

# THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

VOL. 5 NO. 1

September 1994



i.e.



## It Only Hurts the First Time

"Do you have the time to listen to me whine?"  
— some local punk

I think it finally hit me that something was amiss when I caught myself actually stalking Chancellor Tien on Tuesday. You see, we had come up with an idea for the cover of this issue and we needed the Chancellor and a few other Berkeley celebrities to pose for a picture. By the time I found myself lurking on the lawn across from California Hall Tuesday afternoon we had already gone through a long list of notables. Oski was hibernating. The Naked Guy is now just a guy and he "[tries] to avoid the media" these days. Andrew Wong isn't photogenic. Anyway, on Monday I went down to California Hall with the intention of speaking to the Chancellor and asking him (nicely) if he would be interested in appearing on our cover.

I barely made it through the door. It turns out that California Hall is something like the Alamo and something like Brooke Shields. There was no way I was getting in. The door was guarded by an extremely serious receptionist.

"Papers please..." she asked.

"Uhhh... I'm the keymaster?... Just kidding. I was wondering if there was any chance I could see the Chancellor?" I replied very politely.

"All requests to see the Chancellor must be made in writing and sent well in advance. What is this regarding?"

"Umm... uhh... I'm with the media", quick thinking on my part.

"Media huh? You need to wait a minute while I contact the OFFICE OF PUBLICITY."

At this point I figured there wasn't much of a chance of me meeting the Chancellor so I tried to compromise.

"No, that's okay. I don't want to bother the folks in the OFFICE OF PUBLICITY. Could I maybe get a picture of the Chancellor?" I begged.

"I need to ask the OFFICE OF PUBLICITY about that", she scoffed.

"Hello, OFFICE OF PUBLICITY?", she whispered into the phone. "There's a student here who wants a photograph of the Chief... he's with a newspaper... which one? let me ask."

"Which newspaper do you represent?"

"The Heuristic Squelch", I said proudly. "He's with the gristly scratch... yes, that's it, the Squelch... yes I'll tell him".

She smiled, slowly, and said, "All requests for photographs of the Chancellor must be made in writing with a description of their use well in advance."

So on Tuesday I camped out in front of California Hall praying to see the Chancellor saunter out of the door, wave to students, smile and say "Go Bears". My heart raced whenever an Asian exited the fortress, but the Chancellor must have left through the secret steam tunnels because he never came out.

I spent the rest of the day racing around campus trying to unite various preachers, freaks, and punks under the banner of the Squelch. I also spent some time thinking about whether or not I should put a shameless plug for a band I'm in called The Fireflies which is playing at Gilman on Oct. 21 in the column.

On Wednesday I went back to Cali Hall to shoot the Heuristic Squelch nameplate. Big Red John, who I barely knew, helped me tape the letters to the wall, all the while offering insight into numerous esoteric anomalies. Things like "I spent all yesterday worrying about whether or not Kurt Cobain is still alive. Have you ever listened to In Utero? The whole thing's like 'death is fake'". We were there for about two minutes when storming towards us like Cerebus herself came my favorite receptionist.

(continued next column)

## News Flashes

## Felines in Uproar over "Lion King"

Following some protest by Arab groups last year over Disney's film Aladdin, numerous members of the feline family have come forward to publicly decry Disney's newest release, The Lion King. "I feel they really should have run it by us first before releasing it to the public," said Aslan the lion, President of the UCBLA. "We are always portrayed on film as either menacing and vicious, or totally cowardly, and frankly we're fed up with it." When asked how he thought images of lions onscreen might be changed, Aslan suggested, "I don't know. Perhaps we need to get more lion directors working in Hollywood." He then promptly gutted and ate our reporter.

## NKOTB Toughens Image

Still attempting to shed their teenybopper image, the New Kids on the Block have once again changed with the times, officially altering their collective stage name to "Natural

"Do you have permission to do this?"

"We're just going to take a picture"

"You can't post anything here. It is against policy."

"We'll take it right down. We just need to take a picture"

"You don't seem to understand. You need permission to post anything on The Hall."

"Please. We will take it down right after we take the picture its just that..."

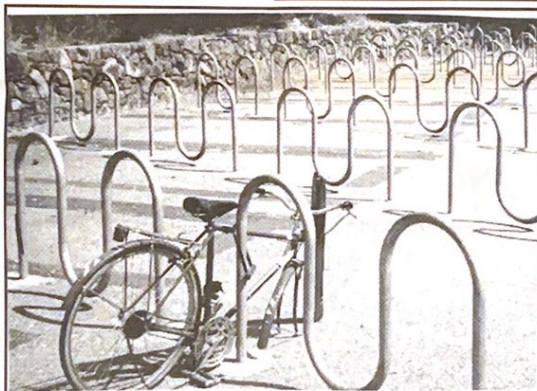
"Hey! I know you. You were here yesterday looking for the Chancellor."

— i.e.

Born Killers on the Block," or "NBKOTB." This new "gangsta" image is a departure for the group, who at one time released an album consisting solely of Christmas tunes. Now, however, with the release of their new record, tentatively titled "Shotgun Blast To Your Mother," the Kids want to show a slightly tougher side. Said band member Donnie in a press release, "Peoples all like up in our face, 'n dissin 'n shit, 'n thas all bullshit, muthafucka." Expert speech analysts are still attempting to decode the cryptic message.

