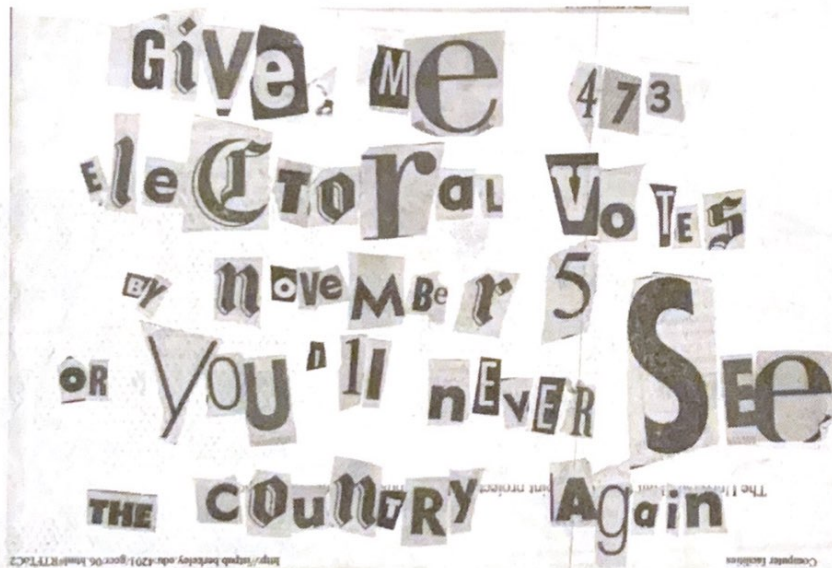


THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

ELECTION ISSUE

Nov 1996





SQUELCHGATE

ASSOCIATED PRESS — Controversy swirled around the Haste St. offices of the Heuristic Squelch at 6:30 AM (PDT) this morning when the Pagemaker file containing all of this issue's contribution to the annals of Western Literature became corrupted and caused the computer to crash. The news spread like wildfire around Berkeley as rumors swept the streets like a streetsweeper. Students were stunned at the news, which elicited reactions ranging from disbelief to sheer, untethered rage. "I thought they were the last bastion of purity in this cesspool of a town. I am...shattered," declared one anonymous co-ed. The source of the corruption was quickly traced to the notorious font, Garamond Narrow, as Editors attempted, in typical fashion, to pass the buck. "I don't know who put that font in there," declared a seething Matt Thomas, "but heads are going to roll!" "Maybe we should appoint a blue-ribbon commission to study the issue," suggested Ben Pershing. At this point, all reported links between Garamond-gate and the Vince Foster "suicide" are meer speculation.

November 1996

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

**Humor of the people, by the people,
for the people.
Since 1991.**

Corporate Puppets

Karen Ahn
Jason Cook
Ben Pershing
Honey Shor-Posner

Useless Figureheads

Jason N. Rosenbaum
Ayala Ben-Yehuda

Majority Whip

Matthew Kevil Thomas

The Recently Indicted Senate

Michael Gerstein, Pat Trombley, Stuart Graiwer, Joshua Lynn, Navid Kahalili, Shlomy Kattan, Jack Johnson, Trenton DuVal, Jesse Helms, John Rauschenberg, Pat Choat, David La Cross, Arlen Specter, Leah Platoni, Gabe Olson, Zak Nelson, Ben Birken and Tim.

The National Endowment for Well- Endowed Artists

Sarah Baig
Jason Cook
Martin Lowry
Merrin Morse

Why Bob Dole won't be the next President

"I'm running for president of the United States, because I believe that—with strong leadership—America's days will always lie ahead of us. Just as they lie ahead of us now."



The Heuristic Squelch represents the views of absolutely no one. Therefore, we are at a loss as to where you should direct your letters of complaint. Frankly, we're pretty offended ourselves.

THE LOST TRIBE OF SQUELCH

AS WE APPROACH OUR SEVENTH YEAR, we at the Squelch find ourselves homeless. Like nomads in the desert, we wander, searching for the holy land and bitching about the heat. The campus computer centers cannot provide the support we desperately need. Our friends and former editors don't want us in their cave-like apartments. And truthfully, we don't really want to be there either.

Alas, it is hard to be funny when you feel unwelcome.

Have we burned too many bridges? Did we burn the candle at both ends? Or did we just plain old burn too many people? Did we take the metaphor too far?

At night, I dream of a suite of offices for us to work in: each office has a brand new 64 RAM PowerMac™ with a 27" full color screen, a scanner, and software galore. There would be a big refrigerator, fully stocked with Diet Pepsi, Country Kwencher Boones, and KFC, plenty of KFC (especially the potato wedges—mmm).

Ahh, big dreams, small-time budgets. We hardly have enough money to go to print, let alone to rent a suite of sweet offices. (At this time, I'd like to remind all of our readers that we are looking for someone to be the business manager of our fine publication. It's a great job. Lots of fun. *Please.*)

For the next three weeks, we Squelchers will be looking for a home. Any ideas? You can find us at our Tuesday night meetings, or panhandling in front of Annapurna (we're the ones dressed in black leather with facial piercings and multi-colored hair).

In the meantime, if you know of any shelters that have computer facilities with room for four editors, two assistant-editors, artists, and contributors a-plenty, please contact us immediately.

Just a reminder: you send us contributions (ahem, \$\$\$\$).

HS-P

And (ahem, hotties).

