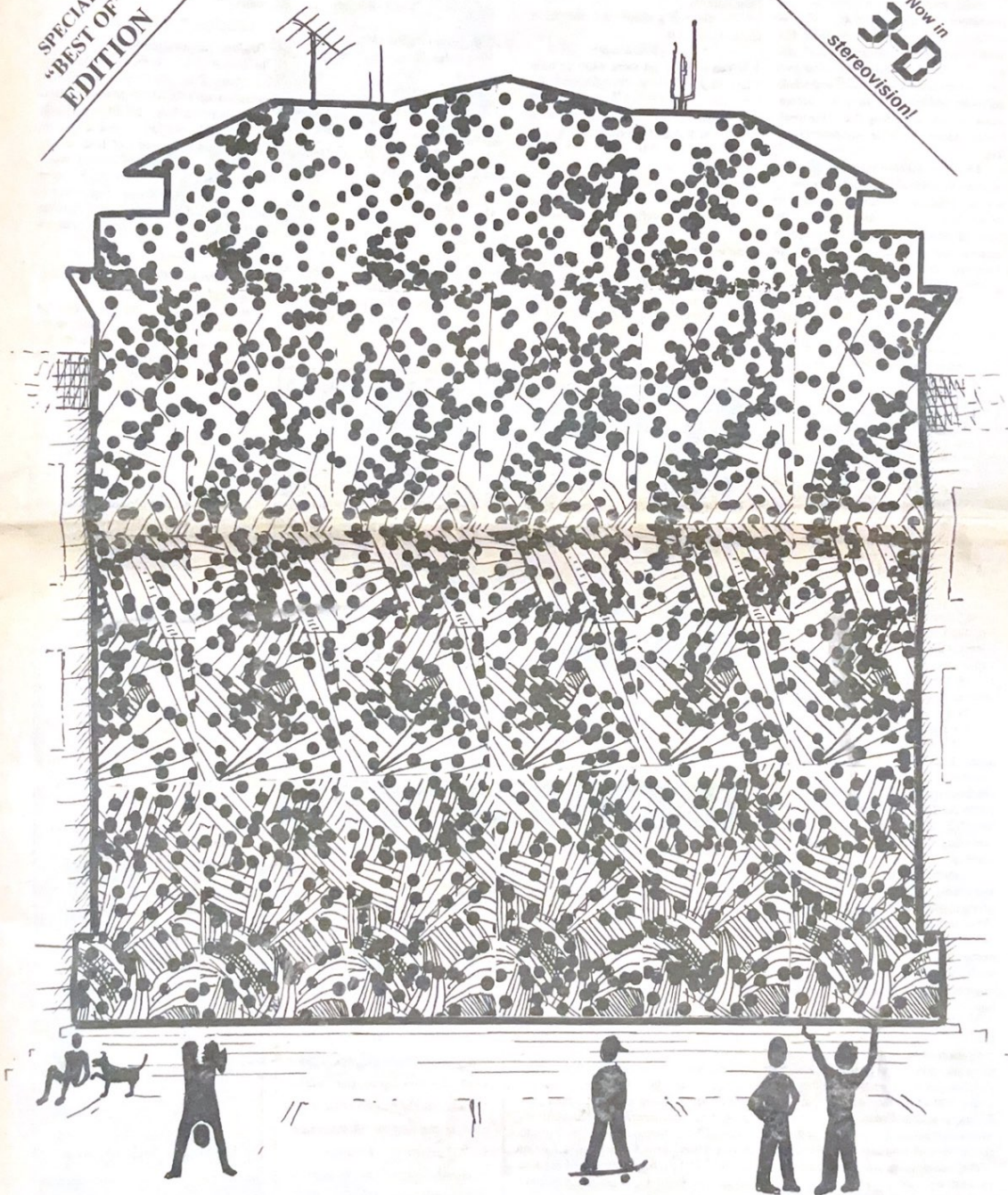


THE  
**HEURISTIC SQUELCH**  
Volume 4, Number 5  
March, 1994

SPECIAL  
"BEST OF"  
EDITION

Now in  
**3-D**  
stereovision!



**SECRET IMAGE IN SPROUL ARCHITECTURE**

Simply hold this picture directly under your line of sight as you stand in front of Sproul Hall. Then defocus your eyes and move them rapidly between this picture and the building. Soon the *real* Sproul will emerge—an image the Regents *definitely* didn't plan on.

## Letter from the Editors

Nobody ever really reads this anyway. But once again, we're close to deadline and we have a shitload of space to fill, so I sit here now. I quote Thoreau, who once said "Life is just a great big tree," or something like that. There was a man who knew what the hell he was talking about. Unlike myself. I sincerely hope you like this issue. Well, actually, I don't really give a shit one way or the other, so long as you patronize the merchants who advertise with us.

I'm in someone's room whom I've never met before. Her name is Carolyn. She was nice enough to let us use her computer. Her room is pretty messy and she smokes Camels. Warning to Carolyn: The surgeon general has recently determined that smoking looks cool but can harm you. I recommend smoking something else. Like weed. I know where you could buy some cheap, too.

I recently attended the GOP state convention. I needed a laugh, and they gave me several. Plus a lot of free beer. I asked a lot of people whom they wanted to run in '96. Most of them said Reagan. It was pretty pathetic, but what the hell. Saturday Night Live was a rerun that night. What was very ironic was that I saw a lot of ASUC senators there. People who would cringe if they knew you found out they were Republicans. I won't say their names here, but there were more than you would think. It's pretty tempting, though. I think we all need to ask ourselves this question: What has the ASUC done for us lately? I know they've helped me to become a better person. I treat people with more respect and kindness because of them.

I quote Nirvana. Well, maybe not. That would just be wrong. Although not as serious as quoting Pearl Jam. I think that we need to get rid of grunge. It's stupid. I knew that it had reached an all-time low when I saw a couple of 12 year-olds wearing baggy jeans and ski caps. You could tell that they were still nerds at their junior high school. But they were really trying to fit in. It kind of brought a tear to my eye for a moment. I'm over it now.

Carolyn has just announced that she has a plan for her life after she graduates. I really feel like I've bonded with her in these last twenty minutes. I wish her success and happiness. I hope that she does not become like all the other graduates who are bitter because their degree got them a job at Adia temporary services.

So enough about me, let's talk about you. This whole journalism thing is so one-sided. I can't wait until next issue when the Squelch goes interactive. Then we can get feedback from our beloved readers. FUCK—HOW MUCH MORE ROOM DO I HAVE TO FILL? Our readers are the most important thing to us. For without them, we are nothing.

Sometimes, I just lie awake in my hay-stack at night and stare at the stars. I think of a long-ago time, when the Squelch was funny. When professors held our interest for more than ten minutes. Beer was fun. The Greek system was flourishing. There was an exciting natural disaster every few weeks to keep you on your toes. But that was a long time ago.

I think that if you're reading this in lecture, you should take a good long look at the person sitting next to you. Do you find them attractive? You have to look at them from the corner of your eye so they don't notice. But what if they're reading this, too? Then you're both thinking about each other. Maybe that person is your future soul-mate. (I hear that soul-mates are rarely found at the undergraduate level, however.) But the possibilities are endless. Perhaps you should get to know them better. Go ahead. Ask for their notes after class. You know you can do it. Come on. Just because you had no social skills in high school and sat in your room reading all the time. They'll accept you.

Fortunately for all of us, I'm almost at

## Letters to the Editors

Dear Editors,  
You guys should hand out by Strawberry Creek more often. It'd do you some good.

Peacefully,  
H.D. Thoreau

Dear Editors,  
Sorry.  
—Jason Kidd  
P.S. Oh, by the way, I'm outta here.

Dear Editors,  
Heaven's great! All the fried chicken you want!  
—John Candy  
P.S. Too bad I'm not there. Must've been Uncle Buck.

Dear Editors,  
Will skate for food.  
—TH

Dear Editors,  
Will skate for comedic talent.  
—NK

Dear Editors,  
We resent your offensive portrayal of our faith. Your characterization of Chuck E. Cheese as our "poster child" marginalizes our deep commitment to cheese for all believers.

—Jews for Cheeses

Dear Editors,  
Sorry, we cannot print four-letter words in your "Self-Description."  
With Regards,  
Blue and Gold Yearbook

Editor  
Dear Editors,  
Would you please stop making fun of Jason? I'm tired of having to read the paper to him so he can understand why everyone is laughing.  
Sincerely,  
ToddBozeman

To Whomever Can Hear Me,  
Help! The pre-Med students want to kill me!  
Desperately,  
Kermit the Frog

Dear Editors,  
We have some really great photos of Michael Jackson. Would you like to buy them?  
Sincerely,  
Santa Barbara Police Department

Dear Guys,  
I figured I'd ask you, because I'm too embarrassed to ask anyone else: What's an RBI?

Determined to Play,  
Michael Jordan



Cal's rugby team engaged in a team-orgy last Wednesday to celebrate their victory over Stanford. Said coach Tim Whackme, "These guys really know how to work as a team—just look at 'em go at it!"

## Stand Up for Yourself!

At the Squelch Stand-up Comedy Night...  
Students Interested in Trying Their Hand at Making Love, I Mean Laughter, Should Call 849-9302

## Give it to Me, Baby!

the end of this "editorial" or "filler" as we refer to them at the city desk in our corporate offices. Sometimes, I wonder if toddlers know they're being annoying when they write to us. Somehow, I think they plan it all. I know I do. If there was more time, I would love to tell you all my toddler stories, but I'm afraid that you'll have to wait until the next issue. You really should tune in. And now, here's Josh...

Hi. I'm Josh. I got mugged. They say it didn't cause any brane damage. I believe them. I like eggs. I just went pee in my pants. I have to go now. Barney's on. Bye.  
—Steve and Josh rule.

*I want your hot, throbbing humor,  
your pulsating, wet jokes. I can't  
wait for you to deposit your load of  
nocturnal submissions! I want  
them in my box, in 700 Eshleman.  
I want you to come  
to my meetings, in 146 Dwinelle at  
7pm on Tuesdays! Oooh... I'll be  
waiting for you, Sugar... This call  
will be billed to your account. Thanks!*

## NEWSFLASHES

**Schlongen Denied Tenure**  
Richard Schlongen, the only male professor in the Women's Studies Department, was denied tenure last week after colleagues found a Penthouse magazine in his office. Women's Studies Professor Marsha Johnson said, "I was sitting in his office discussing the evil of men with him when he stepped out to go flog himself. At that point I decided to rifle through his desk for no reason and that's when I found [the magazine]." Schlongen says he will apply for tenure again next semester.

**Oakland Airport Bombed**  
In celebration of St. Patrick's Day last week, members of the Cal Irish Student Union mortared the Oakland Airport in an event co-sponsored by the IRA. CISU President Lucky O'Hara said, "We just wanted to give the blarney Bay Area a taste of Irish culture, with a taste of whiskey and Guinness Stout™ to go with it!" Only minor injuries were reported, which O'Hara said was a success nevertheless. Yet four members of the club, including O'Hara, were cited for public intoxication.

**Part of Information Superhighway Collapses in LA Aftershock**  
After being spared in the first dozen LA temblors, part of the Information Superhighway collapsed in Sunday's aftershock. Cal Trans acted quickly to set up alternate routes for LA's many telecommuters. Said Bill Gazula of Cal Trans, "We got the orange cones out now, and we're waiting on the digital detour signs. This is a real mess (because) of the high (number) of commuters that became telecommuters after the original quakes."

## The Heuristic Squelch

Waiting for our Pizza.  
Since 1991.

Editors-in-Chief  
Josh Greenberg  
Keith Hertzner  
Mark Seifert  
Steven Slatten

Assistant Editors  
Karen Ahn  
Irad Eyal  
Jonathan Seff  
Matt Thomas

Writers  
Jon Abrams, Josh Frankel, Kanwal Gill,  
Mack Knopf, Roberto Lewis, Tim  
Nakada, Victor Rossi, Allen Tsai

Front Cover  
David Malinowski

Back Page  
Victor Rossi

Special Guest Columnist  
Dave Sherman

Business Manager  
Josh Switzky

Advertising Manager  
Julie Sadijursky

Copyright © 1994 The Heuristic  
Squelch Co., Inc., Enterprises

This is not an official publication of the ASUC. The views expressed herein are the views of the writers only. They are not necessarily the views of the Associated Students of the University of California. Ha! I bet you thought you would find some witty little quip in this space! Think again! What do you think we are, a shitty little underground paper? Not since the corporate takeover, buddy!

