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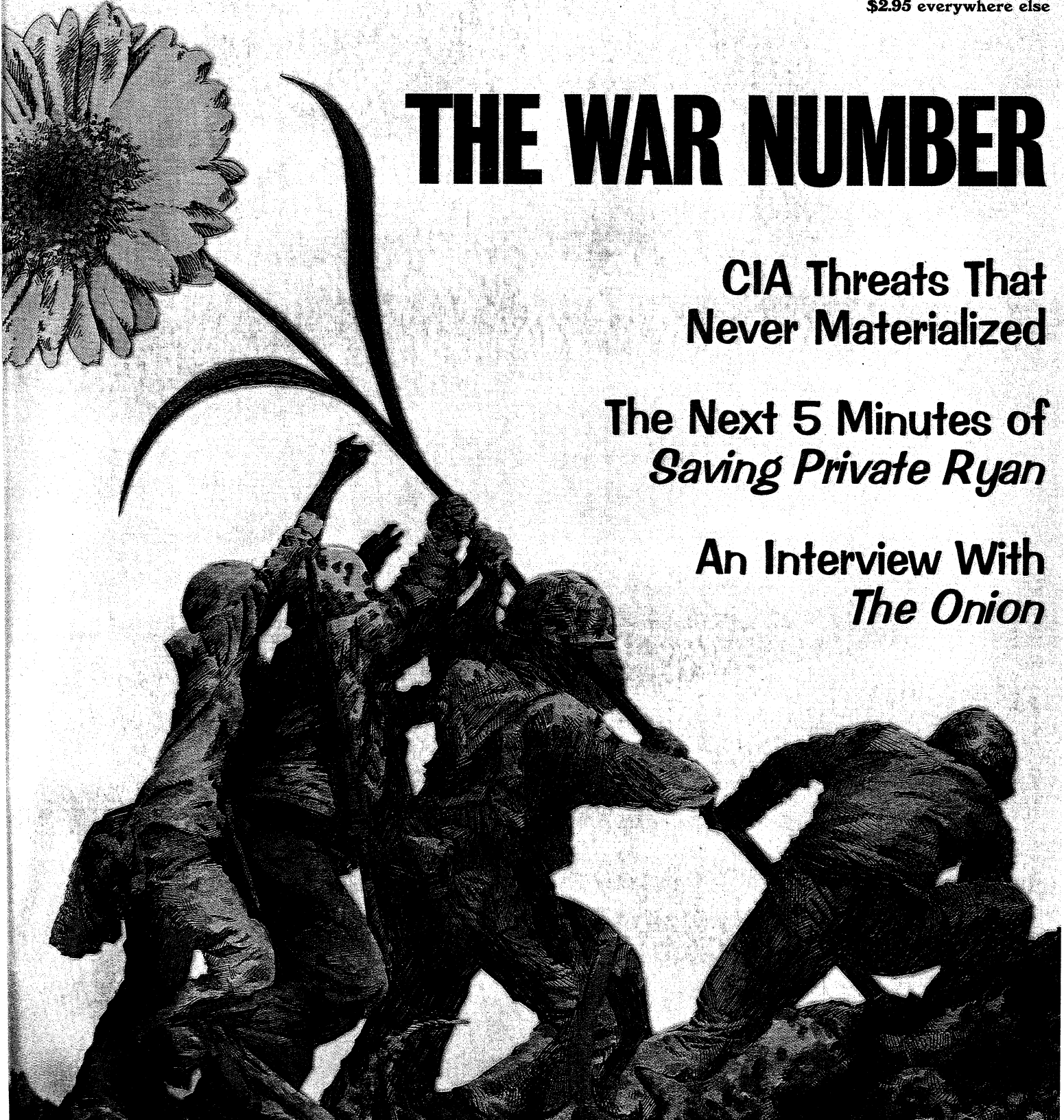
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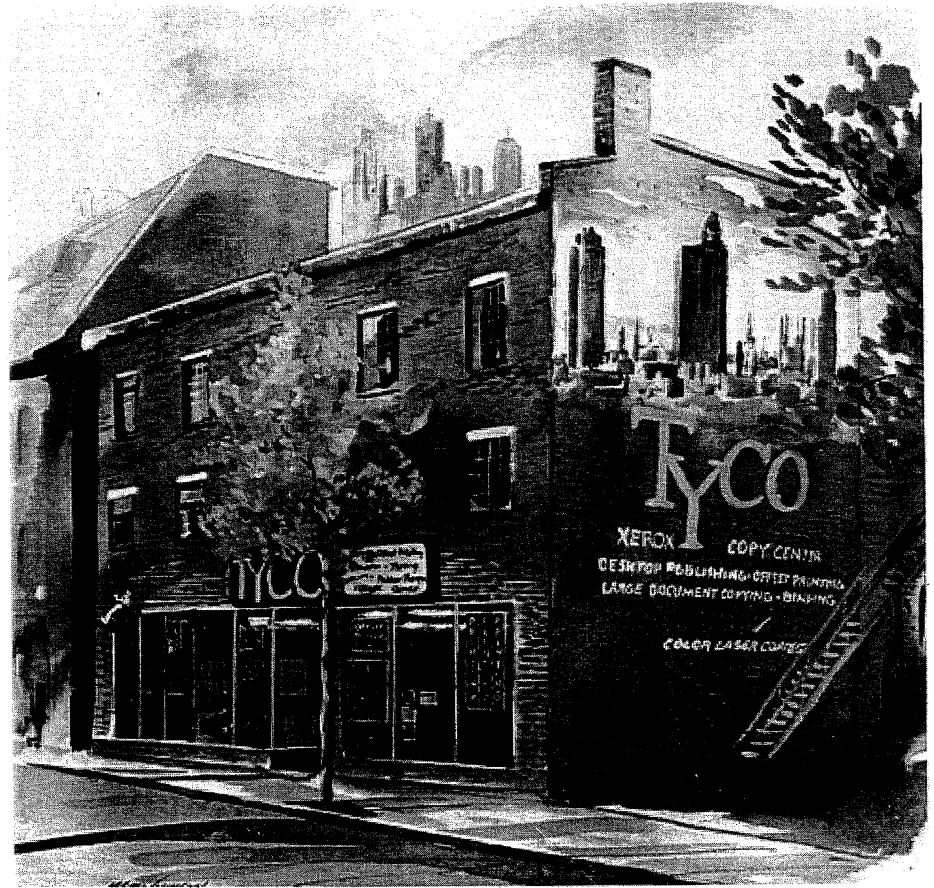
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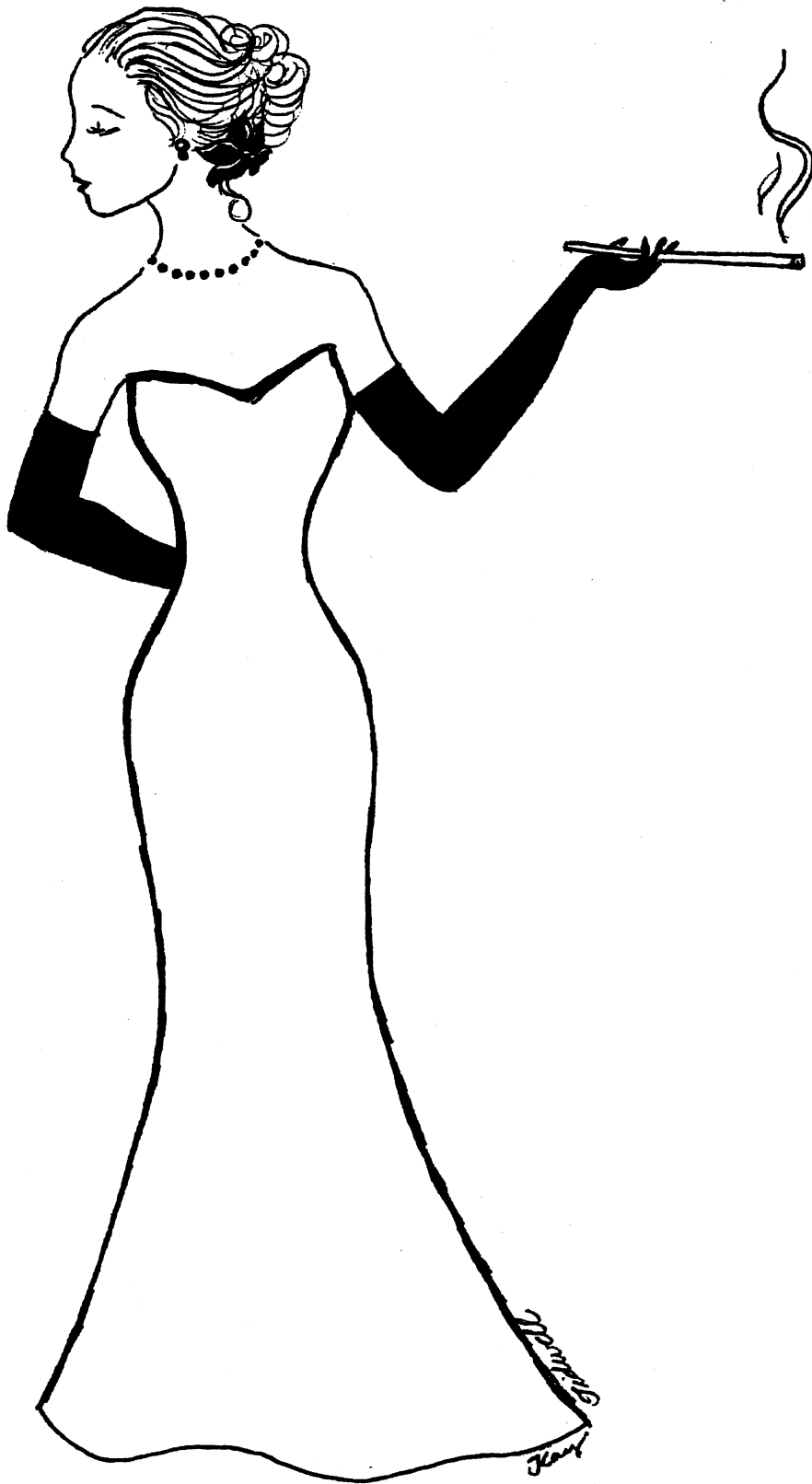
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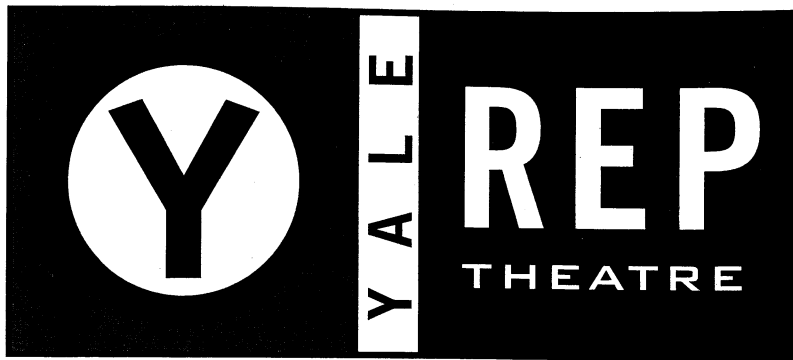


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(derived from the Rosenthal photograph)

This page: Kay Tidwell '99

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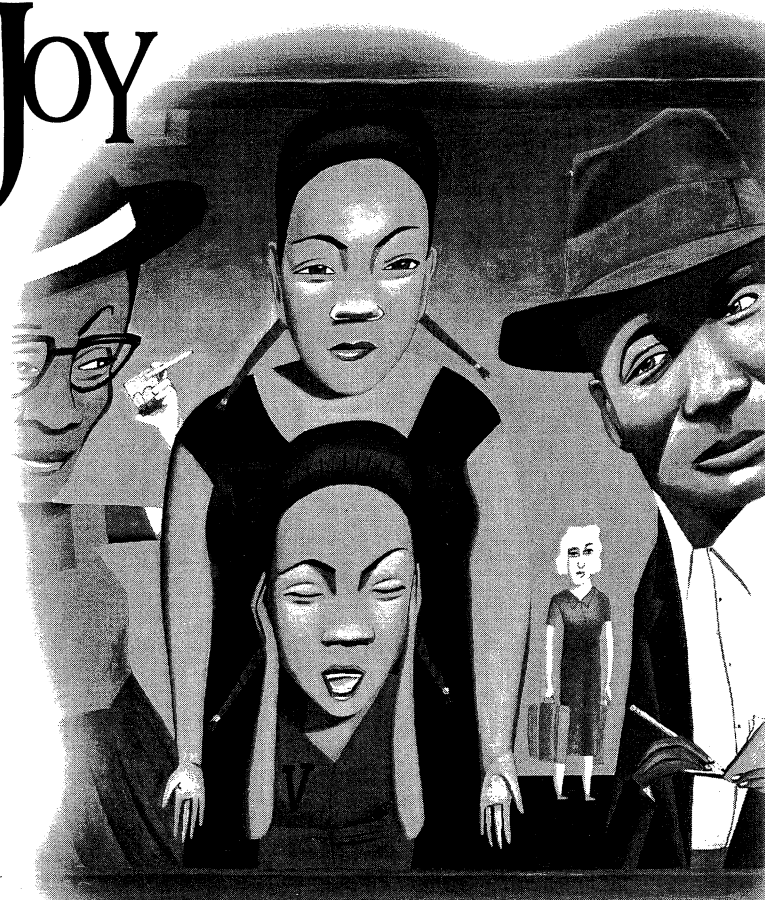
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Editorial

If you were expecting great things from this magazine, let me be the first to disappoint you, because by now, you've already seen the best we've got to offer: our cover. Of course, that isn't enough for you people. You want actual content. Well, you're in luck this issue, because there's plenty. If you count the ads. And I do. Twice.

If it's articles you want, we've got those too. They're not as impressive as the cover, but what they have—generally lots of text—is well worth reading. Anyone that says differently is a scoundrel and a liar, who deserves everything that's coming to them.

Alright, I apologize for that, but the truth is, we put a ridiculous amount of time into the issue, and don't respond well to criticism about it.

In a way, this magazine is like a big, lumbering child we've collectively given birth to. He may be a little rough around the edges, he may stutter a lot, and he may run at an angle, but he's our child, and we love him. Not so much that we aren't willing to sell him for a dollar to whoever wants him, but it's a special kind of love.

And now we love you too, because you've taken him off our hands. It wasn't easy for us; the only thing that made it bearable was the knowledge that in a few months, he'd have a sister. Who we would also sell to anyone willing to buy her.

Why are we such terrible parents? Perhaps it's because we love our children too much, or too little. Either way, this one is yours now. Treat him with the love and respect you'd lavish on a real child, but don't get too attached. His sister's going to be even better.

Those of you who are devoted readers will notice significant changes in this issue. In addition to the misleading statements, convenient half-truths, and brazen lies that have been our bread and butter for 126 years, we've added a "true" section to the *Record*. Starting on page 30, you'll find reviews of funny books, CDs, and web sites; "Weird Olde Yale," glimpses of the strange, wonderful history of the University you thought you knew; "Bizarre Planet," funny news stories you might have missed; and an exclusive interview with Scott Dikkers, Editor-in-Chief of *The Onion*, the hysterical parody newspaper.

Another thing that's changed about this issue is the staff. Every year, old warhorses graduate and fresh new suckers—I mean, staffers—come on board. This year we feel especially lucky to have acquired a wonderful bunch of new writers, business people, and artists. We already owe a lot to their hard work, dedication and sense of humor. But, believing you can never have enough of a good thing, we're still looking for more folks. If you're interested in joining the *Record*, drop us an email, or come to one of our organizational meetings early next semester—or any time. There's always room for one more, maybe even two.

