

[illegible]

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 4

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## A Really Goodbye

Okay, so there was this girl in my homeroom who I sort of liked but I never had the courage to talk to her. We spent a half hour each day for four months together in the same room and never had any interaction. I pined for her. I yearned for her. The day before Christmas Break I am playing with the teachers hamster and I turn around and there she is. I am paralyzed by the eyes of my personal pubertal heaven too stunned to speak when she says "Lucy's on."

"What!?" I blurted. It was too meaningless, I couldn't help it.

So she says "I Love Lucy is on" as if that explained everything and walks back to her desk. And I had apparently blown my one chance at happiness.

So the entire break I think about this brush with fantasy over and over and over again. What would I do when I went back to school? This question taunted me and made me a miserable yet excited 13 year old. But at the same time, in the same way that the word *mildew* will become strange and silly if you repeat it a hundred times, the recollection turned funny on me. I started to suspect that I had dreamt the whole thing at the beginning of the vacation. But no, it had been much too real.

So by the time school came back, I had formulated a plan. I rode the bus with a purpose, filled with fear and excitement. She was in the classroom, I had seen her walk in, and I could pull from my memory dozens of luscious positions she could be assuming at her desk. She sometimes sat with her feet on the metal bars under the chair and sometimes off. Hand on head or not. You know.

Back and forth. Back and forth. I paced in front of the door. Time was running out. The bell was about to ring. Little chance of interaction after the Pledge of Allegiance. I opened the door and saw her exactly where I knew she would be. She didn't see me and I walked straight for her. "How was Lucy?" I beamed. "What are you talking about?" she replied. True story.

\*\*\*

I am graduating this week. From Berkeley. University. If you graduate in December, you have the option of walking (to get your diploma) in June - 6 months before you finish your classes and aren't even close to sure if you will ever pass the requirements or 6 months after they have revoked your Moffitt privileges. Serves you right for being a slacker (or an over achiever). Both seemed silly to me and I opted for a quiet ceremony with a Justice of the Peace and my immediate family. It seemed only fair to give them an opportunity to witness the maturation of their huge investment.

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This is the part where I get sentimental. I want to thank all you guys that I worked (Matt, Jon, Josh, Mark, Josh, Ben, Karen and the other apostles) on the paper with, particularly Jon who I have spent more time with tonight alone than any two good Jewish men should. And tomorrow (today) we drive to Fremont... why Fremont? I also wanted to slap Gilbert on the back for artistic reasons. Its been neeto-nifty and I can't wait to see what you guys will come up with next year. You better not make me pay for a fucking subscription.

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**BIG CONCLUSION:** So that story, which I believe actually happened although I can never really be sure, has a point. And that point has something to do with coming back to things that don't make any more sense than they used to but in different ways. Since this is my last issue I better just say that I will have to save the discussion of the meaning for my first guest article. - ie

## NewsFlashes

### U.S. SCOOPS TO BOSNIA

As part of a massive UN peacekeeping force, American ice cream giants Ben & Jerry's sent thousands of tubs of Balkan Berry-Bomb and Serbian Vanilla. Para-scoopers from the elite 12th Vermont Regiment will deliver the creamy delight to hungry refugees. Representatives of Ben & Jerry's competitors, Baskin Robbins, expressed hesitancy to do the same, stating, "We feel we are not the world's dessert suppliers and should not risk letting our red-blooded ice cream melt on foreign shores. Oh, there really isn't red blood in our ice cream."

### ELECTRIC AVENUE

Twenty seven Berkeley city residents were killed last week because of a critical miscalculation on the part of Transit system planners. In the first day of the rainy season, the Campus Conductor, an electric bus, drove through a water puddle electrocuting most of its passengers. The driver, Lewis Forken, was saved by his wooden bead seat cover. Said Bus Dispatcher Hank Medong, "This incident was very shocking."

### ASUC SHUTDOWN

UC Berkeley - Despite last ditch efforts to avoid a shutdown, the ASUC Senate was unable to balance the budget. The student government and all ASUC services were shutdown as of 8:00 a.m. Thursday morning. Nothing at all was affected. Nobody is expected to notice.

### MY PARKINGMETER FOR A MOUNTAINBIKE!

Southside Berkeley has begun to voice criticisms of Berkeley's groundbreaking crack-vial recycling program. Local resident Joan Janosky derided the program as an "ill-conceived, burdensome program that sends a conflicting message to our community". Councilmember Betty Olds disagreed, noting that "We [Berkeley] pulled in over three million dollars of recyclable plastic from the People's Park Drop Box alone. That's almost .01 percent of what we make on parking tickets per annum."

### Above Newsflash Takes Up Two Columns

In a surprise move by a group of words, the above newsflash broke out of its customary single-column shell, and learned to double its pleasure and its fun by growing in leaps and bounds. When asked about the cunning display of wideness, the newsflash responded, "You know, we're sick and tired of being labeled as 'columnially challenged' and 'squishy.' Its time the world took notice of us and everything we have to say." In an unrelated note, the price of air has gone up once again, and were it not for the benevolence of our overlords, we would all be dead.

## Don't quit smoking!

That's a stupid resolution; resolve to write for the Squelch instead. Even though the semester is over (and Irad is graduating), the Squelch will live on next semester and for years to come. Although we will not be meeting over the winter break, please feel free to send e-mail at any hour of the day or night to:

seff@uclink2.berkeley.edu

When school starts again, we will be posting our new meeting time and place for the semester, as well as good locations to find horse semen. We are looking for people to work in the Subscription, Advertisement, Business, Art, and Photography Departments, as well as on our web site and with layout. If any of these sound like you, please come to our meetings next semester (as soon as we tell you where to go).

### COME AS YOU AREN'T

On the third installment of ABC's rockumentary, it was announced that popular alternative group Nirvana would be reuniting for an anthology album. Although lead singer Kurt Cobain committed suicide a year and a half ago, they reconstructed answering machine messages he left for band members and heroin dealers. The new LP is expected in early spring, with a tour to follow soon after. While the band has yet to release any official announcements, speculations report that David Lee Roth, Charo, and Antonio Banderas are at the top of the Seattle-based band's list.

### CANCEL CHRISTMAS



**North Pole** - In a show of solidarity with Santa Claus's striking reindeer, the elves of the North Pole Carpentry Union 109 threatened to walk out of their toy shops and ruin Christmas for little boys and girls around the world, especially the Christian ones. An outraged Blitzen attacked Mr. Claus for his "shameless tactics. It's well known that his scab workers are actually cats with stapled-on antlers. I strongly urge my elf brethren to join our strike and bring that slave driver down to his jolly knees." Sympathetic elves condemned Claus's "bourgeois attempts to exploit the proletariat reindeer." While other comrades chimed-in, "The Revolution is here!"

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors:

I divorce thee, I divorce thee, I divorce thee!

Ireland

Dear Sirs and Madams:

Here is my submission for your "funniest limerick" contest. Some parts may have to be edited for printing, however, due to their offensive nature. Please make sure to replace offensive words with their proper rhythmic intonations.

ENTRY #43243

Da da da da da da duh,  
da da da da da da duh;  
da da da duh,  
da da da duh,  
da da fucking cunt.

Dear Squelch Sommelier:

Your last issue referred to the 1933 Chateau La Teur as "bold... slightly amusing, but not *frothy*... with a puissant bouquet, and yet dynamic enough to give the connoisseur 'a fine tang of faintly scented urine.'" Please be advised that there is no such wine as a 1933 Chateau La Teur. Perhaps you were thinking of Boone's.

Whine Spectator

Dear Sirs and Madams:

Due to inventory surplus, we are once again reducing the price of our exclusive "I WORK FOR U.C. AND I DON'T SUPPORT AFFIRMATIVE ACTION." T-Shirts. Be the first in your over-staffed campus bureaucracy to wear one!

Ward Connerly

Dear Editors:

Doses odors, buds, shrooms. A statement and a question.

Telegraph Joe

## THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Friends.

Since 1991.

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For the fourth time this semester, its...

# TOP TENS

## Top Ten Poker Rules:

10. "Keep your cards on the table, your hand in your pants."
9. "Ones and fourteens wild."
8. "Pass two cards to the person on your left, projectile-vomit on the person on your right."
7. "No shirt, no shoes, no service."
6. "Know when to hold them."
5. "Feed the kitty."
4. "One-eyed Jacks have no depth perception."
3. "You break it, you buy it."
2. "A giant bowl takes half the pot."
1. "No ante, no incest."