MKT

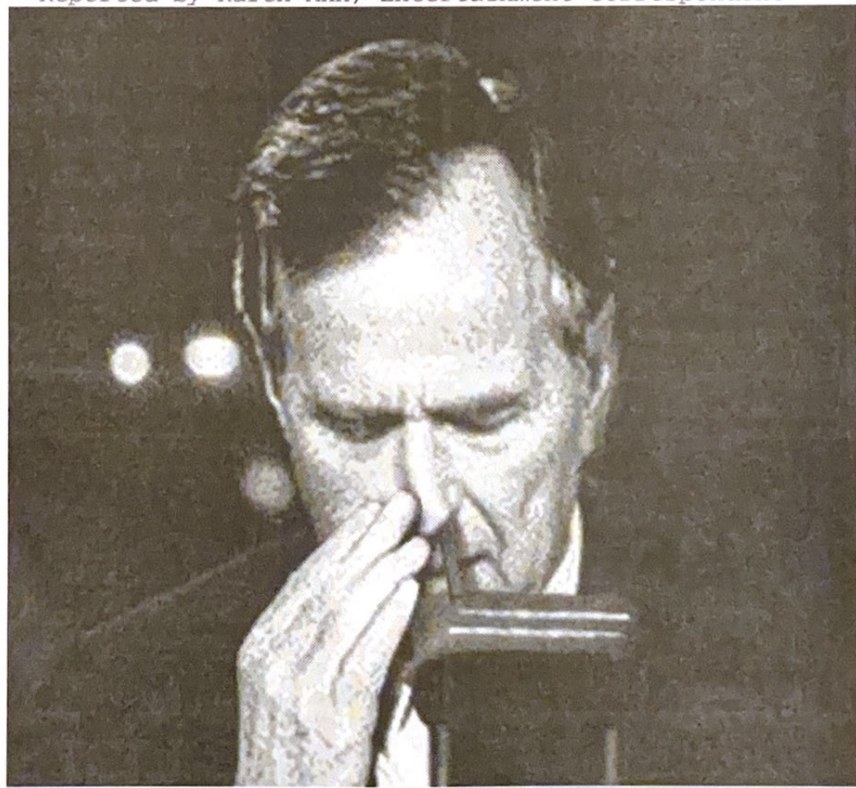


EXCLUSIVE SQUELCH NEWS

FIRST PRESS RELEASE: Lourdes Maria Ciccone at Cesar's Palace October 1, 2001

Hi my name is Lourdes and I am **famous and rich** even though I just learned how to not potty in my Versace training pants three days ago and my birthday is very very soon. I will be one-ninths Mommy's age but "Uncle" Jack has said not to talk about that because Mommy's **Xanax** prescription just ran out. Mommy promised that if I am good she will sing at my party and she has also promised no **nudity**, although that's what She said at my christening and the press clippings say that the Bishop started to cry. You are looking now at what is my diary on **pg 8** even though I didn't write it and Annie Liebowitz took the photos. "Uncle" Thad at Warner Brothers promised that for my birthday he will put it on CD-ROM and make me my own website! I really really want The **Malibu** Barbie Dreamhouse but I will be happy with my birthday going multi-media because Mommy's Accountant "Uncle" Seymour said the profits will diversify and if they are invested good for my eighteenth birthday I can buy Peru. My diary is on pg 8. Please like it, I do!

- Reported by Karen Ahn, Entertainment Correspondent



Former President George Bush makes his own "giant sucking sound" snorting a G worth of taxpayer funded pension.



Clinton vs. Dole

BY BEN PERSHING



NOW THAT WE'RE 6,756 DAYS INTO THE '96 presidential election campaign, it seems a good time to take a sober, focused, possibly libelous look at the two major candidates (Ha, you expected me to name them right here, didn't you? Well, if you don't know their names, tough. We don't spell things out for you here at the Squelch.)

BOB DOLE- REPUBLICAN

BORN: Kansas, US of A, back when that still meant something!

AGE: Really freakin' old. Sources close to the campaign say that he's starting to smell like your Aunt Elma did just before she stopped eating solid foods.

EDUCATION: Favors massive spending cuts.

"Sources close to the campaign say that he's starting to smell like your Aunt Elma did just before she stopped eating solid foods."

Oops, I mean, college, somewhere.

SIGN: Virgo, thus making him impulsive yet loyal, with a streak of resiliency. His relationships are going well right now, but this is the week when he has to resolve that big conflict at the office.

POLITICAL VIEWS: It is often suggested that many of Dole's political views were shaped by the 39 months he spent in a hospital

bed after being wounded in Italy during WWII. I guess the implication is that he had a lot of time to think, since, you know, hereally couldn't go anywhere. Critics often contend that much of Dole's bitterness and cynicism also stem from this period. I suppose three years of hospital food will do that to you, although you can't really complain when you're getting all of that free ice cream.

Dole is often described as a "pragmatist", "centrist", or "intellectual sieve". His real nature lies comfortably somewhere in the middle of these three extremes. It is exceed



"1-2-3-4, Let's have a thumb war."

ingly difficult to decipher exactly what, if anything, he believes in. It is rumored that once, in the chilly winter of 1973, he took a stand on an issue. The few witnesses to this event who haven't been harassed into madness by the IRS say, however, that he was quick to qualify his statement before anyone could write it down.

BILL CLINTON- DEMOCRAT

BORN: Arkansas. Notice my restraint here.

AGE: Clinton is a card-carrying baby boomer, meaning that he showed no hesitation in betraying the ideals of his youth for the twin churches of power and materialism. It is the fault of people like him that ours is the most lazy, jaded, and politically apathetic generation in history.

EDUCATION: Who gives a shit? None of this crap matters, anyway. Let's go watch reruns of *Three's Company*.

POLITICAL VIEWS: Clinton has benefited enormously from the remarkably short memory of both the media and the public. For example, when he was elected, all anyone could talk about was health care reform. Now, despite Clinton's spectacular failure on this issue, it is hardly mentioned ("What's health care reform?" you ask, proving my point obediently.). He has made similarly unfulfilled promises in regards to campaign finance reform and retraining the American work force ("No, really, what is health care reform?" you persist, disrupting the flow of my article.). And, despite his early foreign policy failures in Haiti and Somalia, he has been able to portray himself as a competent Commander-in-Chief, merely by

"Who gives a shit? None of this crap matters, anyway. Let's go watch reruns of Three's Company."

forging remarkably fragile peace accords in the Balkans and in the Middle East ("I like goggles," you suggest, casting serious doubts on your sanity.).

At the moment, it seems unclear if Clinton's Whitewater indiscretions will have any discernible effect on the election. The main reason that it is unclear is that Whitewater is way too complicated for me to try to understand, much less explain to you neophytes. I have enough trouble just programming my phone.

ENDORSEMENT: I'm going to go out on a limb and endorse Clinton (a liberal member of the media, what a shock!). It's not that I'm all that fond of him, it's just that I think he's going to win, and being right makes me feel good about myself. Besides, his party name, "Democrat", sounds much better than "Republican". I mean, everyone knows that this country is a democracy, not a republic, right? In closing, hold dear to your hearts the immortal words of some old guy in one of those comical founding father wigs, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Sounds like the coming attraction for a Charles Bronson movie, doesn't it? Well, that's America for you.



NewsFlashes!

Let's Do A Group!

Approximately fifty San Francisco strippers have pooled their efforts and formed a union. Among their printable demands are more comfortable G-strings, better hours, and bonuses for breast implants. The union, "Local 69", will be bringing their demands before a group of sleazy men named Frankie tomorrow morning.

POPE ENTERS TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Pope recently admitted that evolution "may be more than just a hypothesis" in light of "fresh evidence." This follows his recent admission of the Catholic church's error in condemning Galileo. Rumor among the college of cardinals has it that His Holiness may also announce next week that "Red might be a color."

FRATERNITY KILLS PLEDGE

The Delta Sigma Pi Fraternity was placed under "official investigation" Monday, after the hazing death of freshman pledge Andrew Janosky. Apparently, Janosky and the rest of his pledge class were 'forced' to go to that new K.F.C. / Taco Bell hybrid down on Telegraph and eat seven dollars of food each. "That's senseless, insane," lamented one police officer. "To serve seven dollars of Taco Bell and K.F.C. together constitutes manslaughter in eight states." Four other "Delta Sig" pledges were also hospitalized for severe internal hemorrhaging and general insanity.

In what may be a related incident, some Oakland residents were

evacuated from their homes after smelling "noxious, combustible fumes" emanating from the restaurant and its customers.

NERD REPRODUCTION THEORY GAINS GROUND

U.C. Berkeley biology professor Arpi Miller has stunned the scientific community with a bold new theory of how nerds reproduce. "We've always known that nerds have no sex life *per se*," explains Miller, "so we've been trying to figure out how they might reproduce *asexually*. My research indicates that masturbation, networked Doom, and dirty keyboards are the three components of nerd sexuality. Miller's research—some still under wraps—shows that unhygienic females using computers located in Soda Hall and Etcheverry have abnormally high pregnancy rates. Miller also suggested that she knows why the mice in the Evans Microcomputer Facility are always rather sticky.

