

October 1994

Vol. 5, No. 2

# Heuristic Squelch



THE  
HEURISTIC  
SQUELCH  
INTERVIEW  
**SEX**  
'on the  
road again

MR.  
XENOPHOBIC  
INS  
COMMISSIONER

THE  
WRITING  
ON  
THE  
STALL

**MICHAEL  
JACKSON:**

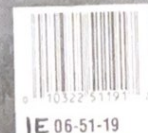
Pedophilia Newsletter

THE  
FIVE  
DIFFERENT  
TYPES  
OF  
TAs

PISS  
CHAMP

NEW:  
SQUELCH-CIPES

ELECTION  
RESULTS



IE 06-51-19



*I was dreamin' when I wrote this,  
so sue me if I go too fast*  
—TAFKAP (Prince)

As the lone female editor on this paper, I've often felt like a hostage at the mercy of several giggly teen-age boys with good vocabularies. The numerous indignities I've been subjected to have been amazing. My request for the title of "Resident Goddess" was subverted to "Token Female Minority Editor" until I just settled for the ubiquitous but dignified "Editor." And that's only the beginning.

Since my time on the editorial staff, I've been ordered around — from things as innocuous as, "Could you write this?" to "Get me a turkey potpie, bitch!" Either way, I've felt like Edith on "All in the Family." It gets worse — I've gotten vaguely salacious remarks (Irad), shocking verbal abuse, mostly involving the word "cunt" (Matt), bizarre comments involving "goats in my pants" (Jon), and protracted stories involving llamas and tapeworms (Mark). It's all contributed to my doubting my womanhood. I feel dirty. Degraded. I feel like a whore.

But then again, I kind of like that feeling. To continue: I don't know what disturbs me more: The editors' basic lack of knowledge about female anatomy or their poor dental hygiene. I envisioned this issue, especially, as a relevant, nay, even a groundbreaking revelation into current sexual views and customs. Instead, what I got was "yellow fever" jokes and a disturbing amount of suppressed homoerotic butt-fucking comments (mostly, but not entirely, Matt).

In the end, however, it was all worth it, just to bring you, the Berkeley public, this issue of the Squelch — the s-e-x issue. I love this paper. With all my heart and soul. I'd gladly do it again and again. But that might just be the repressed Donna Reed-esque housewife in me.

Now, in my personal opinion, the other editors are all trying to compensate for small penises (penis?).

Rebuttal, anyone? — KHA

As a key member of the "oppressive patriarchy" here at the Squelch, I've been fortunate to work with some very talented men. Oh yeah, and Karen's pretty funny for a skirt. But that's no longer the issue. The issue has unfortunately developed into one of penis size. I'd just like to say that I know that all of the guys who work on the Squelch have very large sets of genitalia. Ask any Berkeley High girl. If you don't believe me, you can check the garbage cans beside any of the legal-size copy capable xerox machines at Doe or Moffitt (Saturday mornings your best bet).

While I sympathize with Ms. Ahn's plight as a woman (and the plight of all chicks for that matter), I denounce her scurrilous and utterly false accusations. And I must say that I pity her for stooping to such a level. Her attacks on the fine men and their even finer manhoods are no doubt motivated by a complex Ms. Ahn contracted over years of her uncle's extra-curricular activities at family gatherings. Fuck you bitch. Just because your uncle's a pig doesn't mean we are. —MKT

Believe me, having worked with the gimps here on the paper for months, I can tell you that reports of their manhoods are grossly exaggerated (gross is the key word). Put together, their penis (penises?) could not measure much larger than a Post-It note, let alone a legal sized sheet of paper. —KHA

Listen here, maggots. I don't care about my penis size, nor do I care about whether or not family members have touched me in inappropriate places. Maybe I should, but hell, that's just me. —JLS

Does anybody want to go out with me for dinner and a movie on Saturday? I'll pay. —IE

FINALLY, with the last word (by the way, this was originally supposed to be MY column this issue, so we can see how, once again, men can never bear to see a woman do a "man's" job, although I could write my way around these pantywaists with my limbs lopped off and spread across the continent) 'tis I, Lone Crusader Feminist Editor. The idiocy and male chauvinism of my fellow editors is clear. I have nothing more to say. Except: He WASN'T my uncle, and he NEVER did anything with my mother, you asshole. —KHA

## News Flashes

### Diver in Deep

Berkeley junior Matthew Diver pleaded no contest yesterday on two charges of first-degree manslaughter. Authorities arrested Matt last Tuesday for the deaths of two freshmen in the newly installed Doe stacks. The freshmen were discovered crushed between PN 501 A3781 and PN 501 A4357 following what one English major (who was not present) described as "spastic bursts of insidious staccato screams, undoubtedly symbolic echoes of our own futile mortality, followed by loathsome and twisted groans of straining metal bookshelves all too representative of the never ending struggle between man and his implements." Most witnesses described Diver as "rocking out" to his Walkman during the incident. Commented Diver in court, "I just thought the thing [the moving shelf] was jammed. All I did was give the sucker a good twist, you know, threw some body leverage into it. I would've stopped if I had heard anything, but all I could hear was Metallica." Diver faces up to three weeks in federal prison without parole and \$457,234.50 in library material replacement fees.

### Chang Chagrined

Chancellor Chang-Lin Tien voiced "dis-may, disappointment, and confusion" about U.C. Berkeley's 4-point drop in this year's U.S. News and World Report ranking of American universities. He took special issue with the fact that U.C. Berkeley lost its #19 spot to newcomer California University. Said Tien, "This shows just how hard the budget cuts are hitting us. We can't match California University's student-professor relations. I dearly wish Berkeley students could get the same sort of individual attention from their professors that Brandon received last season." An informal survey of male students who watch 90210 "socially" indicated a general unhappiness at not receiving similar care from their professors; most of those surveyed also bemoaned the similar lack of "qualifications" among female professors at Cal.

### Clinton Turn Off

President Bill Clinton was assailed by members of CalPIRG last week following his "Turn on the Lights" speech in support of Kathleen Brown. The speech, in which Clinton repeatedly shouted "Turn on the lights," apparently contradicts his administration's efforts to save energy and protect the environment. "He's a sell-out," exclaimed Amanda Hugtree, a CalPIRG member. "Next thing you know he'll be saying 'Turn on the water.'" For some reason Clinton has not responded to the criticism.

### How was that, Minnie?

A study released today by a team of Cal researchers may indicate that sex leads to cancer. The study involved a test group of sixty laboratory mice that were induced to undergo forty-one consecutive hours of group intercourse. The test group was compared against a control of fifty-four mice that were electrically shocked when they attempted to copulate. The sexually active mice developed malignant tumors of both the brain and genitals, and died within twenty minutes of the conclusion of the experiment. However, according to graduate student Mike Litt, leader of the team, "they all had these incredible shit-eating grins on their faces."

! humping, fucking  
\* screw, get together

### Sex is a Sham!

Noted Feminine Studies expert and Anthropologist, Vicenta Agina, PhD, is beginning a comprehensive study on the nature of human sexual activity. Her theory suggests that sex is not actually required for human procreation. She intends to prove that intercourse was actually a conspiracy originally propagated by a small, southern African group of Homo Erectus males, in order to suppress the females. In her theory, a female need only play her mate and devour his gonads to reproduce. She is calling for volunteers to test her hypothesis.

Accused of "voodoo science" by her colleagues, she has condemned the entire scientific community as "a male-chauvinist, phallo-centric conglomerate of backward thinking woman haters!!!!!!" A former friend of hers, who wishes to remain anonymous, comments, "she's a real fucked-up bitch."

### Sun Proven Jupiter's Son

Students for the Truth scored an impressive academic victory yesterday when they proved beyond any doubt that the Sun is indeed the Roman god Apollo and not a star. The 400 page proof, which will be published in Friday's *Daily Cal*, systematically refutes all empirical evidence that the scientific community had been using to argue that the Sun is a star, and ingeniously replaces it with classical and Biblical allusions. Francis Sukme, leader of Students for the Truth, said, "It was just a matter of time before we would find that elusive last piece of the puzzle. Genesis 1:7, which read 'Let there be Apollo.'" In a related story, *Daily Cal* investigative reporter Henry K. Lee admitted that he is a member of Students for the Truth and has been giving the group free space in the *Daily Cal* despite the "Paid Advertisement" disclaimer.

## Letters to the Editors

Dear Editors,

We at the Huffington campaign would like to remind voters that Ariana is available for baptisms, bar mitzvahs and ritual sacrifices at the Huffington Headquarters.

—Bob White, Campaign Manager

Dear Editors,

I am a nubile 14 year-old Berkeley high student, do you think I could get Irad's phone number? P.S. What does statutory mean?

—Lonely at the corner of the RSF

Dear Editors,

Me thinks shoulder get much better. Throw far good soon. Go Bers!

—D Barr

Dear Editors,

As I sit here contemplating the beautiful sunset with my lovely French girlfriend in enchanting downtown Nashville, I realize I suddenly have an undeniable and irresistible urge to take my daddy's watch and shove it up my ass.

—B. Willis

Dear Editors,

I wish to protest in the strongest way possible the Squelch's obvious promotion of illicit drug (ab)use. The editors of this newspaper may think that they are being "cute." However, their incorrigible behavior is misleading many impressionable readers and causing great harm.

—R. Head

Dear Editors,

Everybody must get stoned.  
—B. Dylan

## The Heuristic Squelch

With goats in our pants.  
Since 1991.

