

Weekly World Heuristic Squelch!

Volume 4, Number 2 • October 1993
 "All the news that's just this side of slander!"

FINALLY, THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT THE KING! Elvis Found — In Grave, Rotting!



The Sorority Gal Diet:
 INSTANTLY SHED UP
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 No measurable loss in sex
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Raising your children:

**"We love them, but
 sometimes we must
 damn them to hell
 for all eternity."**

A new advice column by Mr. Conservative Jesus Guy

THE SQUELCH SELLS OUT!

Editors Grow Up and Realize that Money is More Important than Freedom



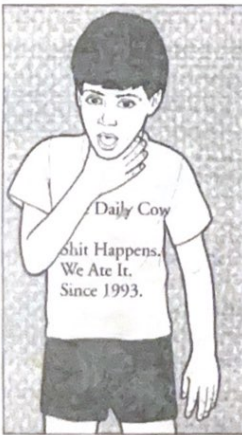
**EXCLUSIVE
 PHOTOS!**

**A S U C
 Senate
 kickbacks
 corrupt
 editors!!!**



*New Pastime: Raping the Earth and
 Oppressing the Weak for Fun and Profit!*

*Ex-editors get off to fast start; secret photos exposes elation
 evident as they buy off their first elected official!*



CALLING ALL PRE-MEDS! CALLING ALL PRE-MEDS!

The Less-Than-Every-Other-Daily Cow Needs Heimlich Maneuver — QUICK!

**EXCLUSIVE
 INTERVIEW
 WITH THE
 DAILY COW
 FINANCIAL
 ADVISOR**



*"With my experi-
 ence working
 with Hillary
 Clinton on the
 National Health
 Care Plan, I feel
 that I can help
 the Daily Cow
 out of its financial
 troubles."*

**Scientists discover
 shocking truth!
 Subliminal Messages
 are everywhere!**



Chancellor Tien To Appear in Playboy's "Middle-Aged Chan- cellors of the PAC-10" Pictoral

Opts for 'more enticing' fully clothed pose

Yet Another Insult to Your Intelligence

The biggest buzzwords of the 1990s, as those of you who did not just recently fall off a Ryder truck from Idaho but have lived in the Bay Area for a while already know, are **interactive and multimedia**. Now perhaps you've never experienced interactive TV beyond yelling at stupid late-night talk-show hosts, but as they say in the AT&T commercials, someday, you will. What you may not have realized, though, is that the Squelch, since its inception two years ago, has always been an interactive/multimedia publication.

Of course, in somewhat subtle ways at times, maybe requiring a little bit of make-believe (see F. Rogers, *Guide to Remedial Early-Childhood Brainwashing*), but nevertheless, a fully-fledged interactive multimedia product. Interactive? Of course. After you finish reading one, fold it up into a hat and wear it around campus until people jeer at you and you are ostracized by all your friends. Or, make it into paper airplanes and throw them at people. You could even tear it up into little strips and hang them on your ceiling fan for a nifty effect.

We've also run many cut-out features: Valentine's day cards, Halloween masks, and innumerable valued clip-n-save fact cards. Combine this with the wide array of games, fun pages, and self-help questionnaires we've also provided our readers, and we easily have an array of interactive features that sociologists say will entertain any four-year-old who can handle scissors.

Multimedia? We've got it. Read it aloud with a friend and you'll get instant stereo sound. Smell the newsprint as it rubs off on your hands. Of course, we are always investigating new technologies in multimedia to improve our product. Watch for the *Electronic Squelch*, which will be specially fitted with tiny batteries so that when touched it gives the reader a refreshing but not life-threatening electric shock. Stay tuned to this space for further new developments, unless you have something better to do. —KRH

Ahhh... the great outdoors! Last Wednesday my Poli. Sci. TA decided to have class outside. What a lovely idea. I thought, as we shuffled out of the stuffy classroom. So out we went to a splendid little lawn in front of Dwinelle Hall.

Now, for those of you who don't know, there is no splendid little lawn in front of Dwinelle. There are just muddy patches of grass that do a poor job of doubling for a classroom. You see, grass is not a desk. But it is a good material for getting in between the pages of your books and turning the knees of your white pants green. If I were a Vegan, I suppose I wouldn't mind so much because the grass stuck in my books would provide me with a healthy snack the next time I studied; and besides, meat is murder. Particularly frustrating was that I could not hear 98% of what the TA was saying despite my lip-reading prowess. I might have had a better time if she were accompanying her words with sign language, or perhaps a mime routine. Furthermore, it is not easy to analyze the tenets of Marxism while staying on guard in case the I'll-urinate-wherever-I-please dog makes another pass.