## "Crane for a Day" Winner Selected

In a coincidental series of events that should haunt University officials in the coming weeks, the winner of UC Berkeley's "Northside Construction Crane Operator For A Day" Contest was announced yesterday, and was identified as Tommy "Rainbow Love" Smith, a longtime Berkeley activist. Though students were asked to place a copy of their student IDs in a barrel located in Sproul Hall for the drawing, Rainbow Love, who has not attended the university since 1972, was apparently still eligible by writing his name on the bottom of an empty Blondie's box and somehow fitting it into the 1/2 inch slot. "The university may think this is a token title," said Rainbow Love of the contest "but I plan to enact some changes. If they expect me to just sit in a 70 ton tool of destruction in the middle of the oppressive Berkeley campus and just smile and wave for photos, then I'd say they're about to get seriously fucked in the ass." University administrators were unavailable for a response.



UC College of Agriculture scientists are close to perfecting a new wonder crop. Said to have nearly the strength of steel, the plant flourishes in the most inhospitable environments including asphalt lots. The plant has a natural resistance to all strains of Schwinn and other bicyclic viruses.

## DOMINANT NEWSPAPER SEEKS SUBMISSIVE WRITERS AND ARTISTS

FOR ORANGE JUICE MASSAGES AND FOOT RUBS.

ARE YOU FUNNY? FUNNY LOOKING? HAVE YOU DREAMT OF WRITING OR DRAWING HUMOR FOR A MAJOR PUBLICATION? DO YOU WANT TO BE A COG IN THE MOST MASSIVE POWER STRUCTURE THIS UNIVERSITY HAS EVER SEEN? YOU CAN WRITE FOR US ANYWAY.

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ANYONE INTERESTED IN HUMOR PLEASE COME TO  
**SQUELCH GENERAL MEETINGS**  
7PM TUESDAYS IN 106 DWINELLE

ASUC

W/A

## Letter to the Editors

Dear Editors:

Why don't you have any letters to the editor in this issue? That's my favorite section.

Signed,  
Disappointed

*Editors' note: We did not receive very much mail over the summer, possibly because our mailbox was moved twice. Please make a note of our new address in Heller Lounge, MLK Student Union. We did, however, get our Publishers' Clearinghouse entry form, and we may have already won the grand prize of \$10 million. Be sure to watch the Tonight Show for entry #A55453B2.*

## Short Conversations

"Do you masturbate?"

"Just socially."

"We at CalPIRG are distributing these paper flyers to fight deforestation."

"Stupid is as stupid does."

"Fuck off Forrest."

"Bless you my son."

"Ooh! It's sticky."

"How do you compliment a North Carolinian?"

"I like your tooth."

"Oh please, oh please, oh please!"

"You are unable to take this class, because

..."

"What's making that noise?"

"That's the rabbi."

"Was it good for you too?"

"Next."

## The Heuristic Squelch

Completely misconstrued  
Since 1991.

### Editors-in-Chief

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Keith "No nickname" Hertzner

Jonathan "What the hell is pho?" Seff

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## Top Ten Star Trek Spinoffs:

10. Deep Six-9
9. Deanna Troi's Psychic Friends Network
8. Romulan Rap Session
7. Farengi Shopping Network
6. Klingon Kiddie Corner
5. Kirk and Picard at the movies
4. Datahues
3. Jordie's Tool-Time
2. Bones McCoy, M.D.
1. Star Trek: Into the Unemployment Office

## Top Ten Events at the Stoner Olympics:

10. Bong Jump
9. JAH-velin throw
8. 50m Hash
7. Bowling
6. Hemphathalon
5. Bong Water Polo
4. Jamaican Bobsledding
3. Bowl Vault
2. Synchronized Splitting
1. High Jump

## Top Ten Reasons to Get Really Fat:

10. Get to be an extra in Free Willy II.
9. People will feel like they are closer to you.
8. Your stretched out underwear will fit like new.
7. Make neat waves with stomach.
6. Earn extra cash working as advertising space.
5. Good excuse for small looking penis.
4. Free lifetime PriceClub membership.
3. 2 seats for the price of one.
2. Get paid \$30 to lose the weight (and eat anything you want!).
1. Get your money's worth at Sizzler™.

## Top Ten Reasons to Invade Haiti:

10. Need island retreat to keep Gore daughters tan 'n' succulent.
9. It's closer than Bosnia.
8. To insure Republican victory in '96.
7. Re-assert world dominance through crushing defeat of entire crack 23-member Haitian military.
6. We're bigger than they are.
5. To stave off impending invasion of U.S.
4. To release pent-up frustration from health-care fiasco.
3. Clinton itching for Caribbean harem.
2. Find magic voodoo potion for Hillary's hair.
1. Manifest Destiny.

## Top Ten Things to do in the Substance-Free-Dorm:

10. Get high on life!
9. Virtual kegger.
8. Sniffing others' clothes after they return from Co-op party.
7. Pet-sitting for police drug sniffing dogs.
6. Short Dipsticks® and run around on a sugar high.
5. Square dancing.
4. Telekinesis.
3. Call (900) numbers.
2. Pretend you are a narc.
1. Your RA.

