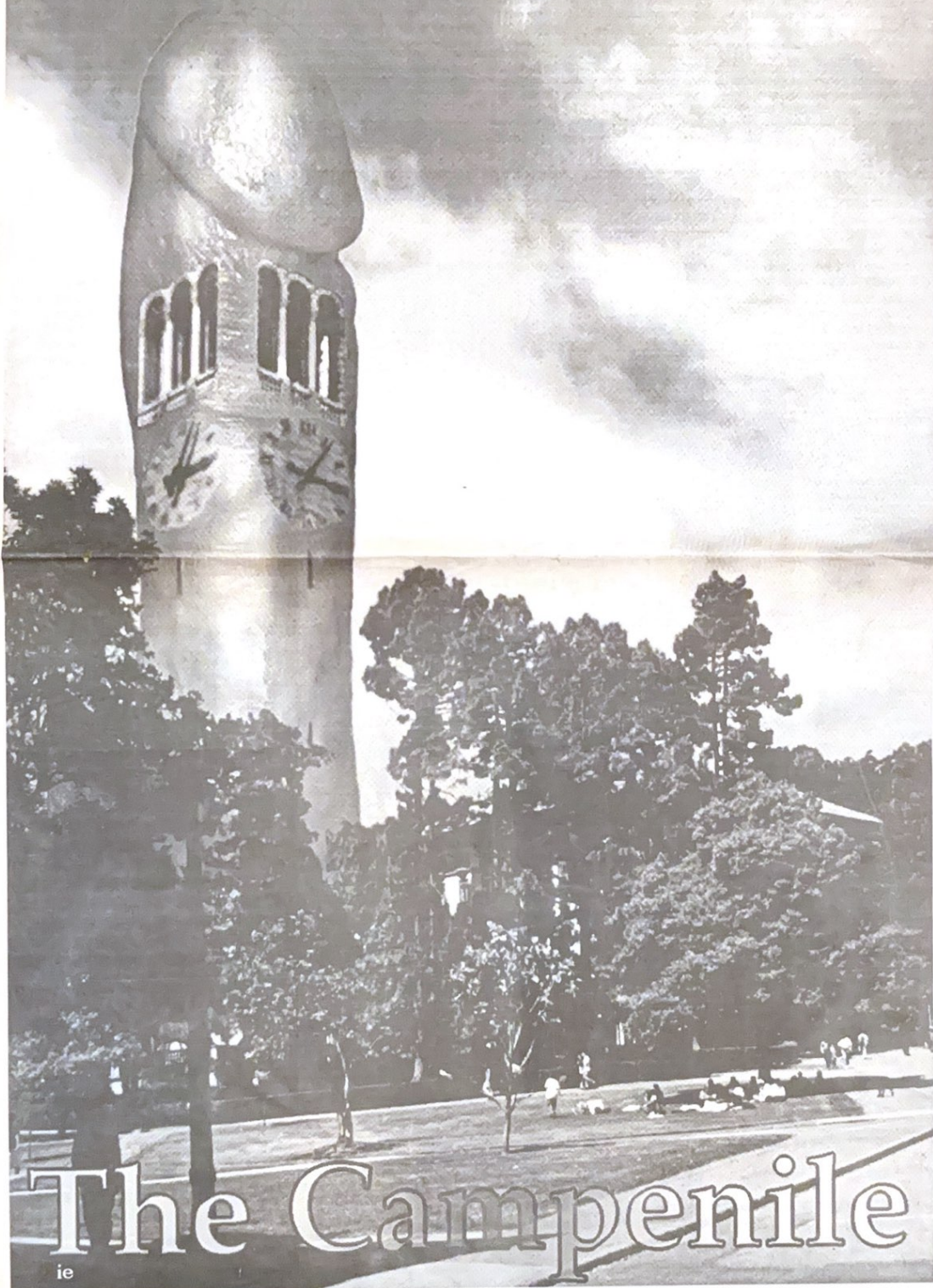


# THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Volume 6, Number 1

September, 1995



## The Campanile

ie

## Goodbye, Cruel World

I write this column with a heavy heart and a lump in my throat. The heavy heart comes as a result of this being my last issue as Editor of the *Squelch* before I travel to London for the year on the EAP program. As for the lump, I'm having it removed tomorrow, and the biopsy results should be in by next week. But seriously, all cancer humor aside, I am quite anxious about my journey.

First of all, I have to fit everything I own into two suitcases, so taking my car is probably out of the question. Second, I have to take a twelve hour non-stop flight. This does not bode well, because I know that the movie will be something on par with *Troop Beverly Hills*, which I have somehow managed to see on two different flights. I also know that I will end up sitting next to some guy who obviously has personal reservations about using deodorant and who swears, swears, that his brother's friend's gardener performed the marriage ceremony for David Geffen and Keanu Reeves. I'm going to avoid entering Seinfeld territory by making airplane food jokes, although I will say that I should probably savor whatever they give me, because from what I understand the British diet consists largely of boiled potatoes.

Whatever happens while I'm in the old country, I know that the whole experience will have been worth it because I have had the opportunity to participate in the EAP program. The Berkeley EAP staff members are hardworking, dedicated, enthusiastic, and there are about four of them. Yet these people somehow manage to produce an unbelievable amount of paperwork. The EAP application makes tax forms look like *Madlibs*. But seriously, all incoherent analogies aside, navigating this maze of bureaucracy can be a daunting experience. There is an essay in which you must state your reasons for wanting to go abroad. The real reason you want to go is rarely the reason that will gain you admission to the program, so try embellishing a bit:

**BAD:** "I want to go to Holland because they talked about it in *Pulp Fiction* and besides my friend went to a hash bar there and saw God."