Well, enough preamble. This issue was a whole lot of fun to put together and I'm glad I've had the privilege to work on it. I'd like to thank the authors, editors and business people who made it all happen; the advertisers for giving us enough money to publish; but especially you, the reader, who found it in your heart to buy the magazine—and in doing so, help National Student Partnerships to help the homeless get jobs. As you read the following pages, I'm sure you'll be glad you did.

Ian

Ian J. Dallas '00
Editor-in-Chief

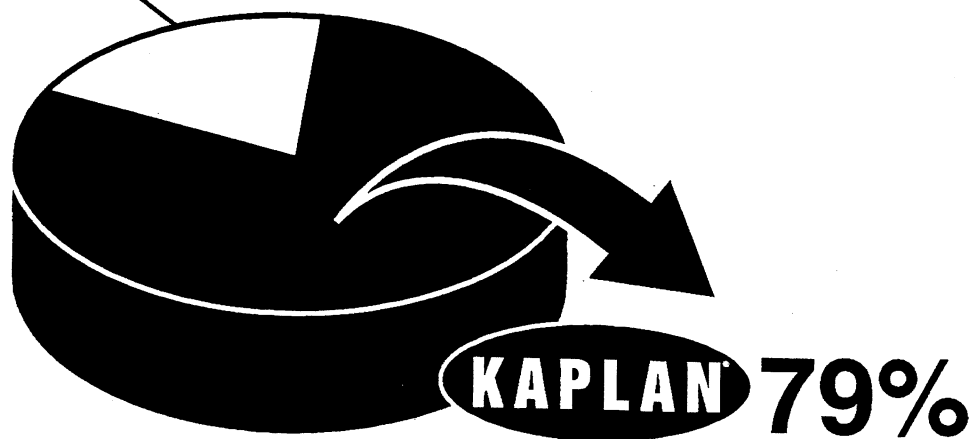
Rob

Robert I. Schlaff '99
Chairman

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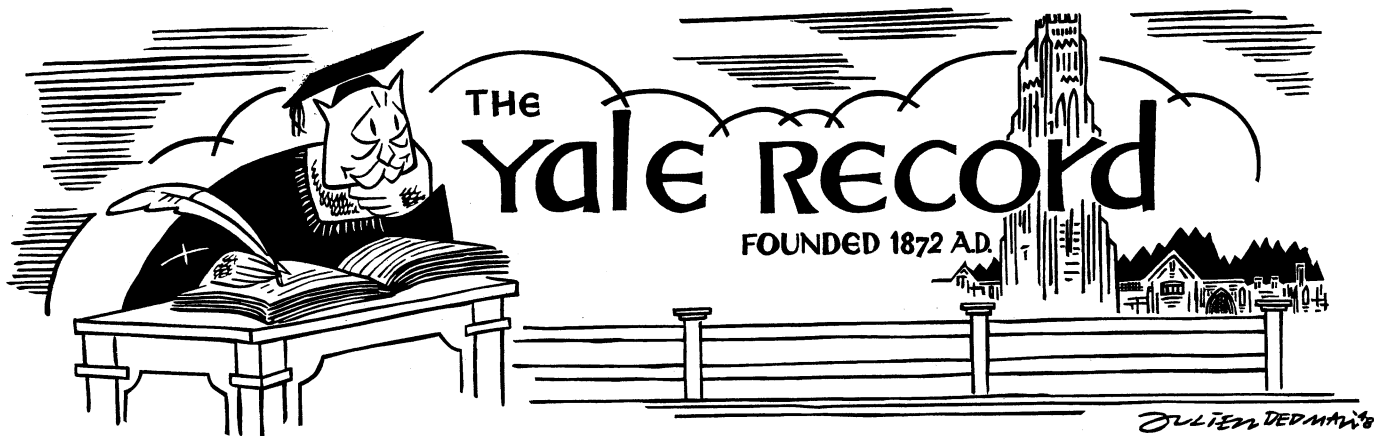
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JULIEN DEEMAN'S



(from left) Phillips, Ewing, Cosel, Moss, Keane, Zaremsky, Bonenberger, Sigurdsson, Schlaff, Kusbnirsky, Park, Dallas, Fielding-Segal, Kosloff

TO JOIN

The Record is always looking for new staffers; you can contact us through our website, (www.yale.edu/record) or just show up at our weekly staff meetings at 9pm in WLH 115.

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CHARITABLE ACTIVITIES

All proceeds from the sales of this issue are being donated to National Student Partnerships, a program that utilizes student initiative and resources as both activists and consumers to expand employment opportunities and to achieve the goals of welfare to work.

The *Yale Record* would like to thank all the individuals who have donated time and money to this issue. All original material © 1998 The Yale Record, Inc., a not-for-profit corporation in the state of Connecticut. Back issues are \$5.00 each. If you'd like to contact us, write to *The Yale Record*, P.O. Box 204732, New Haven, CT 06520.

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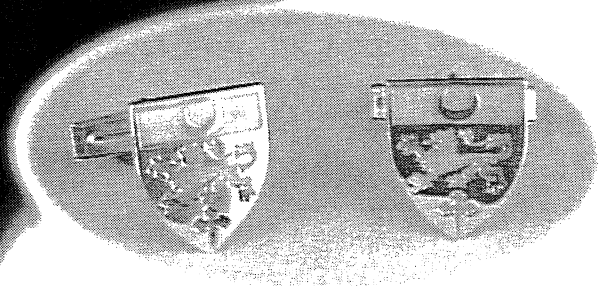
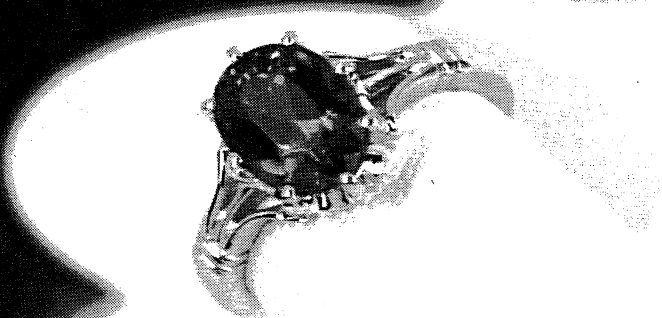
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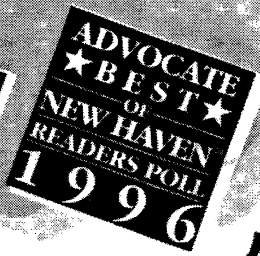
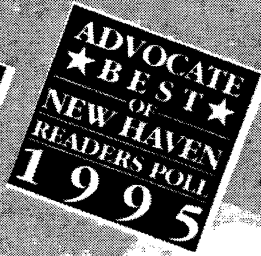
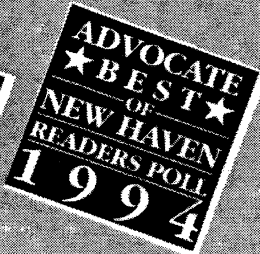
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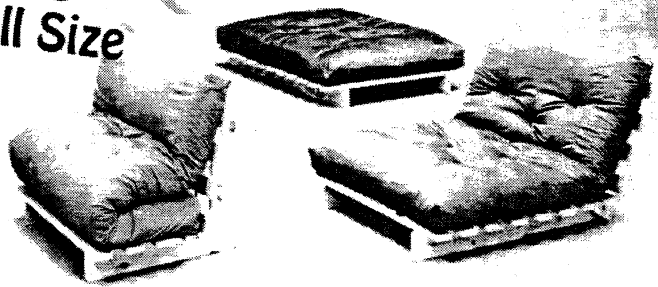
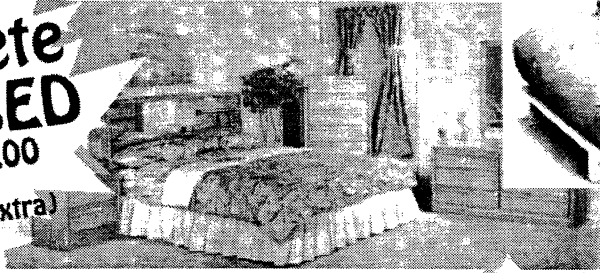
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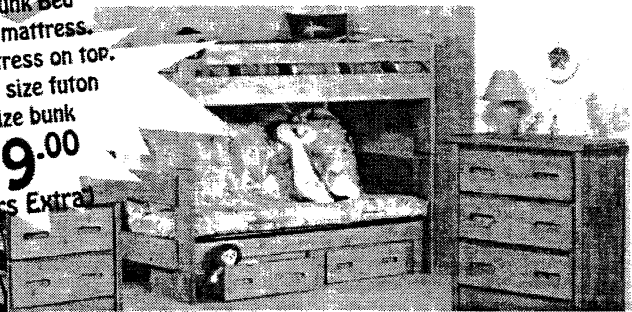
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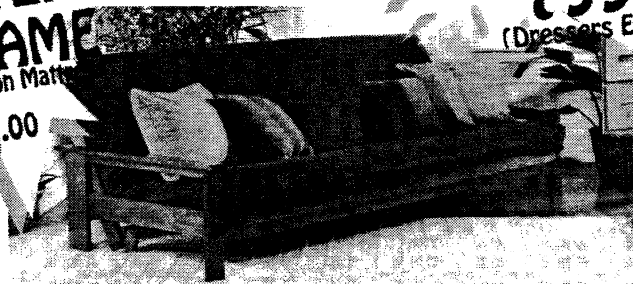
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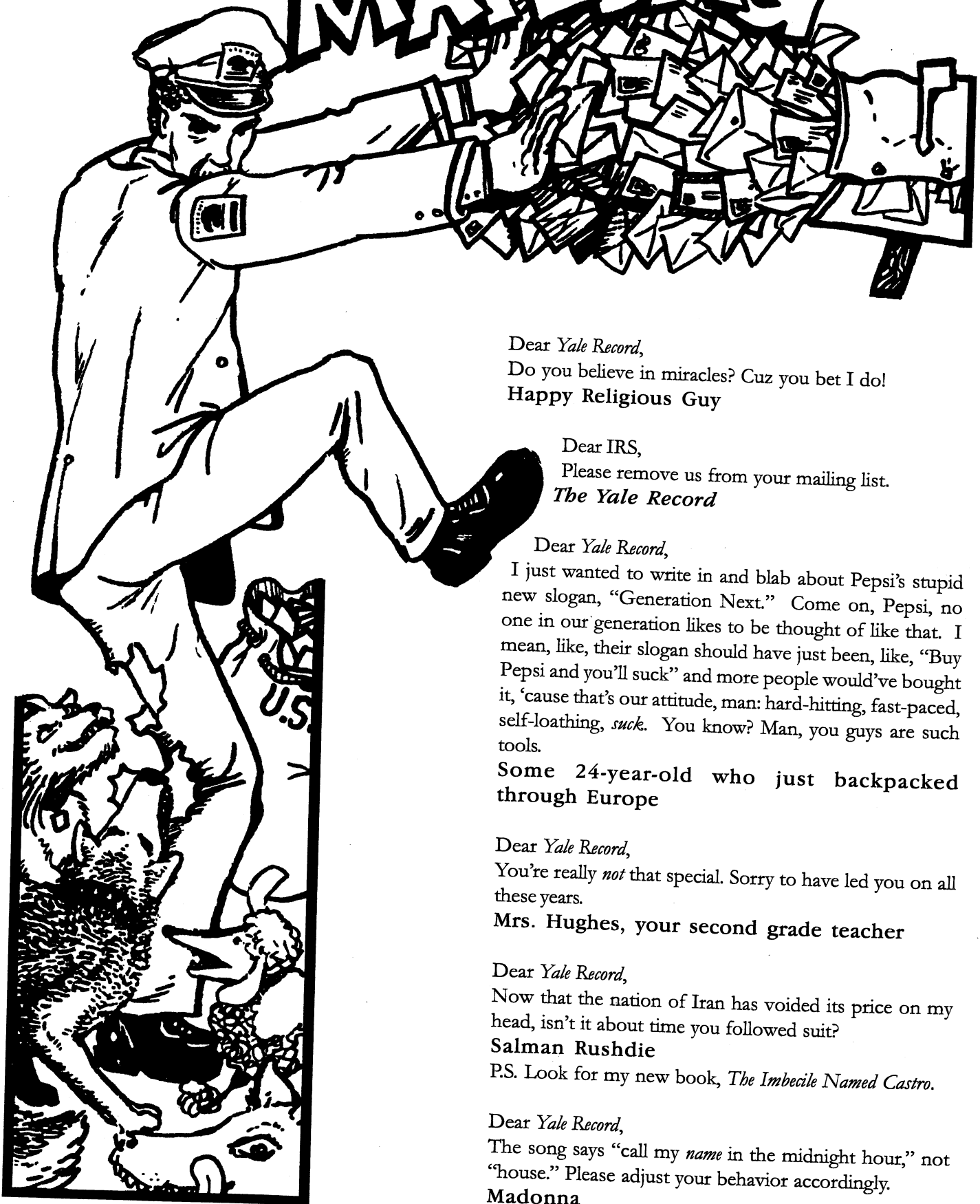
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Dear *Yale Record*,
Do you believe in miracles? Cuz you bet I do!
Happy Religious Guy

Dear IRS,
Please remove us from your mailing list.
The Yale Record

Dear *Yale Record*,
I just wanted to write in and blab about Pepsi's stupid new slogan, "Generation Next." Come on, Pepsi, no one in our generation likes to be thought of like that. I mean, like, their slogan should have just been, like, "Buy Pepsi and you'll suck" and more people would've bought it, 'cause that's our attitude, man: hard-hitting, fast-paced, self-loathing, *suck*. You know? Man, you guys are such tools.
Some 24-year-old who just backpacked through Europe

Dear *Yale Record*,
You're really *not* that special. Sorry to have led you on all these years.
Mrs. Hughes, your second grade teacher

Dear *Yale Record*,
Now that the nation of Iran has voided its price on my head, isn't it about time you followed suit?
Salman Rushdie
P.S. Look for my new book, *The Imbecile Named Castro*.