To top all of this off, the ground was damp. Actually, it was wet. I'm no Soil Science scholar, but I do know that moisture plus dirt equals mud. This was not good because I had on white pants. I swear that's mud on the back of my pants.

This experience really ticks me off. I don't spend \$0.29 mailing in my financial aid form just so I can go to some crummy school that doesn't have classes in a classroom. —MJS

I have a Daily Cal deadline tomorrow. Maybe this time I'll talk about something on TV. Pass the remote. —JAG

I can't believe I'm still fucking here. —SS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editors,

Webster wanted it
Sincerely,
Michael Jackson

Dear Editors,

Everything is going just fine. That little glow in the sky is nothing to worry about.

Sincerely,
The Physics Department

Dear editors,

Just a reminder that Last Action Hero will be available on home video this Christmas. It's really a movie for the whole family that will teach you a little something about life and a little something about yourself at the same time. Please rent it. Please. I made a "big mistake."
A. Schwarzenegger

Dear Dorks,

I'm a Human Biodynamics major!
Quit calling it P.E!
Sincerely,
Biff, HB Major

Dear Cal students,

I am currently seeking viewers to watch my show. Just tune in to the FOX network weeknights and you'll be pleasantly surprised. We already have a whopping three viewers, and that's in the U.S. alone! Maybe we can reverse the cancellation!

Not ready for television,
Chevy Chase

Dear editors,

Da pla-
Sincerely,
Tattoo

Dear UC Berkeley,

I frankly am disappointed that you would have the audacity to reject a student with my academic, extracurricular, and hair qualifications. Just so you know, I hate your hippie school anyway and will instead attend the fictional California University. So there.

Daaaad!
Dylan McKay

Dear editors,

Thanks for taking over this shitty job—we decided to quit this crappy rag. See ya around.

Love Always,
Mike and Al

Editors,

Tone it down. I know people
Hard at work,
Marko Parslezay

Dear Editors,

Bow wow wow. Yippy-yo, yippy-yay.
Very Truly Yours,
Dr. Dre

NEWSFLASHES

Frat pranks goes awry

The ASUC Emergency Crew 'N' Funeral Service (only \$29.95/hr, store profits profit students, prices may vary) was called in at 2:00am Wednesday to rescue 62 fraternity members who exceeded the weight limit of a Barrows Hall elevator, evidently as a prank.

"Thought it'd be fun to break the elevator," said a Theta Upsilon Delta member. "It wasn't much fun."

Russian leaders imitate Berkeley students

Russian Parliament members staged a sit-in in the Parliament building earlier this month in an effort to imitate UC Berkeley students. A protest soon ensued outside the building, which quickly turned into a violent riot. Yeltsin did his part to make the experience as realistic as possible when he sent in his military forces to storm the building, thereby simulating the UCPD.

Play-doh makes return to "old school"

Frank J. Frimmelram, of the Play-doh Corp., recently announced that his company would be making a return to what he called the "old school." Citing the failure of the company's joint venture with Apple Corp. to produce interactive Play-doh, Frimmelram said, "After we came out with the Play-doh CD-ROM™, things really got out of hand. Now we just want to get back to the basics of red, blue, yellow, and green."

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Kata (. . . just "Kata"), special thanks to Spencer Chen

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Top 10 Surprises on the new season of Star Trek:

10. Data gets it on with a toaster
9. It turns out that Jorjy just let his hairband slip down
8. The Enterprise crashes on G-String 7: Planet of Strippers
7. Captain Picard becomes Federation spokesman for Mr. Clean
6. The Klingons find out that one of their ancestors was run over by a Mack Truck
5. Counselor Troi looks into her future and it involves Spam and Twister
4. The crew travels back in time to save Tattoo from killing himself
3. Special guest appearance by Leonard Nimoy as an old washed-up actor
2. New Federation regulation: No nipple piercing
1. Star Trek is for dorks.