## Top Five Uses for L & S Degree:

5. Use reverse side to make "Will Work for Food" sign.
4. Use as toilet paper on days Daily Cal isn't printed.
3. Use as a small blanket for those chilly winter nights on the streets.
2. Write IOUs on it.
1. Go on to a stimulating career in management consulting.

## Top Ten Misdemeanors at Engineering Dorm:

9. Owning a Mac.
8. Misquoting Star Trek.
7. Only having one e-mail account.
6. Never got past level 8 in D&D.
5. Downloading at 2400.
4. Using Jove.
3. Using a typewriter.
2. Programming in BASIC.
1. Showing good color-coordination in dress choices.
0. Dating.

## Top Ten Good Things About the Baseball Strike:

10. Get to watch stupid sportscasters come to grips with how inane their job really is when they have nothing to report.
9. Exciting Pro Bass-Fishing tour shown during primetime instead of its normal 2 a.m. time slot.
8. Incidence of spitting, crotch grabbing, chewing tobacco and making obscene gestures down in pre-teen boys.
7. Great educational opportunity for youngsters to learn how labor unions help prevent decent, hardworking folk from being oppressed by their greedy, capitalist masters.
6. A's saved embarrassment of losing World Series again.
5. Little League game attendance up 500%.
4. Consumer spending on durable goods up with less disposable income being spent on \$8 hot dogs and \$5 beers.
3. Box office bomb *Major League II* makes an unprecedented comeback at the video stores with desperate fans.
2. Allowed grass to grow back on infield before NFL season started.
1. It's better than a ball! (Get it?)

## Top Ten Things Daily Cal Reporters do the Other 5 days:

10. Participate in sacrificial rites sponsored by Students for the Truth ([thetruth@OCF.berkeley.edu](mailto:thetruth@OCF.berkeley.edu)).
9. Stuff Discover Card inserts into 100,000 newspapers.
8. Send top investigative reporters to cover breaking events at Berkeley High.
7. Masturbate.
6. Practice showing their ID to get into Eshleman Hall.
5. Go back to their regular jobs at "Hooked on Phonics".
4. Try to find humor in NO EXIT cartoon.
3. Laugh about Josh's hair.
2. Invent goofy personals ads.
1. Come up with flattering ways to describe most recent Cal football loss.

## Top Ten Things Overheard On USAir 427 Before Impact:

10. Ooh, a little lower... yeah.
9. Let the kid fly, Jack.
8. Roger, Over.
7. You guys hear about that nut that crashed into the White House?
6. Hey! I called shotgun!
5. I thought I'd never get a job after Northwest.
4. Stewardess, another Scotch please.
3. You guys ever see "Fearless" with that Jeff Bridges guy?
2. Shit, we're out of wiper fluid!
1. Wanna hear a good joke? There are three guys on a plane, a Black, a Jew, and an Italian, and they only have two parachutes...

## Top Ten Reasons to Stay in the Dorms Another Year:

10. Already built up immunity to DC food.
9. Didn't quite complete your set of dishware.
8. This year you can throw stuff from the 8th floor.
7. You're from Bosnia and Unit II reminds you of home.
6. They're earthquake safe.
5. Now your choice of Drug or Drug-free.
4. Can never outgrow cheap thrills in co-ed bathroom.
3. They say this year's Freshman crop is the best since '86.
2. Lounge couch has sentimental value.
1. "Chunk"

## Top Ten Things White People Are\*:

10. Evil
9. Oppressors
8. Cruel
7. Wicked
6. Enslavers
5. Mean
4. Nasty
3. Not Nice
2. Devils
1. Bok Gwai

\* Plagiarized from *Slant* humor page



## Lo-CAL Course Announcements

The University of California at Berkeley is proud to announce a new series of courses specifically designed for Stanford transfers, rear entry students, football players, llama-americans or any students who demand an easier "A-". The program has attracted some of the finest professors worldwide from Yreka to Tijuana. Students should take advantage of this great educational opportunity before the University's accreditation is reviewed in the Spring.

**Anatomy 1—Exploring our pee-pee's (3)**  
Students in this course will learn about human anatomy with hands on experience in a comfortable, non-shaming environment.  
(R. Schlenger)

**Architecture 124—Building blocks and Legos (4)**  
An introduction to learning techniques of color and design with weekly off campus trips to Toys R Us\*. Funded by Playskool®.  
(Flintstone)

**Intro to Art 1A—Creative methodologies and tools (4)**  
Students will be introduced to a wide range of art media resources and their uses from Etch-a-Sketch™ to Light Bright™.  
(B. Byrd)

**Asian Studies 131—Bruce Lee...the Legend Continues (3)**  
Students will explore both Bruce Lee's acting abilities as well as hands on training in Karate.  
(B. Lee)

**Astronomy 109—Beyond the Milky Way (3)**  
Students take an in depth view of the galaxies of Star Wars, Star Trek and Battlestar Galactica  
(H. Solo)

**Classics 140—Learning Pig Latin (II)**  
A non-intimidating introductory class that will help you jump from "OuYay eakSpay igPay atinLay?" to "Veni, vidi, vici," in no time flat.  
(K. Fuc)

**Computer Science 936,376,231—Nintendo vs. Sega (4)**  
From Zangief to Sonic the Hedgehog, we live in a world where technology development is out-pacing human comprehension. Reading will include owner's manuals and game instructions. Some attention will be played to prominent historical figures including Donkey Kong and Pac Man.  
(Dr. Mario)