Dear *Yale Record*,
The song says "call my *name* in the midnight hour," not "house." Please adjust your behavior accordingly.
Madonna

Dear Coke and Pepsi,
Get ready, 'cause Hank's Cola is coming!
Hank Cushman

Dear everybody,
I did other things too, you know.
John Hancock

Dear *Yale Record*,
"Yea, whosoever shall kick fieldgoals in my name shall
be blessed and prove victorious."
JOHN 3:16

Dear *Yale Record*,
Tell those kids they better just get dressed and get the
hell out of my corn before I call the PO-lice!
Ol' Man Patterson

Dear *Yale Record*,
You can just tell Ol' Man Patterson that he doesn't
scare us and that we'll do what we want to, where we
want to!
Billy Thornton and Susie Fox

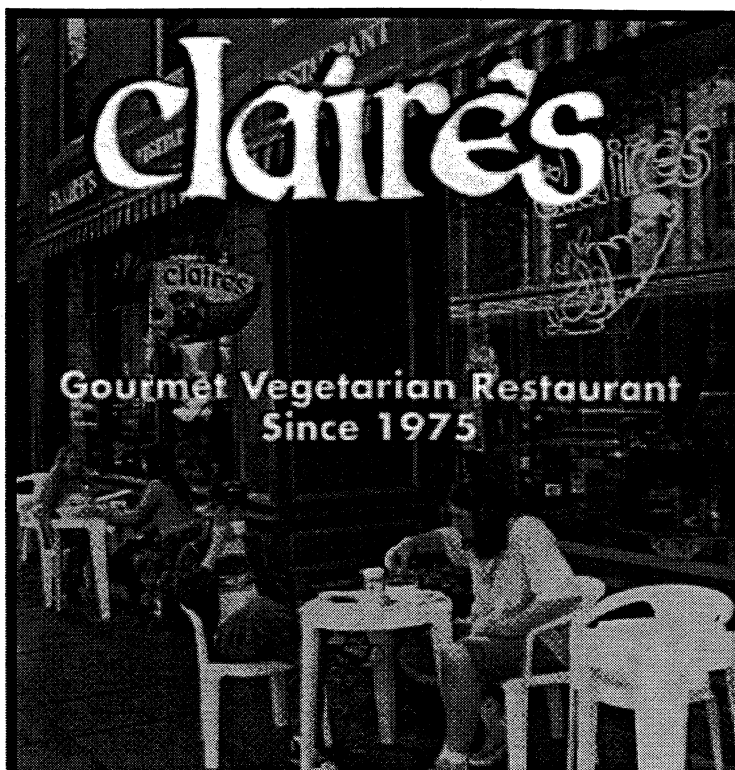
Dear Girl Who Sounds Like Joe Pesci,
Fabulous work! My wife and I just can't get enough of
that voice you do. Before you ask, yes, you *do* amuse
me. Ha!
Tim Roberts

Dear *Yale Record*,
"Blah blah?" More like "blah blah blah," if you ask
me.
Margaret Henry

Dear *Yale Record*,
Subscriptions run out; these things happen. If you'd
like to keep receiving our magazine, you're going to
have to send in another \$24.75. I'm afraid that's just
the way this sort of thing works.
Leslie Michaels, *Entertainment Weekly*

Dear Campbell's Soup,
As a mother of three, I'd like to tell you how much I
appreciate the clean, wholesome image of your com-
pany. So unlike a few edgier, foulmouthed soup manu-
facturers I could name.
Anna Vincetti

Dear *Yale Record*,
I'm a gittin' my gun!
Ol' Man Patterson



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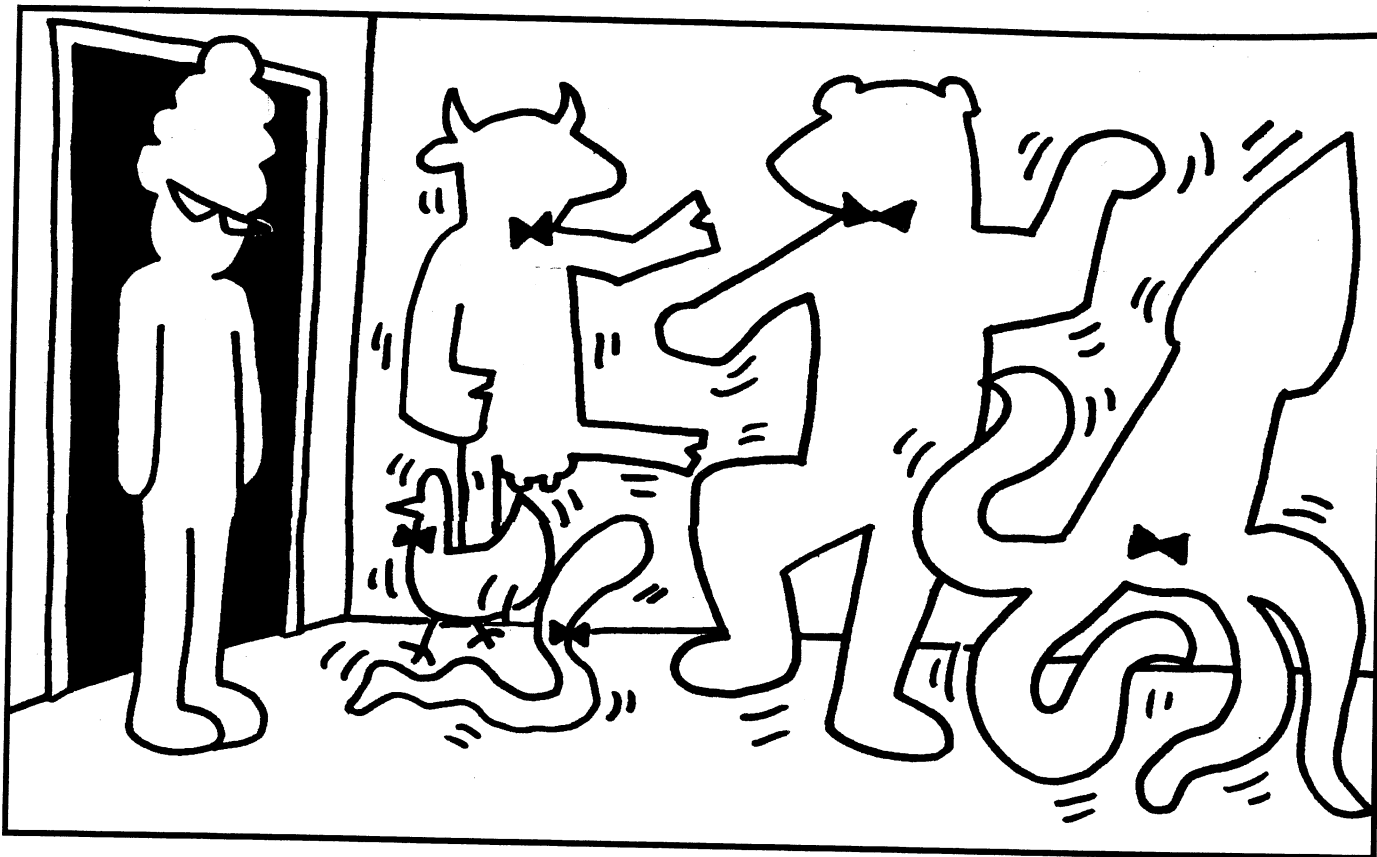
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Entering her living room, Mrs. Swenson is dismayed to find animals acting like people.

Dear Governor John Rowland,
When I signed my letter "Crushed in Connecticut" in last month's issue, I meant it as a pseudonym, not as a criticism of you or the state. You're both doing a great job.

Hiding in Honolulu

P.S. Governor Benjamin Cayetano, please see the above letter.

Dear Sammy Sosa,
Ha ha.
Mark McGwire

Dear *Yale Record*,
When we say "Take me to your leader!" you can't just claim that role for yourself. Do not deceive us again.
The pissed-off aliens from last Friday

Dear English,
I am writing to request that you please remove me from "Lewinsky." I feel this position cheapens and demeans the value of my brand integrity. It's hard enough being both a consonant and a vowel—you guys owe me.
The letter Y

Dear *Yale Record*,

Thank you for visiting me in the hospital last month. Unfortunately, when I wished for the oldest college humor magazine, I meant the oldest *continuously published* college humor magazine, *The Harvard Lampoon*. I've spoken with the people at the Make-a-Wish Foundation, but it looks like you just get one wish, no matter what. Anyway, thanks a lot.

Justin Duffy

Dear Time/Life,

While I enjoyed your series of "How To" books, I found your most recent installment, *How to Kill a Mockingbird*, slow and condescending, like when I was in high school. Please refund my money.

Robert Franklin

Dear *Yale Record*,

I have noticed that the last few editions of the *Record* have been getting progressively worse and worse. I was wondering if this was intentional.

A Concerned Reader

Yes. It has all been a big joke, on you. Are you laughing now? -Ed

immediate death, despair, and anguish, they're also incapable of feeling things like joy or euphoria, which isn't so good. Also, since evoking people's emotions is no longer possible, I suppose literature and art are doomed."

—BONENBERGER

French Language Pronounced Dead by Academy

In a desperate attempt to save the purity of their language, France's omnipotent Académie recently announced that the French language was dead. "We've been struggling against subversive foreign elements in our language for centuries with little success," commented Guillaume LeBete, First Censure of the Académie. "Now that French is a dead language, it can't change by *definition!* Frankly, I'm surprised nobody thought of this before."

While members of "L'Académie" seemed pleased with their solution, much of France remains skeptical about the law's effectiveness. Most concern stems from the perception that the dictate contradicts reality. "You can't just say that a language is dead!" exclaimed one Parisian. "A language like Latin—that's dead. French, on the other hand, is not—it's changing every day. For example: how are we supposed to say 'weekend?' 'Fin de semaine?' Stupid Académie."

Linguists around the world reacted in a surprisingly similar fashion. Professors from Beijing to Oxford "had ourselves a good laugh" during a hastily convened meeting to discuss "this latest instance of French tomfoolery." One chair of English observed that "Perhaps this was prompted by senility, or maybe it's just another manifestation of the French inferiority complex. Whatever the case, this new mandate is one of

the most absurd things to happen during my lifetime, and actually quite disturbing if one thinks about the legal ramifications." Convention-goers unanimously supported the resolution that "French *is* a living language," noting that "French is based on a hybrid of German and Latin, and borrows as heavily as any other living, non-synthetic language."

Anticipating a clash between "authentic" French and the language still spoken, (officially known as "Traitor-speak") President Jacques Chirac recently passed a law making non-French words illegal. To insure implementation, the government commissioned two new national organizations: a branch of the army ("The Watchers") responsible for identifying people who use foreign words, and a group of brutal thugs ("The Fists") to punish infractors.

The one positive result from what most of the world is calling "a really bad call" is that other countries have passed laws specifically forbidding "language killing" legislation. The French blunder has even led to increased civil rights in China and other

previously uncompromising authoritarian regimes. As Premier Jiang Zemin observed, "an honorable country does something pathetic like that—it just makes you think, 'what's the point,' you know?"

We do know.

—BONENBERGER

Iditarod, starring Kevin Costner

Citing concerns with rising costs, financial backers for Kevin Costner's latest film capped his budget at six hundred million dollars. After receiving November's bill, which boosted the total expenditures to \$572,582,399.91, one patron is said to have fainted. Despite numerous personal assurances that he "only needs one hundred million dollars more or so," it is a well-known fact in Hollywood that Costner wants to make the first billion-dollar movie. Hearing of the spending moratorium, Costner supposedly screamed "Did Michelangelo have a goddamned



"There's something I must ask you, Omoo. You are a girl, aren't you?"



Death No Longer Tops Human Concerns

Last year, researchers at the Georgetown School of Medicine noticed something odd. While evaluating possible test subjects for a new drug designed to “strip away the emotional crap,” the researchers found that applicants “rolled their eyes or snorted contemptuously” when shown images of things traditionally associated with death. After three town meetings, ten hotly-contested scholarly papers, and extensive polling, the matter was settled: people no longer feared death.

Moralizing members of Georgetown’s crack team of psychoanalysts swiftly concluded that television, movies, and the “shock media” were to blame. Responses like that of “Dave” from California provided most of the basis for this argument: “I don’t play a ‘lead role’ in this crazy world, so I’m definitely going to die. I just hope I go quick—a bullet to the head or something. Not one of those slow, agonizing, ‘hero’s girlfriend’s deaths.” Further bolstering the theory’s credibility, researchers point to American youths’ amoral reaction to televised

violence. “Desensitization to death was the logical next step,” noted chief analyst Dr. Ephrim Lankit, a fervent supporter of the “Damn You, TV” hypothesis.

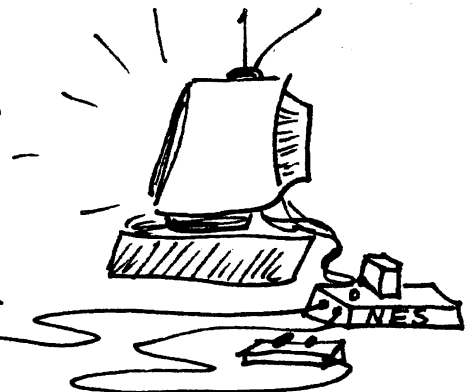
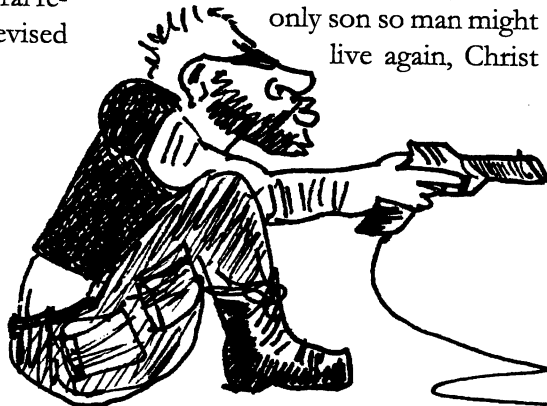
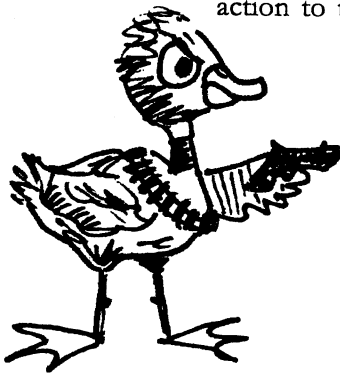
Another, far less credible theory has been put forth by popular clothes and sports label “No Fear.” CEO Mag McKormik believes that it was his ruthless “take no prisoners” brand of advertising which finally convinced Americans not to be hindered by their worst fears, and especially death. “People just realized what we’ve been telling them all along,” said McKormik. “There’s nothing you can’t accomplish, nothing you can’t do—fear is dead. Dead is the fear of death.” Ironically enough, the “No Fear” brand name is now perceived as trite, and suffering through its worst fiscal year since the line’s inception. “No Fear?” Whatever. That’s so... scared,” says Brian Huntington, a teenager who used to find “No Fear” appealing.

Not to be outdone, the Catholic Church has also claimed responsibility for the psychologists’ finding. “After 2000 years, Christians have at last realized the importance of our Savior’s sacrifice: when God gave his only son so man might live again, Christ

conquered Death. No man needs fear Death, for she is powerless if one believes in God,” preached a high-ranking member of the papacy who chose to remain anonymous. “No Fear”’s McKormik, however, points out gleefully that American atheists and agnostics don’t fear death, or believe in God, so therefore Catholic dogma has had “no effect whatsoever. Nuthin’, baby, it’s all smoke!”

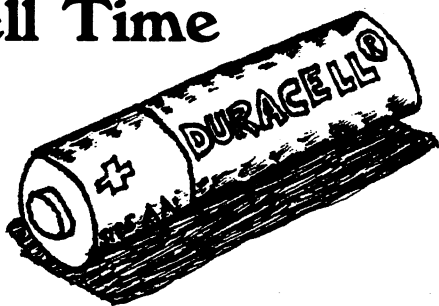
The international repercussions of U.S. citizens’ apathetic indifference are legion. The groups hit hardest have been those relying on a conception of death as honorable. Like Islamic fundamentalists. Long deemed unique for fanatical adherence to their cause, third-world Muslims now seem morally adrift. Said Sharid Abdul-Mhareen, a former terrorist now living in Alberta, Canada, “We are willing to lay down our lives for Allah, a gesture of supreme nobility. If nobody appreciates this symbolism, though, the whole thing seems rather pointless. Downright wasteful, actually.”

Many question whether the emotional evolution has been worth it. Concluded Dr. Lankit, “While humans may be kept safe from the least desirable emotional states like fear of



Show-and-Tell Time

We all remember the shame of having nothing "cool" to bring in for show-and-tell. No one remembers that pain more acutely than the *Record's* own Adam Kosloff, whose only childhood possession was a spent Duracell battery. To compensate for his material poverty, he developed a rich imagination and a gift for lying. Every Wednesday for show-and-tell, young Kosloff insisted that his battery was something completely different. His teacher, Mrs. Mullen, recorded his bald-faced lies for posterity.



