
The Heuristic Squelch

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Cal's newest **FREE** Comedy Newspaper

The Squelch Exists; An Editor's Introduction

Imagine, if you can, a vast mountain of pudding running after you when suddenly your shoelaces turn into a loud rap musician who can't find anything to rhyme with "syphilis" and who keeps trying to return your pants to the store even though you lost the receipt two weeks ago when the hyenas borrowed your desk to use in their daring but very poorly planned bank robbery. This is the best way I can think of to describe how The Heuristic Squelch was born and evolved, even though I hate these kinds of clichés. As a comedy paper, The Heuristic Squelch prints humor, silliness, satire, parody, and other manifestations of creativity or intelligence. As students at UCB, we can take advantage of the incredible degree of comic absurdity surrounding us for this kind of insanity.

How many times have you written something for The Heuristic Squelch—something very funny, but also based, as all comedy is, on just a grain of truth, but that's why it's so funny, I guess, but maybe not, who knows—only to find that The Heuristic Squelch didn't exist? You won't encounter that problem anymore. We're proud to say that we exist now, and you won't find us not existing ever again. "But," you may argue, "lots of things exist these days. What makes you so different?" That's a good question, but you have a hell of a lot of nerve for asking it. This is just the damn editorial, O.K.? Most people have the decency to keep those kinds of questions to the letters page. Stop trying to impress everyone. You really don't want to piss me off because I'm an editor and I have absolute power.

By the way, I hope that you're enjoying the Spring semester. As you all know, this is the special "Practice Semester" that happens once every seven years and doesn't go on your transcript or affect your GPA. You should have gotten your full refund of registration fees by now, but you may have to go to 120 Sproul and forcefully demand it. Do this immediately. Use heavy artillery if necessary. These practice semesters are always free so don't let them rip you off. Also, take any books you want from the bookstore at absolutely no cost, which is approximately their worth anyway. The Heuristic Squelch also invites you to move into any building on campus that you like at a very reasonable rent, which you must pay directly to us. The Campanile, of course, is ours, and those bells mean that deadlines are coming up. We encourage all of you semi-literate people to submit to The Heuristic Squelch, especially since this is the only way to get into a decent graduate school or ever find a job after graduation. The Heuristic Squelch does not discriminate against people who take things very seriously without realizing that they are the funniest people around. So join the paper. We'll help you kick nasty habits like studying and going to class, and we may just be the parachute you need as you're plummeting down from the cliff of sanity headlong toward Berkeley.

-D.S.

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Newsflashes...Newsflashes...Newsflashes...Newsflashes...

The California water polo team is currently under fire for participating in the regional finals this year at Harmon Gym. Activists claim that the Polo Bear's home site, Spieker Pool, is purified with chlorine, the same chemical used to treat the backyard pool of James Earl Ray, the man who shot Martin Luther King, Jr. Protestors are encouraging U.C. students not to support the team as it competes for the NCAA championship.

Mr. William Murray, 48, of Hollywood, CA, is being held for the February 2nd shooting of Puxatawnie Phil. Phil, a 12-year-old groundhog, is best known for his annual prediction of the arrival of Spring. Mr. Murray reportedly said, "I got him, that [expletive] gopher!"

In a stunning move designed to strengthen ties to Papal Rome, Israel announced last week that it would be changing its official religion to Catholicism. According to spokesmen, the decision was reached after other less drastic diplomatic advances failed.

"It's simply a question of survival to establish strong bonds with the Pope. We just can't have him launching any crusades against us right now," one Knesset member told reporters.

The move is also considered an attempt to confuse the rebelling Palestinians of the region in the hope that they will start rioting against the Pope instead of the Israeli government.

When asked to comment on Israel's switch of religions, the Pope said "I fear that they're doing this just for the Christmas presents, but Santa won't be fooled so easily."

After over six minutes of fierce debate, the ASUC Senate voted unanimously last week to declare war on South Africa because of its policies of apartheid and other human rights violations. The senate immediately appropriated the remaining \$719 in its budget to "wage war against South Africa until finals come up."

ASUC President Bonaparte Liu told reporters that he had already sent threatening postcards to the nation and was almost done making all the draft cards for the Freshmen. Student senators spent much of the week booking cheap flights to Johannesburg and making camouflage tie-dyes.

In a related story, it was discovered that the ROTC department fled to Canada late last night.