Editors-In-Chief

Matthew Kevil Thomas ♂  
Jonathan Seff ♂  
Irad Eyal ♂  
Karen Ahn ♀

Grumpy-Old-Yet-Lovable-Editors

Mark Seifert ♂  
Keith Hertzler ♂

Drummer

Joshua Greenburg ♂

Assistant Editor

Jason Cook ♂

Writers

Mike Wetzel, Saba Waheed, Dawn Vanderhaar, Wanru Tseng, Jason N. Rosenbaum, Ben Pershing, Adam O'Connor, Alice Handley, John Gascoigne, Robin Dvorkin, Terri Cheng

Artists

Sevim Kuyumcu, Gilbert Guerrero, Rebecca Cohen, Sarah Baig

Business Manager

Josh Switzky ♂

Cover

Ted is wearing his own flesh and Rachel's hands as designed by Ralph Lauren. Hair by Omar Sharif. His perfume: 'Horse Sweat' by Paco

Special Thanks for Photo Help

Becky (Gary's Girlfriend)  
Rachel (Ted's Girlfriend)

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. Although this is the SEX issue, the only foolproof way of preventing pregnancy or disease is abstinence. This is, incidentally, the involuntary "choice of most of the sexually frustrated editorial staff."

# SEX WITH A

YOU LOVE SEX, YOU LOVE HORSES, SEE THEM BOTH

LIVE AT THE NEXT

HEURISTIC SQUELCH

GENERAL MEETING

TUESDAYS, 7PM, 106 DWINELLE

CALL IRAD COLLECT @ 549-6365, OR EMAIL SEFF@UCLINK2  
ASUC W/A

# HORSE!



# Party at Blake's

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**cover charge for students.**



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Upcoming Shows	Student Cover
Thurs. 10/27 Bone Coots & The Living Wrecks	\$2
Fri. 10/28 Lawsuit	\$3
Sat. 10/29 Dizzybam	\$3
Sun. 10/30 Rock Jam w/JYBI	\$1
Mon. 10/31 Blues Jam w/Steve Gannon	\$1
DJ Dance Club every Tues. & Wed.	\$2

**Blake's**

Shows begin at 9:30 pm  
2367 Telegraph Berkeley 94704 • 848-0886

## Top Ten Lines to Get Slapped Instead of Laid:

- 10 You're so hot you melt the plastic in my underwear.
- 9 Let's go to my place and do the things I'll tell everyone we did anyway.
- 8 The word of the day is "legs." Let's go back to my place and spread the word.
- 7 My name's [insert name here]. That's so you know what to scream.
- 6 All those curves, and me with no brakes.
- 5 I like every muscle in your body, especially mine.
- 4 How about you sit on my lap and we'll see what pops up?
- 3 Aren't you my cousin?
- 2 I'd like to confront the front of your cunt.
- 1 Let's say your left leg is Christmas, and your right leg is New Year's. How about if we spend some time together between the holidays?

## Top Ten Reasons Chocolate is Better Than Sex:

- 10 You can get chocolate.
- 9 "If you love me you'll swallow" has real meaning with chocolate.
- 8 Chocolate satisfies even when it has gone soft.
- 7 You can have chocolate even with your mother.
- 6 If you bite the nuts too hard, the chocolate won't mind.
- 5 The word "commitment" doesn't scare off chocolate.
- 4 You can ask a stranger for chocolate without getting your faced slapped.
- 3 You don't get hairs in your mouth with chocolate.
- 2 Your parents won't get angry if you prefer dark chocolate.
- 1 The worst thing you can get from chocolate is acne.

## Top Ten Things Overheard in the Celtic Studies Lounge:

- 10 Has anybody seen my Irish Spring?
- 9 That's not a bagpipe... but don't stop playing!
- 8 Do you really think OJ did it?
- 7 Larry Bird rules!
- 6 Who left their potato in the microwave?
- 5 Has anybody seen my Cranberries CD?
- 4 I always preferred the green clovers to the blue diamonds.
- 3 Is that the Book of Kells in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?
- 2 Hey you! Yes you! You can't wear that kilt in here!
- 1 There was a young man from Nantucket, Whose dick was so long he could suck it. He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin, If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

## Top Ten signs you're not ready for your "first time":

- 10 You feel uncomfortable "fingering" other people's e-mail accounts.
- 9 Saw health worker's sex-ed lecture, but still can't figure out why the condom goes on a banana.
- 8 Well, unless you're married, you're not! For more info, contact: The Students for the Truth at thetruth@ocf.berkeley.edu.
- 7 Nothing comes between you and your Calvins except your Underoos.
- 6 Masturbation still satisfies.
- 5 You have no clue what we're referring to.
- 4 You listened to Morrissey sing about it, so now you don't really want to do it.
- 3 You still refer to your penis as "little bunny".
- 2 Missed the fall Sorority Rush Weeks.
- 1 You're sober.

## Top Eight Rejected Methods of Birth Control:

- 8 Bungee Cord
- 7 Brillo Pad
- 6 Stitches
- 5 Catholicism
- 4 The Club™
- 3 Necrophilia
- 2 Wire Hanger
- 1 Bell-Bottoms

## Top Ten Signs You Have Yellow Fever:

- 10 "Little, yellow, different" has a whole new meaning for you.
- 9 You attend Korean Baptist Student Union Meetings even though you're a Russian Jew.
- 8 Soy sauce stains on your bed sheets.
- 7 No "Maximum Height" sign over your bed.
- 6 Wake up with chopsticks in your orifices.
- 5 Yellow Power Ranger™ is irresistible to you.
- 4 Masturbate to sumo-wrestling on ESPN.
- 3 Attend all campus orientation meetings.
- 2 Anything slanted turns you on.
- 1 Long, straight, black hair between your teeth.

## Top Ten Signs You have Vanilla Fever:

- 10 Weber's Bread and Best Food Mayonnaise are erotic devices.
- 9 You really like sex, because it's almost as fun as golfing.
- 8 Missionary position turns you on.
- 7 Your favorite foreplay involves a mutual strip-tease of peeling layer after layer of J. Crew clothing off to reveal L.L. Bean thermal underwear.
- 6 You're in a sorority.
- 5 You're in a fraternity.
- 4 Will only buy sexual accessories made in the U.S. of A.
- 3 You think Supertramp is good fuck music.
- 2 Doing it with the lights out is the only way to go.
- 1 Your lawyer's name...Shapiro!

## Top Ten Obscure Erogenous Zones:

- 10 Celtic Studies Lounge
- 9 Your Uvula.
- 8 Your Clitoris (Orthodox Christian women only).
- 7 Your Gall Bladder.
- 6 White Zone (for immediate loading and unloading of passengers only).
- 5 Your Gums.
- 4 Your Mama.
- 3 Your Walrus.
- 2 Your Inner Ear.
- 1 Pacific, Mountain, and Central.

## Top Seven Rejected Cal Adventures:

- 7 Theseus and the Minotaur: Finding your way through the Labyrinth of Dwinelle
- 6 El Camino Caravan through Oakland
- 5 Fremont Ho!
- 4 Freeway touring with Al Cowlings.
- 3 Web Spelunking
- 2 In the Footsteps of Rosebud... trail of the Forbidden Machete
- 1 Green-water rafting down Strawberry Creek

## Top Ten Things Dave Barr is Doing the Rest of the Season:

- 10 Learning to masturbate with his right hand.
- 9 Hooked on Phonics.
- 8 Putting his Icee-Pak where they wouldn't let him.
- 7 Looking for an open man.
- 6 His own homework.
- 5 Slipping in the draft.
- 4 Getting laid.
- 3 Going to Disneyland.
- 2 Pretending to be on strike (oops wrong sport).
- 1 Roseanne.

## Top One Way to Skin a Cat:

- 1 With a carrot peeler.

## Top Ten Songs to Have Sex To:

- 10 Whip It (Devo)
- 9 Also Sprach Zarathustra (Theme from 2001)
- 8 Face Down, Ass-Up (2 Live Crew)
- 7 Down on Me (Janis Joplin)
- 6 Girlfriend in a Coma (Smiths)
- 5 Cal Drinking Song
- 4 Just Can't Get Enough (Depeche Mode)
- 3 Macho Man (Village People)
- 2 I Think We're Alone Now (Tiffany)
- 1 O Come All Ye Faithful (Traditional Carol)









As part of our commitment to complete and responsible journalism, we at the Squelch feel it is an obligation to provide the Berkeley community with in-depth political coverage. There's some political stuff in the Daily Cal, but nobody reads that, so despite our shoestring budget, we had staffer Ben Pershing crisscross the state to follow the gubernatorial race between Brown and Wilson and the senatorial campaigns of Feinstein and Huffington. Here are some excerpts from his journal:

## Election Beat

**September 12-Fresno.**  
Senator Feinstein addresses a rally of Latino farm workers. Attempting, in broken Spanish, to ask to the crowd to vote for her, she ends up saying "Please free my dentist." Raucous applause ensues.

**September 14-Beverly Hills.**  
The day before Yom Kippur, Michael Huffington speaks at a convention of rabbis. He confesses that he has had little contact with the Jewish community, but that he met a Jewish man once, and "he seemed like a pretty nice guy."

**September 20-San Luis Obispo.**  
Kathleen Brown speaks to wildly cheering crowds up and down the central coast. On the strength of her new "Bring back Brenda!" platform, her poll tallies increase exponentially.