Now serving weekend brunch  
**Q: Where in Berkeley can you**

discuss scathing socio-political issues over cocktails



study over a pleasantly strong cappuccino

Comedy Night  
 Wednesday 7:30 pm  
 Students \$2  
 National Names



enjoy a sumptuous meal on a student's budget

dance to prince or ponder the musical musings of "lawsuit"



shoot some pool while drinking ice cool beer

All at the same place?

**A: Blake's**

2367 Telegraph Ave. Berkeley CA 94704 Ph. 848-0886

**Top Ten Things Said at Jesus' Crucifixion:**

10. "Gee, they sure nailed that guy!"
9. "God must be pretty cross! (snicker)"
8. "What does INRI mean?"
7. "Excuse me sir, could you take off your helmet? I can't see the crosses."
6. "Hey, we can't kill somebody today - it's Good Friday."
5. "Jesus Christ, look what they did to you!"
4. "Hey man, can you do that 'water into wine' bit right now? We're all kind of thirsty down here."
3. "I'll bet you twenty bucks he rises from the dead."
2. "Damn, but don't he look like Charles Manson?"
1. "Calgon, take me away!"

**Top Ten Asian Rock Groups:**

10. Toyota the Wet Sprocket
9. Screaming Bonsais
8. Rice-Cube
7. KimCheecago
6. Snoop Doggy Dogg-eater
5. Sushi and the Banshees
4. Pearl Harbor Jam
3. Too Short (you know, the rapper?)
2. Raw Phish
1. Slantana

**Top Ten Hardest Things For A Guy From Alabama To Adjust To:**

10. Sharing the same bathroom with girls... pretty ones
9. Girls in general
8. The trading in of his Z 28 Camaro hotrod for a fifty dollar bike
7. Dorm food an improvement from home
6. People think R.E.M. is too conservative a band and urge him to try Slayer and Megadeth
5. Long hair a fashion statement and not a sign of rebellion
4. Non-white type people walking around the streets
3. ToFu isn't innately evil, just misunderstood
2. The cutting of his financial funding when his parents find out he got an earring
1. Christian fundamentalists are in the minority

**Top Ten Come-On Lines from the American Revolution:**

10. Hey, baby, my musket's loaded. Got a target?
9. Hey, baby, wanna play "Paul Revere" and ride my pony?
8. Hey, baby, I'm Thomas Paine.
7. ...I got your "Sovereign Nation"
6. ...you're suspected for sedition, so I've gotta pump you for information.
5. ...the British are coming, so why ain't we?
4. ...I'm into life, liberty, and the pursuit of a good piece of ass.
3. ...wanna get tarred and feathered?
2. ...who needs liberty when you've got libido?
1. ...you wanna Minute Man?

**Top Ten Reasons We Fought the Civil War:**

10. To free the slaves.
9. Nobody wanted to redraw the map of the United States.
8. English professors really wanted to have *Red Badge of Courage*.
7. To provide endless material for T.V. movies.
6. Oil. (oops, wrong war.)
5. The devil made us do it.
4. The North was feeling rejected.
3. So that white men could only exploit women and animals.
2. To provide the inspiration for the Franklin Mint™ Civil War Chess Set.
1. "Tastes great" / "Less filling"

**Top Five Things Neil Armstrong Might Have Found on the Moon:**

5. Dirt
4. Dirt and rocks
3. Cheese - mounds and mounds of cheese
2. The contents of Al Capone's vault
1. A great photo opportunity

**Top Ten Nails in Bill Clinton's Political Coffin:**

10. Bosnia
9. Haiti
8. China
7. NAFTA
6. Health Care
5. Hillary
4. Whitewater
3. Vincent Foster
2. "Don't ask, don't tell"
1. Firing of the White House kitchen staff

**Top Ten Optimum Times to Shout "By the Power of Grey Skull... I Have the Power!!!" at the Top of Your Lungs:**

10. During sex.
9. In a crowded elevator stuck between floors.
8. During a final.
7. When lifting your wife's veil.
6. When trying to attract women in a singles' bar.
5. At the end of a sad movie.
4. Right now (go ahead, don't be shy).
3. During any job interview.
2. In your sleep.
1. In the stall of any public restroom.

**Top Five Reasons Oompa Loompas are Orange:**

5. They eat goldfishes.
4. What the hell's an Oompa Loompa?
3. They have ingested too many carrots (usually orally, but not always).
2. Used to work in Crayola™ factory before chocolate factory.
1. Interracial marriages between red and yellow dwarves.

**Top Ten Reasons Cal Lost In The First Round of NCAA Tournament:**

10. Other team was better.
9. Neutral game sight was too confusing.
8. Berkeley plot to keep Jason Kidd here for another year.
7. Players were stressing over finals, forgetting the fact that Berkeley is on the semester system.
6. Wave of benevolence felt for team with lower ranking overcame Bears.
5. They already had enough frequent flyer miles to last a lifetime.
4. Death of John Candy still weighed heavily upon everyone's minds.
3. Team was paid off by Clinton administration so that Arkansas would have no hindrances in winning tourney.
2. Unanimous decision made by players to spend more time on schoolwork.
1. Players' inability to count led them to believe that they were in fact ahead.

**Top Ten Alternatives to Pot Brownies:**

10. Pot Ramen
9. Pot spam
8. Pot beer
7. Pot bagels (with pot schmear at Noah's)
6. Pot sushi
5. Pot pot-pies
4. Pot slurpees
3. Hash browns
2. Pot Chex™ (try it in part mix!)
1. Pot Snapple™

**Top Five Complaints of Local Pizza Deliverers:**

5. Police escort necessary for home deliveries.
4. No tips from starving students.
3. No tips from homeless.
2. Drivers beaten by aggressive Vegans.
1. Fear of angry, hungry urban youth with goatees.

**Top Five Places You'll Never Find a Fratboy Inside:**

5. César Chavez rally
4. Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit
3. The Blue Oyster
2. Act I/Act II movie theater
1. A sober woman

**Top One Reason For Filling this Space at the Bottom of the Page**

1. To fill the space at the bottom of this page.

# Dysfunctional Bay Area Driving Really Pisses Me Off

by Allen Tsai, and yes, I'm from L.A.

I was driving up Interstate 280 last week with a couple of friends, coming back from a somewhat refreshing camping trip. It was one of those brisk, after-the-rain sort of days when the breeze is cool and crisp and the sun is brighter than usual — the kind of weather that makes you almost glad to be living in the Bay Area. Of course, every time I get close to liking it up here in Northern California, something happens to make me really pissed off and hate it all over again. This time it was the absolutely dismal way Northern California people drive.

Before people start feebly defending the Bay Area's driving habits vis-à-vis those of Los Angeles, let me just say the driving isn't terribly enlightened down there either. Let's face it, there isn't a place in the world that has even a simple majority of good drivers. People suck at driving everywhere. It's just that people up here really suck at it. It's as if they practice being bad — and their practice is making perfect.

So there we were, merrily rolling along I-280, when suddenly this primer-gray colored, early-model American gas-guzzling behemoth plastered to the hilt with tree-hugging bumper stickers proclaiming everything from opposition to off-shore oil drilling (hey, where do you think gasoline comes from, you idiot?) to support of the local Socialist Worker's Collective swerves in from the far, far, far left lane, roars within a hair-width of our front bumper, enveloping us in sooty, prehistoric exhaust before barreling down an exit somewhere before Foster City. We would have been scared to death, but it happened so fast, there wasn't any time to be scared, let alone to death. By the time the "to death" part of being scared sank in, the Car from Hell had already disappeared among the sparkling low-rises of Foster City. The only reaction in our car for a few seconds was confused silence. Then someone in the back seat spoke: "Hey, Allen, it must've been hell learning to drive in L.A., huh?"

It took me a while to understand what that meant. It took me until Emeryville to

figure out that the person, a Bay Area native, was implying that if the person piloting that hurtling piece of iron death lived in the Bay Area (the Mecca of exemplary driving), heaven knows how bad it must be... in Los Angeles! Ye gods! Four years ago, I might have been able to forgive the statement, give it the benefit of a doubt, maybe even laugh it off as some lame dig against L.A. But now, after four years of dodging and avoiding bumbling Bay Area bumper car jockeys, there isn't an iota of doubt left in my mind — these people are the worst drivers that have ever existed. You'd have to go back to the first time someone decided to jump on a horse rather than walk to find a worse driver. The doltish driving manifests itself in an infinite variety of ways, but three particular recurring No-Cal driving flaws really highlight the general lack of vehicular finesse in Northern California.

• **Random Braking** — It never fails. I'm driving along the freeway and the person in front of me hits the brakes for no reason whatsoever. No suddenly appearing traffic, no animals or fowl crossing the road, no hot-damn!-Claudia-Schiffer's-in-the-next-lane-slow-down-so-I-can-get-a-picture. Nothing. They just felt like it. At first I thought it was a form of expression, you know, to keep other drivers updated on their state of mind: "This song sucks — I think I'll slam on the brakes", or "The air conditioning is too cold. I need to stop right now." But after much observation, I've come to the realization that Bay Area folk just like being stationary. They like it so much in fact that they would like to be at a standstill whenever they possibly can. And being the generous souls they are, they like to rub this love of stopping all over everyone, especially you.

• **Random Changes in Direction** — This event is somewhat related to the random braking habit, except that random changes in direction stem not from a generous spirit, but a total absence of brain power. I encounter this type of driver most often in intersections, as they suddenly cut in front of me to make a U-turn. Also, abrupt lane changes

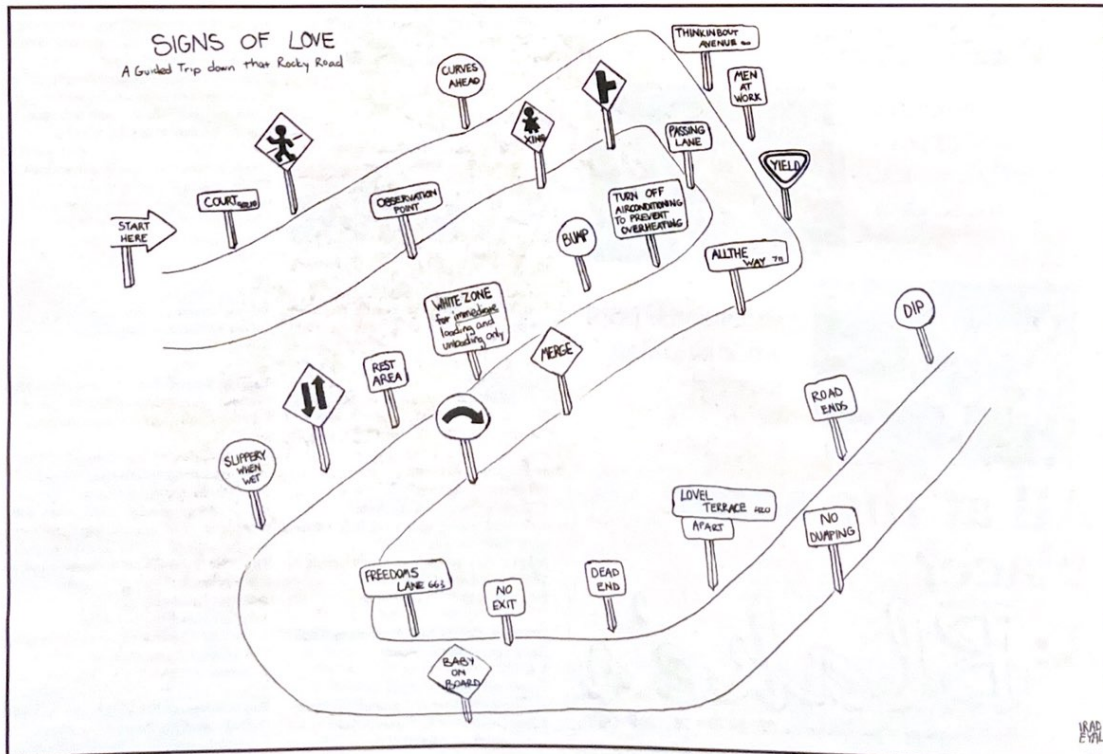
into my car have helped me become more acquainted with this phenomenon. From whence, you ask, doth the bone-headedness spring forth? Well, apparently, when Northern Californians get into their car to go somewhere, after about a quarter mile they forget where they're supposed to be going. The concept of "destination" no longer has any meaning for them. They then begin to wander around on the roads, trying to remember where they're going. Sometimes they'll remember bits and pieces, like "go espresso... need be hoity-toity", and then they'll arbitrarily choose a new direction to go in, hoping to get nearer to a café. Very rarely do they ever make it to their intended destination, most of the time, they just wander back home to sip a cup of Celestial Seasonings before calling it a day.