**Development Studies 2—Why/Where I'm getting hair (3)**  
For those dealing with those first frightening follicles, we will analyze the process of hair growth not only on the head but also in the nether regions. Topics will include peach fuzz, pubes, and lice. Class work will consist of lectures and labs will focus on close inspection of students' hair.  
(Cy Sperling)

**English ABC—Alphabet a-m (2)**  
From "Ant" to "Meritoxis"  
(Professor Dick)

**English NMO—Alphabet n-z (2)**  
From "Nut" to "Zoo"  
(Professor Jane)

**French 210—**  
Section 1- Fries (3)  
Section 2- Bread and Toast (3)  
Section 3- Kissing (3)  
Explore the only good things we got from France, aside from Lady Liberty.  
(J. Cousteau)

**Geography 46 N—Where's Waldo? (4)**  
That little mountain boy has plagued us for ages. Is there any solution to this enigma? This class will focus on methods of investigation and discovery of the missing legend. Course will consist mostly of field work and close readings of required texts.  
(J. Compass)

**Greek—Section 1-Toga Parties (4)**  
What better way is there to understand Socrates than by dressing up like him?  
(Plato)

**Section 2-Chugging beers (4)**  
You think you know how to drink? You don't know shit, Frat boy! After this class, you'll be downing that keg 10 minutes flat. Impress your friends.  
(A. Keystone)

**History 1994—Yesterday and the day before (5)**  
Fool proof memory tips for those of you who cannot remember beyond the present. Class begins with "what happened to me five minutes ago" and ends when the last 48 hours are suddenly clear.  
(F. Kronos)

**Human Biodynamics 101—The Physics of Farting (3)**  
Overcome societal inhibitions regarding the natural act of farting. In fact, learn to exemplify and amplify the release of this natural gas with a smile of pride.  
(B. Wind)

**Mass Comm 25!—The bullhorn and you (4)**  
Learn the finer points of making your ideas heard through the miracle of amplification technology. Be loud, be proud!  
(L. Bignmouth)

**MCB 3—Putting to use the extra Y-chromosome (4)**  
Learn to suppress your feminine side and scratch yourself at random.  
(Ms. Gynist)

**Near Eastern Studies 1—Intro to Concord (4)**  
Explore the mecca over the hills.  
(W. Trash)

**PACS 117S—"Yo mama" jokes (3)**  
Sample: Yo mama is so ugly, when she looks in the mirror, it doesn't look back! Bet you haven't heard that one before! Would you like to know more about the history of this and other "Yo mama" jokes? Come on, yo mama wants you to.  
(A.D. Clay)

**Rhetoric 200—I know you are but what am I? (1-12)**  
Can you write a 200 page paper on this one phrase? Well, it's time to learn. This class is a requirement for all graduate students of Rhetoric. Course credit depends upon willingness to be brainwashed. EXTRA! Class taught by creator of this, one the most influential sentences of our time!  
(P.W. Herman)

**ROTC 24—Killing people and breaking things (2)**  
Learn to hate everything. Must be taken in conjunction with ROTC 50. The smell of Napalm in the morning. Charlie don't surf!  
(C. Kurtz)

**Spanish 69, 79, 99—Exploring the Taco Bell menu (2)**  
"Meximelt y un Pepsi, por favor" and other useful phrases.  
(L. Richard)

**Women Studies 90—"Why I'm not so fresh today" (4)**  
To douche or not to douche, the eternal question. Also explore the politics of the yeast infection.  
(G. Lotrimin)

## SENIOR PORTRAITS

Professional Photo Sitzings  
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Look for our table on Sproul throughout Oct.,  
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## BUILDING THE PROMISE

By now, you've probably noticed that every department on campus, with the possible exception of your own, seems to have a brand, spanking new or newly-refurbished building in which to hang its hat. Besides making the campus a more pleasant place to study and work, with all the dust and noise you could hope for, these construction projects will help keep U.C. Berkeley a competitive institution of higher learning, even as we run out of money to actually hold classes in the new buildings.\* To put this momentous event on the historical record, we asked resident Squelch architectural critics Keith Hertzler and Mark Seifert to review the campus' newest facilities.

\*This piece of PR was generously paid for by various private donations; no public money was used.



### ◀ Valley Life Sciences Building

Despite allegations of a shiny new inside, the LSB is still a testament to the geologic time frame by which we measure the evolution of living things, and remains as it ever was on the exterior: a dumpy old concrete blockhouse.

### Haas School of Business ▶

The combination of traditional architecture with modern concrete and steel construction is the perfect metaphor for the harmonious blending of old and new money.



### ◀ Soda Hall

The ceramic-fired "inside-out bathroom" motif of the building's exterior yields a subtle, yet distinct suggestion that certain Computer Science undergraduates should make personal hygiene a higher priority in their daily lives.

### Tan Hall (Chemistry Unit 3) ▶

Although this building was finished and occupied earlier this summer, research to develop a powerful new super-acid proceeded more quickly than expected, and an experiment gone awry forced construction crews to return to the site.

