

Nutrition Facts

Serving Size 8 pages (32 doses)
 Servings per Container One (please share)

Amount per serving	Squelch Alone	Squelch with Assorted Chewable Vitamins
Calories	630	632
Calories from Phlegm	52	62
Total	% Monthly Value**	
Humor 4 oz. (kind)	100%	100%
Vitamin B ₁₂	0%	100%
Top Tens	150%	150%
Sharp Political Satire	75%	78%
Riboflavin	2%	102%
Hantavirus	12%	5%
Salvation	50%	51%
Wombats	0%	0%
Pedophilia Jokes	500%	530%

**Percent Monthly Values are based on a diet of Jack Daniel's and wheat grass supplements, widespread political apathy, and irregular sleep patterns.

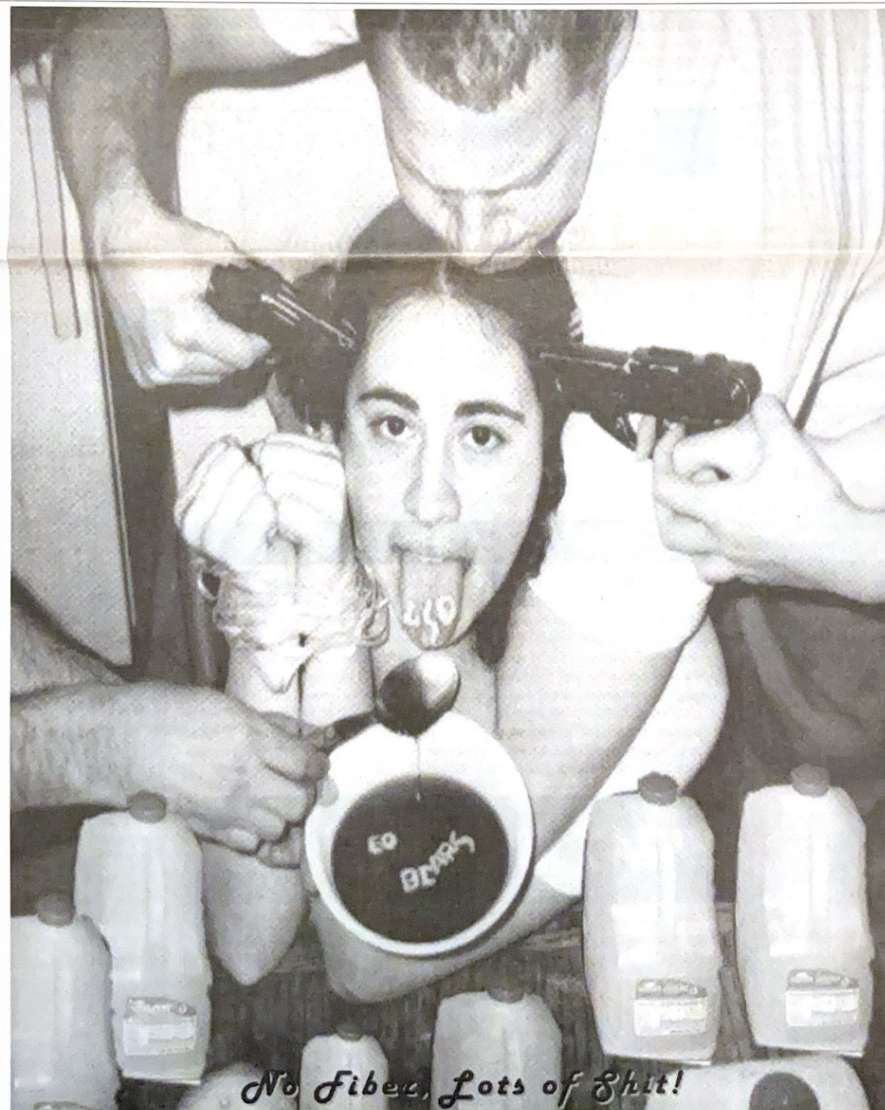
Ingredients: Olestra™, monosodium glutamate, Red Dye #5, rusty metal shards, estrogen, grammatical errors, shiny happy people holding hands, & bison meat.

THE NEW HEURISTIC

SQUELCH BITS



(Burro enlarged to show texture)



1896-1996



Ooh, It Burns!

After 100 years and two months, comedian George Burns died of heart failure at his home in Beverly Hills. **FINALLY!** Oh bright and shiny day! At long last wicked witch is dead!

Burns was an American icon, which, thinking about it, helps me understand why the French hold us in such great contempt.

During the past few years, Burns was always lauded for the endearing pluck and viv with which he defied his old age. Only recently did he give up smoking his trademark PCP laced cigars. Indeed, Burns's longevity served as the one and only successful premise for the jokes he made to three generations of captive audiences. And though he will be remembered by many for his comic genius, only few knew of his true, evil genius.

I speak, of course, about how George Burns sucked the life force out of many good people, killing them so that he could continue to live. Gilda Radner, Dizzy Gillespie, Keith Haring, Jim Henson, Miles Davis, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Chrissy Taylor, Michael Baroshnikov, Shamu, Kurt Cobain, Mel Blanc, Dr. Seuss, Yitzhak Rabin, Tattoo... - all dead. And I'm certain you could add many other names to this list - all dead, and all because of George Burns. I know this sounds far-fetched, especially in light of both Richard Nixon and Jerry Garcia's recent demises. The fact remains however; all these people died while George Burns kept on living. Also, you should be aware of and consider the very Machavellian strain that runs in the Burns family as evinced by his younger and admittedly less evil brother Montgomery.

I will give Burns this though: a kick in his dead old ass and an extra-full bladder of frothy piss on his too-fresh grave! HA HA motherfucker! Oh God you Devil - see you in hell!

- MKT

When I heard that Mr. Burns had died, I was crushed. My first thought was, "What will *The Simpsons* be like without the evil Monty Burns?" Only later did I realize that it was in fact George Burns who had died, and I was greatly relieved.

Does it frighten you to think that when you croak, the last sound you hear might be the ever slowing tick of your own pace-maker? It should.

- JLS

George Burns declined comment because he's dead. - Eds.