According to a police spokesperson, over two dozen Keebler Elves were found murdered behind a local bakery this morning. She said that they had been beaten with some kind of blunt object but that little else was known about the incident. The spokesperson also announced that the Pillsbury Dough Boy was wanted for questioning.

In a historic agreement reached today, McDonald's has decided to reveal the ingredients of its secret sauce to the Soviet Union in exchange for secret diagrams of military installations and nuclear silos. Ronald McDonald told reporters that "the Soviets have come a long way and we think they're ready for this kind of power. We can only pray they use it wisely."

Burger King leaders, however, issued statements criticizing the move and expressed

concern for their own safety. "What's stopping them from blowing us to smithereens? We want UN action now," one official said. Japan and Germany have reportedly approached Burger King and, surprisingly, Taco Bell about other secret sauces.

In Moscow today crowds filled the streets rejoicing in the secret sauce. Economic problems and ethnic antagonisms have largely been solved, officials announced.

In a short press conference this afternoon, Chancellor Tien officially announced that UC Berkeley, starting next semester, would be co-ed. He said that the decision to start admitting males to the university was made "after weeks and weeks of painful deliberation."

Tien said that "this decision may shock several people, but my mind is made up. The boys are coming in." After talking for several more minutes about the plan to admit men next semester, Tien suddenly stopped and said, "wait, I'm thinking of Mills. We've already got boys, haven't we?"

Before an abrupt ending of the press conference he added that he was considering making Fridays "free dress days" when students would not have to wear the school uniform to classes.

[Newsflashes obtained from AP Press and Reuters, without permission and completely illegally.]



heu•ris•tic (hyoo ris't'ik) *adj.* helping to learn, as by a method of self teaching
squelch (skwelch) *n.* a crushing retort, to suppress or silence completely
The' Heu•ris•tic' Squelch (da hooreestic skwalch) *n.* the perfect place to document the absurdities of Berkeley and laugh yourself into a coma

Democracy for Beginners

by T. Wyoming Nemet

We need your help! Because we were too busy ingratiating ourselves to potential advertisers, we haven't had time to come up with a motto for The Heuristic Squelch masthead.

The motto of a paper is very important to the success of any paper. Take, for instance, The New York Times and the San Francisco Chronicle. One is the paper of record and the other is, well, a quarter. The motto of the New York Times is "all the news that's fit to print" and the San Francisco Chronicle's is "if it rains, we'll put it in a plastic bag for you."

So please clip the coupon and mark the motto which best sums up the 'feel' of The Heuristic Squelch. The traditional way to read newspaper mottos is standing, with your hands on your hips and using a booming voice (see fig. 1). To insure accuracy, please read each slogan this way before voting.

The slogans:

- Does this look infected to you?
- California Uber Alles
- Follow us and do our evil bidding
- We came, we caught, we cankered
- Spare change?
- Plagiarism is the sincerest form of flattery
- Keep out of reach of children
- WARNING: Contains explicit lyrics



Disclaimer: This publication is not an official publication of the Associated Students of the University of California. The views expressed herein are the views of the writers only. They are not necessarily the views of the Associated Students of the University of California nor University of California at Berkeley. The Surgeon General advises that this paper be read only when very tired or drunk.

For most people, insanity is just a hobby. Now you can make it a way of life.

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Do you write? Can you draw? Are you a photographer? Do you want to edit, fundraise, or lay-out? Was your lobotomy a success? Let's produce a newspaper.

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH is completely new and looking for staff. Do it for yourself and do it for Berkeley. Do it immediately. 2401 Piedmont, Berkeley, CA, 94704
Squelch Hotline: 849-9714

Squelch Lists

by The Staff

Top Ten Berkeley Student Anxieties

1. What if the Hate Man is my long lost father?
2. What if the ASUC actually had some kind of power?
3. What if the bell ringers in the Campanile escape and ax butcher me?
4. What if I'm never an oppressed minority?
5. Is something wrong with my ears or does Rick Starr really sound like that?
6. What if I have an acid flashback during my medical school interview?
7. What if tie-dyes go out of style?
8. Am I supposed to think "Sylvia" is funny?
9. What if my senior thesis is politically incorrect?
10. What if all these homeless people are Berkeley graduates?

