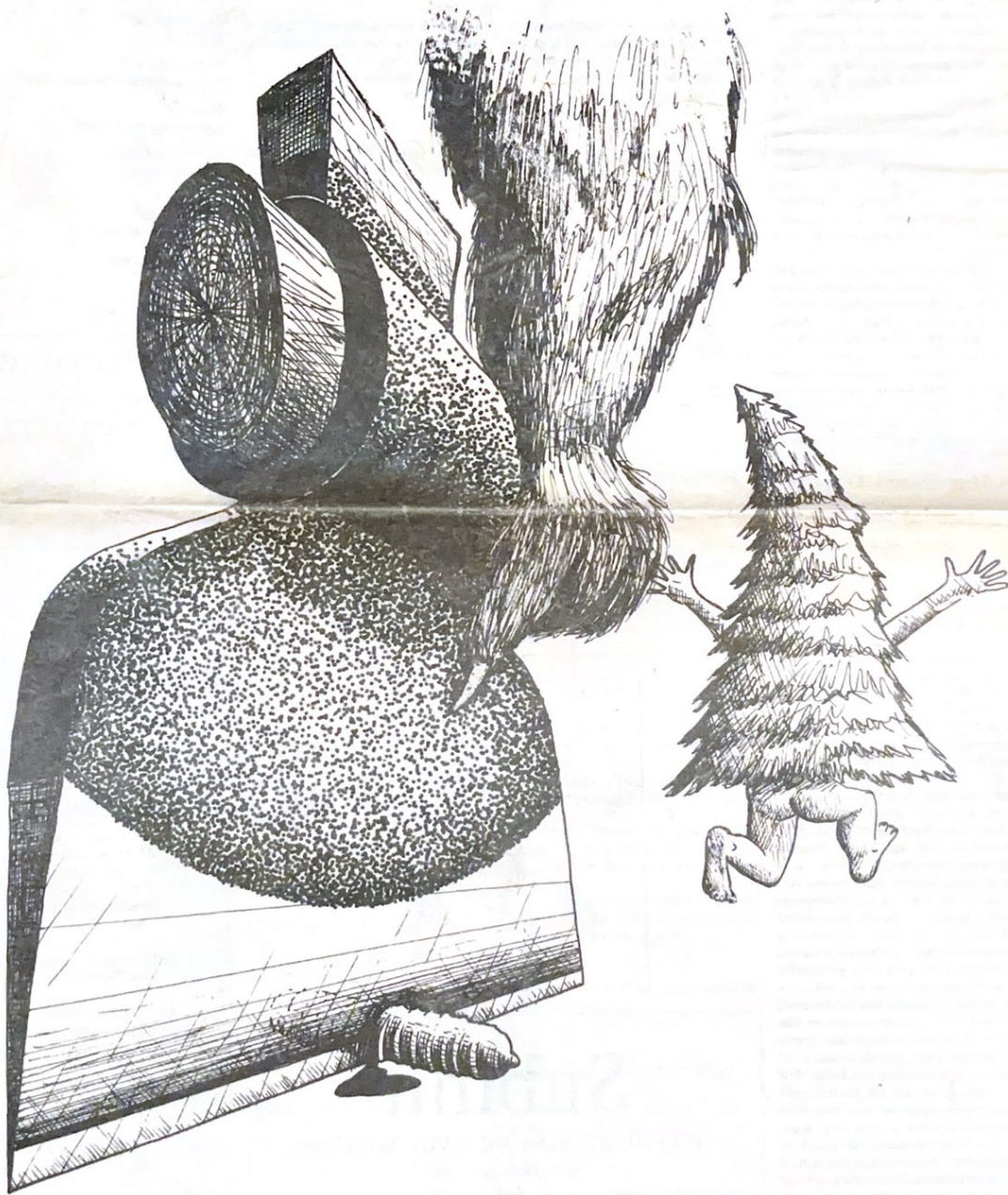


THE
HEURISTIC SQUELCH
Volume 4, Number 3
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Model Celebrities

What's happening to the role models of today? It seems that everywhere you look, there is some celebrity or other getting into trouble. Let's start out with a couple of winners from the rap community. First Tupac Shakur is arrested for shooting two police officers. But Tupac's notoriety does not end there. Right after he released a song about women entitled "Keep Your Head Up," the bastard was charged with sexual assault. Someone should sexually assault Tupac. And when he calls 911 no police should show up because his shooting has left the department understaffed. Just call it poetic justice.

Also in the rap world is Snoop Doggy Dogg, who was recently arrested for murder. It sure is a pity that this positive role model for children will no longer be providing us with glorifications of violent "Gangsta" culture. Wait until he gets to jail and sees, or rather feels, the real meaning of the word "Doggystyle."

From the silver screen comes River Phoenix, who has provided us with such brilliant performances as the blowjob scene in "My Own Private Idaho." The world is at a real loss. It sure is tragic that this talented actor died so young. Actually, it's not tragic at all— anyone stupid enough to mix those kinds of drugs in his body basically has it coming.

And last but not least, there's good ol' Michael. Or, as the press fancies calling him, Jacko. Is it any wonder that the guy who sang a song called "Beat It" and did the soundtrack for a movie entitled "Free Willy" turned out to be a pervert? And did you ever wonder how his chimpanzee earned the name Bubbles? Think hot tub. As for his drug addiction, I don't blame him. If I had his life, I would do drugs, too. Although it would probably be more on the River Phoenix magnitude. —MJS

A Big Game Tribute

Now that all the hubbub has subsided, we have a chance to reflect on the true meaning of last month's Big Game victory. Of course, it proves once and for all that the University of California is a better educational institution than Stanford Junior College. It also shows that even paying big money for an NFL-veteran coach won't make a sorry team look good. It may even prove a small, obscure portion of Einstein's theory of general relativity, but the math gets pretty messy, so we won't go into that here.

In light of our recent recapturing of the Axe, we really have to give a hand to the people responsible for our first victory in eight years. I don't mean the players...they'll probably do just as well when they desert us for the NFL draft come junior year. I mean the support network that allows these fine athletic scholars to come to school here at Berkeley, while hundreds of 4.0 students are turned away each year. It's the Princeton Review coaches who go above the call of duty in putting hours of their own time even beyond the free repeat-student discounts to help our prospective players score 700 on their SATs. It's the Math P and Subject A professors who help our athletic scholars get that extra edge on classes they were denied by that traumatic head injury they suffered in high school. It's the Human Biodynamics and Nutri Sci curriculum committees that ensure that our valued athletes have something interesting and applicable to real-world experience to study during their two or three years here at Cal. It's the Astro 10 and Oceanography professors who help them understand the kinds of tough subjects the rest of us are here to study. And last but not least, we must thank the dedicated staff of the Student Learning Center, who make sure that they maintain exemplary academic performance, even without the benefit of being able to submit drop petitions after taking the final that students across the bay enjoy. We owe our sincerest thanks to all of these people, and with their help, may we realize another victory next year. —KRH

Letters to the Editors

Dear Editors,

Fire and Brimstone! May your evil carcasses rot in hell for all eternity while Satan violently sodomizes you with a flaming pitchfork!

Merry Christmas,
Mr. Conservative Jesus Guy

Dear Editors,

Sure the heroin, cocaine, valium, and marijuana helped, but it was the cough medicine that pushed me over the edge.