## Top Ten Things Keith Gilbertson Is Doing Now:

10. Santa Clausing at the mall near you!
9. Pop Warner
8. Losing on Tecmo Bowl™
7. Coaching the square dancing team.
6. It doesn't matter, he still has access to the mens' locker room.
5. Working on new Football plays.
4. Making love with his ego.
3. Touring with the Dead.
2. Putting some spin on the old ball—if you catch my drift.
1. Oski

## Top Nine Rejected Reindeer:

9. Neutered
8. Blitzed
7. Venus
6. Salt (or maybe Pepa)
5. Simple Green
4. Vixen
3. Donner Pass
2. Flasher
1. Adolf the Red-Nosed Nazi

## Top Ten Credit Cards

10. Blood, Sugar, Sex, Plastic
9. American Federal Express
8. Visa Plutonium-238 Card
7. Inner Citibank
6. Chemical Bank of New Jersey
5. San Diego Bank's Green Card
4. I Can't Believe It's Not Money!
3. Discover How Useless this Card Is
2. Bank of Monopoly™
1. Kate Moss Non-Diners Club International

## Top Ten Fortune Cookie Messages:

10. "Using tao is the best beer in the world. You should buy some more next time."
9. If you don't tip big, your car will get keyed.
8. We lied about the MSG.
7. You will go on a long trip, the acid in the Hunan sauce will guarantee it.
6. "Play that funky music white boy."
5. You will have an orgy with three of your mother's friends... in bed!
4. If you buy dinner, you will come.
3. The Tang Center has bad news.
2. Confucious say, "Patience is a virtue. It is also a noun."
1. Ask Later

## Top Ten Things You Won't See on MTV:

10. Nine Inch Nails Unplugged
9. The same camera shot for more than 1/8th of a second.
8. Weak in Rock
7. House of Heroin starring Courtney Love™
6. Rock and Flock Celebrity Sheepherding
5. An hour free of Alanis Morissette
4. Rick Starr
3. Virtual Reality Real World
2. The Doublemint Twins Singled-Out
1. Music videos

## Top Ten Choose-Your-Own-Adventure Options:

10. To buy Guinness, turn to p. 112, to buy malt liquor, turn to p. 40.
9. To go directly for the shoulders, skip ahead.
8. To run for president turn to p. 32, to write a best-selling autobiography instead, go to p. 45.
7. To listen to Houses of the Holy, turn to Jimmy Page.
6. To cut the cheese, turn to p. 2, to grate it, go on to p. 18.
5. To turn to p. 3, turn to p. 12, to turn to p. 5, turn to p. 76.
4. To be a sodomizing knight, turn the page over.
3. To be a flamboyant courtier, skip to p. 185.

3. To fall in love, turn to p. 69 to undergo shock therapy, go to p. 69.
2. To become an American Gladiator, go to p. 144.
1. To stay with your job at Footlocker, turn to the next page.

## Top Ten Rejected James Bond Movies:

10. Dr. Yes, YES, YES!!!
9. Never Try to Rekindle Your Career Again
8. View to a Kielbasa
7. Octoweiner
6. From Fremont with Steve
5. James Bond, Pet Detective
4. Live and Let Die Hard 3 Men and a Baby
3. In Her Majesty's Secret Cervix
2. Leafraiker
1. Golden Meir

## Top Ten Battles of the Century:

10. Bert v. Ernie
9. Frogger v. Mortal Combat
8. Original v. Crispy
7. Chicken v. Egg
6. Golden Overtones v. Rancid
5. Tastes Great v. No It Doesn't
4. Beavis & Butt-head v. McNeil & Lehr
3. Plato v. Paste
2. Rs v. P
1. Butter v. I Can't Believe It's Not Butter™

## Top Ten Phrases You'd Hate to Have to Use on the Job:

10. "For 49¢ more you can supersize that."
9. "Yes master, the weasels are reproducing as you ordered."
8. "How many copies do you need?"
7. lick... lick...
6. "I work for Chunk."
5. "Hi. I'm Cindy from Time-Life books."
4. "Captain!—the Ferengies are not responding!"
3. "\$6.00 and your friend can watch."
2. "Stay on target! Stay on target!"
1. "Next stop, Fruitvale station."

## Top Eight Punchlines to Hannukah Jokes:

8. "And then I said, 'That's not a dreidel you're spinning, but don't stop!'"
7. "So she goes, 'But we watched 'Yentil' last night!'"
6. "And from then on he was known as Rabbi Antonio Banderas."
5. "Holy Assassinated Prime Ministers Batman!"
4. "And all he was wearing was his yamulke!"
3. "So the bartender says to the moyle, 'Yeah I know about the Maneshevit, but what do I do with the foreskin?!'"
2. "Let's just say he was going to the Holy land."
1. "That's not all that burns for eight days & eight nights!"

## Top Ten New Years Resolutions:

10. Get the first Tele-Bears date.
9. Inhale.
8. Remember to not donate remaining kidney.
7. This year, I will shower.
6. Start appreciating kwashiokore jokes.
5. Cut down on stalking.
4. When I pick my nose, I will finish the job.
3. Eat more bacon.
2. Promote world peace by passing out little fliers.
1. Stop making resolutions.

## Top Ten Cool Things about Living in a Van:

10. You blend right in with Vallejo natives.
9. You can get a mohawk, tell everyone to call you "B.A.," drive around town, and pity the fool.
8. You never have to clean the bathroom.
7. Two Hour Lease (Holidays and Sundays Excluded)
6. You never have to drive home.
5. Cool Vanity Plate: "ILIVEINAVANANDELDOMBATHE"
4. You get to shave in front of fuzzy dice every morning.
3. When you don't like your neighbors, you can just move instead of having to shoot and kill them.
2. Always near good elementary schools.
1. You can pretend you're on tour.

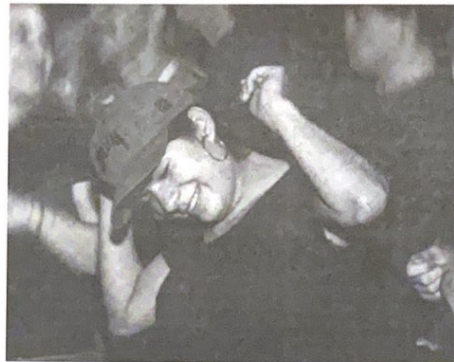
## Top Two Ways to Skin a Cat:

2. Skinning a cat is inhumane. Yuck.
1. With a knife.

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*Pedophilia: Love of feet... uh, no. The unnatural love of children. The world's foremost newspapers shudder at the thought of tackling this touchy issue, but where others fear to tread, we go barefoot. Thus, with great pride and journalistic savvy, the Squelch presents a comparative study in young lust. Yum.*

## Keanu-ita: A Tribute to Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* and to Mr. Reeves

By Karen Ahn

Ah, Keanu, the fire in my pants, the brilliantine in my hair, the reason for the \$348.00 bill on my Blockbuster card — speak the name trippingly as it falls off your tongue, the sound as solid and wooden as his acting: Keee. Ann. OOOOOHHHH.

Ah, Keanu, my sin, my soul, my fatal shame — the reason I sneak out to the videotape at 11:55 at night to rent Speed for the nth time and obsess over your gas soaked t-shirt and bitch endlessly as to why Bruce Lardbutt Willis wore a tank top during Die Hard 2 while you didn't even take off your flannel shirt until forty minutes into the film...oh, my beamish boy, you were the Chevalier Danceny in Dangerous Liaisons, you were Johnny Utah in Pointbreak and you were Siddhartha in Little Buddha — but oh, my Keanu, let's face it, you can't act — so you were always just Keanu in your VCR.

Did he have a precursor? Ah, yes indeed...in actuality there might never have been any Keanu at all if it hadn't been for countless issues of Tiger Beat and if one summer, on a sweaty day in San Dimas, there had not been an adventure called Bill and Ted's.