LAWYERS LAMENT LEGAL LOOPHOLES

Robert Alamo, a victim of California's "three strikes and you're out" policy, has apparently figured out a way to beat the controversial law. Alamo, who was convicted for the third time for stealing a piece of pizza ("Pizza is good," he explained to the media), waited until the judge sentenced him to life in prison, then leapt up, ran to the bench, and spit in the judge's face. Bailiffs restrained him before he was able to throw his hat and kick dirt on the judge. In response, the judge suspended his sentence until next season.

TOP TENS

Top Ten Things Chancellor Tien Will Do After Leaving Cal:

10. Take a year off, then go to grad school.
9. Father Madonna's next child.
8. Become porn star "Tien-inch."
7. Do cameos on *Dangerous Minds*.
6. Replace Tele-Bears lady.
5. Chancellor of California University.
4. Join the WWF as "Chancellor of Pain."
3. Announce Kurt Rambis as life partner.
2. Sit in cafés, taking practice LSATs
1. Taste the funk.

Top Ten Alternative Titles for the Third Darkman Movie, "Die Darkman Die":

10. You're Getting Really Annoying, Darkman
9. Just Quit it Already, Darkman
8. It's Time You Got a Hobby, Darkman
7. What Would Your Mother Say, Darkman?
6. You're no Longer Effective, Darkman
5. A Self-Controlled Man who Retains his Semen thereby becomes Bold, Daring, and Strong as Wild Beasts, Darkman
4. For the Love of God Darkman, Please!
3. You're not Fooling Anyone, Darkman
2. Get out of the Neighbor's Garbage, Darkman
1. It's Time to Think about Moving on, Darkman

Top Ten Upcoming Star Wars Sequels:

10. "Han & Chewbacca: Wookiee-ing for love in all the wrong places."
9. "The Empire Smokes Crack"
8. "Chewbacca: Portrait of a Tortured Soul"
7. "The Def Star" — starring the Notorious B.I.G.
6. "Lando Calrissian: It Works Every Time"
5. "What's eating R2-D2?"
4. "Dances with Jawas"
3. "Ewok in the Clouds"
2. "The Bridges of Tatooine County"
1. "The Force is with You: Making Money the Obi-wan Way"



TOP TENS CONT'D.

Top Ten Things to do in a Voting Booth:

10. The Macarena.
9. Cheat.
8. Use the hole punch for a new body pierce.
7. Flip a coin.
6. Change into your super hero alter ego.
5. Confess.
4. Change the course of the nation's future.
3. Try on clothes.
2. Dial 1-800-COLLECT
1. Come Out.

Top Ten UGIS Thesis Topics:

10. Blondie's v. Fat Slice
9. Primitive Writing: An Analysis of *The Daily Cal*
8. PEIS: Why nobody knows what my major is
7. PEIS: The missing "n"
6. Interpretive Dance: The Lambada & The Macarena
5. Zen & the Art of Art
4. 120 Days of Netscape
3. Area Studies: Kip's, Upstairs v. Down
2. Rhetoric/EECS: Millenium Falcon vs. U.S.S. Enterprise
1. Las Canciones de David Hasselhoff

Top Ten Things Overheard on Monday Night Football:

10. "You shut up, Al!"
9. "If he hadn't stopped where he did, he probably would've gotten more yards."
8. "If you think about it Al, there's probably about a mile of penis out on the field right now."
7. "I was interviewing Steve Young in the showers the other day. Did you know he was a doctor?"
6. "Heh heh. You said 'groin injury.'"
5. "Johnson finds the tight end open."
4. "Kathy Lee and I were touring the NFL sweatshops, and ..."
3. "Hey guys, let's hotbox the booth during the next commercial."
2. "Mmmm ... doritos. Another hit Frank?"
1. "You want to get some butt sweat going?"

Top Ten Things to Hide in Halloween Candy:

10. Your sexuality
9. A Brand New Car!
8. Nougat
7. Ritalin
6. Ebola
5. Retsyn
4. Fiber
3. Rocks
2. Your superego
1. Your love [away]

It Came From Dwinelle

by Jason N. Rosenbaum

OKAY, I'VE HEARD SOME BAD IDEAS IN my time. After all, I do live in a fraternity. I've seen people try to do really damn stupid things ("Let's hang the pledges out the windows with kegs tied to their hair-burp!"). I must admit, though, that I can't recall an idea more stupid, more ill-conceived, than the expansion of Dwinelle Hall.

Legend has it that Dwinelle Hall is the result of two architects working on opposite sides of the building and meeting in the middle. This was the original bad idea that gave us a building with half a dozen third floors (two of which are in the basement), stairways

which go nowhere, and the uncomfortable feeling every time you leave the building that you've just been transported to the evil alternate dimension in which Spock has a goatee. I'm wondering who took a look at Dwinelle and said to themselves, "We need more of that."

It's not that I'm questioning progress, mind you. I'm as in favor of expansion as the next guy. Just not the expansion of Dwinelle. Can't we expand something like Wheeler or Pimentel? Nice, simple, geometric shapes we can expand easily and without a lot of trouble. Not some torturous, fourth dimensional, Escher-esque, LSD-induced nightmare.

The Dwinelle expansion is like something out of a fifties horror movie. An architecture experiment

gone hideously awry, that now threatens to swallow the whole campus. This is good if you happen to be a handsome, rugged drifter, but very bad if you are an attractive young co-ed with a penchant for screaming. (If you happen to be an attractive young co-ed with a penchant for screaming, you can contact me through the Squelch).

I take solace in the fact that the only thing the construction workers have managed to complete thus far is

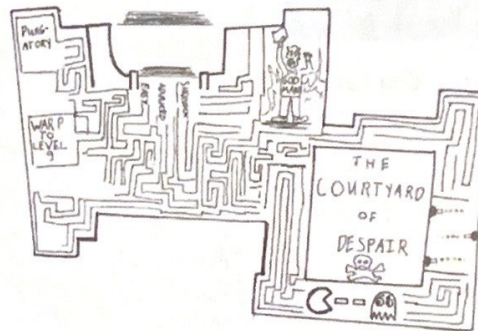
a mesh fence around the building. Perhaps that is as far as it will go. Still, I feel that it is in my best interest to avoid that area for the time being. I get a vague sense of

unease whenever I pass by the building. Like the building is looking at me. As if it were biding its time—licking its lips.

I think we (and the universe as a whole) would be best served by blowing the whole damn building up and starting over again. Of course, that could be just what Dwinelle wants us to do. We could end up creating a whole swarm of Dwinelles, subsuming the entire planet in a swath of terror and destruction! Or we could just create splinters, which are almost as bad.

In any case I think it is clear to any reasonable person* the Dwinelle should not be allowed to exist as a physical entity.

*Any reasonable person including only me and my iguana so far, but we are accepting applications! ☹





Hey Nerd! Yeah, You!

by Sarah "I can draw, but I'm also literate" Baig



Q. What did the humanities major say to the science major after graduation?
A. Would you like fries with that?

THE JEST ABOVE IS BUT ONE ILLUSTRATION of an ongoing but often overlooked phenomenon here in the upper echelons of higher education. I'm talking about something more inflammatory than the war between the sexes, more violent than Hulk Hogan vs. Jake the Snake, and more goddamn annoying than those stupid car alarms that go off if you even breathe on them and then make all those different obnoxious noises. I'm talking about the Battle of the Majors. The Clash of the Colleges. The Dastardly Dispute of the Disciplines.