- 9/5: The stem of a flower from a metal world a thousand times more beautiful than this one
- 9/12: Winning design in the contest to make the world's stupidest roller coaster
- 9/19: The most prized object in the village, found by Tutugauoa the Warrior during his Walkabout
- 9/26: Something under a microscope that, if you see it, you know there's gonna be trouble
- 10/3: A miniature Civil War soldier produced by the Franklin Mint (I think this one was a colonel)
- 10/10: A physics problem so complicated that it can only be solved by itself
- 10/17: A primitive alien ship; we don't see them because they can't figure out how to get out
- 10/24: The seed of a calculator tree, carried by wind far from the loam of mercury and vinegar
- 10/31: Halloween! Adam goes as Oliver Twist; doesn't participate in show-and-tell
- 11/7: Currency for a race of degenerate aliens, who have killed off humans but find our toys irresistible
- 11/14: One of those friends who isn't that cool to hang out with but who has a really hot mom
- 11/21: Adam banned from show-and-tell for fighting with Philip Moskovitz on 11/14; hot mother of Philip remains ignorant
- 12/5: The Baron of Herzog, dressed to the nines in his Sunday Best
- 12/12: A dildo for small electric women
- 12/19: The last unit of stored energy in the colony, and man are we fucked
 - 1/9: Adam banned from show-and-tell for vulgar language, sent to school psychologist
 - 1/30: A curly fry that didn't do its job right and was punished something awful
 - 2/6: Two way radio to the center of the earth; on one end is God
 - 2/13: Game token for the most dramatic board game ever invented
 - 2/20: Quantum bacon and eggs; have a good breakfast and don't
 - 2/27: A flute made by the amusical sprites—watch them not dance!
 - 3/6: The object you are supposed to get in order to pass level 2
 - 3/10: Adam loses battery

—KOSLOFF



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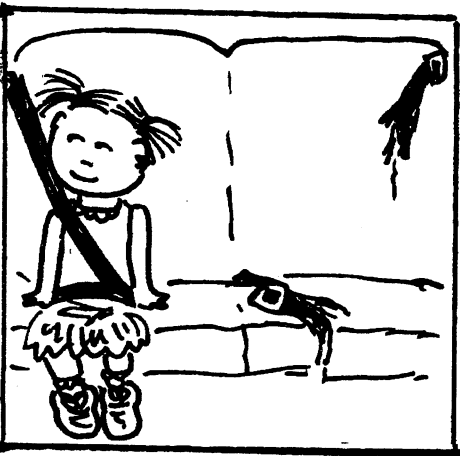
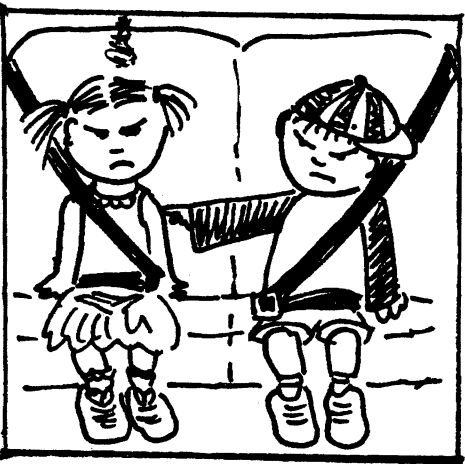
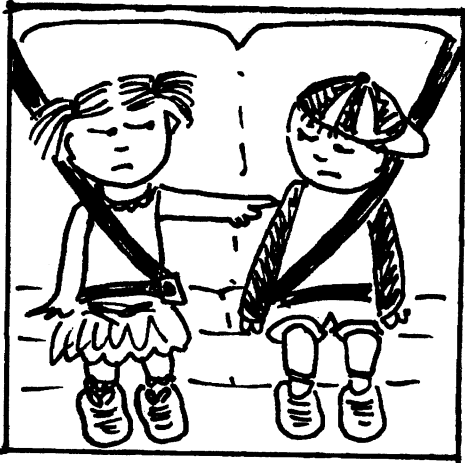
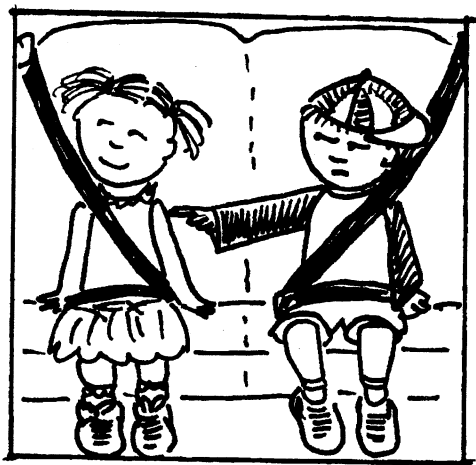


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budget?"

Many in Hollywood feel that Costner might be through in showbiz after the inevitable demise of *Iditarod*. Initially, investors believed that "greed, war, and romance in post-apocalyptic Alaska" was a surefire blockbuster hit in light of recent pseudo-epics *Titanic* and *Braveheart*. The 5-hour saga of a mutant sled-dog driver (Costner) looking for "the land of no ice," however, came as something of a letdown. Suspicious that Costner was "pulling a *Postman*," worried investors allowed critics to screen and jointly review the four hours of *Iditarod* already filmed.

Most critics allowed that although leading lady Kate Winslet performed marvelously as the nobleman's daughter/Costner's love interest, the movie relied excessively on hackneyed elements. "Costner seems to have taken all the bad stereotypes people hold of the post-apocalyptic genre, and made a movie of them," said one unimpressed reviewer. Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert agreed that "Dennis Hopper's position as both insane ruler of the last functioning oil well in Alaska and leader of a gang of snowcat-riding killers evokes memories of other ill-fated cinematic endeavors." One critic who remained positive in spite of popular sentiment was movie critic/essayist/debutante Arthur Boffmann: "Kevin Costner drives the winning sled-dog team in a performance that leaves you *howling* for more! And I wasn't the only one giving wolf-whistles when Winslet lost her corset. Whadda woman!!"

The next day, however, Costner appeared nonplussed while holding a scheduled press conference. Showing journalists the set, he pointed out various pieces of interest while telling movie-related anecdotes. From the faulty oil-valve that caught fire, killing three crewmembers, to the location of an alleged Costner-Winslet rendezvous, journalists examined every intimate detail of the production.

After showing off the specially-constructed \$175 million dollar authentic oil well with operating pump, Costner momentarily lost his composure, and blasted "those f—ing ass-brained executives" for "ending the magic." He went on to denounce onetime co-director/producer/star Mel Gibson for backing out at the last minute over creative differences: "I wasn't using some stupid Australian accent for half our characters, and I think everyone agrees that the idea of a futuristic gladiator arena seems absurd, especially in Alaska. It's just sad that Gibson should limit himself to one concept like that."

The movie will still hit the big screen this February, as promised. To cut costs, however, an NYU film student has been hired to replace Costner as director, and the last hour and fifteen minutes will be shot in black and white. "This should give the movie's conclusion an old and therefore legitimate feeling," stated Costner. "I don't want audiences thinking, 'hohum, *Mad Max IV*.' I want them to think, 'gosh, humanity could really find redemption after a nuclear holocaust in small, xenophobic communities when united under one charismatic, just leader. I am that leader.'" He then went on to deny, unprompted, that the film's anti-Chinese rhetoric was intended to provoke a nuclear war with that country.

Before returning to the set, Costner talked about upcoming works. "Nobody's *ever* thought about what will happen in Europe after atomic weapons destroy civilization," he gushed. "For example, would humans develop enhanced hearing, sight, or the ability to breathe underwater? And what would the small, xenophobic communities look like over there? Not a lot of metal in the buildings, that's for sure!" One attending reporter remarked that Costner appeared to be smirking throughout the day.

—BONENBERGER

From the Desk of "Doctor" Ian Moss

Scientists Discover Location of Collective Unconscious

The collective unconscious, or the common set of underlying knowledge that every human possesses, resides in a little black box that I keep under my deluxe office-style swivel chair, according to a recent study published by me. Apparently, I bring it with me to lunch in Commons and take it with my ritual glass of Barq's root beer every day (except weekends, when Commons is closed). I also like to play Frisbee with it in Silliman's spacious courtyard, weather permitting. Once I almost destroyed it when I came in really drunk and tripped over my coffee table, missing the box by the narrowest of margins. Still, most of the time I take good care of the collective unconscious—"your innate recognition of representative symbols is in good hands," according to the leader of the study (me).



'Max Treble' Represents Soundwave of the Future

Well excuse me for breathing, but I've never understood mainstream America's obsession with bass. "People are getting bored with the ground shaking thumps of contemporary dance music," I said in a press release yesterday. "It's time for treble to get its turn in the spotlight." This is why I have invented the revolutionary "Ultra-Tweeter" speakers for use in your home, car, office, bathroom, public address system, smoke detector, or television module.

All right. I have a confession to make. I spent too much time retaking that stupid MENSA test to finish developing this product. Nevertheless, the days of impromptu Puff Daddy concerts at red lights are numbered. Theremin music and microphone feedback shall soon usurp the megablast throne for good, mark my words!

Lab Rat Dies, Scientists Devastated

Today was a sad day at SmithBline Keecham pharmaceuticals, for one of their best lab rats passed away due to unnatural causes. "We named him Algernon," said my research partner and Branford Screw date Charlie Simon. "He was one of the best lab rats I have ever worked with. He never once refused an assignment. We could always count on him to do our dirty work, like ingesting nothing but triple-action tartar-control toothpaste for a month." Alas, those glorious days of honorable servitude have slipped away betwixt the feeble paws of noble Algernon, and he is now dead.

Well I, for one, am overcome with grief. Algernon, in a way, represents all of us, eternally running in the proverbial "rat race." Why should I and mine make one ground-breaking scientific discovery after another when death claims us all in the end anyway? Well, how about it readers? Please respond to: "Doctor" Ian Moss, SM 1861.

—Moss



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Arthur Boffmann

THE MOVIE PUBLICIST'S FRIEND

WATERBOY, starring Adam Sandler, Henry Winkler (Touchstone)

Arthur Boffman says, "A refreshing performance by Adam Sandler that will leave you thirsty for more. The thinking man's Charlie Chaplin, the drinking man's John Belushi. The stadium's full of hearty admirers, Mr. Sandler, and they're all named Oscar. Hats off!"

ENEMY OF THE STATE, starring Will Smith, Gene Hackman (Buena Vista)

Arthur Boffman says, "Will Smith "gets jiggy with it" in a rock-'em-sock-'em, take-no-prisoners, high-flying, hard-hitting, on-the-edge marathon of nonstop action. Hackman gives an *unforgivably* stunning performance, so it's no wonder he's on the run: his mantle is already full, but Oscar just can't get enough!!"

PSYCHO, starring Vince Vaughn, Anne Heche (Universal)

Arthur Boffman says, "An *insanely funny* roller coaster of thrills that leaves you *screaming* for more Vaughn! Anne Heche drives you *crazy* with a *maddeningly refrhecheing* performance. Get away from the shower, Ellen, Ms. Heche already has a date. No, ha ha, not with Death... with Oscar!"

What the glasses mean: — excellent; — indisputably a classic

—BONENBERGER

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once again

—thanks

Ahh, the dining hall message board... where dining hall managers get a chance to publicly respond to student input. The awkward, face-blind dining-hall-manager/student relationship has always been a delicious balance between civility and absurdity. We here at the *Record* wanted to exploit that relationship, because we were damaged in a previous relationship that we don't really want to talk about right now. Right now, we present *actual quotes taken verbatim* (including punctuation mistakes and omissions!) from the Yale college dining boards.



"We Want Non-Dairy Lettuce"

compliment: The stuffed squash was great!

criticism: The tables should be farther apart. It is almost impossible for people to come and go because the chair backs bump into each other —Glad you enjoyed the squash. I did too.

Asparagus! You are **gods!**
—thank you

where has the Cracklin Oat Bran been for the last 3 weeks
—we'll get some to you

can we have sunflower seeds?
—yes

Remember the Garlic and Herb stuff we used to have. Can we get it again? THANKS!
—Yeh - look for it!

Life Cereal and Almond Delight
—I'll get it to you!

please get HAM! thank you
—(I will order the Ham.)

flat bread please
—I# have to order
It is a special orde
So it#

WE LOVED THE BERRY COBLER!
PLEASE BRING IT BACK AGAIN!
THANK YOU THANK YOU!
—Thanks, I'll tell Lynn

I/We LUVED the Oreo Pie thing with Chocolate. Let's have them EVERY Thursday. PLEEZE!
—we're glad you loved our kitchen confection, whoever. we'll be having a different treat next Thurs. Thanks.

MORE ICE CREAM
LESS RICE DREAM
—There are more ice cream eaters than rice dream eaters.

I HATE RICE DREAM
—I am sorry you don't like the Rice dream - But there are those who love it and look it

Dear Ian,
The night after the DH handed out gift bags, I sang the praises of YUDH

SCENE 1: C - in his room, 2:00 am, writing a reading response

C: "I'm so hungry."

YUDH: "There are cookies and pretzels in the bag."

C: "God bless YUDH"

SCENE 2: C has written a Reading Response and a biolab report

C: "I need a disk to save these."

YUDH: "There's a disk in the bag!"

C: "God Bless YUDH"

THE END

—thank you

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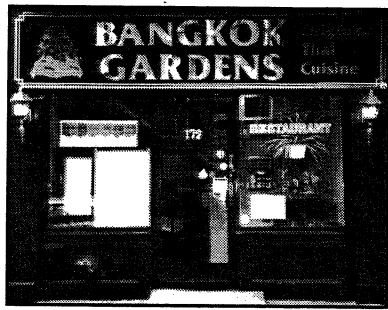


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—KOSLOFF

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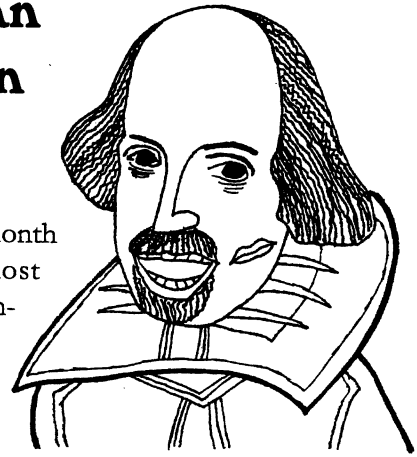


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Lost Shakespearean Play Points to Even Greater Influence



The world was pleasantly surprised last month when Oxford curators discovered a lost Shakespearean masterpiece. This play indisputably establishes that Shakespeare laid the groundwork for most, if not all, of the political, social and scientific advances since the Enlightenment. *The Tragical Historie of Troy* was written as a prequel to *King Lear*, and represents a dramatic break from previous plays both in terms of plot (there is none to speak of) and innovative grammar. Critics point to these differences as proof that Shakespeare was *not* the author, though others claim that these doubters are just jealous that they didn't discover *Troy* first. At great personal cost the *Record* obtained several pages of the play, relevant glosses constructed by *Troy's* scholarly guardians, and a healthy distaste for British policemen. Read and be amazed.

Lo! Methinks that the worker doth control the means
 Of production. Mammon's starry aura reigneth eternal.

Shakespeare's observation at once encapsulates and debunks Marx's assertion. While the workers may control the *means*, Shakespeare points out that their imminent replacement by soulless automata renders Marxist-Leninism obsolete as a political philosophy. Thus, Shakespeare wholeheartedly supports capitalism, ("Mammon") and we should follow his lead.

Thine eyes are ocular in their joviality!

We are, as of yet, unsure what's going on here. Perhaps Shakespeare is trying his hand at flattery, or is disgusted at the deformity of one of his lovers. Either way, what word-play!

Shakespeare knew little Latin and less Greek,
 But to his credit, he never told anyone about Samuel Jonson's drinking problem

Apparently, Shakespeare was not above childish slandering.

Aye, but betimes, dear familiars, thine hotting
 Clamjamfry softly lull rotundy fecundities.

Brilliant! Never before in any recorded language has such a concept been expressed.

DaVinci, of contraptions fantastik much enamourèd
 Fast flying helicoptor to Satan's nether emerites swoon,
 Un-tombèd babe of Reason's mad changeling,
 Th'heav'ns your carnal, damnèd Science rue.

In this passage, Shakespeare clearly denounces DaVinci for the evil forces his scientific meddlings unleashed into the world. "Reason's mad changeling," however, refers to the 12th century historian Henry of Huntington, who was a profligate spender and possible homosexual. In this context, it seems quite obvious that Shakespeare is morally disgusted with DaVinci's deviant sexual preferences, and is very offended at the prospect of the post-mortem accusations of homosexuality surrounding Shakespeare himself.