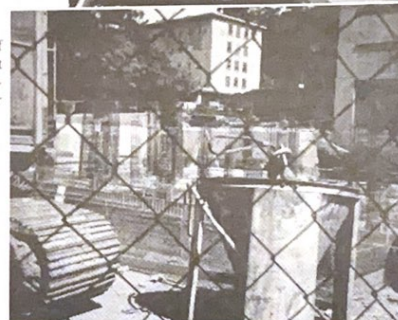
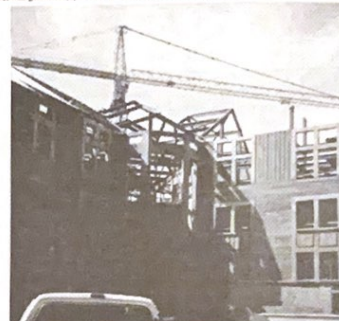


### ◀ Unit 1 Residence Hall

Aren't you glad we don't print in color?

### The Library ▶

The new underground structure blends seamlessly into the surrounding environment, perfectly integrated with the Regents' master plan to phase out education at the University in favor of more profitable enterprises.



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MLK JR. STUDENT UNION, UCB**

**fri., sept. 23:  
THE CROW  
7 & 9:30 PM**

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**fri., sept. 30  
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7 & 9:00 PM**

All shows in Wheeler Auditorium, UCB  
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### FREE NOON CONCERTS

**WED. SEPT. 21 -- THE TOUQUETTES AND RAGEY ANNE  
WED. SEPT. 28 -- CORDUROY  
WED. OCT. 5TH -- OVERWHELMING  
COLORFAST  
IN LOWER SPROUL PLAZA**

## Classifieds

**Entry Level Mistress** sought by Gardener for repentant weeding and soiling. Must supply your own hoes, hose, and ho's.

**STELLA!!!** Where are you??

**Let the Paddle Seduce You!!** Ping-Pong aficionado looking for a partner with a sturdy shaft and smooth balls.

**Wanted:** U.S. Senate seat. Willing to pay any price. —M. Huffington

**Wanted:** Berkeley City Council seat. Willing to pay any price. —M. Pulisci

**Ready to Rim You** — SRM seeks EECS major to spoil. Will keep you rolling in chips and wires, baby. Restroom, 2nd Floor, Soda Hall, Thursday a.m. You bring the bottle, I'll bring the opener, and we'll both spill the fizz.

**Hi!** I'm straight. Hello? Is there anybody out there?

**Herpes??** Darn, Me, Too. Let's discuss our legions of lesions, and let's play braille with our sores!

**Looking for a woman** who can handle a big stick. Must be into handcuffs and ruff play. Contact UCPD Lt. John D. Lightfoot.

**Do you like Dogs??** Woof! Must be T.I.C.S. negative.

**Respectable producer** hopes to put on an avant-garde production of "Mack/Beth" seeks young actresses, ages 22-26. Large breasts a plus. Nudity required. Must ride a horse.

**INFO ON ALL EVENTS: (510) 642-7477**

all  
events





## Gorillas In Our Midst

By Dr. Matthew Thomas

It was with great anticipation that I began my latest in-field study of the tribe of the KEI House. The last segment of my thesis on white decadent sub-cultures was to be brief, a mere day, but it enjoyed optimal timing. It was just after fall rush, and the air was ripe with the excitement of the new brood members, or "pledges," who had just sworn allegiance to the tribe. Anticipation singed my skin as thoughts of being the first anthropologist to chronicle the fabled "elephant walk" ritual.

### Saturday afternoon: KEI House.

I enter the house and with promises of free beverages from the Bear's Lair, I quickly befriend one of the few brothers not away at the football game. He showed me the tribe's sacred charter and past celebrations recorded on photographic prints, called "wallies." These "wallies," which generally depict brood members with big-haired females, document mating rituals for future generations to learn from and use as reference for masturbation. My newfound friend seemed very excited about the evening's party and its potential: "Moisties galore bro!" I would soon find out...

### Saturday evening: the Party.

The festivities begin as females from a nearby sister brood arrive. Ceremonial garb for both sexes consists primarily of baseball caps and faux-plaid shirts. Soon the groups mix as they congregate en masse, plastic communion cups in hand, toward the "keg," which is being tapped by a brood shaman. Engendered with a consecrated status, it is the keg which is central to the celebration and much of the culture itself. After a libation of rich foam, all quickly partake in the celebration of the keg. A brother's not participating would break strong tribal taboos, but the threat of ostracization prevents any such development. The keg juice, in addition to its normal variety, may be light, dry, dark, or ice. All are cheap and domestic and each seems to produce the desired effect, intoxication, at more or less the same efficacy. It is considered good form to consume so much keg juice that a brood brother or sister becomes so intoxicated as to vomit.

Like us, the fraternal tribes seem to

appreciate the concepts of "sucking" and "Stanford," but they have a distinct notion of spiritual bliss or retreat. It is known among their people as "Tahoe" and is spoken of with reverent awe. Perhaps it is the source of keg juice. I gather that Tahoe is a place where brothers engage in activities not unlike those here at the celebration, but with snow. Among their people, it is a considerable feat for a brother to have his father's Pathfinder or Jeep to go to Tahoe.