• **Ignorance of the "Fast Lane"** Concept — Although Bay Area types are rather random in their choice of direction, they are surprisingly stubborn and anal about their speed. Specifically, their slow speed. They

all drive slow, and they all drive in packs, slowing down the entire freeway, street, road, or parking lot until everyone is going the same speed — zero miles an hour (see above, "love of stopping"). I guess it's sort of a socialist-communist sort of thing, where the no-speed is evenly distributed to the masses. At first I thought they were doing it to piss me off, but I've found that they do it even when I'm not driving. Northern Californians just don't realize that the automobile is a time-saving device. The faster one drives, the quicker one gets to one's destination. This point eludes your average Bay Area driver. It would be fine if they drove slowly in the right lane, but no, even the idea of "right lane = slow, left lane = fast" is unknown here. People here seem to think lane selection is an art thing, an aesthetic concern. Maybe they think that driving slowly in the left lane enhances their karma or helps to prevent bad hair or something. Screw that; I'd much rather get to where I'm going sooner.

## Two Types of People

The world is divided into two types of people. We know this to be true. That's why every Presidential election always comes down to a race between two candidates, except in cases where some cosmic force causes a small gnome to become a major third party candidate. But I digress. Look around you. People actually get into arguments about who's better: Road Runner or Wile E. Coyote. There are people who like Flintstones, and people who like the Jetsons. People who watched the Addams Family, and people who watched the Munsters. People who like Nirvana and people who like Pearl Jam. Beatles or Stones. Gap or Banana Republic. Tom or Jerry. Itchy or Scratchy. Skipper or Gilligan. People who read Playboy for the articles, and people who are honest. People from Los Angeles and people with homes, electricity and phones. People who actually read the Squelch, and people who don't write for the Squelch. People who read DC Comics and people who actually say things like "Make Mine Marvel." People who wake up early for Face the Nation, and people who wake up early for X-Men. People who watch TV, and people who believe TV is a tool of Satan. People who listen to Rush Limbaugh, and people who listen to Rush. Letterman fans and Chevy Chase fans. People who say Schindler's List was the best movie of the year, and people who say Cabin Boy is the best movie of the year. People who like Taco Bell, and people who like Mexican food. UC Regents, and people. Well, you get the point. Or you don't get the point.



# The Toilet Humor Years

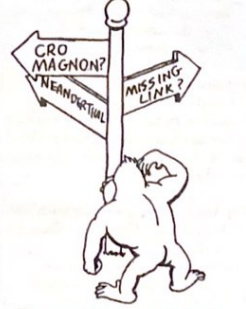
## The Heuristic Squelch's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1

ההיסטוריה סקולרית



NUDITY BANNED!

ההיסטוריה סקולרית



EVOLUTION ISSUE  
WHICH WAY TO GO?

The Heuristic Squelch



Jesus vs. Barabbas:  
-tu Decide

The Heuristic Squelch



THE SQUELCH DISCOVERS  
COLUMBUS

The Heuristic Squelch



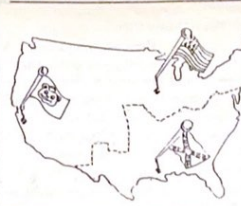
Salem.  
Squelch Editor  
burn'd at STAKE

The Heuristic Squelch



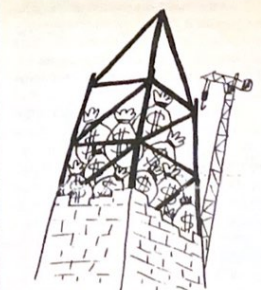
How The West Was Won

The Heuristic Squelch



CIVIL WAR!  
BERKELEY  
SECEDES

The Heuristic Squelch



BERKELEY FOUNDED  
TUITIONS RISE

The Heuristic Squelch

# We Beat Stanford

Victory in the Pacific

The Heuristic Squelch



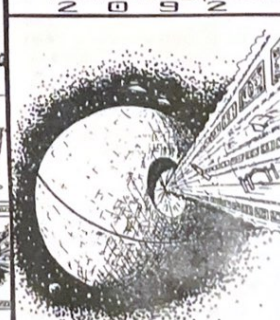
THE SQUELCH SHOTS LENNON

The Heuristic Squelch



100th ANNIVERSARY

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH  
2092



THE REGENTS' NEW MANSION

## Voice of the Squelch Past: The Founding Father Speaks

by Dave Sherman

Yes, I know all about the Squelch's history, the people who made it the journalistic monument it is today, all that crap I used to be Editor-in-Chief. I was somebody then. I thought I would be somebody forever. But now I'm just another pathetic, washed-out graduate begging for jobs I don't want and paying rent with a credit card. I've long since sold my diploma to a guy who resells them, but I didn't get much, I was only an English major.

But sure, I'll reminisce for moment about the good old days of the Squelch. Frankly, I've never heard of a paper publishing a "best of" issue after only three years, but I won't criticize. Hell, I need the five bucks anyway. Actually, I'd probably be able to get a decent job now if I hadn't wasted all my undergraduate years with this damn paper. Back then, I may have been stupid, but at least I was happy.

Anyway, things were pretty crazy when the Squelch began. At that time, there were no restrictions on what student groups could spend their money on and we usually allocated most of funds to the purchase of hard liquor. We always served beer at staff meetings in Dwinelle and were often passed out when the German class met the next morning. Those were good times.

But the Heuristic Squelch wasn't all mirth and revelry. It was hard work and we never copped out by filling an issue with old material. We knew what comedy was and we cared about it. And if we had older editors who had passed the paper on to us, we would have sent them our old issues once in awhile (unlike some ungrateful bastards I could name.) But I try just to think of the good times.

Like the time I convinced my co-editor Randy (who is finally out on probation) to sneak into Doe library with me. We had a great time that night, wall-papering the reference room with copies of our latest issue. Anyway, Randy was still in his tequila phase and he had to bring a bottle with him wherever he went. Of course, he spilled some on a few books, causing me to laugh so hard that I dropped my cigarette on the same spot and started a small fire. Obviously, we were laughing to hard to do any more wall-papering and we barely got out in time to stand around and watch the fire fighters. There were only a few deaths; it was one of the most hilarious nights of my life.

Dan, my other co-editor, was in charge of advertising and really knew how to get those ads. Often, he would print a store's ad without asking and subsequently demand money for it. He was a scary looking guy with big hair and a tattoo on his face, so we made a lot of money. We were so rich, we didn't mind when we found out about the thousands he'd embezzled from us. I don't blame him for going to Rio. Every now and then, he sends a post card from the estate. I'm just glad one of us is happy.

I'm sure I'll find something to laugh about one of these days, but it won't be this reprinted crap. You want real comedy? Come with me to a job interview. That'll make you pee your pants; I guarantee it. I sincerely hope the Squelch bestows the same job opportunities on the current editors that it has bestowed upon me. Jesus, I need a drink.

*Dave Sherman, known as Horny Bison to the Sioux nation, founded the Squelch in 1991 as apart of his bizarroplot to take over the world. He failed. After a brief period of incarceration, he is currently very unemployed. Donations & correspondence may be sent to the Squelch™ @700 Eshleman.*

## CLASSIFIEDS

Hairy feminist seeks same. Send photo of legs to Gretta Box 14.

Freshman rushee needs retro-hip Elvis attire to appear ironic to frat brothers. Ernie, KA

Agoraphobic, asexual transvestite seeks non-smoking trapeze artist for swinging good time. Call Freddy, 222-1748.

Kevin. For the last time, stop using my name on your stupid show. My husband is getting very angry. I don't understand your obsession, we went out a few times 23 years ago. Get over it! The "Wonder Years" weren't. —Winnie

Female engineering major seeks male to lead on in exchange for lab reports.

6'11" undergrad, worshipper of the sun god Ra, seeks female companion for love making and ritual sacrifices. I drink my own urine and touch myself often in public. So we have anything in common? Call Orko, 3-7869. No weirdos, please.

Campus "humor" newspaper seeks new editors-in-chief to replace bitter, detached-from-reality current staff. No experience necessary. Will train. Call Steve at 540-6608. Please.

For Sale: 1985 3-speed "Grnder" vibrator. Runs well (rebuilt motor), looks new. Have boyfriend, must sell. 746-9467. \$8.95 OBO.

Pookie. Tuesday was rad. I'm still hung. —P.J.

## NEWSFLASHES

### Polo Team Under Fire

Nov 20, 1990. The California water polo team is under fire for participating in the regional finals this year at Harmon gym. Activists claim that the Polo Bear's home site, Spicker pool, is purified with chlorine, the same chemical used to treat the backyard pool of James Earl Ray, the man who shot Martin Luther King. Protesters are encouraging a boycott as the team competes for the NCAA championship.

### ASUC Declares War on South Africa

Jan 10, 1991. After six minutes of fierce debate, the ASUC senate voted unanimously last week to declare war on South Africa. Citing Apartheid and other human rights violations, the senate appropriated its remaining budget of \$719 to "wage war until finals come up." ASUC President, Bonaparte Liu, told reporters that he had recently sent threatening postcards to President De Klerk and all senators had been busy booking student-fare flights to Johannesburg. He further proclaimed that all freshmen have until next week to sign up for the draft at Golden Bear Center. Unconfirmed reports state that the entire ROTC dept. has recently fled to Canada.

### UC to Go Co-Ed

Feb. 15, 1991. In a short press conference, Chancellor Tien officially announced that beginning next semester, UC Berkeley would become co-ed. Men would be allowed to register for classes at Cal for the first time in the school's history. After detailing the historic plan to reporters, the Chancellor abruptly stopped and said, "Wat a minute—I'm thinking of Mills. We've already got boys, haven't we?" As the press conference came to a close, Tien declared that Fridays would now be "free dress" days, when students would not have to wear the school uniform to class.

## Top Twelve Top Ten Lists

### Top Ten Beginning Philosophy Questions:

10. Is the human soul tax-deductible?
9. Does our universe come in other flavors?
8. Does The Lord wear Mickey Mouse Ears?
7. Do they card in the Afterlife?
6. How much does "Wheel of Fortune" control human destiny?
5. Does BART go to Nirvana?
4. Does reality have call-waiting?
3. Does one fortune cookie have all the answers?
2. Is reincarnated paper more expensive than recycled?
1. Shouldn't we close reality for Martin Luther King Day?

### Top Ten Reasons to Spraypaint Graffiti on Campus for Your Political Cause:

10. Will help people recognize Columbus so he can be tracked down and killed
9. Magical fairies pay for the cleanup, and not our own money.
8. Shows we mean business.
7. It's not graffiti, it's art.
6. Makes the campus prettier
5. Gives the groundskeepers work. helps the working class.
4. Articulate way to express grievances.
3. Everyone does it, man.
2. Because we care, unlike you, you fascist.
1. Our message is so important we feel we have to shove it in your face every time you venture outdoors.

### Top Ten Reasons to Become Born Again:

10. Met Jesus at a Frat Party, seemed like a nice guy.
9. Bible makes good drink coaster.
8. Lacked a Supreme Being in my life.
7. Bible readings a real turn-on.
6. Looks good on my resume.
5. Better than worshipping Satan.
4. To annoy my Jewish roommate.
3. Bible is a good read, full of sex and violence.
2. For the bingo.
1. Enjoy ridicule from every segment of society.

