem!



PRESIDENTIAL COLOURFORMES®

Welcome to the wonderful world of *Record* Colourformes®! Simply cut the Colourformes out, rub them against your forehead, and stick them down on pages 18 and 19. You'll get hours and hours of innocent pleasure out of these little critters! Bone up on the candidates' personal quirks on the Playcandidate pages, then bend them to your every whim. Perhaps you'll choose to join Clinton's head with Perot's body and put him in the Oval Office. Or perhaps you'll connect Millie's torso to Chelsea's legs, add on Al Gore's head and a NRA cap, and banish your hideous new creation to the dungeon, where it belongs. Good luck!

DEMOCRATS



Bill



Hillary



Chelsea



Al



Tipper

REPUBLICANS



George



Barbara



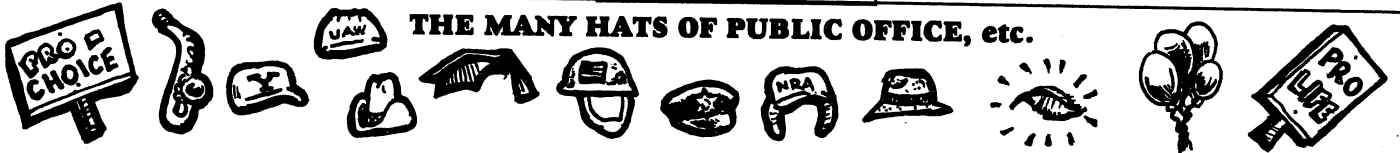
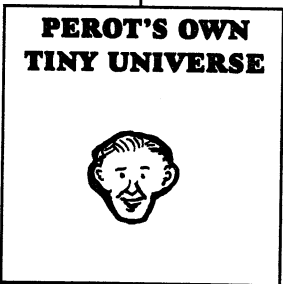
Millie



Danny



Marilyn



THE MANY HATS OF PUBLIC OFFICE, etc.

DRESS THEM UP, DRESS THEM DOWN, CROSS-DRESS THEM! WE DON'T CARE!



X President Clinton X President W. Clinton
X President Bill Clinton X President William Clinton

PLAYBOY

PLAYCANDIDATE DATA SHEET

NAME: William "Bill" Clinton

BUST: 40 WAIST: 44 HIPS: 40

HEIGHT: 6'3" WEIGHT: >120 lb

BIRTH DATE: 6/14/48 BIRTHPLACE: 1200 Smoot Lane, RR #6

AMBITIONS: To be PRESIDENT & have a fling w/ MADONNA! Like JFK!

TURN-ONS: The beach, Auto Racing, Police Work, Tipper, Surpriseme!

TURN-OFFS: Boss Perot's DISGUSTING Ears, Dumb Rules
Inequality (Yuck!), Hillary's Chin Hair (Double Yuck!!)

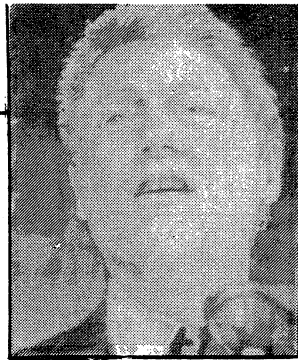
HAIR-CARE SECRETS: Lather, Rinse, REPEAT! Air Dry never blow!

SEXY IS: Chugging up the muddy miss with my
motorboat and Hillary on Autopilot! GRRR!

LOVE RULES: No hot rods, no tattoos, no freaks, and
to be home by 11 on school nights! Don't Date Republicans
unless they pick up the check!

PASSIONS: Safe, Affordable, National Health Care,
Baseball, Economic Revitalization, Free Trade Agreements

Apple Pie, Abortion Rights, stronger tariffs, middle class



5th grade B-day! Ketchup Binge!

Like my new hair?

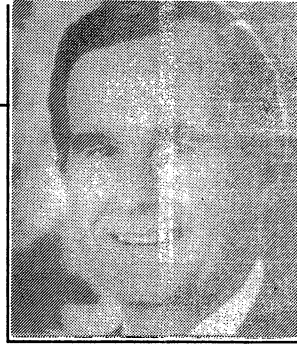
Bill Clinton
W.C. Clinton

tax cut
musicians
Israeli
log
guarantees
gun safety
Clinton
and
Volunteering!



PLAYBOY

PLAYCANDIDATE DATA SHEET



NAME: George Herbert Walker Bush

BUST: 26 WAIST: 38 HIPS: 26

HEIGHT: 6'2" WEIGHT: 200

BIRTH DATE: 6/14/26 BIRTHPLACE: Pepperidge Farms, Greenwich

AMBITIONS: To look as old as Barbara before she croaks!

TURN-ONS: Horseshoes, naugahyde, khakis, duck boots,
turtlenecks, golf carts

TURN-OFFS: Ross Perot's little ferret head, cultural elite,
libertarians, broccoli and other leafy greens, Dan Quayle

FUN SECRETS: Get active! Get a \$4 million summer house in
Kennebunkport! Hire Arnold Schwarzenegger to be your personal fitness
trainer! (Avoid his wife)

SEXY IS: Dan Rostenkowski in a Liana Ashley sundress

FANTASY: sucking guava jam out of Barbara's navel in the
Millard Filmore mud room!