Top Seven Signs You Should Clean Your Dorm Room:

7. You look at the floor and think it's about time you mowed it.
6. The RAs won't ask to go in even if you have a keg of beer inside
5. Major mining companies try to lease your room.
4. You are awakened every night by squishing sounds made by your roommate coming in.
3. The first thing you see when you wake up in the morning is a seagull perched on your toes.
2. Jimmy Hoffa and the lost episodes of "The Honeymooners" are found under your bed.
1. You can't find the keg.

Top Five Things Overheard at Script Conferences for "Kung Fu: The Legend Continues"

5. "What the hell, let's put another jump kick in!"
4. "Sorry—I forgot for a second this isn't the TV show with the talking dolphin."
3. "Can we give David Carradine a cool talking credit card like that guy in "Time Trax"?"
2. "What's Chinese for 'Prepare to die, scumbag'?"
1. "I can't think of any more dialogue. Hand me a fortune cookie!"

Short Conversations

"Was it as good for you as it was for me?"
 "That'll be \$50."

"This tastes like crap!"
 "I'll finish it if you don't want it."

"So, can anyone tell me why nationalism and communism are antithetical?"
 "Umm... I haven't done the reading."

"Owwwww!"
 "Oh! I forgot to tell you—I accidentally got some sand in the vaseline!"

"Come on, man, suck it!"
 "Wait, this is definitely hazing."

"Excuse me, do you like comedy clubs?"
 "Fuck off."

"I love you."
 "Good."

"Pledge to save the Rainforests?"
 "I'm a Republican."

"I think I'm going to let my hair grow out."
 "Oh really? I think I'm going to let my penis grow out."

"I just wanted you to know how I felt. That's why I wanted to talk to you."
 "I understand... I'm just very tired."

"But Mom, I'll miss the school bus!"
 "Just one more minute, I'm so close!"

Top Ten Changes in the TV Industry Now that They've Vowed to Cut Back on Sex and Violence:

10. Chuck Norris must try to have a meaningful dialogue with bad guys before whipping their butts.
9. David Carradine will never find out if his Shaolin training will allow him to catch a Nike missile in his bare hands.
8. Steven Bochco? Used car salesman.
7. All nude scenes in "Roseanne" canceled.
6. New TV miniseries: "Nothing Happens in New York"
5. They start showing that test pattern and Indian again at 3 o'clock instead of "Vampire Slayers at the OK Corral"
4. On "X-Men," Wolverine helps little old ladies across the street in lieu of slicing up evil mutants.
3. More hands in strategic places.
2. Fox ceases to exist as a network.
1. "Hey, what's good on TV tonight?" "Barney!"

Top 10 Rejected Ben & Jerry's flavors:

10. Lint Crunch
9. Scrambled Frog Smoothy
8. Booger-licious!
7. Pre-chewed Bubble Gum
6. Jerry's secret protein surprise
5. Kermit Krunch
4. Urine Yum-yum
3. Chunky Chicken Chew
2. Rocky Roadkill
1. Tien Tastee

Top 5 bits of wisdom bestowed upon every D.C. worker:

5. The asbestos usually doesn't fall from the ceiling.
4. The hats and rubber gloves keep the food from contaminating you.
3. Don't throw anything away until it starts leaving on its own.
2. Wash your hands when you're done, you might get Botulism.
1. Never, ever, and I mean never eat the food!

Top 10 Second-Rate Alternative Bands:

10. 5 Non-Redheads
9. Oyster Jam
8. Smushing Avocados
7. The Lukewarm Green Peppers
6. Deaf Honeydew
5. Shouting Shrubs
4. The Spin Medical Assistants
3. Rage Against the MacDonald's
2. Adult Literature for Arsonists
1. Nirvana

Top 10 Berkeley Superheroes:

10. Purified Aqua Man
9. The Malcolm X-Men
8. Super White Male Oppressor
7. Wonder Womyn
6. Endangered Species of Bat-man
5. The RSF Hulk
4. Ozone-Depleting Plastic Man
3. Captain Amerika
2. Thor of the Viking-American Student Union
1. RoboPig

Top Five Rejected Blue and Gold Yearbook Themes:

5. Another Depressing Year
4. At Least Our Mascot Isn't a Tree
3. Aside From the Disillusionment, Loneliness, and Alienation, We're Having a Ball! Go Bears!
2. Yearbook Themes Are Tools of Capitalist Oppression
1. I Love You, You Love Me, We're a Happy Family

Top Five Reasons Why You're Reading the Squelch Instead of the Daily Cal:

5. No ads for topless dancing to get in the way
4. For the interviews
3. An oh-so-slightly greater chance that a full frontal picture of Andrew Martinez will be printed
2. All typos are intentional
1. It's Wednesday

My Trip to Pier 39

by Mike Miller

Last weekend my dad came up to visit me from L.A. He brought a new friend with him. Her name was Bubbles. I asked Dad where Mom was. He said, "She's probably out turning tricks." I thought that was strange, Mom doesn't even like magic. Dad said Bubbles was in movies, but I'd never heard of any of them. Dad said he had some of them in his collection at home. I asked Bubbles where she and Dad were staying. Dad laughed and went to get his stuff from his car. I suggested that we all go into the City to Pier 39 that afternoon, because I'd never been. Bubbles pointed out that there were only two seats in Dad's car and there were three of us. After about a minute she concluded that there weren't enough seats. Dad said, "No problem, we'll just throw the boy in the trunk." I snickered, sometimes Dad's pretty funny. Then he put me in the trunk. I told Dad I didn't think there was enough air for me to breathe. He said I'd be fine and I should stop banging around, because he couldn't hear the radio. Dad was right—there was enough air, he's pretty smart about things like that, besides he opened the trunk at the toll booth to borrow a dollar.

When we stopped Dad opened the trunk for me. I was surprised that it was dark out, the trip hadn't seemed that long, but then again, I'd blacked out. I mentioned it to Dad and he explained that Bubbles was hungry so they had stopped for lunch and done some shopping. Bubbles showed me some things she bought. They were pretty nice. We were parked in front of a place called the Pink-a-boo Theater. Dad said, "My boy's 18, I think it's about time he became a man." Actually, I'm 21 and I've even started shaving. Bubbles didn't want to go in. She said she'd wait in the car. I think she was angry. Dad and I went in and sat down. There were a lot of naked ladies inside. I reminded me of Berkeley, only these women were pretty and didn't have short hair. I said, "Dad, these ladies don't have any clothes on." Dad said, "Shut up and give me a dollar." Dad did a lot of whistling and gave most of my money to the naked ladies. Finally, we were thrown out of the Pink-a-boo Theater, because Dad poured his beer on a waitress and shouted, "Wet T-shirt contest! Our first contestant gets a 9.5!"

When we got outside the car was gone. I was afraid it might have been stolen. Dad yelled out, "That lousy slut!" and kicked a trash can. He tried not to show it, but I could see he was worried about Bubbles. Dad and I had to take BART back to Berkeley. Dad got in trouble for jumping the fare gates. He told the BART guy that he was in a hurry because he had to get his sick son to the doctor. I said, "I feel fine, Dad." Dad went to pat me on the head but accidentally knocked me down. We went over to the ticket machine. Dad said, "I'll be God-damned if I'm going to pay \$2.10 to ride this lousy bumper-car." I explained that the BART system is a very effective means of public transportation and the money we pay for a ticket is essential to the system's up-keep and daily functioning. Dad said, "Shut up." I bought two tickets and we took BART home.

When we got back, Dad's car was parked outside my apartment. I waited outside while Dad and Bubbles had a discussion. When I came in, some of my furniture was broken and Bubbles was crying. That night I slept on the couch. I don't think Dad and Bubbles got much sleep. They sure made a lot of noise. In the morning Dad came out laughing and said, "I'd be sure to wash those sheets if I were you" and Bubbles started giggling. Dad asked if he could borrow money to get some beer. Unfortunately, all of my money, including that month's rent, had gone to pay for new clothes for the ladies at the Pink-a-Boo Theater. Dad said, "Looks like this well's run dry." He and Bubbles packed their things and left. Anyway, it was nice of Dad to take time out to visit me. I heard that they serve clam chowder in a bowl made of bread at Pier 39. That sounds really good.

NO, I GOT THEM ALL CUT

by Mark Seifert

I hate haircuts. Especially in Berkeley. It's a bad sign when you walk into a hair salon and the cosmetologist (sounds impressive, eh? at least more so than "barber") has hair that's black on one side and purple on the other. It's even worse when you notice that the combs are not kept in that jar of blue liquid that resembles blueberry Hi-C where they belong, but are randomly scattered on the counter, covered with hair, lice, and crusty gel. And besides, barring the Hair Club and spray-on hair, your barber really does get the last laugh. This is why I tip in advance. That's right, just lay down a \$5 bill on the counter to put her in a good mood before she fires up those scissors of death.