Never felt better,
River Phoenix

Dear Editors,

Check out my new animated sequel to *Jurassic Park*. *We're Back!* is less violent and perfect for children. Honest! Please go see it. I have car payments to make.

—Steven Spielberg

Dear Editors,

See my secretary over there? Nice ass, huh?

—Bob Packwood

Dear Editors,

We are pleased to inform you that the test results are negative.

—Dr. Eugene Litwack
U.C. Health Service, Proctology Dept.

Dear Editors,

Ouch.

—John Bobbitt

Dear Editors,

Need some basketball tickets? I'm selling them cheap. Great seats...they're going quick. Get one before they run out!

—Auren "No Prior Knowledge"
Halfman

Season's Greetings



Reason for Gun Control #47



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Short Conversations

"Didn't you go to Cal with me?"
"Yeah. Do you want fries with that?"
"I love you, you love me, we're one happy family..."
"You have the right to remain silent..."
"But Daddy, it'll hurt if I swallow."
"Can you drive me home?"
"Not now— I'm seeing too many colors."
"You're real good!"
"I practice a lot on my own."
"Would you mind turning that down?"
"What did you say?"
"I was wondering..."
"No."
"Want another hit?"
"I have a midterm in an hour... sure!"
"Hurry up!"
"Are you sure this is legal?"
"Let's not rush things."
"I said I love you."
"I like you."
"I like you, too."
"No, I mean I like you."
"Who won the game?"
"I think we did."
"Let's go eat lunch."
"Fat Slice or Blondie's?"

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Wondering what our name means.
Since 1991.

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Top Ten Bumperstickers

10. "Free El Salvador" *
9. "Don't drink and drive— you might hit a bump and spill your drink."
8. "Against abortion? Get a vasectomy!"
7. "I believe you Sarah Richards!"
6. "A mind is like a parachute— it can save your life if you fall out of an airplane."
5. "Convert the dominant pear to a dime."
4. "#5 isn't very funny."
3. "Don't blame me, I voted for Axel."
2. "I ♥ my Dominatrix!"
1. "My kid did not make the honor roll at Berkeley High."

* while supplies last

Top Ten Fun Things To Do Before Class Starts:

10. Run around the classroom, yelling the names of assorted luncheon meats.
9. Sock puppet plays of your favorite Berkeley personalities.
8. The Lambada.
7. Buttafuoco.
6. Throw all the desks out the window, screaming, "You're free now!"
5. Play "Mummify your neighbor."
4. Spam wars.
3. Carve anti-meat slogans into your desk, then go for a burger.
2. Yell back at Y'Shua.
1. Read the *Squelch*

Top Five Sitcom Plots That Never Made it Past the Censors:

5. Carol and Greg get it on.
4. Beaver meets his namesake.
3. Jack goes all the way with Janet and Terry in a three-way.
2. The Partridge family bus falls into the Grand Canyon.
1. Cooter bangs Daisy.

Top Ten Disgusting Things To Do With Dorm Food:

10. Save all the neat "bar" cookies and wait until they harden (about two minutes), glue them together in a stack like Legos™, spray paint it a neat color, and offer it to a loved one as a modern art sculpture.
9. Sneeze all over the salad bar and tell everyone that it's "Zesty Cole Slaw."
8. Mix together all the liquid forms of food, taste it, and observe that there is no difference from the taste of all the foods separately.
7. Use the Cream o' Wheat to putty over the holes in your walls.
6. Take the meat-like substances to the Bio lab and ask them to analyze it (Note: do not be shocked at what they find.)
5. Use the hamburgers to oil the squeaky hinges in your door.
4. Wait until someone gets a ladleful of beef stew and then meow every time they take a bite.
3. Go by color themes— one night have only green food, the next brown, etc. Notice what happens on the toilet each night. Keep a record.
2. Set the food in your room as a lure for cockroaches; Notice that the room becomes roach-free in only a few days!
1. Eat it.

Top Ten Friends of Encyclopedia Brown:

10. Atlas Alfred
9. Dictionary Richard (Dick)
8. Almanac Alice
7. Chicago Manual of Style Cheryl
6. Physician's Desk Reference Phyllis
5. General Catalogue Gerry
4. Schedule of Classes Stephen
3. TV Guide Timmy
2. Thesaurus Thelma
1. Heuristic Harry

Top Five Ways to Die:

5. Go on a road trip with Ray Charles and share driving time.
4. Become president, and then try to reduce the CIA's budget.
3. Have sex with Madonna.
2. Call Mike Tyson a "Sithy", I mean "Sissy."
1. Molest Ellie Nessler's son.

Top Ten Things You'll Never See Again:

10. Halley's Comet.
9. That rockin' band Menudo (unless you too are incarcerated for drug possession).
8. Money you loan to deadbeat friends/ relatives.
7. Spuds McKenzie.
6. Any even semi-important term papers saved on a disk.
5. Anything starring Scott Baio (except for "Circus of the Stars").
4. Vanilla Ice (Thank God).
3. Anything of value left on BART.
2. Mr. Green Jeans.
1. Those celery and peanut butter kindergarten snack log things.

Top Five Street Sheet Headlines

5. "Study Shows Urinating on Self Lowers Cholesterol Level."
4. "Daily Cal Staff Soon to Join Our Ranks."
3. "Study Shows Sitting on Street Now More Profitable than Getting Education, Working."
2. "Clinton to Raise Taxes; Ha, Ha! We're Exempt, Working Suckers!"
1. "Gullible Liberal Wastes Dollar on Bogus Newsletter."

Top Ten New "Slams" Available at Denny's:

10. Wham Bam Thank You, Ma'am Slam
9. Spam Egg Bacon Sausage and Spam Slam
8. Slam My Hand in the Door Repeatedly Slam
7. (Unintentionally) Green Eggs and Ham Slam
6. Yes I Like Them, Sam I Slam
5. Wham! Slam
4. Body Slam
3. Yam Slam
2. Mary Had a Little Slam
1. Jean Claude van Slamme

Top Five Best Places for Fratboys to Live:

5. Namibia
4. Peru
3. South Africa
2. New Zealand
1. Australia

Top Five Countries With the Highest Sheep Population:

5. Namibia
4. Peru
3. South Africa
2. New Zealand
1. Australia

Top Ten Upcoming Plots for "90210":

10. Donna gets liposuction.
9. Dylan applies for financial aid because he's such a rebel.
8. Brandon is elected school president and institutes a sidebar dictatorship.
7. Steve gets a disease from his "special friend."
6. Donna gets another boob job.
5. The FCC yanks the dork's radio show off the air for playing Jeremy Jordan too much.
4. Andrea, Brenda, and Kelly play a man-a-ge-a-trois.
3. The whole gang discovers what a library is.
2. Andrea experiences a rapid aging process.
1. Campus Fashion Police arrest Donna.