Observe, ladies and gentlemen, the earmarks of the male bimbo. It is a rare type earmarked by certain lyrical traits. Others

may mistake the River Phoenixes and Johnny Depps of this world this specialized and rarefied type — but they have one thing that separates them forever from the sheer virtuosity of bimboiteness where Keanu reigns supreme: talent.

So thus it is settled — the blankness of stare, the glossy and unmarked brow, never scarred by thoughtful furrows, the ripe and sinewy turn of arm — all this combined with the rapturous beauty that Keanu hath guarantees that forever male bimbos must be measured against the big K.

My peers, I ask not for absolution or pardon but simple acknowledgment. Some may question the motives of the perverse and the undercurrents of the obsessed but I do not love blindly — I love completely, adoringly, I would sleep with Don Knotts to get to you, oh my Keanu.

Ah, Keanu, your stupidity confounds me and enchants me and I know not where to turn after you can no longer sleep your way to the top. Brad Pitt offers no succor. River is dead. Denzel is married. Johnny Depp is dating Kate Moss, an Auschwitz victim — it is to you, and only you that I offer this undying pledge to your spectacular beauty, not to mention your ass. And this is the only immortality that you may have since your brain is the size of a peanut, my Keanu.

## Sometimes, I think I'm sick.

by Jason Cook

Four years ago, I never found a Berkeley High girl attractive. So what is in me now — what latent, primal urge — that takes over when I see an overall-clad nymphet nervously purchasing Marlboro Lights from the Telegraph Rexall? I wish I knew. Perhaps there is therapy for silent and strung-out English majors like myself, pitiful voyeurs fascinated when Berkeley Girl and her little doppelganger tear into a Noah's Bagel like carrion birds.

I'll watch the gobs of dark lipstick rub off on their meal, like some new, suspiciously unkosher menstrial schmear, until they look back at me, those impassive and bovine eyes matched with the meanest Nabakovian pout you ever did see. Oh, there's always been those high-school girls who've "been around the block", but when the block is Milvia and M.L.K., why does it kindle the fire in my loins?

I've shadowed their likes up and down Telegraph before. Followed their monosyllabic lamentation over the selling out of Suburban Outfitters, struggled to understand their strangely deconstructionist critiques of Green Day. And still, I can't figure out why I love them, apart from the way they push those vibrating pagers deep into their pockets. As they are reflected in the window of Dolcis Shoes, I see their cold

eyes stare and piercingly appraise the leather footwear, but their gaze is also unfocused and withdrawn, like men at a strip show. Their cheeks growing flushed and ruddied, I catch a glimmer of Pavlovian spittle on the lips, a muffled whimper of "mmmmh, dope-ass boots" and I know their autoerotic window-shopping has come to its quivering, clammy end. The same ordeal happens at Wicked, and then at X-Large, but it happens on the sofa, there. And yet they never notice me. They'll flirt with gutter punk, and gawk so hard at Frat Boy in his North Face Mountain Jacket you can almost hear the Gore-Tex ripping in their minds. I'm sure he sees them, but he's probably got some coked-out Frat Girl waiting at home, so fresh and full of meth that you'd think she belongs in a Mentos commercial. And they even stare at the granola Hiker-Nazi guy, who's all Patagonia and polar fleece, but they'd likely screw on his Ensolite pad anyways.

I get none of the attention. I just mumble to myself, confessing like a contemporary St. Augustine. And my girlfriend, well, she packed up her bags last week. I asked her what she was doing, and she told me, "I know all about you. You're a sick pedophile."

"Pedophile?", I said. "That's a pretty big word for a ten year-old."

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## Political Thang

by Nicolas Lappierre

Berkeley has a long history of civil disobedience and political activism, and it is a shame that some students should be deprived of taking part in this, merely because there is no cause which they feel strongly about. In fact, there are a number of good reasons for getting involved in civil disobedience, even if you don't believe in anything.

First of all, political activism can provide the perfect outlet for pent up aggression. Riots, looting, and the mob mentality provide innumerable opportunities for a quick-thinking individual to partake in or inspire violence allowing stressed students to blow off some steam.

One excellent tactic is to call someone "racist" or "a Nazi." The beauty of this approach is that race need not be at issue in the situation for these dreaded epithets to work. Racism is used so frequently that it has become synonymous with "You don't agree with me," and at the same time it has an ever increasing ability to stir peoples' emotions and rouse them to action.

A sample dialogue might go something like this:

**Potential Nazi:** Affirmative action is no longer a viable solution to the problems with this universities admittance policies

**You:** Shut up, you racist!!

**PN:** I'm not a racist.

**U:** Look he's defending himself and his racist ideals, get him! (Bloody chaos is sure to ensue.)

The greatest part of all of this is that you can walk around with a smug smile and

indignant attitude for weeks to come, knowing that society, if not justice, is on your side. In these crazy times of post-modernist thought and moral relativism, rarely is the opportunity afforded for one to act truly indignant, and it would be foolish to pass up a chance to look down on the world from the dizzying height of your high horse.

But what if violence and self-righteousness is not what you are after? Well, the one common bond we have as students is that we are poor. Riots provide the perfect opportunity to get free stuff, all in the name of "fighting the establishment." It doesn't matter that most of our parents are the establishment, or that the establishment is paying for our education, or even that we will probably be part of the establishment ourselves someday. All that matters is that you can get a new pair of sneakers or a slick home stereo system just by throwing a rock through a window. And all in the name of truth, justice and the American way.

So the next time you see an angry assembly of social miscreants gathered in Sproul, don't think twice about joining in. It doesn't matter if their arguments make no sense, if they are riddled with hypocrisy, if they are blinded by moral indignation. Don't miss the boat just because you don't agree, because there's so much more to civil disobedience than merely changing things for the better. Besides won't "political activism" look great on your grad school application?



# A FRESHMAN'S GUIDE TO SURVIVING FINALS by Jeff Sketeris

Hey, Frosh! Scared of finals yet? You thought you could be really cool and not do any homework, skip classes like the upper-division students, and treat good ol' UCB academics like your easy senior-year high school classes. You realize now, however, that you are FUCKED; fucked because you find that your last page of comprehensible notes has drool smudges from when you fell asleep in class and you have a pile of unread readers that until now you've been using as a makeshift footstool to hide empty beer cans up in your closet so that your RA doesn't "write you up". (As an aside, have you figured out yet that being "written up" doesn't do a damn thing? It's true, you know.) So now what do you do? You have two choices: you can whine, get drunk and yell at everyone in a fit of futile Generation X-ish anguish because you've flushed your chances for medical school down the toilet in only your very first semester at Berkeley. OR you can exhibit a little of that cunning ingenuity that allowed you to fool the admissions office into accepting your sorry ass in the first place. I recommend the latter, that way you can avoid working and actual responsibility for another 3 years and continue to spend your parents' money on pizza and birth control. So, as a continuing sophomore with a GPA that is numerically at least a little higher than California's DUI blood-alcohol level (0.08), I feel it is my duty to help you through your first bout of finals and offer some simple shortcuts to academic "excellence."

## The Big Problem: Your Key to Success

If you are perceptive, you will quickly discover that every field of study has a recurring theme. Whether you take English 1A your freshman year, or English 142 your senior year, you will notice yourself writing on the same topics. This is largely true in the other fields as well. I call this phenomenon "The Big Problem". The Big Problem is a field's central overarching theme that can be discussed without using specifics. If you know The Big Problem in a field, you can expound upon it for the required length of your final - without having to refer to pesky things like authors, equations and facts. To the right are examples of this theory:

**Political Science:** The Big Problem in political science is that every political system is flawed. Whether you are discussing Communism or Democracy, you can fill at least 3 pages showing that any form of government will eventually collapse upon itself and lead to economic and political turmoil, followed by Anarchy. Remember, drama is good. Make references to Adolf Hitler frequently, even if your topic is Ancient Greece. Trust me, it doesn't matter. **Keywords:** collectivity, paradigm

**Physics:** Don't let the sciences scare you! Physics is always subject to two things that make explanations less than desirable: friction and the uncertainty principle. Herein lies Physics' Big Problem. Attack mechanical theories on the grounds that friction always skews the proofs. On an atomic scale, mention that the uncertainty principle states that we never know where anything really is, or where it's going. Always throw in Newton and/or Einstein, and remember to include several "free body diagrams" somewhere, even if they don't make any sense (which is usually the case anyhow). **Keywords:**  $F=ma$ , Schrödinger

