

THE  
HEURISTIC SQUELCH

SPRING '97 FASHION SPECTACULAR!

*Eddie Jen,  
Berkeley's own  
Femme Fatale...*



*(S)he's  
dressed  
to kill!!!*

## Heuristic Squelch

This issue has been brought to you by the letter S (no kidding), and the numbers 6 and 47. Shouts out to our homiez in the Sesame hood. The Squelch would like to thank those down with the H.S. Grover, peace out.



Shon took the other  
MCAT course...  
Now Shon needs a  
doctor.

**Hyperlearning**  
Medical division of THE PRINCETON REVIEW

Call 800 MD-BOUND

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Prolonged or unprotected exposure to the Squelch may prevent or retard the intellectual development of higher simian brains.

# THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Back from the Dead.  
Since 1991.

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

Spring 1997

my first editorial

AS SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, the last time we published an issue of the Squelch was a long time ago, in a semester far, far away. The reason for the delay is twofold. First and foremost, we are a bunch of pseudo-Gen-X slackers who couldn't organize a pair of socks, much less a magazine. But there is another, more special reason why this issue has taken longer to produce than it takes Cal football to have a winning season.

Welcome to the *Heuristic Squelch*: Special Edition.

On this, the twentieth anniversary of the last Squelch, we have used modern digital editing techniques to insert jokes that wouldn't previously work--because of money, or time, or simply because they weren't funny. Now we have the tools to make it happen (and what amazing tools we they are).

We have taken old DC food jokes and made more vomiting references; old fraternity jokes, and made the beer cheaper and more like urine; old sorority jokes, and made the girls more vacant and slutty (a feat previously impossible to fathom).

One special treat for old-school Squelchophiles is a brand new humorous feature of Alex Weingarten threatening the Squelch staff. Without the new technology, we were unable to fit the photograph of Weingarten onto the page. Now anything is possible. Yes, this remastered Squelch should delight die-hard fans of the Squelch, and help introduce it to a whole new generation as well.

Read it again. . .for the very first time!

--JNR

Who's Alex Weingarten?

--H S-P

# NEWSFLASHES

## Can't See TV

A recently released sociological survey claims to have discovered the hidden truth behind the popular slogan, "The revolution will not be televised." Apparently, the revolution was forced to follow the same broadcasting rules as the National Football League, namely that an event cannot be televised locally if it does not sell out. The study cites ticket sales and gate tallies to prove their argument. "I was really bummed," said revolutionary Herman Jackson. "I thought we had sold out., but it was nighttime and I was wearing sunglasses."

## Wicked Awesome

In Dayton, Ohio, a Kennedy High School student popularly known as "Da Bomb" exploded in fourth period P.E. "He was complaining of back pains and a burning sensation. I told him just to suck it up and walk it off. Next thing I know, BOOM, kids are all over the gym," said Head Coach Benjamin. Investigators are investigating.

## TCTDTC TDAABAMNBAMN

Two former members of The Coalition to Defend Affirmative Action by Any Means Necessary are suing the group, claiming that they were misled by false advertising. Demanding anonymity, one of the plaintiffs

stated, "Man, we thought that we'd be using any means necessary. We were only using two or three means necessary. All we ended up doing was singing songs and holding hands. I wanted to egg a regent or blow up Ward Connerly's car or something. They totally lied."

The group has announced that they will be defended by volunteers from the university and surrounding community. The defense is being referred to as The Coalition to Defend The Coalition to Defend Affirmative Action by Any Means Necessary by Any Means Necessary.

## If I Had a Hammer

Students protesting the Regents' stand on affirmative action took over the Campanile on Friday and held the chimes player hostage. He was forced to play "We Shall Not Be Removed" and lesser-known protest songs such as "Hunger Strike" by Temple of the Dog, "Hysteria" by Def Leppard, and "Institutionalized" by Suicidal Tendencies. To quell the protest, the Regents deployed the Cal Band to camp out next to the Campanile in the hopes of annoying the shit out of the protesters, or at least making them hungrier. On the playlist were "Cherry Pie" and songs by Cake, Bread, and the Meat Puppets. Said one disgruntled protester, "Now all I want is a fuckin' Pepsi™."

"Just you watch, one of these days, I'm going to crush someone in one of these bookshelves..."

"Owwww!"

# The Joy of Tea

BY JOANNA HONIKMAN

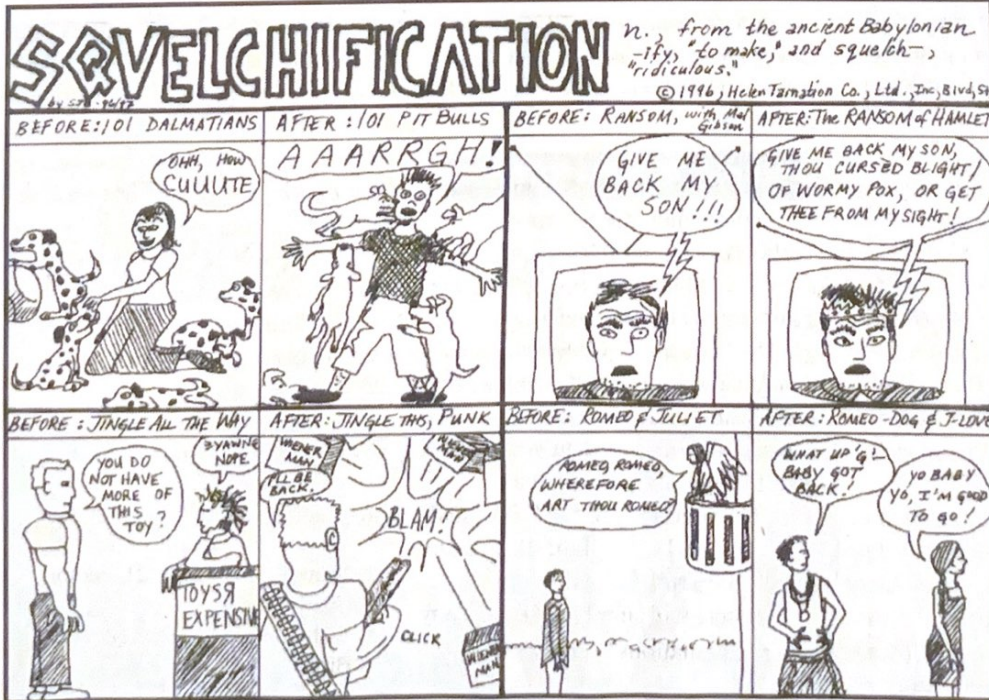
WHILE BROWSING AT MOE'S recently, I came across a copy of *The Joy of Sex*—and was shocked to find it full of disgusting, detailed pictures of people “at it”! I wasn’t about to pay good money for that! So, I waited till the security guard was looking the other way, and slipped it into my ruck sack.