**GOOD:** "I am interested in spending the semester in Amsterdam because I am fascinated by the culture and museums and stuff. I want to see the work of that famous painter. You know, the guy with the ear."

You also must be willing to endure interminably long orientation sessions. Be prepared to listen to EAP staffers lecturing you about drug use: "I know you're used to rather lax drug enforcement here in Berkeley, but in Singapore you can be executed for marijuana possession. So before you engage in any drug use while abroad, you've got to ask yourself if it's really worth several years of hard labor." (I am not making this up.)

Despite all of these trials and tribulations which occupied my sophomore year, I still highly recommend the EAP program. It enables you absorb another culture in a new learning environment while you make new friends and have enriching experiences. (Keep in mind that I haven't yet gone on the program, so I'm just reading out of the brochure.) It will be sad to miss out on producing the *Squelch* and all of the attendant glory and privilege, but it will do my best to be an ambassador for the *Squelch*, for Berkeley, and for all of America. Or something.  
-BP

Hi. I thought I'd just say hello as long as we have the space. I just said hi, twice actually, so the point of my message has now come across. I can stop now and do something useful, like finish the rest of the issue. Goodbye.  
-JS

## NewsFlashes

### Grateful Died

Jerry Garcia, legendary guitarist and singer for the Grateful Dead, trucked on to the big rehab center in the sky on Wednesday, August 9. His will will undoubtedly be mourned by countless fans and drug dealers across the world. Garcia was 53 (or 371 in dog years).

### A Quick Rule of Thumb

More unrest in the former Soviet Union as democracy continues to stumble. Sources in Baku, Azerbaidzhan, report that just last week a government official's thumb seized control of his entire right hand. Its rule was short lived however, as the officials' four fingers enlisted help from the rest of his body to restore democracy to the hand.

### UC Sellout

In a move to raise money for Cal, University officials have announced plans to sell the Paleontology Department's collection of bones housed in the Campanile to the Jello Corporation. In a related story, Burger King has expressed interest in the hazardous waste stockpile in Life Science Annex.

### Special Secret Ink Newsflash

You know, James Bond used to write sometimes to write top-secret messages. Yum.

### The Truth!!!!!!!

This article will tell you everything you need to know about life. In fact if you

Are you funny... looking?  
If you laughed at that,  
don't come to our  
meetings.

We are always looking for writers, artists, photographers,  
key grips and best boys.

The First Meeting will be held Tuesday, September 12,  
7:00 pm at La Val's on Durant.  
You can also contact the Squelch via  
seff@uclink2.berkeley.edu or by calling (510) 848-9159

SUBMIT

your

material

Also, if you're willing to put a lighted flare up your ass (and let us photograph it for a future issue), please, please contact us immediately. This is no joke.

## 600 Years Ago in Ye Squelch...

"A knight, asked by the Queen if he has fathered any children, is forced to admit he has not, and indeed he 'did not have the look of a man who could please his mistress when he held her naked in his arms. For his beard was... little more than the kind of fuzz that ladies have in certain places.' The Queen tells him she does not doubt his word, for it is easy to judge from the state of the hay whether the pitchfork is any good.' In his turn, the knight asks, 'Lady, answer me without deceit. Is there hair between your legs?' When she replies, 'None at all,' he comments, 'Indeed I do believe you, for grass does not grow on a well-beaten path.'"

Stop reading this now if you know what is good for you. This is a chain article. In 1748, a young man read this article and passed it on to his friends. Today he is the most popular host of American Bandstand. That man is Dick Clark. His friend chose not to pass along this article and he was hounded by locusts for many weeks. When he finally passed on the article, his pubic hair grew back immediately. And you know what he did with his perfectly good buttocks?

He rectum. You may be interested to know that this article has travelled around the world 9 times. The frequent flyer miles alone are worth more than your soul.

Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to pass 7 copies of this article to your friends within 30 seconds. If you choose not to, you may follow in the footsteps of Frank Frank who could only taste eggplant for the rest of his life. Don't be Frank Frank.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Readers,  
Welcome to this year's *Squelch*. For you Freshwomyn, this should be your first issue and so here's a special Cal tradition you need to know about. This is VERY IMPORTANT: if you enjoy the *Squelch* or if you use vowels when you make words, then you're supposed to find an editor and give him a big kiss or ask him out on a date, preferably both. We also like our butts touched.

Dear Editors,  
Faster than an unloaded bullet.  
More prostrate than a five-dollar hooker.  
Able to move three or four fingers in a single hour.  
It's a squash!  
It's a zucchini!  
It's Supervegetable!  
Jimmy Olson

Dear Editors,  
Hello mates! No I'm not stupid, let me explain myself perhaps. Being English, I've seen many white women and rather a lot of black teeth and so I've developed quite a keen fetish for the opposite: black women with white teeth; thus my dalliance with Ms. Divine. Apologies to all. Get metric.  
H. Grant

Dear Editors,  
You are unable to add this class because... you're departmental priority category is full.  
Mr. Tele-Bears

Dear Editors,  
A rolling stone gathers no moss.  
Rasputin's Records

### THE HUGH-RISTIC SQUELCH

Soliciting.  
Since 1991.

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Cover

No penises were harmed during the making of this cover.

Special thanks to: *Good Vibrations* for the didos, God, our agents, the Academy, Goldie Hahn who got us cleaned up, the Dad who told us to quit, the Marine Corps who whipped our asses into shape, the guy who invented those bottle-opener key chains, Bob Sager's assassin, Berkeley Free Clinic, the Rabbi who performed our Bris, and anyone who read this far (wasn't worth it, was it?).