—BONENBERGER, FIELDING-SEGAL, PHILLIPS

FROM THE ALUMNI

From the Belly of the Tanned, Well-mannered Beast

In July, I moved to Los Angeles. While my parents had been pushing me towards patent law, the fast cars and fast women of the patent law scene were not enough to overcome my lifelong obsession with television. My classmates agreed that sitcom writing was a good career choice; one of my friends even theorized that if Shakespeare were alive today, he would be writing in Hollywood. Personally, I disagree. If Shakespeare were alive today, he'd be running a venture capital firm in Silicon Valley—that's where the real action is. But I appreciated the sentiment.

I grew up in New Jersey, so, like every other East Coast transplant, I spent my first three months in LA endlessly comparing it to New York. Los Angeles is too spread out. New York is too crowded. Los Angeles is fake. New York is expensive. No one has a car in New York. Everyone has a gun in his car in Los Angeles.

I slowly began to realize that the New York-LA conversation was a lot like, and just as boring as, the Macintosh vs. PC debate. Los Angeles is user-friendly. New York provides more options. Los Angeles is better for media. New York is better for business. Of course, both provide easy access to pornography.

The best thing about moving to LA is that it's easy to impress friends back home. So it's getting cold in Boston, huh? Funny, it's still in the 70s here. No, the leaves haven't changed color. I don't think that palm trees do that.

If meteorological bliss doesn't impress, the next move is to talk about

famous people you've seen. "I ran into Andy Garcia at the bank yesterday. So how's New Haven?" Rubbing elbows with the rich and arguably famous can do a lot for one's self-esteem. Hey, I go to the same Starbucks as Jamie

So it's getting cold in Boston, huh? Funny, it's still in the 70s here. No, the leaves haven't changed color. I don't think that palm trees do that.

Farr. I must have really good taste.

Unfortunately, star sightings don't happen every day, even in LA. More often, I see people who look famous, even if I don't actually recognize them from anything. These people have a very specific appearance—big head, good skin, improbably healthy hair.

They wear sunglasses at all times, and tend to smell just a little bit better than common folk. I figure this is the level of celebrity that I might be able to attain. I may never be well-known, but I can always strive to be well-groomed.

Most of the people I meet aren't famous, or famous-looking, but everyone seems to want to be. I like talking to struggling actors because they make my writing travails seem less futile. If they're lucky, they get to spend a few years doing dinner theater. But it can be much worse: any time you hear an actress saying she's working with a "young director who likes to take a lot of risks," it means that a sophomore at USC wants her to appear in a student film wearing only a G-string.

Actors also try to capitalize on the obscure talents they all seem to have. Attempting to stand out, they list skills like lion-taming or rodeo-clowning on their resumes. Unfortunately, there isn't much of a market for classically



D. WATSON

THE POEM

Procrastination

Once upon a Sunday dreary, while I sat with my books near me,
Flipping Orgo pages that I'd just flipped through before,
While I slouched there, bored and restless, suddenly I must confess this,
I ouch and slithered from my seat onto the floor.
And I just lay there, lay there on my bedroom floor,
'Cause it felt good—nothing more.

From this new and strange position, I embarked upon a mission.
I crabwalked to my desk and rummaged through the drawers.
I found and took my Elmer's glue, some Skittles, and a slinky, too,
Then grabbed my Play-Doh as I bounded out the door.
In an effort to avoid my work, this campus I'd explore—
A better version of a tour.

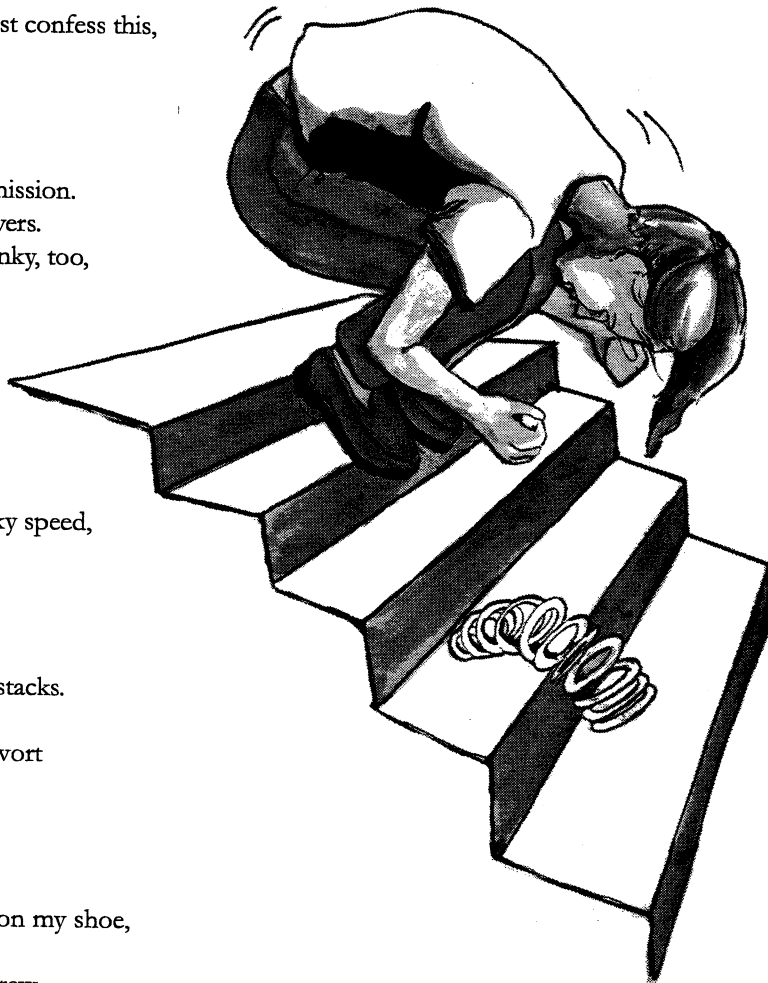
Delighted with my newfound wares, I launched my slinky
down the stairs,
Then hurriedly descended to my entryway floor.
My better judgement I'd not heed; I raced in vain the slinky speed,
I somersaulted down the steps and out the door
With an ardent vow to work no more.
Stay and study?—what a bore!

Avoiding all the sidewalk cracks, I ran to Sterling's dusty stacks.
Once inside I pulled out volumes of forgotten lore.
I stacked them up to build a fort; inside the walls I did cavort
'Til security came and threw me out the door
Shouting, "Your actions here I do deplore...
Don't you come here anymore!"

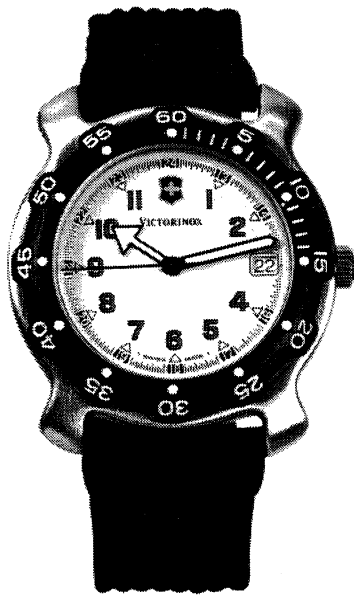
Undaunted I exposed my glue and squeezed some out upon my shoe,
Then stuck my shoe upon that old library door.
I soon removed my other shoe and at it purple Skittles threw,
Then red and green and orange until there were no more.
Perhaps that talk of going mad was not just college lore—
Act with reason?—Nevermore!

I took my Play-Doh out its case, and smeared its greenness on my face,
Then ran o'er to a ping-pong game and offered to keep score.
"What is with you?" players queried. "You're a weirdo. Don't come near me!"
I just laughed and laughed like I'd never done before.
Then all was quiet for my one gigantic roar—
"Procrastination!"—Nothing more.

Confused and with a sleepy look, I raise my head from my textbook,
And grimace at the puddle of drool which lies on page sixty-four.
Was I sleeping long, I wonder? Why's my desk drawer all asunder?
Where'd my shoes go that I just had on before?
I wipe some green stuff from my hair and start to read some more.
Procrastination? Nevermore!



—POEM, SIGURDSSON / ILLUSTRATION, ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON

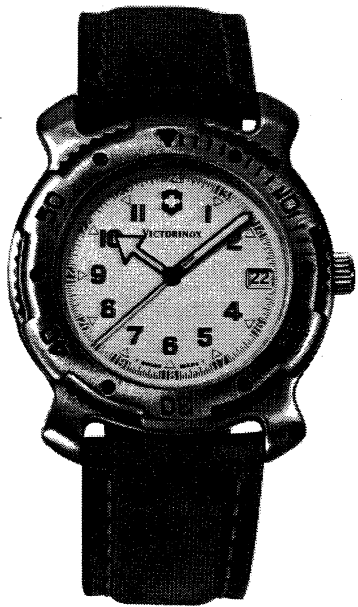


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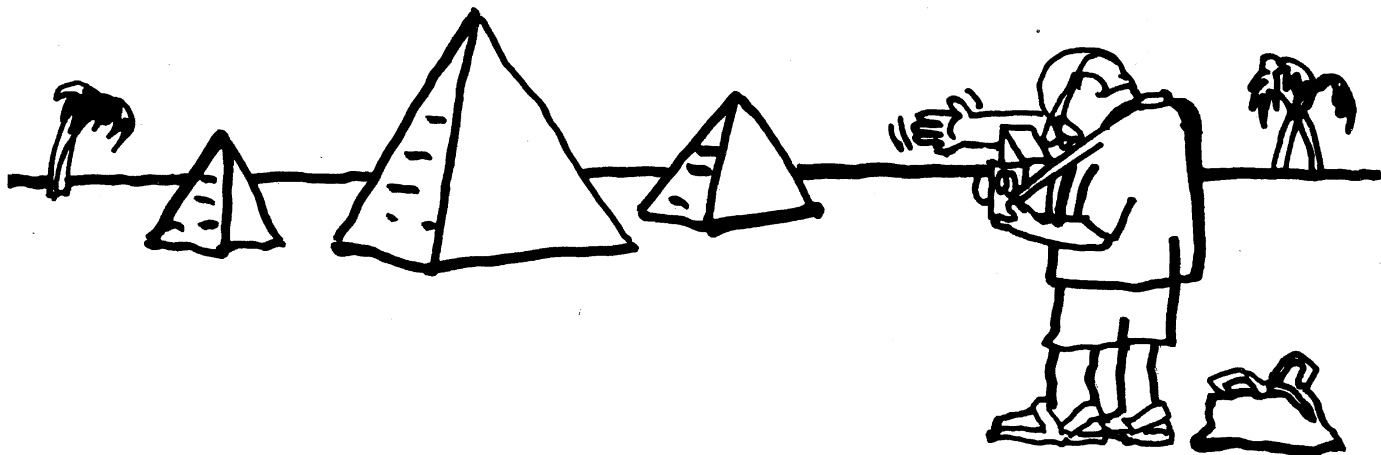
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D. WATSON

trained court jesters. The only ones who are able to do anything with these talents are dancers. Six years of jazz and five years of tap qualify you for three years of topless.

Of course, life in Los Angeles can't be all sunshine and crushed dreams. You also have to worry about earthquakes. The threat of mass destruction can be pretty scary at first, but you learn to love it. In a city where the weather is beautiful and the people

recognizable feature, like London's Big Ben or Chicago's Oprah. Indeed, the freeways serve the dual purpose of conduits for travel and public gathering grounds. The city is so big and diverse that the only feeling of community among Angelinos comes when they are stacked tip-to-tail on the 405. And freeway traffic serves as the only indication that people actually live here. In a city with few tall buildings and no pedestrians, it is eerily

Valet parking makes a person feel like either a player or a sucker, depending on whether he has singles in his wallet or valuables in his trunk. However, the service they provide is so indispensable that if the valets were ever to go on strike, the governor would be forced to call on the National Guard to don red blazers and park cars.

For me, like most people I've met here, the good weather and attractive

The freeways are the city's most recognizable feature, like London's Big Ben or Chicago's Oprah.

don't seem to age, a person needs Armageddon hanging over his head in order to get working. You can't just sit there, lest the earth open up and swallow you whole before you ink a three-picture deal with Miramax. You are motivated to work hard and be successful, so when the earth does swallow you whole, you at least get to go down driving a sport utility vehicle.

I assume I will be driving during "The Big One." Everyone else will be, too. The freeways are the city's most

comforting to be sitting in a car, waiting for a jackknifed tractor-trailer to be removed; traffic means that you are not alone.

Off the freeways, the problem is parking. Most drivers seem not to be traveling, but looking for somewhere to stop. Although the idea of traffic caused by people looking for parking spaces has a pleasing Kafka-esque quality, it drives a person crazy when encountered every weekend. The only way to avoid this city-wide game of musical chairs is to use valet parking.

women are enough to offset the earthquakes and traffic. However, I'm reluctant to say that I love it. To love Los Angeles is a signal that you are soft. A person can live and work here, but he must always maintain an attitude of grudging acceptance and detached cynicism towards the city itself. This is not a city that will chew you up and spit you out; it will lull you to sleep before it steals your soul. I don't think it will get me. And so what if it does? I can always become a patent lawyer.

—SHEAR

about the alumni contributors

D. Watson '59 recently retired from full-time teaching in architecture at Yale and at Rensselaer, he is preparing a monograph of his cartoons, entitled *All in Line*.

Michael Shear '98 served as chairman and Editor-in-Chief of the Record from 1996-1997. That and a dollar fifty will get him a cup of coffee in Hollywood.

These movies as you saw them didn't tell the complete story. Their original endings were left on the cutting room floor, victims of prudish censors and arrogant studio executives. Here are the real endings of these films, previously available only to Hollywood insiders and kings.

THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES OF

Apocalypse Now

EXT. KURTZ'S CAMP - MORNING

WILLARD floats down the river in his boat with LANCE. The dumbstruck followers of Colonel Kurtz stand still for hours. As dawn breaks a bird chirps, and friendly woodland animals begin creeping out of the foliage. One of the AMERICAN SOLDIERS turns to COLBY, Kurtz's first would-be assassin.

SOLDIER

Hey, so, uh, Colby, you were his second-in-command.

COLBY

What are you saying?

SOLDIER

You're in charge. I mean, we can't very well follow Kurtz anymore, now that he's been hacked to death by a machete...

PHOTOJOURNALIST

Yeah, man, like, we can't just leave his work incomplete! Nobody understood him except me. He was a genius! Last night



— ILLUSTRATIONS, MELANIE SCHOENBERG

he came to me in a dream -- he looked like Otto von Bismarck, and I wanted to make love to him. "Nobody understands me but you" he said. And he had breasts!

COLBY

You're right. I'm the Colonel now. Let's do some goddamned killing!

INT. MILITARY AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Willard, now with the rank of Major, is

about to return home. The military commanders who handed Willard his first assignment: GENERAL CORMAN, COLONEL LUCAS, and the CIVILIAN walk up to him.

WILLARD
They sending you home, too?

CORMAN
Uh, no.

LUCAS
We've got one more assignment for you.

WILLARD
What the goddamn fuck? Are you kidding me?

CORMAN
Well, you botched the last job.

WILLARD
This has got to be some kind of sick joke.

CORMAN
When you killed Kurtz, you left Colby alive.

WILLARD
So?

LUCAS
Colby took over. He's out there operating without any decent restraint -- totally beyond the pale of any acceptable human conduct.

CORMAN
Luke, would you play that tape for the Major? Not too loud -- this is an air-port, now...

WILLARD
I don't want to hear your tape, and I don't care about this lame-ass mission. Why don't you just bomb the village?

CIVILIAN
Terminate with extreme prejudice.