Top Ten Things Overheard on AC Transit:

10. "So far, I've gotten rid of everything but her head and spleen... Wanna cookie?"
9. "*twitch*... I've got pudding... *cough*... in my bladder... *twitch*..."
8. "Jimmie, stop that! Don't spit on the nice lady."
7. "How much for a transfer?"
6. "A dime bag or a twenty?" (the driver)
5. "Anyone got an extra bullet I can borrow?"
4. "Hi, I'm a Jehovah's Witness. Can chat until your stop?"
3. "Hey! That was my stop!"
2. "No, sir, we don't allow badgers on the bus... What? It's a seeing eye badger?.... Okay."
1. "HELP!! HELP!! HE..."



Sen. Bob Packwood (R-Ore.) smiled sheepishly as excerpts of his diary were read before the Senate. Packwood appeared embarrassed when he realized that he was the only one laughing.

Packwood's Diary Revealed

The Senate Grand Jury began its investigation into sexual misconduct allegations against Senator Bob Packwood (R-Ore.) yesterday. During the reading of certain excerpts before a full Senate, a coterie consisting of Bob Dole, Jesse Helms, and Packwood himself began snickering, until they saw Senator Diane Feinstein holding up a picture of John Wayne Bobbitt.

Among the more noteworthy excerpts were the following:

Aug. 12 - I went to the movies with Pee Wee Herman last night. He buttered his popcorn. Then he got arrested.

Had a drink with Joey Buttafuoco last night. He introduced me to his new "friend," Nice girl, and cute, too.

I sent some pictures to Madonna to use in her sex book. She didn't run them. Nevertheless, the book is good, challenging reading and is sure to become a classic. I think it should be mandatory reading in all elementary schools. Even kindergartners could use it because it has so many great pictures!

Great news! Chelsea's orthodontist said she'll be getting her braces off next week! I can't wait!

Damn—the price of whipped cream is up. Rumor has it that Bill will do anything to pass NAFTA.

Rumor has it that Hillary will do anything to pass the health care bill.

I sure do like my new secretary; she can even type!



All the News this Side of Libel...

Big Game Confusion

A confusing situation occurred during last month's Big Game at Stanford Stadium when a dozen UCPD officers discovered that they all had a ticket for the exact same seat. Pandemonium broke out until one of the officers maced the others, thereby resolving the situation. According to UC Police Detective John Lightfoot, "The ticket office must have... uh... made some kind of error. Yeah, an error." Big Game Committee officials are looking into the incident. In other UCPD news, it was discovered that someone had broken into an evidence room in the UC Police Station the night before last month's Big Game. An investigation is under way.

Regents Make Another Foolish Purchase

In a surprise move, the regents of Stanford sold the campus to the UC system for \$450 and sixteen Golden Bear Burritos. Although UC President J.W. Peltason said, "The [Stanford] regents got the better of the deal," the former private university will become the tenth UC campus, UC Stanford. There will be more than a few changes at UC Stanford, the least of which will be the re-naming of their phone registration system to "Tele-TREES."

Holy Grail Rumored to be in Dwinelle

UC archeologist "North Dakota" Smith is leading an expedition into Dwinelle Hall in order to seek out the Holy Grail. Clues in an ancient 10th century manuscript have suggested that the famed cup may be hidden deep within the bowels of this building. Asked what he would do if he actually found the Grail, Smith said, "Sell it, I guess. We need the money."

Exciting Find in Evans Hall

An ancient computer programmer from the 70's, "Bug" Meany, was discovered locked away in an obscure corner of the WEB. He had holed himself up there with a twenty-year supply of Pringles and Coke and kept in touch with the real world solely by Internet and a VT100 terminal. Still, the shock of the real world still stunned him.

Overturn of FCC Indecency Regulation Has Wide Impact

The overturn of an FCC indecency regulation in federal court has had a wide impact, from the United States to Europe. In the States, Howard Stern will be broadcasting 24 hours a day on three television networks. Also, C-SPAN will be broadcasting the contents of Senator Bob Packwood's personal diaries (See related article, this page).

Two actors filming a love scene in a new CBS after-school special which some critics have lambasted as "child pornography." After the recent overturn of the FCC's indecency regulation, many studios have begun tapping into the burgeoning kiddie-porn market.

Here's to Leland Stanford U.
Our team is feeling very blue.
We lose and lose and lose some more
Because we don't know how to score.
Whenever we can get the ball
We don't know what to do at all.

Repeat Chorus

Here's to Leland Stanford U.
Our team is really tried and true
Cause we can always blow a game
Because our team is truly lame.
And though our coach's name is Bill
We still don't have a bit of skill.

Repeat Chorus

So fight for Leland Stanford U.
Although our team is in deep doo.
Fight for the pride of our old Tree
(Despite his lack of dignity).
Remember when we sing this song:
We've got the cash—we can't be wrong!

Stanford's Mascot Called "Insensitive"

Demonstrators from Berkeley's Plant Emotions Are Real (PEAR) group picketed Stanford, saying that their tree mascot is hurtful and insensitive towards plant life. "How would you feel if a gross caricature of yourself, with out of place (and frankly disgusting) limbs attached to it, danced around in mockery of your species?" said "Love Weeds" Aronson, PEAR's president. Aronson also leads a boycott of Scope and Listerine against the "unfeeling killing of innocent microbes."

UCB Stock Up with Release of Go-Bears™

UCB stock prices rose sharply this week as the struggling educational corp. announced an aggressive new advertising campaign directed at non-college bound consumers. "This is not a real change in strategy, but a refocusing," said chief advertising executive Chang-Lin Tien. "Our new focus is on those ever popular Go-Bears™, which combine 80's Go-bot™ nostalgia with the violence and fascistic ritual we know your children will love. At the same time, we plan to slowly divest from the elusive Promise, as education will be irrelevant in the new Information Age. We plan to phase out all courses by early 1995, in order to make way for the new Big Grey Building Theme Park 'N' Sex Shop."

Axe Banned

In a move closely resembling the recent banning of the Assassin game in UC Res Halls, the newly recaptured Axe has been banned from use by students. UC administrators decided to ban the dangerous weapon after concern was voiced regarding campus safety.

Strange Turn in the Weather

On Nov. 20th, Hell experienced a surprise blizzard which dropped the temperature to well below zero. A shivering Satan said, "I don't know what happened. I can't imagine what could have possibly caused this."

90210 Sucks!

by Saba
Waheed

I know a lot of you have felt an absence in the last few Squelch issues. Like something was missing, an aching at the bottom of your heart calling out, "What happened to the 90210 Lady?" Well, I 'm back from hiding and all I can say is—there's no hope. The show has fallen and it seems nothing will bring it back. I guess it was inevitable. Adam and Eve fell, the Roman Empire fell, New Coke sucked, the Stones are now a bunch of old geezers running around on stage, "Twin Peaks" was canceled, and now ... now 90210 has taken the last straw of tolerance from me and I just want to scream "90210 SUCKS!"

In my 90210 support group we sit and discuss how the Cheesiness factor has risen off the charts to a point where we can no longer deal. We've tried every possible intoxicant and even inebriation beyond comprehension has not soothed our deserted souls. We hold hands in front of the television, with hope in our eyes, only to cry out in horror as the credits roll by. It's over. The mind rot, sleazy, advocate of materialism and pseudo-social values, show of the century has taken me on a bad trip and I just want it to STOP!