**English:** The Big Problem is nobody can be certain about an author's intentions concerning symbolism, allegory or metaphors. Use this to your advantage. You can always compare a character to Jesus Christ, or better yet, show that the entire plot is based on a Bible story. In addition, you can always fall back on novels you read in high school (*Lord of the Flies*, *The Scarlet Letter*, etc.) **Keywords:** portray, convey

**Chemistry:** Sorry, folks - if you're fucked now, then you'll stay fucked. Buy LOTS of Vivarin.

**Philosophy:** This should be obvious. Nothing is real. Nothing is True. Nothing exists. Hell, you choose which Big Problem to write about. You'll fill two bluebooks without even getting into whether God

exists. As long as you can discern between Friedrich Nietzsche (the philosopher) and Ray Nitzke (the linebacker), you'll be okay. Attend your final stoned, for added creativity. **Keywords:** existential, universality

**Psychology:** Buy lots of white mice and play with them all night before your final. You will stumble upon Psychology's hidden Big Problem. Given enough time and observation, white mice begin to mimic all human social interactions with *uncanny accuracy!* (or at least you'll think they do because of sleep-deprivation). Always make references to Pavlov and/or his dog. Randomly contradict Freud (especially that penis-envy thing), it worked for Jung. **Keywords:** behavior, fixation

**Economics:** Supply and Demand.

**Engineering:** This Big Problem is tough, admittedly, but it has been known to work (especially at Berkeley). Your task is to lash out against the human drive to conquer nature, ultimately repudiating the whole engineering field. If you are asked for the expansion constant of a suspension bridge, you instead ignore the question and rant about the inherent moral depravity of mankind's dominance over nature. Describe the social effects of "soul-less technology." Consult the *Unabomber Manifesto* for ideas. Remember, selling your "conviction" is key. If you get a sappy, new-age professor, he might heed your call (and let you pass). Only recommended in dire circumstances or for Rhetoric majors.

You now have the simplest, most effective means to survive, nay excel, come mid-December without having to cram hundreds of pages of material. Just keep your mind sharp and your bullshit fresh and you'll be graduating before you know it. As for now, go get some sleep.

## Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



George wasn't exactly sure how fun it was supposed to be, but after a day in the barrel, those monkeys were pissed.

Hey Kids! Billy and Janey have been having sex for hours, but Billy had an orgasm and lost his erection. See if you can help them find it.

What other phallic things could Janey use until Billy's erection comes back?

## KIDS CORONER



Answer: Relax for 15 minutes, Billy. It'll come back!



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# Berkeley Friends: Pilot Episode

by josh switzky

*Six friends. Six breasts. Three vas deferenses. One laugh track. No plot. Nothing to do...*

## Scene 1

Fade in, find the group at their daily hangout spot: the sidewalk outside People's Perk, a cafe where Rachel, a Kappa, serves Kappacino to the alienated and alternative clientele...

"Checkmate, mutha fucka!!!" screams Rossta, the dreadlocked Jew, as he slams down the bishop to the horror of Chandelier, the neurotic spiky-haired punk fresh from the projects of Danville, who has just finished recounting his stressful day at work:

"So I asked this guy wearing a God-Man hat, 'Spare some change for salvation?' and he says to me, 'Jesus saves souls, not nickels.'"

Rossta: So what ya do, mon?

Chandelier: I spit on him. Religion is the establishment. Fuck the establishment.

Around the corner bounds Phallopia, her freshly shaved head glistening in the afternoon Berkeley sunshine.

Rossta: What happened to your gorgeous long blond locks, Phallopia?

Phall: I donated my hair to a Guatemalan NGO that will weave it with the fur of the capybara and swamp reeds to produce all-organic diapers for underprivileged children of coffee plantations.

Rossta: Mishugana, mon.

Phall: I'm empowered. Men will be forced to accept me for what's inside me and won't be distracted any longer by my looks. Hey, where's Rachel?

Rossta: She working. Good thing one of us has a job.

Chand: If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't have any change to put in my cup.

Phallopia: Chand, why don't you get a job?

Chand: I can't. I'm capitalism-challenged. (puts his head sullenly between his legs and curls up on the sidewalk)

Rossta: Goodnight, sweet punk...

## Scene 2

Meanwhile, on the steps of Sproul Hall, Moanica practices a scene for her upcoming debut with the X-Plicit Players with the help of Gooley, fratboy poet...

Gooley (adjusting his beret): The nude female form is like a flowing free-form poem. It's so admirable how you can parade about the stage baring your soul and your knockers for the masses to lap up.

Moan: Will you quit staring at my chest, Gooley?! I have to practice this scene!

Gooley: OK, serious time. It's my line. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"



Thou art more lovely and more temperate." This is lame. This author is such a hack. What does that mean, "more temperate"? Does that mean it rains more and is colder when you're around? I don't get it. Let me change this line to "Thou art hella cool and quite the hottie."

Moan: Gooley, you can't change the lines! This is a classic. Now help me practice. Opening night is tomorrow at Café Med.

Gooley: What do you mean, Café Med? You're cheating on us? You can't perform outside another café. That's like Oski hanging out at the Farm, it's like Ginsberg reading Howl at the Bear Country Jamboree at Disneyland - it's just not right. You'll just

have to change it so that you open at People's Perk.

Moan: Oh, stop being so melodramatic. Besides, I'm not speaking to Rachel right now, it would be awkward.

Gooley: What happened, did you put down the Gap again?

Moan: No. I said that sororities were just a bunch of insecure trendy rich girls who sit around complaining about how fat they are and picking out outfits, and she said, "What, are you like against strong women who do philanthropy?" and then she told me that I'm using my body to get ahead in my career.

Phallopia (massaging her stubby scalp): Chandelier, much to your disbelief, the world extends beyond this block. People learned how to cross the street sometime in the Bronze Age.

Chandelier: Did they have streets in the Bronze Age?

Phallopia: Well, they had bronze, I think, which probably enabled the Romans to enslave and exploit the rest of the ancient world, and in order to transport slaves they built roads, so they must have learned how to cross the street.

Rossta: Uh, yeah. Anyway, what are we going to do about this play thing? Shall we boycott?

Phallopia: We can't, she's our friend.

Rachel (annoyed): Some friend! I won't speak to her until she recognizes how we Greeks are working to increase diversity and erase sexism.

Chandelier: What's wrong with being sexy?

Rossta: Oy vey. I and I think dat what we need here is some kind ganja to mellow our tempers.

Gooley (sighing): Beer. What we need is a cold brew. Oh, Natural Light, how do I love thee? Let me count the ways - one case last night, one six-pack before class.

Rachel (frustrated, flips hair): I've got to totally get back to work.

Chandelier: Work is a four-letter word. Words are taught in school. School is the establishment. Fuck the establishment (expectorates phlegm onto shoes of passerby).

\*\*\*\*

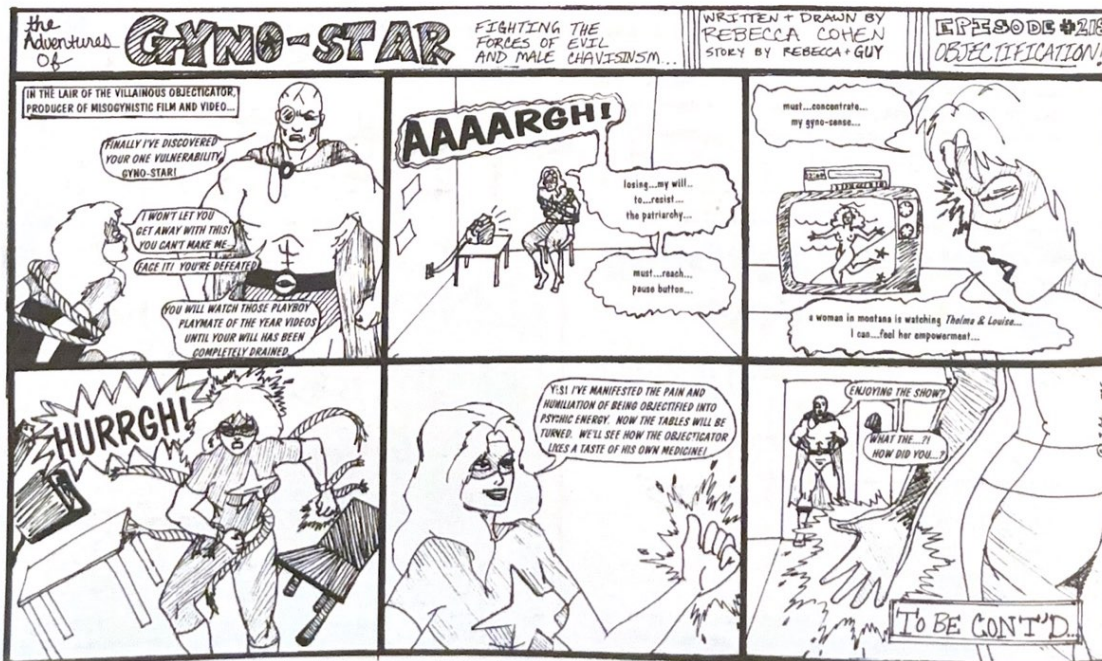
Stay tuned for next episode when we find out that Phallopia is attracted to Moanica, who gets her period right before her X-Plicit debut and must decide whether to go through with the play. Gooley passes out, muttering something about Chaucer and Moanica's hooters. The Friends hang out some more. Rachel falls for Chandelier. He spits on her. She loves it.