There are a number of other activities that I believe are fully deserving of their own *Joy of* book. There is the *Joy of Neutering*, *The Joy of Bitch-Slapping* and, my personal favorite, *The Joy of Pretending You Are a Decent Human Being*. *The Joy of Tea* would be another great *Joy of* book and would go very nicely with *The Joy of Cooking* and *The Joy of Sex* in a kind of classic trilogy. This brings me round to an important universal truth: Tea is Everything. As luck would have it, tea is also a powerful aphrodisiac—

one of the most powerful known to man! In the right hands, a teapot and a box of Tetley Round Bags are the ultimate weapons of seduction. My teapot came directly from the source: England; and is so dangerously alluring that I can only use it once a week. At all other times I have what is known as a “quickie,” which involves dunking the teabag directly in and out of the mug a few times, and then quickly adding a splash of milk. If you happen to be in a hurry, this is the best way to enjoy all that tea has to offer, without taking up too much of your valuable time; and it’s great if it’s late at night and you’re making tea for someone you’ve picked up in a bar—especially if you’ve just found out they’re not really Italian.

Yes, as the years pass me by and I grow older, I look forward to the many cups of tea I will enjoy as an adult and, later on, as an old, dried up spinster. There will be many cups of tea in my life. Some will be piping hot, but others will be lukewarm because

somebody forgot to tell me it was ready fifteen minutes ago, *you utter bastard!* . . . And one day, when I am old and Earl Grey, I shall probably die whilst making a cup of tea: I will be scalded to death by the hot water, but will be too frail and infirm to cry for help. Then, when the men from the council come to take me away, they will have to break into my house and peel my corpse off the kitchen floor. But as they are about to dump my lifeless body into the nearest skip, something will catch their eye: they will find, clutched in my withered hand, a single teabag—*Twinings English Breakfast™*, or if I’m really lucky, *Fortenham and Mason’s Queen Anne Blend™*. A few days later, when there is no more beer left at my wake, my many bastard children will engage in a lengthy court battle over who gets to keep the teabag. My favorite son, Karl, will win; but he will foolishly donate the teabag to the local Cats’ home, causing me to spin in my grave until I am dizzy. ©



## ROTTEN THING TO DO TO YOUR ROOMMATE

### No.224

Pass out roommate's phone number to the homeless on Telegraph. Tell them that he/she is responsible for the conspiracy (mention *The Velvet Fog*, *Mel Torme*, they'll know what you mean). Also give address.

# Don't Cry For Me, UC Berkeley

By Eddie Jen

**H**ELLO ONCE AGAIN, GIRLFRIENDS! Have you seen Evita? You haven't!?! Well, by now you must have at least have heard the song, "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina;" and your first reaction upon hearing the song MUST have been: "Hmmm...it reminds me of someone I know...someone glamorous and beautiful...passionate and dedicated...someone deeply misunderstood, because although it may seem that "fame and fortune were all [she] desired," she "never invited them in..."

Yes, child! That song, that musical, was written especially for me. Talk about typecasting. Puh-lease! The only reason Madonna got the role over me, the First Princess of UC Berkeley, was because she is a *biological* woman. And the only reason why the director found out that I wasn't a *biological* woman was because my Eddie Junior chose to liberate himself from "tuck" position and do a little sudden burst of independence—and I had a good mind to cut him off right then and there to save me from any similar embarrassments in the future. But I couldn't blame him for getting so excited, really. Could you, if you were just inches away from that irresistibly delicious Antonio Banderas?

So much for Hollywood. I am back because I've realized that, as a beauty queen, my work beautifying this world is not yet complete. For those of you who worried needlessly that I left you for good at the end of last semester, "the truth is I never left you..."

Am I too much? Do you feel like slapping me and telling me that Eddie Jen is *not all that*? Well, somebody (quite a few) beat you to it, because the First Princess of UC Berkeley has NEVER won a beauty pageant. Yes, *Spring 1997*

child, I know it sounds unbelievable, but group after group of judges actually had the nerve to decide that someone else was more beautiful than yours truly. Now, years later, I am still trying to recover from these traumatizing experiences. For too long, I've kept this physical and mental anguish deep within myself. But after today, it will be a secret no longer, for my story *must* be told. . .

I've spent many hours alone in this apartment, agonizing over what went wrong at those pageants. Was my make-up a little bit too dark? Did I come off as being too arrogant when I declared myself the most beautiful (as well as the most worshipped) drag queen this world has seen since the days of Tammy Faye Baker? Or should I have just flaunted everything I've got and left the price tag on my designer evening gown so that the judges could have sympathized with how many days I went without food to save up the money for it? The result of all this theorizing has been the emergence of a critical school of thought that might change the course of Western civilization forever. And it just might be the most important piece of knowledge you will acquire during your stay in Berkeley, so listen closely.

It's called "Why Eddie Jen doesn't win Beauty Pageants."

It's not that the judges actually thought the other drag queens were more beautiful, or more deserving. The decisive factor hinged on nothing less than the age-old wisdom that...

The prettiest girl *NEVER* wins! Amen! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! The Truth is finally told!

(And I will simply not accept any other explanations. Period.) ©



## Top Ten Ways to Leave Your Lover:

10. Die, Mordecai
9. Fundraise for the Squelch by selling crystal meth, Beth
8. Alienate your liberal Berkeley lover by joining the gun lobby, Bobby
7. Say, "I'm gay," Faye
6. Poison her with cyanide, Clyde
5. Give the "let's just be friends, I need my space" speech, then drop out of sight, Dwight
4. Admit you like little boys, Michael
3. Sue, Sue
2. Join a militia, Tricia
1. Start rhyming everything

## Top Ten Rejected ASUC Jobs:

10. Keeper of the Mountain
9. Bongo drum repairman
8. President
7. Court composer
6. Dwinelle cartographer
5. Campanile sniper
4. Sweeper of the dung
3. Gimp
2. Fountain cleaner
1. Nose and throat specialist

## Top Ten Rejected Charlie Brown Specials:

10. You Have HIV, Charlie Brown
9. Linus in the Castro
8. You're Alone in Harlem, Charlie Brown
7. Schroeder Shoots Smack
6. Why Pigpen is an EECS Major
5. Patty and Marcie Should Be Allowed To Marry, Charlie Brown
4. That's A Crusty Blanket, Linus
3. It's Called Rogaine, Charlie Brown
2. That's Not Her Real Haircolor, Charlie Brown
1. Wah Wah Wah Wah, Charlie Brown

# What Am I Going to Do Next Year?

By Ben Pershing

"So, You're graduating, huh. What are you going to do?"

"Aaaaaah! Stop asking me that! You're not my mother!"