### Top Ten Things to Do While Stoned at a Party:

10. Lead a political discussion which even you don't understand.
9. "Get together" with first person who rubs against you.
8. Attempt to dance like M.C. Hammer.
7. Be brainwashed by subliminal message: "Everybody dance now."
6. Decide to write down newly-discovered meaning of life, but forget it while searching for a pencil.
5. Ask giant orange fish if you can try its hula hoop.
4. Decide that Einstein was wrong.
3. Convince yourself that this is positively the last time you'll ever get stoned.
2. Tell yourself that they'll never make you be entirely politically correct.
1. Wonder if you should have gone to Stanford instead.

### Top Ten Least Likely Rap Groups:

10. Public Enemy
9. Dr. Sill and the Way Silly Posse
8. MC Mayonnaise
7. Slurpee Ice
6. The VD Posse
5. MC Mallet
4. Snot Snotty-D
3. Pock and the Acne Boyz
2. The Small Dix Crew
1. Vanilla Ice

### Top Five Ways To Start a Fight in Berkeley:

5. Challenge homeless person to a game of volleyball.
4. Smile at Blondie's employee.
3. Wear "Operation Desert Storm" shirt to Peace and Conflict Studies class.
2. Wear your Queer Nation t-shirt to rush.
1. Ask for help at any local record store.

### Top Five Advantages of Bisexuality:

5. Socrates was big supporter.
4. Can watch football players' and cheerleaders' butts concurrently.
3. Can flourish in Greek system.
2. Makes for interesting cocktail party conversation.
1. Will prevent you from seeking public office later in life.

### Top Ten Things to Do to Remind You of Berkeley this Summer:

10. Start a riot in your hometown.
9. Practice multicultural awareness.
8. Simulate a natural disaster.
7. Ask your close friends to beg money from you.
6. Sell tie-dyed socks on the sidewalk.
5. Pay \$3.00 for a pizza-shaped slice of cardboard.
4. Round up neighborhood dogs and watch them run rampant.
3. Scream "Fuck you. I hate you!" in strangers' faces.
2. Get back copies of Mira Schwartz's columns for weekly readings.
1. Send blank check to U.C. Regents.

### Top Five Things My Psychologist Keeps Telling Me:

5. "What? Oh yes, I'm still awake."
4. "I believe that you believe it."
3. "Tell me again about the lambs."
2. "I think you'll find vertical slits up the wrists more effective."
1. "Tell your friends I now accept Visa and Mastercard."

### Top Ten Sleaziest Pick-up Lines:

10. Like the look of your crotch.
9. I'd like to name a multiple orgasm after you.
8. I've got a condom with your name on it.
7. Hi, I'm a tawdry slut looking for a good time.
6. Can you believe it? It's been more than fifteen minutes since I've had sex.
5. My friend and I made a bet and I need to check if those are implants.
4. I know a charming little motel with a cheap hourly rate.
3. I'd love to swap bodily fluids with you.
2. Erections like these don't grow on trees you know.
1. You know doggy-style isn't passé anymore.

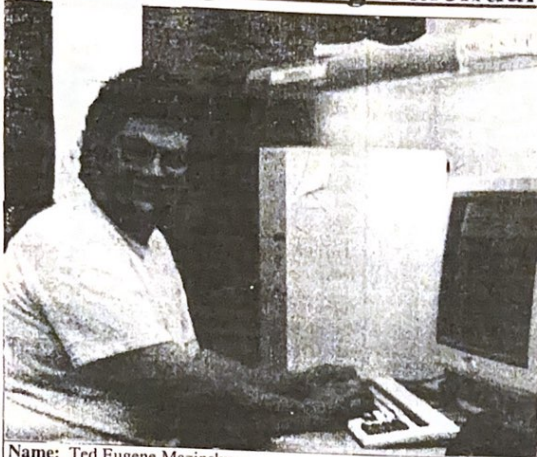
### Top Ten Ways to Get Killed Quickly:

10. Stuck your finger through steam vent grid (ignore biting sensation).
9. Walk down Telegraph after 10pm on a Saturday night.
8. Stand in a crowded Israeli bus and yell, "Allah Akbar!" while wielding a dagger.
7. Run around East L.A. yelling "Rodney King deserved it!"
6. Try to impress the Chancellor with your shiny new machete.
5. Misquote a Star Trek: The Next Generation episode at an OCF board meeting.
4. Start an exclusive fraternity named Kappa Kappa Kappa (white males only).
3. Give out free RU-486 samples at next pro-life rally.
2. Yell "HASTURI!" ten times in a row.
1. Run past a security monitor into elevator, screaming madly "I'm gonna kill someone."

### Top 7 (yes seven) Questions Asked by Incoming Students

7. "Were those gunshots?"
6. "Why? Do I look like a Berkeley High student?"
5. "Are you sure the cops won't ticket us for jaywalking?"
4. "What did they do with the inmates when they turned these into dorms?"
3. "Spare \$20? Sure, I guess, Is that enough for you?"
2. "Whose permission do I need to miss lecture?"
1. "Will you buy me some beer?"

## An Excerpt From the 1992 Men of Engineering Calendar



**Name:** Ted Eugene Mazinsky  
**Age:**  $6.1 \times 10^{20}$  picoseconds  
**D&D Character Name:** Gamelon  
**Turn-ons:** Tetris, The Talking Moose, "Fingering" people on UNIX  
**Turn-offs:** People, conversation, Macintoshes  
**Favorite Episode of Star Trek:** #43  
**Place of Residence:** Basement floor Evans Hall  
**Ideal Woman:** Aliza™  
**Quote:** "I hate it when I can't get my favorite terminal at the WEB; it makes me feel icky."

### MARCH 1992

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17 ST. PATRICKS DAY	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



#### Coming Next Month:

**The Women of Peace  
and Conflict Studies  
1992 Calendar**

**Submit  
to The  
Squelch**

700 Eshleman mailbox

**Advertise**

With  
The Heuristic Squelch,  
because we need  
the money.

## Trying to Score? Student Sexual Desperation Questionnaire

March, 1991

This questionnaire will help you understand exactly why you're constantly massaging your passionately tensed thighs in class and giving in to overpowering urges to smear yourself with desert toppings. You're horny. Yes, H-O-R-N-Y. That's why your brain doesn't function when it should and your body does all kinds of functions when it shouldn't. Why go through this questionnaire to find out what you already know? Because maybe, just maybe, some hot stud or fine babe will see you reading this and want to go home with such a literate person as yourself. It's happened before, right? It's about to happen to you. Don't stop reading, here they come... now don't screw up.....

**Question 1:** Do you feel that your standards for members of the opposite sex are going down?  
 a) yes, in fact they've just fallen below the last fiery outposts of hell  
 b) for sex, but not for a relationship  
 c) for sex, but not for a joint bank account  
 d) what is a "standard?"

**Question 2:** When was the last time you engaged in sexual activity?  
 a) it was on a Wednesday beyond the confines of linear time flow, OK?  
 b) I just had oral surgery last week  
 c) I think it was last Monday during my physics lab  
 d) I'm engaged in it right now

**Question 3:** Do you spend an excessive amount of time thinking about sex?  
 a) only when I'm not masturbating  
 b) with our fine-looking faculty, who can help it?  
 c) only when I find myself inhabiting the same city as a member of the opposite sex  
 d) I think about nothing else (except thigh massages and dessert toppings)

**Question 4:** What do you do when you feel the urge to be romantic to an attractive member of the opposite (or same) sex?  
 a) salivate profusely  
 b) delicately sing heavy metal love ballads into their car  
 c) delicately sing heavy metal love ballads into their rear  
 d) give them edible underwear and invite them over for dinner

**Question 5: GIRLS ONLY.** What do you do when someone gives you a salami?  
 a) devour it immediately and then complain that it never calls  
 b) chop it up and give it to the dog  
 c) give it all my love and attention (and then chop it up and give it to the dog)  
 d) wash and tenderize it until the neighbors complain about the moaning

**Question 6: BOYS ONLY.** Do you ever resort to female surrogates for sex?  
 a) yes, but only if it's hooves are cloven  
 b) nothing you have to inflate over 120 psi  
 c) only if sex is in the context of a positive, meaningful relationship  
 d) yes, I just bought season passes to Disneyland

**Question 7:** What is the most desperate thing you've ever done?  
 a) whispered into the ear of a cow I was milking  
 b) taken a full page ad in the personals in six different languages  
 c) proposed to the cute busboy at Denny's (despite the spilled soup)  
 d) tattooed my phone number on my forehead in case an attractive boy or girl is too shy to ask me for it

**Question 8:** How does the word "horny" apply to you?  
 a) I'm sexually aroused by my anatomy textbook  
 b) I've ripped six pairs of pants this week trying to sit down  
 c) besides becoming my favorite food, cucumbers have become the basis of my religious beliefs  
 d) the strange dark shapes on my wall are growing sexier every day

**Question 9:** What partners, if any, would you say are "out of bounds?"  
 a) most species of antelope  
 b) anyone related to Roseanne Barr  
 c) strange sauces in my refrigerator  
 d) the cast from "The Andy Griffith Show"

**Question 10:** Which of the following qualities are necessary in a mate?  
 a) exists in objective reality  
 b) isn't trying to kill me  
 c) brain and body can function as single unit  
 d) won't jokingly set fire to my hair

**Question 11:** To relieve sexual tension, do you:  
 a) take over administration buildings  
 b) roam streets in search of Elvis  
 c) invade small neighboring oil-rich nations like Kuwait  
 d) deployment 's troops to aid small oil-rich countries like Kuwait

**Question 12:** What would you not do for sex?  
 a) pay for the midgets  
 b) reload the film  
 c) listen to John Denver albums  
 d) overthrow the government

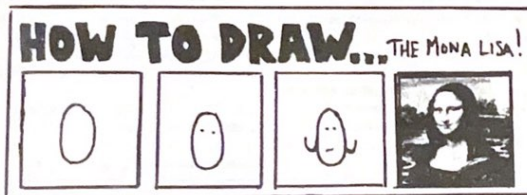
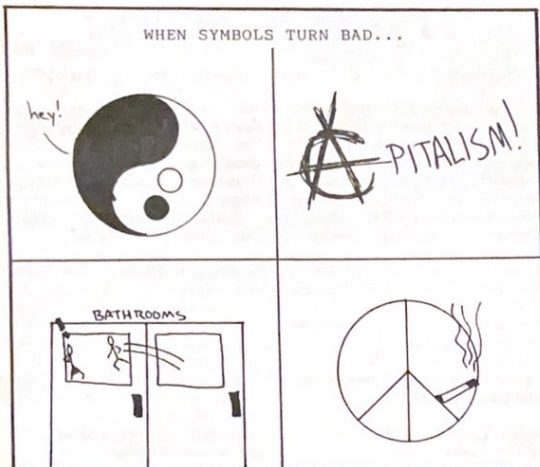
**Question 13:** What would you settle for instead of sex?  
 a) maybe a few billion bucks  
 b) cheeseburger and fries  
 c) Texas  
 d) a year supply of whipped cream and a personal masseuse

**SCORING:** Unfortunately, there is no way to accurately measure such incredible magnitudes of desperation; let's just call it "infinite." But you can determine the exact infiniteness of your desperation:  
 Low Infinite: if you had some idea that this questionnaire might be comical  
 Medium Infinite: we got the part right about the salami or the cloven hooves, but that's it  
 High Infinite: you actually thought reading

**Recycle  
or perish!**

**LOCAL BUSINESSES:** Seize This Miraculous Opportunity to Advertise in **The Heuristic Squelch**

- very competitive rates
- personal attention to advertisers by experienced staff
- 10,000 circulation throughout campus and local area



March, 1991

November, 1991

## Ask the Medical Skank!

Student Medical Advice and Wisdom

The Medical Skank is our resident doctor who sits around all day answering letters and annoying us with stupid lectures about the wonders of penicillin. This position is only temporary, because the Medical Skank is expecting to be appointed surgeon general of the United States sometime this month.