As a humanities major once subjected to the above joke by a physics major (yeah, *that's* a real moneymaking field), I have a personal interest in this conflict, doubly so since I have two non-science majors.

Yes, I am a nerd, and I'm proud of it. In fact, I resent all those science and

engineering majors who complain about how hard their classes are and how their 28.8 modems just aren't fast enough, as



if they had some kind of monopoly on nerdiness. The reality is, there are some amazingly nerdy people in the humani-

ties as well. Everyone knows at least one person who takes esoteric classes with names like "The Philosophy of the Deconstructionist Paradigm" and who conjugates Latin nouns in their spare time, while the rest of us wouldn't know a declension if it hit us in the face (figuratively speaking, of course). These are the same people who can find their way around Dwinelle, no problem.

I have to say that beats the conventional nerdiness associated with science. Hey engineers, try separating your sable brushes from your synthetics or your prepositions from your periphrastics. I'll bet that puts a wrench in your machinery, so to speak. Us wimps here in L&S know stuff too. The rubric of liberal arts hides untold numbers of closet computer nerds, so just because you've Doom-netted doesn't mean you have to brag about it.

Besides, Duke Nukem kicks Doom's ass, no contest ☺

CORRECTIONS

READERS COMPLAINING THAT LAST ISSUE'S sorority girl scratch & sniff sticker did not smell like apricot ale (or frat boy) discovered a grievous error on our part. The aforementioned smell was intended to accompany this sticker:



BART Station

THREE MONTHS AGO, THE SQUELCH EDITORIAL staff placed an anonymous call to a toll-free FBI hotline, and named Richard Jewell as the Olympic Park Bomber. It was a joke. We would like to state

that Richard is not the bomber, but just your normal, innocent, lovable rent-a-cop. By the way, he looks kinda cute in a yellow "Event Staff" jacket.

LAST ISSUE'S "BAR SCENE '96" ARTICLE referred to Kip's as "...pure East Bay chic. Fashion so hot that the place seethes and sizzles with a sexual energy. The crowd is professional and sophisticated, but manages to maintain a hip, urban grittiness that can't be found anywhere else in NorCal." This was a typo. Kip's is actually a lame-ass sports bar filled with slutty sixteen year-olds.

POET-BOY'S LAST PIECE ACCIDENTALLY referred to the sky as "blue." Poet-Boy apologizes, and would like to replace this trope with the free verse "Cobalt /

The color of sin / a longing within / Asphalt". Tragically, Poet-Boy was strangled last week by the inanimate elastic threads that kept his wool turtle-neck taught against his weak throat. Pity.

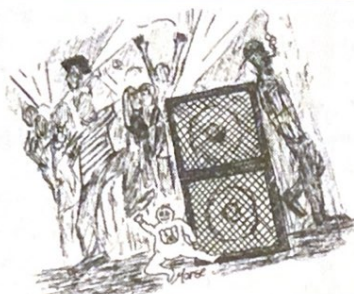
WE ACCIDENTALLY CROPPED THE following Official University Announcement of a new De-Cal class for Spring 1996:

English 130D, "Fuckin' with Margins"
A must for any liberal arts major! This class explores the various ways to make a typed paper longer, focussing on the following topics: Courier is a Nice, Big Font, Double-Spacing and Then Some, Emergency Procedures: "Wheeler Print Station Was Soooo Crowded", Citing Big n' Chunky Quotations ☺

Joy to the World, Lourdes Hath Come!

By Karen Ahn

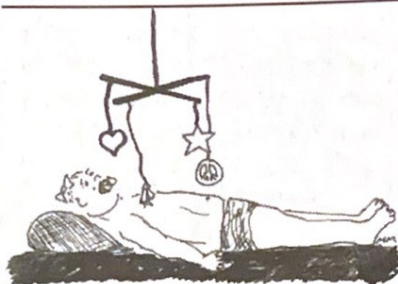
My God, I cannot even contain my tingling excitement at the announcement of Madonna's little bastard bundle of joy! Oh, the beautiful day — can you imagine how fucked up this child is going to be when she hits puberty? It's going to be



"Baby's first rave"

exponentially better than Drew Barrymore, more exciting than Chastity Bono coming out, even bigger than the reunion of New Edition. Unless this child has steel cojones (she may be a girl, but she's Madonna's kid — anything is possible), she is going to be a Grade A double plus mess. With that in mind, we at the Squelch have drawn up a list of future careers even Mommy might

approve of. Little Lourdes Maria Ciccone has to tread carefully, because the obvious careers for dead end celebrity kids Mom has already done to death — stripper, hooker, untalented actress, wife of Sean Pean, etc. The trick for this bambino will be how to do something flamboyant yet unique enough so she won't always be known as the non-Messiah child of Madonna. It's sad that the main role models Lourdes can pick from are offerings like Frank Sinatra Jr. and Liv Tyler. So here we go:



"Baby's first mobile."

Nun/Mother Superior — Imagine the family Christmas photos; it will add an unrealized dimension of irony — "Madonna

and Child." Plus she can be an extra in the undoubtedly blasphemous videos su madre will be making well into her seventies.

Pope — This is the only way she'll ever be able to get out of Mom's shadow, and possibly compete with her in the wardrobe arena.

Marry Lisa Marie Presley Jackson — they can form the only premier lesbian musical super-couple in the world, ever.

Become Demi Moore — Possibly the only way poor Lourdes will ever get to fully reach her Inner Diva, also possibly the only woman in the world more aerobicized than Madonna.

AM/PM convenience clerk: Imagine the joy Lourdes will experience every Sunday night at 3:30 a.m. when some misbegotten white trash abortion stumbles in, gets some Mickey's and a pack of Kools and wanders up to the register, does a double take and says, "Hey — ain't you Madonna's kid?" It's almost enough to make her go into her next possible career...

PAID YOUR RESUME

Humor newspaper seeks dynamic, creative individual to handle large budget and livestock. Must have extensive experience at reading, riting, and rithmetic.

BE OUR BUSINESS MANAGER—PLEASE

We need someone to solicit ads and manage our measly budget. It's not hard, and you get to say that you are the business manager for the most widely read student publication in Berkeley.

Please contact Ben Pershing at 665-9488 (morgan@uclink), or Honey Shor Posner at 548-4358 (honeysp@uclink4).

**It's fun!
It's rewarding!
It's SQUELCH!**

November 1996



"Baby's first press conference"

Postal Worker: Her defense will be unimpeachable after she takes an AK-47 and mows down the listeners at a Mariah Carey concert. What judge will send Lourdes to the pokey after hearing that not only is she Madonna's child, but also a government employee? In any case we wish the Little Diva a long and media rich life ☺

Papa Don't Preach: Madonna's Keepin' Her Baby

Her Private Diaries

February __, 1996

Today in a fit of hunger was unable to satisfy myself by just inhaling the scent of ricecakes and ate an entire chicken, raw. Something is terribly wrong. Also, on my 1,000th sit up I got tired and couldn't finish the second set. Chartered the Batplane to take me to the obgyn. He was delivering Whitney Houston's child but I showed him the latest Billboard Charts and he quickly dropped what he was doing to examine me. It turns out I'm pregnant! So much for that "A Million Served or Your Money Back" guarantee on my diaphragm. I'm suing Jiffy Lube.