California University, a combination of UCLA, USC, and every junior college in between, is where we find the old crowd. All of a sudden, everyone's become an intellect, although we rarely saw any of them go to classes in high school. Andrea, of course, gives up her education at Yale so she can be with her pals at CU. Yeah, like anyone would give up getting out of California (L.A. might I add!) just so she could hang out with her loser friends from high school. And then there's Dylan, poor old Dylan, who was rejected by our own Cal. (HA! HA! HA! Fuck you, Dylan.)

Sorority Girl Forum

Tiffany's Tips for the Socially Stunted
by Karen Ahn

Dear Tiffany,

Here's a major social prob that actually happened to me. I was at party last Friday at the PIKA house (could you, like, change the name so no one'll know which one it was?) Anyway, I was talking with this hella-fine guy in the corner and then we started dancing. Soooo cool, and he and I were really getting along when suddenly he leans over and honks all over my shoes! I mean, these were brand-new J. Crew shoes that I had just bought. Suede. I didn't know what to do, I was like in complete shock. He apologized and then asked for my number. Of course, I gave it to him, but what should I do if he calls? On the one hand, he did totally mess up my new shoes, but then again, he was sooo cute and all the guys I've been meeting lately are total tools. Should I say yes if he asks me out? Help me!

Puked on and Pissed on Piedmont

Dear PO & P,

Well, this is a problem! OK, Listen up because this is prime advice. First of all, wipe off the shoes and if you have the receipt take them back to J. Crew and ask for a refund. Or, say that you got the wrong color and ask for an exchange. Make sure you've wiped them off *really* well.

Now, OK. If this guy calls you to go out, say yes for sure. When you go out that night, have him pick you up. Be, like, maybe five minutes late, and rush down to tell him, "I'm so sorry, but I can't find my new shoes! I had the coolest pair of shoes to wear but they're nowhere in sight!" Then have a friend pop up and say, "Oh, you can't wear those; remember they got all fucked up when that idiot puked on them last weekend!" This will ensure that your guy knows that what he did was wrong without your looking like a major bitch. And *everything's* cool. Have fun, and next time Scotch-gard before you go out.

Love,

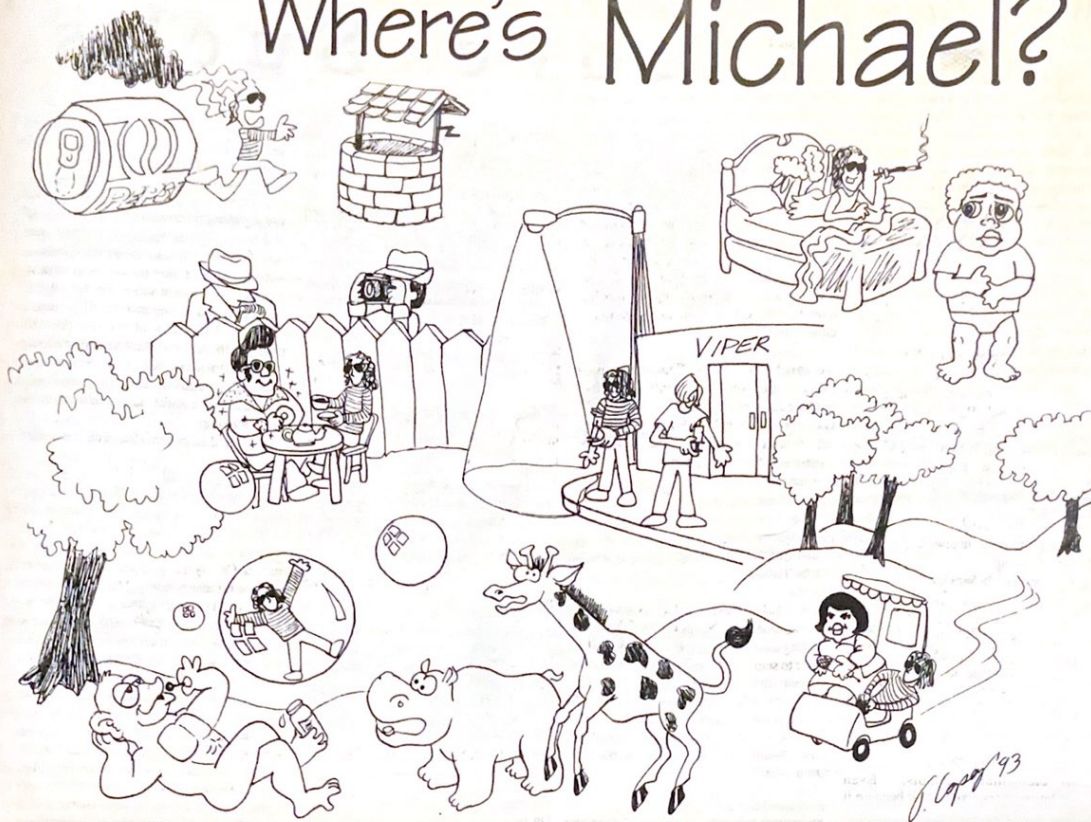
Tiffany

They've got their new hairstyles, wardrobe, and houses by the beach and are ready for the college experience. Either I'm doing it all wrong or their whole college experience is just wacked out. My RA was never a cute grad student and GSI who was anal-retentive about being seen in public. No one I know ever met some rich dude at 18, ran off to Las Vegas, had all her friends show up, backed out at the altar, and decided to just be friends with her almost-husband so he would never be seen on the show again. And how about the professor's wife who wants *Brandon*, of all people!

I admit, there have been some highlights: the accurate depiction of dumb, horny frat-boys at the KEF house and Dylan about to blow Brandon's head off (so close...) But the show's lost it. I can no longer appreciate the unrealism. Maybe I've just matured (yeah, right), or maybe the show just sucks shit.

My only consolation Wednesday nights now is that after suffering through 90210, I can be repaid with *Melrose Place*, the hottest place in town. And I must say that show rules now. They look better, they taste better, and they feel better. First of all, there's Michael, who epitomizes everything a woman hates in a man. Next there's Allison, the uptight "I can't get this stick outta my butt" working girl, who takes life a bit too seriously. And who could forget Jake, the macho stud, who prostitutes his good looks for jobs from his girlfriends. Finally, there's Heather Locklear. I mean Amanda, the bitch from hell who knows what she wants and how to get it. How can anyone not appreciate characters like these, the soap-opera dialogue, everybody sleeping with everybody else, and the intense melodrama. So I say tune in, it's getting hotter and hotter....

Where's Michael?



Rules of Thumb for the Clueless

From someone who learned them the hard way
by Scott Davies

Hairdressers: Always assume that your barbers and hairdressers are from another galaxy where "Just give me a trim" is actually Moronian for "What the hell, just chop it all off." If you have a picture of yourself with a halfway decent haircut, bring it in and point at it mutely. They'll understand. Just make sure that there aren't any pets in the picture with you, or they might get confused; God only knows what you'd wind up looking like then.

Dealing with Roommates: Undesirable roommates can be disposed of by surreptitiously stapling or gluing bills of large denominations to the backs of their jackets. This works best if you live in or near Oakland. It costs much less than a hit man, and it's perfectly legal. I think.