Top Ten Reasons Blondie's Staff is so Mean

1. Piercing your nose really hurts
2. Heartburn from so many cockroaches
3. Blue hair dye seeps into brain, causing neurological damage
4. Fat Slice bumperstickers that say "Make War, Not That Disgusting Pizza"
5. Having husband like Dagwood can really piss you off
6. It's hard to be patient when you were raised by wolves
7. Even the dorks at Domino's get cars for deliveries
8. Never been recognized for their true culinary genius
9. Wardrobe completely ruined by grease stains
10. Stop wondering and form two lines behind either register!!

Ten Least Likely Rap Groups

1. Public Enemy
2. Dr. Sill and the Way Silly Posse
3. MC Mayonnaise
4. Slurpee Ice
5. The VD Posse
6. MC Mallet
7. Snot Snotty- D
8. Pock and the Acne Boyz
9. The Small Dix Crew
10. Vanilla Ice

Top Ten Sleaziest Pick Up Lines

1. "I like the look of your crotch"
2. "I'd like to name a multiple orgasm after you."
3. "I've got a condom with your name on it."
4. "Erections like these don't grow on trees, you know."
5. "Hi. I'm a tawdry slut looking for a good time."
6. "Can you believe it? It's been more than fifteen minutes since I've had sex."
7. "My friend and I made a bet and I need to check if those are implants."
8. "I know a charming little motel with a cheap hourly rate."
9. "I'd love to share some of my bodily fluids with you."
10. "You know, doggie style isn't passé anymore."

Ten Worst Rejections to Request for a Date

1. "I don't date people that give me hideous nightmares."
2. "I never knew you could be so funny."
3. "Get out of here before I call the police."
4. "I'd go out with you if you didn't make me vomit."
5. "But what about that D-, professor?"
6. "Oh, great. Now I have to kill myself."
7. "Why do you always say such disgusting things?"
8. "What did I ever do to you?"
9. "That's it. I'm an atheist."
10. "What's that horrible stench?"

Top Ten Things to do on a Long Airplane Trip

1. Cover lavatory walls with obscene graffiti
2. Ask stewards/stewardesses about sex lives
3. Scream at pilot to hurry up
4. Communicate to neighboring passengers in mime
5. Demand immediate refund because of warm beer
6. Make extra flotation device with airline food
7. Complain that there is not enough room on trays to play with Tonka Trucks
8. Scream that you see Rod Serling on the wing
9. Offer to pop people's ears with your tongue
10. Convince other passengers that flight crew members are all evil robots

Top Ten Rules of Classroom Etiquette

1. Always address professors and T.A.s as "Your Majesty"
2. Send thank you notes to people you cheat from during tests
3. Don't shave legs in section
4. Be generous with words like "messiah" on teacher evaluation form
5. Don't ask professor for a higher grade immediately after sex
6. Always call in a bomb threat two full working days before your test
7. Never shout "They're Greeeaaaaat!!!!" when eating Frosted Flakes in lecture
8. Don't jeer for over half the period after setting the class curve
9. Don't make obvious balding or senility references
10. Always clap when "Applause" sign comes on

Top Ten Things To Do at Frat Party

1. Get rejected
2. Regurgitate in keg
3. Wander around in drunken stupor singing "Frere Jacques"
4. Replace drunk people's beer with urine
5. Mumble to yourself and look tough
6. Pour beer on girls' T-shirts
7. Train house dog to pump keg
8. Make lewd gestures with beer bottles
9. Discuss grade with drunk professor
10. Leave

Top Ten Least Known Berkeley Misdemeanors

1. Getting married to livestock
2. Imitating Jermaine Jackson
3. Performing unauthorized brain transplants
4. Spreading lice to a police officer
5. Panhandling with a pitchfork
6. Calling a judge "sweet hips"
7. Throwing cabbage at foreigners
8. Abusive application of hair mousse
9. Spelling "congress" with a "k"
10. Using hand puppets for non-medical purposes

Top Five Things to Do While Waiting in ASUC Bookstore Line

1. Reading for first four weeks of class
2. Incite book burning
3. Test "human domino" theory
4. Yell "fire! Fire! Oh, never mind, it's just in Nutritional Science."
5. Pretend to be security guard and arrest people for buying textbooks they know they'll never use