Dear Medical Skank,

My zits are very, very bad. Worse than you can imagine. A few zits on my nose are regularly picked up by radar, and I'm also having problems breathing. Even if you don't have a cure, please suggest a way to keep my face from looking so much like a pizza.

Signed

"That's not pepperoni, that's my face"

Dear Face,

I think you're looking at your skin condition with a bad attitude. Zits are a sign of health and freshness, blossoming from the unfettered oil production of youth. Rejoice in your zits! They are beautiful and natural! Any red-blooded, passionate person should be covered from head to toe with flowering pimples of youthful zest and passion. Of course, your face looks pretty disgusting, but at least we can have a good time making jokes at your expense; what you're doing is very wonderful.

Dear Medical Skank,

I recently had my leg torn off in Physics lab. My T.A. said that I should keep my leg refrigerated, but my parents told me to send the leg to them so they can have it fitted for a pair of pants for my new suit. The thing is, my refrigerator is too small. What should I do?

Signed,

Hobbling, and Out of Fashion

Dear Hobbling,

You should do nothing. In a few days your leg should grow back, already dressed in a nice new pair of pants.

Dear Medical Skank,

Can I get sexually transmitted diseases through the mail? I was just wondering.

Signed,

Concerned about the Postal Service

Dear Postal,

STD's cannot be transmitted through the mail in the United States, but inferior mail services of other countries are breeding grounds for all sorts of diseases. Never open international mail without wearing a condom.

Dear Medical Skank,

I'm starting to hear really strange sounds in my head, like growling animals, blaring bells, and weird voices. These are even worse than the normal classroom/Telegraph sensations. I think that I'm imagining this stuff because I'm insane or something. Am I eligible for some kind of financial aid or special housing or anything like that? I'd like to exploit this.

Signed,

Got dem old Heebie Jeebies once again

Dear Heebie Jeebies,

There are several programs specially designed to help insane people function adequately in Berkeley. Most of the student body is completely dependant on them. You can find out about money and services used to treat schizophrenia, megalomania, and infatuation with the Grateful Dead at 120 Sproul. There are also several padded cells in Clark Kerr that I think you should be interested in. And be sure to drop by the Psychology department because they usually give grants for mental disorders that involve sex or violence. Look into it.

Have your medical concerns addressed by our resident physician. All questions for The Medical Skank should be sent to The Heuristic Squelch, 2401 Piedmont Ave, Berkeley, CA, 94704.

## How cool is your professor?

This handy Heuristic Squelch guide can help you determine exactly how cool your educator is. This information is important because, besides being an important factor in giving tenure, we also want to make sure that cool professors aren't slandered along with the losers. Add up the points below.

Says 'fuck' over two times each class	2 pts
Inhales helium before giving lectures	2 pts.
Wears mirrored sunglasses during class	2 pts
Has bulldogs attack students that ask stupid questions	2 pts.
Gives big wet kisses to people in front row of lecture	2 pts.
Uses class time to teach Lambada	2 pts.
Moonlights as a bartender at Bear's Lair	2 pts.
Gives extra credit for going to Dead shows	2 pts.
Erases chalkboard with his/her mohawk	2 pts.
Will buy alcohol for you	2 pts.
Gives exams on old "Calvin and Hobbes" strips	2 pts.
Always relates latest acid experience	3 pts.
Lets A students ride his Harley	3 pts.
Has articles published in "Playboy" or "Playgirl"	3 pts.
Hangslides off Campanile	3 pts.
Talks about sexual experiences in graphic detail	3 pts.
Gets Jack Nicholson to give guest lectures	3 pts.
Gives complimentary condoms when handing out tests	3 pts.
Does striptease for money instead of lecturing	3 pts.
Plays one on one with Michael Jordan	3 pts. (And beats him: 5 pts.)
Wrote PhD thesis on Tequila	3 pts.
Installs hot tub in classroom	3 pts.
Gives extensions on papers if asked within a month after due date	4 pts.
Has surprise appearances on Letterman	4 pts.
Offers people hits from bong during class	4 pts.
Bites heads off live chickens to demonstrate theories	4 pts.
Raises all grades whenever '49ers win	4 pts.
Is honorary president of Hell's Angels	4 pts.
Doesn't believe in grades but gives A's just for the hell of it	4 pts.
Raps lectures to beat of Terminator X	4 pts.
Has open bar during class	4 pts.
Will bail students out of jail	4 pts.
Plays poker for grades	4 pts.
Cancels class to jam with the Stones	5 pts.
Has own tropical country	5 pts.
Picked up Nobel Prize in Ferrari	5 pts.
Has centerfold in "Playboy" or "Playgirl"	6 pts.

SCORING: 1-19 pts: Study hard, don't talk in class, and enjoy.  
 20-39 pts: Not horrible, but don't get plastered when you go over for dinner  
 40-59 pts: Seems pretty cool, but bribes might still be necessary  
 60 pts-up: Move in or at least spend summer vacations with him/her



Do you want a name brand law degree at a fraction of name brand prices?  
 Are you tired of all those pompously competitive institutions of higher education?

Come on down to

## Chuck's Law School

- Fully trained custodial staff
- Professors all experienced in first aid
- Free number 2 pencil with each exam
- Snack bar

10% off with this coupon!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(One per customer per semester. Present to cashier before enrollment. Not good at Chuck's Medical School or Chuck's School of Engineering)

Located at:  
 6131 Telegraph Ave.  
 Oakland, CA 94728  
 (right across the street from McDonald's)  
 CALL 1-800-LAW-DGRE

**FREE**  
 Flinstone Mug  
 with each semester  
 (while supplies last)



Chuck says: "You just can't find another law school with better parking"



You are cordially invited to the ASUC's First Annual...

March 1992

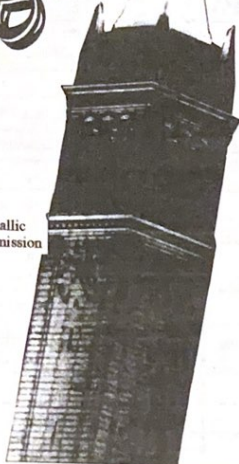
# "Budget Cut Blow-out!"

Our fiscal nightmare is Your bargain paradise!

## THE CAMPANILE

This beloved landmark comes standard with a great bay view and many large bells (optional). Voted "Berkeley's Most Phallic Structure, 1991" by the Berkeley City Commission on Historical Landmarks.

List Price: \$1.5 million  
**OUR PRICE: \$29.95**  
 large bells: \$7.99 set of three  
 small bells: \$4.99 set of three



## OSKI, OUR LOVABLE, HUGGABLE MASCOT

Oski the Bear is a fixture of daily life at Cal. Loved by children and recognized by half-time crowds the world over, Oski never fails to make you smile. Do your part during our period of budget crisis by taking home this little piece of school spirit today!  
 List: \$750 (plus lots of sentimental value)  
**OUR PRICE: \$3.95**

## CHANCELLOR CHANG-LIN TIEN

The Chancellor is friendly, Asian-American, and matches any decor. Comes with matching Citrus Bowl cap and blue and gold tie.  
 List: \$225,000 (per year)  
**OUR PRICE: \$14.99 (one time price!)**



## SPOUL PLAZA RESIDENTS



Pick any three of these adorable and amusing harbingers of socioeconomic reality for one low price! Great for birthday parties or just hanging out. Specify item numbers when ordering.  
 item SPR-0670 The Hate Man  
 item SPR-0671 Rick Starr  
 item SPR-0672 Dave, the Y'SHUA preacher  
 item SPR-0673 Those juggling guys  
 Stock changes daily; call for latest information!  
**OUR PRICE: \$19.95 (set of three)**

## THE CAL FOOTBALL TEAM



Bruce Snyder may be gone, but the nationally ranked team is still here! Enjoy the technical skill and athletic prowess of players like Russell White and Perry Kline for years to come in the privacy of your very own home! Equipment and ball included, Cal Memorial Stadium optional.  
 List: \$2.7 million  
**OUR PRICE: \$29.99**  
 Cal Memorial Stadium: \$9.99 (must purchase team first)

## SECRET RECIPE FOR GOLDEN BEAR BURRITOS

For over twenty years, the secret recipe for the Golden Bear Restaurant's Bean and Cheese Burritos has been the sole possession of Cal Dining Services... until now! This is a rare and unique opportunity to own this masterpiece of culinary artistry — don't hesitate! (peppers and onions optional)  
 List: \$1.90  
**OUR PRICE: \$1.90**

## GENUINE STEAM TUNNEL STEAM

Beautiful and mysterious, the steam of Cal's steam tunnels has perplexed, delighted, and intoxicated countless students, staff members, and faculty. Comes in elegant display bottle and certificate of authenticity.  
 Three distinct scents available (specify when ordering):  
 • Lush LeConte Lure  
 • Moffit Musk  
 • Dwinelle Dawn  
 List: 35¢ per kilowatt hour  
**OUR PRICE: \$2.49 per elegant display bottle**

## THAT FERRARI YOU SEE ON CAMPUS NOW AND THEN

Zero to sixty in under six seconds never looked so good, especially when parked conspicuously next to those wimpy, geeky scooters that the masses ride. Comes with Central Campus parking permit and Ray-Ban Clubmaster™ sunglasses for maximum cockiness!  
 List: \$94,800  
**OUR PRICE: \$10.49 (plus gas guzzler tax)**

## THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN



Want to express yourself in a relatively shameless manner? Own your own newspaper — The Daily Call! Freedom of the press isn't free, but during our Budget Cut Blow-out Sale, it's darn near close! Note: you must purchase Hoyt Size also, no exceptions.  
 List: \$500,000  
**OUR PRICE: \$14.99 (Hoyt Size included; no substitutions)**

ALL ITEMS LIMITED TO STOCK ON HAND. SALE ENDS WHEN THE BUDGET CRISIS DOES.

**ASUC STORE**

BANCROFT AT TELEGRAPH • 642-9000 • HOURS: M-Thurs: 8am-8pm. CC: 7:30am-9pm  
 • Fri: 8am-5:30pm. CC: 7:30am-7pm • Sat: 10am-5pm • Sun: 12-5pm

## An Important Message from the Chancellor

May, 1992

Dear Cal Students,

These are hard times for the University of California. We face the most serious budget cuts since 1982, and gratuitous tuition increases have failed to stem the flow of red ink from our general fund. This grave economic situation has forced us all to try and think of possible solutions to this funding crisis without compromising the quality of education here at Cal.