PASSIONS: hands-off government, woodworking, family,
values, family values, the NRA, the PGA, NWA,
competitiveness, equality for Negroes, bluegrass, walking tall, ham



Venus of Kennebunkport



RAMBO IV

broccoli
broccoli
broccoli



Quayle
Quale
Quail
Quail
Keweenaw

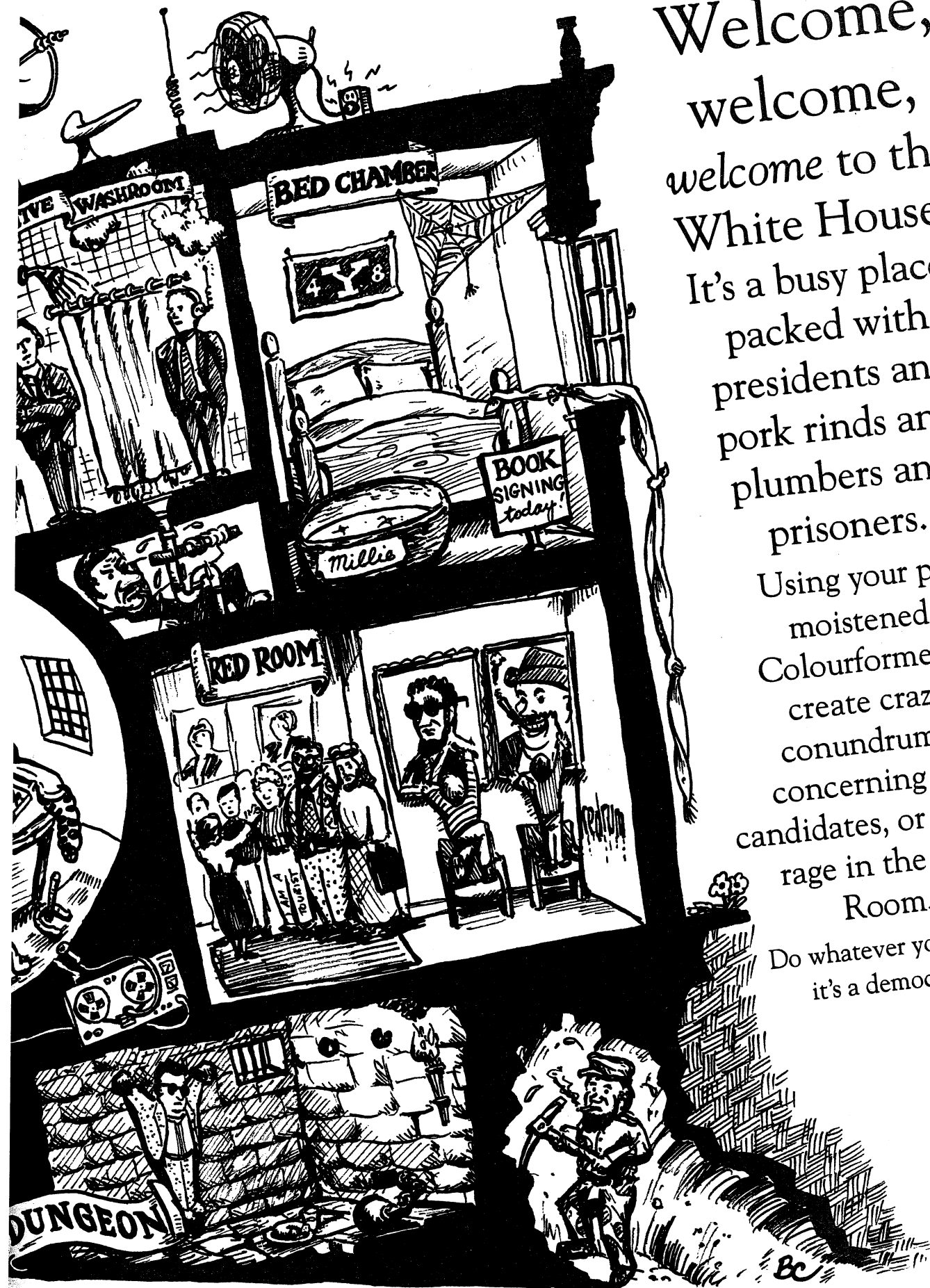




Welcome,
welcome,
welcome to the
White House!
It's a busy place,
packed with
presidents and
pork rinds and
plumbers and
prisoners.

Using your pre-
moistened
Colourformes[®],
create crazy
conundrums
concerning the
candidates, or stage a
rage in the Red
Room.

Do whatever you want—
it's a democracy.





'iscourse on Room-mates

a most helpful guide by
Niccolo Machiavelli



There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to spend nine months of your life living with members of the unwashed many, forced to bear their intolerable whinings and gorgings in pleasures of flesh and drink. The first step to securing power and influence over your principality is to protect yourself from their petty concerns. Strong walls and strong arms are the best route to peaceful college life. Consider erecting barricades and mounting upon them the heads of your enemies. For those who have no choice but to share their chambers with others, I do graciously submit for consultation this *Discourse on Room-mates* as a guide to the establishment of proper relations with such underlings:

- The chief foundation of all shared rooms, new as well as old, are good laws and good arms. Sit with your new room-mates the first day and establish the rules and edicts of the ground. Should they dissent, make the consequences clear.

- When neither their property nor their honor is touched, the majority of men live content. Discourse upon the importance of sharing common property; the commoner the property, the better - namely their own. Meanwhile



take pains to emphasize that you do not wish to catch anyone "borrowing" the things that you possess. Protect your possessions at all costs from those who would rob you of what is rightfully yours. Once more, retainment of foreign mercenaries in your employ can be useful to this extent, as long as they understand as well that they are your possessions.

- There are three classes of intellects: one which comprehends by itself; another which appreciates what others comprehend; and a third which neither comprehends by itself nor by the showing of others. Groups founded for Study can be enriching and helpful — for everyone else. As a mind of superior craft and intellect, joint-studying is nothing more than an invitation to intellectual squalor and academic folly. Refuse any invitations to help others study; or better, accept the invitation and dissemble so that your room-mates may fail. It is wise to demand ample reward for the services you have rendered, particularly since you will require strong walls and strong arms when they unveil your treachery.