Top Five New Cafés

1. Mocha n' Grits
2. Café Obnoxio
3. Pseudo Intellectual Espresso
4. Café Spam Delight
5. Angst and Alienation To Go

Ten Most Asked Questions in Interviews with Dan Quayle

1. "What's the first thing you're going to say when you meet George Bush?"
2. "Do you get discounts on tours of the White House?"
3. "Who is your favorite 'New Kid on the Block?'"
4. "How much does Barbara pay you to walk Millie?"
5. "What's your secret for looking so young, Mr. Redford?"
6. "Why is your dad staring at us through the window?"
7. "Do you feel that cabinet members are envious of your batman costumes?"
8. "Quick— how many houses of congress are there?"
9. "This 'New World Order' is your secret plan to take over the universe, isn't it?"
10. "How does it feel being the nation's biggest joke?"

Ten Newest Entries in Webster Dictionary

1. Snidelicious
2. Detenurize
3. Unphlegm
4. Hellarific
5. Churl finger
6. Supraflatulence
7. Pukemonger
8. Deorgasm
9. Power flunk
10. Examathon

Ten Most Important Qualifications for Tenure

1. Can use meaningless latin phrases effortlessly
2. Won't have sex with students that deans are dating
3. Hasn't written any comprehensible books recently
4. Can do secret handshake
5. Won't guzzle beer from faculty club keg
6. Isn't scared to speak out and agree with everyone else on any issue
7. Can consistently bowl over 160
8. Will pay for pizza during tenure hearing
9. Can handle a bullwhip
10. Will assist colleagues in Big Game brawls

Top Five Least Likely Places for Education Abroad Program

1. Downtown Beirut
2. Club Med Bahamas
3. Antarctica
4. Los Angeles
5. Hades/ Mt. Olympus (tie)

Rick Starr's Top Five Gigs

1. Sang national anthem at 1990 World Series
2. Breakfast Lounge at Sunshine Insane Asylum
3. Opened for Pink Floyd at Berlin Wall
4. Headline act at Disoriented Street People Talent Show
5. Sang "God Bless America" at Bush's inauguration

Top Ten Things Overheard in Faculty Club Lounge

1. "I need about two more slaves- whoops, T.A.s- for my class"
2. "Don't let me get too drunk, I have office hours in twenty minutes"
3. "I've been feeling much better ever since I failed everybody on the midterm"
4. "So, what's this 'curve' thing?"
5. "Party at Tien's!!"
6. "...and of course I made sure there were no copies in the bookstore before I assigned it"
7. "Who finished the damn keg?"
8. "I don't give A's because that just encourages them to stay."
9. "I'll assign your book to my class if you give me that jelly donut"
10. "What do you mean I can't cancel class just because the A's lost?"

Top Five Reasons to Consider Dropping Out of School

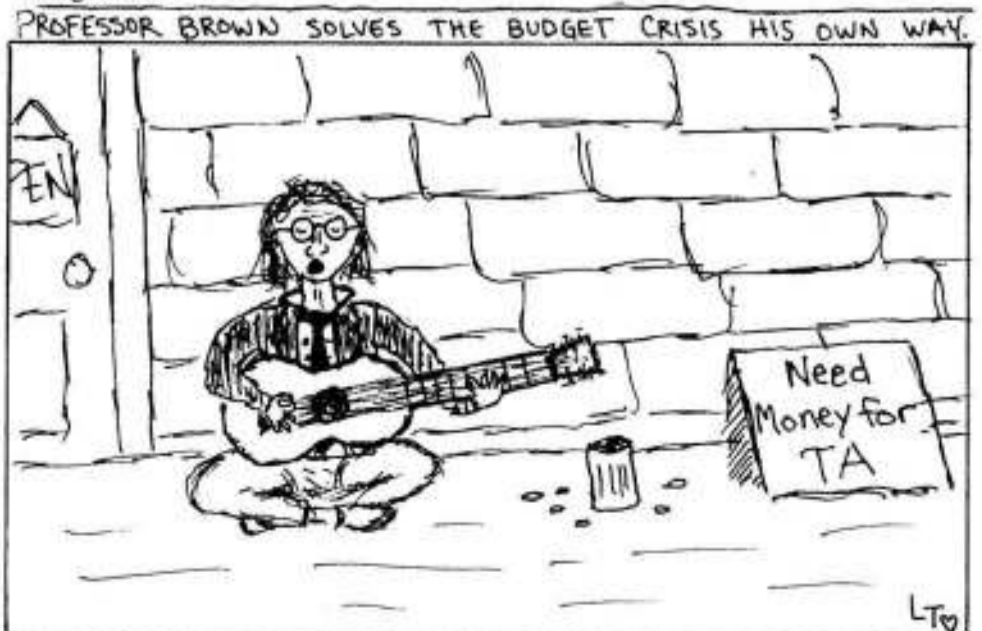
1. Semester is half over before you notice you don't have any classes
2. Beer and/or marijuana are staples of diet
3. You forget exactly which multiple of four years college is supposed to be
4. You spend most of class time talking on cellular phone
5. You need a dictionary to comprehend the word "graduation"