WILLARD
This is the stupidest thing ever! Aw, fer cryin' out loud -- I just missed my flight. Goddamnit...

EXT. NORTH VIETNAMESE CAMP - MORNING

WILLARD (v.o.)

"While I was busy cursing out the civilian, that sneaky dog Lucas snuck up behind me and knocked me out. Woke up two days later in a VC prison cell three miles north of Colby's camp. Maybe Luke's cold-cock was why I still couldn't remember how many people I'd killed, but I figured after Kurtz, it was probably about twenty-three. Shit, handing out death sentences here was like handing out parking violations in a parking garage that had lost its permit and not told anyone. Well, sort of. Colby was kind of a jerk, and that photographer guy just bugged the shit out of me, so I'd be glad to see them go. The others would be a little harder, by virtue of their superior numbers, but I was sure that I could kill 'em. Either that, or become their new master. For the moment, though, I had other problems...

VIETCONG GUARD
So, we bunch of "slope-eyed hog-pigs," eh, Yankee?

WILLARD
Wh-what?

VIETCONG GUARD
We hear what you helicopter friend Lucas say about us. We make him run! You asleep, so now you captured!

WILLARD
Lucas!? That -- ooh, I'm going to get that bastard...

VIETCONG GUARD
Ha ha, you no get nothing! I going surfing, now!

WILLARD
What an odd thing to say... the ocean's miles from here.

VIETCONG MESSENGER
(runs in, out of breath -- to V.C. guard)
Frying Yankees!

Helicopters are heard flying overhead -- Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" plays in background

WILLARD
I hate the smell of Napalm in the morning.

THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES OF saving private ryan

EXT. OMAHA BEACH WAR MEMORIAL - AFTERNOON

The elder version of ex-Private JAMES RYAN turns to his family.

RYAN

Boy, am I glad that's over with! Visiting here always reminds me of the war. Have I ever told you about my experiences in WWII?

FIRST GRANDDAUGHTER

Yes Grandpa, you just spent the last two hours telling us about it. Can we go home now?

RYAN

Soon. Did I ever tell you about my time right after the war? For some reason I found myself managing an all-women's baseball team. We had this star pitcher, no one could beat her. She had the most beautiful red hair...

WIFE

Honey, that wasn't you. That was in the movie we saw last night on cable, *A League of Their Own*.

RYAN

Er... (A look of befuddlement spreads across Ryan's face.) That's right. You know, sometimes my mind wanders. It all has to do with that wonderful luxury cruise ship that almost killed me. I'd never said more than two words to anyone in steerage class before that night, but when I realized the gates to the lifeboats weren't going to open, those men became my brothers. Sometimes I dream I'm still there, watching the icy water of the Atlantic inch its way up the stairwell. If it hadn't been for that last-minute adrenaline rush giving us the awful strength to force those gates apart...

RYAN'S ADULT SON

Dad, that was *Titanic*. You were never on the R.M.S. *Titanic*. You weren't even alive in 1912.



— ILLUSTRATIONS, MELANIE SCHOENBERG

RYAN

(closes eyes, pinches bridge of nose in thought.) Ohh... I suppose you're right. Besides, there wouldn't have been time for such nonsense after General Sherman's army swept through Tara. They burnt all we had to the ground! I worked my fingers raw in that blackened soil trying to turn a crop to feed my invalid father and my selfish sisters! I vowed then with God as my witness, that I would never be hungry again! And come what hells and horrors I've had to face in my life, I have always provided for my family.

SECOND GRANDDAUGHTER

Whatever, Grandpa.

She and her buxom sisters gaze across the lawn at another family and their three handsome young men. They share a mutual sigh.

CIA

Threats

THAT NEVER MATERIALIZED

It's no secret that the CIA has been through a lot in the last couple of decades. Many would point to the Bay of Pigs invasion as the most impressive screw-up in the agency's history, but our favorite has always been the Aldrich Ames scandal. Chiefly because of a popular joke from some years back that we're fond of retelling at our meetings.

Ames: Knock-knock.

CIA: Who's there?

Ames: Aldrich Ames, the high-ranking CIA agent working for the Soviets in secret.

CIA: Aldrich Ames, the high-ranking CIA agent working for the Soviets in secret, who?

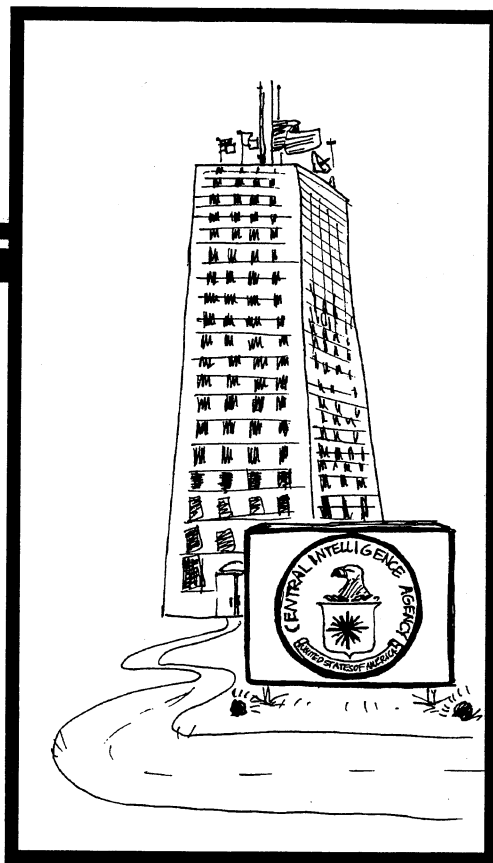
Ames: You goddamn idiots, I'm robbing you blind!

Anyway, the CIA's legacy of incompetence would be forgivable (or at least forgettable in the wake of recent, more interesting scandals) were it not for a set of file cabinets shipped to our office by mistake.

The cabinets themselves were nondescript in a late-60s cheap metal sort of way, but the sensitive information inside aroused considerable interest. The *Record* staff swiftly fell into two camps: the ones who wanted to sell these confidential documents to the Germans, and those who wished nothing more than to humiliate "those starched-shirt Bonesmen." The first group pretty much won out, but we all decided that it would be a lot easier to reprint these CIA documents than write another article for this issue, so here are a few of our favorites.

Nancy Tannenbaum

A dental secretary for six years, and the mother of three boys, Ms. Tannenbaum was later found to be not so much dangerous as annoying.



The CIA

Persistent rumors of high level conspiracies regarding the Central Intelligence Agency finally became too popular to ignore. Fearing official censure, the entire operation was conducted in secret, often on weekends, when no one was around. No evidence of any wrongdoing was ever found, and in fact, everyone involved in the project came away with a much greater appreciation for the agency.

The investigation hit a major snag when it was learned that the investigation itself was the first and only time in the CIA's history that agents had conspired together in secret. The irony was not lost on anyone.

— ILLUSTRATIONS, COSEL

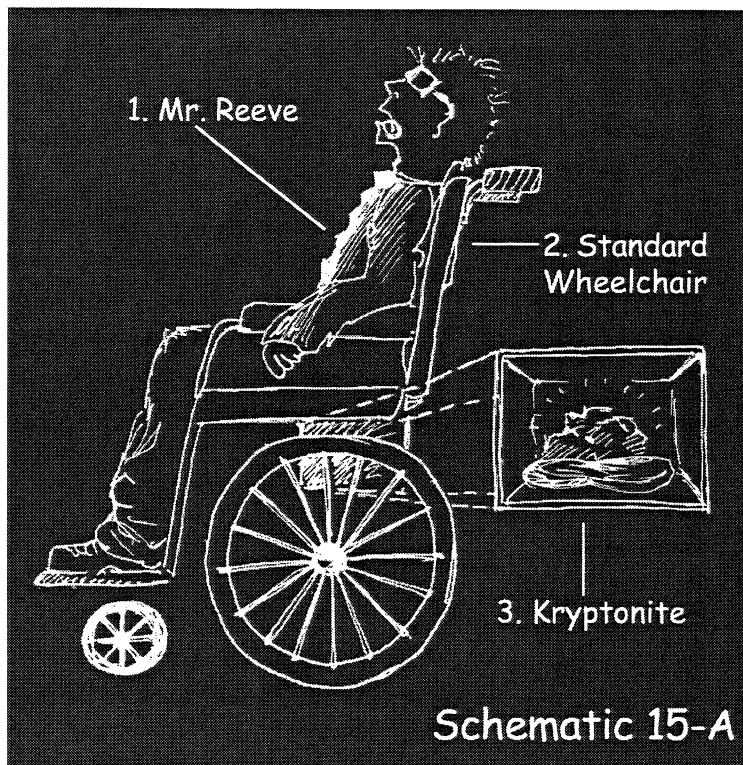
Superman

Alias: ("mild-mannered") Clark Kent, The Man of Steel, Jor-El, Dean Cain, Christopher Reeve

Marked as Threat: 1954 Threat Nullified: May 27, 1995

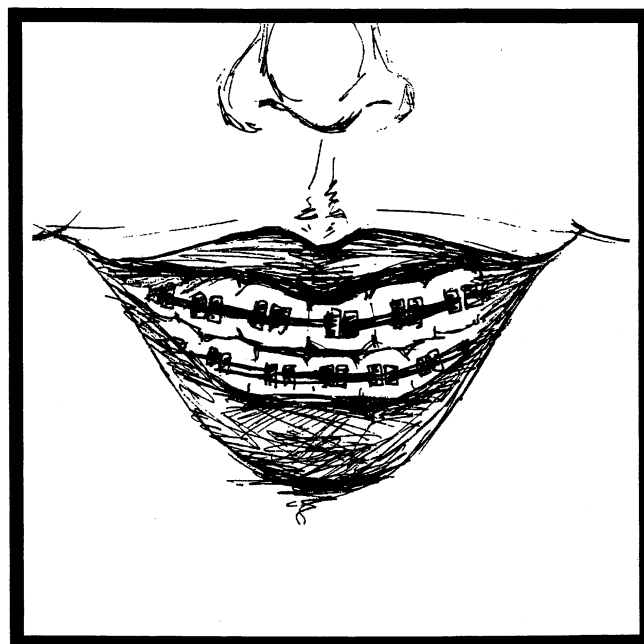
During his excessively patriotic, highly publicized career, Superman had always stood for "truth, justice, and The American Way." Still, when Senator Joseph McCarthy began probing the entertainment industry for Communist operatives in the early 50s, the CIA took it upon itself to review the status of one of our most beloved icons. We found that over his long career, the Man of Steel had done nothing but good for his nation: fighting in World War II, and protecting us from imperialistic aliens, interdimensional beings, evil robots, and other-worldly spooks from the Phantom Zone.

After seven years of inquiries, not one smudge could be found upon this great hero's glowing record. However, technically speaking, Superman was still an alien. Coupled with his insistence on remaining a freelance operative, this startling evidence became a major consideration. As a precautionary measure, in 1995 Superman was tracked to a small town where he was residing under the alias "Christopher Reeve." Special operatives tricked "Mr. Reeve" into sitting in a specially-designed, Kryptonite-rigged wheelchair—then broke his back in several places. The Kryptonite kept him from standing up, much less regenerating his broken spine, effectively neutralizing the Man of Steel.



Braces

As any eighth-grader can attest, braces are just plain evil. They hurt like a bitch, are difficult to keep clean, and make chewing gum a nightmare.



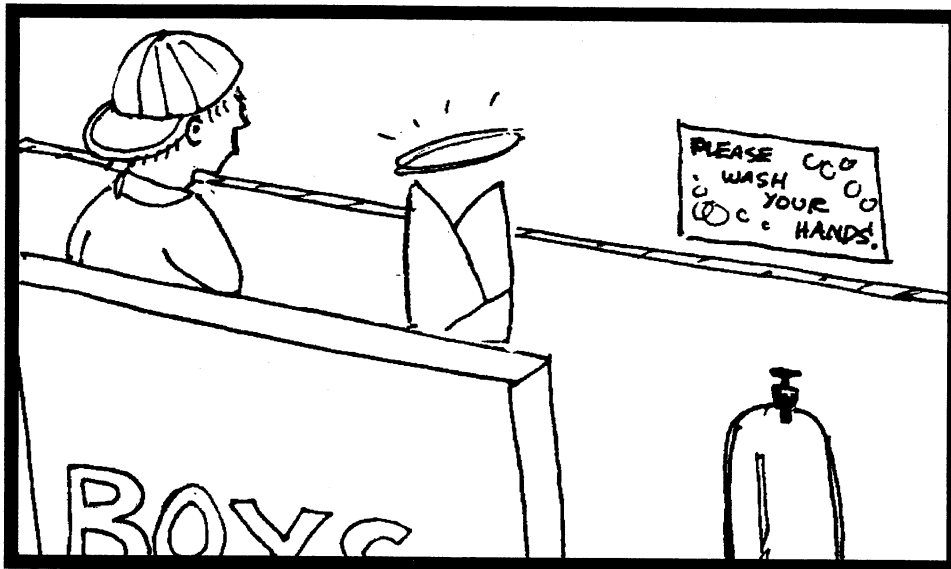
Pope John-Paul II

Alias: the Pope, da Pope-ah, His Holiness, "not the REAL Pope"

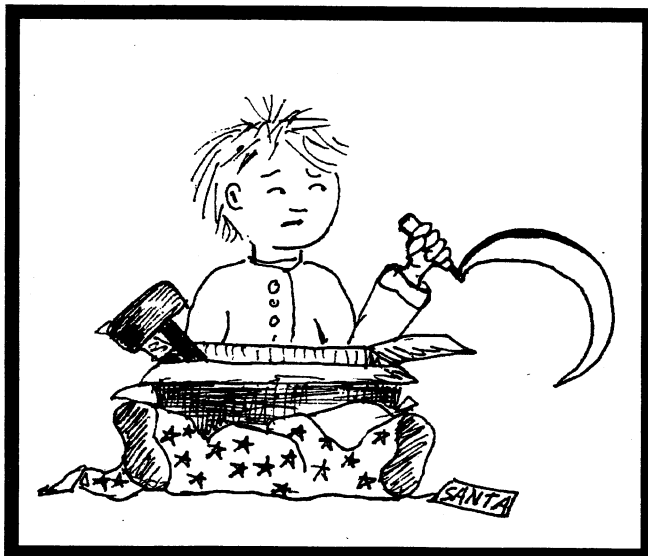
Marked as Threat: 1980 Threat Nullified: 1994

Many Americans swear allegiance to him over allegiance to their own country. If, God forbid, he should ever call upon these followers to assist him in his evil schemes, the U.S. would have no choice but to fall back on Lutherans and Jews in order to fill the ranks of her armies. Even so, the biggest threat comes not from this luring of American souls and minds, but from the superweapon in the hands of this man and his tiny country, Vatican City.

The weapon is known in strategic defense circles as "The Almighty"—a name which makes all-too-clear the power at the hands of this seemingly harmless old man. Frighteningly enough, this "God," as the weapon is also referred to, is still very active. Historical accounts point to its ability to boil seas, initiate plagues of locusts, and kill firstborn sons. Fortunately, with the onset of the 1990s, people the world over have become disillusioned with the prospects of security, family, and religion. With his moral support base continuing to crumble, it is extremely unlikely that the Pope will attempt a full-scale attack on the US in the foreseeable future.



Surveillance photo



Santa Claus

Alias: Kris Kringle, "Saint" Nicholas, Pere Noel, "Annual Gift Man,"
Your mom & dad.

Marked as Threat: 1955 Threat Nullified: 1982

During the Cold War, the U.S.S.R. wasn't the only potential "Red Threat from the North." Promoting beliefs of sharing accumulated wealth among our children, even while indiscriminately taking "milk and cookies" from property owners, this fat Communist father figure has a distribution network which is unparalleled.