For those of you, who, like me, are graduating in May, the above exchange should be painfully familiar. I will be the first to admit that it's often to come up with new and exciting topics for small talk, but it really has gotten to the point that I would rather be mistaken for a freshman (as long as I don't have to live in Bowles) than be asked about my future plans.

I run into them on Sproul: the people I met in the dorm, or in a class, or in hail, and as I struggle to remember their names, I brace myself for the inevitable query. It doesn't matter what the actual question is. Whether it's "Do you have a job?", "Are you applying to grad school?", "Do I know you?", or "What the fuck is that? Get that thing away from me!", the topic of conversation inevi-

tably turns to the future rather than the past, or sex, or any one of a host of more interesting subjects.

As a member of the media elite, I feel it is my duty to take perilous predicaments such as these, apply my vast (yes, vast) and probing intellect to them, and present information to you, mere reader, in a palatable, Disney-like fashion. Here, in my estimation, are the four best options for those of us rapidly approaching grown-uphood:

## GET A JOB

This seems to be a popular choice, either because people like making money or because they just want more exposure to office culture so they can understand "Dilbert". I have come up with a few possibilities for those of you who can't find a job. If you are a business or economics major, you can stop reading because you probably already have a job doing "consulting" "work", and because I hate you.

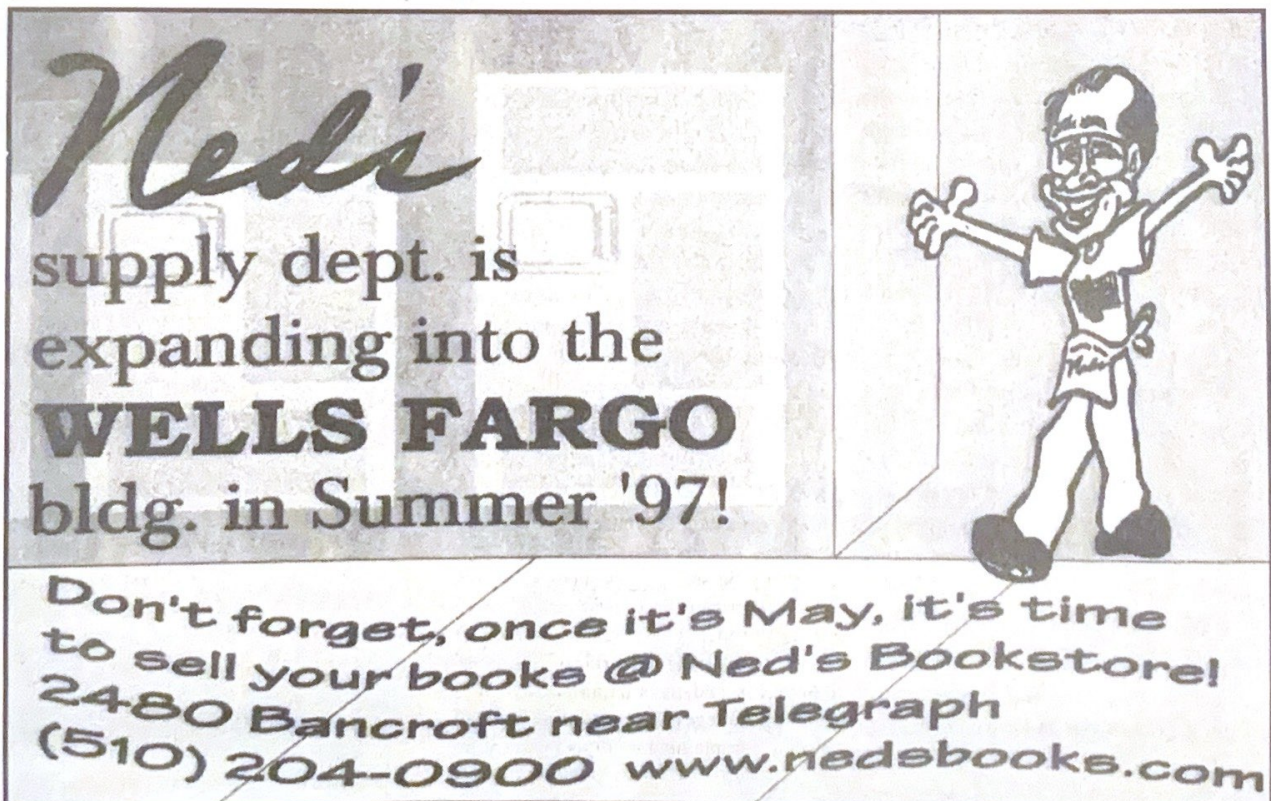
I was originally inspired to write this article when I saw a *Chronicle* headline that said, "There Are Many Good Jobs Which

Don't Require a B.A.," next to a picture of a **prison guard**. If only my high school guidance counselor had suggested this career path, I wouldn't have blown \$50,000 of my Mom's money on an "education", and could instead already be an assistant warden, or at least one of those guys in *Goodfellas* who brings fresh garlic and tomatoes to imprisoned mobsters.

Another profession which interests me is that of **toll booth money-taker**. It seems to me that these courageous men and women who block our entrance to public roadways have it made. They get to sit in that little booth all day, listen to the radio, and ask people for correct change. I was curious how much money these people make, so I asked a few people, and came to the conclusion that their starting salary is about \$190,000 per year. Admittedly, the few people I had asked had no idea what I was talking about, so I just made that number up; still, that's a lot of money.

For those of you in my political science classes who are willing to cross any and all

(cont'd next page)



**Ned's**  
supply dept. is  
expanding into the  
**WELLS FARGO**  
bldg. in Summer '97!

Don't forget, once it's May, it's time  
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LSAT

MCAT

Classes are starting soon!

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### Next Year (cont'd)

paths to get involved in politics (you know who you are), **illegal campaign funds funneling** has become a growth industry recently. Whether you want to work as a bell-boy in the White House or contribute to Newt's foundation, you should have no trouble providing the impetus for the appointment of an independent prosecutor.

#### LAW SCHOOL

This second option seems appealing, especially since it would allow me to put of the first option for awhile. I say this despite the fact that I have never met a lawyer who didn't bend over backward to tell me not to be a lawyer. As you will soon find out, entrance exams are evil, and the **LSAT** is certainly no exception. A few hours one morning and your lot in life is determined. Try this sample question and see how you do:

*Steve tells Bill that Stanford is better than Cal. Bill counters that Steve is wrong, and that, in actuality, cal is better. Steve scoffs at Bill and drives off in his BMW.*

Spring 1997

*What is the flaw in Steve's argument?*

- Some people at Cal drive BMWs too. I've seen them.*
- He is assuming causation where there is only correlation.*
- Only someone from Stanford would "scoff". Fucking snobs.*
- This is the right answer.*
- Stanford sucks! Yeah!*

The answer of course is e), and if you didn't know that, then you are not a true "Bear Backer", although you might be a good lawyer.