- It matters not how often the fat little slob who sleeps in the bottom bunk may implore

you, at no time should you dine together with your room-mates in the Great Halls of Dining. Despite the claims they make, the food is bad. And probably poisoned. Cultivation of your own foodstuffs is essential to secure your person against such obstacles. Should your room-mates prove sufficiently gullible, you may allot them small plots of land to till in your employ. Guard carefully against agricultural sabotage and minor revolutions. A gullible taster may prove useful as well.

- Never relinquish your guard nor relent in your schemes. Opportunities may come at any time, day or night. By making soft clicking sounds as your room-mates slumber, you can deprive them of their needed sleep and solidify your power. Let your illustrious prominence undertake this task therefore with the courage and hope that belong to just enterprises, so that your college career may be ennobled and your GPA enlivened. What people will deny you their obedience? This opportunity must not slip; take pains therefore to execute the advice herein and nevermore let the dwellers in your room hamper your ambition.



We Snagged the Best On-Campus Jobs...

It's over. Mom and Dad have come and gone, and you got *nada*. You wanted that cute little folding computer. You needed a futon, and if you don't find some new underwear soon things are gonna get ugly. You need a job. Unfortunately, you're starting a little late—all the good jobs have been taken. Or have they?

ACADEMIC YEAR 1992 - 1993

REQUISITION FOR UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT EMPLOYEE(S)
Yale University Student Employment Office
5 Wright Hall, Old Campus

IMPORTANT: See Reverse Side For Instructions

Requisition# 53

I. Requesting Supervisor Dr. Richard Grieg Dept. Psychology
Address Kirtland Hall Phone 2-5666

TOTAL OPENINGS: 10 NO. OF REHIRS: 0 REMAINING OPEN POSITIONS 10

Position Description: Please provide brief job description(s) and best estimate of work schedule(s).

Test subject: philosophy majors needed to participate in ground-breaking existential research. Applicants must have had complete physical exam (including the uncomfortable part) within 2 years of application. Must not be afraid of spiders or experience stress when alone for extended periods of time (2-3 yrs). Must enjoy torment.

Work schedule: Hours per week 168 Days per week 7 A.M. P.M.

Duration of Job: Academic Year 3 One Semester Only: Fall Spring

ACADEMIC YEAR 1992 - 1993

REQUISITION FOR UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT EMPLOYEE(S)
Yale University Student Employment Office
5 Wright Hall, Old Campus

IMPORTANT: See Reverse Side For Instructions

Requisition# 27

I. Requesting Supervisor Gollum Dept. Library
Address 5th basement, Sterling Mem. Library Phone 2-7246

TOTAL OPENINGS: 40 NO. OF REHIRS: 2 REMAINING OPEN POSITIONS 38

Position Description: Please provide brief job description(s) and best estimate of work schedule(s).

Library Assistant: students wanted to reshelve books, write numbers on index cards, and eat paste. No experience necessary; none gained. Applicants must be willing to act sullen and unresponsive in the event of an emergency, and will be expected to pee into Mason Jar on national holidays

Work schedule: Hours per week 10 Days per week 3 A.M. P.M.

Duration of Job: Academic Year One Semester Only: Fall Spring



For You!

ACADEMIC YEAR 1992-1993

REQUISITION FOR UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT EMPLOYEE(S)
 Yale University Student Employment Office
 5 Wright Hall, Old Campus

IMPORTANT: See Reverse Side For Instructions

Requisition# 92

I. Requesting Supervisor D. Engelman Dept. Administration
 Address Meet at Pierson Sage Garage, level 2 Phone 2-6529

TOTAL OPENINGS: 1 NO. OF REQUIRES: 0 REMAINING OPEN POSITIONS 1

Position Description: Please provide brief job description(s) and best estimate of work schedule(s).

Scapegoat: student needed to accept responsibility, blame for faculty cuts, the Yale Free Press, and financial ruin.

Work schedule: Hours per week NA Days per week — A.M. — P.M. —
until 11:30

Duration of Job: ~~Academic Year~~ plus over One Semester Only: — Fall — Spring —

ACADEMIC YEAR 1992 - 1993

REQUISITION FOR UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT EMPLOYEE(S)
 Yale University Student Employment Office
 5 Wright Hall, Old Campus

IMPORTANT: See Reverse Side For Instructions

Requisition# 68

I. Requesting Supervisor L. Amour Dept. Relations
 Address Stately Georgian w/ Beaded Curtains Phone 2-5683

TOTAL OPENINGS: 53 NO. OF REQUIRES: — REMAINING OPEN POSITIONS detailed in staff manual
 Position Description: Please provide brief job description(s) and best estimate of work schedule(s).

Student Escort: hearty young men + women needed to provide discreet entertainment for visiting luminaries and senior faculty members. Must have integrity and work well with machines. Must enjoy getting naked. \$5.90 per hour, \$6.30 w/ grape jelly. Hours are flexible if you are.

Work schedule: Hours per week 10 Days per week 3 A.M. — P.M. —

Duration of Job: Academic Year ✓ One Semester Only: — Fall ✓ Spring ✓

(applicants should be able to alternate quickly between the two.)

THE RANDOM TOLLBOOTH

by Hank Michael

There was once a boy named Milo who, as a child, was a gigantic dud. Luckily, his adventure through the Phantom Tollbooth had changed him. The next ten years he studied round-the-clock, did well, wrote a ridiculous essay about bad breath, and got into a prestigious monosyllabic college. Once there, he awoke every day eager to learn. From the deadly dull to downright useless, Milo licked it up like salt water taffy. Knowledge, he believed, was valuable in and of itself.

Yet, three years later, things had changed. He scorned his professors. He lacked motivation. The weather stayed pooppy. The thrill was gone.

"It seems to me that almost every class is a waste of time," Milo remarked one day, as he walked dejectedly home from section. "I can't see the point in learning to deconstruct structural functionalist narratives, or to synthesize complex polypeptide chains, or to eliminate post-conditional perspective from the historical record. Butt-kissing and BS are all that really matter." And, since no one bothered to explain otherwise, he knew that he was absolutely, totally right.