But considering that the average student isn't going to fly to LAX to get a \$100 Cristoff cut (10% off with valid student ID), he has to make do with what's available in the area: Temptations, Scissors, Options, Narcissus, and that place in the alley by Yogurt Park that is having a grand opening, despite the sign that says "Est. 1927." A wide selection, right? Wrong. First of all, if Satan came to tempt you today, do you think he'd do it at Temptations? I mean, it's not exactly a pleasure palace of debauchery. Next there's Scissors, an ironic name considering that the one time I went in there my hair was cut by electric clippers, despite my pleas for mercy. And then there's Options—not so! Temptations, Scissors, and Options are all owned by the same person. So actually you have no real options.

But what about Narcissus, you say. Sure, there are plenty of mirrors there, but after

you get your hair cut, you won't want to look in any of them. I speak from experience. When I went in there, I had the misfortune of getting my mop cropped by someone who did not speak decent English. Or maybe she did, just not to me—part of a practical joke TV show perhaps. At any rate, a communication gap developed between barber and barbee, leading to a sub-optimal result.

This leaves us with the barber shop in the Durant-Bancroft walkway I would never go in there. I just wouldn't. I admit, I'm scared. It's creepy. I imagine I would walk down those steps into a room full of professors emeriti doing Richard Simmons' "Sweatin' to the Oldies III" while cutting some poor freshman's hair. The I'd get caged and be sent via campus mail through the steam tunnels to the "Veterinarian Lab." I'm getting carried away...sorry, but you get the picture.

The problem with hair cuts is that they're unchangeable. There's no "undo" command like on your Mac. It's like getting your genitals pierced. If they make a mistake, too bad. You just have to talk yourself into liking it. So you just have to psyche yourself up and take your chances when you get your hair cut. But you can make things a little easier—just remember to lay down the \$5 tip in advance, and keep an open mind. A wide open mind. And don't forget to grab your five bucks on the way out.

Seifert is currently recovering from his last hairdressing disaster. Meanwhile, he is wearing a hat.

A crack investigative team of Squelch reporters has been dispatched to answer the burning question.

Who is Barney?



Chancellor Tien - Recently reported in the Daily Cal to have skipped work to talk to pre-school children; quoted as saying "Do you like me? I like you." Possibly just using copycat techniques to condition future U.C. students to think that the U.C. administration is their friend even as it raises reg fees by 200%.

Fred Rogers - Friends report he has had a change of heart towards what he earlier termed "blatant social programming" after the show consistently beat his in the Nielsens. Sources say last year he bought out the original Barney. "Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood" continues to air, featuring Rogers' stunt double, to allay suspicions. The careful viewer, however, will recognize the stunt double by the distinctive scar above his left eyebrow incurred in an episode when Rogers introduced children to the sport of kickboxing.



Paul Reubens (a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman) - Rumored to be attempting to make his way back into children's television after the embarrassing Florida adult theater incident which prematurely ended his career. Sources say the heavy costume not only helps him preserve his anonymity, but also allows him to continue to "do his thing" in public without fear of being discovered.

John O. Smith - Disgruntled postal worker allegedly decided to try to lower his blood pressure by quitting his high-stress job and working with children instead. Therapist says he is still prone to suffer from delusions and general psychiatric instability, however. "The slightest frustration on the set could cause him to blow up and take an AK-47 to all the kids on the show," Dr. Kilgard continues, "not that that would be a bad thing."



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On move-out day, nobody on the third floor could find their R.A. When the fire department finally battered the door down, all that could be seen was R.A. John Doe, lying in a fetal position, his thumb in his ear, rhythmically mumbling "Petunia is... in. Please come and say hi. Petunia is... in. Please come and say hi..." In his tightly clutched hand was a notebook. This is...

The Diary of an R.A.

by Jonathan Seff

Day 1: Today, I begin my journey towards becoming a productive, useful member of society. Mom and Dad are so proud; besides, I'm saving them a shitload on room and board. From now on, my door will be forever open, inviting anyone with a problem or a question to come talk to me. Or if they want, we can just chat and have a good time. Its going to be a great year!

Day 10: Even though the D.C. food is free, it still sucks! But hey, the experience I'm getting now will be something I'll cherish for the rest of my natural and unnatural lives.

Day 25: Today, some guy on my floor came to talk to me. You know what he asked me? He wanted to know how I masturbate! He said he couldn't quite figure it out, and since I told him he could talk to me about anything, he guessed that jacking-off fell under that category. But my, my, gulp, job.