#### TRAVEL

This is, of course, what everyone really wants to do. It does require money, but that can easily be stolen or printed. The most popular destination for most recent graduates is Europe. What's really great about Europe is that it's chock-full of museums, monuments, and, most importantly, a lot of American college students wearing baseball hats and complaining loudly about how no

(cont'd page 11)

### TOP TENS (cont'd.)

#### Top Ten Reasons to be an ASUC Senator:

10. All the wicked babes!
9. Instead of having neither power nor a title, you have a title.
8. Trains you to be a U.S. Senator.
7. Trains you to lie (see number 8)
6. 50% off on junk.
5. Makes mommy and daddy proud (until the anesthesia wears off)
4. Boosts flagging self-esteem.
3. Brief spurt of "fame" eases the pain of looking forward to a lifetime of anonymity.
2. Get access to ASUC X-Files (Why did Chancellor Tien *really* retire, anyway...)
1. Bribes!

#### Top Ten Things Overheard at a Star Trek Convention:

10. "I'd like to make first contact with her."
9. "Beam me up, hottie."
8. "I smell a Borg."
7. "EECS to Enterprise, respond."
6. "I know why Geordi's blind...heh heh."
5. "I am fully functional, multitasking, and am dying to interface."
4. "Don't point your phaser at me. I'm here to see 'Evita.'"
3. "Wait—there are no girls here."
2. "Is that a tribble in your pants or are you just happy to see me?"
1. "Whoa, James Doohan's soiled underwear!"

#### Top Ten Secret AGSE Demands:

10. New acronym
9. Housing in this county
8. Respect
7. More T & A for TAs
6. All sentences to begin and end with "sir"
5. Chalk subsidies
4. Attention
3. More graham crackers and apple juice in the TA lounge
2. More rock, less talk
1. A new Police Academy movie

## SQUELCH SURVEY

We here at the Squelch have been called insensitive, egotistical, and a lousy lay. You, the reader, can help with the first two (and if you really care, the third). Fill out the following survey and either e-mail it to ben42@uclink4, or snail-mail it to:

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH  
2635 College Avenue, #4  
Berkeley, CA 94704

If I hadn't spent all my money on cheap alcohol and crack, I would consider buying:

- Squelch T-shirts
- Squelch Bumper Stickers
- The Squelch Video
- Squabble: The Squelch Board Game
- Squapple All Natural Drink
- Diet Squapple (all the taste, half the humor)
- Squocks (Squelch socks)
- Squelch athletic supporters

**WE**  **OUR READERS!**

### HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TOLD...

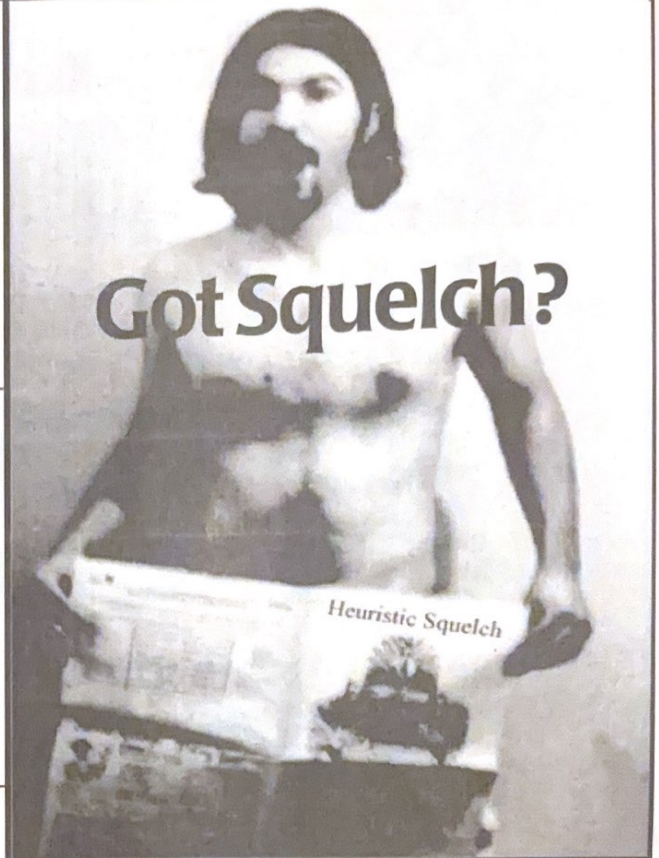
- A.** YOUR GRASP OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS PALTRY, AT BEST
- B.** If you were an ice cream flavor, you would be Hamster Puke Fudge.
- C.** After further review, the committee has decided that your life sucks

If so, then come to **3 Evans** on **Wednesday** nights at **7pm**, or, if you've ever made someone laugh milk out of his or her nose, submit something to [harpo@uclink2.berkeley.edu](mailto:harpo@uclink2.berkeley.edu).

### COME SQUELCH WITH US.

If not, then don't. You're probably some kind of Communist. Stay out of our country, pinko!

# Got Squelch?



Without the Squelch, I would surely die, regardless of my terminal illness!

I want, no, no, I NEED a Squelch-Scriptio!!

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 Maiden Name \_\_\_\_\_ Maiden Voyage \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Apt #/Room in the White House \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Standby \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Drive \_\_\_\_\_

Include \$6.47 (\$18,000,000 Canadian) cheque payable to  
THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH  
2635 College Avenue  
Berkeley, CA 94709



THE DORM CABLE GUIDE

# Tuesday

	6pm	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	10:00
ΔΔΔ	Sista, Sista	Test Pattern			Test Pattern (cont)			You Too Can Learn Adjectives
THE EECS CHANNEL	Star Trek		Star Trek: The Next Generation		Deep Space Nine		Live Video Shots of Gene Rodenberry's Corpse	
DAILY CAL NEWS NETWORK	Self Absorbed Commentary Containing No Information Whatsoever							Sex
ABX (THE GREEK NETWORK)	SPECIAL: The Beers of Greece		Dr. Troy Astin, Hangover M.D.		American Kegstanders		Date Rape: Tips & Tricks	
ASUC-SPAN	Misappropriation of Funds		Off The Air - Technical Difficulties (will return in fall 2012)					
PLAZA PREACHER CHANNEL	God Loves You... But	MOVIE: The Made-up Commandments			Fornicators Go To Hell		The 3:16 Club	
CTV	SPECIAL: Rick Starr Plugged		The Real Dorm		Campus COPS			
PEOPLE'S PARK SHOPPING NETWORK	Shopping Cart Full'o Funk		Needle-Rama	The Meth Zone	The Meth Zone		Guess What's in My Sphincter	
DWINELLE-ON-THE-AIR	This Ol' Misshapen Building		How To Look Busy Without Trying		MOVIE: Labyrinth (David Bowie)			Unsolved Mysteries