**September 29-San Diego.**  
Governor Wilson addresses an NRA convention. He proposes a policy whereby the U.S. National Guard would cross the border and drown the firstborn child of every Mexican family, thus stopping them "before they even THINK about becoming illegal immigrants." Thunderous applause and a volley of gunshots follow.

**October 5-San Francisco.**  
After being confronted by reporters on the subject, Feinstein admits that she does accept money from special interest PAC's,

but that she feels "really guilty about it." She then weeps openly. Feinstein surges past Huffington in the polls. Numerous celebrities go on daytime talk shows to confess that they too accept money from PAC's.

**October 9-Palm Springs.**  
Huffington tells a drooling, incontinent retirement community crowd that he would represent their interests in Washington. He then proposes a bill which would provide government subsidies for the production of "Murder She Wrote." The crowd begins to applaud, then forgets who he is and why he is there.

**October 15-Humboldt County.**  
Brown informs a political rally that her brother, the former governor Jerry, will be coming out to lend his support to her campaign. To wild cheering, Jerry, obviously under the influence of psychedelics, wanders to the staged and implores the crowd to "look at all the pretty colors." He then vomits on the CNN camerawoman.

**October 21-Anaheim.**  
Wilson, gaining confidence after the positive reaction to his "three strikes and you're out" proposal, adopts another baseball metaphor. He tells a young Republican rally about his new "four balls is a walk" policy whereby anyone convicted of four felonies must "walk the plank into a pool of sharks." His speech is followed by a barbecue and public witch burning.



## OFFICIAL UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCEMENT

### Schedule of Classes



### Warning!

The models used in the cover photograph of the Spring '95 Schedule of Classes are professionals with special training in anti-gravity stunt procedures. Students and faculty should not attempt to perform similar acts. The Chancellor's Office and Board of Regents accept no responsibility for injuries or death resulting from attempts to walk up the side of the Campanile or any other UC Berkeley Campus structure.

## Horoscope

**Gemini** - Now might be the right time to bury those bodies. Take up a new hobby. Make sure to clean your fingernails. Remember, order and cleanliness always impress the bosses!

**Aries** - Your nasty side says, "Get a job at Blondie's!" Feel free to express yourself. Today you can do no wrong. Spit randomly.

**Aquarius** - You Aquarians are traditionally the most whimsical and free-spirited of the signs. So give in — the Amish voyeur was right — relent to your boyfriend's whims, flail him on the tractor. Eat more pork, the other white meat. Who do you think you are anyway, asshole?

**Taurus** - The hand will enter where the girlfriend will leave. Your life will be a sad and lonely one. Just end it now; you're taking up valuable oxygen that other more useful human beings could be utilizing. Cheer up.

**Sable** - Something will happen today about that thing you've been thinking about. Maybe it will be good, but quite possibly it will be bad. Get tested.

**Capricorn** - Go to the track & spend your life savings. It might pay off.

**Pisces** - You feel hot 'coz you are. Go out and grab life by the nuts, and whoever else happens to pass by. Today's your day to shine, sister. You go, girl!

**Libra** - Roy Franklin: today is the day. Your girlfriend's not pregnant and your dog is going to be O.K. Buy that lottery ticket at you-know-where. Oh, and your parents are going to die at 4:18 PST.

**Sagittarius** - A younger person's orifices may tempt you. Offer someone some candy and it may pay off.

**Cancer** - Pluto is descending on the fifth quadrant. This means a lot. Take pride in your differences even if nobody else does. Your effervescence will come in handy when you the biopsy results come back.

**Scorpio** - The tide is high and everyone's moving on. It's time to face the hard facts: you ain't #1 for no one. Although it may hurt to admit it to yourself, you probably won't be getting any anytime soon.

**Leo** - Those armor piercing bullets could come in handy. You've always suspected the world's out to get you, and you're right. Make sure you get your usual six espressos today. Express your frustration in a crowded area.

## Fancy ways to spend

# \$39

- 1) 1.36 days of school
- 2) half an old Chemistry book (or at least the chapter up to Electrophilic Aromatic Substitution)
- 3) 0.078% of a plane ticket to East Coast (wow!! you are 3.9 miles closer to New York)
- 4) 1.56 sets of Black Lightning© notes
- 5) 205.22631579 blue books
- 6) 4/5 of a football season ticket
- 7) 9.34 shots of alcohol (a first timer will be in a coma with that amount)
- 8) 13/75 of a parking permit
- 9) 13.23 of SHIP (5 minutes for a doctor from the Tang Center to tell you that nothing is wrong)
- 10) 0.541666% of a Foothill suite (1 square inch of a room)
- 11) 13/23 of a pair of Birkenstocks (1 shoe and a buckle)
- 12) 0.39 hours of room rental for Karaoke (you barely get to sing 4 songs)
- 13) 6 dozens of Noah's Bagels (only if you buy by the dozen and get one free)
- 14) 85% of a Wonderbra (you will get an uneven padding bra)

15) the

# BLUE & GOLD YEARBOOK!

## Seniors!

get yourself in the yearbook by sitting for  
**SENIOR PORTRAITS**  
professional photo sittings will be very soon!  
sign up **NOW** in  
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or look for our  
**TABLE ON SPROUL PLAZA**



At times, even we have trouble filling space. So, this time it was Editor Karen Ahn's job to collect some stupid yet freakishly amusing stories from other publications.

## WHACKED.

### THE SEXUAL FANTASY MAGAZINE

—an excerpt from the new anthology, *Making Out in America*

Sexual Fantasy #88

Glen, who works as a happy houseboy for a minor dictator in east Malaysia, sent this, his favorite bedtime fantasy to the **WHACKED** editors. We're happy to print it here. Glen is a 42 year old SWM, a practicing lapsed Catholic who likes to fondle cheese as he watches "Wheel of Fortune." Replies and propositions may be sent to him. Glen #881 c/o WHACKED.

Sister Sylvia is wearing a wimple and habit customary to the nuns of the St. \*\*\*\*\* parochial school. Her shoes click harshly as she strides up and down the aisles between our desks. My eyes bulge in fear as she taps the cane peremptorily on everyone's desk.

Suddenly, she focuses on me. "Glen," she says in her sweet contralto with the hint of a lisp, "Are you looking at Artie's paper?"

The white tip of her cane waves hypnotically in front of me. I nod without meaning to. She shakes her head slowly, regretfully. "You know what this means, Glen. Into the storage room."

I get up slowly from my desk and walk towards the door, scuffing my shoes and dragging my feet. The storage room is a dank place where offenders have to sit for hours. Usually I masturbate furiously to the small altar of the Virgin Mary, but today I actually feel guilty. Sister Sylvia follows me slowly and opens the door. I go inside.

The storage room is at once large and small: an enormous space with nooks and crannies created by hundreds of boxes. I sit and wait for the click of the door. But something different happens today — Sister Sylvia steps inside. Her voice is deeper when she talks to me — she sounds like a cross between Kathleen Turner and the voice of the evil guy on "Inspector Gadget."

"I feel so strange," she says, gasping and wheezing. "Glen, something's wrong with me!"

I sit and watch aghast, horrified. Her wimple and habit start to billow outward, as if she is releasing a giant series of farts, but there is no wind, self-generated or otherwise. She begins to spin around.

Suddenly, her wimple and habit are no

longer billowing, but growing, stretching, to their farthest limits. Sister Sylvia is getting bigger — growing right before my eyes!! Her arms become enormous sausages, her legs stalks. Her breasts erupt the way volcanoes might. I watch her as her head grows toward the storage ceiling. She bumps it. "Ow!!" But I say nothing. I am just watching as her habit stretches across her body — it looks like a bodysuit.

With a last burst of ferocious energy, Sister Sylvia shoots to more than forty feet tall. Her habit is gone, shredded into nothing. Her wimple, absurdly enough, remains a tiny black-and-white punctuation mark to her now-gigantic head. Sister Sylvia is an enormous, white naked grub, panting and newborn on the storage room floor. The boxes are flattened beneath her, and there are indentations and hollows on the ceiling where she has bumped her head. Mewling and helpless, spent by the sudden enormous energy of her growth, she lies prostrate.

I am in ecstasy. I scamper up towards her and push her flesh. It is resilient and faintly furred, like a gigantic peach. The only frightening thing is now her body hair has grown with her body size, and looks like a grove of slender young willow trees.

But no matter. I am a young kinky Catholic boy in ecstasy. My juices a-boil, I run down and gain purchase on one of her toes and hoist myself upward. I clamber all over her leg, feeling the skin bobble beneath me. It is like running on human Jell-O. I run furiously over the firm compactness of her skin, up the fleshiness of her thigh, over her pudenda, past the valley of her navel and up the looseness of her belly. Finally, I reach her breast. I roll down the slope of it in an almost absurd euphoria. Faintly, somewhere above me, I can hear Sister Sylvia snoring. I pet her skin tentatively. No response. I sigh. Contentedly I lie down next to her nipple. My world is an areola. I am a happy man.

Featured in the next issue of **WHACKED** — Patricia, a housewife/postal worker shares her thoughts on stamps, glue and Pledge. Subscribe, subscribe.

## M. Jackson's Pedophilia Newsletter

### Vol.9, Issue 6

(with apologies to David Sedaris)

Greetings from the second happiest place on earth!! Bubbles is ecstatic with the cookies — thanks goes out to Boy Scout Troop #6617 of Wassapequa, Kansas. Keep those treats rolling in boys, and Uncle Jacko will airmail YOU all a great surprise!!