Day 60: It's getting hard to take this shit! These goddamn assholes think I have nothing better to do than listen to their bitch and complain about their measly, petty little crap lives. But still I must keep up this facade or I might lose my job. What a fucking joke!

Day 90: Today, I was having sex with

my girlfriend and, just because I'm on duty, some punk on my floor thought he had the right to get me out of bed to let him in his tiny little piece-of-shit triple. I was pretty stoned at the time, but I put on my robe and rubbed my red eyes to make it look like I was sleeping. I swear, next time this happens, the stupid shit can just rot in the damn hallway!

Day 120: I feel myself slowly slipping into a homicidal dementia. I am beginning to question my own existence! The doctor at Tang said it's some kind of paranoid schizophrenia, but I think it's something serious. Help me!

Day 125: As I travel up the snaking river, I know Kurtz must be near. I can feel him and, as it pains me to realize, I am becoming just like him. Oh, the horror, the horror!

Day 2: The brown one's the best. I saw it yesterday. Ahoy matey, why do they pull me beard thus? Test the frog, it seems ripe. Crunchy toes change everything, my fine treasured friend. Bring the bacon to Ingrid. Stewardesses fly free! Leap over the grape to find the silver hanjo of my yarn...

This was the last entry made by R.A. John Doe. In fact, this was his last conscious effort, to our knowledge. Beware the R.A.!

"It's gonna be a good time. Lotta girls, lotta kegs."

—Roxy Bernstein
Kappa Alpha member

The Feigned Arts of Sophistication

A column for the culturally elite

By Pete Kelsch

Since this is my introductory column, I must begin with a word of advice — do not be afraid. Although I have most assuredly seen more of the world than my dear readers, I am not here to condescend you with my treasury of knowledge nor scare you with my finely attuned political virtues. My only hope is to help and enlighten, as well as entertain — for as a literary artist, I know wit's merits and can add a humorous sparkle of class to even the most pedestrian forms of street humor that we all have been forced to swallow in today's mainstream media (epitomized in publications like the *Heuristic Squelch*).

So shall we begin? With the glory of fall steadily encompassing us, we know it is the start of a new academic year. Unfortunately, it is also the dubious beginning of yet another college football season, packed full with its barbarism and preference for cheap kegs rather than fine wines. Would you for a moment think that those thousands of cheering fans are honestly enjoying themselves, much less the ruthless gladiators on the playing field? I do not see how this is possible, especially when we could all be attending a cultural function, a lecture, or perhaps a museum tour. Now wouldn't this be much more beneficial for our campus community? Imagine the time when we can all give ourselves a pause for sobriety, as well as an illuminating way to spend the day. Imagine the day when a line is formed around the University Art Museum in wait to view the achievements of talented craftspeople, rather than around the SAE fraternity house in wait for yet another freshly tapped low grade American beer. Imagine the day when we work for advancement, rather than play for fun!

And yet the stampedes march on. As I sit in my favorite antique chair and eye the city of Berkeley through my favorite bay window in my Berkeley Hills home, I see and hear the crowds pouring through the gates of Memorial Stadium for yet another wasteful, intoxicated Saturday afternoon. A memorial to what I might ask? To the primitive, barbaric impulses of the male population? To Meister Brau and Oski? Of course I have time to make such observations, for by this time I have already finished my exquisite brunch of champagne, fresh fruit and pastries and am merely relaxing before I will begin my reading for the afternoon. This is my Saturday routine, and oh how much more worthwhile a way to spend a day it is!

It seems the undergraduate community needs to rethink its interests. Football is my proof; whereas a multitude of thinkers, academics, graduate students, and general societal contributors faithfully spend their days — weekends or otherwise — fiercely studying in a library or attending a matinee showing of the latest foreign film, many of our future leaders become enslaved to some notion of fun that concludes with a party into the night rather than spiritual or mental redemption. For us in the culturally elite, we must share our knowledge of what is important to society. Let us sip the wine of culture rather than chug the beer of obnoxiousness, let us dance the waltz of refinement rather than slam to the noise of speed metal, let us embrace the whole of humanity rather than tackle #82.