Squelch cover model and Chicago native Genevieve Frisch wears clothes from designer Monique mont de Venus's Spring collection. Make-up by Otto Scheidenenöffnung. Hair by Luigi Perineo. Madonna bi sexual Two by four. Firearms provided by Ms. Brandy St. John. No Genevieves were hurt in the making of this issue. Well, no more than necessary.

WAR IN BOSNIA

A clerical error at the Port of Oakland mistakenly sent a shipment of pricing guns to the troops of the US Army 22nd Division, stationed outside Sarajevo. While cleaning his gun, Private Rusty Vanster, unfamiliar with the new machinery, accidentally fired a round of red stickers imprinted with the low, low price of \$4.98 into a crowded Sarajevo marketplace. The unprovoked attack set off a price war with the Bosnian Serbs, who retaliated by viciously slashing prices further and offering a 30-day money-back guarantee on all non-sale items. American Lt. Colonel Robert Banning optimistically stated, "This might be a turning point in the conflict. In my hometown, where I worked at the local general store as a teenager, I was known to have the quickest pricing gun around." On a more philosophical note, he added, "I must disagree with the common sentiment that there are no winners in war - I think the customer always wins." At the other end of the clerical snafu, a Safeway store in Arlington, Virginia, has reported that shoplifting is at an all-time low since the recent arrival of five crates of M-16s. Fifteen year old self-stocker Martin Prince exuberantly exclaimed, "I love the automatic action and dual-clip loading! I'm glad my manager finally took my suggestion."

BUCHANAN 12909 PRIMARY ELECTION

Right-wing candidate Pat Buchanan suffered a campaign setback this Tuesday by losing the Primary election to Red, Blue, and Yellow. Heavy favorites in the race, co-incumbent primary colors Red, Blue, and Yellow, ran on the platform, "By mixing any combination of us, you can achieve any color of the spectrum, whether that hue is complimentary or tertiary." Buchanan's initial stance was "White must be the only primary color." The poor reception of this position ultimately led Buchanan to resort to mudslinging and character assassination, claiming that Red is an "Un-American commie sympathizer" and Yellow is "nothing but a coward." The reactionary Republican further stated that Blue is emotionally unfit to hold office as he is too often "melancholic and sad." Proving that he might have been an effective primary color, Buchanan turned green with envy and was tickled pink by the notion that someone might actually cast a vote for him.

BIBPHOMOUS BURRITOS

In a rare show of solidarity, students from the Muslim and Jewish Student Unions marched together to protest the "ungodliness" of D.C. Food. Both religions observe dietary restrictions, in which certain food preparation guidelines must be followed for the foods to be certified "kosher" or "halal." "They won't give us the ingredients, so we can't point to any specifics," commented rally spokesman Amir Smith, "but any way you look at it, this stuff's an abomination unto the Lord." Smug gentle diners who ate in spite of rallyers' warnings soon experienced odd gastronomic reactions described by one Unit II freshman as "not unlike wrathful divine retribution." Theologians and D.C. officials have yet to comment on the rally, or the dark, stormy cloud engulfing the Housing and Dining Services trailer park. In an unrelated story, UC Police have "no leads" concerning the mysterious appearances of numerous pillars of salt on Bowditch.

WHAT ME SQUELCHY?

Practice Random Acts of Kindness and Submit Material to the Squelch. We are always looking for submissions in the form of stories, artwork, fake ad ideas, and anything else you can come up with. Please do one of the following:

- (1) An Editor-in-Chief
- (2) Come to one of our meetings in 247 Dwinelle on Wednesday nights at 7 pm
- (3) E-mail ideas and material to: seff@uclink2.berkeley.edu or pinole@uclink.berkeley.edu
- (4) Real-mail stuff to (no more pipe bombs you assholes): The Heuristic Squelch P.O. 4575 Berkeley, CA 94704-0575

NewsFlashes

HIGHWAY TO REPLACE FRAT ROW

The city of Berkeley is doing its part to combat traffic congestion in the East Bay, by demolishing "fraternity row" in order to construct a new six-lane expressway that will cut precious seconds off Berkeley commuters' daily travels. The elevated concrete road will stretch from the intersection of Piedmont and Bancroft to the Clark Kerr campus, for a total distance of four blocks. There was little debate at last week's City Council meeting when the decisive votes were cast. A cost-benefit analysis of the proposal very influential on the eventual outcome of the vote was conducted by CalTrans, in conjunction with the National Women's Rights Organitee Committee and the Cal Undergraduate Structural Engineering Association. What follows is an excerpt from the Recommendations section of the study: "We are faced with a critical choice - whether we want to be cursed with a polluting, noisy, concrete blight marring the green backdrop of the quiet Berkeley hills or with the pollution of drunken date-rape and mindless conservative conformity. The choice is painfully obvious." There have been mixed emotions among the Greek community. One outspoken fratboy said, "I don't see why the highway and the frats can't co-exist. Alcohol and driving have always been complementary activities in our system."

FEMINISTS BASH FORBES

Noted feminists, including Gloria Steinem, Naomi Wolf, Margaret Atwood, and Andrew Silverstein vilified Republican presidential hopeful Steven Forbes yesterday at a press conference. They urged voters to snub the rich boy for "more positively feminist politicians," branding the cornerstone of the Forbes campaign, his proposal for a flat tax, as sexist, offensive, and misogynistic. The seventeen percent tax on all flat women would create a national fund for what the candidate calls a "boob fund" to subsidize the national wet t-shirt contests. President Clinton responded (with Hillary's permission of course) by saying he liked Forbes' idea, and that he himself will propose a tax credit for "buxom beauties" and "well-endowed Southern belles."

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Dear Editors,

I'm sure I'm not the first to notice how your Letters to the Editors section keeps on shrinking. Do you not value reader input?

F. Licky

- oh my, we were unaware that our readers were literate. sorry. - Eds

Dear Editors,

No soup for you!
Soup Nazi

Dear Editors,

Give me back my pen!
B. Dole

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Getting 'em in the van.
Since 1991.

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"Where is your next class?"
"In, as the French say, Le Conte."