Well, as you know, it's been a good couple of months since the last issue of the Pedophilia Newsletter came out, and there's a damn good reason: your Uncle Jacko got hitched. Yes, that's right, boys, to the most beautiful woman on this earth who will truly love me tender: yes, Lisa Marie is now Mrs. Lisa Marie Presley Jackson. The King's daughter is now united with the King of Pop. Soon we plan to market a series of albums using both Beatles' songs and featuring some duets with me and the King himself. Yes, that's right, Elvis' bloated white ass will soon be in rotation again — I personally am leaning towards a rousing good burn-up of "Jailhouse Rock," maybe produced by Jimmy Jam.

Never fear, however, for your Uncle Wuncle Jacko has not abandoned all you pedophiles out there (Thanks also go out to NAMBLA for the subsidy — the accountants get so touchy when you try and take a few hundred thou to subsidize a pedophilia newsletter). Although Lisa Marie and I DO engage in intercourse, it's usually with the lights out and doggy-style just so I won't distance myself from my true tendencies. And she does look very cute in her Mickey Mouse pjs.



In a disgusting, yet all too common occurrence, this man was sexually harassed by Cal's beloved Sabre Tooth Tiger. Prior to this incident the tiger was seen "partying," leading authorities to conclude that alcohol played a role in the assault. The tiger was placed on immediate suspension pending an investigation.

Now I know that a lot of you think I married her because I'm the whiter of the two of us in pictures, and that hurts. If you all only knew how much her asshole feels like Macauley Caulkin's, ("Home Alone 3" comes out in December, by the way) you'd understand. But let me reassure you that Lisa Marie, although a new and important factor in my life, will never come before y'all. I have, however, received some angry, and even obscene letters from a few of my former 'friends' concerning what they see as my 'betrayal.' Let's keep this in perspective, here. Do we remember the charges I was facing? Do we remember the multi-billion dollar sponsor that dropped my skinny butt after the shit hit the fan? Well, it's all forgiven now, thanks to Lisa Marie. I am now a respectable married man. I really doubt I would have received a standing ovation at the Grammys had I walked out there with Bubbles or Emmanuel Lewis, formerly of "Webster." So let us remember whose ass was gotten out of what sling, shall we, kiddies?

The blushing bride and I are registered at Toys 'R' Us, so please feel free to send us a Playskool gravy boat or a FisherPrice tea set. We thank all the loyal fans who have sent us gifts already — the ben-wah balls were especially appreciated. But please, please remember — Send it to the P.O. Box address on the label of the newsletter, NOT to Never-Never Land. Occasionally Pater Jackson pays surprise visits.



# Dr. Martens

## DOCS

### footnote

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## SQUELCH-CIPIES

- Pour 2 quarts of tap water into a large saucepan or broiling pot. Bring water to a rolling boil. Turn burner to low. Watch bubbles go away. (Serves 1 to 4).
- Mix 4 cups Ricotta cheese with 32-ounce jar of Ragu™ spaghetti sauce. Pour down drain. (Serves none).
- Alienate voting block with vapid candidates. Hold election. Continue status quo. (Serves 250 million).
- Using electric tape in a whirling motion, adhere plastic explosives to waist. Throw self on presidential motorcade. (Assassinates 1-15).
- Dial 642-3400. Fail to get classes. Shout expletive, complain to roomates. (Upsets 1-3).
- Lie on table. Scoot down at behest of doctor. Cringe at sight of Q-tip and rubber glove. Think pleasant thoughts. (Papsmeats 1).
- Drink cheap beer. Pass out at Frat house. (Serves 4-26).



## True Romance

by the Minstrel

A poem of love is a worthwhile endeavor  
but one about sex is a little more clever.

This tale of debauchery starts with a glance  
and some halfhearted hope that I had half a chance.

"Urethra! I found it!" I cried in delight  
as the girl of my dreams crossed the line of my sight.  
She was perfect for me, full of grace and of charm  
and she had big round breasts and no jock on her arm.

So I tucked in my shirt and wiped off some saliva,  
Got ready to work like a horny MacGyver.

"Hello gorgeous babe! You've no hope to deny me!"  
I said in my head as she walked right on by me.

"No need to get teste or lose your composure",  
I said to myself as I tried to cajole her.

I worked every angle from New York to China.

"Hey, hell of a vulva!"

and "What a vagina!"

She smiled at me softly and stopped and said, "Honey,  
You're at the right place, now lets see some money."

so I signed on the line and began our big date.

The food wasn't bad but the cervix was great.

## Coffee Lover



Former Cal football coach and legendary caffeine addict Lynn "Poppy" Waldorf relishes the glory of the kill after successfully bagging the dreaded wild Tanzanian espresso bean. The bean will later be placed on permanent display in the Phoebe Apperson Hearst Museum of Anthropology and Indiana Jones Memorabilia.

## CLASSIFIEDS

I'm a romantic — I need a domesticated bitch to slap silly. I'm just an old-fashioned type of guy who sincerely needs someone to cater to all my needs and grovel at my feet. Interested? If you're a June Cleaver type who likes to wear leather thongs and metal bustiers, the Beaver's waiting at home for you, honey. Give me a ring — and then go get me a beer.

Sexy young girl with a fabulous body? Then get the hell away from me. SWM seeks enormously, grotesquely fat SM with open sores. I walk on the wild side.

Ovum donor wanted for 3 egg omelette.

Safe Sex — Get Paid!!!

Men, 18-40 yrs. Earn up to \$45,000/a year. P/T. All races, shapes and sizes needed. Married/Single, Left-handed/right-handed. 24 hour private info. Call 1-800-KEEP-DREAMING

BEAT ME OFF!! Are you interested in strengthening your forearms? Then give Vic a call at Family Fitness Centers. Recent research has proved that constant and vigorous masturbation is the only thing that fully develops the flexor carpi radialis. If you're as dedicated to body-building as we are, you'll want to be part of this group.

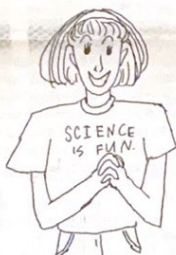
## The Five Different Types of Berkeley TAs

by Wanru Tseng

### 1. The "Happy" T.A.

**Characteristics:** Is always enthusiastic about learning — even about O-chem, even at 8:00 in the morning, even when writing the D on your grade postcard.

**Characteristic thing to say:** "This is going to be a great lab! We get to brominate our product and add a double-bond to the ring system! And if we have time, I'll even show you guys how to set up the reflux condenser!"



### 2. The "Grungy" T.A.

**Characteristics:** Only patronizes the fine Goodwill and Salvation Army clothing stores. Will often suspend class sections in favor of deep discussions about which Nirvana album was the best.

**Characteristic thing to say:** "Hey, man, that's very cool, no problem with your paper, coming in late, okay, take your time. Cool."



### 3. The "Foreign" T.A.

**Characteristics:** Thinks all American students are dumb because they never answer his questions, mostly because they can't understand when he's asking a question in the first place.

**Characteristic thing to say:** "Purgin yaperfartin goat bladder indergard capitalist pig, dah?"



### 4. The "Middle-aged" T.A.

**Characteristics:** Tries to ball all of the freshmen in his section. Has been head T.A. longer than the professor has been teaching the class.

**Characteristic thing to say:** "I was talking with my wife the other day, and she said..."

### 5. The "Pre-Pubescent" T.A.

**Characteristics:** Testicles have yet to descend. Has a really hard time adjusting to Berkeley life. Looks the boy you beat up in the third grade.

**Characteristic thing to say:** "Anyone want to play Cyberball after section?"



## Southwest Airlines or, BART-in-the-Sky

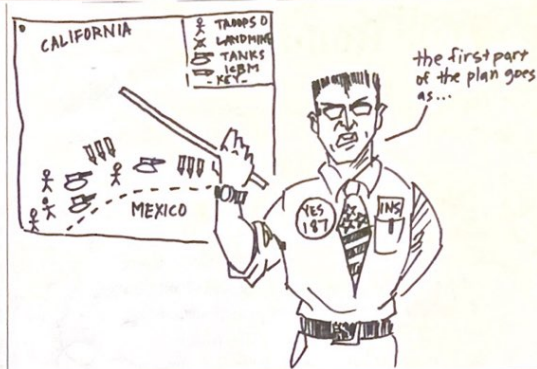
by Jason Cook

Two paths diverged in a Burbank airport terminal, and I chose the one taken by the masses. Southwest Airlines, America's Aeroflot. Gripping a greasy plastic boarding ticket number 129, I had only a vague premonition of what lay in store. I think the sketchy feelings really started kicking in when I glanced at the fold-out safety instructions. The comic-strip survival instructions were the poorest and most depressing fingerpainted images I'd seen since second grade. I hoped that whatever corporate cost-cutting mentality had let some glue sniffing artist illustrate the safety card hadn't yet discovered the Maintenance Department. Outside, another Southwest plane's paint job had peeled just enough to reveal a diabolical grin under its nose. "Shit," I thought, realizing why my seat's upholstery gave me déjà vu, "PSA died when I was just a kid." I tried not to watch the baggage handlers on the ground and this guy in this funky pilot's outfit smoking something and jumping all around. Pointing at different parts of the airplane, nodding real serious-like and breaking out into laughter. Really hip guys. I was getting nervous. Then The Singing started.