## Scene 3

Later that evening, back at People's Perk, everyone hangs out some more, ignoring any real commitments they might have in favor of tossing about obvious references to pop culture and marginally funny one-liners. Moanica is absent...

Gooley: So Moan tells me that her play opens at another café.

Chandelier (wakes up): There's another café?





## Christmas Songs by Jen Sweede

Brought to you by *The Heuristic Squelch* in cooperation with The Church of Latter Day Saints

Before you start singing tunes that make the season merry and bright, perhaps you should read on and find out just how explicit and politically incorrect yuletide lyrics are.

### • Silent Night

This song mocks sexually inactive youths, suggesting that we should "round yond virgins." Donna Martin deserves more respect than this Christmas tune allows.

### • Deck the Halls

"Bows of holly" is a code name for the cannabis plant. So beware when adolescents come caroling "innocently" door to door. They do not want your fresh baked cookies, but rather an illegal drug - maybe one that looks like snow. The fa la la la la la la la is nothing more than a rip off of Eric Clapton's *Layla*. The even more shocking "Tis the season to be jolly" pokes fun at your blatantly obvious weight problem.

### • White Christmas

The insinuation here is clear. The KKK

utilizes this one while they sip egg nog around their fireplace. The line, "Just like the ones we used to know" suggests that the days were "merry and bright" before we had any evidence of diversity in this country.

### • Jingle Bells

The repetition of the "jingling bells" really discusses an area of the male genitalia, while riding on the "sleigh" refers to the act of intercourse.

### • Melekalikimaka

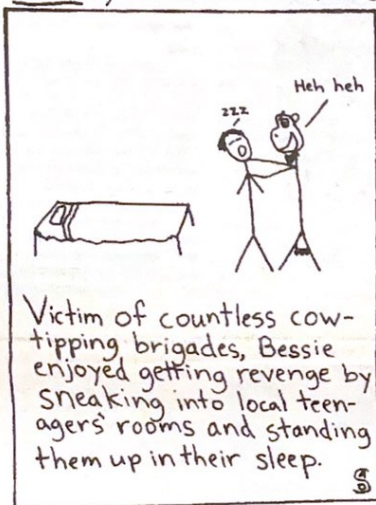
A phrase that some drunk guy started singing at a Christmas party one year. Not even worth the effort of elucidating.

### • We Three Kings of Orient

Obviously the Japanese are one up on us again. They "come riding, riding" into our economy, take all of our United States dollars, and then head toward that North Star in their brand new Honda Accord before we even know what hit us (literally).

Merry Christmas!

## Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



## When I was little...

by Suzanne Pyatt

• During long car trips with my family, I used to put signs on the back of the car saying, "Help! I'm being kidnapped." People just laughed and waved. Nobody helped me. Then those people posing as my parents pulled down the sign and slapped me.

• Sometimes, I'd pee in the snow.

• I played three different games: tour guide, astronaut, and prostitute. All three required a pointer stick.

• My nickname was "moisty."

• I made a club house out of refrigerator boxes. To be in the club, you had to throw dog shit at the old members.

• I used to hide the last french fry in my mouth, and when my brother thought he'd eaten the last one, I'd take it out of my mouth and taunt him.

• My brother used to take my stuffed-animals and put them in his pants so I couldn't touch them anymore.

• On a train in Berlin, after making out with a couple of German guys, they asked me to go to the bathroom with them. I didn't go. They said in German, "I don't think she's the kind of American girl we thought she was. This isn't like MTV."

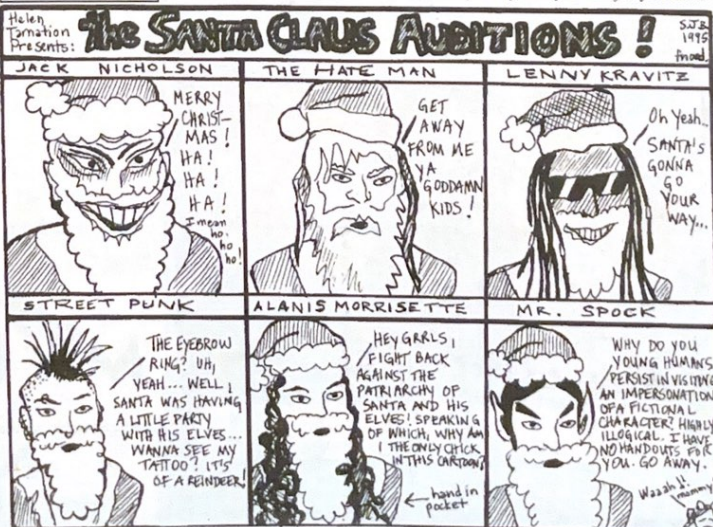
• I used to hide in the bushes and think that I was safe just because I couldn't see other people. If I can't see them, they can't see me. Nah, nah!

• When I was really little, I ate my twin sister in the womb.

• I used to throw oranges at cars, until one day a truck driver stopped and chased me.

**Correction:** We would like to correct all of the typos and errors in this issue. But we are tired. So lay off for God's sakes. Even though Jon is an English major, he can't correct everything.

Helen Tammen Presents:



## God Bless America

by Karen Ahn, Ex-editress abroad

I got wind of the whole affirmative action brouhaha long before this year — the biggest clue was when I went to the last editor's meeting this past May and was greeted with the words, "We don't need no more soy sauce on this heah paper. Gub'nor Wilson and the Grand Duke Wizard have decided White is Right once again! Long live the brotherhood!" Realizing that many of my fellow editors are Jewish, I tried to retaliate by yelling, "Schindler's List sucked!" but it was to no avail. I was gone — not the first to break the slant barrier on staff, but the first to puncture that ol' x chromosome thang. So much for those cozy Benetton-esque photos I had.

Departez! So I hauled my technically no longer minority Korean American ass to the one country where I knew I'd be appreciated — Italy. Yes, the country that counts Mussolini and Ciccolina, the porn star turned parliament member, as two of their most memorable political leaders. "What a Country!" as my fellow emigre, Yakov Smirnoff used to declare. "Sleep tight, ya white morons," I yelled as the plane took off. I was a little with excitement.

First sign of trouble — upon arrival I realized the only visible relic of cultural exchange was the frighteningly large number of Filipinos working at the local McDonalds. Second sign: Northern Italians don't even like *Southern Italians*. Uh-oh.

"We're not in San Francisco anymore," I whispered to my favorite rag doll, Divine, based on the famed mohawked shit-eating transvestite of John Waters' films. So, as an homage to my country during my year abroad, here are ten things I miss about the US of A.

1. Bacon. Ham they got in abundance. In fact, Jesus and ham have been two consistent factors in my travels. But no friend bacon! Anywhere! That's when I first knew I'd come to an unholy place.

2. Gangsta rap. How fondly I recall the days when I'd put on an Ice-Cube CD and boogie down at Casa di Ahn. Now I hear techno versions of 'Bye-Bye Miss American Pie' instead.