Once home, he looked glumly at all the things he owned. The books that were too much trouble to read, the bed he'd never bothered to make, the small electric automobile that left a long longitudinal crease along his butt when he sat on it—and the hundreds of other newspapers and pencils, and beer bottles and hallucinogenics, and bits and pieces scattered around him. And then, to one side of the room, standing atop a pile of overdue library books, he noticed a large particleboard box he had seen only once before, on which read the message:

"ONE GENUINE TURNPIKE TOLLBOOTH, FOR USE BY THOSE WHO NEED ENCOURAGEMENT, ADVICE, OR ARE CONSIDERING GRADUATE SCHOOL"

The Tollbooth, miraculously, had returned.

"How very random," thought Milo, stunned. Yet instead of feeling relief, his mouth was laced with the salty taste of violent, personal, bloody retribution.

"They got me into this mess," fumed Milo, staring at the notes for his half-finished *History of Unimportant Things*. "It's time someone ended this cruel educational ruse, and put small children back in front of the TV, where adults like me can make money off them." With that, he scooped up his few remaining quarters, tossed them in the Tollbooth, climbed in to Lil' BurnRubber (his electric car, which actually had plastic wheels), and roared pell-mell into the Lands Beyond.

Before long Milo saw in the distance the towers and flags of Dictionopolis sparkling in the sunshine. Tock the watchdog lay alongside the road, his alarm clock ringing madly.

"You are terribly late, Milo. That just won't do," he said reprovingly. "You realize, of course, that two tardies equals an absence."

Milo accelerated briskly, swerved, and caught Tock square in the kidneys, sending him spiraling over the windshield and back into the depths of the Doldrums.

"Punctuality is for factory workers, fieldhands and functionaries," hissed Milo to no one in particular, shifting his car to "Turbo Pursuit."



Upon Milo's approach, the gateman outside the city announced, "This is Dictionopolis, a happy kingdom advantageously located by the Valley of Verbosity, and ruled by King Azaz the Loquacious. No where else are words quite so bountiful, so well-loved, so precisely employed...Oh!"

Before the gateman could finish, Milo had flung the words 'quagmire,' 'flabbergast,' and 'upholstery' at the gateman's head, words that he had picked up during his last visit and which had proven utterly useless. They hit home with a satisfying, hollow-sounding "T-H-O-K." Milo then whipped into the town square, crashed through several market stalls full of profanities, knocked over a barrel of ethnic slurs, and got out.

Milo wandered up and down the aisles looking at the gigantic assortment of words for sale. There were short and easy ones to use with foreigners and stupid people, and long and ill-defined ones for aptitude tests and girlfriends' parents, but those he didn't know made him frustrated. He overturned the stalls, doused them in Kingston lighter fluid, and left them a raging fireball. He found only two new

words of interest—"discombobulate" and "goiters." He put them in the trunk and set out in search of King Azaz.

"Perhaps I can be of some assistance—a-s-s-i-s-t-a-n-c-e," buzzed a familiar voice, and when Milo looked down he saw a bloated old insect bumbling around in the dirt. It was the Spelling Bee.

"Fraid not," answered Milo. "Turns out, I've got a spell-checker which obviated—o-b-v-i-a-t-e-d—the need for six years of spelling class, and you as well. A-d-i-e-u, m-o-n c-h-e-r b-e-s-t-i-o-l-e!" Milo tipped 'Lil BurnRubber over onto the bee, which squished it. A faint, incorrect spelling of "h-e-m-m-o-r-a-g-e" escaped before all grew silent.

As Milo was righting his electric car, King Azaz emerged from his commodious Castle of Circumlocution, followed by an Air of Undeserved Superiority. He noted Milo's handiwork, popped a succulent 'Æ' in his mouth, and spoke.

"Oh, dear," he murmured. "This is all wrong. Perhaps, Milo, if you studied five years of linguistics, you'd feel differently. GRE's are on Tuesday."

Milo subdued the king with a blow to the neck, tied his hands tightly with piano wire, and stuffed his mouth full of

bulky clumps of 'Shhh's. He then wrote a Royal Proclamation, and stapled it to the gate. It read:

FROM THIS DAY FORTH, ALL NEW WORDS MUST INCLUDE THE BUSHMAN '!', A STRING OF FOUROR MORE REPEATED VOWELS, AND EVOKE IMAGES OF SULTRY LATIN WOMEN. SIGNED, THE KING.



Milo climbed in his car and sped off towards Digitopolis, leaving the flaming remains of Dictionopolis behind.

Along the way, Milo bumped into several of his old acquaintances—Discord and Dyne, The Humbug, Alec the Floating Boy, Mayby and Canby, The Everpresent Wordsnatcher, and several others who had helped him along during his last adventure. Mostly, he ran them over, but a few he threw things at, and the Humbug he manhandled personally. "Power is really far more rewarding than knowledge," concluded Milo, picking flakes of chitinous exoskeleton out from under his finger-

nails. I think I'll become an absolutist despot when I get back to reality—that, or a grade-school gym teacher."

Soon, the flags and towers of Digitopolis were visible on the horizon. The road was rough and heavily pitted; occasionally a bump forced him to pull an inadvertent wheelie, causing his bottom to scrape painfully against the pavement. Although the signs posted the speed limit in miles, kilometers, feet, inches, picas, leagues, and furlongs per hour, he ignored them all and pressed on still faster. Milo crashed through the gate and skidded to a stop, describing a long hyperbolic curve as he shuddered to a halt.

The Mathemagician rushed out to meet Milo before he could dynamite a rich vein of 'π's,' 'β's,' and 'δ's' in the nearby Number Mine. He was dressed in a long flowing T-shirt covered entirely with complex Star Trek trivia and a tall pointed cap that made him look like a fool.