Unfortunately, some sacrifices must be made for the good of all students. It is under great pressure and with an equal amount of regret that I am revising the "4.0 rule"—the University by-law which provides a 4.0 grade point average for a student in the event of the tragic death of that student's roommate. These changes are regrettably necessary. We can no longer afford to e out all these 4.0's recklessly, even for this merciful purpose. It will just cost too much. More 4.0's means more honors students, more fancy gowns needed for graduation, and more people to be d at more academic honors banquets. All this add up to more money than the University can afford on such luxuries. A quick-'n'-easy reference chart summarizing the new 4.0 rule follows:

IF YOUR ROOMMATE DIES FOR THIS REASON:	YOU GET THIS GPA	...AND THESE EXCITING FREE GIFTS AND BENEFITS:
SUICIDE (gruesome and well-publicized)	4.00	•an appearance on the 11 o'clock news •dinner with the Chancellor <i>plus</i> a seat next to him at the funeral
SUICIDE (quiet and hushed-up)	3.77	•nothing
KILLED by you	3.75	•an "I KILLED LAURA PALMER, TOO" T-shirt
KILLED by Chemistry classmates to "lower the curve"	3.70	•your roommate's Chemistry notes
WASN'T "P.C." enough	3.67	•free 1 year membership to any liberal/activist club of your choice
RUN OVER by brand-new BMW while jaywalking across Bancroft	3.60	•a BMW key chain made from genuine leather and 22K gold •a pair of good running shoes
FLATTENED by recklessly speeding bicyclist in front of Dwinelle	3.55	•a pair of neon orange reflector pants •a pair of better running shoes
PUSHED OUT INTO TRAFFIC by militant Krishnas	3.50	•a set of genuine Hare Krishna cymbals
ACCIDENTLY INGESTED Blondie's "Meat-lover's special" pizza	3.40	•a "Blondie's Pizza" T-shirt •a coupon for 10% off your next large Vegetarian pizza
BURIED ALIVE under flyers while walking through Sproul	3.33	•a machete to ward off future hordes of overzealous flyer-posters
DIED of starvation in some long, pointless, bureaucratic line	3.30	•absolutely nothing because waiting is simply a fact of life here
DIED of starvation after giving out last dime to panhandler	3.25	•a year's supply of pennies; an occasional dime or nickel
DIED of heinous fungal infection after getting a free ear-piercing job from earring peddler on Telegraph	3.22	•a bottle of rubbing alcohol •a package of Q-Tips™
DROWNED while trying to cross Strawberry Creek at unauthorized crossing point	3.20	•swimming lessons with Cal swim team •a blue and gold life jacket, handsomely embossed with Cal logo
MAULED to pieces while trying to pet the rabid, wild dogs that roam around campus	3.15	•a bottle of dog repellent •a coupon for 35% off your next rabies shot at Cowell
TOLD HAIRCUTTER at Studio Z they "just wanted a trim"	3.10	•\$2 discount on next haircut at Panache •your choice of a hat, bandanna, or toupe
SHATTERED by sound waves in Campanile at 12 noon	3.05	• <i>The Very Best of Cal Campanile Songs</i> digital Compact Disc
STOMACH EXPLODED after eating "Grilled Seasonal Fish" at the Dining Commons	3.00	•"On-Campus Option" added to your dining card

And now...

March, 1992

## The Poetry Corner

'Slammin' at the Burger King'  
Wendy jacks the volume  
Drumbeat crushes all in sound  
With screams and air-guitar  
Ronald claims his moshing ground

Slingshot mid-leap impact  
Bodies thud, fries slash the air  
Drink Babe hops the counter  
Cause her manager's not there

Colonel's nose is busted  
Blood slips down that milkshake thing  
Savage chaos death-thrash  
Slammin' at the Burger King!

Max Bernstein

'Untitled'  
I've never seen a purple cow,  
I never hope to see one,  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'd rather see a purple cow than have  
my skin flayed and salt  
covered all over my body.

Ted Prodromou

"Buddy: Ode to my Foreskin"  
'Twas a bleak day in May  
when the doctor took it away.  
He slashed my ring of skin  
to which I was greatly akin,  
making my best little buddy  
look something quite funny.

Too young to stop the demise  
of the beautiful skin prize,  
I squirmed without a clue  
That the pain was soon due.  
She held me so tight  
that I felt a great fright,  
but it was to no avail  
as my hood landed in a pile.

Naked I am as I write in anguish,  
contemplating my buddy's own  
anguish  
without his generously protective  
shield  
to which the sadistic surgeon  
would not yield.  
I will always painfully remember  
the senseless mutilation of my  
member.

-Al Sphincter

## Writer's Choice Drug Awards for Berkeley

March, 1991

## A Guide to the Best Highs and Cheapest Buys

After hours of research, discussion, debate, more research, and a short period of incarceration, the consumer-conscious staff of The Heuristic Squelch was able to put together this guide to a vibrant and all-important local economic market. More importantly, our team of lawyers has assured us that we can't get in trouble for this.

ACID: Excellent hits can be found at corner of Haste and Telegraph. Dealer hangs out in front of Miller's Outpost, is called "Dude," has dreadlocks, wears a skirt, usually goes barefoot, and smells like patchouli oil. CAUTION: Make sure that you buy from THIS guy as other locals' hits can be doozies!

SHROOMS: If you care to trip on the very best, try the Unit III shower stalls. Much of the fungus found there is hallucinogenic but be wary, the ringworm is not. However, staff writer Crispin Glover claims "you get a really ragin' buzz if you smoke it!". Similar fungal delights have been spotted on Dining Commons bread-rolls, tuna-cheese casseroles, and between the toes of most of the Cal Basketball team.

POT: There has been no one spot for consistently scoring the Kind ever since the demise of Barrington. Don't pay over seven dollars for a bag of oregano, no matter how high the quality. Search hard and buy quantity!

CRACK: Best deals are at local elementary schools. Ask for Tommy.

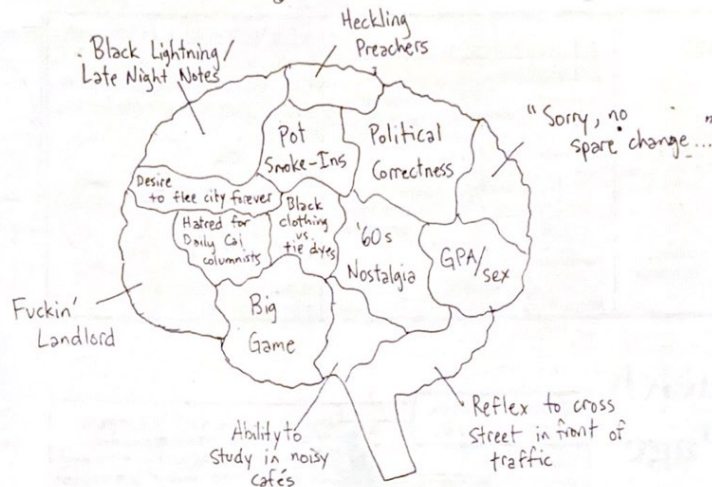
ALCOHOL: Henry's has a large selection of hard liquor and imported beers. Blondes are advised to go anywhere else.

HEROIN: Though this is the big nasty on the streets today, Smack can be scored through the right contacts in the faculty lounge. Also, for budget shooters, smaller local markets are giving promotional fixes with the purchase of Gerber's strained peas or beets (limit of one per customer).

AMPHETAMINES: Really incredible reds are available around Telegraph, but be wary of their potency. One hit of these "molotov vitamins" will make your head spin like an insane merry-go-round for days. One person recently popped a few and jogged home to Boston to save air fare. Do not wear flammable clothing when using.

TRANQUILIZERS/BARBITUATES: To truly relax and acquire that "go with it" acceptance of life, we recommend Sunday night free dinners at the Hare Krishna Temple at Russel and Telegraph. This is definitely a unique mellow. Enjoy the chanting but don't touch the animals.

# U.C. Berkeley Student's Brain:



March, 1991

# Berkeley Bingo™

Hey Kids!! Big Laughs!

"So much fun, it can't be politically correct"

sweat dripped on you at RSF	woken up by same song five mornings in a row	someone asks you, "Is Pepsi OK?"	give a dollar to a street musician	ask your TA "Is this going to be on the final?"
feel safe at People's Park	find a racial slur in your reader	the Bubble Lady sells you a book	offended by bathroom graffiti	overhear someone say how drunk they are going to get
gripped by desire to sell out	see the likeness of a bear on campus	FREE smell urine SPACE	hear Pastor Glen say, "get good grades!"	consider answering a personal for a moment
almost killed by a university service vehicle	listen to an entire Rick Starr medley	lie about the number of photocopies you've made	your TA "takes a liking" to you	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly
wonder if Stephen King really killed John Lennon	use the word 'angst' without realizing it	insulted by a record store clerk	bump into someone from freshman year	new 'friend' invites you to a Bible group

park your car at the Nobel Prize parking lot	read a news story before the comics in the Daily Cal	baffled by poetry on an AC Transit bus	bouncer confiscates your fake I.D.	bomb threat gets you out of an exam
disgusted by Blondie's special of the day	see a line at Sprout and panic	try to use VISA at Revolution Books	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly	see someone wearing all black at a yogurt shop
someone yells at you to walk your bike	get sniffed by hippie's dog	FREE find a typo in the Daily Cal SPACE	Asian guy with the signs yells at you	your professor makes joke about Southern California
see a stray dog on campus	in the campanile when the bells ring	Rick Starr winks at you	read an entire magazine at a smoke shop	attempt to find the Dwinelle courtyard
hear subliminal messages on Telegraph (i.e. 'buds?')	recognize a melody played from the campanile	realize your T.A. doesn't understand professor either	receive four units on confirmed class schedule	misdiagnosed at Cowell

hit up for a cigarette	see someone carrying poetry conspicuously	find a cockroach at an eating establishment	see your professor demonstrating on Sprout	hear a lame joke about the campanile
photocopy Black Lightning notes with colored cellophane	amused by bathroom graffiti	get stuck behind a campus tour	see pig, goat, and dog walking across campus	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly
find something cheaper at the ASUC store	see the Hate Man	FREE see someone spit SPACE	hear someone yell, "Rare!"	try to charm a rude receptionist
annoyed by a shuttle bus driver	recognize your ex from a personal	walk past Blondie's without eating there	roommate has sex in your presence	baffled by a professor's irrelevant tangent
get puked on at frat party	avoid someone from freshman year	called 'suburban trash' near the MLK union	hear someone snore in class	get painted red by Stanford pranksters

preacher tells you to stop your masturbatory ways	hear someone slam the lids on recycling bins	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly	see a guy wearing a cape or wearing his coat like a cape	finally get bored with the Stanford-Cal rivalry
see Santa Claus on Shattuck	unknown dorm RA interrogates you	sneak into a record store without checking your bag	CalPIRG calls you	see a bike going the wrong way down Telegraph
get trapped in an inane conversation	snubbed by old professor	FREE asked for spare change SPACE	apply for a credit card with 'ulterior motives'	hear someone say 'existential' in a conversation
sneak into the stacks at Doe	find a mysteriously placed pumpkin on campus	Stoney Burke yells at you	someone announces to you that they are an atheist	T.A. writes insulting comments on paper
doubt the veracity of a quote in the Daily Cal	buy a dime bag of organo on Telegraph	hear strange grunting noises behind you in class	see the Alligator Man	weird cloud of smoke on Telegraph makes you stoned

### Question Thang

**Where are you from?**

Number of people polled: 2  
Margin of error: 33%

**Will you follow me and do my evil bidding?**

Number of people polled: 100  
Margin of error: 2%

**A 0.9 MeV proton collides with a stationary He<sup>4</sup> nucleus at 7:30 PM. Assuming nonelasticity, what is the energy of the nucleus in ergs?**

Number of people polled: 100  
Margin of error: less than 7%

**Want another bong hit, man?**

Number of people polled: 1  
Margin of error: ??

### The Squelch Acid Page

The grid of newsprint below has been treated, courtesy of The Squelch, with the choicest acid Telegraph vendors have to offer, without which you would never understand the significance of the ASUC elections.



April, 1992



### Non-Offensive Jokes

Jokes guaranteed not to be offensive in any socially unacceptable way

Two WHITE MALES entered a bar and approached the WHITE MALE bartender. The first WHITE MALE customer ordered a beer and immediately turned and threw it into the second WHITE MALE'S face. "Why the hell did you do that?" the WHITE MALE bartender asked. "I don't know," the first WHITE MALE answered, "I guess because we're HETEROSEXUAL."