TOP TENS



Top Ten Tricks To Make Good Sex Better (by Jay Wiseman):

10. Push Here To Start
9. Thumb-Enchanted Evening
8. Hooker's Trick #4
7. Fill 'Er Up
6. Wonderful Wipes
5. Pin the Skin
4. Milking It for All it's Worth
3. Vampire Attack #1
2. I Want a Caveman
1. Bondage Safety Tip #4: Emergency Lighting

Top Ten Things My Analyst Keeps Telling Me:

10. "I think you'll find vertical slits up the wrist more effective."
9. "What ... oh yes, I'm still awake."
8. "I'm sorry, could you mutter just a bit louder, please?"
7. "Who the hell is Leopold Bloom?"
6. "Sounds like your childhood sucked."
5. "Naw, this shit's cashed. Pack another, man."
4. "Wow. We should go for dinner sometime."
3. "Please try not to drool on the divan"
2. "And does Mr. Mix-A-Lot appear often in your dreams?"
1. "Hey stupid, go on about your inferiority complex."

Top Ten MacGyver Inventions: (ingredients in parenthesis)

10. Atomic bomb (twine, duct tape, and magic fairy dust)
9. A right (two wrongs)
8. Marguerita (tequila, triple sec, salt and twist of lime)
7. Wine (water)
6. Aborted Fetus (sixteen year-old, coat hanger, back alley, dumpster)
5. Another season (tired old plot)
4. U.G.I.S. major (bunch of unrelated lower division classes)
3. Startlingly effective nerve-gas weapon (Gumby's pizza)
2. Sorority-Girl-Chastity-Vanquisher (Key-stone)
1. Haas Resume (lies, lies, lies)

Top Ten Pederastic Pet-peeves:

10. Having to clean the blood out of the clown suit
9. Driving home alone from the desert
8. Gee, could these pictures be any more blurry?
7. Nevada State Police
6. Going to Toys R US and seeing the guy in the giraffe suit getting all the cuties
5. Bad translations of "The Phaedrus"
4. Surveillance cameras in the bathrooms at Chuckie Cheese
3. The P.T.A.
2. When you can't rent a van with tinted windows
1. Having to sing that "Won't you be my neighbor" song everyday

Top Ten Signs that Chancellor Tien has gone Nuts:

10. During sex he keeps squealing "No hype, no prisoners!"
9. He just signed a deal to turn Moffit into a K-mart
8. He keeps referring to new head football coach Steve Mariucci as "his bitch"
7. He's going upstairs at Cafe Milano, closing off the stairway, and calling it his fortress of solitude
6. He's always asking Todd Bozeman "So what ever happened to that Kidd fella?"
5. He wants to be called DJ Pimp Chancellor T
4. He named Gary Coleman Dean of the College of Natural Science
3. He thinks UCLink is a secret tunnel between here and Davis
2. He got "I Love Shareef" tattooed across his upper torso
1. He named his testicles Gladis & Melvyl

Top Ten Categories on Jeopardy:

10. Weird Al Yankovic
9. German Gynecological Terminology
8. Pot Stickers in Celtic Literature
7. Things to Make Cheese From
6. Repressed Homoeroticism in Shakespeare
5. Cunning Linguists
4. Dwarves, Freaks, and Other Cuddly Things
3. Starbuck's Coffee™ (man, they're everywhere)
2. Fluids
1. "Whoomp there it is!"

Top Ten Drinks Most Commonly Ordered by EECS Majors:

10. Eudora Sour
9. Byte Russian
8. SCSI Navel
7. Virtual Sex on the Beach
6. Canadian Club & Soda Hall
5. RAM & Coke
4. Long Island Ice C++
3. screaming_orms.jpg
2. ROM Collins
1. Jolt

Top Ten Amish Euphemisms for Sex:

10. Churning the Butter
9. Raising the Barn
8. Filling the Silo
7. Flaunting Leviticus
6. Stroking the Beard
5. Rocking the Carriage
4. Whipping the Ass
3. Tanning some Leather
2. The Humpty Dance
1. Playing Surgeon General

Top Ten Dr. Seuss Pimp Books:

10. "Horton Hears a Ho"
9. "The Cat in the Jimmy Hat"
8. "One Bitch, Two Bitch, Red Bitch, Blue Bitch"
7. "If I Ran the Brothel"
6. "Marvin K. Mooney, Will You Please Pay Now?"
5. "The Snatches & Other Stories"
4. "Yertle the Daddy Mack"
3. "Hop on Pop"
2. "There's a Wocket in my Pocket"
1. "Oh, the Places You'll Ho!"

Top Ten Things That Will Keep You in Your Bed at Night During a Fire & Make You Die:

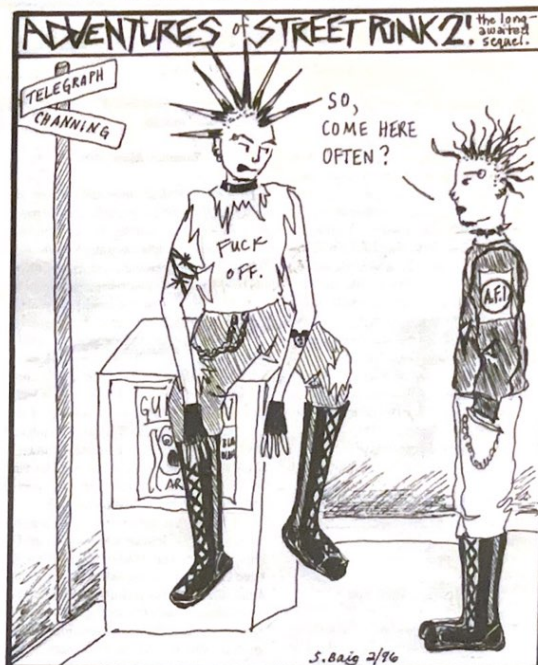
10. Masturbation
9. Fear of Commitment / the Dark
8. Things that go bump in the night
7. Handcuffs
6. 12 Monkeys
5. Leprosy
4. Rigor Mortis
3. Rush Limbaugh / Alex Weingarten on your chest
2. The ethereal chains that bind your Psyche
1. Daily Cal

Top Ten Panhandlers:

10. Texas
9. "Homeless, Disabled Vietnam Veterinarian"
8. "Will Smelt Industrial-Potash for Food"
7. "Disgruntled Ex-Postal Worker Needs \$ for Bullets"
6. "Homeless@telegraph.piercings.org"
5. "Will Kick it Old School for Miz-money"
4. "Hari Krishna, Hari Rama..."
3. "Homeless, Disabled Vietnam Vegetarian"
2. "Will pass out LaVal's/Durant Garden flyers with an individual flair for nontaxed income"
1. "Will tell you about the Philosophy department for cigarettes"

Top Ten Things That Should Be Done by Any Means Necessary:

10. The laundry
9. The dishes
8. Defend Affirmative Action
7. Kill space



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DIARY OF A SERIAL KILLER

as discovered by BEN PERSHING

Monday, February 30th

This is my first entry. Despite my unbridled success so far, I assume that I will eventually get caught. All tragic heroes are undone in the end by a fatal flaw. For Achilles, it was his heel. For Hamlet, it was indecision. For me, it will be that I enjoy the slaughter of innocents. One blemish in the character of an otherwise educated, suave, generally groovy guy. I rather like the idea that the posthumous publication of these diaries will land me a place in a great tradition of literary narcissists which began with Plato. "Philosopher-kings" my ass. More like "Dorks who can spell properly will rule over all those who used to bully him on the playground." One wonders what Plato would have thought of Reagan. But I digress. Today I took out entire troupe of girl scouts. Mmmm, thin mints. A quote to think about:

"Of all those who speak of us/
Let them be heard to say/
So that we may have a tomorrow/
They gave their today."

Thursday, April 31st

I've been thinking a lot about whoever it is that wrote that last "quote for the day". Who goes out of his way just to make sure that his epitaph rhymes? Maybe I should make mine a haiku:

Now that I am dead,
You can all say what you want,
I don't give a shit

I think it strikes the proper balance between resignation and defiance. Poetry has never been my forte, really. I don't think I was cut out to be an English major. Wearing black was cool, but I never got into smoking. Anyway, yesterday I did this guy at a Star Trek Convention. I don't really think that it was murder, more like natural selection. I mean, no jury would convict me if they saw this guy's haircut. The pathetic thing was, he actually tried to call for help on his "authentic" U.S.S. Enterprise-issue communicator. Then he pointed the thing at me, like he was going to shoot me! I just yelled, "Set this on

stun, you acne-ridden freak!" The Trouble with Tribbles, indeed.

Monday, May 19th

I reread my last entry and noticed an abnormal amount of anger in it. I really must learn to control these angry, violent impulses. For example, tonight I made it a "Blockbuster night" and rented some movies. You see, it has always been my dream to emulate that guy on the commercial who takes that girl to Taco Bell for dinner, where he gets the Blockbuster coupon for a free rental. Then they rent a movie, go back to his place, and, things being what they are, they probably even have sex. This is certainly my idea of a blissful evening (especially if we get some of those cinnamon crispy things for dessert, mmm) but it never seems to happen. I have a lot of trouble with dating. Whenever I'm alone with a woman I always want to, you know, kill her. Most disturbing.

Anyway, tonight I tried to compensate for my lack of female companionship by renting some particularly violent films. I have come to the conclusion that there are more films about serial killers than there are serial killers. Lately these fictional murderers seem to be falling into two categories: 1) Brilliant but insane, or 2) Young, good-looking, and utterly apathetic. I will grudgingly admit that I fit better into the former category than the latter. It's too bad, really, because I've always wanted to have a lot of sex and drive a cool car. A lot of critics contend that these films glorify and glamorize violence, and there have been some high-profile examples of people copying films. I remain convinced, though, that the silent majority of viewers are able to distinguish media violence from the real thing. I suppose it would be more socially responsible if I were to write a sober, non-sensationalistic account of my deeds. But why would I want to do that? Who am I, Truman Capote? And who exactly make up "the silent majority" anyway? I mean, aren't these the people who watch *Home Improvement*? I have become frustrated by this whole expositional exercise. This will be my last entry. I'm off to stalk Tim Allen, and maybe Bob Saget as well. Death to mediocrity!

DEFENDING COOPERATION

By Sasha Wolf

People are always bagging on the dorms, on fraternities, on sororities, but no one ever seems to poke fun at the co-ops. Are we such freaks that it is not all kosher to insult us? When was the last time you heard a good co-op joke? For most of you, the only time you see a co-op is when it is either dark out or you're drunk; in other words, when you come to one of our parties. Since many of you have never seen what co-ops are really like, I thought I would enlighten you uncooperative brethren by listing some common myths associated with the co-ops.

Myth: Co-ops have elaborate initiation ceremonies for newcomers.

Reality: Only Chateau requires that you drink the blood of a male goat killed on the night of the new moon.

Myth: Co-ops are dirty and smelly.

Reality: Yeah, but they're a hell of a lot cheaper than the dorms!

Myth: All of the co-ops are populated by a bunch of PC tree-hugging heroin-using rave chicks.

Reality: That is just not true. The vegans only live in Loth, the snack-users only live in Live, and the rave chicks certainly only live in CZ.

Myth: Co-ops throw some really killer parties.

Reality: No argument here.

Myth: Cloyne is a shitpit.

Reality: Cloyne is a shitpit.

Myth: Both Hoyt and Sherman (all women co-ops) are populated entirely with lesbians. Every weekend they have titanic orgies and they castrate famous misogynists in effigy.

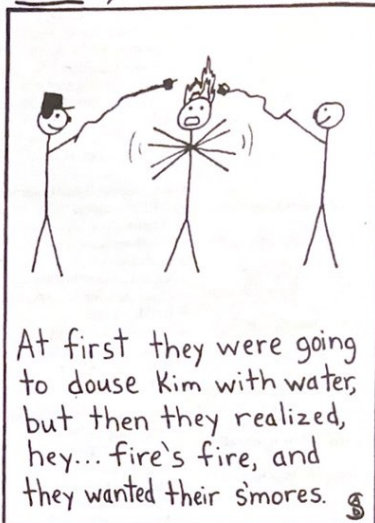
Reality: This myth was probably started by some fratboy who's "Greek charm" (stench of beer vomit, Neanderthal IQ) failed when he attempted to pick up one of these girls.