Males vie for female attention in contests of pool and beer pong. Other males cavort and review the day's football game; discussion revolves around a general feeling that the game's officials were "tools." The term denotes a lack of mental acuity on the recipient's part and is often used in reference to members of rival broods. The females themselves cluster together in packs of two to four, where they plot against the members of other clusters. Indeed, the most intense plottings are directed among sisters from the same brood not present in the particular cluster. Words such as "bitch" and "stuck-up" are used with great frequency.

Inebriated males urinate and sing together in a bonding ritual. All the while, the mating ritual subtly progresses. Males feign interest in discussion furthered by the females, while they converse with the females' breasts. Eventually the females, in a state of Keystone-induced estrus, choose their males and pairs retire for coitus or premature ejaculation.

When the last of the female clusters depart, rejected males return to their private nests to sulk and masturbate; the occasional incidents of a pledge vomiting highlight the deflated atmosphere. I am ushered aside by the brood chieftain and asked to pledge. I politely decline. Leaving the house I close my study, and though I didn't get to witness the fabled elephant walk, I left inspired for my next study: I hope to explore the status of token minorities here at the university.

*Dr. Thomas is the Russell L. Hibbert professor of Anthropology at U.C. Berkeley and will soon publish a groundbreaking paper on the impact of the English Muffin on contemporary society.*

## Another Saturday Night

with Dave Barnett

I hate Saturday nights. They exist only as a reminder that life is not fair. Take last Saturday night for example. The day started out all right—I heard that there was going to be a party. A party!! I've been in Berkeley for 3 years now and I still have yet to go to a party. Even after someone peeled me off the ceiling, I was still floating on cloud 9. My friend Lael was having a party and he had invited me. Lael was really cool. He'd just returned from a summer as a sheepherder in New Zealand, and one fragrant night he'd entertained me for hours with tales of his wild sexual adventures. But an hour after inviting me, he called me up and told me that there was a slight problem: his landlord was very strict so he could he throw the party at my house perchance? What could I do?

At about 5 o'clock the kegs started arriving. C.O.D. Lael called me and asked if I could pay for them, he'd pay me back later that night after people had given him money. Then the guests started arriving. I stood at the door to greet them and promptly got knocked over by the surge. Then I saw...her. The most gorgeous girl I've ever seen. I got up and started walking to the stereo. I popped in Led Zeppelin's "In Through the Out Door" and smoothly cruised in her direction. She looked up and watched me saunter over. When I finally reached her she said, "Hey—aren't you the guy that did those bird calls on Letterman?" I preened, then complimented her on her terrific memory. "You are a fucking loon," she said. My mouth dropped open. She even knew my call!

So I decided to keep with my disco-suave man act, since I was obviously in the right vein. Besides, I'm a Leo and since my horoscope said romance was on the horizon, I knew things were swinging my way. I looked at her, winked seductively, put my hands to my mouth and emitted a perfect Loon mating call. She stared at me, blinked twice, and then slowly shook her head back and forth. I could tell she was in a trance, amazed at my skill. I told her she was gorgeous, and she quietly said, "Get out of here." To further impress her, I told her how I could do the call of a Loon who was baked on marijuana. "No, GET OUT OF HERE," she replied.

I stepped back, heartbroken, then quickly turned around. "But, but, I was on Letterman," I said. My boyfriend is a Letterman, she told me. A huge frat guy with Letters all over his varsity jacket stepped between us. He said, "I do bird calls, too." Really, I replied. Like what? He responded by beating me viciously and throwing me out into the alley behind my house. "Stupid bastard," I yelled. "That's not a bird call!" Infinitely depressed, I wandered down the alley, thinking about life's injustices. You spend four years of your life perfecting the ultimate bird call, and the only chicks it gets you are fucking loons.

Is it just me, or are the classic nursery rhymes we learned as kids a little behind the times? Here are some traditional rhymes that have been updated to reflect the changing times in which we live. Or to put it another, this is how they might have sounded had the people who wrote been living in the 90s.

## Nursery Rhymes for the '90s

By Jonathan Seff

*Peter, Peter pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.  
Put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well.  
Until the day she escaped from his trick,  
And while he was sleeping,  
she cut off his prick.*



*Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey.  
It burned her mouth,  
and made her cry out,  
And she sued McDonalds the next day.*



*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the King's horses  
and all the King's men,  
Left him to die; they were Republicans.*

*Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack jumped over the candlestick.  
To the guys in his Frat,  
Jack proved he was cool,  
His final duty was  
to become a drunken fool.*

*Rub a dub dub, three men in a tub,  
Spanking each other with glee.  
A passerby said, while scratching his head,  
"That's not allowed here in the Army!"*



*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.  
He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,  
And for his pot, his ounces three.*

*There once was a girl, who had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her head.  
She had unsafe sex,  
with some guy named Rex,  
Got AIDS and soon after was dead.*



## Based on a collection of true stories...

by Andrew Vennekotter

One warm sunny day, I found myself walking through Sproul Plaza, on my way to Moffitt, a cold D.C. waffle lump swimming in grease and then lounging comfortably in the pit of my stomach. I strolled past Jake, a Harvard lawyer turned fundamentalist, in the middle of someone's question:

"Can I still keep my carnal and adulterous lifestyle?"

"Oh yeah, sure. Pamphlet?"

"Thanks."