"Please don't hurt me," he whimpered, hiding between two parentheses and a pair of brackets, "but don't be rash. Large, complex, symbol-laden equations are important for lots of things, like finding square roots of imaginary numbers and determinating stochastic processes. Really."

Milo dealt with him just as he had with King Azaz, except that he stuffed his mouth with ticker-tape and an old protractor instead. He set the Axiom Archives aflame and stapled another Royal Proclamation to the gate. It read:

FROM THIS DAY FORTH, EVERY NEW NUMBER
MUST INCLUDE A FACTORIAL (!),
USE COMPUTER-READABLE BAR CODES,
AND EVOKE IMAGES OF ALBINO WILDEBEASTS.
SIGNED, THE KING.

After dividing all the numbers in the city by zero, leaving Digitopolis undefined, Milo began the arduous drive to the Castle in the Air, home of the Princesses of Sweet Rhyme and Pure Reason. The road lead straight through the harrowing Foothills of Feigned Ignorance, home of busybody roommates and greedy curve-busters. Few encountered these snotty little demons and emerged unscathed.

After rounding a few bends, Milo pulled up next to a pasty young woman studying for Chem 125, his most hated class. She had oily hair and was hunching protectively over her notes.

Oh, how Milo needed them! Eleven lectures had elapsed since he had last climbed the hill. He rolled to a stop, dismounted Lil' BurnRubber, and approached her.

"Excuse me, ma'am. I notice we share the same Chemistry class. I would greatly appreciate it if I might borrow your notes. Would you be so kind?"

Ulma (for that was her horrid little name) grunted an inarticulate "uhh...nuhh," shaded the side of her face with her hand, and turned away. "You'll ruin the curve, and defeat the purpose of formalized higher education. We must all play by the rules." She smiled at herself, reveling in the wisdom of her words.

Milo opened with a blow to the pancreas, and followed it up with a sharp kick to the temple. He rapped the nape of her neck with a nearby ruler, took her notes, and drove away. "I will take *what* I want, *when* I want it," he snarled, and continued towards the Castle in the Air. He had bested the demons of the Foothills of Feigned Ignorance.

The rope ladder leading to the Castle swung casually against the Apex of Absurdity. "Finally there," thought

Milo, breathing a sigh of relief. If he could only persuade the Princesses of their folly, he might be able to end his wanton violence in good conscience. Plus, he remembered them as rather attractive women. He skipped up the stairs to the Room of Regal Reception, a desperate sparkle in his eye.

Milo's spirits sank. The Princesses were hein. Two frumpy women with dopey hairdos and liver spots greeted him. They acknowledged his disappointment and began.

"You may have realized," said the Princess of Pure Reason, looking knowingly at Milo's puzzled face, "that 'Norton Juster,' the author of this book, is really a front for the American Society For The Relentless Extension Of Formal Education. Why, when a dam breaks, a hundred new books get written; when a speck of dust falls to the ground, a thousand laws of physics require confirmation; and when you stamp

your foot, a million social, mechanical, psychological, and neurobiological forces are at play."

Rhyme continued, scratching at a welt on her neck. "The world needs people to explain these phenomena to death, Milo, and they need huffy-sounding words and numbers to explain them. You should join them—no matter if it makes your own life as stimulating as a pool of warm molasses."

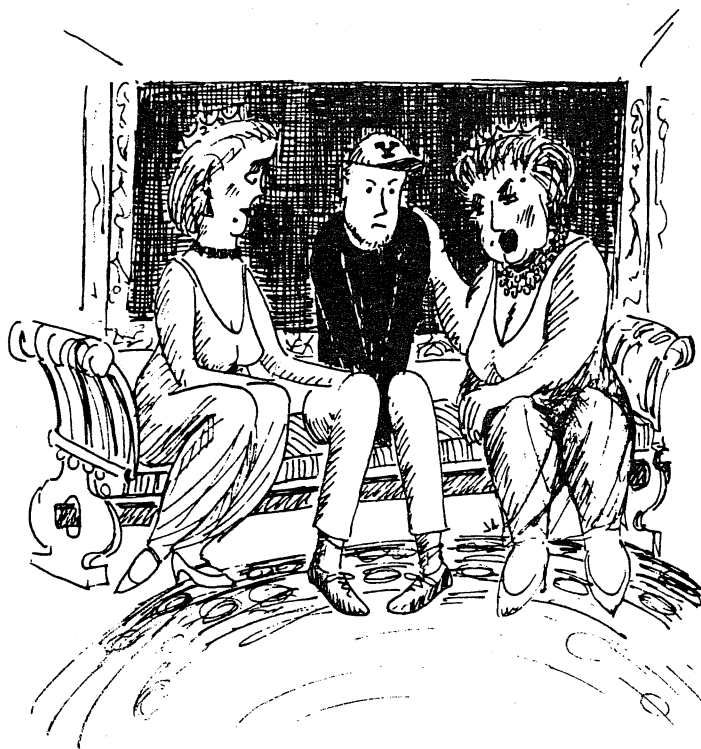
"No, thanks," responded Milo, sneering broadly. "Life is too short to spend it all learning things. I want to *do* things, like selling trinkets for fat profits and exploiting underpaid teen-age labor.

The less I have to think about it, the better. So long, imaginary floozies!" And with that, Milo raced back to Lil' BurnRubber, drove through the Random Tollbooth, abandoned his car on Whalley, and set off into the world.

Several years later he received a letter. It read:
Dear Milo,

You called our bluff. We trust that you don't feel as if your \$85,000 has been wasted, and hope you understand why an overexaggerated concern for words and numbers is responsible for keeping lots of brainy people off the streets. You see, there are so many other boys and girls who want to be like them, too.