Myth: In general, people that live in co-ops are a bunch of pinko-communists who believe in the un-American socialist ideal of cooperation.

Reality: I don't know about you, but I certainly didn't learn about cooperation from the Spartacist rally last weekend. I learned about "cooperation" and "sharing" from Sesame Street. Co-ops are really just based on the values taught by the Children's Television Workshop: love, sharing, and weed. What could be more American (or Berkelian for that matter) than sitting around with your friends and smoking a bowl?

"Hey Randy Duck!"
"Wha ... OW!"

Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



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People I Loathe Part II: Boys Who Played High School Football

by Karen Ahn

The reason this piece of hard-hitting investigative journalism comes out now, quite frankly, is because I'm out of the country and the Cal Football team can't hire someone to read the telephone book and look up my address and beat me into a jellied mess. And, to be honest, I have no problem with people who play college football. I'm sure they're all fine, talented individuals with several problems concerning repressed homosexuality (hence all the butt patting and references to the 'endzone.')

However. However. While one must admit that it does take skill, ability and sheer, one might say, monstrous bulk to play for college and professional teams, the noxious bastards who play high school football should really be hung up by their undescended testicles. They remind me nothing so much as a bunch of hormone injected cattle, unfortunately gifted with the power of speech.

I have never, ever met one man who played high school football who cannot stop himself from referring to it at least three times in any kind of conversation. During high school, or out of it. I remember in my senior economics class in high school some poor Lenny-esque side of beef saying, 'Yeah, you know, in the stock market, it's a lot like playing ball, because someone always has to take the offensive in order to win,' and looking absurdly proud, as if Adam Smith was now doing announcing for the NFL. For those who get to college, high school football invariably crops up whenever people are sharing tidbits about their past lives. Sometimes I think even saying 'Yeah, I'm a Klansman' would have a more dignified ring than the belligerent, nazi-esque pride some men take on when they say, 'Yeah, I played football in high school.'

For those who would argue with this, all I have to say is, who is the most famous example of a man who 'played high school football'? Of course — Al Bundy. High school football players seem to have retained the Little-Big-Man syndrome, of, oh, say, Napoleon (although a few exceptions just have the Big-Big-Man syndrome. Some of the biggest braggarts I've known about high school football weren't necessarily always those who were too scrawny to play at a high level. Some of them were just unbelievably mountainous and if brains were dynamite, couldn't blow their noses.)

My high school was populated by players of these types, many of which, sadly enough, still use their letterman jackets to pick up freshman girls. Now, I don't mean to denigrate athletes, because Lord knows I barely have enough coordination to open a jar of ketchup competently, but what I do openly snicker at is these poor schmucks who live so pathetically in the past. Quite frankly, unless I'd won the Nobel Prize, I don't know if there are any accomplishments from my adolescence that I'd care to remember too fondly.

My main problem with high school football players is they tend to grow up to be the kind of idiots who have gun racks on their pick up trucks and buy bumper stickers that say 'Work Hard — It's the White Thing To Do' and wear T-shirts that say 'No Fat Chicks.' I know, the world can't all be book clubs and art galleries, but do we have to be subjected to all this? Spare me from those who reminisce over chucking the pigskin during their glory days, because all it inspires in me is the urge to chuck my lunch up at them.



This Little Piggy Went to the Oscars

by Josh Greenberg

VINCENT: "So by that rationale, if a pig had a better personality, he'd cease to be a filthy animal. Is that true?"

JULES: "Well, we have to be talking about one charming motherfucking pig. I mean, he has to be ten times more charming than that Arnold on 'Green Acres.'"

-Pulp Fiction

Quentin Tarantino. Prophet. Seer. Highly untalented actor. How could he have known that it would indeed be, as he winningly put it, "one charming motherfucking pig" who would surprise everyone this year with more Oscar nominations than you can shake a hoof at?

"Babe," as he has come to be known worldwide, stuck his snout in the proverbial slot of films released in '95 (including both "Showgirls" and "Slam Dunk Ernest"), and easily rooted out a healthy number of nominations. In this sense, Babe made great headway for animal actors everywhere, but nevertheless, some remember a time when the Academy had a more uneasy partnership with the animal kingdom.

Wilbur, who starred in the 1973 film "Charlotte's Web," spoke to me by telephone from his ranch in Pasadena: "I wasn't too impressed by Babe's work in the film," Wilbur said. "I mean, he was okay, but come on, an Oscar? He's a pig."

When questioned whether his opinions might be colored by the fact that he himself was denied Oscar's sweet reward back in the 70's, Wilbur merely snorted. "Look, I won't lie to you. I was pretty pissed off when I was shut out that year. I remember me and Benji got tanked in our hotel room on Oscar night and trashed the place. Lassie was hanging out for a while and Benji got really freaky on him. Started telling him he was going to cut him up and feed him to Mr. Ed. It was really fucked up. I think Benji took some bad kibble that night or something."

I tried to bring the subject back to Babe's success, a subject Wilbur seemed most reticent to discuss. "I don't know, man. If he wins, I'll be pretty shocked. I mean, he could be just, you know, a flash in the pan. No bacon pun intended."

Marcel T. Monkey knows what it feels like to have the glare of the paparazzi's flashbulbs in his face. Marcel, who achieved middling success in a little-known sitcom called "Friends" and appeared beside Dustin Hoffman in "Outbreak," now has squared a multi-million dollar deal with Disney and started his own production company, Asdfghj Productions, which apparently got its name when its founder simply ran across a type-writer. "I'm very limited in that I have no idea how to read or write," said Marcel "but I do know talent when I see it, and Babe's clearly got the Oscar wrapped up like a pig in

a blanket."

When I mentioned Wilbur's name, Marcel merely laughed. "Look, Wilbur's probably really bitter. He's been through some real excesses, and he screwed up his chance at success worse than the cast of Diff'rent Strokes. I remember Wilbur and I met once, backstage at The Muppet Show in '76. He reeked of mud and Kahlua. He was all over Miss Piggy at the wrap party. It was so embarrassing for him. I don't think Jim Henson's hand was ever the same after that."