Top Ten Beginning Philosophy Questions

1. Is the human soul tax deductible?
2. Does the universe come in other flavors?
3. Does God wear Mickey Mouse ears?
4. Do they card in the afterlife?
5. How much does "Wheel of Fortune" control human destiny?
6. Does B.A.R.T. go to Nirvana?
7. Does physical reality have call waiting?
8. What are the chances of finding the true meaning of life in a fortune cookie?
9. Is reincarnated paper more expensive than recycled?
10. Shouldn't we close physical reality for Martin Luther King, Jr's. birthday?

Top Ten Reasons to Submit to The Heuristic Squelch

1. Sends powerful messages to both houses of congress
2. Doesn't entail significant mutilation of limbs
3. While other are laughing at your jokes you can steal their wallets
4. Comedy more effective form of communication than rioting
5. We know a cheap lawyer for libel suits
6. Editors won't kill you for missed deadlines (bylaws limit them to maiming)
7. Provides necessary qualifications for vice-presidency
8. Nothing illegal involved (except with printing, marketing, and distribution)
9. We might reveal mystic secrets about our name
10. Wild Sex



Ennui the Fun Way, or, A Guide to College Boredom

By T. Wyoming Nemet

College is a time when a person feels himself become an adult. No wait, that's puberty.

College is a time to gain independence and decide what the hell to do for the rest of one's life. To hear commencement speakers talk about it, this process is wonderful, challenging, fulfilling, etc, involving cafés, study groups, finding housing, gruff-but-lovable professors, etc. Also, one can see various members of our great fraternal system carefully documenting their coming of age with photos, T-shirts, and more than a hint of desperation.

To be frank, college is poverty and ennui. (Ennui is a French word which, roughly translated, means very, very much boredom.) And the same people denying this somehow seem to be able to quote various "Cheers" episodes at length and name the actor who played Patch on "Days of Our Lives."

At the risk of heaping more unnecessary cynicism on the reader (and God knows there is enough of that in college), what follows is a list of ways to fend off ennui for hours at a time. Most of the things on the list are free and the others cost no more than the price of an ordinary household Twinkie.

1) Heap Big Phone Fun!

It may seem unbelievable and illegal at first but a whole world of knowledge exists at the other end of the telephone. On the backs of shampoo bottles, detergent boxes, and even some food containers are some toll-free phone numbers of people who are paid to answer any questions. Any questions!

Warning: some of these people aren't very cheerful for some reason. If they get surly about something, curtly remind them that it says on the box, "if you have any questions..."

Here are some sample questions for the neophyte caller:

"I simply love that shade of green! Please tell me how to get a hold of some Green Dye #6."

"If I kill bugs with your product, can I be sure that they will go to insect heaven?"

"What exactly are your credentials?"

"I need an extra Lee Press On Nail for my eleventh finger."

"Have you accepted Jesus into your heart?"

2) Get Hassled by Cops

Cops are no stranger to boredom and all those donuts make them feel logy at times. Why not break up the monotony of the day and learn about some new places in Sproul Hall as well?

A popular trick for beginners is to say "Bud?" or "Humboldt County" as an officer walks by. This is a great ice-breaker.

More advanced stunts involve rolling oregano up in a plastic bag and then asking an officer to hold it while one ties one's shoes or telling an officer one's keys are locked in a car picked out at random.

3) "Help! I lost my contacts!"

This gag was popularized in the '70's by one of those short, goofily-dressed people like Paul Williams. All that is needed is an open area and a steady supply of people walking by. In the center of, say, the foyer of Sproul Hall, drop on all fours and pretend to look for imaginary contact lenses. Good Samaritan types will inevitably walk by and begin to help. Hopefully, the effect will snowball and there will be enough people on the floor to safely sneak away and watch the commotion from afar.