April __, 1996

This pregnancy thing is not so bad. I'm discovering a whole new aspect to myself that I'd forgotten existed - body fat. Plus I now have biological along with psychological motives for being despotic and intolerant and just generally nuts. Carlos my trainer is a little too cocky about his contribution to the whole effort. I may have to neutralize him soon.

June __, 1996

Don King was a little iffy about my idea to give birth on pay-per-view, but I showed him the Gaultier costumes (the dancers will all wear lame hospital smocks and Gore-Tex gloves; I will be wearing a steel enforced corset and a platinum IV drip will be attached. We're not sure about where to put the flashing disco lights.) He's not sure the kids will go for it, but I say if Brooke Shields can

get her own TV show anything can happen.

Thinking about names for the baby — if it's a girl I like Lourdes, Cosima or Immaculata. If it's a boy I think I'll name it Brian.

August __, 1996

The baby is ruining the line of my Evita costumes. I have dispatched attorneys to negotiate with it. I plan to offer it stock options and its own record label if it will just cooperate for the next few weeks.

September __, 1996

My due date is fast approaching and I have just realized that there is

probably no way to have my hairdresser present during the labor. Sean sent flowers and a dead fish. I think I still love him. Sometimes, late at night I curl up with some ice cream and a jar of pickles and watch *The Falcon and the Snowman*.

October __, 1996

I have gone into labor. I have chosen not to have any anesthetic during childbirth because I figure the pain can't be any worse than sleeping with Dennis Rodman. I am worried about post-partum depression, so I have instructed my personal assistant, Caresse, to be depressed for me. I can't wait to take little Lourdes shopping. I wonder if they have platform pumps at Baby Guess?



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Expires 12/5/96

TOP TENS CONT'D.

Top Ten Tang Center Brochures:

10. Congratulations! You've Got Chlamydia!
9. How to Find the Vein Every Time
8. Using Your Psychoses to Your Advantage
7. Getting on a Health Care Worker
6. Gynecology: Your Way to Score
5. How to Pass a Drug Test
4. Your Menstrual Cycle: How to Get Out of P.E.
3. The Fine Art of Faking Doctor's Notes
2. Faking Orgasms
1. Living with Cooties

Top Ten Signs You're at a Bad Party:

10. DJ is Amish.
9. Keg is filled with orange juice.
8. The keg is filled.
7. Livestock looks poorly fed.
6. Jenga!
5. Convention speaker is xenophobic.
4. The leather-clad women dancing on top of the speakers lack vim.
3. No one falls out of a window (fraternities only).
2. No visits from local law enforcement whatsoever.
1. Mormons high on root beer breakdancing to "YMCA."

Top Ten Least Satisfying Ways to Die:

10. Falling out of your car, and then getting run over by it.
9. Pressing the flush button in the lavatory of a plane, and getting sucked in.
8. Being a hemophiliac, and cutting yourself while shaving.
7. Having something hit you like a ton of bricks, then actually getting hit by a ton of bricks.
6. Falling out of a window 15 stories, getting up, dusting yourself off, and getting hit by a ton of bricks.
5. Sacrificing yourself so that others might live, and the others turn out to be assholes.
4. Drinking a gallon of gasoline, and pissing in a campfire.
3. Not washing your hands after handling raw sausage.
2. Walking down the street.
1. Getting hit by a ton of sausage.

Top One Thing You Do When You Do That Thing You Do:

1. Make a bad movie.



November 1996

I Know Why The Caged Meatloaf Sings

by John Rauschenberg

ONCE, my children, long ago, meatloaf ran free on the vast prairies of his land in great herds.

(Please note the plural form of meatloaf is the same as the singular; grammar-type guys have been known to fix people who say "meatloaves" up real good, in some cases removing all dangling participles, if you know what I mean, which I'm sure you do.)

The Native Americans, in between composing poetry, designing space ships, finding ultimate spiritual enlightenment, and prancing around throwing daisies into the air, hunted the meatloaf with bow and arrow. Yet they treated the meatloaf as gods. They performed elaborate ceremonies, such as the Dance Of The Little White Things In The Middle.

And when they did kill a meatloaf, they used all the parts. Even the undesirable ass, with its large amount of crusty skin-covering, was eaten by adolescent boys as a rite of passage into manhood. Often, though, the skin was taken off and used for clothing. Also, all the tribes used the spindly legs of the meatloaf to garnish meals (in a gross perversion of the Indian term "parsee," meaning "look but don't eat," we now call these legs "parsley.")

Then my children, the white man came with his knives and his ketchup and his desire for really crappy food to feed his college students. And the meatloaf has never been the same. The white man that came, who called himself Dole, did not know what to do with the meatloaf. So he called in the white man's Christian Coalition. The Christian Coalition didn't know what to do either, so they decided to add a little part to their bible.

"And Jesus said to the eunuch, 'And why do you worry about your sex life? See how the meatloaf of the prairies live. They do not labor or worry. Yet I tell you that not even the great Clinton, in all his splendor, got OPP like one of these. If God makes the meatloaf of the prairie, which is here today and tomorrow is leftovers, true playahs, will he not make you do it, and do it, and do it well, O ye of little pen. . . I mean faith?'"

Nobody really read the Bible, so the white man did what the white man always does when in doubt: called a committee meeting. The results of this meeting were, as usual, inconclusive. The white man then did what the white man always does about problems once committee meetings fail: shoots them. The meatloaf were no match for the white man's guns, and soon enough, nuclear weapons. O yes, my children, for we all know the white man loves his nukes, for they are shaped like his penis.

Most of the land became useless. It was called by the Native American name for useless, "New Jersey." The remaining meatloaf were domesticated. Far from the sharp-toothed meatloaf of the prairie which could devour a buffalo in less than a minute, today's meatloaf is too heavy to support its own weight, and spends its entire life languishing in its own filth. Eventually the meatloaf is killed, chopped up, mixed with some mysterious "Grade H meat" that the Mafia provides for free, and prepared to be not eaten at cafeterias around the country. The meatloaf's filth (scientific name: "meatloaf poo") is processed separately and sold as Spam™.

This story is a sad one, all my children. So I ask you now to let the meatloaf go free. Let it feel the wind on its skin again. "But, Wise One," you say, "the meatloaf can no longer romp on the prairies, fucking everything in sight." No, it cannot. But I tell you this: that does not mean the meatloaf cannot swim. So when you see a meatloaf, my child, put it in the ocean and watch it swim to the horizon. And maybe a tear will come to your eye, when you think of what the little dolphins are going to be forced to eat that night.

ALL THE KOOL KIDS ARE DOING IT!



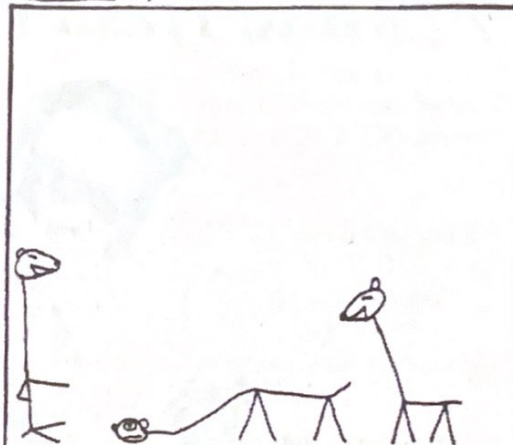
Have you ever looked at the Squelch and thought, "Hey, I can do better than that!" You have? Well fuck you—it's harder than it looks.