And yet, even as he threw the letter away, he realized that perhaps the Phantom Tollbooth *had* done him a favor; rather than wasting away in graduate school, he was toiling productively for a smelt cannery in Oklahoma. All was now clear.

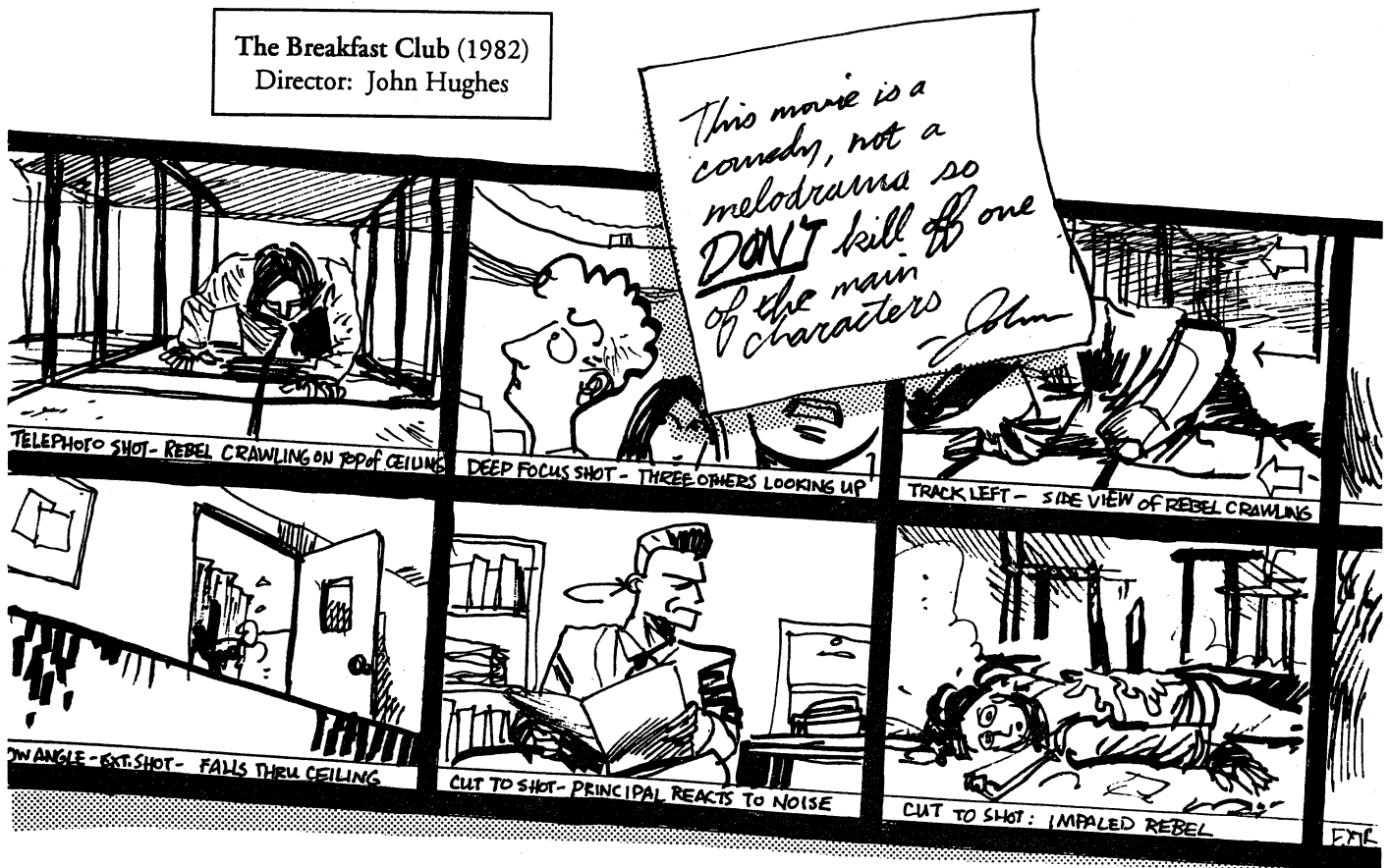


THE LOST STORYBOARDS OF NICK RAMBOLD

by John R. Holmes

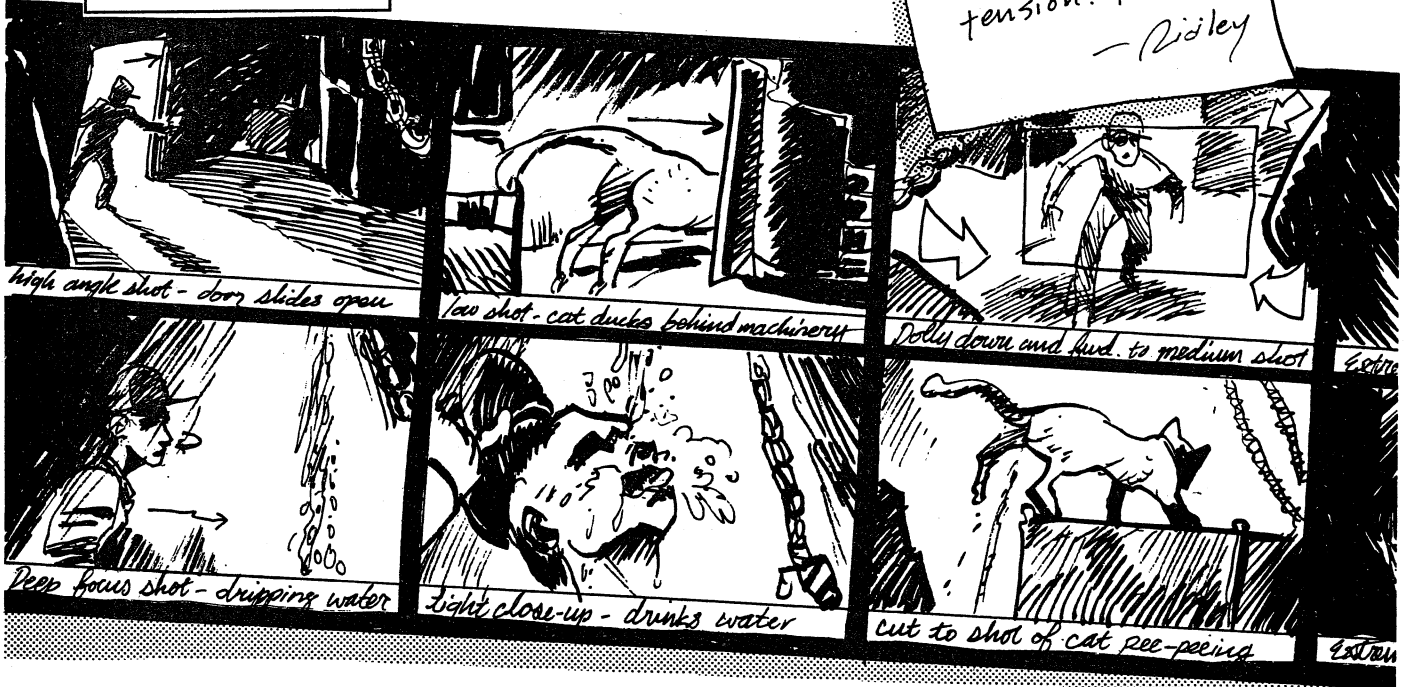
Filmmakers use storyboards to plan out their movies shot by shot. *The Record* recently came upon a dog-eared, discarded pile of boards produced by one Nick Rambold, an unfortunate storyboard artist who was repeatedly fired for taking liberties with the storyline. The following excerpts are just a few that got Nick canned. Other lowlights included a pie-fight during the funeral scene of *Ghandi* and the idea to have E.T. poke out Elliot's eye with his glowing finger. Also included are the filmmaker's notes to the storyboard artist. Nick now works for David Lynch.

The Breakfast Club (1982)
Director: John Hughes



Alien (1979)
 Director: Ridley Scott

Cut the shot of the cat urinating. It destroys the scene's tension. Thanks.
 - Ridley



Here's a better idea: Luke jumps onto Leia's bike. The lawnmower is just too slow.
 Love,