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Oct. 11-12

WHERE: The BLUE & GOLD
Table in Upper
Sprout Hall

bring checks or cash only,
please

Top 10 Stories that never made it into the Bible:

10. Noah gets lonely and performs several illegal acts
9. Jesus gets laid (Beavis 4:23)
8. God found in compromising position with harem. Scandal ensues. God decides to flood the planet, etc.
7. Eleventh Commandment: Enjoy pork. The other white meat!
6. God actually does turn out to be George Burns
5. Marco is born
4. Exotic Dancers hired for Last Supper
3. Abraham? ... Gay.
2. Cain rises and stars in a bad movie
1. God created Keystone, got extremely wasted, and said it was good (Alpha Chi 3:12)

Top Five Reasons Not to Write Top Ten Lists Just Before Deadline

5. Tendancy too mispel
4. Overuse of exclamation points for emphasis!!!!!!!!!!!!
3. Sentences that use words like "zymurgy" to get a feeble laugh
2. You're lookin' at it
1. You can never finish a

Top 5 Alternate Endings for "Star Wars"

5. Obi Wan's body is loaded in a photon torpedo and launched off into space.
4. R2-D2 constructs a transmitter out of a "Speak n' Say" and gets them all home to Kansas.
3. David Lynch comes on screen and explains what the hell was really going on in the movie. (oops, alternate ending for "Dune")
2. Dad turns off the TV, saying, "It's time to go to bed kids."
1. Luke and Han get toasted by TIE fighters; the Rebel Base is blown to smithereens by the Death Star; the Empire solidifies its totalitarian grip on the galaxy; Darth Vader and the Emperor link arms and dance a little happy jig.

Top 10 pieces of good advice for freshmen:

10. Drinking a 40 before class makes time fly by.
9. Berkeley profs like cash, not gifts. And no checks, please.
8. Have a friend pull the fire alarm for you; getting up to use the bathroom in the middle of an exam looks suspicious.
7. Sleep with your professor. It may not be pretty, but if you're any good it could help your grade.
6. Belching "Over here!" when your TA calls attendance is always a plus
5. The readers always get a kick out of it when you write your papers in secret code.
4. Don't be selfish with your pot. Share with your professors, they're people too!
3. For God's sake, don't read the Squelch.
2. Don't wave cutlery around the Chancellor. It frightens him.
1. Drop out.

Top 10 signs the doctor performing your operation may not be the best:

10. First thing he says to you is "Hey, pull my finger."
9. Asks for money up front.
8. Didn't make it through med school, but says he used to watch a lot of MASH.
7. Keeps referring to you as the "sacrifice."
6. Incessantly hums the tune to the Beverly Hillbillies.
5. Asks, "Do you ever watch 20/20? No? Good...good."
4. Asks if you might consider making him your life insurance beneficiary.
3. Says Dionne Warwick and the psychic friends predict you'll live.
2. Can barely see "Kiss the Cook" printed on scrubs under all the barbecue sauce stains.
1. Continually offerz you a "zwig" of hiz Zima™

Are you in lecture now? Which one? Is it boring? Write your answers, in ink, on a separate sheet of paper.

THE SQUELCH MARKETPLACE

PERSONALS

SWF, 35, non-smoker, A/C, PS, low mi., walk to UC, Bart, shopping, \$375/mo., new motor, PT, no exp. nec., send resume.

Beautiful blonde: We met at Womad. You were wearing jeans and Womad t-shirt. I was wearing shorts and a Womad t-shirt. Our eyes met. Do you remember me? Call Mike @ 540-8387.

Confidential to R. Nixon, San Clemente: I think they're catching on. Need further directions. Marco.

Billy: don't you lose that number.

Who will love the children? We will. Donate to M. Jackson and W. Allen's "Save the Children Foundation." For just 50 cents a day, less than the price of a cup of coffee, you can help us give the children what they need. Send tax-deductible contributions to Neverland Ranch.

Top 5 signs your dirty clothes pile is getting out of hand:

5. Starts getting its own mail.
4. Chosen as site of the 1998 Winter Olympics
3. Starts attending more classes than you do
2. Spock tries to Vulcan mind-meld with it
1. Gets into your good bud.

Top 5 bumper-stickers seen in San Diego:

5. Be a hero, save a whale. Save a baby, go to jail.
4. Don't blame me, I voted for Bush!
3. Rush is Right!
2. How can God bless America when we've kicked Him out of our schools?
1. My child beat the shit out of the Citizen of the month at Lincoln Elementary School.