The stewardess was standing at the PA, crooning out some completely unclever jingle about seatbelts as the plane and I shuddered into the take-off. She obviously had the kind of personality that results from years of exposure to Aqua Net; years spent indoctrinating legions of men into the "Mile High Club" on flights that take less time than most domestic foreplay. Men with premature ejaculation rode Southwest and its stewardpeople just because it was the last place they could screw a stranger without embarrassment. Pity welled up inside me along with the hot dog I'd eaten at the airport. All I could do was pray that the captain was better off than her. But the stealth and discreetness with which the stewardesses opened and closed the cockpit door indicated otherwise. "Leave the old Cap'n be," her shifting eyes said, "He thinks he's flying back into Laos again."

I finally summoned the courage to order the Bloody Mary I needed, only to get carded. So I sipped my ginger ale while watching the rather large and slow biker guy next to me stumble through the crossword in Southwest's "Spirit" magazine. Took him a good seven minutes to get 4 down, a three-letter toughie, "called canine". I double-checked the safety card instructions to see if I was responsible for helping fat men in leather put on their oxygen masks. It sort of looked that way.

Giddy, rhyming babbles and a fatalistic "ding" announced our descent. The entire decrepit aircraft came down like a twacker without speed. The now reclining stewardess closed her shadowed eyelids and began an unforgettable litany of low, soft moans. My own body bent into crash position, long forgotten verses of Catholic prayer streaming through my mouth. I barely heard the captain gasp, "The horror, the horror." Or something like that. Anyways, I'm staying on the ground the next few weekends. Maybe I'll even hang out at a Cloyne Party. It's gotta be safer, and that new "Friends Fry Free" is a real deal. Buh-Bye Southwest.



## Ask Mr. Xenophobic INS Commissioner!

**Mr. XINSC,**  
What does "S.O.S." stand for?  
—Concerned Citizen

**Brainwashable Voter,**  
"Shoot Only Spics." Uh, I mean, "Save Our State."

**Mr. XINSC,**  
Won't denying undocumented immigrants preventive medical care only end up costing the state millions more in the long run for treating more expensive problems that could have been avoided, not to mention increasing widespread outbreaks of disease?  
—Reasonable

**Beamer-lover,**  
Don't you get it? We're not here to pamper the aliens. We just want them to go home to Me-hee-co. Comprehend? If they're bleeding to death, fine, give them a bandaid. After all, we're not animals. But if you think that my fellow taxpayers and I are going to foot the bill for some freeloader that thinks he can just waltz into this state and use up all our polio vaccine, then you need to see a psychologist, 'long as you ain't one of them.

**Mr. XINSC,**  
Did you know that you look like Michael Douglas from "Falling Down"?  
—Redd N. Eck

**Friend,**  
He sure had the right idea.

**Mr. XINSC,**  
Wouldn't we only be worse off by denying public education to the children of undocumented immigrants, since that would result in an uneducated populace with less job skills? And besides, it is against the law for schools to report the immigration status of their pupils.  
—Perplexed

**Ignoramus,**  
The only education I plan to give illegals is directions back to where they came from. We already have to spend way too much on public education as it is. Room for them in classrooms? Never. Jail cells, though, that's a different story.... And as for the legality of schools reporting the immigration status of their students—they way I see it, if they're illegals, they ain't got no rights no how, so how can it be illegal?

### When You're in Love's, the Whole World's Delicious

She served my meat and I knew by the way she handled it that she was experienced. She did it raw. Well, almost—it was a little pink after we were done cookin'.

She worked it right down to the bone, which she then licked with her delicious tongue.

**Mr. XINSC,**  
Why did you write Prop. 187?  
—Aspiring Informed Voter

**Cleuesh Fuck,**  
Ever see "Invasion of the Body Snatchers"? It's the same thing. Lemme put it to you this way—if you had a washing machine all full of them white clothes, and you put your quarters in, and you added your detergent, and your bleach, and then along came a laundry basket just brimmin' with colored socks—brown ones especially, you'd want them to stay just as far away from your machine as could be, right?

**Mr. XINSC,**  
Is it true that your own daughter was impregnated by an undocumented immigrant?

—Henry K. Lee

**Muckraking Little Slanteye,**  
That has not yet been confirmed, we're awaiting the results of the blood tests.

**Mr. XINSC,**  
I'm an illegal alien, I'm an Englishman living in New York.  
—Sting

**Sting,**  
That's okay; you're white. By the way, have you met my lovely daughter?

**Mr. XINSC,**  
Isn't America, with the exception of Native Americans, really a country comprised totally of immigrants? How can you say that we should block services for immigrants now?  
—Idealistic

**Moron,**  
I don't know about you, but I was born and raised on red, white, and blue American soil. Maybe we should check your green card. Or maybe I should say your "pink" card you little ratfink pansy Commie bastard. The people who are flooding in here today are the real problem!

**Mr. XINSC,**  
I'm 100% behind you on this one! Count me in if you need any help!  
—M. Pulisci

**Marco,**  
I knew I could count on you, ol' Buddy! Say, when are we going to drink some more Coors and watch some more of them dirty movies?

The way her lips caressed the beef was to die for. I was in hog heaven. Call it Pork-Fest '94.

And then when the sauce came... ooh. I nearly passed out. It was so thick and tangy. Mmm, I love eating out.

—Mark Seifert

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**Ned's** *free candy!*  
**Halloween Sale!**  
10%-50% off  
on selected items!  
Sing the trick or treat rhyme to a Ned's employee  
and receive an additional 5% off sale items!

*Trick or Treat  
Smell my Feet*

*Give me Something  
Good to Eat*

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## Poor But Happy

By Dawn Vanderhaar

They say the beginning of the end began with Rosh Hashanah this year. There is no doubt in my mind. It's becoming more and more imminent with each passing moment. The end is near. On Rosh Hashanah this year the Master Bulletin was released, and my fate was sealed. Three full years I've spent at this institution studying the wonders of literature, developing a passionate hatred for politicians, becoming a vegetarian and mastering the complexities involved in bleeding-heart, knee-jerk liberalism. Three years I've been plotting a course in my life. And now, with Rosh Hashanah, I realize that it was in fact the wrong course.

On the first glance through the much coveted publication for graduating seniors, a listing describing which employers would actually hire a Berkeley grad, I realized that there was a reason I had never heard about this thing until my first trip to the Career center. I realized why it was that no one in the English Department ever mentioned the beast. Because the beast doesn't want me. It wants engineers. It wants business and economics majors. It wants chemists. It doesn't want some flake who never opened a math book in her entire college career. It doesn't want someone who dreams of becoming the next great author of her time. It doesn't want someone who never once thought of a career until she heard the charming Tele-bears voice scream over and over in her sleep, "YOU ARE ON THE DEGREE LIST FOR FALL 1994!!!" and then break into an evil cackle. It doesn't want someone who can't even figure out what the job description is describing. It doesn't want me.

I'm not really bitter about this, even though I already shelled out the thirty bucks to the regents from hell just so I could go through the damn interviews (they suck you dry, man). There are a couple positions open to any major. But these jobs involve selling life insurance or copy machines. Or they have job descriptions that say things like "analytical mind," "organized," and "must be willing to kiss some major ass." I don't want to think about life insurance. I don't want to run a copier for the rest of my life. I

want to inspire. I want to create. I want to be on Ricki Lake and plug my new psychoanalytical book while lifeguards dance over me in that "hottest lifeguard competition." I want to get in a fist fight with Geraldo Rivera. I WANT IT ALL!

But then I think of all the bills I have to pay and all the debt I'm in after the three lovely years here at the University of want-to-take-all-your-money-and-then-leave-you-with-none-of-the-skills-required-to-actually-obtain-a-job-after-graduation, and I realize that starving on the streets of New York while big men in dark suits and sunglasses try to run me down to steal my wallet and get as much of their money back as they can, is really no way to maintain the stability necessary for sanity. And I think, I could sell life insurance. Copy machines can't be that difficult to run. And fast food places are always hiring. I should have gone to Computer Learning Center, or taken a lesson from Jackie and gone to trucking school.

So I bought two suits. And I just finished my resume, and I'm attending all these seminars at the ol' career center, and I'm thinking that I should just sell out and leave all those dreams behind me for when I'm not so much in debt, and make money now so that later in life I can kick back and be the writer I've always dreamed of... yeah... later... when Billy-Jo and Bobby-Sue (I give you permission to hunt me down and shoot me dead if I ever develop the desire to name my children that) need braces, and the dog has puppies, and the two get accepted into U.C. Berkeley, and Pete Wilson is in office so we (or I according to current statistics) have to put them in the junior college instead, and I have to sell off furniture so they can just buy their books. Yup, that'd be a really good time to give up the job and write, as opposed to now, when my college debt is all I really have to worry about, and I don't have anyone to feed, and I can deal with roaches and no heating. But then, they say those wacky life insurance agents just have the craziest lives. And think of all the fun to be had with copy machines. It's really a toss up.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY FROM SADDAM HUSSEIN

You may be wondering why, in the past few weeks, I have again ordered my troops to mass near the artificial border which divides the region you infidels refer to as "Kuwait" from its rightful mother country, Iraq. My reasons are manifold, but mainly I am protesting your cruel and fickle treatment of an American journalist who came to mean much to me during the turbulent times of discord in 1990-91, a man whose insightful and candid reporting showed the world what undeserved terror rained down on my homeland at the hands of that great Satan, George Bush. I refer, of course, to the distinguished Arthur Kent. Who, you ask? Why, this is exactly the infamy I am protesting! During the war, he was NBC's point man on the scene, the one and only "scud stud." CNN's Wolf Blitzer could not have held a candle to him were it not for his silly name. Yet, the best intelligence I have now indicates that Mr. Kent has virtually disappeared from the spotlight, except for a cooking show weekdays at 3:30 on CNBC.