# PARTY at Blaked ON TELEGRAPH

"Best Pub/Tavern"  
*The Daily Californian '95*

**2 for 1 cover charge for students**

- Every Mon. - The Steve Ganon Blues Band
- Every Tues. - Phat Tuesday w/ dj Shante
- Every Wed. - Cartoon Club w/ dj Maestro
- Every Thurs. - Acid Jazz w/ Chill Factor
- Every Sun. - Live Rock & Acoustic singer/  
songwriter



- |                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Fri. 9/8 The Jenny Thing    | Sat. 9/9 Big Brotha Soul    |
| Fri. 9/15 The Mo'fessionals | Sat. 9/16 The Mo'fessionals |
| Fri. 9/22 Lawsuit           | Sat. 9/23 Occam's Razor     |
| Fri. 9/29 Munkafust         | Sat. 9/30 Los Angelitos     |

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Over 40 million tea bags served, it's...



## TOP TENS



### Top Ten Uses for Bloating Ethioian Kwashikore Children:

10. Whoopee cushions
9. Life jackets
8. Seat cushions for baseball games
7. Breast implants
6. Packing materials
5. Weather balloons
4. Footballs
3. Nitrous balloons
2. Buoys
1. Driver's side airbag

### Top Ten Modern-Day Phobias:

10. Fetophobia: Fear of the drama department
9. Ipitydaphobia: Fear of Mr.T
8. Affirmatophobia: Fear of the Regents
7. Flavaflavophobia: Fear of a black planet
6. Felchaphobia: Fear of straws
5. Poseurphobia: No Fear
4. Afraid@phobia: Fear of the internet
3. Freakaphobia: Fear of Björk
2. Homophobia: A Republican campaign stratagem
1. Foofightterphobia: Fear of grunge

### Top Ten DE-Cal Classes for Fall '95:

10. Drama 98: Bacon or Ham?: The Films of Kevin Bacon
9. Biology 69: Learning to Draw Our Naughty Parts
8. IDS 198: I Made Up This Class For Units, Dude
7. Human Biodynamics 123: Spelling your Major
6. Astronomy 24: Listening to Pink Floyd On the Roof of Campbell
5. Comp Lit 99: The Complete Works of Shel Silverstein
4. EECS 197: Let's Build A Missile!
3. Music 199: Upper Division Eddie Vedder Studies for Non-Majors
2. Mass Comm 98: Taking Sitcoms Seriously
1. Anthro 124: Kickin' it Old School

### Top Seven Names for the Seven Dwarves:

7. Sleepy
6. Dopey
5. Doc
4. Happy
3. Angry
2. Bashful

"Fuck what's the last one?"

"It's Stupid."

"No you're stupid, the dwarf's name is Mandingo"

"THE BADDEST DWARF IN THE WEST INDIES?"

"No, this list — it's stupid."

"Mazel Tov"

"RABBI PLEASE BE QUIET WE'RE TRYING TO WORK."

"I thought Mandingo was an Ewok. Um, anyways, I think its Bulging."

I know what this is about. You want me to have an abortion! "No wait guys, I got it:"

1. Webster

### Top Ten Ways Things Would Be Different if Kids Ran the White House:

10. Tin cans from staff kitchen devoured in minutes.
9. Serving beets or liver made a felony crime.
8. Naps, jelly beans, and bed wetting — just like the Reagan years.
7. Secret Service run ragged by constant closet and under-the-bed monster checks — just like the Ford years.
6. Foreign dignitaries greeted in elaborate scab picking ceremonies.
5. Drunk HIV+ 16 year-old deflowering virgins -- (Oops, wrong Kids)

### 4. \$1,000 per Happy Meal re-election campaign fundraisers held.

3. Green Power Ranger named EPA chairman
2. Cabinet extended to include a Secretary of Pogs.
1. Michael Jackson would become more politically active.

### Top Ten Wild Westerners who smoked Pot:

10. Hop-a-bong Cassidy
9. Sitting Bowl
8. The Man from Stoney River
7. Annie Toakley
6. The Ganj-slinger
5. Butch Cassidy and the Sinsemilla kid
4. Davey Chronic
2. Wild Bill Thickblunt
3. Wyatt Herb
2. Kit Carbson
1. Billy the Kid who smokes a lot of pot

### Top Ten Windows '95 Features:

10. Mapplethorpe screen-saver
9. Pine-fresh scent
8. Bob Saget system sounds
7. All recycled parts -- from Macintosh operating system
6. Free copy of 1984
5. Built-in macros to search for underage, impressionable children on the internet
4. \$50 coupon for \$1000 memory upgrade needed to run it.
3. Oprah's favorite recipes.
2. Special software checks for viruses & antitrust suits
1. Billy the Kid who smokes a lot of pot

### Top Ten Barbie characters:

10. Barefoot n' pregnant Barbie
9. Eazy-E's Ho-Barbie
8. Artificial implants Barbie
7. Rugmunching Barbie
6. Environmentally ill Barbie
5. Take back the night Barbie
4. Affirmative Action Barbie
3. The Gore daughter Barbie
2. OJ's slaughtered Barbie
1. Barbie Q

### Top Ten Obscure Dog Breeds:

10. Red Dog Terrier
9. Irish Drinker
8. Messianic Shepherd (eh?)
7. Doberman Butt-Pinscher
6. English Todger
5. File Retriever
4. Australian Leghumper
3. Packwood Crotchsniffer
2. Chia-Pet-Huahua
1. Oprah Husky

### Top Ten Ways to Clear a Keg at a Frat Party:

10. "Look, a chick passed out over there!"
9. "Hey, Brad's got a Windows '95 Beta tester!"
8. "Is it just me, or is that menstrual fluid splattered on the tap?"
7. "Did you know that James Bond used urine for writing secret messages?"
6. "Hey let's go pee on the handicap womens' toilets seats in Wheeler!" (actually overhead at XW)
5. "There's no line at the bathroom???"
4. "You know what, this foam isn't that bad..."
3. "We all have to be up early for the Intrafraternity Council meeting!"
2. "Hurry up! The DJ's playing 'Blister in the Sun!'"
1. "YES!!! Another keg of Natural Light!"