**4:00 (con't)**

**RSF-PN Invitational Stair-Master Tournament** (sports)

It's been a real battle all year, but Herman Phanssem has been extra tough down the stretch. Patti Balesteri, after a long career on the exercycl, has proven to be a top-notch rookie. Making an impressive comeback, Steven

Sandoleris actually in the running for his first championship (well, actually, running is the wrong word - he really doesn't go anywhere) since '72 when he was defeated by Boris Gildolyan, who later had his title revoked when it was discovered he had climbed actual stairs in training. Nobody breaks a sweat, regardless of the difficulty level, causing several jealous spectators to take their own lives. (repeat)

ABX *Berkeley Greeks, 94704* (serial) Bret sleeps with Muffy. Patsy sleeps with Chet. Bobby sleeps with Jaymi. Jamie sleeps with Bobbi. April, Stef, and Tami sleep with Cheri. Cheri sleeps with a horse. Kerry sleeps with someone who isn't white to fill the house quota. Chuck discovers he can't read. He graduates with a degree in Political Science anyway. Terry finds out he has herpes, that he got it from Judy, and that he gave it to Mommy.

**20% Off All Cal Sweatshirts!**  
 \*mention this ad, punk!  
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*Heuristic Squelch*

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Single White Rabbit seeks eggs of all colors. \$3000/ doz. + medical expenses. Cadbury™ Creme variety preferred. Asian, Jewish and Indian donors a plus.

**LOOKING FOR A LITTLE WOOKIEE?**

Ex-desert farmer seeks girl who isn't his sister. Forceful personality desired; bagels and cinnamon rolls a plus. Must be willing to complete her training.

- L. Skywalker

Excuse me mister: don't speak, but there's no doubt that I'm just a girl who wants to go walking into spider webs with you. Leave a message and I'll call you back.

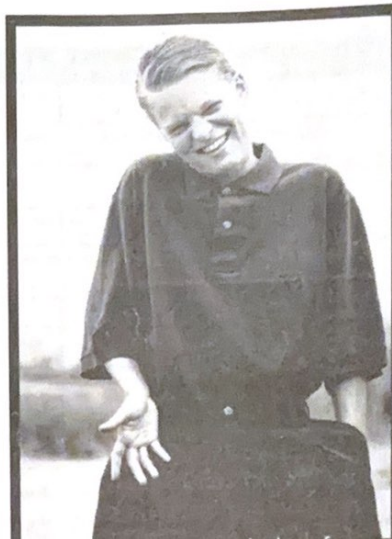
-G. Stefani

Our eyes met on the bus,  
I followed you to your abode.  
I'm outside your window right now;  
What's your apartment code?

SWF living at the White House\* will have intercourse with anybody after two beers.

\*Note: We meant the sorority stopover, not the venerable institution which houses Hillary Clinton, among others. Get your mind out of the gutter.

**PERSONALS**



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1.6 Billion AM & F seek AM, healthy, nonsmoker, interested in totalitarian domination. Must be familiar with forced sterilization techniques.

**COME TO THE DARK SIDE**

Emperor seeks young man with a sharp lightsaber. 'You want this, don't you? I can feel the heat swelling up in you right now.' Leave the Ewoks at home.

Male seeks female for a little affirmative action. Am unable to tell you my name, address or income for fear that you might know what race I am. Call me. My initials are WC.

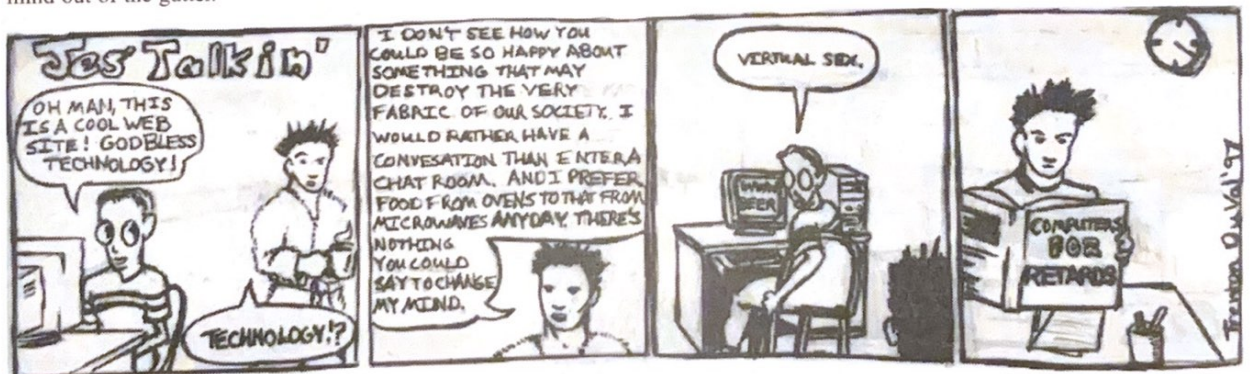
**ARE YOU A BELIEVER?**

Dark, brooding SWM, looking for tiny creatures with big heads. The truth is out there; I will find you. Let's get together and have an inter-galactic time.

-F. Mulder

**WON'T YOU BE MY NEIGHBOR?**

Gentle old man with fondness for cardigan sweaters seeks companion for making gratuitous costume changes. I like to play with trains.





**Sex On  
Wednesday**

**M**y name is Wednesday Adams. I don't have sex, but I watch a lot on TV. My parents don't really believe in the new TV ratings system, so I pretty much watch whatever I want. I like bondage.

**Q: Do you like bondage?**

A: Yes.

**Q: My girlfriend isn't into bondage, but I'd like to experiment. What should I do, Wednesday?**

A: You should masturbate until you bleed.

**Q: Wednesday, I masturbate a lot. I mean a real lot. Once I masturbated while driving my car. And I don't mean I pulled over, and then masturbated. I mean I actually beat it while going thirty miles per hour. Past a school. Is there a point where excessive masturbation becomes dangerous?**

A: Potential car accidents aside, excessive masturbation can actually be highly dangerous. For instance, I have it on good authority that Captain Hook has been hospitalized at least three times with stab wounds to the groin. In addition to the physical harm, excessive continual masturbation can have potentially embarrassing side-effects. Just ask my cousin, It. The hair on his palms has been growing constantly since the Eisenhower administration.

**Q: What is Thing's favorite sexual practice?**

A: Oral sex. What? You were expecting maybe hand jobs?