3. Men who wear baggy pants. Culturally in Italy, it is acceptable, nay, even required that both sexes wear pants so tight that if they got shot in the ass they wouldn't bleed.

4. Making fun of people to their face. When you have maybe eighteen words in your Italian vocabulary, this isn't easy.

5. Open racism. Here I'm never sure if it's naïveté or outright asshole-ism. At least in the US I was sure of what I was deliberately

avoiding.

6. Bad mini-malls. Fuck the Renaissance and the rebirth of Classicism. I want a goddamn Big Gulp.

7. Fat people. Fact: they hide the overweight, handicapped and unattractive. In the next GATT talks, we should ask to swap body types with the women — over here they're all skinny with big boobs.

8. Hostility and anger being socially acceptable forms of communication. Oh, for the days when I could walk down Berkeley in a drunken stupor and scream at the top of my lungs and no one would even look twice.

9. Basketball. Soccer just don't cut it. Watching all those men in satin shorts, I just feel like I'm at the roller derby.

10. Political apathy. Why do all the people here care so much? Don't they realize that it's the post-modern age, for chrissake??

However, in order not to have the Education Abroad Program revoke my Cal enrollment (they are good/they are great/they help my financial aid/they decide my grades) here are some things that just warm the cockles of my heart about the Old World:

1. Smoking. EVERYBODY does it and you can do it anywhere! In banks! In class! While performing surgery! And what a pleasure to watch my fellow Californians choke and ostentatiously bat the air in front of their noses. Take that, you non-smoking vegetarian (but leather wearing) fascists.

2. Blatant nudity on TV and in magazines. Enough with those unnatural contorted body positions and carefully draped pieces of gauze. Over here it's just one big Porky's movie.

3. Blaming romantic misadventures on cultural and language gaps — "Whaddya mean, you have a girlfriend?"

4. Pastry shops on every corner. Finally, someone's really done the urban planning right.

5. An absence of O.J. Isn't acting in the Naked Gun movies punishment enough?

6. Passing for Japanese and having salespeople tremble in my presence at the thought of what the yen vs. lira can buy.

7. Smugly knowing the superiority of America. So what if they've got culture, art, and style? We got guns.

8. The Pope. I just love him to death. He's like a big ecclesiastical rock star — he has an entourage, wears elaborate costumes and spits on people. (The last part is just a rumor I've heard.)

9. Hand gestures. There's so very many ways to say "fuck you" with just your hands.



# Sucks To Be Me, or Driving Miss Leading

by Jonathan "Strawberry Horchata is pretty good with Whiskey" Seff

One night, a few friends and I decided to buzz on over to Lake Tahoe for a little midnight gambling. We had managed this rather successfully a few times before, so I assumed the trip would go smoothly (barring any untimely cliff-plummeting). As the only one with a working vehicle, it was customarily my job to do much of the driving. The end result was a set of flashing red and blue lights beckoning me to bring my auto to a complete stop on the side of the road.

As I came to a halt, my friend gave me advice from his previous encounters with the Highway Patrol: pull over, put it in park, roll down the window, turn the engine off, and place your hands on the steering wheel like they teach you in driver's ed. I followed each in its proper sequence, and proceeded to be exceedingly polite to the officer. The only problem was, "exceedingly" also described how fast I was going, which is why I was pulled over in the first place. He began with the classic question, "Why are you in such a hurry, boy?" (the "boy" part added to make myself feel better by making the cop into a hick). I of course had no good response, and he then wrote me a citation for going 80mph in a 55mph zone. He even had the audacity to add, "be careful when you pull back onto the highway."

Needless to say, when we finally reached Tahoe, I wasn't feeling that lucky. Because the asshole...er, I mean pig wrote the ticket for 80 instead of 79, I was unable to go to Traffic School to have this unsightly blemish cleared from my otherwise perfect driving record. I wrote a letter to the right people, and won the "privilege" of being able to attend Remedial Driving 10A. I made the right choice, however: comedy traffic school.

It started off like any good 12-step pro-

gram, the instructor (who shall remain anonymous for his safety as well as your own) had us all introduce ourselves, and then admit to our crimes against humanity and tell what we did for a living. It's like going to a comedy club, except it costs more, there's no two drink minimum, and you can't leave if

the comic isn't funny. Fortunately for us, he was quite hilarious, and I learned a few interesting tidbits about traffic laws, as well as memorable people he had had in his classes before. This is what I found out:

1. According to the vehicle code, if four cars reach a four-way stop at the exact same time, "the most aggressive driver has the right of way." Cool, now I have the law on my side.

2. The reason parking meters in Berkeley don't take dimes is that people have been known to actually scrape down pennies to the size and weight of dimes in order to save 9 cents.

3. If you turn in a drunk driver and he/she is convicted, you get a \$500 reward. Of course, since everyone has the right to know his accuser, they will know not only your name and face, but your address as well.

4. Although it is a law that you must stop

completely behind the line at a stop sign, the law says nothing about how far back you must stop. Technically, you can stop in the middle of the block, and then floor it through the intersection.

5. You may get liquored in the back of a taxi cab, and you don't need to wear your

seat belt because you're being chauffeured by a "professional driver." Obviously the DMV has never taken a cab ride in Berkeley.

6. At a four-way stop sign, if a fire truck, ambulance, mail jeep and police car all arrive at the same time, who had the right of way? Answer: The mail jeep, since the US Postal Service is Federal as opposed to State or Local, and nobody has the right to impede the mail.

7. If you stagger out of a bar and decide to sleep it off in your car, you could technically be arrested for D.U.I. for being in possession of your keys and in the vehicle.

Besides these useful traffic tips, we were also amused by numerous anecdotes about drivers and past students:

1. A couple was pulled over for speeding, and the driver told his pregnant wife to pretend she was in labor. The cop, instead of giving them a ticket, gave the car a police escort to the hospital, and while he ran inside

to get her admitted, they drove off.

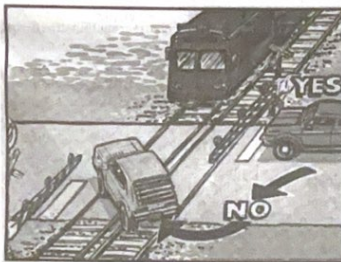
2. A man whose speeding was caught on film by one of those roadside cameras (which, by the way, are illegal) received the ticket in the mail along with a picture of him in the car. As payment, he xeroxed the money he owed the court and sent the photocopy in. He thought he was pretty crafty, until he received a photocopy of a pair of handcuffs from the court as a hint as to what would happen if he didn't remit proper payment.

3. In a relatively unrelated note, a man with a HAM radio (which drivers with police band radios can pick up) would often tell listeners where he lived, and then describe exactly how he would kill them if they came to pay him a visit.

4. A narcoleptic woman whose job is to "dress and butcher rabbits" was prescribed valium in order to keep her mellow enough to drive without getting upset and having narcoleptic fits. So either she passes out left and right or is stoned out her mind on the very same freeways that all of us drive on daily.

5. Another student pretended to be incontinent, and said he'd be OK if he could leave the room when he needed to relieve himself. After numerous meanders to what seemed to be the restroom, the teacher decided to follow him and found out that the student had actually been going downstairs to the bar to get plastered.

So what did traffic school do for me? For a few whole hours, I paid extra close attention to stop signs and red lights. But as bad habits often do, my driving patterns quickly returned. My only solace lies in the fact that there is a book called *Fight Your Ticket And Win*, so next time, I'll be prepared.



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## Straight Edge?

By Sasha Wolf

The Heuristic Squelch has obtained a interview with the legendary punk-rocker Ian "Blue Eggs" Gerkin. Gerkin has been on the scene since the mid 70's influencing a number of bands ranging from Minor Threat and Bad Brains to Operation Ivy and Dead Kennedys. He is the ex-guitarist of the band "Your Mama's Left Ovary," who were so hardcore & straight-edge that they decided never to make any records because they felt that in doing so they would be selling out to the 'bleedin' corporations.

**Squelch:** So Ian, would tell us something about the latest project you've been working on?

**Gerkin:** Well, right! Ya see Ian Mackaye rang up me the other day and asked if I would consider being in a band with him. Well I told the little bastard to piss off. I mean, how dare he ask. You know I was the original guitarist of the Teen Idles. Along came Ian and just usurped me right out of the band. What a little pissant!