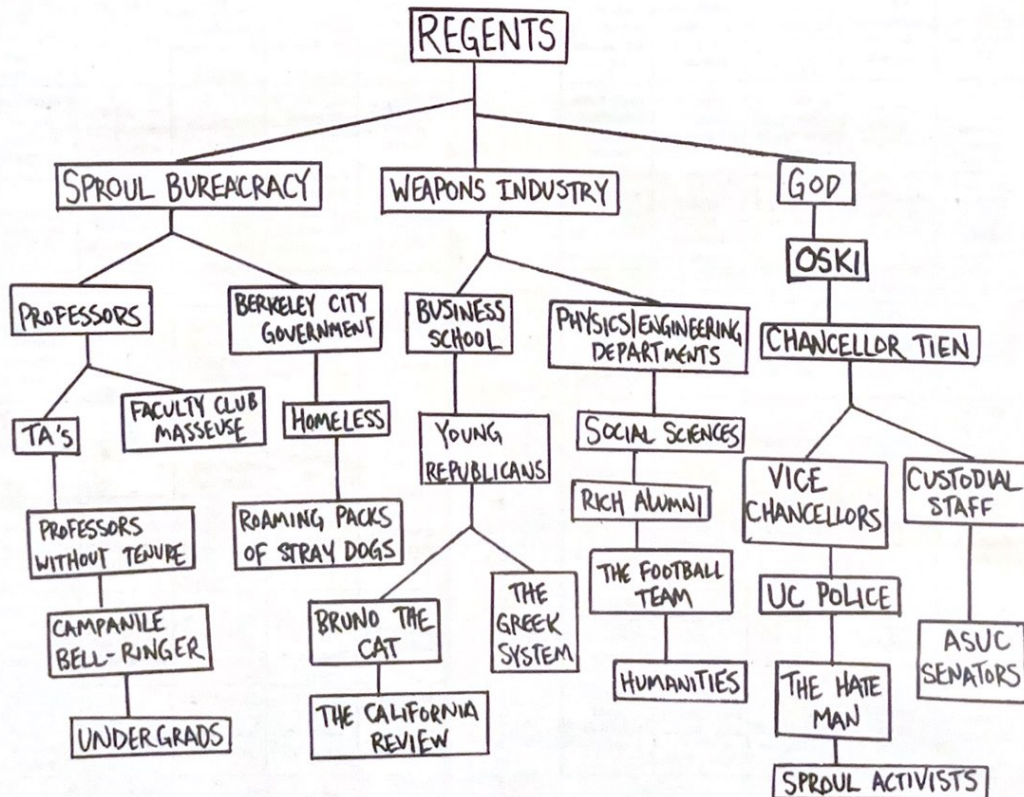
How many HETEROSEXUAL WHITE MALES does it take to screw in a light bulb? 1,000,000... one to screw in the lightbulb and the rest to pollute the planet.

What did one HETEROSEXUAL WHITE MALE say to the other? "I sure like to make money by exploiting people."

Knock Knock  
Who's there?  
A White Male  
A WHITE MALE who?  
A WHITE MALE who holds ethnocentric viewpoints!

# UC Berkeley Power Structure

December, 1991



# Rob a Bank for the Regents **The Odd Couple**

by Josh Frankel

Stress invades the undergraduate life. Classes coalesce into a festering, many-tentacled ball of hate. School becomes a deceptively cute dog that bites you on the ass every time you turn your back. Where does it start? What influence from below turns the learning experience into the loathing experience? What evil mastermind sits at the head of the table, cackling wickedly as students are crunched beneath the soles of his minions? The lord of the situation is none other than one BIG question: How many locks does it take to get to the center of a Tootsie-pop?

Sorry, just a little gooney humor to brighten your squalid, broken existences. The real wracking question, the one that cracks Jimmy's corn, the one that impacts colons, the one that flattens you beneath a life-sized, copper statue of James Earl Jones is: What is your major?

This question is associated with all sorts of barbed nastiness. I mean, this is the whole shooting match; your future depends on it (says L&S counselor, "95% of the graduates do not have careers which involve their major." So, why are we here? Right? Right.). Many people see the essential paradox as a sort of two-pronged evil. You can choose to major in something really cool and enjoyable, and most likely end up starving in the street (or becoming an L&S counselor) or you can choose the lucrative route and end up wealthy and full of self-loathing. Decisions, decisions eh? Of course, there are some people out there who were born to be lawyers, have known their goals since weaning, and have Spiderman-like upward mobility. Kill those people.

So, you end up in the gutter, clutching your art degree in one hand and a half-bottle of cheap cooking wine in the other, while some rich bastard who majored in soil science is running his successful soil factory, producing billions of tons of prime dirt per hour, wishing that he remembered what fun meant before he'd found out about sod. Damned if you do, damned if you don't.

There is an alternative.

Though Berkeley is known for having a large variety of majors, there is a crucial area which has been wholly ignored. This unrepresented field of study would provide students with exciting opportunities as well as sound careers. The field is crime.

It is time for the powers that be to recognize that students need a balance in their educations. Crime majors would pro-

vide all of the essential future security as well as interesting courses that an undergraduate could need.

The complaints about increasing casual crime and random acts of violence have been spiraling ever upward. To think what a little education would do! We wouldn't have to put up with these two-bit punks. We wouldn't hear sad stories about sloppy muggers botching a confrontation and making off with only a set of headphones for their efforts. The streets would be occupied by professionals. The terms "thug", "hood", and "yob" would disappear from the public vocabulary as common criminals are replaced by Berkeley-educated art-thieves, con men, racketeers, gun-runners, hijackers and safe-crackers.

Look at the possibilities for a piracy major. Many of the necessary classes are already in effect. Fencing, naval sciences, metallurgy (to determine whether the doubloons and pieces o' eight are real gold or not), and oceanography are all existing courses which would create a well-rounded pirate that Cal could be proud of. New classes would include:

**Human Biodynamics 5:** Introductory Swashbuckling

**Human Biodynamics 60:** Killing Without Remorse

**Psychology 196:** Topics In Cruelty Linguistics 93: Pirate Dialects on the Spanish Main

**Integrative Biology 45:** Parrots  
Upper division coursework would include plundering along the Berkeley Marina.

Who wouldn't want to take these classes? The sea and the pirate way of life call to everyone. The appeal is huge. I dream of being the first pirate to graduate from Cal, a-hoisting the Jolly Roger to the top of my mast and scoring my share of loot for the brotherhood of seaborne bandits and the Golden Bears.

A concentration in crime could take the gluey, Cream of Wheat chunks out of the major decision. It would give the hapless student an appealing option. This bias towards legality has gone on long enough! To all Regents out there (I know that you read *The Squelch*). After bedtime. Under the covers. With a flashlight: introduce these criminal course options. And put a million dollars in non-sequential, used twenties in the *Squelch* box in Eshleman. Or else Oski doesn't eat tonight.

*Roberto Lewis found the following written in blood on a dirty bedsheet when he moved into his dorm room this semester. The previous occupant apparently had left it behind.*

I hate my roommate. I relate the following so that one might know of the horrors that lie in wait when one signs a housing contract. Take heed. To protect my roommate's identity and ensure the safety of his loved ones, he will henceforth be affectionately referred to as "Shithead-Shithead Kim."

He is about six foot something, and as skinny as a rake. His acne makes him appear as though somebody blasted him with shotgun pellets. He never showers. I've seen him grab a towel and head for the shower once in three and half months. When he gets off of the phone, and I pick it up, I CAN SMELL HIM ON THE PHONE. I don't think he's changed his sheets yet.

He doesn't talk to me, or, for that matter, to anyone else who isn't Korean.

Towards the beginning of the year, when I was still interested in forming some sort of friendship, I would ask if he was going to any of the activities. He would lift his greasy, unwashed, acne-ridden head up from under that creepy fluorescent desk lamp of his, roll his eyes, and whine, "Oh, pleaseee." As if I was asking him to donate semen samples or something. What a prick.

He spends twenty or thirty minutes doing his hair in the morning. Not washing it, mind you—just rubbing this oil stuff in it, combing it, and blowdrying it. I hate it when he blow dries his hair, because I'm always afraid a thousand white little microscopic parasites are being blown up into the air and are landing in my glass of water. I don't understand why he spends so much time on his hair; he's got no one to impress.

On to phone messages. My other roommate's phone messages might look like this:

**Mike:**  
*Angela called*  
*Dad called - call back before 9:00*  
*Joe called re: rush mtg*  
But Shithead's message would read:  
*Shithead-*

*Reverend Yi called. Will pick you up at the usual time.*

Not that I have anything against Reverend Yi, or the Presbyterians, but are you trying to tell me that he spends twenty to thirty minutes in the morning doing his hair for THIS GUY?

Shithead has an assortment of annoying habits, such as singing along to his recorded religious hymns. Loudly. And in a variety of languages. He likes to erase the answering machine without telling anyone and rerecord it completely in Korean, in case one of his non-English speaking relatives call. Never mind the fact that he is sharing the phone and answering machine with two other people.

So when people call for Mike or me, they think they have the wrong number and hang up. Also, when they call for Shithead and he isn't there, but I am, they attempt to communicate without fluency, much less ability, in the English language. As a result, the conversation goes something like this:

**RING**  
**ME: Hello?**  
**WHAT I HEAR: Oh, hello. May I speak to Shithead Kim?**

**ME: Sorry, Shithead's not here.**  
**RELATIVE: Oh...yes...May I speak to Shithead Kim?**

**ME: Shithead isn't here.**  
**RELATIVE: Mmm hmmm...Shithead Kim?**

**ME:(getting slightly frustrated) No, you don't understand. Shithead is not here.**

**RELATIVE: Hmm...Oh...yes...May I speak to Shithead Kim?**

**ME (extremely angry): SHITHEAD IS NOT HERE!!!**

**RELATIVE: Yes...Shi-**  
**ME: Ah, fuck it. (CLICK)**

And so it is every time they call. I am living with Satan himself. My sins have caught up with me. He is still loose. He could be anywhere right now, perhaps even planning to move in with YOU! Be warned.

## The Truth About... **Income Tax**

by Keith Hertzler

You may have never even thought twice about it, but the primary purpose of your federal income tax return is not to help the government make sure you have paid the correct amount of taxes for the year, but actually to evaluate your mental health. Truth be told, the income tax return is just one part of a battery of tests created by the little-known American Psychiatric Testing Agency in 1913 to gauge the average American's reaction to high-stress conditions. To allay suspicion, of course, the APTA operates under the cover of an obscure little federal agency known as the Internal Revenue Service, and subcontracts the actual management of the test to an inconspicuous nonprofit foundation. If you look under the big 1040 on the cover of your tax packet, you'll notice a small acorn symbol. That's right, the income tax "test" is in fact administered by none other than Educational Testing Services, the people who bring you other popular, expensive tests like the SAT, GRE, and Achievement Tests.

While the uninformed observer might find the 1040 to be antiquated in design compared to these better-known tests, it is actually a state-of-the-art exam used as a

testbed for new versions of the SAT. Innovative features include its single, integrated reading comprehension and math section (test takers must first read and understand the instructions before filling in any of the blanks). It also has featured write-in answers (as opposed to multiple choice) and has allowed students to use calculators since their invention, ideas only recently adopted in the SAT. On the drawing board for transfer to the academic tests is the audit, in which ETS agents will rifle through the schoolwork and personal affairs of people with suspiciously high scores to in order to detect and deter cheating.

The inquiring mind may want to know, isn't this sort of test unfair, given the prevalence these days of paid tax preparers? If you investigate the matter, you will discover that companies like H&R Block, Jacoby & Meyers, et al, are all wholly-owned subsidiaries of testing-preparation companies like the Princeton Review, Kaplan, and Hyperlearning. The IRS does not fully endorse their existence, but it maintains that overall, the effect of these paid preparers on scores is negligible, and claims of saving their customers hundreds of thousands of dollars in some cases are unsubstantiated.

# Birkenstock

The original comfort shoe.



# footnote

VISA / MC 10-6 Mon-Sat 12-5 Sun  
2355 Telegraph Ave • Berkeley • 848-6414

# Question Thang?

by Kanwal Gill

If a DC dinner roll (mass 5 kg) is thrown off a 30 meter high cliff with a velocity of 5 meters per second at a 57 degree angle to the ground, how long will it take to hit the ground? Neglect air resistance, the variation of gravity with altitude, your significant other, and the fact that on any given day, only 27% of the physics majors on campus are wearing matching socks to solve this problem.

**Harold "the Human Cray" Ernke, 3rd-year physics major:** 2.08 seconds. What was that about my socks?



**"Bill," 2nd-week Telegraph street merchant:** 5 kilos? Yeah, I can get it for you. Good shit too. But it's gonna cost you.



**Brad Johnson, 5th-year frat-boy:** Haw! Reminds me of that ragin' kegger when we ended up throwing all of Harold the Rat's furniture out of the third story of the house!! Have another beer!



**Patti Johnson, 4th-year sociology major:** I think the problem would be a lot more interesting if a UC Regent were thrown off the cliff.