If not enough people are assembled to safely sneak away, simply tell a disgusting contact lens story along the lines of, "oh,

wait, I can feel it scraping against my optic nerve."

(Special Bonus: it is possible to meet your spouse this way.)

4) Become a Purveyor of Literature

4a) The Bathroom Scene

With an hour to kill between classes, what could be more relaxing and informative than enjoying a comfortable seat and reading about the latest advances in the field of human sexuality? Learn things that would make even Robert Mapplethorpe say, "Ew! Yucky!" Learn the answers to questions such as "How many Mills College students does it take to screw in a light bulb?" Wonder if the penis sizes listed are using metric or English standard units of measurements.

Always remember, no matter how offensive the graffiti is, don't answer it because it ruins it for the next person.

(Special Bonus: it is possible to meet your spouse this way.)

4b) Professors' Doors

In addition to being over-educated, most professors think they have a 'weird' sense of humor, which must be carefully documented and displayed. The result is a cornucopia of humor for the curious student. For mysterious reasons the best reading appears to be in the technical majors, especially physics. However, the discerning reader can safely skip Cory Hall.

4c) Free Poetry at the Library

(Some silly comments about e.e. cummings and a disgusting joke about a Sylvia Plath bake-off have been deleted—Ed.)

5) Office Hours

All professors and most T.A.'s have years and years of education (too much according to one recent study). Feel free to tap into this

motherlode of knowledge during that precious time when the learned descend from their ivory towers: office hours. Don't be afraid to ask any questions that come to mind.

Here are some questions for neophytes:

"If the entire world blew up in a second, what would it be on the Richter scale?"

"What would my Visa limit be on the moon?"

"Does this look infected to you?"

"Are you an atheist because you're hurting inside?"

"I found this ancient scroll written in Sanskrit last week. Would you care to take a look at it?"

"Have you accepted Jesus into your heart?"

6) Household Science

Assuming that one hasn't had one's inquisitive side crushed by years of stultifying public education, it is possible to set up a variety of interesting and possibly dangerous science experiments around the house. For example, by sticking a fork in the door catch of a microwave with its door open, it is possible to cure mild acne. And simply by adding undeveloped film, it is even possible to take crude X-rays of objects around the house, such as pets.

More advanced experiments include mixing household chemicals, inhaling the fumes, and carefully recording the effects in a notebook. And why not try and prove once and for all whether dogs' mouths are cleaner than humans'.

Twinkie science is a relatively recent fad started somewhere on the East Coast, probably Boston. It involves conducting 'experiments' on Twinkies, recording the results in a notebook, and sharing the results with friends. Here are some of the more popular experiments at Cal: throwing a Twinkie off the Campanile, dipping a Twinkie in a solution of Drano and Clorox, exposing a Twinkie to a Lysol-torch for thirty seconds, placing a Twinkie in a dryer for 10 minutes. (Warning: it is not possible to meet future spouse this way.)

7) Submitting to The Heuristic Squelch

Reading to the end of this article is proof of an almost untreatable amount of free time. This can only be cured by writing an article for next month's Heuristic Squelch, the only way to document the college experience without a trace of desperation or the cost of a T-shirt.

Next Month: How to write an opera based on the real life dramas seen in traffic court.