 George

Return of the Jedi (1983)
 Producer: George Lucas



86

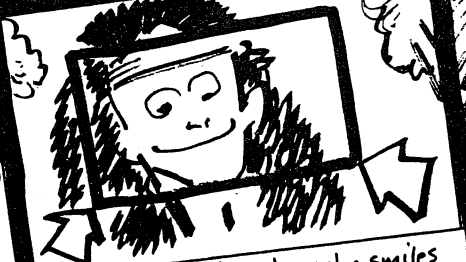
Robin Hood (1991)
Director: Kevin McReynolds



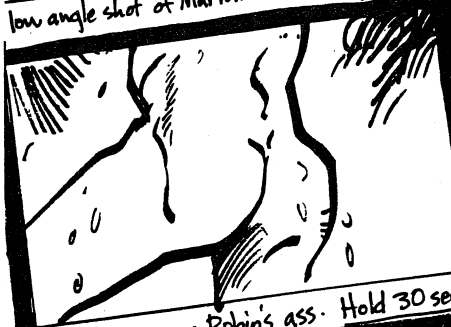
low angle shot of Marion overlooking cliff



P.O.V. shot - sees Robin bathing nude below



low angle - track fwd. - she smiles



tight shot - on Robin's ass. Hold 30 sec.



extreme close-up of Marion - smiling.



Dissolve over R

superimpose Marion's ass.

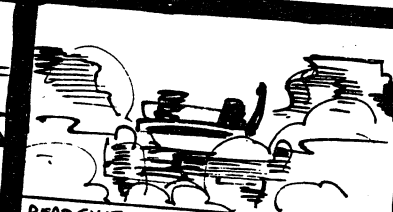
Do you think it's necessary to have Marion leer over Robin's butt? Just shorten the scene - Kevin



SHOT - LOUISE LOOKS AT THELMA



CLOSE-UP - TIRE SPITTING GRAVEL



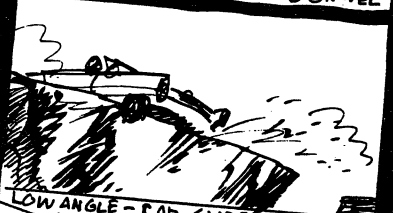
REAR SHOT - CAR HEADING TO CLIFF



CLOSE-UP - RIFLE FIRING



-TIRE SHOT OUT AT EDGE OF CLIFF



LOW ANGLE - CAR SLIDES TO STOP AT EDGE OF CLIFF



FRONT SHOT OF CAR - T & L LOOKED STUNNED AS COPS APPROACH.



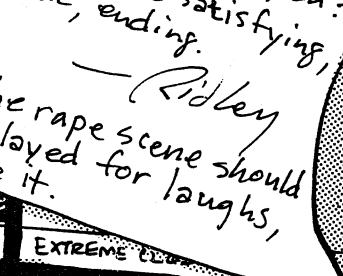
CUT TO MUG SHOTS OF LOUISE

I don't think Thelma and Louise should be caught by the police. Let's say we let them go over the cliff, eh? That's a more satisfying, if mythic, ending.
- Ridley
P.S. The rape scene should not be played for laughs, so axe it.