NOTICES

Lost: Bomb Left outside Dwnelle, just before Chem 1A midterm. If found, cut green wire, NOT red wire.

Lost: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday editions of The Daily Californian.

Indicted: Gary Gnu. Gnu, of "The Great Space Coaster" fame, was recently indicted for "willfully falsifying information" with "the intent to deceive the public" when a special task force from the FBI discovered a hidden cache of news that turned out to be Good Gnews without being Gary Gnu's.

RENTALS

Multi-acre self-sufficient complex available for immediate rental. Up to 8, 2-year lease, food included. Must not mind living with goats, 50,000 visitors per year peeping in windows. Contact Sarah, Bisosphere Corp.

Top 10 signs that your relationship with your girlfriend is over:

10. You see her in a crowd and wave to her, but she waves something else back.
9. She says she can't go out because she has to study for her tough Astro 10 midterm.
8. She buys you the video tape "Thelma & Louise" for your birthday.
7. She tells you she has a "Y" chromosome.
6. She tells you to meet her on the sixth floor of Moffitt to study.
5. She tells you that bruises on her neck are from freakish vacuum cleaner accident.
4. She accidentally runs you over in her car.
3. She becomes the towel girl for the men's water polo team.
2. You call her and Madonna answers the phone.
1. She wants you to get your penis pierced.

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Wednesday, November 10th
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Show starts at 8:00pm

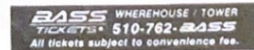
\$22.00 General Public. Very LIMITED seating available at all Bass Outlets and Cal Performances Box Office 642-9988. No service charge at Cal Per Box Office

\$6.00 UC Berkeley Students. ONLY sold at Cal Performances Box Office, at Zellerbach Hall, in person. Valid UCB ID required to purchase and on day of show. 1 ticket per ID.

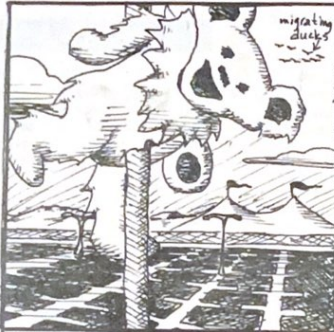
For info call (510) 642-7511 or 642-7477



Restrictions: No cans, bottles, cameras, audio/video equipment. There is no smoking anywhere in the Auditorium.



Metabolically Challenged Bears



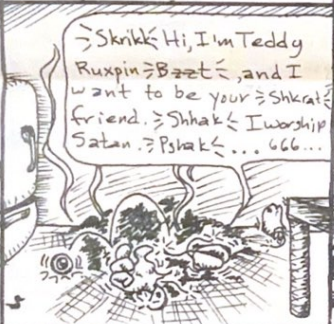
STONEY THE DANCING BEAR
Found: Impaled on a streetlamp outside Shoreline Amphitheater.



PADDINGTON
Found: Sleeping with the fishes in San Francisco Bay.



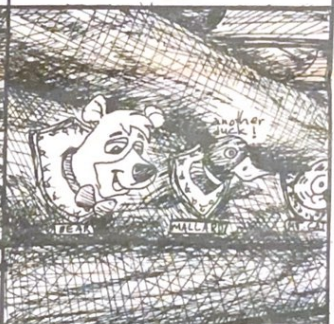
YOGI BEAR
Found: Lying on the floor of a cabin in Jellystone National Park.



TEDDY RUXPIN
Found: Spontaneously combusted in his own kitchen. "Somebody must've crossed his wires," said Sgt. Petersen, Berkeley Fire Dept.



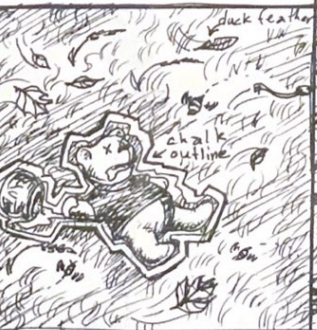
OSKI'S HEAD
Found: Palo Alto, decapitated by what PAPD has determined was some sort of axe.



BOO-BOO
Found: Same cabin as above victim.



CHEWBACCA
Lost: Last seen in the infamous Bermuda Nebula of the Erogenous Zone (okay, so we ran out of bears).



WINNIE THE POOH
Found: Poisoned in the rougher section of the Hundred Acre Wood. Christopher Robin wanted for questioning.



SMOKEY BEAR
Found: Yosemite National Park. Incinerated.