Crossword Puzzle

DOWN

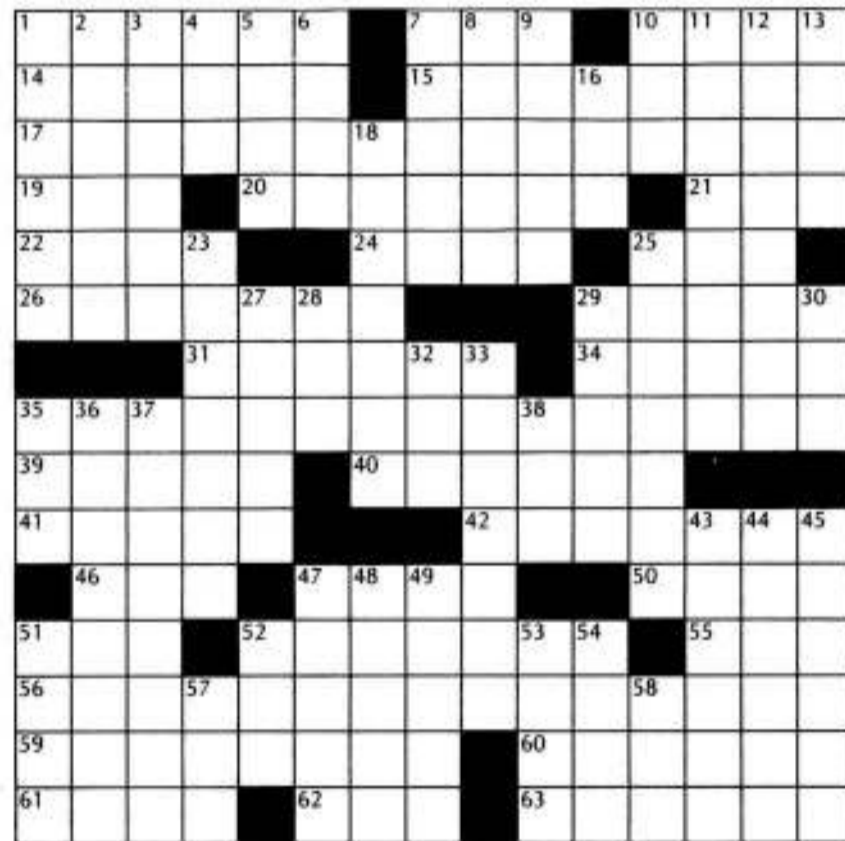
1. Snot beyond Tuesday
7. Three Freds dance too
10. Snig
14. Overtly dactylic?
15. Beatle surfer
17. Non-_____ (2 wds.)
19. Light- fishy
20. Camera eyebrow
21. Weld it! (3 wds.)
22. Over and over (comb. form)
24. Comma vindications
25. Big cat drive
26. Miles per onion (old Eng.)
29. Sacred bus
31. "¡Ay, siempre nunca _____!"
34. Asterisk concatenation expert (1850-1912)
35. Rudely
39. Thirsty melon?
40. Zen keester (!)
41. Balloon threw civvies (colloq.)
42. Dog mouth lever
46. Eraser genius
47. Tunisian penguin doll
50. Papal hover-cow
51. Slimy yet cottony
52. Thursday bag
55. "Vinegar and speculum, my _____ is so glum." -Dickenson
57. Yeast with lemon
58. Detroit

ACROSS

1. Elvis Bigfoot
2. Effect on water

3. Number
4. Worshipful nail ball
5. Piecemeal
6. "If you see a _____ by the side of the road..."
7. Touch gas
8. Suspense, to hickory
9. Necktie feast
10. Fortunate meow
11. Tensile cape
12. Soul bleeds black as raven (colloq.)
13. Peanut *noir*
16. Oscar Wilde toast
18. Bad 70's actress
23. No _____ (sign)

25. Word with vinegar and smelt
27. Maladroit
28. Made without wicker
29. Aristotle's pumpkin pie
30. One thousand _____ and seven (2 wds.)
32. Interviews a dog?
35. Key limbo
36. Llama to Pierre
37. Popular Canadian goat
38. "Viva Queso!"
39. Melodramatic exoskeleton
40. Twenty-three (slang)
41. Mischevious gargling
42. Oh no, crumbs on my _____!
46. Canada's Toledo



Non- Offensive Jokes

Jokes guaranteed not to be offensive in any socially unacceptable way

Two WHITE MALES entered a bar and approached the WHITE MALE bartender. The first WHITE MALE customer ordered a beer and immediately turned and threw it into the second WHITE MALE'S face. "Why the hell did you do that?" the WHITE MALE bartender asked. "I don't know," the first WHITE MALE answered, "I guess because we're HETEROSEXUAL."

How many HETEROSEXUAL WHITE MALES does it take to screw in a light bulb? 1,000,000- one to screw in the lightbulb and the rest to pollute the planet.

What did one HETEROSEXUAL WHITE MALE say to the other? "I sure like to make money by exploiting people."

Knock Knock
Who's there?
A White Male
A WHITE MALE who?
A WHITE MALE who holds ethnocentric viewpoints!

Trying to Score?