# Affirmative Re-Action(s)

by Ben Pershing

For those of you who have been living in a cave for the last few months, or perhaps in Fremont, it may come as news to you that the UC Board of Regents recently voted to end the use of affirmative action in its admissions policies. This decision provoked a wide range of responses, most of which were not heard by this reporter, who spent much of this summer sleeping and debating who is the best character on "Friends". However, in the interest of journalism and pointless controversy, I have attempted to cobble together a representative cross-section of voices from the Berkeley campus. I warn you that some dramatic license has been taken for the purpose of clarity and slander.

"I have no morals," offered ASUC puppetmaster Alex Weingarten. When reminded that the subject was not his integrity but affirmative action, he responded, "I am unethical."

"I think that this attack on minorities is much too broad," suggested one college republican from Anaheim. "Governor Wilson should shift his focus back to illegal immigrants, where it belongs." The student, who professed to having a tattoo of Pat Buchanan, displayed a particular disdain for Mexican immigrants, who "will steal from you as soon as look at you."

"Um, what?" queried a member of the Intrafraternity council when asked how he felt the affirmative action vote would affect minority representation in the Greek system. After I reiterated the question in a more monosyllabic fashion, the brother seemed to exhibit a proper sense of outrage: "You

know who you should tell this stuff to? My dad. He says that he's going to donate lots of money to Pete Wilson's presidential campaign, so maybe he'll get appointed as a Regent."

Many have suggested that this recent vote will benefit Asian-American students, whose admissions would likely increase if affirmative action is ended. A member of the Chinese Student Association, when interviewed at CSA's table in Sproul Plaza, pointed out that "the CSU (Chinese Student Union) sucks. We were here first." Although I had trouble hearing the gentleman over the Erasure blaring from the stereo in front of him, I believe that he went on to say something about a dance

## Squelch enters 20th century

Despite the UC regents' recent vote to end affirmative action, the Heuristic Squelch has renewed its pledge to make its staff look "more like America." In the past, some students have criticized the Squelch for the lack of minorities on its editorial staff. One anonymous editor attempted to defend the Squelch's ethnic composition: "We had some minority representation, but she left," explained the source, quaffing a brew. He continued, "We are actively pursuing minorities to augment our editorial staff. In particular, we are eager to bring some Fijians or Pacific Islanders into the Squelch family. Especially if they know some Samoan jokes. That shit cracks me up." -BP

this Friday night.

"Jesus!" asserted a Jesus guy when I asked him if he felt that affirmative action was necessary to make up for past discrimination. I pointed out to him that many minority students have not been afforded the same educational opportunities as their white peers, but he continued to insist "Jesus!"

"I'm tired of minorities receiving special treatment," one prominent student-athlete told me from his car phone. "They should be judged on merit just like everyone else. We had to score 700 on the SAT, and so should they." A high-ranking member of the athletic department was similarly enthused. "Now maybe we can use some of the left-over financial aid money to pay our legal fees."

## Sucker (continued from p. 6).



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# Where there's a will...

by Jonathan Seff

As a Deadhead, I was very saddened to hear of the death of Jerry Garcia. But, in each and every one of us dwells a certain morbid interest in death, and especially what becomes (or should I say remains) of a person after they have passed on to that great Dark Star in the sky. My morose curiosity was fulfilled when I obtained a copy of Jerry's will, and I wish to satisfy yours by sharing it with you. Although death don't have no mercy, it does seem to exude some sort of benevolent generosity.

*I, Jerome John (Jerry) Garcia, hereby declare the following document, upon my death, as my legal last will and testament, and designate my attorney/drug dealer as executor thereof.*

- To my wife: I leave my mother's special fatty-eggroll recipe*
- To medical science: I leave my arteries, harder than any substance known to mankind*
- To the inhabitants of People's Park: I leave my sweat-pants and black t-shirt—oh wait, I'm buried in them!*
- To Phish: I leave my millions of fans*
- To Santa Claus: I leave my beard*
- To O.J.: I leave an alibi*
- To Bob Dylan: I leave my voice*
- To Jesse Helms: I leave my jar of pickled pig scrotum*
- To Alternative musicians: I leave my talent*
- To the closet: I leave my skeleton*
- To my family: I leave you set for life*
- To David Letterman: I leave my overly obsessive fans*
- To the city of San Francisco: I leave my map to the secret passages under the Avalon Ballroom*
- To my bandmates: I leave your careers in shambles*
- To still water: I leave a ripple*
- To Ben & Jerry's: I leave my name, since you've already stolen it for Cherry Garcia ice cream (and low-fat frozen yogurt too)*
- To my veins: I leave just a little more Smack*
- To Stead O'Conner: I leave my hair*
- To Newt Gingrich: I leave my ass, to be kissed*
- To Michael Eisner: I leave my last sheet of top-grade Mickey Mouse acid*
- To everyone else: If I had the world to give...*

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# MENACHE'S

THE REAL BERKELEY



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Chicken Breast Sandwiches  
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E-mail Mayor Dean - dean@ci.berkeley.ca.us  
Demand an end to Berkeley's Special Enforcement Unit!