But you should still come work for us. After all, you've got nothing better to do on a Tuesday night at 8PM. Especially if you're at 122 Wheeler. We're nice people, really we are.

We want articles, photographs, cartoons, and the Colonel's Spicy Strips™. Oh yeah, and world peace. If you've got any of these things, bring them to the aforementioned emboldened meeting, or e-mail them to morgan@uclink and/or honeyisp@uclink4.

MIGHT BE THE MOST EXCITING THING YOU'VE DONE ALL WEEK!

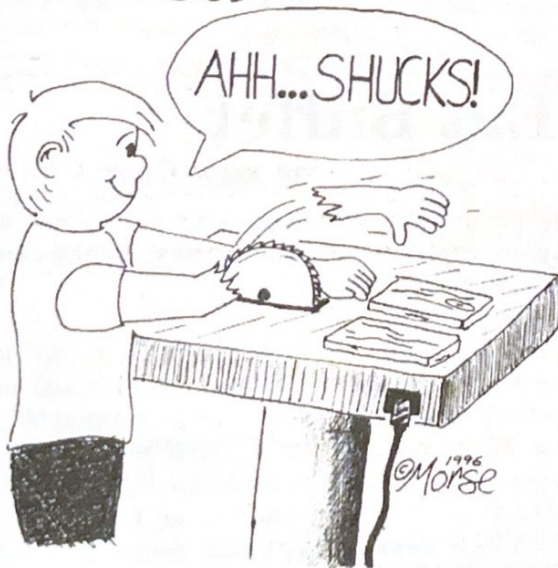
Stick by Aaron Saffa & David Sloves



Tim the giraffe's intense fear of heights made him the laughingstock of the Serengeti.



THE FAMILY CIRCUMCISION



Billy in woodshop

Are you sick and tired of eating junk food around campus? At Tribeca we offer fresh, low-fat food from around the globe in a European atmosphere. Come for great Caribbean, Thai, Mexican, Italian, and Chinese cuisine, made with your favorite meat & vegetables.

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Tribeca

cafe & restaurant

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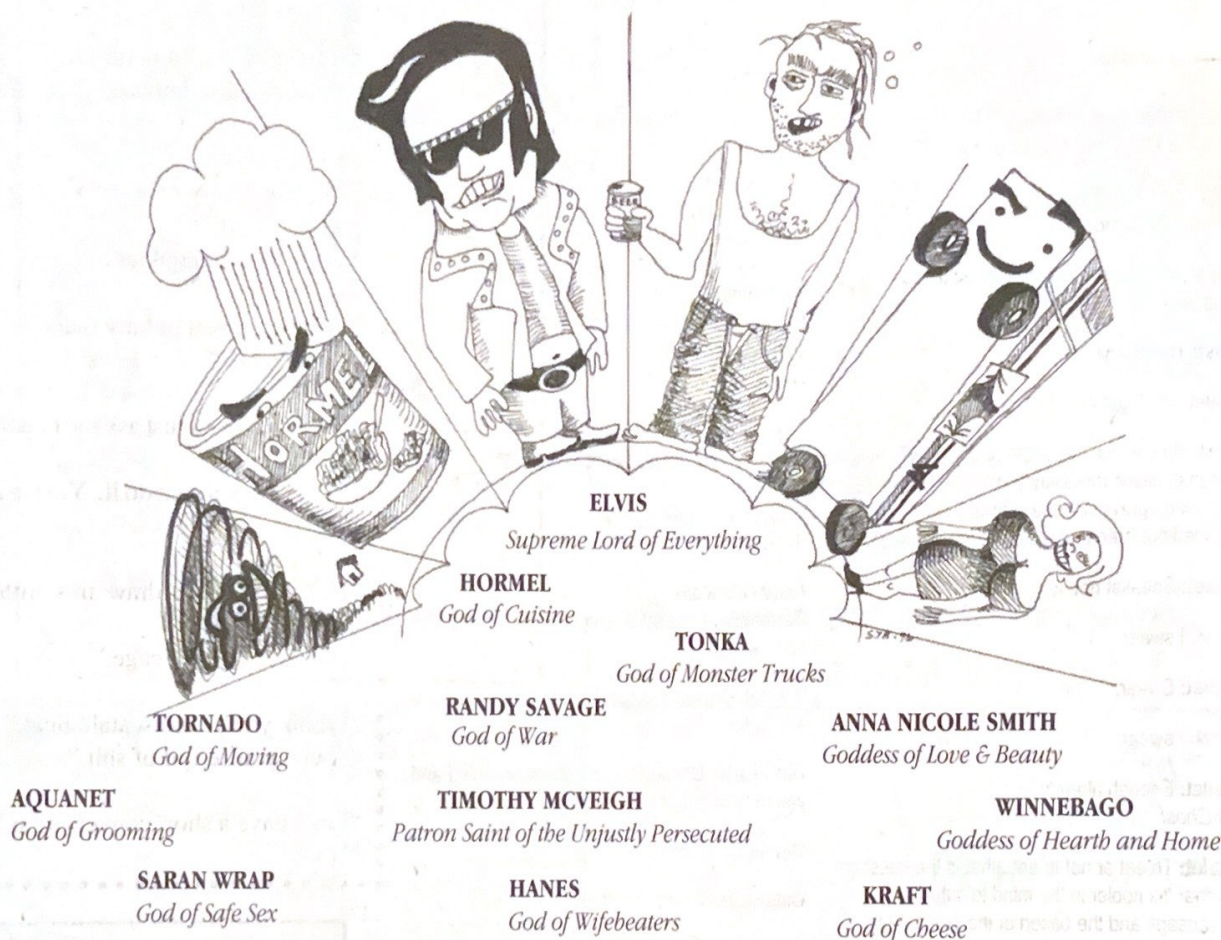
FREE BEER!

WITH THE PURCHASE OF ANY ENTREE

valid for up to 10 people

(all entrees are under \$6)

White Trash Pantheon of Gods



All You Can Eat Buffet

by Jason Cook

REMEMBER LAUGHING AS I TOLD HER: "First time I saw a Jimmy Buffet album, I thought you pronounced it Buffeé, you know, like Breakfast Buffet."

And she looked at me vaguely, and told me that she'd always pronounced it with the "T" because she'd never heard of anyone say "Breakfast Buffett", like that, and was I from France or something?

I really was at a Jimmy Buffet

November 1996

concert. Living life among the Olestra Market Demographic, watching this crowd throb to steel drums, some new ungodly form of low-impact aroebics. All of us wasted again in Margaritaville, forgetting NAFTA long enough to swig Corona and dirty our fingers with the driest of MexiWeed.

There's an old Minnesota saying that when you pursue happiness, you flee from contentment. It made sense to me then; my feet

hit the ground dancing, bare flesh pounded against wet Shoreline grass.

Now it's four a.m. on Haste and Piedmont, and I'm wishing I'd stayed, in that primal land of faded velour and unashamed alcoholism. I still think about that beautiful girl, now back in her trailer park, her unshy smile, glossy pink lipstick and a porn star pout, softly telling me that ignorance is bliss.

Omelet, Prince of Denny's:

A Tragedy in Two Cracks

BY FRANCIS BACON

Enter Omelet and Omelet's Father, a Ghostly Rooster, painted and stuck about with Tongues

Ghost: Be thou aware, Omelet, there is treachery and salmonella afoot.