Selecting a Place to Live: Big basements are key. People you barely know will ask you to store all sorts of stuff for them. *Lots* of stuff. Just tell them OK, take their junk, and sell it the next day; they'll forget about it and never ask for it again anyhow. If they do, just inform them that their sofas have been "liberated" by the Berkeleyans Advocating Furniture Rights. They'll understand, and won't bother you again. Especially if you mention that you are a member of the aforementioned organization. Make sure that you foam at the mouth when you say this. Be rabid with conviction.

Bathroom Etiquette/Survival: If you live in an apartment or house and are responsible for cleaning the bathroom yourself (translation: the bathroom is cleaned bicentennially), use orange shampoo. This way, you can rationalize that the orange slimy stuff growing on your shower curtains is actually merely a buildup of shampoo

residue. Important note: if you have a roommate in the biological sciences, under no circumstances allow him to grow a sample of it in a Petri dish. And if he does, for heaven's sake, don't snort it., especially if there are sharp objects lying around that you could hurt yourself with. (I still have the scars.)

If the water pressure is low, when you use the bathroom, do your business, flush immediately, then wipe yourself up and flush again. No sense in having to duck flying pieces of crap while you're plunging the damn toilet.

Yard Maintenance: When birds start perching on the lawn, it's time to mow it.

Leftovers: Make sure to eat leftovers before the predator/prey relationship between you and your food reverses itself through the process of accelerated evolution. If you're not sure just how far this process has gone so far, keep a heavy, blunt object handy when cleaning out the fridge.

Even after leftovers have gotten to this stage, they can still be put to use: if you dump them in the trash (after clubbing them a couple of times, of course) just before going on a two- or three-day trip, the ensuing stench will ensure that one of your roommates will take out the garbage for you while you're gone.

Bedtime Attire: If you're a sleepwalker, don't go to bed in the buff.

"Doing Push-ups": In the making of the beast with two backs, avoid the resonant frequency of your living complex, or you'll hear no end of it from your neighbors. If you do hit that frequency, though, and you know you're caught, stay with it for a little while. If you only have the place rocking for a few seconds, then you'll really hear no end of it.

What Ever Happened to Scooby?

by Mike Miller

There have been a lot of stories in the news in the last few years about the tragic plight of child actors after they have lost their television shows and can no longer find work. But what we never hear about is the plight of cartoon characters after their shows are canned. What about the cartoons, damn it?!? Well, I did a little investigating and discovered the sad truth about what has become of some of our most beloved cartoon characters. I'm warning you. This isn't pretty.

Popeye - Lies near death in an Oakland hospital, because of his addiction to a naturally-occurring, psychedelic steroid found in spinach. Over-consumption of this steroid results in an almost super-human strength. Unfortunately, the side effects include bulging of the left eye and forearms and various hallucinations such as biceps turning into dynamite, battleships, etc.

Orphan Anne and Daddy Warbucks - Opium addiction has permanently bleached their pupils. Warbucks lost all his money to the drug pushers and was finally forced to pimp Anne on the street. Anne's dog, on the other hand, has a big part in the upcoming *Beethoven 2*.

Speed Racer - Sadly, he has moved on from speed to harder, more addictive drugs like heroin and crack cocaine.

Tom and Jerry - One word (lovenest)

Elmer Fudd - Booked twice for reckless endangerment after opening fire with a shotgun in a pet store. His marriage has failed due to a strange obsession; according to his ex-wife, "every time an Energizer commercial would come on, he'd get out his shotgun and blow away the TV."

Super Chicken - One word (extra-crispy)

Scooby Doo and Shaggy - In and out of detox clinics, constantly strung out on acid-laced marijuana brownies nicknamed "Scooby snacks."

George of the Jungle - Brought back to civilization he found it difficult to adjust to modern society with his monosyllabic dialect. But he has since found his niche spiking trees for Earth First!

Pepé le Pew - has recently undergone a species change operation and says he enjoys his new life as a cat. When asked why he underwent the experimental surgery he replied, "Now I can finally get that pussy I've been chasing after all these years."

Felix the Cat - Now uses bag of tricks to lure small children into his van.

Yogi Bear - Feeling out of touch with nature and just a tad domesticated, Yogi decided to get back to his roots by severely mauling a ten-year-old boy. When asked his reasons for the attack he responded, "The little bastard wouldn't hand over his picnic basket. And why am I wearing this fucking hat and tie? I'm a bear for Christ's sake!"

Are you having fun now reading this newspaper? That's good, because next week you'll have finals and will be miserable.

Wuv...Twue Wuv

by Dawn Vanderhaar

Years ago I had this crazy notion that marriage was something every little girl should look forward to. White dresses, lots of flowers, lots and lots of cake. I was told that by the time I was ready for marriage I would like boys, but that whole opposite sex thing that was involved in the ceremony made me think that Sister Margaret Ann might be on to something with that whole convent business. I mean boys were cute and everything, but spend a lifetime with them...voluntarily?

But the fear of this institution is not what led me to bore you with my less than engrossing memories. Actually, I've realized that it is my duty to warn you not only against the concept of marriage, but weddings themselves. It's like I've been cursed to tell everyone my story, kinda like the Ancient Mariner, only backwards. Instead of the old guy attacking the wedding guest, I'm the wedding guest attacking everyone else, and I'm in the wedding party at that.

Last month, I was forced to endure the wedding ceremony of my sister, Lisa, as a bridesmaid. My eldest sister started the tradition of forcing all the siblings to be part of the wedding party and it looks like it's going to stick. I've come to the conclusion that Lisa was still angry about the time my other sisters and I decided to play *Friday the 13th* and her Raggedy Ann doll got shoved into the garbage disposal by a possessed Cher doll. (A tip to all of you who still own the Cher Barbie Doll—even if you get really sick of her Crystal Gayle length hair, don't cut it off. She'll look like the victim of a nuclear attack. I think this is probably why the oldest sister made me be bridesmaids in her wedding... it was her Cher doll).

Anyway... she began the day of torture by forcing us to wear these cranberry-colored dresses that made us all look like that girl in the Charlie and the Chocolate Factory after she ate that gum that was a four-course meal and turned into a huge blueberry when she reached dessert. I kept waiting for little orange Oompa Loompas to roll me off to the de-juicing room.

I'll skip over the horrors of the ceremony—suffice it to say horrors is the appropriate word considering it was reaching record-breaking heat and the priest was senile. But the part at the church wasn't the worst of it. When the car with the bride and groom arrived at the reception, I knew immediately I was in for trouble. A seagull, that's right, a seagull smashed into the front windshield of the car (see early Ancient Mariner reference).

A few tips for you all about attending any relative's wedding. If you're single and any relatives are going to be there...don't go. If you bring a date, make sure that you and he are not uncomfortable about discussing the possibility of marriage, because older relatives really have no difficulty discussing it with him for you. In fact, they'll volunteer their services in planning the big day, or as scouts, attempting to locate an eligible young bachelor for you before the night is through. And don't think that just because you don't recall ever meeting half of these people, that they won't have a plethora of embarrassing stories to tell you and that eligible bachelor.