Later that night, after doling out \$1.47 in weed money to assorted residents of Hotel Sidewalk, three of my friends came to Frisco with me to spend the night on the Haight. We were sitting on a grassy knoll when we met Mike and Bowstich, friendly neighborhood acid dealers. After sharing cigarettes with my friend "Juan," Mike warned him to "Stay

back! Stay back! I challenge you, and thus plan to devour your brain." "Juan" responded by throwing his cigarette into a drain. Mike chastised him, "Well, shit. Look what you went and did."

"You flicked the cigarette on the seven-horned beast. He's gonna be pretty fuckin' pissed. See watch, he just tossed it right off," said Transient Mike as he proceeded to urinate on the aforementioned hell-spawn.

After singing Allman Brothers hits with a chorus of substance abusers we decided to make our way home, finally arriving on campus just as dawn broke through lighting the Campanile tower. I paused and wondered how the Regents of so long ago somehow knew that they needed to erect a permanent memorial to our male-dominated, misogynist society of old.



# ENGLISH MAJORS: An Abomination Unto the Lord

by Karen "Barely Literate" Ahn

Realize right now that your choices are limited when it comes to declaring a major. There are the geeky-freaky-neolithic-y sciences, math, etc. Then there are the social sciences, but I still don't know exactly what a social science entails, and to me it's always sounded like a not-very-clever cover-up for some kind of Mafia conspiracy. Then there are the pretentious humanities, of which, I am glad to announce, English is the reigning queen. No, I haven't declared yet, but since my course load for the last few semesters has read English, English, English and English, I'm afraid it's too late for me. Plus, if I change now, I'll be here for six years. The only problem is that I hate most English majors. I mean, I really hate them. Often at night I dream about the various painful and non-humanitarian ways I could kill them off.

However, it has become incontrovertibly clear to me that most English majors should all get syphilis and burn, burn, burn in the flames of hell. I say this because I've had several horrific encounters with the swell undergrads amongst the English department.

First, there is the sorority girl English major, who is just generally taking up oxygen other people could be putting to much better use. Get out of my classes and discussions and please learn to speak without that incredibly annoying dip and rise at the end of the sentence that makes everything sound like a question, e.g., "So, Hamlet was really

messed up? And then his mother pissed him off?" Eat hot death, bitches.

Then there are the Deep People. They wear dark, all-encompassing clothing no matter what kind of weather and hang out in clumps, like fungi. Philosophy, Art History, and Film are also overrun with the buggers, but English is particularly rife with them, like roaches. You see, in English not only can the Deep People debate intensely about meaningful issues in literature and their relevance to the human condition (there are none and it has none, by the way) but English also gives them time periods and literary eras from which to choose pretentious affectations. They have allergies to all color dyes and believe in heavily supporting our tobacco-growing friends in the Deep South. Plus, the mouthy little bastards think they're reincarnations of Dorothy Parker and the Round Table.

Next we come to pre-med/English majors, a disgusting and disturbing hybrid. These people invariably make condescending remarks about how much easier English courses are than their 'real' science classes, but hey, those med schools like to see a 'wellrounded' human being and what could be more opposite a 'hard' science than English? All I know is that most of these bastards wouldn't have the sensitivity to smell rotten cheese if it was in their hair. I wouldn't send my pet gerbil to one of these jerkfaces for an infected toenail let alone

subject my body to one of these incompetent hacksaw wielding freaks who can't even load a mechanical pencil correctly let alone handle a scalpel with anywhere near the degree of skill cutting open major organs would require.

Then we have freaks. The weird people. The in-breds. The one whose immediate family lineages have been cross-referenced so many times that they're pretty much their own first cousins. You would forgive these people their total and utter freakishness if they were in a science or computer related major, thinking that sooner or later they are going to make some brilliant contribution to humanity in a field that does not require a) social skills b) compelling writing and speaking talents or c) the ability to retain one's own saliva. Unfortunately, most of these people tend to be crack babies. They think that in the English department they will find

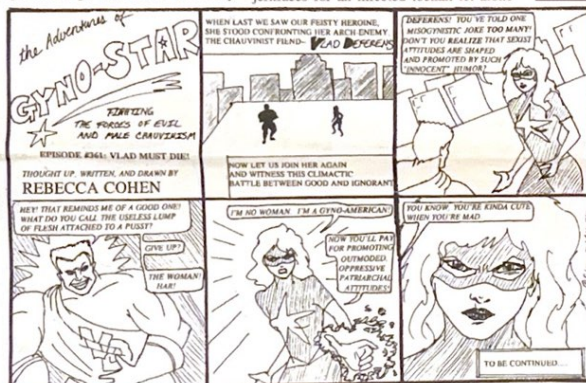
people who will accept, yea, even exalt their social retardation by mistaking it for brilliant eccentricity. Instead, most people avoid them, thinking, "You poor bastard. I don't know what it is you have but I hope I never catch it."

It's too late for me. I've taken all the requirements to declare. I'm well on my way to getting my English B.A., whoopee. But all you silly fools out there thinking of declaring English—run now. Run hard, run long, run silent, run deep but RUN. Otherwise you'll spend the next few years with some of the most pretentious people the University of California saw fit to grant an education. But, it's either this or the dorks in the sciences. At least English majors bathe semi-regularly.