I will not stand for it! Perhaps you may forget me, a piddling little egomaniacal dictator whom everyone would ignore if he did not control some of the most valuable land on earth, but how could you ever forget a rising star reporter whose talents were so many, and whose contributions to journalism so great? You make me sick, all of you! I will see Mr. Kent back to his proper status in your society even if it means that I have to invade Kuwait again. I don't even want it anymore! You see, I only ask for justice, and I pray to Allah that justice will be served.

Saddam ~~the~~ Hussein

## The Second Coming of the 90210 Lady

by Saba Waheed

Very few of you out there remember the 90210 Lady. A lot of you probably don't even care. The rest of you—well, you'll probably stop reading once I mention that this article has nothing to do with sex. So I'll try to send subliminal sexual messages—ya know, like they do in commercials, and arouse the LIBIDO. So, yes, there once existed a 90210 Lady and since I believe firmly in this notion of self-glorification and exaltation, I've decided to bring her back to life, reminisce about her greatness as well as indulge completely in the distinguished and profound show that most realistically illustrates the woes and joys of college life and SEX. Have you noticed how our Beverly Hills clan has grown together, matured together and eventually all SLEPT together (Donna excluded, of course)?

The 90210 Lady—Spelling groupie, Melrose Place Madam, crowned T.V. Junkie. Queen three years straight and holding the only bumper sticker that says "I got sucked into the system and am FUCKING proud of it." That's right, the 90210 Lady stood proud and tall, like Lady Liberty, holding a remote control in one hand and the T.V. Guide in the other in the good ole days when Brenda and Dylan were still a couple, Melrose Place taught about right and wrong and Models Inc. didn't FUCKING exist.

But time finds a way to SWALLOW all good things, and those days ended just like Brenda's career. Brenda, there's a good place to begin the downward spiral for the show and the 90210 Lady. What's the connection? Simple, they were both FUCKED.

Brenda, the bitch-queen-I-won't-take-shit-from-my-lame-ASS-friends-FUCK-you-all-bar-brawling-I-shat-on-you-and-will-shit-on-you-again-HEROINE was fired. Finished, degraded and betrayed by the general public. Unrecognized. And worst, replaced by the wholesome-wanna-be-a-crazy-bitch-like-Brenda-teenyBOPPER-on-Saved-by-the-Bell-chimpunk-cheeked-untalented Valerie. It was a sad day in the history of television.

And that's when the 90210 Lady LOST IT. Yes, the unimaginable occurred. Something rare for any fully-functioning college student procrastinator—she turned the television off. Thus ended her old way of life. She would no longer be constantly alluding to commercials to clarify her thoughts, helping friends deal with problems with the line "Well, Kelly would have...", comparing her

life to that of the Simpsons, dreaming of appearing on the Richard Bey show, and truly believing that drinking Peps would help her HAVE FUN. It was a sad day in the history of this world.

The Squelch editors threatened her life, in fact promised to make each inching towards death remarkably painful and acute, cursed her descendants (up to ten generations) with blindness, and worst of all, threatened to destroy Elmo, her television, if she wrote another FUCKING 90210 article. (The situation has been rectified now due to some pictures of the editors performing SEXUAL favors for the chancellor).

She was a good girl THRUST into the streets because people laughed at her INFATUATION with the make-believe world. The 90210 Lady, lacking a name and place in society as well as a television role model, roamed the endless streets of Berkeley. She became OBSESSED with bathroom literature, attempted to find solutions to her problems in half hour time limits, and tried to create the true bonds of companionship like those of Kelly-Brenda-Donna. But, you see my friends, life isn't as clear and EASY as television MAKES it OUT to be.

The 90210 Lady came up with a shocking conclusion—this world SUCKS shit. She thought to herself, "This world is mean and cruel and unfriendly." So, she rushed back home and reestablished her old paradise.

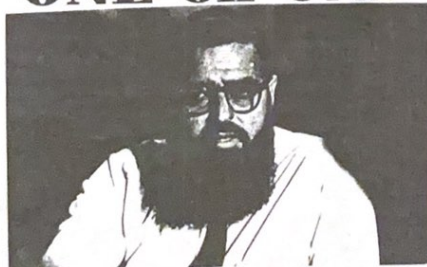
And readers, this is where you come in—indulge in the moral of this story. Make it your guiding star. Tell a friend, T.V. is good. It'll drain away your life and energy and eat up the few living cells in your brain by putting them to sleep forever but it will never, ever leave you alone in this world. Try starting with 90210, then Melrose and soon you will find your entire life revolving around the endless images of color and contrast on the pretty screen.

So, let's see how much more Dylan gets FUCKED up, how long Brandon will keep up his holier than thou FUCKING attitude, if Kelly will stop FUCKING her friends and join a convent and who will Donna finally FUCK.

Tune in, girls and boys, the fun's just about to begin...

This article was funded by Aaron Spell, ing to help raise awareness of his upcoming three part mini-series, "Brenda, the Bitch, the Legend. Life after 90210"

## XXX-Rated Rabbis LIVE! ONE-on-ONE



## Feeling Guilty? Good.

Orthodox Line 1-900-STICK-UP-MY-TUCKUS  
Bar-mitzvah/Party Line 1-900-FILL-MY-KIDDUSH-CUP  
Recorded Talmud Fantasies 1-900-OY-VEY

Fun For Girls and Goys

--VISA/MC/Hamentaschen accepted--



# Menstruation: A Guide for Men

By Rebecca Cohen

Now I don't want to sound like (god forbid) a feminist, but I really need to clear up a few things about a woman's bodily cycles. Or, to be more accurate, why men think women are such raging bitches every month. Men should know what we're suffering; let's not fool ourselves into thinking it's just the result of mysterious hormonal fluctuations.

Now all the men out there (you know who you are, or at least you think you do) picture this: imagine that you wake one morning only to discover that you are bleeding profusely from your asshole. Just imagine it, if you will. There you are, writhing in agony, only to find that you have planted several pretty crimson roses upon your bedsheets and wrecked another pair of underwear.

If you live in a dorm, you're screwed. The skill and subterfuge required to wash your panties without the taunts of freshman boys requires the brains and know-how of a CIA agent. Fortunately, for most women, this isn't hard. But we're talking about you, now. (Remember the hypothetical situation.) How best to subtly smuggle your blood-stained skivvies into a co-ed bathroom and ignore the Cro-Magnon jock who will wait in and observe loudly, "Hey — how come you washin' yer Fruit-of-the-Looms in the sink?" So what do you do? You hustle your leaking ass into the shower

and endure the blast of cold water as you frantically scrub your underwear clean. Then go back into your room and haul out the heavy-duty briefs. No more sexy boxer shorts for you, boy.

Now that you've dealt with the underwear situation, you get to enjoy your week of bleeding. This can last anywhere from two days (usually for gymnasts and anorexic freaks) to seven days (healthy, child-bearing, haul-in-the-crops kind of gals). To fully experience the tampon-wearing sensation, take a popsicle stick and wrap a few wads of cotton around it. Then jam it up your ass. Of course, you could always tape a small sofa cushion to your underwear to get the sensation of wearing a pad. Now walk around with your legs a foot apart as if you're a cowboy who's been in the saddle for three days. This is done, of course, so no one can hear that tell-tale rustling and squeaking, the euphonious noises that accompany a woman on her wondrous journey of fertility.

Feeling uncomfortable yet? Well, we commend you on making it thus far through the article. You're almost with us.

Let's not forget the joys of cramps. Break out the Advil, fellas, and ignore the fact that when you look in the mirror you look like you're retaining water for you and En Vogue. Also ignore the zits blooming on your face like the roses in Kew Gardens.

With all this in mind, glide gracefully into your English class (because as a person who menstruates, you won't have sufficient math and science skills and will be taking all English classes, but that's another issue entirely) and behave as if none of this matters. Remember, brother, you are one of us now. You are a fertile one, ready to be a be-bearin' children any minute now. And don't it make you appreciate us even more?

# Ray Tracer, Dead Detective

by Leon Lin

It was the darkest of nights, it was the stormiest of nights.

I was sitting in my office. Business was terrible. They already cut the electricity & heat to the place, and rats were gnawing at my knees because my detective business doesn't bring in enough money for scraps.

But that's OK with me. That's because I'm dead — I'm Ray Tracer, Dead Detective.

I was gunned down on Telegraph thirty years ago by some anonymous mob hit guy. I returned to earth, determined never to rest until I put my killer to justice.

I finally got a call for a case. Some dame came in my office. She looked like trouble; said she lived in Norton Hall, and some evil spirit was bothering her. I said Lady, this kind of stuff doesn't come cheap even if I'm dead and decomposing. I needed proof she could pay. She said she was the daughter of a UC Regent. I said you're on.

I went over to the local pizza place. The owner, an old friend of mine, immediately yelled at me for dropping chunks of rotting flesh on the ground, but he shut-up when I pointed a skeletal finger at him and said I'd pick it up, damn it. He told me to go to hell & fry in boiling oil. I said been there, done it.

He went on to tell me that he'd heard some rumors about the evil spirit in Norton Hall. I said really. He said yeah, you want to make something of it. I said no,

but tell me more. So he drew me a sketch of some weird demon that lived in the DC of Norton Hall. It looked like some picture Heironymous Bosch drew while on a bad acid. I said what the hell is this? He said you want the tip or not?