Questioned directly whether Babe might be just a one-hit wonder, Marcel thoughtfully replied, "Look...this is the nature of the business. You could be successful one year and then unemployed for two years. Of course, that's twenty-one in dog years, but hey, what do I know? I'm just grateful that I'm here today and didn't end up taking that part on the dinner table in 'Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom.'"

I tried several times to reach the pig of the hour himself, but Babe is, according to his attorney, Gordy M. Sow, "totally unavailable for the press at this time." In addition, Mr. Sow faxed me the following statement: "My client is currently enjoying his success and categorically denies all allegations made by various tabloids that he is either facing a drug problem or is linked romantically with Anna Nicole Smith. It is true that he was hospitalized for a short period of time, but only because of a pulled hamstring which he sustained while throwing the pigskin around in his backyard. He is currently entertaining various new projects, including a spot in Lollapalooza '96 with Mudhoney and Spacehog. He is also considering a supporting role opposite Kevin Bacon in a remake of Lord of the Flies."

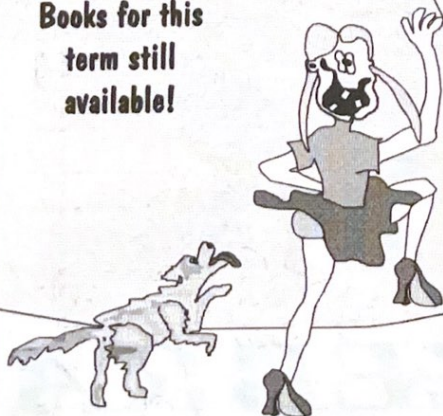
But Daniel Pinkus of Star magazine paints a very different picture of Babe, whom he describes as an overindulgent starlet piglet: "Yeah, I've seen pictures of him and Liz at Dom DeLuise's house, and it's not pretty," says Pinkus. "Babe may deny he has a problem, but let's face it, he's not exactly lean anymore. He'd better start watching who he's hanging out with. Let's not forget how Flipper mysteriously disappeared after hanging out with Marlon Brando on the set of 'The Missouri Breaks.'"

Is Pinkus suggesting that the star of the moment might end up with an apple in his mouth? "Well, let's just say it's hard to be known as the star of a hit film when Dom simply sees you as 'the other white meat,'" says Pinkus.

So the question remains: Will Babe squeal with delight at this year's Academy Awards? Or will he go home empty-hooved? Will he still be Hollywood's boss hog next year? And what the hell is he going to wear?

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Poo Prejudice

by Nicolas Laperriere

Diarrhea. This much maligned form of excrement has suffered persecution and derision almost since its first emergence from the rectum of man.

This topic began to weigh heavily upon my mind after an unsettling experience in a Le Conte restroom. I was sitting quietly in my stall, contentedly producing my societally acceptable stool, when I was accosted by a series of vile noises from the neighboring toilet. The explosive cacophony of noxious gases violently bursting from the anus intermingled with the sporadic gush of liquid caca could mean that only one thing. These sounds were punctuated by guttural grunts and groans, and the whole ordeal climaxed with a great satisfied sigh.

I was appalled and incensed that someone would dare to invade my placid poop time with their sub-standard shit. So, when I left my stall, I took my time washing my hands and waited for the perpetrator to arrive on the scene. Upon seeing him I glared at him venomously and said "Hey buddy, nice job in there." He cast his head down in shame as some of the onlookers joined in my laughter. They knew as well as I did what had transpired, and they were equally disgusted.

As I walked to my next class I was filled with a self-righteous joy, but these feelings quickly changed. Perhaps I had been too harsh in judging another man's crap. I mean, who am I? Have we not all suffered the trials of fluid feces? I am sure we can all remember back to grade school when diarrhea would cause us to miss the occasional day, and we would have to return, crest-fallen, to our comrades. They would ask "Where were

you yesterday?" and the shame of it all would overcome us. Oh sure, we wanted to say something glamorous like "Oh, I had syphilis," but our conscience would prevent us, and so instead we would relate the sad truth. And what was the reward for our honesty? Laughter, and 17 verses of the diarrhea song, a shameful fate indeed, and an unnecessary one.

Unnecessary because diarrhea need not be a shameful experience. In fact, if looked upon with an open mind, it can be a positive boon to society. In fact, diarrhea is actually much more efficient than all other poop. Wouldn't you rather simply produce one speedy, soupy spew of scat than waste innumerable minutes creating a few solid logs? Think of the time which could be saved each year in defecation time alone—time which we could spend with our friends, or watching Friends, or doing whatever suited our fancy. I envision a new age when people are free from the tyranny of bran and the bathrooms, where people are free to shit as they please without having to live in fear of what others will think. On this campus which so values diversity, we have a moral imperative to treat all excrement equally, whether it's brown, yellow, or green, solid or squishy, with or without corn.

Ending #1: I have a dream, a dream of a day when all shit will be judged not by its appearance, but by what it's made of. Won't you join me in pursuing this dream?

OR

Ending #2: Until we can open our hearts to the acceptance of all the fecal matter of the world, we will never truly be a global community.

"Old = (my age) + 1"

by Matthew Kevil Thomas

Now unless you're one of those — those 36 year-old undergrads overprepared for class yet still unable to understand the professor's lecture so that they waste our time with their sycophantic not to mention idiotic questions to her — unless you're one of those "determined to get it right this 3rd time arounders" — unless you're one of those "I'm so enthusiastic about school finally I could shit Scantrons all day and I sit within the first three rows to be near my buddy, the professor" — now unless you're one of those — you're probably about 20 years old, which means your parents are at least 26, which in turn means that they are quickly approaching you-say-ripe, I-scream-back-at-you-rotten old age.

A little while back my Mom returned from a week-long business trip to Nashville, Tennessee (population 510,784, per capita income \$16,384, per capita chromosome count approximately 47.8.) She asked my Dad what had happened while she was away, and he told her that the dog had gotten diarrhea. It was then that I began to suspect that my parents were getting old.