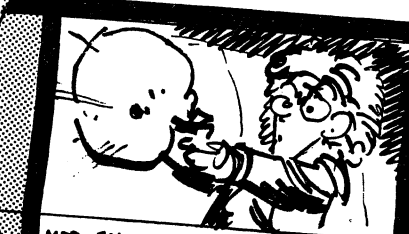
Thelma & Louise (1991)
Director: Ridley Scott



- GUY SNEERS



EXTREME CLOSE-UP



MED. SHOT - LOUISE FIRES GUN



WIDE SHOT OF LOUISE GOING BACKWARD DUE TO GUN'S RECOIL

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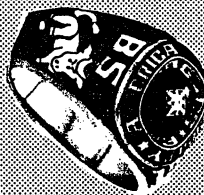
College graduation. The end of an era. Four years of memories. Of endless weeks. Sleepless nights. Pressure. Sacrifice. Tuition. What will you have to show for it? A piece of paper. Probably not even acid free. And nobody except your parents will ever see it. (And they already know where you went to school) That's where our rings come in.

The College Ring—Why it's special

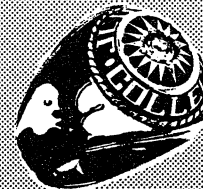
The ring, an eternal symbol. The circle. Endless. Π^2 . And best of all, expertly crafted by trained artisans to last and last. Our jewelry is crafted in genuine fine **GOLD** because **GOLD** has proven through time-honored testing to be the only **GOLD** metal to *keep its original GOLD color* year after year, wearing after wearing *even after showering*. We also offer an exclusive stainless alloy, Titanium®, our patented jeweler's substitute, the color of highly polished naugahyde and much more durable than *any kind of precious metal*, except **GOLD**.

Keep the memories of college close at hand with a Jestings ring. After all, you can't walk around with your diploma wrapped around your finger.

Traditional

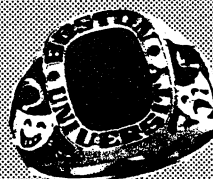


POMP



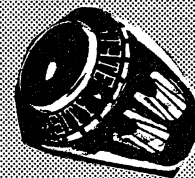
EGO

Shown here with custom Master's Aide side



MOOD

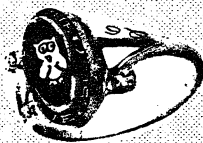
Special Stone Option
Changes Color



CIRCUMSTANCE

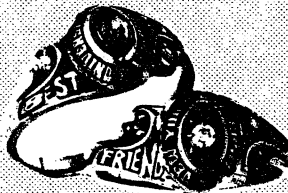
Shown here in Titanium®
with Custom Escort side

Contemporary



TEARY

Encrusted Stone Option
Record Staff Member



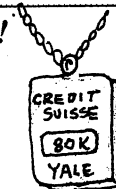
JAN AND JANA

Friendship ring pair

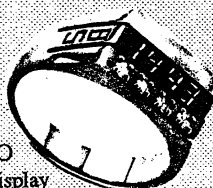


HIPHOP

New!

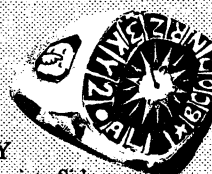


INGOT



TECHNO

Genuine LCD Display



PRIVY

Custom Secret Society Side
Secret Decoder Top Option



GREEN

*No new metals or stones
were killed to make this ring

Diamond Chart



5 pt. 10 pt. 20 pt. 25 pt. 1 Carat
($\frac{1}{20}$ ct.) ($\frac{1}{10}$ ct.) ($\frac{1}{5}$ ct.) ($\frac{1}{4}$ ct.)

Special Stone Options



Safire™



Cubic Zirconia



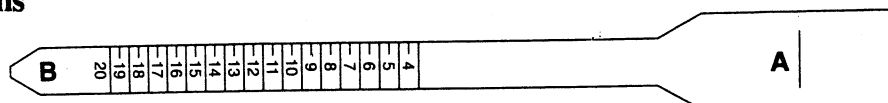
Semi-precious
(1/2 diamond, 1/2 plastic)



Authentic
Faux Ruby

Ring Sizer & Instructions

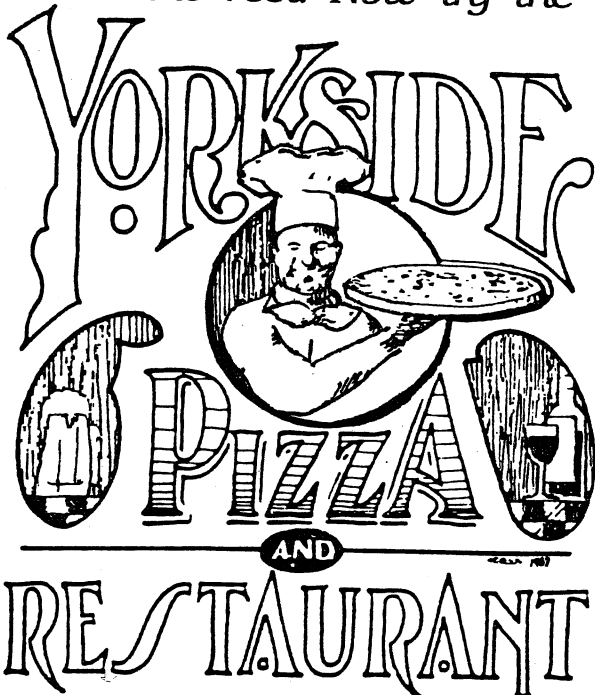
1. Cut off finger.
2. Lay it beside sizer.
3. Read corresponding number.



10% off any purchase

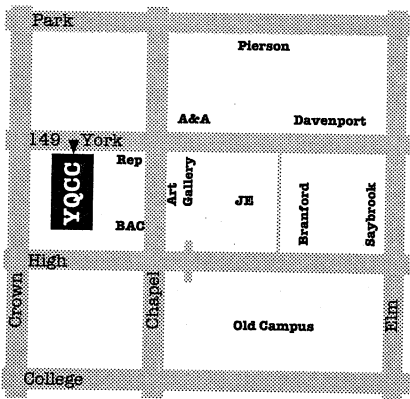
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