# A History of Alcohol

by Matthew Kevil Thomas



Alcohol is one of the most ancient inventions. It even predates soap, which tells us that we were drunk before we were clean. In all cultures, people have used alcohol to observe religious rites, to partake in more general celebrations, and to aid in wife beating. Examining the progression of alcohol consumption in the west, that is in European civilization, engenders a noteworthy evolution. One that spans from as far back as the Homeric Greeks, who when mixing their wine in bowls threw in grains of barley, to the Greeks of today: Anglo-American frat boys draining kegs of Natural Light and Mickey's Ice. No doubt if Dionysus were around today he would be found attending fall rush, "δουλοτη απεαβλαχουσο? (So what 'ya gonna major in?)" The tale of such a transformation merits our attention, if not for historical revelation then at least for a quick diversion.

As you already know or will quickly learn at this university, white people haven't invented anything [except for very harmful and evil things]. They've just ransacked innovation from non-Europeans. In this vein, those cultural larcenists known as the Hellenistic Greeks inherit the concept of grape cultivation from both the Mesopotamian and Egyptian cultures.

Just after the Golden Age of Athens, a philosopher named Plato divides the world into two realms: the real and its more spiritual counterpart, the ideal; the term "spirits"

comes to refer to wine and other alcoholic beverages because of their capacity to bring man closer to a more ideal state of being.

Building upon and refining the tried and true Greek traditions of wine making and pederasty, the Romans perfect the orgy. They are content to do this much.

In the centuries that follow the Roman collapse and precede a rebirth of order under the Christian aegis, the quality of life in western culture falters. The turmoil of these Dark Ages had deleterious effects upon the practice of drinking alcohol. Brigand knights of central and eastern Europe found themselves reduced to drinking the various provincial mixtures of ale and urine, the forefathers of today's canned beers. Though using excrement to enhance the potency of a drink sounds peculiar, in practice the technique was widespread. The Viking raiders of the north used it to ferment their alcohol and also in cooking. If you've ever sampled Scandinavian food this makes sense.

A lot of people mistake the High Middle Ages for a Grateful Dead album [Take my wife please]. It was in this era of the crusades that the Knights Templar are credited with the first micro brewery, "Black Plague Stout,"

a concoction of hops, rye, water, and the disinterred remains of those who had succumbed to the drink's namesake. Throughout and beyond the High Middle Ages, dynamic, seminal energies fount from the fermenting theological tension between freligion and fechnology. The astronomical endeavors of Copernicus, Gallileo, and Kepler refute the God-like influence of the Holy See. Martin Luther achieves inspiration on the toilet, where strangely enough he is pondering the state of the Church. Unit 2

is built. Spanish and Portuguese guys with bad attitudes explore the newly rounded globe to spread the brotherly love of Christianity and subjugate native peoples, in the process they spread some very cool venerable diseases. These and other events accompany the Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation, and age of Exploration; in turn they would also impregnate western culture with what eventually affects the Industrial Revolution.

Move along quickly... people die, stuff gets invented, textile mills, child labor, blah, blah, blah... At some point in the 19th century, the attempts of a St. Petersburg scientist to make kerosene out of a distilled grain mixture inadvertently results in the

first batch of vodka. This was just in time for Karl Marx to invent Communism and for Lenin to import it to Russia. With all due respect to the Kennedy family, never was a more perfect marriage between alcohol and a political institution made.

Here in America, the recreational use of alcohol doesn't catch on until Europeans inhabit the continent. Since then, it, like Bingo, has taken off in both native and non-native circles alike. Alcohol and America are so intimately linked that the most noteworthy episode in their relationship regards a failed attempt to sever this bond, namely Prohibition. During Prohibition, dry Americans find themselves so desperate to quench their thirsts they visit Canada — frequently. Such shocking depravity renders the anti-drinking laws effete. Couple this with a need for excise tax revenues and a remembering of the Bill of Rights, and Big Brother calls off his sober dogs.

So like now dude. We got like party balls back in 86' and then like lately it's been really cool. First there was just like regular beer and now we got like dry and ice and red kinds. Did 'ya know that back in the 50's they had to open their beers with can openers?! I saw it in a movie dude. And once there was this guy in the house who had this hat that you could like sip beer from these tubes on his hat and stuff. So righteous — BELCH! Hey Dionysus, you wanna play some beer pong?

"πιντοσορι! (Right on!)"  
That guy's so cool dude.

**"With all due respect to the Kennedy family, never was a more perfect marriage between alcohol and a political institution made."**



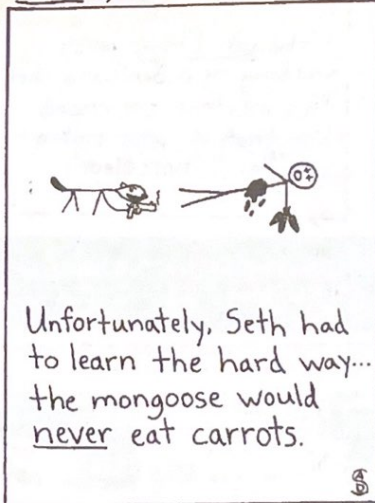
Oski's cousin, Nitmo, was arrested and charged with 14 counts of child strangulation. The two boys pictured in this life-like re-creation were found when workers removed the astroturf at Memorial Stadium. Their little faces were frozen in the same idiotic grins.