**Squelch:** But didn't Ian Mackaye just play bass in the Teen Idles?

**Gerkin:** Ya, I mean...uh...can we move on to the next question please?

**Squelch:** For someone who was so pivotal in the formation of the straight-edge movement, you have increasingly come under fire for your seemingly hypocritical views.

**Gerkin:** That is a bunch of fuckin' lies!!! Probably started by that prick Mackaye. He was always jealous of the fact that I was more straight edge than him.

**Squelch:** But what about songs you've writ-

ten like "Heroin is Cool!" and "Real Men Snort Coke While Having Unprotected Sex With Transvestites"?

**Gerkin:** Well, I did write those songs. I was just trying to do a little role-playing, ya know? I wanted to sort of get into the mind of someone who...uh...Damn! All this talk is making me thirsty, could you pass me that beer over there?

**Squelch:** (I give him the beer) My final question for you Ian is something that's been vexing fans and critics alike for years. What exactly does your nickname "Blue Eggs" mean?

**Gerkin:** Well, a couple of years ago me and my mates from the band "Putrid" were sitting around shooting up some smack, or was it morphine? I can never remember. Anyway, we all got the munchies really bad so we all ate about a dozen pot brownies each, washing it down of course with some good old Jim Bean. We then went into the studio to record a version of "Straight-Edge". After that we all passed out and had to be taken to the de-tox unit at the hospital. In the hospital I remember reading this great Dr. Meseuss book called "Blue Eggs and Haggis". Uh, I can't really remember the rest of the story.

**Squelch:** So doesn't this account cast doubt on your claim of being straight-edge?

**Gerkin:** Well...uh...Can we move on to the next question please?

*Ian Gerkin and his band "Asia" will be appearing with Green Day at Gilman St. next week. Ian and Billy Joe will be performing their hit song "Selling Out Is Cool!"*

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Your Comment or Suggestion:  
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ME LIKES BLACK BEAN CHILI.  
Other Comment (optional):  
Sasha? Thanks.  
Pittman!

"In my spare time, I tested one of your DC bananas for a variety of organo-chloride pesticides. It had no detectable levels of any of the pesticides I was testing for. Thank you."

- October 14, Justin Bastow

For a number of years, the University community has suspected that strange things occur in the Residence Hall Dining Commons. So, the Squelch sent Investigative Reporter Ayala Ben-Yehuda to the Foothill DC to investigate. She found the following:

"I found a new friend underneath my pillow."  
- Anon.

"BLACK BEAN CHILI GOOD. ME LIKES BLACK BEAN CHILI"  
- Anon.

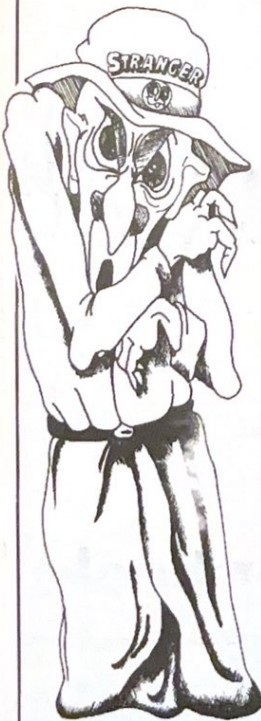
"What's the blue thingy doing here?"  
- Anon.

"Stoney blonde guy with long hair is cool."  
- Anon.

"As a vegetarian, I appreciate the variety of 'salad fixins' as your Southern progenitors would say. I am curious as to when there will be an insect-free version of the spinach-leaf? (Perhaps you could place the critters on the side as an optional dressing.)"  
- November 6, Marissa

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**CAUTION:** Although the data is still being analyzed by a crack team, the preliminary results are quite frightening. Therefore, the Squelch recommends that residents practice caution while in the DC. Remember, anyone you meet could be the BLACK BEAN CHILI lover.

## Karl's Buggin'



**"What  
the  
\*@#%!"**

"Uncle Karl here to tell you about a neat thing I just found out that the good folks at U.S.C.A. are offering you this Spring '96. It's called cooperative living - you know, I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine. It's what laboring animals that live together do.

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All this for the paltry sum of \$1,767 a semester. Shoot man, I'd do it if I wasn't dead. It's every thing I always wanted in housing and more. So, stop living in alienation and jump into the seething pit of humanity that is the Co-ops. Hey, you might even get lucky."



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## 50 Ways To Placate Your Lover by Irad Eyal

Learning how to communicate in a relationship is very very dangerous and not the kind of thing you want to step into without preparation. We wouldn't dream of jumping into a bottomless chasm without first learning something about it yet people are doing this very thing every day. So, after reading a lot of books on the subject, I have come up with this simple guide to communication in 6 easy steps.

We will use a hypothetical example to illustrate the point. Suppose you sleep with your lover's best friend and somehow the love of your life (the one with whom you are involved) finds out. How can you use communication to help out your relationship? Follow these steps and see!

1. **Repeat the question** - If they say "Where were you last night?", you say "Where was I last night?". If they ask "Who the fuck do you think you are?", you reply "Who the fuck do I think I am." It's a simple technique whose saving grace is that it is so annoying, your lover will often drop the issue just so you'll shut up.

2. **Feign confusion** - "What do you mean kissing?... What exactly do you mean by naked?" The key here is to act incredibly stupid, which should be pretty convincing considering the situation you got yourself into. Thus, technique two is a good follow-up to an unsuccessful RTQ.

3. **Get angry first** - Before they say anything, explode into a fit of rage over the mere suspicion that you could even conceive of the accusation. This is communication at its best and is the technique preferred by the United States Military. To be particularly convincing, it helps to break something you really like or something made out of glass. Bleeding completes the picture.

3b. The corollary to **Get angry first** is **Return the serve** also called the "I am rubber..." technique. "Oh ya! Well what about your friend from High School who sent you

that Christmas Card? Huh? Huh? Huh?!!!" This in turn is related to the "I am dirt..." maneuver.

4. **Distraction** - Surprisingly, this technique can be very effective but it requires that you *really believe* what you are saying. Things like "Look, a sasquatch!" are much harder to pull off than "I don't know if this is the right time to tell you, but your mother called..." she said not to worry and then she broke into tears..." Sometimes we must be cruel to be kind.

5. **Hyperbole** - This is a decoy maneuver. You admit to the crime and exaggerate it so much that the accuser begins to doubt. "Yes yes yes... of course we did it. I was going to tell you but I thought I would wait until your birthday before I broke it off. Ha ha ha. We've been at it for months already so I guess I lost the bet because I was sure you would never find out." This also lays a good foundation for future pleas of insanity.

6. **Cry** - Any communicator worth their place in group counseling has mastered the art of spontaneous crying well before puberty. A good cryer will pretend to hide their shame to increase the shock value. A good cryer will always position themselves so that their tears fall on their lover's miserable face. Only the best cryers can manipulate mucus in such an artful fashion that snorting and dripping snot actually work on their behalf. With this technique we see the importance of following the steps in order. There is really no point to getting very angry after you have cried like a baby. Never underestimate the power of crying. Note that this technique can only be used a limited number of times and if used beyond that critical number, tends to promote laughter instead of communication.

From these beginner techniques, it is easy to move on to more complex things like **Sex after fight** or **Running very fast**. Good luck. We are always students but some of us go to the library just prior to finals.



## Attention Seniors!

The time is coming to take your senior portrait to be included in the 1996 Blue & Gold Yearbook. Look out for letters we are sending to your parents over break notifying them of this event. This will be the last chance for all graduating students to have their picture taken and to order senior photos and the yearbook.