Next issue: *EECS & Geeks: An Exposé plus, a supplement, Philosophy, Who Gives a Damn?*

## Ways to Identify an English Class or Discussion:

- There will be pierced body parts.
- People preface statements with phrases like, "Dare I say..." and "One can clearly recognize..."
- There is not a lot of laughter.
- The stink of coffee/pot/cigarettes/Eternity is overpowering.
- Both sexes will have badly-dyed hair that comes in a range of colors once only found in a JuJuBee box.
- There is a freshman, who, having AP'ed out of English 1A and 1B, will believe that s/he is now fit to edit *The Atlantic Monthly* and will be monopolizing the entire floor.
- There will be men wearing berets or beret-type hats.
- For some reason, English majors tend to have good shoes.
- There will be fountain pens galore.



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## ASK BIFF

A MALE perspective on everyday problems. Biff is not a licensed psychologist, but he is a charter member of Kappa Epsilon Gamma fraternity.

**DEAR BIFF:** The other day I walked in on my son masturbating in his bedroom. I don't know what to do, should I bring it up and talk about it with him, or forget it ever happened?

Confused in Connecticut

**DEAR CONFUSED:** What was he reading when you found him spanking his monkey? Because here at the house we have a copy of last year's *Girls of the PAC-10 Playboy*, and let me tell you, it is excellent whacking material. Dude, you should recommend it to your son.

**DEAR BIFF:** I am a 17 year old guy. I have always liked girls, but now I am starting to kind of have an attraction to my best friend, who is male. Is this normal? Does this mean I'm gay?

In Need in New Jersey

**DEAR IN NEED:** Dude, all it means is that you better not rush my frat when you graduate high school. Fuckin' freak.

**DEAR BIFF:** I am sleeping with this guy, but there's another guy that I kind of like, and at a party last week we kind of got together. Now I am trapped between the two. I am so confused. What can I do? If I tell one, the other's going to get so mad at me. Help!

Desperate in Des Moines

**DEAR DESPERATE:** So are you a hottie? Sounds like it. I don't really see your problem. So, you're drinking two guys. What the fuck's the problem with that? I say the more miffin, the merrier, right guys? (sounds of high fives in background) So anyway, give me a call if you're ever in Berkeley, and maybe we can hook up, okay? Cool.

Ned's

Daaarlings, I have some fabulous news. Ned's bookstore, the place where you save the most money on textbooks, now has a delicious new line of clothing that will put a twinkle in any post-adolescent's eye.

It's called Ned's Wear and it includes all those marvelous collegiate novelties (sweatshirts, tee-shirts, boxers, etc.) The quality is superb, and daaarlings can I tell you, it's dirt cheap. Now don't fret my little pigeons, if you are a slave to name brands (you know who you are), they've got those too, but if you are looking to save some money without skimping on quality, Ned's Wear is the way to go!

Remember:

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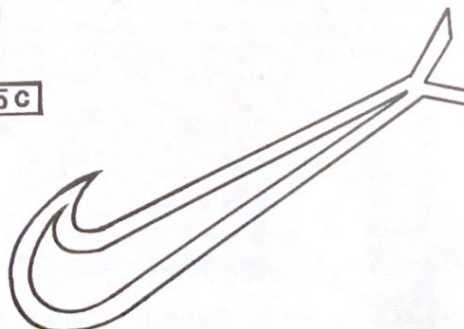
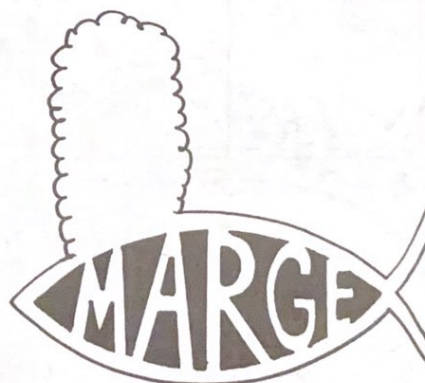
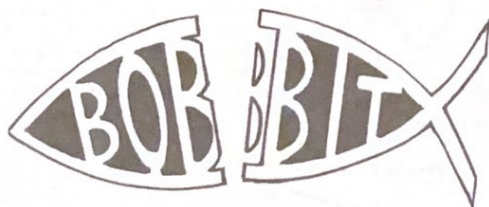
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## ORNAMENTAL SPAWN

UNBEKNOWNST TO MOST STUDENTS, EVERY FALL THE EVER-EVOLVING JESUS FISH CAR ORNAMENT MAKES ITS WAY UP STRAWBERRY CANYON TO SPAWN. AND SPAWN IT DOES. IT SPAWNS LIKE MAD, I TELL YOU. AS THESE FISH PROGRESS THROUGH THE POLLUTED CREEK WATER ON THEIR ARDUOUS JOURNEY, AN INTERESTING THING HAPPENS-- THEY MUTATE. THIS RESULTS IN SEVERAL NEW SPECIES WHICH SURVIVE BASED ON THEIR ABILITY TO FILL A NICHE OR OVERPOWER A CURRENT NICHEHOLDER™. THE SPECIMENS BELOW WERE, UNFORTUNATELY, UNABLE TO SURVIVE THE PROCESS OF NATURAL SELECTION, BUT SEVERAL RESEARCHERS IN THE CREEK COLLECTED THEM AS THEY LAY DYING, PAINFULLY, ON THE BANKS OF OUR BELOVED LITTLE STREAM. ENJOY.



*Robert Brown*