**Q: Wednesday, can you get HIV from a dog?**

A: Stay away from chihuahuas on crank and you should be alright. ©

**Next Year** (cont'd from page 7)

one speaks English. To go this route, you need 1. A Eurail pass and an erasable pen so you can doctor the dates, 2. A ridiculously thick guidebook that you can break out when ever you are lost (a large tattoo on your forehead that says TOURIST serves much the same function), and 3. A passport and money and tickets and stuff.

It is also possible, I suppose, to go **some-where other than Europe**. I have it on good authority there are lots of other places in the world. I invite readers to write in and tell me about these other "countries" and "cultures".

**RETIREMENT**

This is another option I've been considering. It just seems like old people have it made. They don't have to work, so they can spend all their time playing golf, napping, vomiting, watching *Murder She Wrote*, and making a lot of noise while they eat. Those who choose this path now are eligible to join the AYRP (Association of Young Retired People). This fine organization sponsors activities like pot-smoking, macaroni-and-cheese making, Super Nintendo playing, and parent-begging. I think I've found my calling. ©



Sweetums "out on the floor" of local S&M club.  
You go, bitch!

**TOP TENS** (cont'd.)

**Top Ten Top Ten Lists:**

10. Top Ten Reasons Why People Like Top Ten Lists
9. Top Ten Ways to Romance an Aardvark
8. Top Ten Meanest Drunks
7. Top Ten Most Ripped Off Lists From Popular Book of Top Ten Lists
6. Top Ten Rap Videos Featuring Rapper-in-Hot-Tub-With-"Bitches" Scenarios
5. Top Ten Numbers Between 1 and 10
4. Top Ten Fruits and Vegetables Preferred by Food Fetishists
3. Top Ten Best Places to Hide During a Game of "Hide and Seek"
2. Top Ten Sexiest Belgians
1. Top Ten Tiens

**Top Ten Most Overused Phrases:**

10. "You Go, Girl!"
9. "Fuck the po-lice!"
8. "Talk to the hand!"
7. "Whazzup?"
6. "Spare'nee chaaange?"
5. "No Officer, it's for medicinal purposes."
4. "Hellz no!"
3. "I actually drive better stoned."
2. "Hey! Email me. :-)"
1. "Subvert the dominant paradigm, bee-yotch!"

**Top Five Most Popular Spice Girls™:**

5. The One With the Blue Pants
4. The Token Black One
3. The One Who Dances on the Table in that Video
2. The One With the Really Short Skirt
1. The Other One

## Heuristic Squelch

### Aries (March 21-April 19)

Submit to the patriarchy in all its forms this month! Engage in the appropriate behavior for your gender role and you will gain many admirers. Love: Have an extramarital affair that this fashion magazine will fully encourage. Work: Pursue a glamorous corporate career that will go so well with the spring suits, or just check next month's article on How to Get a Rich Man to Marry You.

### Taurus (April 20-May 20)

"Spare any change for pot?" That unforgettable street punk who spare-changed you in honeyed tones will be your love interest this month. Believe it. He's got a bull-nose ring, and you are the Bull. What could be more perfect than a date over forties? You can wreak beautiful havoc together.

### Gemini (May 21-June 20)

You two-faced bitches--I hate your guts. Pretending to rise above everything, so typical of the air signs. This month, things collapse to the ground as you lose all bladder control. Visit your local Depends dealer, and avoid nipple rings.

### Cancer (June 21-July 22)

This would be a good time to start checking for lumps. Besides being unsightly and unhealthy, the presence of tumor drama in your life resembles that episode of 90210 where Brenda thought she had a tumor...but it was a bruise from playing volleyball. Or at least that's what they said--I bet it was a hickey from Dylan.

### Leo (July 23-August 22)

This would be a great time to put down that crack pipe. Where do you think those nasty blisters on your lips have been coming from? And while you're at it, drop that bad boy you've been dating. Pick up some Carmex, or maybe some Zovorax.

### Virgo (August 23-September 22)

I hate you fuckers. Nothing bad ever happens to you. So this month I'm going to make you sorry you were born in September by prophesying a month full of death, destruction, plague, and diarrhea. Or I'll just buy you an Odwalla.

## HORRORSCOPE

by Ayala Ben-Yehuda

### Libra (September 23-October 22)

If you were a Facts of Life girl, you'd be Natalie--brainless and a little zaftig. However, this month go with your Jo instincts and wear a lot of leather. Beware of the Blairs in your life that will influence you to layer your hair. Don't do it--I did it in fourth grade and it took four long, long years to grow out.

### Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

Uranus' alignment with the sun makes your ass burn and your eyes water. Or is that the look of love? Around the 28th Venus skyrockets into your eleventh house, giving life to Bobby Brady's lucid observation that "kissing is just like fireworks!" Get the running simile? Of course you don't.

### Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

You're a slut this month! Lucky for you, you are an early bloomer and hence the first girl in sixth grade to "French." Now's the time to bust out that hot-pink mini-

skirt and drive the boys wild! Unfortunately, all the girls will hate you, but so what? Nobody wants to feel them up.

### Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

Welcome to Overeaters Anonymous. You're fat, sweetie, and therefore totally unacceptable. Just heed your friendly astrologer's advice: A major planetary shift has set the stage for significant bulimia. Throw up gracefully, and be sure to thank Barbie while you're at it. Bring on the Funyuns!

### Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Something will happen this month. You are in a time of transition. Changes are taking place. You may get a new job, maybe a new lover. Then again, maybe not. Maybe nothing will happen. Your life may remain the rotting cesspool that it was last month and every month in recent memory. I don't know. Sorry. Avoid nipple rings.

### Pisces (February 19-March 20)

You're so, like, whatever. Pisces is the Everysign, the sign everyone is on TV. Just stamp yourself with a plain-wrap constellation, why don't you? When I think of Pisces I think of green fish. The fish part I understand, but why the green? This is the question you will be attempting to answer this month. Why the green?

## BANANA REPUBLICAN

LONG SLEEVES MINIMIZE SKIN TO SKIN CONTACT WITH MINORITIES

Padded pockets prevent change from jangling while passing homeless

THICK SOLED SHOES FOR STOMPING ON THE POOR



Weapon and NRA membership card hidden in convenient, quick-draw back pouch

Tie serves as phallic symbol for repressed homo-erotic feelings

Extra room in the crotch

Steel toes for better goose-stepping. Sieg Heil!

# THE SHOES

BY BEN BIRKEN

I DON'T KNOW ANY OF YOU, BUT I'M sure many of you have noticed me. Whether it's been walking through Sproul, searching for any forms of intelligent life in Dwinelle, or at the latest Affirmative Action protest, you have seen me. Why, you ask? Are your eyes drawn by my dashing looks, the confident swagger in my stride, or my stylish hair? No, friend, no, (although, if you answered yes to any of these, dear God please contact me!!!!). What you have seen is the untarnished leather of new tennis shoes, so bright as to mesmerize any human and so stiff as to cut off all blood supply to the ankles. Yes, I have seen you all, glancing down towards my feet, enamored by the blazing whiteness I display.