## My Summer by Lil' Joey Stoma

THIS SUMMER I WENT TO A SPECIAL CAMP WITH MY MOMMY. DADDY DIDN'T GO WITH US AND NEITHER DID MY SISTER SUZY. BECAUSE DADDY TOOK SUZY AWAY AND I HAVEN'T SEENED THEM SINCE BEFORE SUMMER. MOMMY GOT REAL UPSET WHEN DADDY TOOK SUZY. SHE CRIED AND I CRIED TOO. BUT I WAS KINDA GLAD DADDY WAS GONE CAUSE IT HURTS WHEN HE USES ME FOR HIS ASHTRAY. THEN ONE DAY MOMMY'S FRIEND INVITED US TO HIS CAMP. THAT'S THE SPECIAL CAMP I WENT TO. IT WASN'T LIKE OTHER CAMPS I BEEN TO. FIRST THERE WAS LOTS OF SHEEP AND GOATS. I LIKED PETTIN THE GOATS AND IT MADE MY CRY WHEN THE PEOPLE AT THE CAMP CUT THEM UP AND DRANK THE BLOOD. MOMMY WAS ONE OF THE SPECIAL ASSISTANTS TO THE

CAMP LEADER. MOMMY AND HIM AND HIS FRIENDS WENT INTO A SPECIAL VAN AND IT SOUNDED LIKE WHEN DADDY AND SUZY PLAYED. I WENT IN THE SPECIAL VAN ONCE AND IT SMELLED REAL BAD. THEN ONE DAY, MOMMY'S FRIEND TOLD ALL THE GROWN-UPS TO GO DOWN BY THE RIVER AND THEY DRANK THE SPECIAL KOOLAID. BUT THIS TIME THE SPECIAL KOOLAID WAS DIFFERENT AND ALL THE GROWN-UPS WERE DEAD. I CRIED BUT I WAS KINDA GLAD MOMMY WAS GONE CAUSE IT HURTS WHEN SHE USES ME FOR HER ASHTRAY. THERE WASN'T NO MORE FOOD SO WE HAD TO ATE ALL THE ADULTS. I DIDN'T WANT TO ATE MY MOMMY AGAIN, ESPECIALLY THEN. AND NOW I LIVE WITH MY NEW MOMMY AND DADDY.

## Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



## VISIT THE SQUELCH WORLD WIDE WEB PAGE

[HTTP://server.berkeley.edu/Squelch](http://server.berkeley.edu/Squelch)

Just in case you thought we were as archaic as some of our humor, think again, and then check out our page on the World Wide Web.

## The Squelch

It's more than just a paper. It's a premium litter-box liner.

### And on the 8th Day God Graduated...

by Josh Switzky

We all get older. Some of us get wiser. Some of us sag a little with age or grow tufts of hair in our ears. And most of us who attend some sort of educational institution graduate, eventually. I've been scared to graduate ever since last November when Tele-Bears asked me if I would like to be placed on the degree list (I was foolish enough to be convinced by some high school counselor that passing a score of AP tests would make my college years better. In a sense she was right, because immediately after arriving at college I was able to skip that necessary readjustment period and was lucky enough to start worrying about the ticking of my "free-ride clock": a slacker's biological clock. Like my mom said, "Once you graduate young man, there's no more free ride." Twenty-one AP units has caused me to suffer a sort of collegiate mental progeria (you've seen it on Donahue or Geraldo — that disease where kids physically age rapidly and can get into movies for senior citizen rates at age 8). I turned down Ms. Tele-Bears' heinous request — I will not be denied my full four years of elitist higher education, the

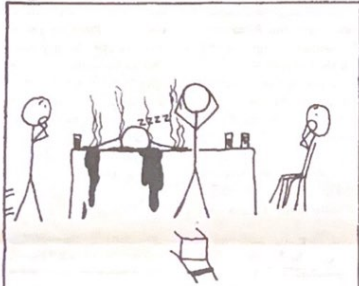
right to use campus libraries to fulfill all my spelunking fantasies, and the right to not make use of the RSF for free (I've found out that free love is no longer included with tuition, although rubbing oneself on the mighty Campanile in the rain can be quite fulfilling). This semester, for the first time in my academic career, I can truthfully say that I am taking a class "for fun" (translation: not commanded by the gods of the Haas School of Business as a class that will keep me out of the gutter and in a tie [aka: noose]), as I grasp at the final strands of knowledge, insight, and obscure trivia within earshot before I'm kicked out of here with a giant "thudpleasesirhimom" (that's the sound of Oski's golden paw kicking my ass out of here so I can grovel for a job and dejectedly show up on my parents' doorstep). I'm afraid that once I leave these hallowed halls that my life's learning curve will plateau for many years with the occasional burst of knowledge when the batteries in my remote control run out and leave me stranded on the Discovery channel for a few days or I happen to read the nutritional information on my

half-empty box of stale Cheerios (heretofore referred to as "dinner") to gauge how fast I'm withering away (wouldn't want to take up too much room on the planet, it's getting kinda crowded). A friend of mine recently graduated from Cal and slithered low enough to find a job with a fascist consulting firm in a large office building in San Francisco. He tells me daily of the joys of selling his soul to help plot the rise of the Two Wise Men (Newt and Bob) and staring out his window drooling over the fact that the people driving their cars below on Market Street probably have more interesting and meaningful things to do. Graduation to me conjures up an image of something resembling the sheer eternal drop-off into the clouds at the end of the ocean that pre-Columbian Europeans feared. So with ten months separating myself and oblivion, I've been panicking more and more and school seems more and more like Eden (I'm taking all the apples I can carry). I guess that's why God created "bumming around Europe."