Though Santa remains active, a preemptive strike was never deemed necessary. The threat was eventually nullified through the "he doesn't exist" campaign spread by operatives cleverly disguised as older children.

BIZARRE PLANET

The *Record's* compilation of the weird and strange from the nation's news sources.

ROME - A strike of Italian "dubbers"—men and women who provide the Italian voices for American TV and films—has left the Italian entertainment industry in dire straits. Fifty years after Mussolini ordered that all foreign films be dubbed to drown out the sound of enemy languages, Italians still love their voice-overs. Many Italians refuse to watch undubbed foreign films. And with 75% of all Italian films shot in foreign languages, it's clear that film companies are in a bind. Dubbers are asking for more regulations and benefits, but they are also trying to preserve what they consider a dying art. Oreste Lionello, the suitably nebbish voice of Woody Allen said, "They have kidnapped our vocal chords."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - Ryan Drakowshy and Sarah Small, two students at the Rhode Island School of Design, were arraigned on vandalism charges for a shocking crime: painting the entrance to a city subway station a shocking pink. When captured, the students told cops that they were completing a school project. A RISD spokeswoman denied this—but didn't rule out such a project in the future.

CALIFORNIA - Some scientists claim to have found the solution to sweaty underarms: deadly poison. They say small doses of botulism (a neurotoxin, the world's most lethal substance) can stop sweating in its tracks.

Their research showed that injecting botulism toxin into the underarms of patients kept them "bone dry" for up to seven months, with no physical side effects. However, the \$1000 price tag for this treatment will probably keep most of us damp but poison free well into the future. In a related story, UN inspectors are still deciding if Saddam Hussein is stockpiling botulism toxin, and if so, whether it's to combat an embarrassing hygiene problem.

NEW JERSEY - A fifteen-year-old Academy Charter High School student was arrested after a handgun fell from his pants pocket—as he was being awarded "Student of the Month." The principal of the school grabbed the .22 caliber semiautomatic weapon and called the cops. School officials are debating whether the boy will be allowed to keep the award after he is released.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA - A youth minister wanted to show kids that playing with sin was like playing Russian Roulette. So he got a pistol, placed a blank into one chamber, and began the demonstration. After announcing each sin, the minister spun the cylinder, put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. Eventually, the minister got to the chamber holding the blank, which exploded, killing him.

MOSCOW - This year, vendors began selling traditional Russian-style matrioshka nesting doll sets bearing the image of Bill Clinton on the outermost doll. When one opens up Mr. Clinton, they find smaller dolls with Gennifer Flowers, Monica Lewinsky and various other women the President has been accused of being inside.

CROSSVILLE, TENNESSEE - Republican candidate Byron Looper really wants to be a Senator. Really. First, he legally changed his name to "Low Tax." But that didn't work, so cops say he then shot his opponent, incumbent Sen. Tommy Burks. Looper supporters remain

hopeful. "There's no law that says if someone murders their election opponent, their name must be taken off the ballot," state election coordinator Brook Thompson said. In a remarkable show of bipartisanship, the state GOP urged people not to vote for the Republican Looper. Personally, we might be scared not to.

TORONTO - "KARTIKO," an eight-year-old orangutan died despite a heroic attempt to save him. A former lifeguard and his girlfriend rescued the animal after it fell into a moat during a cookie-feeding frenzy. The incident occurred when a family visiting the city's zoo ignored the many "don't feed the animals" signs and fed the orangutans cookies and bread. Kartiko fell into the moat when he and five other orangutans scuffled over the food.

Orangutans can't swim. An onlooker jumped into the moat and pulled the ape to safety. His girlfriend then administered artificial respiration while he pumped its stomach. Because an orangutan's mouth is so big, the woman couldn't get a full seal on the mouth; she rolled up her zoo program and blew into the animal's

throat, but their efforts were unsuccessful.

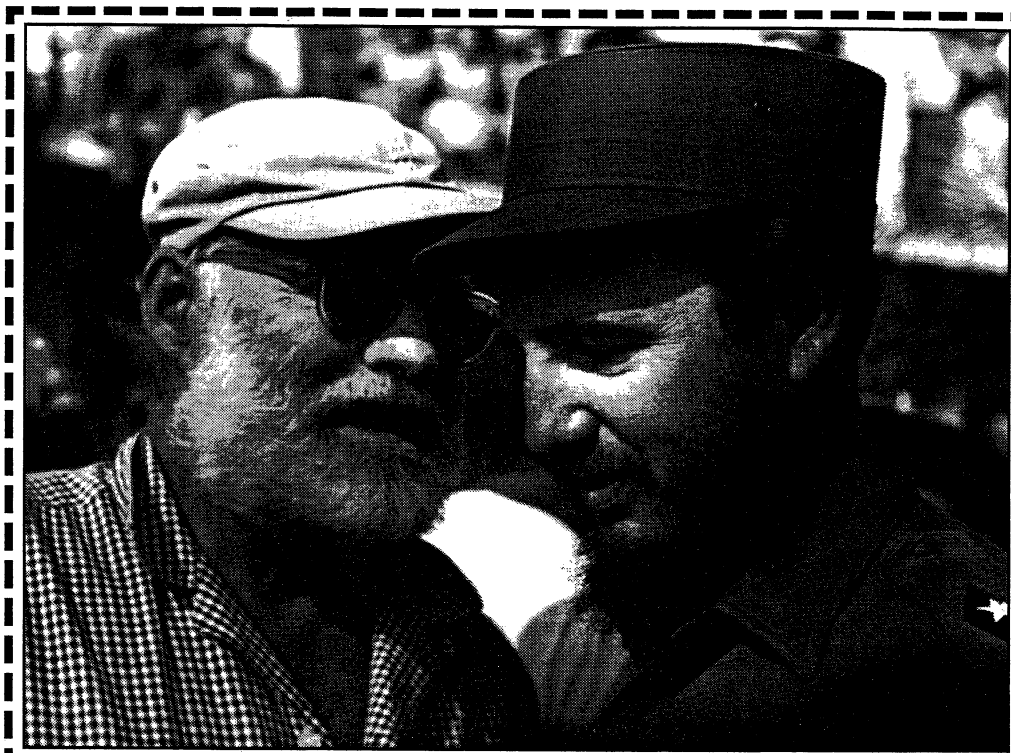
TOKYO - A woman was arrested recently for selling her sixteen-year-old daughter to a geisha house, so she could get money to play pachinko, Japan's popular pinball game, police said. According to the cops, Keiko Ueno, 46, took her daughter to a geisha house in northwest Japan and borrowed one million yen (\$6,800) from them in exchange for having her daughter work there as a geisha. Ueno, who collaborated with her sister and her elder daughter in abandoning the girl, told police they wanted to use the money to play pachinko.

TIRANA - An office rented by the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), was robbed, the Albanian interior ministry said Friday. Some \$2,750 in cash was stolen along with a passport belonging to the agents' Albanian secretary, which contained a U.S. visa. "Only meters away, the U.S. experts give lectures on how to investigate crimes," *The Daily Shekulli* wrote. "Now the Albanians can put these lessons into practice by finding the thieves."

EL PASO, TEXAS - The lusty little town of Buford, Texas, faces dissolution, despite having a population of fifty residents and a dozen sex businesses. The problem, authorities said, is that there is no discernible government. Buford, lo-

Why did he have to take it so seriously?

Source: "Candid Castro," a series of photographs published in *Newsweek*, November 9, 1998



cated about forty miles east of El Paso, was incorporated in 1962 to avoid annexation by larger towns and apparently never bothered to have an election. The town straddles busy Interstate Highway 10 and quickly became a favorite stop for passing truck drivers. The sex businesses have hired a lawyer and appear ready to demand the first election in Buford's history.

MONTCLAIR, NEW YORK - Remember this the next time you tell a child never to lie. John Craig Clifton, 38, of Irvington was attempting to break into a parked car. Someone noticed, and within minutes Montclair police were on the scene. When the officers asked Clifton what he was doing, he told them he

was "just passing through." He was about to leave when his five year old son blurted out: "My daddy was trying to break a window on the car." Clifton vehemently denied his son's accusations, to which the boy replied "Yes, you did, daddy. Don't lie to the police."

EASTPORT, NEW YORK - More than two years after the event occurred, a second teenager has been arrested for the September 1996 theft of a baby Jesus statue from a church in Eastport, Long Island. Suffolk County Police say eighteen-year-old James Merkle of East Quogue not only helped steal the statue, but he also fashioned it into

HEMINGWAY 1960

Castro once said he learned guerrilla warfare from reading "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Though Hemingway lived off and on in Cuba for 20 years, the two rarely met. Here, they chatted at the writer's annual angler tournament. Fidel, who was supposed to judge, insisted on competing instead and ended up winning the trophy. Hemingway shot himself the following year.

a bong which he used to smoke pot. It was unclear if the pipe was actually in use when Merkle was caught. Cops say more arrests are expected, raising the possibility of a Baby Jesus Bong Ring.

WEIRD OLDE YALE

The Burial of Euclid

This page is 100% true. Certified by the friendly folks at Manuscripts and Archives.

In the mid-1800s, long before the electronic age transformed Yale undergraduates into a purely online culture, a sacred, annual ritual centered around Euclid's profound tome, *Elements*.

Back in the days when Yale was more civilized, and still fairly religious, the administration sought to instill a firm sense of discipline in all students by requiring a large number of mandatory courses. The first two years,

tion argued, his soul would finally open itself to the undeniable truth.

In those days, Yale required all sophomores to study Euclid's geometry during their fall term. Though the text confounded many of them, they struggled valiantly to understand it, as befitted true gentlemen. Each October, after their geometry midterms, many of the sophomores gathered secretly at twilight to perform symbolic rites of honorable victory over the book. Taking great care to preserve the spine's virginity, they thrust a red hot poker through the center of the

any temporary defeat, and that his spirit would burn upon the earth long after theirs would have evaporated in a cloud of smoke. In the final daytime rite, students carefully stepped over a copy of Euclid's manuscript that they had placed on the ground. They sought to show that Euclid had taught them to walk thoughtfully in the world, always looking ahead before they made any rash steps.

At nightfall, the sophomores gathered for a burial procession. To show their inferiority before the beauty of Euclid's logic, they costumed them-

Taking great care to preserve the spine's virginity, they thrust a red hot poker through the center of the volume.

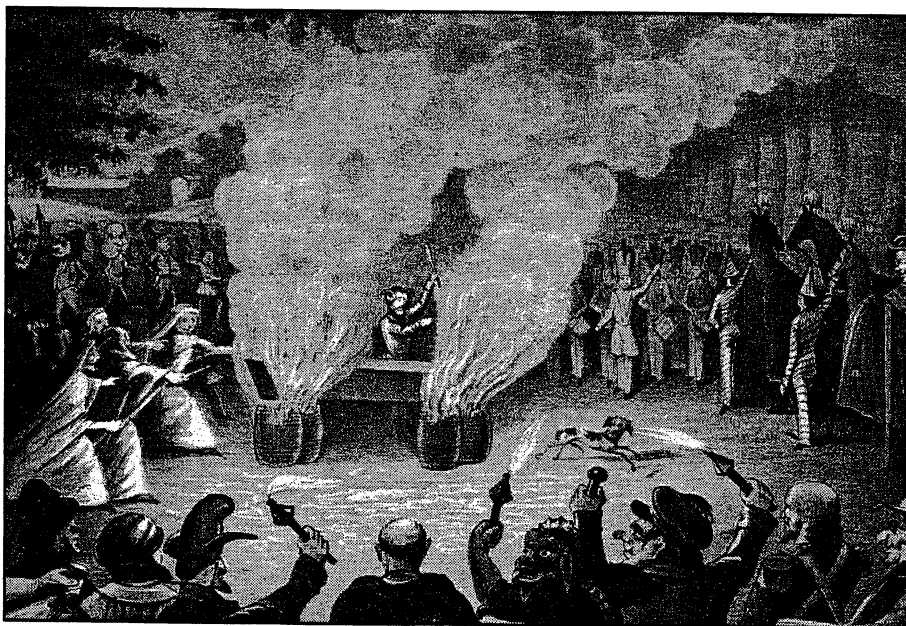
for example, afforded almost no opportunities for undergraduates to choose their own courses. Through this system, the administration hoped to safeguard students from the dangerous traps that lay off the proper path, eagerly awaiting hapless victims. If enough time were spent gently guiding the student, the administra-

tion argued, his soul would finally open itself to the undeniable truth. In those days, Yale required all sophomores to study Euclid's geometry during their fall term. Though the text confounded many of them, they struggled valiantly to understand it, as befitted true gentlemen. Each October, after their geometry midterms, many of the sophomores gathered secretly at twilight to perform symbolic rites of honorable victory over the book. Taking great care to preserve the spine's virginity, they thrust a red hot poker through the center of the

volume. The coarse iron rod became a glorious sword of light and understanding. Then, the students arranged themselves in an orderly line, and passed the book over their heads on raised arms: though they had overcome Euclid this time, they humbly acknowledged his lasting power. They saw that Euclid's greatness eclipsed themselves as lowly goblins and other grotesque, deformed creatures. At the head of the procession, an honored few carried a small and elegant coffin that held the book. Illuminating the night with torches, the mourners made their way to a forest not far outside the city. Coming to rest on a moonlit glen, they gathered together in a circle around the coffin. After a solemn burial and sermon, a few students elegiac odes in Latin, dedicated to the great man and his book. After the last song was over, mourners filled the coffin's grave with the softest soil they could find, and then placed a somber tombstone over the earth's fresh wound. Before departing, the grieving students released a horrifying wail, as if they had all buried some part of themselves along with Euclid. The mourners then made their way back to campus in a dark and gloomy procession.

The tradition ended abruptly in 1863, when the Civil War draft left most of the campus deserted.

—ZAREMSKY
The Yale Record





THE YALE Record

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I'm not sold on giving equal rights to women, but I'd still like to consider it. Please bill me.

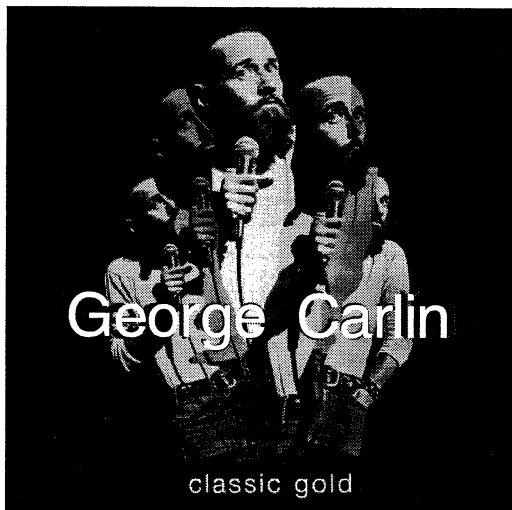
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With your help, the war will soon be won!

REVIEWS



George Carlin's *Classic Gold*

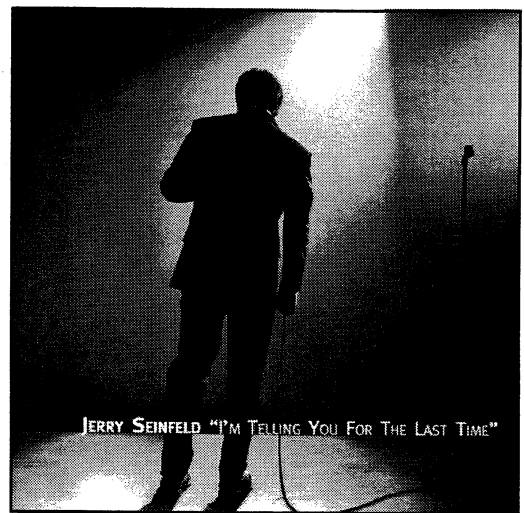
When most people hear the name George Carlin these days, they think of an old, bitter, washed-up comic with a rough gravelly voice and a fondness for discussing your long-distance calling options. But in the early 70s, when the three albums that make up *Classic Gold* were released, Carlin was at the top of his game and one of America's most popular stand-ups. Slightly older than the college audiences that adored him, he posed as the comic thinker questioning society, the voice of the counter-culture.