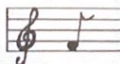
# April Fool's Day Antics

With Matt Thomas and Jonathan Seff

Sure, it may still be March, but April is just around the corner. So what does this mean? April showers that bring May flowers? Time to pay your taxes? One month until finals? Pink Floyd concerts? All very good answers, but you are forgetting something: April Fool's Day, you fool! To help make your April Fool's Day more enjoyable and exciting, here's a handy list of suggestions. You can play these tricks on friends, loved ones, and the Irish guy next door.

- Snort a whole bunch of cocaine and donate blood. With a little luck, the recipient will be someone who has to take a drug test!
- Hold a random person hostage at gunpoint. Then, right before midnight, yell "April Fools!" No, wait... screw April Fools, just go out and take someone hostage at gunpoint!
- Forge a letter to your friend's parents, telling them he has decided to quit school and marry his boyfriend in a satanic ritual. Don't forget to ask for money so the parents think it is a real letter.
- Erase your roommate's take-home midterm and replace it with clever little poems!
- Kidnap your neighbors' dog or cat—which ever one shits in your yard (maybe both). Then invite your neighbors over for barbecue. When they say, "This is really good barbecue!" laugh in their face, "April Fools you fucker! That's not barbecue, that's your cat (or dog)!" (Editor's note: this gag will not work on Deng Xiao Peng)
- Drive around and find a really nice car in a parking lot, like a new BMW or a Porsche, and mack the hell out of it. Leave a note of apology on the windshield with your friend's name, phone, license number, and insurance number. Or, you can simply leave the word "Sorry" in the note. They will be delighted when they see a note has been responsibly left on their car by the person who hit it, but you'll be happy knowing what the note really says.
- Call your parents and say that you've been kidnapped by Libyan terrorists and that if they don't buy you...uh, I mean your kidnaper, a new Ferrari, your dismembered body will be returned to them slowly in hundreds of tiny ziplock bags, except for your head, which will be feasted upon in a cannibalistic sacrificial ritual to Satan, reminding them to call you back with the answer. As soon as they take out a second mortgage and have borrowed a ridiculous sum of money from some guy named Guido, ruining their credit and their lives, inform them that you were just kidding, and add "April Fools!"
- Re-register your friends to vote in the Republican Party!
- Put Ben-Gay™ in someone's Preparation-H™! They'll love it!
- Call the police threatening to blow up Wheeler Auditorium during a midterm so 800 people will be mercilessly exploded into tiny pieces. At the end of the call, be sure to give your name and address clearly. When the police knock down your door, enter your dorm/apartment with guns drawn, throw you painfully to the ground, handcuff and arrest you, and demand to know who you are working with, simply say "April Fools!"
- Finally, wake your roommate at 3:00 in the morning, only after binding and gagging him/her. Dress in all black, and then douse your roommate in pig's blood while chanting the Battle Hymn of the Republic, backwards. Force him/her to sign over all worldly possessions, as well as his/her soul, to you, the supreme lord and master of all that exists. Throw all of your roommate's books and food out of the window, and then proceed to knock him/her unconscious with a lead pipe. When your roommate awakens groggily from the early morning's terror, laugh heartily and give your roommate a big "April Fools!"

Editor's note:



## CLASSIFIEDS

Sprightly leprechaun seeks shamrock nymph to be my lovely lass. You are two feet tall, love all things green, and have a deep appreciation for marshmallows. I am cheery-giddy, fortified with eight essential vitamins, and magically delicious! No IRA, please. L. Charms, Dublin.

For sale: One AK-47 machine gun, used to threaten but never fired. 20 rounds per second, adjustable speed, laser scope, tripod. \$50 obo. Inquire during Miss Johnson's 5th period English class, Berkeley High. Ask for Timmy.

# A User's Guide to Zen

by Mack Knopf

constructive nihilism—destroying things in a good cause  
 karma—what goes around, comes around  
 atheism—eternal damnation  
 original sin—your parents screwed around, so you're screwed up  
 predestination—damned if you do, damned if you don't, so go get drunk on the weekends  
 Calvinism—couldn't tell you, I slept through this part of class  
 Lutheranism—Ditto  
 Protestantism—the sworn enemy of Catholicism  
 Catholicism—the sworn enemy of Protestantism  
 evolution—man evolved from lower lifeforms  
 fundamentalists—people who are lower lifeforms  
 scientific infallibility—we're right until we say we're wrong  
 political correctness—not being able to call fat loudmouths "water buffaloes"  
 platonic love—your girlfriend dumped you and wants to be friends  
 "friends"—a way to dump your boyfriend and walk away with a clean conscience  
 romantic idealist—a naive freshman girl who will not be one by next year  
 love—stick with lust. It's better for your health  
 the regents—bloodsucking power hungry scum  
 work—a four letter word  
 faith—out of stock. Check back next year  
 good—all ethical systems are artificial constructs, anyway  
 God—God is dead  
 evil—your roommate  
 Satan—see above  
 Elvis—Alive and well at a McDonald's near you  
 Meat Loaf—a really great rock and roll artist. Also, a really bad cafeteria entree.  
 Zen—anything that I say when I don't really know what I'm talking about

### Top Ten Oscar Nominated Adult Films of 1994:

10. Six Degrees of Masturbation
9. Reality Nibbles
8. Long Cuts
7. The Joy Suck Club
6. The Ladsucker Proxy
5. Who's Eating Gilbert Grape
4. The Age of Touching Yourself
3. Ace Ventura: Pet Molester
2. In the Body Cavity of the Father
1. Schindler's Lick

Special Thanks to Andrew Chew and the ASUC Office of Academic Affairs for the ASUC Mini-Grant, Not to Mention the Oral Sex.

# A President Triumphant



Marko Parcheezi will always be remembered as the only ASUC President in recent history to preside over a victorious Big Game. Other great accomplishments of his career, which has spanned the political spectrum from the far right to innocuously moderate, include increased lighting on campus (in 2516 Tolman) and a new power strip for the computer center. Now you can recapture the glory of his triumph in this limited edition Franklin Mint commemorative plate. Breaking from the tradition of most prized collectibles, this plate is crafted out of the finest PVC plastic and is bordered in 75% zinc-copper alloy. (NOT ovenor dishwasher safe)

The Franklin plates have consistently outranked the stock market in their performance as an investment (except for rare instances such as the Flush Limbaugh plate).

Made in USA  
 Plate shown actual size of 3 1/2" in diameter  
 Legal Tender in Belize!

**A Limited Edition Collector Plate.**  
 The Franklin Mint  
 Please enter my order for A President Triumphant. I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed \$29.95 when my plate is ready. *Limit: one plate per collector.*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_


Telephone # (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are unsatisfied with your plate, you may return it within 30 days for recall.

# Where are you going for Spring Break?

compiled by Matt Thomas

Location	Cost	Attire	Activities	Food/ Drinks	Natives	Handy Phrases	Music	Risks	Party Potential (1-10)
Florida	\$1400	bikini, g-string	shooting tourists, beer pong	Vanilla Ice (cream)	retired Mafiosos, oversized mice	"Whoomp there it is!"	Gloria Estefan, Menudo	heatstroke, syphilis	9
Bosnia	your life	battle fatigues	Ethnic Cleansing	U.N. M.R.E.'s OK?	Croats, Serbs, the Press	"Don't shoot, I'm a doctor."	Zanfyr the Pan flutist	Peace	7.5
Unit 1	\$7	PJ's, Cal Hat	Street Fighter II, Mortal Kombat, the knuckle-shuffle	Unit 2's DC, Ramen	R.A.'s, EECS majors	"Yoga Flame!"	Erasure, Sega Genesis background music	falling ceiling tiles	-3 (6 on 90210 & Melrose night)
Watts	\$25 + price of your car	not red or blue	drive-bys, funerals	Ice-T, Ice Cube	(see Food)	"Your Mama."	Parliament, Dr. Dre, Michael Bolton	(see activities)	5
Home	your pride	casual to semi-formal	movie-renting, Jenga, sex w/ ex-high school flings	home cookin'	Mom, Dad, Tiger & Fluffy	"I need more money."	Taps	Parents may find your bong.	2
Lawrence Livermore Labs	free (w/ \$6 billion Federal Grant)	lab coat, protective goggles,	make your own sex mutant, microwaving hamsters	microwaved hamsters	physics types, Beavis & Butthead	"Oops... catch that squid!"	Weird 'Al'	radiation poisoning	7 Volts
High Street	\$ 420	tie-dye,	tube pulling, snacking	brownies first, Doritos later	Cheech & Chong, Clinton & Gore	"Right on," "Kind."	Cypress Hill, Bob Marley	Dain Bramage	4.20
Hell	your soul	Pitchfork, shovel	burning, suffering	hot tamales	Satan, Hitler, Leland Stanford	"ocram rof etov"	Judas Priest, Megadeath	could freeze over	- 666
West Virginia	6 Skoal™ Proof of purchases	banjo, overalls	whittling, coal mining, incest	crackers	the Philadelphia Phillies	"Yeeha!" "Gawlee!"	Garth Brooks	mental retardation by osmosis	3



## Have you ever wanted your Penis or Clitoris Pierced?

### What about a hedonist tattoo?

If not, we still do nipples, navels, noses, etc. (even ears!) And about that tatt, we do custom designs, wall flash, and basic traditional. We also sell jewelry, leather, tobacco accessories, T-shirts, ourselves, etc. All your party needs.



All our work is done by professionals with years of experience in a relaxed sterile atmosphere with the highest quality materials. All kidding aside, we are a very clean professional establishment - especially when you say the Squelch sent you!!! What are you waiting for? Come In Today!

10% off tattoo with student ID... We're serious!

# ZEBRA

2467 Telegraph (near Haste)  
(510) 649-8002  
Hours: 10-8 every day

# Alternative Movie Endings *Revis*

## BASIC INSTINCT



SHARON STONE CUTS OFF MICHAEL DOUGLAS'S PECKER W/AN ICE PICK.

## JURASSIC PARK



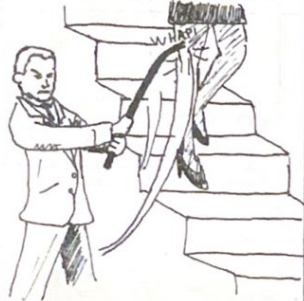
THE DINOSAURS ARE ALL KILLED WHEN SIGOURNEY WEAVER COMES.

## FRIDAY THE 13<sup>th</sup>: PART X



JASON IS LONELY BECAUSE AT LAST PEOPLE HAVE GOTTEN SMART AND STOPPED GOING TO CRYSTAL LAKE

## THE BODY GUARD



KEVIN COSTNER STARTS HIS OWN SINGING CAREER AND STRIKES WHITNEY HOUSTON ON THE KNEE WITH A LARGE, HEAVY CROWBAR.

## THELMA & LOUISE



GEENA DAVIS AND SUSAN SARANDON LIVE WHEN THEIR CAR LANDS ON A GROUP OF MEN, CUSHIONING THEIR LANDING. THE MEN ALL DIE.

## SILENCE OF THE LAMBS



ANTHONY HOPKINS GOES VEGAN.

## HOME ALONE



JOE PESCI, REPRISING HIS GOODFELLAS ROLE, DECIDES TO SHOOT MACAULEY CULKIN AND AVOID A HORRIBLE SEQUEL.

## DRACULA



DRACULA DIES FROM AIDS. (GARY OLDMAN IS NOMINATED FOR AN ACADEMY AWARD.)

## THE MIGHTY DUCKS



ON THEIR WAY TO A BIG GAME THE TEAM CRASH-LANDS IN THE ANDES AND IS FORCED TO EAT EMILIO ESTEVEZ TO SURVIVE.

## WILLY WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY



THE OOMPA-LOOMPAS DESTROY THE FACTORY IN A PROLETARIAN UPRISING.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING



DENZEL WASHINGTON, KENNETH BRANAGH, MICHAEL KEATON, & EMMA THOMPSON ALL BREAK OUT OF CHARACTER AND LYNCH KEANU REEVES BECAUSE OF HIS BAD ACTING.

## A L A D D I N



ON HIS HONEYMOON WITH JASMINE ALADDIN DISCOVERS THAT THE DISNEY CARTOONISTS GAVE HIM NO PENIS.