It wasn't all bad though. By the time my sister and I had rid ourselves of another one of those male inventions intended to inflict pain and torture on women all in the name of etiquette (i.e., the backless bra), we had conveniently lost our shoes from hell and the alcohol was a-flowin'. By the time dinner was served it didn't really matter that the wedding party had to sit at a table on the stage with spotlights on us or that you had to explain to 200 well-wishers that no, you really don't want anything more to eat but that doesn't mean your anorexic, thanks for asking, but if they'll notice, you happen to look like a giant cranberry, and the whole chicken-on-the-fork-airplane maneuver really isn't necessary, and no you really don't think gaining a few pounds will help speed the marital process along, and yes that is your boyfriend over there but no they really don't need to ask him when he's going to pop the question, and no, the few bottles of wine you and he have downed doesn't mean you are an alcoholic like Uncle Billy, rest his soul, but you really have to go now as great Aunt Bertha needs to be wheeled to the restroom... or maybe that's just my family.

In fact the whole thing turned out okay in the end after the entire wedding party got completely blitzed. I even got away from the thing with a couple bottles of wine. I figured that since People magazine couldn't make it to record the magic event, it was my job, as the smart-ass, annoying little sister to do so in the next best place: here.

Even though the immediate family all want me to elope now, especially since none of them will probably attend my wedding after they read this, I figure I'll make them go through it again. I still have to get my sister back for the time they decided to use my baby blanket as a fishnet to catch tadpoles in the creek... not to mention the bridesmaid dresses.

by Allen Tsai

[Note: This is not a "90210" article.] I was watching "90210" with my roommate a couple weeks back. It was the earth-shattering episode where Brenda runs off to Las Vegas to get married to this guy she's only known for three weeks. Of course, as is *de rigueur* for a Jason Priestly-directed episode, wacky hijinx result and everything gets solved in the end, with the whole cast flying over to Vegas during a week night to successfully stop Brenda from marrying the guy, smile smile, chuckle chuckle. A couple of thoughts struck me as the end credits came up. First of all, it's safe to say that if these folk went to Berkeley, Brenda would've been hitched by the first commercial break:

Brandon: "Hey, Dylan, you gotta come with me to Vegas... tonight!"

Dylan: "Why?"

Brandon: "My stupid twin sister's gonna get married and we gotta stop her!"

Dylan: "Um... man, I can't. I got five midterms next week, and a fifty page paper due this Thursday. And I haven't even started studying for next year's finals! Plus, I'm going to the Big Game, and I barely have a week to memorize the Cal Drinking Song. Sorry, man... but call me sometime, yeah? 'Oh, we had a little party down in Newport...'"

I was further struck with the obligatory sound-bite morality lesson near the end of the show. Brenda was about to say "I do [anything that moves]"; however, writers intervened and made her say to her disappointed beau: "I can't go through with this. I guess I was more in love with love than I was with you. Y'know?" My roommate laughed, and so did I, but it was merely the seed for the epiphany that was to sprout later that evening. It was only during a late-night, beer-assisted, bitch-about-the-woman-who-laughed-at-me-when-I-asked-for-her-phone-number-last-week session with my roommate that my thoughts crystallized.

The thoughts were about love and how those of us who are single believe for the life of us that it can solve all our problems if only we got some of it. The major problem being, of course, that we don't have any of it. Not that there isn't any floating around; no, no, there seems to be an abundance of it, which is the problem exactly. It seems that almost every woman I know, meet or come in contact with has a boyfriend. If you're on campus now, take a look around. In your field of vision, there are probably four or five sickeningly sweet couples dripping passion and enchantment all over each other. Scowl at them. They are the reason why single folk find it hard to walk through Sproul at noon. You thought it was to avoid the ASUC Senate flyers and Paul the Pillar. No. It's to avoid flagrant and shameless saccharin-fortified PDA.

But the strange thing about it is, while all the women

I know have boyfriends, most of the men I know are single. According to most modern-day estimates, the world is 50% male and 50% female. Mathematically, it just doesn't make sense. Somewhere there must be a very large surplus of single women. They're certainly not on campus. They're not in my apartment building. They're not in my kitchen—and they're certainly not spread-eagled on my bed. I tried Andronico's, and even there people seem to be shopping in blissful twos. There are three theories why this numerical improbability exists:

• **The women are lying.** Perhaps the single woman's deceptive claim to have a boyfriend evolved as a safety mechanism to ward off jerks. When a male meets a female, some primal, instinctual defense takes over in the female to prevent her from rolling the genetic dice with nincompoop simpsions who are likely to smack her one in a fit of thick-skulled morosity. Of course, this reflex reaction isn't very selective, and many nice guys get the shaft along with the boneheads (what else is new?). If that isn't enough, most jerks have evolved a counter-defense to this defense which consists of simply not caring whether or not said woman has a boyfriend because even if she had one, in all likelihood he could whip his ass anyway.

• **The "grass is greener" syndrome.** It's a well known fact that mental state can affect the perception of reality. There is a classic psychology experiment where a clan of chimpanzees was trained to push a certain button for food. One chimp figured out that if he staked out the territory in front of the button, he could trade the scarce rations for favors and treats from others, while maintaining a steady food supply for himself. While the preceding example has nothing at all to do with what I was talking about, it is important to note that when outside of a relationship, people tend to idealize being in one. Even if your previous relationship was hell and your ex was "Lucifer incarnate", nothing could seemingly be worse than staying home alone on Friday nights, watching "Cannonball Run II" on cable with only a stale bowl of charred Pop Secret to keep you warm and snugly. In that state of mind, the number of people in this world who are happier than you grows from around three billion to... well, to infinity. It sucks.

• **It's a conspiracy.** Every woman in the world is out to get you. Even those you've never met have a vested interest in making your life dismal and miserable. The couples you see walking around together are really together for the sole purpose of making you even more acutely aware of your wretched loneliness. Somewhere, someone is secretly and merrily watching you stew in your juices, laughing wickedly as you succumb to self-pity and drive yourself to the edge of homicidal despondent melancholic bitterness. Bile, bile, bile. I feel that this is the best explanation because it lets you play the martyr. Research shows that martyrs really do have more fun.

Aphorisms
with Victor

"Never knock on Death's door. Ring the doorbell and run away. Death really hates that."

"If a tree falls down in the forest, and no one is around to hear it, does it squash a bunny?"

"Never make fun of an ugly girl; she may have a cute friend."

"Never make fun of an ugly guy; he may own a Corvette."

"If we have nothing to fear but fear itself, then 'fear itself' must be Oprah in a G-string bikini."

"He who stands on toilet is high on pot."

"The man who said, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' is dead now."

"If every cloud had a silver lining, then raindrops would be lethal."

"When sitting on the passenger side of a moving vehicle, slap the butts of spandex-wearing bicyclists on the side of the road and see what happens."

—Victor Rossi

Lost: Squelch Marketplace. Last seen in the vicinity of page 7. If found, please call Mark or Keith.

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footnote

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Top Five Things They Would Have to Do to Make Me Show Up at the Big Game:

5. Follow ancient tradition and use the Axe to decapitate the members of the losing team.
4. None of this wimpy "Cal marching band" wandering around Sproul. I want 1000 grim Cal soldiers, marching with the heads of their opponents hoisted on pikes.
3. Admit that it's religion and have pyramids with high priests at each end, ready to sacrifice the beating heart of the Chosen to the glory of TV.
2. Play with the beating heart of the spectator with the Winning Ticket. Perhaps the acquisition of this heart could be a special gladiator-style event before the Game.
1. Cancel it.