Classic Gold is a collection of three of Carlin's best albums: *Class Clown*, *AM and FM* and *Operation Foole*. In them, Carlin takes on religion, Vietnam, the pill, divorce, drugs, and other controversies of the time. Carlin was—and remains—an interesting character because he tackles touchy issues while providing a terse, edgy opinion on them.

Certainly the most famous—and probably the best—routine on *Classic Gold* is "Seven Words you can't say on television." He runs off the dreaded septet in an offhanded, direct way that typifies his never-beat-around-the-bush attitude. Then he goes on to analyze each word and why it's been banned from television. Carlin brings a revealing, language-conscious touch to vulgarity and censorship, as a way of discussing how words affect the way we live.

Another wonderful surprise in this early work is Carlin's voice. His vocal range was significantly greater in those early days and his ability to do impressions quite amazing. At one point he even sings the Post Raisin Bran song. Basically, if you think that Carlin's newer stuff is even moderately funny, you'll love this album. If you don't, you'll still find it's good for a few laughs.

—SCHLAFF

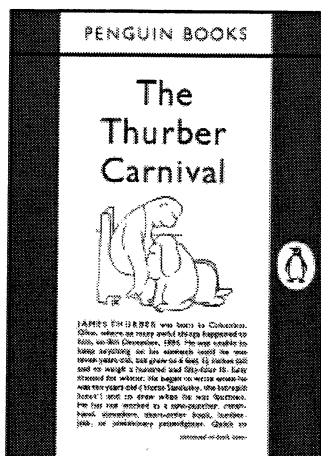


Jerry Seinfeld's *I'm telling you for the last time*

For those of you still reeling from the shock of *Seinfeld* leaving the air last spring, get over it. All the rest of you *Seinfeld* fans who have managed to move on with your lives, here's something worth listening to. Jerry Seinfeld's CD, *I'm telling you for the last time*, is a live recording of his stand-up comedy routine at the Broadhurst Theater last August. Is it funny? Yes. Is it worth the \$15? Probably, unless you were considering donating that money to the Record's "Entertainment" Fund.

What can I say that hasn't been said a billion times before... that Jerry is a funny guy. *I'm Telling You For the Last Time* is basically a compilation of Seinfeld's best stand-up over the last few years. Fans from the sitcom's early seasons will remember some jokes that Jerry would tell on stage during the show.

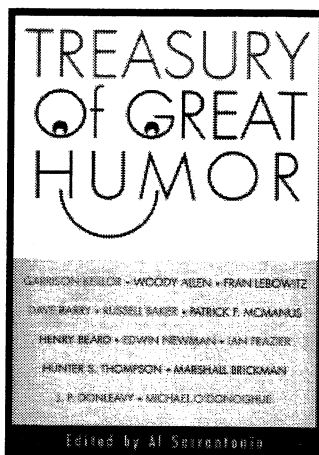
Whether he's describing his childhood Halloween costumes, or trashing NYC cab drivers, he always cracks me up. Once I got over the initial weirdness of hearing Seinfeld's voice, but not seeing him, I found myself laughing right along with the rest of the audience (yet alone in my room). Not only does Jerry do his regular stand-up, but he also includes a question and answer period at the end. You can hear Jerry's thoughts on cereal and the show. Consider this CD good for a light chuckle. —SIGURDSSON



The Thurber Carnival

James Thurber, prolific literary figure and English language purist extraordinaire, deserves a place among the great satirists in American humor. Perhaps no Thurber collection displays his brilliance better than *The Thurber Carnival*, 46 short farces and 44 crude illustrations that delight with a subtlety modern comedy often lacks.

Thurber's mastery of exacting English grammar and sentence structure commands readers' unflagging attention through renowned stories like *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, *The MacBeth Murder Mystery*, and *Something to Say*. Thurber often uses the ordered regularity of his writing as a contrast (in beautifully effective manner) with the bemusing chaos of his incredibly colorful universe. *Walter Mitty*, in fact, almost might represent Thurber—always too involved in his fantasies, "Mitty" somehow deals with the dullness of everyday life through inventive scenarios. Fortunately for readers, *Walter Mitty* and its companions are still as funny as when they were penned, some fifty years past. This, of course, is the final reason to read Thurber—after half a century, fans of wry observations on the inanity of day-to-day existence will continue to laugh at *The Thurber Carnival*. —BONENBERGER



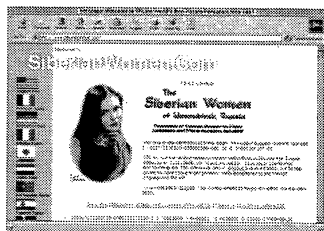
Treasury of Great Humor, edited by Al Sarrantonio

Al Sarrantonio's *Treasury of Great Humor* is one of the finest compilations of humor available. Sarrantonio has assembled a remarkably broad cross-section of American humorists for this book: standards like Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce; greats from the beginning of the century, like Thurber and Benchley; newspaper humorists, like Mike Royko, H.L. Mencken and Russell Baker; and even modern greats like Dave Barry, Henry Beard, and Michael O'Donoghue.

But more important than the book's breadth and completeness is that almost every piece is extremely accessible and laugh-out-loud funny. One of the best is Henry Beard's "Truth In Advertising." Beard, one of the original editors of the gone-but-not-forgotten *National Lampoon*, asks the question, "What if the FTC's truth in advertising regulations were actually followed and commercials had to tell the truth?" His answer starts with the stage direction:

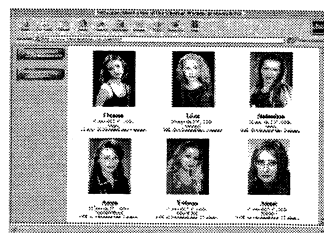
(A kitchen. It could be anywhere, but is, in fact, in the studio of a major network. In the sink, on either side of the drain, lurk two stains the size of veal cutlets. The doorbell rings and a comely homemaker admits a well known female plumber.)

This book is one of the best overviews of written American humor available and belongs in any *Record* reader's library. —SCHLAFF

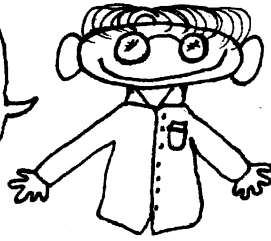


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Thanks to a new mail-order bride service, beautiful Siberian women are only a mouse-click away. www.SiberianWomen.com has 1,724 gorgeous women, who are all very, very willing to emigrate. The site insists that your current economic status, physique, and age don't matter to these women. "Unlike other women around the world, many of whom have become materialistic and vain, Russian women look for inner qualities... Looks are not important to Russian women." They really, really want to be here. With you! "You represent everything the Russian man is not, and these women are willing to move from their homeland to pursue a loving relationship." And boy, oh, boy is this convenient. Mark D., a satisfied customer from Sioux Falls, North Dakota can attest to this. "Thank you so much for introducing me to Tatianna. She is the best thing that ever happened to me, and I owe you a lifetime of gratitude for bringing us together. Your help in obtaining a K-1 Fiancee Visa for her was wonderful. I never had to leave the U.S., and now Tatianna is here with me to stay. Thank you!" —SLOAN



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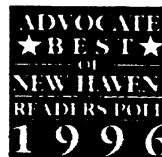
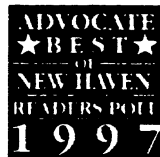
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LONDON FOG

(Continued from page 38) Thurber, once brilliant and sophisticated, is an absolute bore now. Maybe that's just the nature of satire. It's culturally relative. I don't know. I'm talking out of my ass here.

Where did *The Onion* come from?

The Onion was founded by these two very bright and charismatic guys fresh out of college, Tim Keck and Chris Johnson. One of them had made a little money making a one-sheet calendar using the art of a popular local cartoonist (James Sturm) and selling ads around it. So they figured, why not do that every week? And *The Onion* was born: cartoons, a bit of copy, and hopefully some ads. They found this guy named Matt Cook to be a writer for them. He was a really funny improv performer who worked with Chris Farley at this thing called the Arc Improv Theater. Another from that bunch, Todd Hanson, is our current head writer. They brought me in to draw more cartoons for them at the beginning. I thought it was very exciting and started helping them out by writing a lot and editing and doing a lot more stuff. There were some desperately lean times. I recall a lot of nights when it was 3 A.M. and the paper was three hours late getting to the printer, and we didn't have a front-page story idea yet. After about a year, Tim and Chris sold it to me and Pete Haise, who was an ad rep. for *The Onion*. I am the only person still here who was here at the very beginning.

What's happened in the last couple of years at *The Onion*?

Going online was a big step for us. It introduced *The Onion* to millions of people who would have never seen it otherwise. Before that, the only people outside of the Midwest who knew about us were a group of hipster comedy-industry people like Bob Odenkirk, Emo Phillips, and people like that. Our current goals are the same as any writer's, I think: we just want our material seen by the widest possible audience. So that means we're

pursuing things like printing a national edition, doing TV shows, books, and all the rest of it.

Do you ever get hate mail from people who are offended by your material?

Often readers will write in to complain about a story that they thought was in poor taste because it involved a dying baby or something, and I find that so strange, because we all care very much about dying babies. The stories we write are often very sad and moving to us, even though the rest of the world seems to find them funny. We're in therapy here. We're working out our deepest emotional

magazine of the late 80s, which was so much funnier than the *Lampoon*. Why aren't there more? I don't know. It's really hard. Maybe nobody wants to work so hard.

Has written humor died out in America?

I'm not sure if it was ever alive. There's a thing we call humor in this country that is simply an inoffensive "light" take on something. It's not actually funny. It's packaged as humor, so people think, "oh, I see, I'm supposed to laugh at this," and they willingly play along. The emperor has no clothes. Almost all newspaper humor columns, magazine humor pieces,

***The Simpsons* is probably the closest thing [to *The Onion*], because we're both doing social satire; theirs is packaged as a family sitcom, ours is packaged as a daily newspaper.**

insecurities and trying to cope with the horrors of the world by sharing our feelings, and people are writing in to complain, to yell at us for that. I don't understand that at all.

Who do you think of as your competitors?

Our biggest competitor is ourselves. We always try to make each issue better. That's what drives us—it's what we always talk about. As far as currently produced things go, we really don't think of ourselves as having any direct competitors. *The Simpsons* is probably the closest thing, because we're both doing social satire; theirs is packaged as a family sitcom, ours is packaged as a daily newspaper. But we like the show and don't try to compete with it. Things like us that have come before us are kind of seen as competitors, because we're struggling to emerge from their shadows. *The National Lampoon* of the earlier 70s (the Michael O'Donoghue years) is often compared to us in that way. I don't really like that comparison. I'd prefer that we were compared to *Spy*

comics and humor books fit into this category. This is what passes for quality humor in America, and I believe people are surprised and shocked when that rare thing comes along that is actually funny. Moreover, I think people aren't really looking for brilliance or high-art in humor. They don't believe it's capable of that. They just think it's this little diversion that doesn't matter. Well, it matters to me. It's a very serious and important quest to me. To me, a diet of regular American humor is like eating frozen dinners all the time. Once in a while, I hunger for a fancy home-cooked meal, or dinner out at a great restaurant. But it's almost impossible to find. Humor that actually makes you laugh and really touches you is a very rare thing that I crave, and rarely find it. I don't know that I've ever found it in print.

What about in *The Onion*? Do you have any favorite articles?

I don't know. I think of *The Onion* more as a whole, like a worldview. And I like that worldview.

INTERVIEW

Scott Dikkers, Editor-in-Chief of *The Onion*

How would you describe *The Onion* to someone who'd never read it? I would prefer to simply show it to them.

Ok, well, how would you describe *The Onion's* staff?

We have about eight core people. We're mostly locals. We don't really write much for anything else. None of us cut our teeth working for *Saturday Night Live* for ten years or anything like that. *The Onion* is, for all of us, our first big gig. Todd Hanson, Mike Loew and Maria Schneider and I all did comic strips in the campus newspaper before coming to *The Onion*. Rob Siegel, Todd, Tim and I all did performance at one time, like improv, stand-up comedy, that kind of crap. That's about it. Oh, I made a movie (*Spaceman*).

Why do you work on *The Onion*? I'm trying to win back my father. He left my mom when I was eight, and it crushed me. See, the way I figure it, if I become a big enough success, he will notice me and see that I am worth coming back to, and he will return, say he's sorry, rescind the divorce, and everything will be back the way it was. Who are *The Onion's* parents, stylistically speaking?

Monty Python is our ancestor. They are the *Beatles* of comedy. Everything that came before them was one thing, everything that came after was another. I suppose old styles of comedy still continued, but the vanguard that they ushered in became the new comedy—antiauthoritarian, irreverent baby boomer comedy. Their TV show still makes me laugh. Having been produced almost 30 years ago, I find that

Does Strange Death Curse Haunt Cast Of *Gene With The Wings*?
See Entertainment, page 32

Teen Runaway Starts New High-Paying Career
See Local, page 50

Local News Anchor Happy As Hell, Going To Take It For Long, Long Time
See Mock-Up, page 17



the ONION

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Hotcake Sales Brisk



See Business, page 30

NATION
Police Brutality: Are We Lagging Behind The Chinese?
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WORLD
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WANTER



Teaching Assistants
Teaching 7th Grade
Teaching/Lead of 6th Grade

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Man Receives First-Ever Mouse-Heart Transplant



Doctors Urge Him To 'Take It Really Easy'

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—In the first operation of its kind (directed at St. Luke's Medical Center), successfully transplanted a mouse heart into a human Tuesday.

Left: Surgeons replace Raymond Galvez's ailing heart with one from a healthy mouse.

Hospital officials are calling the procedure "a remarkable success."
The patient is recuperating nicely," chief cardiologist Dr. Alex Sotter told reporters. "We are confident he will be able to enjoy a long, happy life, just as long as he doesn't overexert himself by, say, attempting to walk."

see TRANSPLANT on page 14

Angels, Aliens Battle For Imagination Of American People



ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.—Heavenly, heavenly angels and extraterrestrial aliens are duking it out in the fight for the hearts and minds of the American people, a study released Tuesday by the University of New Mexico reports.

"While 100 percent of Americans believe there exist otherworldly beings who watch over humanity, as a nation we deeply divided over the exact nature of these beings," said Dr. Joseph A. Castelli, Ph.D., said, "Angels and aliens from Heaven to prevent war are they seen from both Creation to study and capture us?" This is the question.

see ANGELS-ALIENS on page 16



E! Gives Local Masturbator Inside Scoop On This Summer's Hottest New Swimwear

SMYRNA, Ga.—Gregg Reinisch, a Smyrna-area masturbator, stays on top of all the latest trends in swimwear by watching the E! cable network it was reported Tuesday.

"When I want the inside scoop on which swimsuit styles are heating up the beaches this summer, there's only one network I turn to," Reinisch said of E!, whose award-winning swimwear coverage includes such programs as *Fashion File*, *Sexy Swimwear*, *Special Report: Beachwear '98* and *An E! History Of The Bikini*. "E! is the only channel that offers the kind of in-depth information I crave."

According to the 26-year-old masturbator, without E! he would not know what suits to look out for on the beach.

see MASTURBATOR on B

Right: Smyrna, Ga., masturbator Gregg Reinisch.

The Onion is a satirical newspaper, and the most popular humor publication in America. It is distributed in print, and online (www.theonion.com).

amazing. If *The Onion* is still funny in 30 years, I'll be very surprised and pleased. Satire does not age well. Mark Twain is the only humor writer of

antiquity who is still even remotely funny, but you would never laugh out loud at his stuff. Jonathan Swift is still pretty funny. (Continued on page 37)

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by Harold Pinter

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