So I went over to Norton Hall's DC packing a cross and lots of garlic. I loaded my Dead Special .900 magnum from Hades with silver bullets. I said whoever you are in there, you're dead meat.

Then there's this maniacal laughter, and who else but Orcus, Prince of the Undead pops out of the Teriyaki chicken. He proceeds to vomit on me and cuss me out. I said cut the crap, it's not like I haven't seen people vomit in a DC before. I said you the one responsible for the hauntings, he asked who wants to know. In a very low voice, I said the Dead Detective.

Orcus said ooooooh I'm so scared. I said you better damn well be, come quietly and no one will get hurt. He swings one ugly clawed arm & knocks my head off. That's when I really get pissed and plug him with six silver bullets. He plops down deader than the imitation turkey breast he was spawned from.

I said good riddance and go home. Later the dame comes back and thanks me for exorcising that scum. I say that's okay, give a kiss baby. Then I realized I had left my head in the DC. I run back just before they make it into meatloaf. I repeat my plea for a kiss. She said no thanks.

Must be my deodorant.

## John Z. Gascoigne's

### 27 Berkeley Sex Witticisms

For Nicole Simpson, Who is Now Very Late.

26. This poetry sucks. Yeah, you want Joanne? I'll go and get her.
25. If my ass gets blown out, I'll be dead for certain, but I'm sure to be scooped.
24. Give me a headache. I double-double-dare you.
23. Your balls have no tread worth mentioning.
22. Hold on! No, across the street! What? This is Jenny! Who are you? I have no tits!
21. I'm telling you, I just watched you wash my finger. Oh. Well, you hoped my ass was in a sling.
20. Go away, I'm writing a letter.
19. Pop Rocks! I wanted a Peppermint Patty!
18. Your baglet is in locker 39E.
17. Oil-popped? With butter? Canola. Canola oil. Yeah, the movie's OK. The name's Humpty.
16. Salt and pecker.
15. Surf's up, Ho's down, then we side-swipe our way through a butter stick. A light? Do you smoke at all?
14. You were sodomized into this life? Well then, this really is your funeral. I'm quite alone.
13. That felt good. Great, in fact. To be precise I mean.
12. Mmmm...nnn...ooohooohooo...wait a minute.
11. I really like the sound of your name. They're greenish-blue.
10. I'm like a virgin, for you, now. Tonight. Let me go shopping first.
9. People come on, get ready, I be Teddy, we don't care if we go blind.
8. Hands off, hands off, I'm not going to say this again, get off her vitals umbilicus. Yes, I admire Hillary too.
7. Fucking bitch.
6. And a half. No heart—I've never ever felt so cold in July. Fuck it all. Yeah, I'll hold on.
5. My father was awarded the purple heart. He wanted me to have this car. It has more than a radio, my dear, I do wish you'd sink the tuck-and-roll.
4. An earthquake. Yes, we're all fine. Write me next week. I'm just a little sleepy, and I'm drunk on Roberto.
3. For God's sake, just marry him. He has nowhere else to go.
2. I can remember when you were seventeen and when you were eight.
1. Can't anyone imagine that Yoko is a babe? By any standard?

## A REAL-LIFE BERKELEY ADVENTURE!

by Sarah J. Bago  
This really happened!

**Panel 1:** A woman approaches a man. She says, "Hi! I see that you are very intelligent!"  
TRANSLATION: I see that you have money!

**Panel 2:** The woman says, "With this book, you can reach spiritual enlightenment through meditation on the ancient mysteries. For a small donation, of course." She holds a book titled "HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM NOTHING".  
TRANSLATION: I want your money!

**Panel 3:** The woman says, "Actually, uh, I, uh, think we already have a copy at home. You see, my roommate is Hindu. Yeah." She holds a book titled "HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM NOTHING".  
TRANSLATION: AARGH! Leave me alone!!!

**Panel 4:** The woman says, "But this is a new version, just published! It's very special. You will buy it, yes?" She holds a book titled "HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM NOTHING".  
TRANSLATION: Please give me your money now!

**Panel 5:** The woman says, "I'm sorry, I, uh, don't have any money today." She holds a book titled "HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM NOTHING".  
TRANSLATION: Go away! Go away! Go away!

**Panel 6:** The woman says, "Thank you! Goodbye!" She holds a book titled "HOW TO MAKE MONEY FROM NOTHING".  
TRANSLATION: Damn! Is it my hair?

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## RAVEO

Rush Limbaugh

Albacore tuna with dolphins has always been a favorite at the Limbaugh household. Granted it doesn't pack the punch a steroid-enhanced piece of USDA beef does, but my friends, if you want protein and you want to kill those dolphins, (they always get in the way when we go fishing) there's nothing better. Have to maintain that physique.

For hobbies, a friend recently introduced me to the world of ultra-leather domination & bondage. You know, it's really a kick. And that's what Americans like. It appeals to that Calvinistic/Puritan streak in all of us. We all would like to pay a woman to affect an English accent as she flagellates us. God knows I love it.

My favorite offering from the big screen would have to be the first hour or so of **Schindler's List**. Those poor Jews. But, oh well. They had their chance.

Something I do that my viewing audience doesn't know about: well I've always felt more like a Rushlin than a Rush, so you won't catch me not wearing my favorite electric-blue Ferragamo pumps as I rant obnoxiously on the E.I.B.

Without a doubt, "**Straight Outta Compton**" has to be one of the finest albums to emerge in the history of the industry. The shit is raw. The poetry and lyricism of N.W.A. moves me to tears each time I listen to it. Another one of my fave-raves is **Ricky Nelson**. A fine musician and an even finer Aryan.

For mood altering, I definitely prefer **Prozac**. First, it's a brand name item that you can trust. Second, it's infinitely respectable. Just try and find a politician or someone in the corporate elite or the military-industrial complex who's *not* on it! As for other drugs, my favorites are **children's Tylenol**, for the neat orange flavor, and **Percodan**, because it makes me feel pretty.

Although William F. Buckley Jr. likes the Koreans, I personally prefer the old standby, **the Chinese**. Great potstickers, and excellent laundries. How can you go wrong? Also, unlike the Japanese they don't go around corrupting the economic stability of this great nation.

What does the single most listened to radio personality in the history of broadcasting like between the sheets? Personally, I prefer being on top, usually so I can watch my bulk engulfing my wife. Occasionally I'll acquiesce to her requests and masturbate quietly in the rec room.

Well, obviously my three books have to take top honors. **The Way Things Ought To Be**. See, I Told You So, and my latest, due to arrive this November, **White Makes Right**.

I was watchin' TV, and I saw this guy. He had no arms but he could play the guitar. Hunched over, he'd strum with his right foot & hold the end of the guitar with his left. One time he played a gospel song for the Pope in L.A.

I found myself amazed at his talent because my arms are quite functional & I can't play the guitar for shit. But as I stared at him, I realized that I wasn't so much amazed at his ability to play guitar as I was that his shirt was tucked in...

## The Writing on the Stall

by Ru Newrad

A couple days ago, I read an entry on the rest room stalls that cried out in pain, "Help! I love my boyfriend but whenever we have sex, I always pretend that I'm with his best friend. I feel so damn guilty, but I'm enjoying myself too much to stop." This little outpouring lead me to wonder if there were more guilt-ridden folk out there suppressing themselves in the name of love.

Curious, I asked a friend whether she had ever superimposed another guy's face on her boyfriend while they were boinking. She responded by giving me this look that made me feel like a pervert and rattling off something about Spartan moral strongholds, just before she told me to shut up and never ask her that question again. Christian, no doubt. I walked around campus, asking people here and there the same question and getting chewed-out, spat on and ignored. Getting sick of playing pathetic reporter-wannabe, I decided that most people were just not open to discussing the topic of abstract sexual infidelity, unless of course, they're taking a dump and happen to have a magic marker handy.

For those of you who can't recognize the telltale signs of your inner hot spots—or for those of you who just won't admit that you have inner hot spots—here are three common signs to look for while trying to diagnose yourself of a transgressive sexual imagination (for clarity—and to avoid being called bad names by campus gender police—I'll explain these examples from a female's perspective, though they can just as well be from a male's).

- You have dreams where your boyfriend dies, and his friend is there—conveniently—to comfort you. It's a rainy afternoon when they bury him. Your tears are lost in the rain as you weep uncontrollably at the loss of your true love. Then, just before you remember that you have to do your laundry, the deceased's best friend comes over to you and says, "I've loved you from the first time I laid eyes on you and, while my buddy was busy getting drunk and making fart noises with his armpits, I often dreamed of doing this..." and tilts your head, planting on your lips a big wet one which, incidentally, also gets lost in the rain.
- You insist on making out with your boyfriend when his friend's in the next room. As the only link between your fantasies and your reality, the protagonist in you insists on constructing a symbolic situation. Your boyfriend, symbolizing the wall that separates his best friend and yourself, acts as your medium for sexual osmosis. Works like a charm, so well in fact, that you should perhaps begin to wonder why your boyfriend likes it so much. Good excuses for this behavior are, "Hey, I didn't know the walls were so thin," or "Hey, I couldn't control myself, my inner hot spot made me do it," or even "Hey, hey, Hey!" Go ahead, make up some more excuses here, it'll be good practice.
- You try to get your boyfriend's best friend to make funny faces. You're familiar with his normal facial gesticulations, but these won't do when plugging them in to fit your fantasy romps. You retort by engaging him in activities that take a lot of exertion and sweat. Some of these activities include wrestling, playing Street Fighter II, moshing and of course, uh... basketball.