They didn't seem that white when I bought them. I mean, these weren't the greatest of shoes, but they were cheap and the right size. Hell, they weren't ever really supposed to go on my feet at all. No sir, my sneakers were going to last forever. The new shoes were relegated to emergency backup duty faster than Jelani Gardner. Then, disaster struck. My trusty old sneakers, the shoes that had traveled the world with me, destroyed themselves. Why, I'll never know. It must have been something I said, or more likely something I stepped in. In any case, I know that I woke up one morning and instead of having two solid shoes I had 7 jagged pieces of dirty Converse. I am no rocket scientist, but I know that shoes shouldn't look like this. It was a rather sad day, full of tears and disbelief. These were the shoes I had

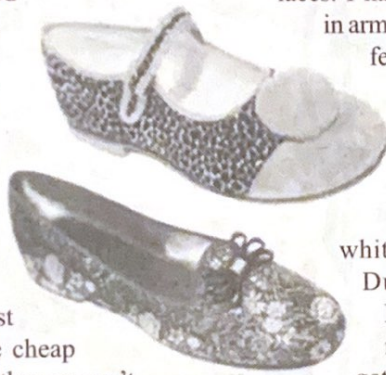
graduated high school in. These were the shoes I delivered Domino's Pizza in. These were the shoes I was wearing when I was first spit on by a homeless person. Alas, they were now to be replaced by the monstrosities I now possess.

Words almost fail to describe the dorkiness of these shoes. On a geek scale from Paul in the early seasons of the Wonder Years to Urkel from Family Matters, these shoes score a strong Arvin from Head of the Class. They are so bright that I have to wear sunglasses to tie the laces. I have had knights

in armor approach my feet, thinking that they had finally found the Holy Grail. These shoes are whiter than David Duke, Jesse Helms, and Vanilla Ice put together. My shoes

dance the Achy Breaky Heart all by themselves, which severely disturbs me, as it should everyone.

Shoes do not last forever. Nor do relationships, batteries, pens, jelly donuts, or, contrary to what you may think, so-called Everlasting Gobstoppers (I know, it was a shock to me too). An important lesson has been learned here, and it's not that this piece seemed funnier before I wrote it. The lesson is that my shoes suck big monkey-butt and will continue to do so. Don't fall into the same trap as I did: just don't wear shoes. It's cheaper, more natural, and girls dig big pieces of glass and gravel imbedded between your toes. Honest. ☺



## TOP TENS (cont'd.)

### Top Ten Characteristics of Limbless People:

10. Enjoy rolling down hills
9. Look funny when water-skiing
8. Prefer to wear one big shoe that comes up to the waist
7. Always had to play the "limbless guy" in school plays
6. Buy "Mr. Potato Head" and throw all his limbs in the trash
5. Think that with the right haircut they might be able to look tough
4. Parents made them dress as a rock every Halloween
3. Say "Look, Ma...no hands! Ever!"
2. Can't make snow angels, only snow peanuts
1. Tend to fumble the football

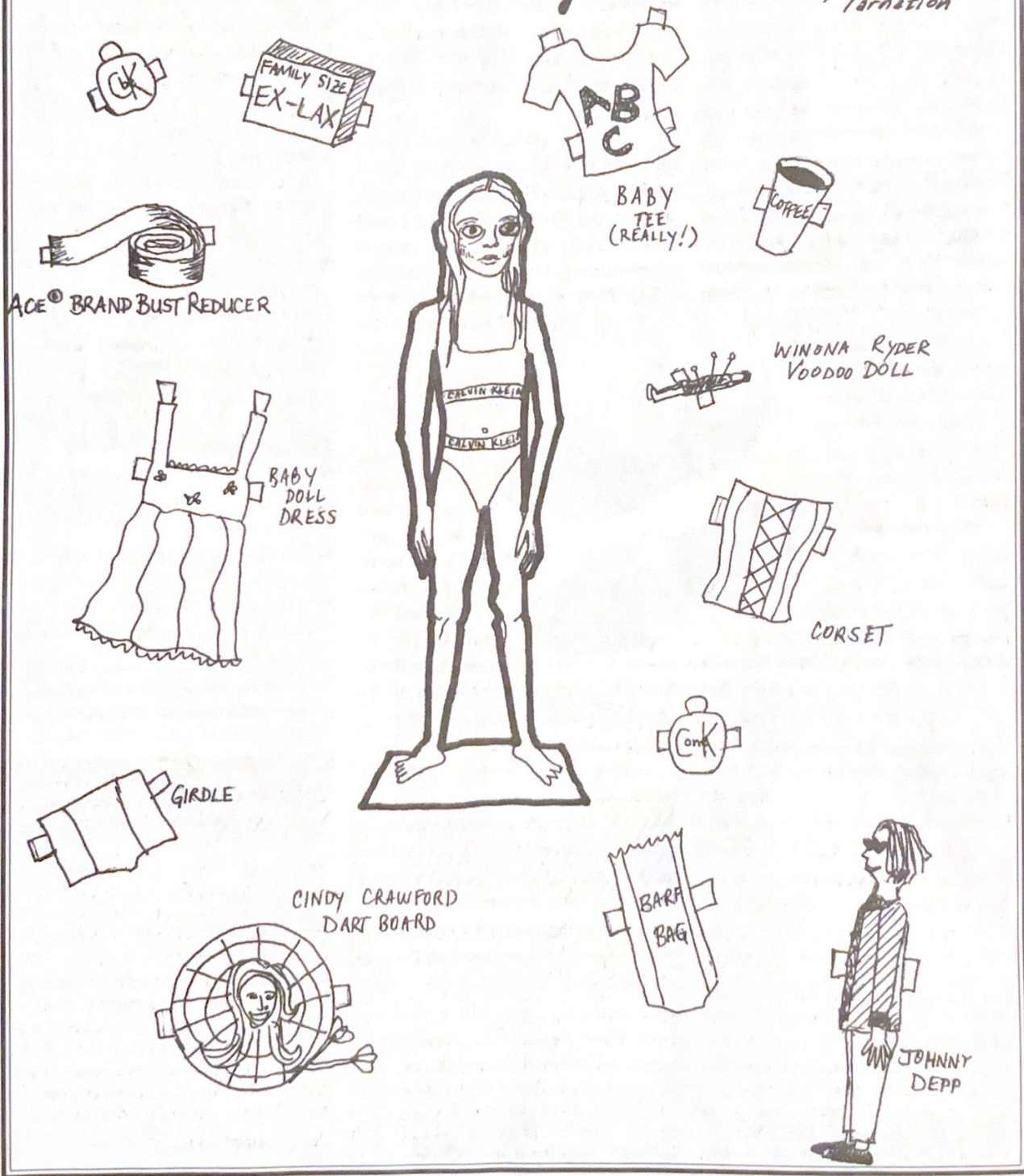
### Top Ten Things Overheard at a Breakfast Cereal Convention:

10. "Is it true what they say about Quaker men?"
9. "Darlin', you've got one hell of a grrreat ass!"
8. "Say, is that a toucan in you pocket or are you happy to see me?"
7. "Would you like to come up to my room—I have Shredded Wheat."
6. "Silly Wabbit, it's the hookers who have the tricks."
5. "No sir, the Froot Loops are all next door at the Star Trek Convention."
4. "Uh, these are real Pebbles."
3. "Wanna see what *these* Oats can do?"
2. "Would you like more crack with your Cracklin' Oat Bran?"
1. "Got milk?" ☺

JUST FOR IMPRESSIONABLE PREPUBESCENT GIRLS!