### Short Conversations

- "I love you, dammit. And I don't care what these people think; all that matters is you and I."  
"Objection your Honor!"  
"Sustained."
- "So how's your Scatological Studies class going?"  
"Shitty."
- "I eat pussy."  
"Cat killer!"
- "You know the French have a saying: *A dessert with cheese is like a beautiful woman with one eye.*"  
"Then I guess the French don't know the first thing about skull-fucking."
- "Question authority."  
"Why should I?"
- "Houston, we have a problem."  
"Not enough Oscars, Gumpboy?"
- "I'm so bummed about Jerry."  
"Yeah, the Dead will never be the same."  
"No, I meant Jerry Mathers from 'Leave it to Beaver.'"
- "Spare some change for beer?"  
"Get off the trash can, you're getting it dirty."
- "Don't worry, it's me, Casper."  
"I have no legs, I have no legs!"
- "How are we gonna kill this space?"  
"I don't know."

Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



Although Floyd loved working as a Benihana chef, this incident convinced him that it was not a job for a narcoleptic.

### Mad???

Are you mad? Mad at the world? Mad at the squirrels? Maybe you're *dam* about dyslexia. Perhaps you're dying to tell someone off. When I get really mad at someone, I pretend I'm a gorilla and I throw my feces at them. It's a very expressive and colorful gesture. But now you can do something even better than that! And it's free cool! Send us your complaints, messages, hate mail — any and all vituperative fire — and we'll print those suckers in the next issue. Vent your spleen for all to see and read. If we print your submission, you'll get a free copy of the Squelch, but don't let that prevent you from sending us any stuff.

So if you're mad, send a message to [seff@uclink2](mailto:seff@uclink2). Put "mad" in the "RE" section and we'll do the rest.

**Reader falls for newspaper prank (See SUCKER, p. 4)**

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# The Devil's Dictionary

by Allen Smith

Disclaimer: All those with sensitive stomachs and/or religious convictions, do yourself a favor and don't read the following. **faceblast**

Years ago a once funny comedian shared a list of profane terminology with his audience. I refer to this humorist as "once funny" because now he is little more than a has-been television sell-out. But notwithstanding the demise of this individual, his list of new words and phrases serves as a guide and inspiration for those of us who wish to continue expanding the English lexicon at our whim. So here I give you a catalogue of relatively obscure words which will prove invaluable to you in any conversation or piece of writing. Please note that some of these terms are my own creation, and some are gems I have gathered along my walk through some of the seedier parts of life and tucked away into my back pocket.

**angelkissing:** this requires a potent man and a menstruating woman. The pair execute a sixty-nine until her mouth fills with semen, his with menstrual fluid (the clotrier the better). From here the two enjoy a long, wet, passionate French kiss, exchange fluids, and let their palettes bathe in this sangria of fertility. Variations include the addition of third or fourth parties, but it must be kept in mind that all participating women will need to have synchronized menstrual periods.

**ballstretching:** the roots of this activity can probably be traced back to Roman times, when pederasty was the norm and leather thongs abounded, and bound! To stretch his balls, one would bind the scrotum tightly with some type of ligature, be it a leather strap or mid-80's Pac Man shoelaces. The

strap is then threaded under the scrut (see "scrut", below), pulled up the back and looped over the shoulder. From here the man, or his helper boy, would pull down firmly and strongly, with increasing pressure.

**boy scout sex:** you don't need to have attained eagle scout status to figure this one out. Boys as young as seven and eight have discovered the joys that can be found in mutual late-night bunk-bed weiner-tugging.

**brainfucking:** we are all familiar with the mushy soft spot on the top of a baby's head. Go ahead, push your penis into it and see where the expression "baby soft" has its origin. But hurry up: once that head starts to ossify this fleeting pleasure will be gone.

**bridging the gap:** structural engineering at its finest: standard anal sex, pull out for come shot, a string of semen connects the butt cheeks.

**burpiling:** A attaches lips to B's anus; B farts; A inhales.

**chelseaing:** A ejaculates all over the face of a B, whose skin is paler than A's semen.

**clamping:** in order to clamp, participants need two 2" pieces of wire with a nipple clamp on the end of each wire; with one wire connect A's right nipple to B's left, and A's left to B's right; now lean back and enjoy.

**connoisseuring:** when a wine connoisseur tastes wine, he does so in the following

manner: the steward opens the bottle and pours some in the glass; the taster then swirls the glass around, lifts it to his nose which he then pushes deep into the glass, and breathes in strongly before sipping the wine. He does this in order to use the wine's olfactory qualities to better shape his impression. To connoisseur someone, just do the same thing but replace the glass of wine with their ass.

**coprophilia:** sex involving feces.

**couch potatoing:** fuck the cushions on your favorite sofa, pull out and notice all of the brown lint and dirt stuck to your penis: it's a couch potato.

**drilldoing:** attach any dildo to a power drill; the rest is p(l)ain.

**emytophilia:** like coprophilia above, but replace feces with vomit.

**faceblasting:** Japan is not exactly known for its progress in the area of women's rights. In fact, Japanese businessmen are reputed to be among the most misogynistic in the world. Perhaps nothing better attests to this than the notion of the faceblast. There are two types of blowjob which one might procure in Japan, the standard suck and swallow, or a faceblast, in which the man pulls out upon ejaculation, blasts the prostitute's face with his nacreous cream, at which point she cries and looks ashamed. Only top flight prostitutes do this, and businessmen pay top dollar for it.

**feed the kitty:** ever seen a woman pick up a piece of licorice with her vagina? Then you've seen her feed the kitty.

**felching:** anal sex, then suck the come out of his or her ass with or without a straw; try a crazy straw for novelty.

**funnyboning:** kind of like fisting, but with the elbow.

**garfunkling:** you head south for the winter to start chowing some box, only to find the equivalent of Art Garfunkle's fro; you've been garfunkled.