Caught yourself nodding your head in burning red recognition, eh? Thought so—so stop kidding yourselves, fools. Know that in truth we're all libidinous hormones in conservative guise. Because of our upbringing in a largely conservative society where people stare at you for stupid reasons, like having a safety pin stuck through your eyebrow, we are convinced that to live with excitement is to live in SIN. SIN is almost invariably accompanied by feelings of guilt, exemplified by the volume of anonymous inquiries in the lavatory. Other examples of this unconscious guilt can also be found in introspective dialogue, like "I don't deserve to be loved" or "I lack humanity, therefore I will become an English major and fake it" or "I'm a sexual pervert because I superimpose the face of my boyfriend's best friend on him while we boink." Sad, really, all this needless self-flagellation that just ends up costing you major bucks on a leather recliner.

I may be an apologist for sexual incognito, but if it works, I say it's all-right. It would be beneficial for everyone if steamy sexual thoughts were used to their utmost potential instead of being guiltily scrawled away on the Dear Toilet Stall Columns. Just think of all the great things two people can experience together when their imaginations go pop, and who else better to share them with than a person you care about? However, a word of caution: Don't go after your mate's best friend just because you get off by thinking about him during sex. The chances of him fulfilling your dreams are practically nil. While sex with someone you love can breed serviceable fantasy, a fantasy-turned-real encounter is usually nothing more than an experience in self-deception, something that gets blown when morning comes around and you realize too late the error of your ways. Sheesh, talk about guilt! This one will get you buying magic markers wholesale, and then I'll have to write about this again, and the answer is no. Just remember, as someone once said—and I think it was me—"Whilst torn between guilt and sexual fulfillment, remedy thyself by drinking plenty of fluids and following thy hedonistic instincts." Translated, it means that without sexual fantasies, sex will become way dull so stop complaining a ready, you're all a bunch of damn thespians anyway.

## HERB RAME

Caught wind that some of you felt the last issue wasn't "harsh enough." Kudos to each and every one of you. All too many times my ideas and expressions get quashed because one or two of the editors can't stomach them. Some of my fellow editors feel the need to apologize on my behalf to those editors who have left the room in disgust, reinforcing this behavior. And issue after issue ends up "not harsh enough." It's good to know that there are people out there who don't shrink from reality. They aren't sick, and I'm not sick. I only speak the truth. I did get a hard-on that day at the nutritionist's. When I poked my finger into the seam in between the block of fake jello and the cup that held it, it *did* feel like a clitoris, a slightly dry clitoris, but one nevertheless. Yes, I admit that maybe this was an inappropriate thing to remember out loud in the Chinese restaurant. But I'm certain those little kids will be OK after mommy and daddy explain what the bad man said...

To you Deadheads out there, on shows: the thought of taking hallucinogens with 20,000 people who haven't bathed since Spring equinox and want to spin with you while really really bad music (sorry Jon) is being played does not appeal to normal human beings. I think if I got to bring a fully loaded AK-47 and several frag grenades to the show with me I could have a good time, but until then, I'm on the easelshowday... Thought for the day: if Jesus loves you, why won't he swallow?

Remember that first tryst with Telebeats? You'd listen, shaking in the anticipation of each message's end, frightened you'd miss any of the instructions. Ever so carefully, sometimes after triple and quadruple checking the class entry codes, times, and exam groups, you'd punch the digits on your phone that soon brought you joy or pain. Two or three semesters later, it's hurry the fuck up bitch as you press your ID #, personal access code, and the class entry code all within a four second span. You chuckle to yourself when you hear that asshole who tells you how much your parents owe the Regents get interrupted... Bumpersticker of the month: Fuck animals, Don't Eat Them (seen on a burgundy Minivan)...

From the Ahn files: it's all true, height is everything. She shares a prime tidbit with us: *tall men tend to have tiny penises while short men tend to haul a king-size sausage*. Now how many do you have to go through to discover that? And what about medium-sized men?

If you like porno like yours truly does, go out of your way to see "Above the Rim," just out on video cassette. Also noteworthy, the latest installment of Giovanni Rostoglio's Shakespeare series, "As You Lick It..." A Proposition that's not on the ballot but should be would provide Universal Costco/PriceClub card coverage, so that all of us could buy cases of Henry's for nine & half bucks and those halogen Torchere lamps.

## happy the dickman @ Henry schlag

hi, i'm happy the dickman.

you sure are small.

but if you hug me, i'll grow.

really?





I've read a lot of books and if there's one thing I know, it's...

# The Heuristic Squelch Dating Guide

Presented by Irad Eyal with a grant from the Gimp Foundation for Oral Expression

## What They Say:

## What They Mean:

"Did you come?"	"Because I didn't."
"I have something to tell you."	"Get tested."
"I'm a Romantic."	"I'm poor."
"I'll give you a call."	"I'd rather have my nipples torn off by wild dogs than see you again."
"I never meant to hurt you."	"I thought you weren't a virgin."
"Trust me."	"Let's just keep this between you and me, pumpkin."
"I love you."	"God, what have I gotten myself into!"
"I think we should just be friends."	"You're ugly."
"Haven't I seen you before?"	"Nice ass."
"I want to make love."	"I want to make love."
"Was it good for you?"	"I'm insecure about my manhood."
"We need to talk."	"I'm pregnant."
"I had a wonderful time last night."	"Who the hell are you?"
"I've been thinking a lot..."	"You're not as attractive as when I was drunk."
"I've learned a lot from you."	"Next!"
"I want a commitment."	"I'm sick of masturbation."
"I think we should see other people."	"I have been seeing other people."
"Let's get married."	"Does that mean we can do it now?"
"We don't have to do anything until you are ready."	"Put out or get out."
"I feel it's time to express our love for each other."	"Give me head."
"I still think about you."	"I miss the sex."
"Is there something wrong?"	"Is it supposed to be this soft?"
"You're so mature."	"I hope you're eighteen."
"It's never been like this before."	"It's my first time."
"Yes...Yes...(scream!)."	"Aren't you done yet?"

## Important Dates in History

Dating was invented accidentally by Ms. Grefrock Harding in the late 16th Century\* as she was washing her father's codpiece. As the jewel-encrusted accessory became more and more polished, Grefrock began to see her reflection. She was shocked. And stunned. And struck with an idea. Since then dating has evolved into an almost omnipresent entity. Every culture across the globe (except for Chinese) has some sort of dating ritual. In Central Africa, prospective couples must endure the Dance of the Seven Piercings before their first outing. Lovers in the Pacific Islands write long essays about why they want to go out with each other and submit them to the Squelch for grading and proper pre-date authorization. In Berkeley, fanciers grovel and whine for the chance to be humiliated in public by the one they love. These are only a few of the fascinating yet nauseating dating rituals seen around the world.

\*Carbon dating indicates the exact year was 1734.

## How to get them to come to your room!

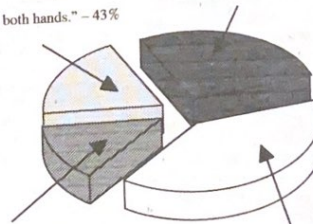
Cut this out and put it on your pillow. Next time you meet a likely partner say, "I have this 'thing' in my room that you've got to see. I can't really explain what it is... you've just got to see it for yourself... Yah, it's this thing... it's in my room. Let's go!"



We asked a random sampling of Cal students how they would respond if their date asked them "How do you feel about me?" The responses:

"Could you roll down the window?" - 14%

"With both hands." - 43%



"I love you baby, now help me with this zipper" - 18%

"You would be..." - 25%

## ✓ Pre-date Checklist ✓

- ☐ Money
- ☐ Birth control
- ☐ The Date Emergency Card\*
- ☐ A good book
- ☐ Breath mints
- ☐ Penicillin
- ☐ A date

Well, that's all kids. You're on your own from here. We wish you the best of luck in all of your love endeavours. Always remember to keep your fly well lubed and never give up hope. It can't get any worse. I'd like to close with a little quote from a close friend of mine, Chuck Close (the photorealist).

Chuck said, "It really isn't that difficult to find love. I find it repulsive."

## Date Emergency Card

Date's Name \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Blood Type (circle one) A B D- O  
AB Cold

paste your  
picture  
here



paste date's  
picture  
here

Conversation Topics for the Conversation - Impaired topic

- "say this in a polite even tone"
- Culture • "Did you see 90210 last night?"
- Religion • "I really love Jesus."
- History • "I'm re-opening the Lincoln case."
- Politics • "I look just like Nixon when I'm naked."
- Dining • "How's the knish?"
- Fashion • "Let's talk about body piercing—traigus rings are sooooo gauche."
- Arts • "Wanna see the tattoo on my butt?"
- Sports • "I think Cowlings did it."
- Music • "Lawrence Welk is the real king."
- Sex • "Yes!"
- Travel • "I went to the City last night. Cool."
- Linguistics • "I think 'Hijo di la flauta' means something bad in Italian."
- Philosophy • "Who do you think you are anyway?"
- Drugs • "Do you have any Kaopectate?"

If at any time during your date you feel nervous, afraid, or likely to crash and burn remember to stay calm and recite the following phrase three times (in your head):

*I am attractive. I am smart. I have satisfying sexual organ geometries. I am witty. I am cute. I give good head. I smell nice. My parents love me.*