# Kate Moss Paper Doll

by Helen Tarnation



# THE TOUR DE PANTS

By C.K. "Just Be" Ahn

*On entering a dark forest in the midst of life and being lost:*

I hadn't shaved/waxed/Naired my legs in six weeks, I had no clean skirts, and I had a job interview in two hours. I did, however, have a credit card. And thus my journey into the world of pants commenced.

\$250 and up

*In which our Heroine sees a glimpse of paradise and is cruelly denied*

CK — ah, Calvin Klein, purveyor of fine fragrances that smell like Lemon Fresh Joy. Calvin is obviously living in a WASP-y dream where everyone is 8 feet tall, blonde, and unencumbered by hips. After a serious struggle with a pair of black stretch cords that weren't going to fit unless they were bribed, I gave up and told the sales girl I was going to Ralph Lauren.

DKNY — Why so many acronyms amongst designer second lines? Probably because if you could afford the whole name written on the label, you wouldn't be buying designer second lines. Well, I hate to give in to the Fashion Establishment but I gotta give Donna Karan props. Everything fit like a dream, they were in the perfect colors and would've mixed with my current wardrobe if only I could afford *FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY FUCKING DOLLARS* for a pair of wool herringbone tweed trousers. Donna, I love fashion, but not enough to sell a kidney for it.

Emporio Armani — Apparently Italians think nothing of wearing silver chintz and chartreuse lamé to the office. Apparently most Italians work on Hollywood Boulevard, late at night.

Mizrahi — well, Isaac, anyone who uses the advertising line "Every Woman is a Star" has already got my attention, but as someone who has tried the clothes, I can also see why you used 15 year old Natalie

Portman as your model, because short of an anorexic gnu, no one else but an adolescent could fit in your stuff. Isaac — time to face reality. Every Woman May Be a Star, but not every woman can afford the personal

Spring 1997

trainer, dietitian and monkey hormones it takes to look like one.

\$100 and up

*Wherein we drop into "department store designed" lines and other places of purgatory:*

Macy's — Also an obscure Sanskrit word for "No zippers," because all I found in Macy's were bizarre pants, that in homage to Prince, only had buttons up the sides. Macy's also harbors a fondness for shoulder pads. It makes me wonder, what other '80s refugees are hiding out in the store — Joan Collins? Michael Dukakis? Maybellie LipSmackers? Bananarama?

Nordstrom's, Nordstrom's Rack, Brass Plum et. al — These are clothes designed by the Defense Department, because they creep up your ass at your most vulnerable and when you are least able to rectify (ha-ha) the problem, like during lunch with your boss. Try shifting a wedgie in a discreet and dignified manner. These were returned quicker than you can say "pantyline."

Neiman-Marcus — Can we say lots of gold? As in big gold buckles, big gold buttons, big gold chains? Run-DMC has diversified and started designing clothes for major department stores. Texans probably love this store — everything is big, poofy and needs lots of eye-shadow. I tried accessing my inner Dolly Parton but she was out having a breast reduction.

\$35 and up

*Having entered the lowest level of Hell, Our Heroine struggles to break free*

Judy's — Being surrounded by hordes of hysterical x-girls all wearing baggy pants and "Hello Kitty" shirts and shopping for Prom Formals is how I imagine Frank Sinatra felt during the height of "Bobby Soxer" fan hysteria. After I snagged a pair of panne-stretch velvet pants on my dressing room neighbor's nose-ring, I beat it on out of Judy's before she and her friends could wreak the pubescent revenge they promised, most of which involved "throwing it around," whatever in

God's name that means.

Wet Seal — Inside, I was so surrounded by neon that I felt like a dancer in an old Duran Duran video, a not wholly unwelcome feeling. I was so enamored of this that I bought a halter top and marijuana leaf earrings and was out of the store before I realized that I'd lost my purpose.

Contempo Casuals — Totally fatigued at this point, I retreated into the hit-n-run purchase

habits of my late adolescence, i.e., grabbing anything off the sales rack that wasn't in the color genre "ovary-killing" and buying it. I took refuge in the dressing room, most of which I spent biting down on the magnetic anti-shoplifting devices. In buyers' breakdown, I bought hunter-green flared fitted jodhpur twills, which I wore proudly out of the store. It started to rain on the way to my car and my new pants dyed my legs hunter green, thus necessitating a panic induced run back to the Nordstrom's Brass Plum where I bought the aforementioned trousers that caused me numerous proctological problems later on as outlined above.



*The Aftermath, in which Our Heroine Finds Shelter in the Arms of the Only Solace to Her Woeful Predicament:*

Immediately following my Debacle at the Mall, as I like to call it, I dialed all the 1-800 numbers for every single catalog I could find and screamed unmercifully at the operators, insulting their products, their procedures, their presentation, and when necessary, their ancestry. I am now currently receiving "We're sorry!" refund certificates from J. Crew, Land's End, J. Crew, Tweeds, Lillian Vernon, L.L. Bean, Victoria's Secret, Sharper Image, J. Peterman, and Frontiersman. I do feel fulfilled. Although I *still* don't own a decent pair of pants. ☹

# TUFF KANDY

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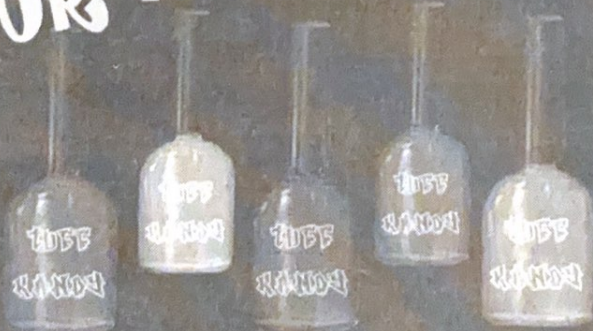
snot

pus

smegma



## OUR NEW FLAVORS



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