Top Ten Things Overheard in the Stanford Cheering Section at the Big Game:

10. "We're the guys with the red shirts, right?"
9. "Would you mind not spraying on me when you cheer?"
8. "Hey Cal! At least we never had any Rose Bowl hopes to blow in the first place!"
7. "I wonder if he's going to score a home run?"
6. "Damn! My solid gold seat cushion deflated!"
5. "Don't worry, if we lose we can buy a new coach!"
4. "Could you please move to the side? Your leaves are getting in the way."
3. "Excuse me, is this where Economics 24 meets?"
2. "WE GOT IN...CINERATED!!!"
1. "Huh-huh. Interception! Huh-huh huh-huh that sucks. Huh-huh huh-huh."

Top Ten Reasons to Flunk Midterms:

10. Can't let members of the opposite sex think you're some kind of nerd.
9. Mental preparation for flunking final.
8. You're taking Math 1B so you already have a good excuse.
7. Can tell your friends the "F" stands for "Fantastic!"
6. No one will yell at you for messing up the curve.
5. Didn't turn in any of your problem sets anyway.
4. Because of the fee hikes, you couldn't afford bluebooks.
3. Can drop the class during finals (Stanford students only).
2. You just feel like it, dammit!
1. Qualifies you for ASUC senate seat.

Top Five Reasons to Drink Drano

5. Takes care of your weight problem.
4. Unclogs your plumbing for good.
3. No cholesterol.
2. Your football team lost to your rivals by 29 points.
1. Cheaper than Snapple™.

Top Ten Things More Organized than the Stanford Marching Band

10. The Berkeley administration
9. The Fall of Rome
8. Your Chem 1A notes
7. The Tele-BEARS system, during open hours
6. ASUC Senate elections
5. San Francisco after the 1906 earthquake
4. Any college dorm room
3. Stanford stadium, after the 1993 Big Game
2. Stanford defense (oops, something less organized than the Stanford marching band)
1. Squelch meetings

Top 10 Holiday Gifts For Children:

10. Ken doll with detachable severed penis.
9. Transcript of NAFTA debate with Ross Perot's lines highlighted.
8. Beavis and Butt-head starter kit (includes matches).
7. Senator Packwood™ brand diary.
6. Joey Buttafuoco outfit (only available in stripes).
5. "Where's Michael?" book.
4. Militant homeless action figures.
3. Anything from this year's Big Game (they'll cherish it for seven more years).
2. An ounce of red hair sensemilla.
1. Barney's decapitated, rotting corpse floating lifelessly in a vat of formaldehyde!

Top Ten Articles in This Month's Teen Beat Magazine:

10. "River Phoenix: the Man, the Greatness, the Mystery"
9. "How to Pay \$35 for a Two-Buck Flannel and Still Look Cool"
8. "The Skittles and Valium Diet"
7. "Learn Cool Inner-City Slang Without Leaving Suburbia"
6. "How to Steal Money From Your Mother's Purse"
5. "Taunting and Alienating Those You Don't Like in 8 Easy Steps"
4. "The Finer Points of Gum-Popping and Giggling"
3. "Pearl Jam or Stone Temple Pilots: Decisions, Decisions"
2. "How to be Sexually Active and Pretend You're Not"
1. "Inter-Racial Relationships Just to Piss Off Parents"

Top Ten Things to Burn Down in the LA Fires:

10. USC
9. L. A. Cellular
8. The Nixon Library
7. LAPD headquarters
6. The Viper Room
5. Michael Jackson's Neverland Valley
4. La Brea tar pits
3. The 405
2. The Menedez estate
1. West Beverly Hills High School

Who actually knows what those tricky little descriptive words in front of our favorite foods mean? For your enlightenment, I have decided to translate. (Remember, these are actual adjectives taken from the D.C.'s own menu.) Jean le gourmand presents:

A Survivor's Dictionary to D.C. Adjectives

by Jonathan Seff

- Florentine:** Hazardous Italian waste materials.
- À La King:** Severely beaten before served.
- Vegetarian:** If they tell you it is, who the fuck are you to question it?
- Spicy:** Has that special ammonia kick!
- Oriental:** Can you say "Monosodium Glutamate?"
- Polynesian:** They don't know what it is either.
- Sweet and Sour:** Sugar and salt.
- Kentucky Spiced:** Jim Beam sour mash Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey (Yippie!).
- Brown and Serve:** Cook it your damn self!
- Au Gratin:** Killed in the prime of its life for your selfish, lustful eating pleasure.
- Shoestring:** Wow, shoe laces are recyclable?
- Au Brian:** Named for disgruntled D.C. worker who poisoned potatoes to protest treatment of Irish immigrants; or misspelling of late night T.V. host.
- Sour Cluster:** It's sour, it's a cluster. Need I say more?
- Silver Dollar:** Same size, same weight, same consistency, same profile of Eisenhower - but it's food!
- Mediterranean:** Has those salty olives you only find at Andronico's.
- Au Gratin:** With bread crumbs and grated cheese (It's French you know).
- Sicilia:** Mr. Corleone defines it as delightfully tasteful, light and airy, while at the same time low in calories and containing all the major nutrients necessary to promote growth and strong, healthy teeth.
- Honey Curry:** Savory Indian dish with crushed yellow-jackets.

Top Five Safe Sex Tips:

5. Balloons do not work as well as condoms.
4. Neither does Saran Wrap™.
3. Remember to lubricate *outside*, not inside, the condom.
2. Do not attempt sex with a Squelch™ staff member, or a staff member's member.
1. Do not stuff condoms to make certain appendages look larger.

Top Five Pick-up Lines at Cal:

5. "Were you in Playboy?"
4. "Wanna be my Naked Guy?"
3. "My Unit, or yours?"
2. "Are those Birkenstocks you're wearing?"
1. "How random! We're both from the same home town— LA is so deep."

Top Five Homeless People Pick-up Lines:

5. "Sleep here often?"
4. "My, that's a beautiful... um... brown thing on your face."
3. "What's a girl like you doing in a dumpster like this?"
2. "You fought on 'Nam too?"
1. "Spare some change?"

Top Five Things I'd Rather Do Than Attend the Big Game:

5. Loiter and play with pigeons.
4. Try out the RSF.
3. Call Info-Bears (7am-7pm).
2. Daydream about pie.
1. Take advantage of the myriad cultural activities available throughout the Bay Area.

Top 10 PhD Theses Coming out of UCB This Year:

10. Math--"UC Tuition Fees - a Real World Example of Asymptotic Functions"
9. Statistics-- "Prediction of Doe Library Hours - An Interesting Problem in Time Series"
8. English-- "Themes and Motifs in Bathroom Graffiti"
7. Chicano Studies-- "La Solucion Final De La Problema De Los Gringos"
6. Religious Studies-- "Sproul Plaza Bible-Thumpers and the Y'Shua Man-- a Comparative Analysis"
5. Military Science-- "Recapture the Axe: Operational Plans for a Combined Arms Assault on Palo Alto"
4. Chemistry-- "Elucidation of the Chemical Structure of DC pizza and Analysis of its Potential for Chemical Warfare"
3. Art History-- "Fluorescent Toilets in the People's Park Annex: What the Hell Does it Mean?"
2. Computer Science-- "New Algorithms for Tele-Bears: Reduces Student Satisfaction Rate to as Low as 3%"
1. Political Science-- "Incompetence, Political Partisanship, and Leadership Vacuum-- The ASUC In-Action"

Top Five Deadly Sins:

5. Lust
4. Gluttony
3. Pride
2. Vanity
1. Smurfette

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C'mon people... **Let's Have a Shoot-Out!**

by Michael T. Hodgson

Convenient reasons for a shoot-out:

- Argument over parmesan cheese at Blondies'
- "Hold the Pepperoni" request at La Val's is rudely ignored
- just 'cuz

Some commonly asked questions and answers about shoot-outs:

Q: Can I bring my children to a shoot-out?
 A: You sure can—you can even shoot them.