**golden shower:** people actually enjoy being peed on (see ureophilia below).

**hot lunch, the:** you probably won't find this in any Lunchables variety, but to do it one shits in another's mouth.

**jump-starting:** for bi-nipple pierced individuals only; with jumper cables, connect

nipple rings to a car battery. Now start car. **Jtzmopper:** who do you think cleans the floors in the private viewing booths in any strip club?

**munging:** debatable in authenticity by some, munging is said to have originated in the late 1960's in our own Bay area. To mung, a pair of mungers would visit a graveyard, dig up a corpse that was fresh enough not to have totally decomposed, yet old enough to be oatmeal on the inside. One fastens his mouth on the corpse's vagina, while the partner jumps onto the corpse's stomach, forcing the mung into the primary munger's mouth. Also fecible is anal munging.

**pederasty:** sex with little boys.

**pedophilia:** same with male or female children.

**puppychowing:** quite simply, going down on a dog; watch those overactive vestigial anal and/or vaginal sacks lest you receive an unwanted pheromone blast.

**ring around the collar:** a simple equation, really: foreskin minus shower equals no blowjob.

**scrut:** it's not quite you scrotum, it's not quite your butt, it's your scrut; also called a raphee.

**skullfucking:** rip out the eyes and go to work; tight fit.

**snowballing:** popularized in the movie "Clerks", this entails the non-menstrual half of angelkissing above.

**spelunking:** strap on a headlight and begin your lingual exploration of the darkest cavern you know.


**tea-bagging:** a great gag to play on anyone passed out at a party: when they are asleep with mouth agape, drop your pants, squat over their face, and dip your teabag; popular in England and recommended for the late afternoon.

**ureophilia:** sexual gratification involving urine.

**vacuum sealing:** boy scout sex as above, except when two men stand facing each other with shirts off, followed by a tight embrace which causes their chests to lock.

**zebrastriping:** strudel away on your darker skinned lover for an exotic bestial effect.

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## Those Pesky Dorm Questions Answered

- People *can* tell if you are urinating in the shower (or can they?)
- RAs *will* allow you to drink as long as you keep the liquor in their room.
- Rumors *are* always true.
- Chicken.
- We don't *know* what Swiss chard is either.
- Yes, your next door neighbor *can* hear you doing it and no, they don't want to join in.
- Its true that when your roommate kills itself, you *will* get a 4.0 and a bucket of KFC (crunchy or extra crunchy).
- Your friends in the dorm will be your friends because they *live* near you, not because they like you.
- Inevitably, someone *will* have sex in the shower.



COLUMN

Josh Whiteberg discusses the lighter side of being a ninth year senior.



TODAY

Useless Information Really?: Yes.

SPORTS

Coach White bemoans basketball team's 0-19 record.

THE WEEKLY CALIFORNIAN

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BERKELEY, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

First Post-Affirmative Action Class Graduates!



3 Happy new graduates prepare to sacrifice Slavic child.

Doh! Doe

By Long Dong White

Rasputin Records announced yesterday that it will be moving from its current Telegraph Ave. location to a larger, more central campus site - the renovated Doe Library. A controversial decision by the UC Regents allows Rasputin to lease the entire underground building for an undis-

closed fee. In exchange, the University will train its crabby, rude, and ineffective library staff to be crabby, rude and ineffective Rasputin employees. Librarians will also be required to pierce their bodies in locations specified in the unreleased contract. Ghetto punk "Smiles" says, "It sucks. We'll have to sit on grass." Rumors that the library will be renamed "Dough" are unfounded and - SEE UNDERGROUND MUSIC PAGE 501

Astronauts headed for certain doom

By Bucky White

Überkommandant, Science und Eugenics

The first manned trip to Jupiter is scheduled to launch in less than a year. NASA has already announced that Astronauts Frank Poole and Dave Bowman will be manning the flight. The module will be powered by HAL 9000, an experimental system recently developed by Microsoft. NASA spokesperson Josh Greenberg assured a skeptical press corps that the journey would be "a real trip" and also pointed out that this is the 21st of its disastrous new Windows '00 operating system, which requires a supercomputer roughly the size of a Buick to run. MS Chairman and United States Secretary of Wealth Bill Gates expressed the utmost confidence in the new HAL system and denied that it was just a Macintosh ripoff. NASA spokesperson Josh Greenberg assured a skeptical press corps that the journey would be "a real trip" and also pointed out that this is the 21st of its disastrous new Windows '00 operating system - SEE OPEN THE POD DOORS PAGE 21

Outdated Cal Mascot, Golden Bear, Replaced with purer Polar Bear.

Oski Eats Humble Pie

By Chip White Contributing Writer

Just as the flames of the five year-old affirmative action controversy are finally dying down, the UC Regents have reignited the embers by voting to change the university's mascot from the Californian Golden Bear to the Polar Bear. When questioned, an overwrought Oski said, "It's okay, ever since they tore up the astroturf at Memorial, it's been so boring to shit on the field. Fuck them."

I'll take my pension and move to Florida. My cousin, he's up for parole soon - I can stay with him." The AFMAPC (American Federation of Mascots and Amusement Park Characters) spokesman, the San Diego Chicken, expressed the Union's solidarity with Oski by threatening a general strike, which could be crippling to America's sports and leisure industries. Complicating matters somewhat is AFMAPC's proposed merger with UFMS (United Federation of Mall Santas), which has been hesitant to - SEE WHITEWASH PAGE 4

FRESHMEN! Attend the Chancellor's Ball and meet Chancellor White in person. First 200 freshmen wearing white receive free Michael Bolton CD.