Omelet: Who art thou, that wand'r'st thus amongst my spatulas? Be thou a spirit?

Ghost: Treachery!

Omelet: Fool—get thee to IHOP!

Ghost: Omelet, as true as the grease doth congeal thou shalt never rule Denny's! Thine mother hath committed a grave sin—she hath lain with others and produced brethren that will one day overtake thee!

Omelet: Speakst not so.

Ghost: I swear.

Omelet: Swear.

Ghost: I swear.

Omelet: Enough already.
Exit Ghost

Omelet: To eat or not to eat...that is the question Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the sausage and the bacon of the Grand Slam American Combo, or to take pancakes, swimming in a sea or syrup—or by opposing, eat them—Perchance to eat, perchance to gorge—No more:

Ay, there's the grub
For with hash browns comes cholesterol—
And in that sleep of death
What indigestion may come
When we have taken up Mylanta

Against our stomach acids.
Ah—the heartburn and the thousand natural shocks
That the egg is heir to—
For in that deep of night when diarrhea may come,
When I have shuffled off this aluminum foil:
There's the respect that creates
A long lasting shelf life.
Ah, to grunt and sweat under the burdens
of the grill and flame
Those that would bear the egg beaters and whips
of Scorn
Must succumb to RDA requirements and the
Overwhelming popularity of Egg Beaters

Enough, enough—no more
'Tis not so fresh as it was before...

Enter Oatmealia

Oatmealia: Omelet! Enough! Fold over and be done with it.

Omelet: Oh, that this too too runny yolk would firm and be done!

Oatmealia: Omelet—it's four in the morning and you're talking to yourself again.

Omelet: Treachery!

Oatmealia: Would you stop?

Omelet: Obesity! Thy name is Aunt Jemima! Rolls off the counter, cracks, dies.

Enter A Short Order Cook

Cook: Let four waiters
Bear Omelet like a prince to the table
For he was likely, had he been flipped
Early, to become the centerpiece of
Moons over My Hammy instead
Of the tragic fried egg he became ☹

SHORT CONVERSATIONS

"I like stuff that sucks."

"And I like stuff that fucks. That's the difference between you and me."

"I'm baking cookies and having a lesbian affair."

"What kind of cookies?"

"Where did you put my diary?"

"In my pants."

"Why don't you just ask me to part the Red Seas?"

"Come on, you can do it. You're a Jew."

"I don't want to draw this little man's penis!"

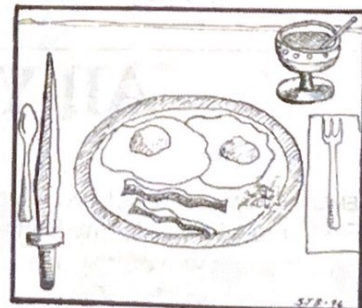
"Get back in your cage."

"I think you're too scatological."

"Aww, you're full of shit."

"Let's have a short conversation."

"No."



DILBERT



I Am A Teenage Hairball

by Ayala "Rvff-η-Tvff with My Afro Pvfff" Ben-Yehvda

JEWFRO. It affects one in every, well, look at your family pictures. One in every Jew. (That's an actual statistic.) I didn't always resemble a Kooshball. I used to be a well-adjusted wavy-haired kid. Then one day it blocked your view at the movies and nothing was ever the same. Gone were my dreams of being the Timotei woman on the white horse with the flowing hair. Instead as a child I looked like Art Garfunkel (but I still can't hit those high notes...)

1984: I remove the Hubba Bubba from my mouth to make way for graham crackers and apple juice during summer camp snacktime. I aim for the trash can and nail the edge of my 'fro instead. Goddamnit. Peanut butter is applied but it only makes my hair tastes good. Struck with the realization that the gum will never leave, I cry as my gooey front section gets lopped off by a "caring" camp counselor. And the gum hadn't even lost its flavor yet.

1986: At my older brother's brilliant suggestion, I am crouched in a tub half-filled with

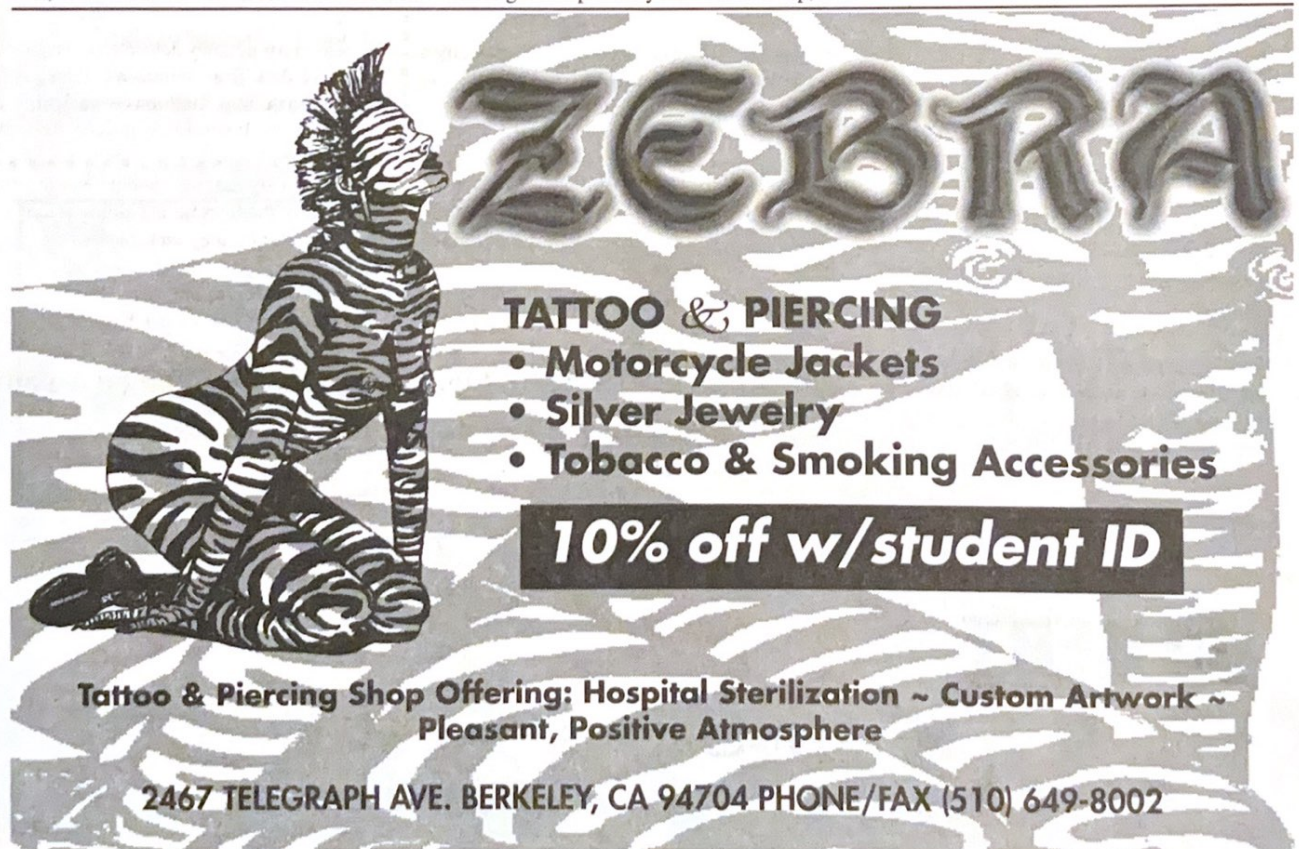
lukewarm water. My head is halfway dunked to loosen the cylindrical brush that is stuck in my hair after a little game called "Let's Pretend My Hair is Straight." I really was under the impression that I could blow-dry my hair with a round brush and make it straight like Mallory's on *Family Ties*. My ass is freezing and I'm getting goosebumps. My mother walks in and demands to know what's going on. The brush is severed from my head; my shallow patch of hair is evened out the next day at the hairdresser's. I spend the next two years with a Jackson 5 hairdo last seen when Michael was Macaulay Culkin's age. (Note: this look is still popular in Israel.)