The incident was scary not because we were eating chili at the time, but because it made me realize that I had been ignoring all the previous warning signs. For one, there was their gradual addiction to television, marked by an unsettling familiarity with the lives and personalities of show hosts. (Although, I must admit, it is cute when they drink 40s of O.E. and watch Martin.)

Accompanying this was an embrace of hypochondria: a prescription here, a laxative there; month-long fiber benders; and, of course, a greater appreciation for beta-karotin. Suddenly, the prostate and ovarian cancer jokes were no longer "cute" like had been when I had told them as a child.

Even sadder and more striking were my parents' invitations to me to come visit, which I now understand could only have been prompted by the deep-seated and growing loneliness that must accompany the realization that their youngest would soon be leaving the nest for good, for example, "Why don't you come home from school for the weekend? We just bought a new rug, you should come and see it."

Then one day little bowls of hard candies started popping-up around the house. That was, so to speak, the nail in the coffin.

While the possibility is that you might suffer from denial about your parents getting old, it is certain that they do. That's why the thermostat at home is no doubt set to 85,000 degrees. You see, the middle-aged-going-on-old person fears being perceived as old even more than they do illegal immigrants, and so they resist wearing old folk's clothing, (i.e., multiple sweaters and/or orthopedic shoes) at all costs. The repression of the fear to don this fey apparel triggers their dressing as if their bodies weren't the decrepit, run-down pieces of shit that they are. And so they freeze their decrepit, run-down pieces of shit asses off, or rather they would if they hadn't set the thermostat to 85,000 degrees; meanwhile the cat sheds so much hair in a week it puts Alec Baldwin's back to shame.

These accounts offer a dose of reality to those who might be in greater denial than even I was. I finally recognized just how far my parents were passed their primes only when, like I said, the symptoms had become unavoidable. Granted, each day brings me closer to the reading of the wills, but on the whole my parents have been pretty good to me, and so I'm really not looking forward to when I have to take them to be put to sleep.

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TALKIN' FAB FOUR WITH CARL OR I HATE YOU (YEAH, YEAH, YEAH)

The Beatles are a plot by the... ruling classes to distract... youngsters from politics and bitter pondering over disgraced and shattered hopes.

-from Pravda

She came in through the bathroom window/ Protected by a silver spoon/ But now she sucks her thumb and wanders/ By the banks of her own lagoon.

-Lennon-McCartney

The Beatles.

Hate 'em.

Beatles conversations.

Hate 'em more.

People are still going apeshit over the Mac Daddies of pop music and it's wrong like the Nazi party. People need to stand up for what is right. You've heard the same old clichés sitting around in the group circles, discussing the fab four. They often start out with something like this:

"The Beatles were the best... Do any of you like them?"

Mental note: this person should cease to be your friend.

"Are you kidding, I have all their albums on C.D. including B.B.C. and Anthology I."

YOU STUPID, IMMORAL DECADENT FUCK! Instead of taking money, why don't you grab your balls from your mother's purse and get a job. Insignificant shit.

As inevitable as the gas that seeps from my puckering anus, the great "who was the best Beatle" conversation occurs. Oneupsmanship fuels the competitive flame in this debauched microcosm as people waste their time hailing their favorite Beatle. These debates are about as useless as the typical battle of the sexes conversations. Dick! Vagina! Dick! Vagina! Paul! John!... Let's call the whole thing off, eh?

"Paul's my favorite Beatle. He sang 'Rocky Raccoon'."

I'll kill you. I'll tear your limbs asunder...

"I really connect with John, he was so spiritual and innovative"

I'm going to string you up by the balls and bat you like a pinata. Your sack will tear open and in a mad dash, I will feast upon your blood...

"George was great. 'My Sweet Lord' was hella cool."

Take that back, son of a bitch, or I'll spit on your face.

And then inevitably someone will say: "Ringo was my favorite Beatle, heh heh."

Funny joke. Ha-Ha. I'm going to strap you down and use my Big Gulp straw as an

ersatz urethral catheter, ramming it down all the way. Then I'll funnel an eightball of crystal meth down your penis. BURN FUCKER BURN!!! HA HA! RINGO'S YOUR FAVORITE BEATLE, HUH? DUMBASS!!!

Once everyone establishes their favorite Beatle, then the conversation reaches new heights in social commentary:

"Wouldn't it have been cool if Yoko was shot instead?"

No, you should be shot. As you laugh at your own petty, bland commentary, I'll pepper your face with a shitload of pellets from a shotgun. You will eventually succumb to the pain. And I will laugh. Triumphant. Victorious. Vengeance shall be mine.... HEY! ARE YOU DEAD YET? GET UP, I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!!!!!!

Hey, does anyone have a guitar? I can play "Blackbird"

No, hand ME the guitar. I'm going to brain you with it. As you bleed and slip into unconsciousness, my erectile tissues will stretch. I am rhythmically masturbating to your moans. OH GOD. I'M COMING! DIE BASTARD. SICK BASTARD! YES!!!!!! My dick was only waiting for this moment to arise.

Doesn't it suck that Michael Jackson owns the songs... Paul should own them. He did write most of them, y' know.

My desire to set fire to you is only second to my desire to incinerate the Holy Scripture and Lennon/McCartney lyrics. But I will burn you like a Branch Davidian. If I owned the Beatles' songs, I'd torch them... then I would sprinkle the ashen remains of "Penny Lane" over my steaming, wet, festering pile of poop and flush it down the toilet. Then I'd wipe my ass with "Paperback Writer".

I know what you're thinking, worthless reader, "Carl, you're all talk... shit or get off the pot." Try me. I'll bloody your face if you hum "Norwegian Wood". I'll make you suffer. I'll leave you in a dumpster behind Henry's bleeding to death while your screams go unheeded by Unit 1 residents. I know where you live.

And in the end... the shit you eat is equal to the shit... I excrete.

My bonus hint: "Her Majesty" is more tolerable if you replace the word 'mine' with 'pay'.