Q: What if someone shoots at me at the shoot-out?
 A: Shoot right back at them.

Shoot-out Do's

Do shoot as many people as you can.
 Do use shoot-outs as a means of conflict resolution
 Do scream or giggle maniacally as you shoot.

Shoot-out Don'ts

Don't pick and choose who you shoot.
 Don't believe in rational ways to solve problems... they take too long.
 Don't ask God for forgiveness—someone already shot him.



A Special Squelch Supplement

Dear University community,
We are bitter and goshdamnit, just plain old p.o.'d about the current state of love in our lives. We invite you to join us as we take a sojourn down the path of heartache to the final destination of all romantic endeavors — heartbreak. Take our hand, march in step, and we can be cathartic together.
Signed: Allen "Bitter Dream" Tsai & Mike "Unrepentant Stone" Hodgson

The Ten Commandments of Love

10. Thou shalt not re-use condoms.
9. Thou shalt be screwed at every turn, in every conceivable way.
8. Thou shalt not ask, "What art thou thinking about?"
7. Thou shalt want "in" when alone and "out" when involved.
6. Thou shalt not kick out thy roommate for sexual consummation.
5. Just when thy nards give forth their fragrance, thy honey lamb lyeth happy, thou resteth content, and the planets are in perfect alignment, thou shalt fuck up.
4. Thou shalt never realize thou art in love until thou art bumped on thy ass, alone, bleeding, and drunk in the gutter.
3. Thou shalt drive thy friends to don sack cloth and depart thy company with great haste because they grow eary of thy lame love tales.
2. Thou shalt be chained, domesticated, spay'd, neuter'd; but thou shalt learn to love.
1. Thou shalt never escape the Wheel of Agony.

THE FIVE TYPES OF BERKELEY BOYFRIENDS

ASUC PRESIDENT

Pluses: Can get you cushy work-study desk job
Slimy exterior a bonus during sex
Minuses: Will refer to you as "My concubine"
Is ASUC President
Clincher: If you're trying to sleep your way to the top, you're barking up the wrong tree, honey.



FRAT BOY

Pluses: Is rich
Is easily fooled
Minuses: Is conformist scum
Has no fashion sense
Clincher: Is a repressed gay man

ENGINEER

Pluses: Is horny as a goat
Will do your homework
Minuses: Hasn't learned how to use sex organs using biology text yet ("Bio's next semester, you Klingon!")
In fact, gets turned on by sex organs in biology textbook
Personal hygiene not prime concern
Clincher: At least your parents will be happy...



SENSITIVE PONY-TAIL MAN

Pluses: Is sensitive
Cooks good vegetarian food
Minuses: Cries too much
Has no penis
Clincher: OK for free drugs; otherwise smells



WEASEL, aka "YOU GODDAMNED TWO-FACED BASTARD!"

Pluses: Great accessory; matches most of your wardrobe
Don't know when he's cheating on you
Minuses: Has screwed most of your friends
Uncanny ability to be forgiven for any offense
Clincher: Will be your only long-term relationship

The Six Kinds of Berkeley Girlfriends

MEAN SORORITY GIRL

Pluses: Likes to have sex
Drinks more than you
Minuses: Calls up all your ex-s to find your weaknesses
Will move to Oregon and dump you for some old, rich guy
Clincher: You're meat.



NICE SORORITY GIRL

Pluses: Will give you free dinners at sorority house
Does not bite
Minuses: Sexual abstinence, anyone!
Will try to marry you
Clincher: Probably a MEAN SORORITY GIRL in disguise

PSYCHO BABE

Pluses: Will go to punk shows with you
Likes weird sex
Minuses: Drinks rat's blood
Will screw up your life
Clincher: Dating her will inevitably result in police record



COMMIE FEMINIST

Pluses: Will insist on buying dinner to prove equal rights
Don't have to open doors for her
Minuses: Has no sense of humor
Uses mace liberally
Clincher: Will sell out and become wealthy divorce lawyer

BEAUTIFUL ASUC SENATOR

Pluses: Can get you 25% discount on ASUC Store Slurpees
You will look good on her resume
Minuses: Have to hold her sign and take her flyers during elections
Like most politicians, will screw you — figuratively, of course
Clincher: Probably has powerful and slimy ASUC Senate boyfriend who likes Nirvana and wears faux-flannel shirts



FRESHMAN FROM DANVILLE

Pluses: Is bright-eyed
Is bushy-tailed
Minuses: Will laugh at you if you ask her for her number
Is deathly afraid of her own sex organs
Clincher: Will leave you as soon as she gets over her high school beau

RELATIONSHIP REQUIREMENTS, A-Z:

A Checklist of Chores for the Hitched Set

- Well, if you had a Snooky-Poo, you would have to:
- A. Waste a lot of time talking on the phone instead of studying
 - B. Share all your drugs
 - C. Argue about stupid things
 - D. Spend precious money on birth control stuff instead of beer
 - E. Keep your eyes and hands to yourself
 - F. Be non-smelly
 - G. Be sensitive and nice
 - H. Lose all your friends
 - I. Eat the food (s/he) makes for you
 - J. Do responsible things
 - K. Hold your farts (see also "W")
 - L. Plan for the future
 - M. Cuddle
 - N. Act like a gocher and listen to "For Lovers Only"
 - O. Throw out your cool porno mags
 - P. Live in fear
 - Q. Wear clean underwear
 - R. Be 1/2 of a "couple"
 - S. Ditch "The Boys' Night Out"
 - T. Get married, and eventually divorced
 - U. Refrain from sexually intriguing one-night-stand opportunities
 - V. Feel guilty often
 - W. Dream a dream of freedom
 - X. Talk to their parents
 - Y. Say cheesy love stuff
 - Z. Lose your edge

License to Love

Answer the following question and cut out this license to love as much, or as little, as you want!

1. Would you object to having a certain internal organ ripped violently from your chest, spat on, flung on the cold, greasy ground and crushed to oblivion like so much llama fodder?

YES!

NO

If you answered "Yes!", then welcome to the world of lovers! The rights and privileges of a lover are hereby conferred upon your person. These include being humiliated in public by your beau/belle, feeling alternately insecure and inadequate, free attendance to all domestic squabbles, and insanity. Congratulations!

LICENSE TO LOVE

License #00001

Class: Lowest of the Low
Restrictions: Beer goggles
DOB: Yesterday

John Q. Dingleboort
69 Alcatraz Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94704-1313

X sign here

organ donor?
expires upon being dumped for someone better

Your Photo Here