1990: Retardedly, I try to be grown-up and use mousse even though it clearly says EXTRA BODY on the can. In one of the more formative experiences of my life, I come to realize that everything is a huge lie perpetuated by the cosmetics industry. Everything. The JFK conspiracy, the Tooth Fairy, the special "exercises" that make your boobs grow? Helene fucking Curtis probably made all those up, too.

Do not suck on the ends of your hair, mousse users. The propane will give you a sore throat.

1992: Ooooh, the stink of rebellion...or is that a week-old scalp secretion? Boy, do I look cool! I go a record two weeks without washing my hair. I showered, I'm not gross or anything. I just have one greasy dread that encompasses my entire head. When I try to flip my hair it doesn't move. I have abandoned all hope of trying to have brushable hair and have realized the folly that is the YM hair advice column. They all have straight hair and don't give a shit.

Fall 1996: I buy a cheap-ass hot comb from Walgreens with the ironic brand name *Perfection*. Perfection, my ass. Judge for yourself in the photo. (See photo) That same night, I have a nightmare that I'm sort of playing with my hair, and then this huge frog jumps out of it. The point being that my hair was *so enormous* that the frog had been living there for years and years rent free without my notice. I remember feeling rather humiliated. Frogs suck ☹



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HOW MY CAR SPENT ITS SUMMER VACATION



by Honey Shor Posner

I DRIVE AN ISUZU AMIGO. IT MAKES ME HAPPY. After spending the last year in this politically correct pedestrian's paradise, I decided to bring my gas-guzzling, tank of an automobile from my other home on the other coast, South Florida. After figuring out how much it would cost to drive my car through the nation's bread basket, my parents and I realized that it would be much more economical to have the car shipped out here. While I was feeling inspired, I thought maybe it would be a good idea to cut the skin between my toes and pour iodine on them.

My car left Florida at the end of July; the company told my family, in between giggles, it would go from the sunshine state to the golden state in 10-14 days. In just under two weeks, I would be driving my bright blue beauty to Safeway and Jay-Vee and the like.

For 10-14 days, I called the shipping company every day. Every single morning, and the following evening as well. "Is it here yet?" "No." "You suck, I want you to know that." "Have a nice day."

The first story I heard was that they were having difficulty getting out of Texas. C'mon. It's really not that complicated; just drive.

Then they told me it was in San Diego. I hope

it went to Sea World—it spent about 5 days there.

Day #21: Still no car. I now call the car company, oh, say, four times a day. They know the sound of my ring, and are reluctant to pick up the phone. "Hi. Is my car here yet?" "Um, Domino's Pizza."

"I know who you are, you fucker!"

"Please, I have a family."

"Just give me my car."

"Well, it should be here this weekend. You'll have it Monday."

"You swear."

"Not on your life."

By day 24, it was actually in San Jose, the big terminal of all shipping companies. I called six times that day. "Hi. My car arrived today I believe. What time will it be here this afternoon?"

"It won't be."

"What do you mean? I've been more than patient with y'all. What seems to be the big problemo here?"

"We don't have a truck to get it there. We have to go to Moraga, Marin, Monet, Marzipan, and San Francisco."

"NO. YOU HAVE TO COME HERE. I don't give a fuck where all those other stupid cars are going. You can make them wait with their thumbs up their asses for another week. My car will be here this afternoon, I don't care if you

have to get behind the wheel and drive it your goddamn self!"

Two hours later, they called me and asked me to go wait outside for a truck with my car on it. As I stand near the top of Ridge Rd., I see a large truck slowly climbing the hill. My friends and I begin to squeal with excitement. "Hmmm. I don't remember the back of my car being so high." A few seconds later, "And I don't remember my car being grey." And then of course, "I don't remember my car being an Isuzu Rodeo!" At this point my friends abandon me and head for the bomb shelter they built in the backyard for just such an occasion. The trucker exclaims, "My brakes won't hold on this hill—let me pull over." "Don't bother. Turn yo' ass around and head back to San Jose." Mr. Truck Driver had accidentally brought me the wrong car. Oopseys. Hee hee hee. Ha ha. Guffaw. This shit ain't funny.

The next morning, they delivered the right car. Streamers flew from windows. Ticker tape rained from the sky. Balloons were set free all over Berkeley. It was really a sight to behold.

My car and I are reunited, and it feels so good! The moral of the story here, kiddies, is don't let strangers tell you they can transport your car cross country. Don't let strangers tell you they can take you cross country (but that's a whole other story). Just don't talk to strangers. ☺

This space is shaded gray to signify the complexities of life, and because we didn't have any material. Done and done.

CATHY



GENERAL ELECTION
Tuesday, November 2, 1996

When you go into the voting booth on November 5th, be sure to bring this handy dandy sample ballot with you, then you won't have it. Also, just for fun, count the ratio of old people to young people voting. Just because they smell doesn't mean they don't have the right idea. **VOTE FUCKERS!**

K	MEASURE K: Hereby adds a K to the acronym for the Associated Students of the University of California, thereby increasing the accuracy of the aforementioned acronym. Fiscal Impact: Impossible to calculate because ASUC(K)'s abacus is broken.	YES →
		NO →

WB	MEASURE WB: Every citizen of Alameda County is hereby entitled to his/her/its own show on the WB net work, as long as it is not any worse than <i>Kirk</i> .	YES →
		NO →

69	PROP 69: How much for a quickie? Fiscal Impact: 50 bucks plus hotel. No kissing though.	YES →
		NO →

21	PROP 21: The sled from <i>Citizen Kane</i> . Remember that? That was a good movie.	YES →
		NO →

420	PROP 420: No bogarting the pipe, dude!	YES →
		NO →

PROPS	: A big Squelch shout-out to Coach Mariucci for tearing USC a new asshole! Keep it real, Steve.	YES →
		NO →

SQUELCH ENDORSEMENT * SQUELCH ENDORSEMENT * SQUELCH ENDORSEMENT

POTTER WICKWARE FOR PRESIDENT

To all you good little Alameda County voters: open up your *real* sample ballots and look at the election for Peralta Community College Trustee Area No. 6. There, hidden away, is the name of Potter Wickware, "science writer". Frankly, we here at the Squelch feel Mr. Wickware is aiming too low. Potter has the combination of vision, trustworthiness, and comical sounding name that we look for in a President. Despite the fact that he sounds like he should be working at Pier 1 Imports, we hereby endorse Mr. Wickware for leader of the free world. Please remember to vote well and often and write in his name on November 5th.

OBEY OUR COMMANDS
November 1996

BE OUR MINIONS

TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS
Page 16