**Sign ups start:** January 22, 1996  
Noon-midnight, 7 days a week

**Appointments begin:** January 29, 1996  
9 a.m.-noon, 1-5 p.m.

**Where:** ASUC Library

**Cost:** Prices start at \$10 for a sitting; \$5 with book purchase

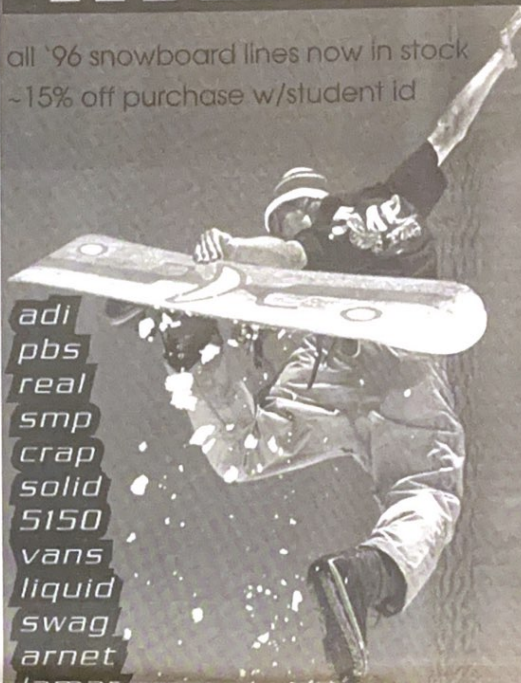
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# What if?

by Jeff Sketeris and Jason Zimring

What if people respected English majors?  
 What if the bullet hit Yoko instead?  
 What if someone gave James Bond a stirred martini?  
 What if there were no possessions? And no religion too?  
 What if Taco Bell took reservations?  
 What if Alanis Morissette had had really good relationships?  
 What if Legos didn't fit together?  
 What if Garfield hated lasagna?  
 What if the entire cast of 90210 suddenly burst into flames?  
 What if ATM's only gave nickels?  
 What if people still remembered OJ just for being a great running back?  
 What if people actually paid attention to car alarms?  
 What if Switzerland took sides?  
 What if this column went on forever?  
 What if international border disputes were settled by games of Triple Yahtzee?  
 What if the pick-up line "Nice shoes, wanna fuck?" actually worked?  
 What if somebody didn't like Sara Lee?  
**WHAT IF THERE WERE NO LOWER CASE LETTERS?**  
 What if those weren't Bugle Boy Jeans he was wearing?  
 What if ET had a fax machine?  
 What if light was the absence of dark?  
 What if Jimi Hendrix was right handed?  
 What if Smurfs were orange, like Unit 2?  
 What if Tommy sucked at pinball?  
 What if you brought a knife to a gun fight?

## Mechanical Engineering Man

by Aaron Ingber

I'm Mechanical Engineering Man, M.E. Man  
 I think of heat, and levers and waves  
 I sit and scratch and I don't really bathe  
 I wanna be the professor's love slave

M.E. Man, M.E. Man  
 When the design doesn't work, I rant and I rave  
 I spend my weekends locked in a cave  
 It might do me some good to actually shave.

M.E. Man, M.E. Man  
 Someday of course, I'll have it made  
 When hundreds of thousands I'll be paid  
 But unlike others, I'll never get laid

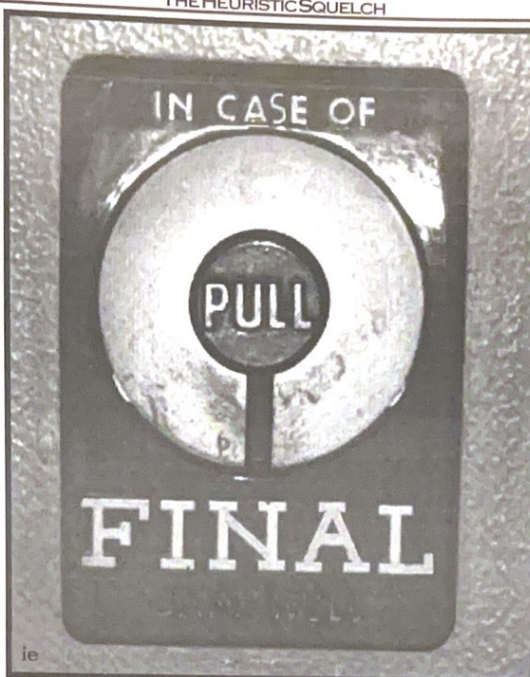
I'm Mechanical Engineering Man!

### Question of the day:

If two trains leave two different stations at exactly the same time, approaching each other at 94 and 72 kph (respectively), than how many frat boys does it take to change a lightbulb?

### Answer to the Question of the day:

The speeds of the trains are in fact irrelevant in this equation, since they will probably just derail anyway. The solution, therefore, lies in the fact that, as we all know, frat boys lack the cranial capacity to even comprehend the concept of electricity, much less make any practical application thereof. Hence, the answer is unattainable, and the question becomes moot.



## Jennifer's 13 Laws of Airline Travel

1. Anything that can happen to make your flying experience unpleasant, will.
2. You will purchase your ticket(s) at full price 10 minutes before the airline offers a special discount.
3. You will ask for an aisle seat yet get sandwiched in between a hypochondriac reading a self-help book and a man who wouldn't fit in two first class seats, smells worse than the hypochondriac, and snorts when he breathes.
4. The decor will bear a nauseating resemblance to the old Laugh-In set.
5. Your in flight movie will be Beethoven's 2nd or Honey, I Blew Up The Kid (note: You will only have the option of a movie when your view of the monitor is obstructed by an obnoxious toddler leaning over the seat in front of you, trying to grab your nose).
6. People will bitch and bitch and bitch and yes, even bitch about the poor quality of airline food but then gobble up everything on their plastic trays and ask for the extra meals left on the plane.
7. Turbulence will begin at the same time meal and beverage service does.
8. There is always a line for the bathroom.
9. You will never sit next to your future husband, future wife, or anyone worth having sex in the bathroom with.
10. You will never get a first class upgrade.
11. People will always stand up before the pilot has turned off the fasten seat belt sign (Actually this one is not necessarily something that will make your flight unpleasant, but it aggs me almost as much as the phrase "Pure chewing satisfaction!" I mean do these people really think they're going to get off any sooner if they're the first ones to stand up? So annoying.)
12. The flight attendants will never announce which carousel your checked luggage can be found at.
13. After you decipher the flashing flight numbers and find the correct carousel, your luggage will be the last piece(s) to slide down the chute, missing its wheels and the handle.

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## SHORT CONVERSATIONS

"You're racist."  
 "I'm not racist. I'm politically-correct challenged."  
 "Are you busy later on?"  
 "No. And please don't call."  
 "I just broke up with my boyfriend."  
 "Good, so he's available now?"  
 "How was your final?"  
 "My asshole is bleeding profusely."  
 "That bad, eh?"  
 "It was like a tree trunk, attached to a jackhammer, drilling a new hole."  
 "Sucks to be you, then."  
 "What -- you don't like my taste?"  
 "I have no idea what you taste like."µ  
 "This isn't you."  
 "It's my friend's ID. And she's 21."  
 "Jenga!"  
 "Nice little veal calf you got there cowboy!"  
 "Ain't it though?"♣  
 "This is my tank. This is not your tank. Go away!"  
 "You're the woman of my dreams."  
 "You aim high don't you?"  
 "Turn this mother out."  
 "I will if you put this papa in."  
 "I went to Doe for the first time yesterday."  
 "I remember my first time -- it was really confusing. . . I mean, it took a long time . . . oh, never mind."  
 "Nice butt. Jesus!"  
 "He does have a good butt for a Messiah."  
 "Thank you for coming."  
 "Thank you for letting me."µ  
 "Hi. I'm Bill."  
 "You think I care, don't you?"  
 "What's with the Benzoyl Peroxide Idiot?"  
 "Oh he's just an Oxy moron."  
 "My name is Antonio Banderas, you killed my father. Prepare to die."  
 "Welcome home!"  
 "This is not my beautiful house. This is not my beautiful wife!"  
 "I missed you."  
 "Get a bigger gun."µ  
 "Hey baby. I've got the means to your end."  
 "What do you mean '976,' where the hell have you been? Everyone's using '1-900's these days!"µ  
 µ Actual real conversations.  
 ♣ Actual real prarie talk.

## Squelch Music Department (relegated to the periphery as usual)

Sung to the tune of *Jump Around* by the Everly Brothers:

Doe, a library. A female library.  
 Ray, the guy that fixed your car.  
 Me, the ending to Laboto  
 Evans, a long long way to run!  
 So, your philosophy of life.  
 Loth, a veggie place to live  
 P, if you're friends with P then  
 you're friends with me  
 And Homer brings us back to Doh!