What? You have a problem with me? I am your Koresh and you will follow me into the fire. Questions? Comments? Helpful hints? Death threats? Reach me at johngacy@uclink4.berkeley.edu

FIRST-YEAR FREAKOUT

by Ayala Ben-Yehuda

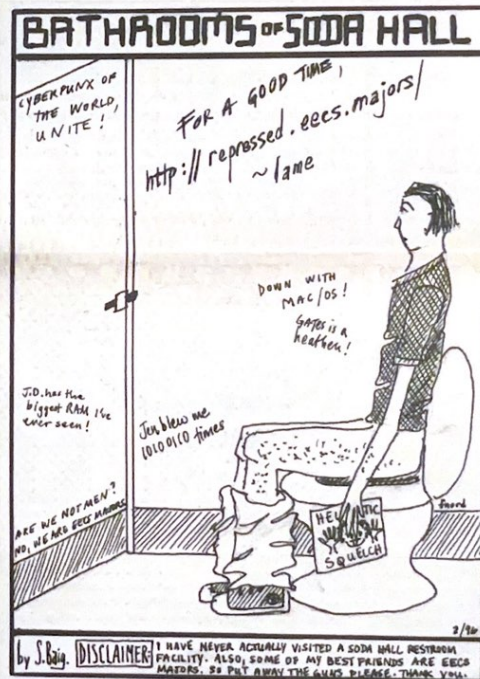
I'm having a bit of trouble trying to adjust to this place. For one thing, there is this freak who follows me around and TRIES TO BUMP INTO ME. I'm not kidding. He's this short old man who has a gray beard and wears a Rasta cap. I can't tell whether he's a Sproul freak or what, but whenever he sees me (I never see him coming), he gets in my way so I can't help but bump into him. Then he doesn't get out of the way, he just sort of rubs his shoulder into mine really hard and then walks on. And always, when he's done, he turns around in slow motion and shouts, "Excuse yourself!" Like it's my fault or something.

And then, there's this other weirdo who used to work on our building and had the keys to all the rooms. He barged into my room TWICE without knocking. The first time was to ask if I was playing Tori Amos. The second time he just came over to talk but I gave him the cold shoulder and he left. But he was pretty pissed off about it 'cause every time I saw him after that he would mutter at me. One time I got locked out of my room and had to walk past him bra-less in my ninth-grade PJs to get a key from the office. That was really embarrassing.

Then there's all this lawyer crap, by which I mean the assumption that all humanities majors are going to go to law school. My professors adore saying "When you're in law school..." and making all these lawyer jokes. Har-dee-har-har. Is that all that lies ahead? It's depressing.

And sororities. Don't even discuss them with me. EVERYONE I KNOW IS IN A FUCKING SORORITY! Why anybody would voluntarily commit themselves to lifetime sisterhood with a gaggle of phony bulimics I don't know. Obviously the "sistas" don't see it that way. But it just bothers me. So now I won't get a bid and I can't be their friend. Shucks!

So as you can see, it's been just the slightest bit problematic. Oh well. Maybe someday, after I graduate and my brain shrinks to the size of a pea, I'll accompany Rick Starr on guitar in a drug-induced haze and think, damn, freshman year sure was fun! (But probably not).



"Does that get you hot?"
"No, but it does get me bothered."





The Squelch Guide to March Madness

by Ben Pershing

It's that time of year again, sports fans. March Madness is upon us, like the swarm of mutant ticks that descended upon an unsuspecting town in that cool movie I saw on cable last night. Perhaps that isn't the most relevant analogy, but the fact is that in the coming weeks you won't be able to turn anywhere (not even your beloved campus humor newspaper) without hearing about the NCAA tournament. Here are some guidelines to keep in mind as you try to deal with the madness that is college basketball:

—Every team will have an immense white center, preferably from a foreign country, who wears a size 24 shoe and has no business playing basketball. No teams allowed into the tournament without one.

—No matter what team is playing, their cheerleaders will be better looking than Cal's.

—Half of the players in any given game will be "underated".

—Dick Vitale will continue to erode the sanity of sports fans everywhere. I would gladly vote Republican if they would include Vitale's deportation in their "Contract With America".

—You will not win any pools you enter. It has been scientifically proven that no one ever wins basketball pools. At least, no one like you.

—Anyone watching multiple tournament games will be forced to endure hours of beer commercials that tell you, with a straight face, that people drink

Bud or Miller or Coors for the taste. Men will watch these commercials, however, because they often feature women good-looking enough to form the bases of new religions.

—Someone will complain that the NCAA women's tournament doesn't get enough exposure. I respond by saying that the reason I don't watch women's basketball is the same reason I don't watch the CBA. The competition just isn't as good.

—The cameramen will continually feel the need to show some idiotic white benchwarmer who is waving a towel, trying to incite the crowd. The announcers will then invariably refer to him as "scrappy".

—Some perfectly good team with a low seed will make it to the late rounds, and every time they play the game will be described as a "David and Goliath" matchup.

—Two-thirds of all players will be listed as Communications majors, which is ironic, because nothing they say in their post-game interviews will be even remotely comprehensible.

—Coaches will blather on and on about how clean their programs are, while behind them their players are climbing into Ferraris.

—Fat guys from completely obscure schools such as Murray St. and Florida International will shove their faces in front of the camera, insisting that they are number one. Relax guys, you can't all be right.

Basketball has been played by humans since the dawn of time, especially since its invention in the late 19th century by Canadian gym coach and all-around nice-guy Jim Naismith. Basketball is a great game. Wouldn't it have to be to motivate Jason Kidd enough to pass the S.A.T.? In the spirit of March Madness and by the power of GreySkull, the Squelch proudly presents our own little tournament with 64 of the most evil entities of all time. Who will win? Will there be an all Star Wars final four? Aren't many of the automatic bids less evil than some that didn't make the journey? — notable absences this year include the Ebola virus, New Gingrich, Rodovan Karadzic, and D.C. Food. Who's to argue? Mostly fictitious majors, but now you can too as you and your friends decide who's the Most Evil Entity. Write in your selections and mail it in to the Squelch at P.O. Box 4575, Berkeley, CA, 94704-0575 by April 20, 1996. Whoever's predictions comes closest wins a lifetime supply of chimichos and an autographed Kurt Rambis poster. So pin this up and poke at it until it dies, just like the Romans did to Jesus. It's almost Easter anyway ...