Student Sexual Desperation Questionnaire

This questionnaire will help you understand exactly why you're constantly massaging your passionately tensed thighs in class and giving in to overpowering urges to smear yourself with desert toppings. You're horny. Yes, H-O-R-N-Y. That's why your brain doesn't function when it should and your body does all kinds of functions when it shouldn't. Why go through this questionnaire to find out what you already know? Because maybe, just maybe, some hot stud or fine babe will see you reading this and want to go home with such a literate person as yourself. It's happened before, right? It's about to happen to you. Don't stop reading, here they come... now don't screw up.....

Question 1: Do you feel that your standards for members of the opposite sex are going down?

- a) yes, in fact they've just fallen below the last fiery outposts of hell
- b) for sex, but not for a relationship
- c) for sex, but not for a joint bank account
- d) what is a "standard?"

Question 2: When was the last time you engaged in sexual activity?

- a) it was on a Wednesday beyond the confines of linear time flow, OK?
- b) I just had oral surgery last week
- c) I think it was last Monday during my physics lab
- d) I'm engaged in it right now

Question 3: Do you spend an excessive amount of time thinking about sex?

- a) only when I'm not masturbating
- b) with our fine-looking faculty, who can help it?
- c) only when I find myself inhabiting the same city as a member of the opposite sex
- d) I think about nothing else (except thigh massages and dessert toppings)

Question 4: What do you do when you feel the urge to be romantic to an attractive member of the opposite (or same) sex?

- a) salivate profusely
- b) delicately sing heavy metal love ballads into their ear
- c) delicately sing heavy metal love ballads into their rear
- d) give them edible underwear and invite them over for dinner

Question 5: GIRLS ONLY. What do you do when someone gives you a salami?

- a) devour it immediately and then complain that it never calls
- b) chop it up and give it to the dog
- c) give it all my love and attention (and then chop it up and give it to the dog)
- d) wash and tenderize it until the neighbors complain about the moaning

Question 6: BOYS ONLY. Do you ever resort to female surrogates for sex?

- a) yes, but only if it's hooves are cloven
- b) nothing you have to inflate over 120 psi
- c) only if sex is in the context of a positive, meaningful relationship
- d) yes, I just bought season passes to Disneyland

Question 7: What is the most desperate thing you've ever done?

- a) whispered into the ear of a cow I was milking
- b) taken a full page ad in the personals in six different languages
- c) proposed to the cute busboy at Denny's (despite the spilled soup)
- d) tattooed my phone number on my forehead in case an attractive boy or girl is too shy to ask me for it

Question 8: How does the word "horny" apply to you?

- a) I'm sexually aroused by my anatomy textbook
- b) I've ripped six pairs of pants this week trying to sit down
- c) besides becoming my favorite food, cucumbers have become the basis of my religious beliefs
- d) the strange dark shapes on my wall are growing sexier every day

Question 9: What partners, if any, would you say are "out of bounds?"

- a) most species of antelope
- b) anyone related to Roseanne Barr
- c) strange sauces in my refrigerator
- d) the cast from "The Andy Griffith Show"

Question 10: Which of the following qualities are necessary in a mate?

- a) exists in objective reality
- b) isn't trying to kill me
- c) brain and body can function as single unit
- d) won't jokingly set fire to my hair

Question 11: To relieve sexual tension, do you:

- a) take over administration buildings
- b) roam streets in search of Elvis
- c) invade small neighboring oil-rich nations like Kuwait
- d) deploy nation's troops to aid small oil-rich countries like Kuwait

Question 12: What would you not do for sex?

- a) pay for the midgets
- b) reload the film
- c) listen to John Denver albums
- d) overthrow the government

Question 13: What would you settle for instead of sex?

- a) maybe a few billion bucks
- b) cheeseburger and fries
- c) Texas
- d) a year supply of whipped cream and a personal masseuse

SCORING: Unfortunately, there is no way to accurately measure such incredible magnitudes of desperation; let's just call it "infinite." But you can determine the exact infiniteness of your desperation:
 Low Infinite: if you had some idea that this questionnaire might be comical
 Medium Infinite: we got the part right about the salami or the cloven hooves, but that's it
 High Infinite: you actually thought reading



Writer's Choice Drug Awards for Berkeley

A Guide to the Best Highs and Cheapest Buys

After hours of research, discussion, debate, more research, and a short period of incarceration, the consumer-conscious staff of The Heuristic Squelch was able to put together this guide to a vibrant and all-important local economic market. More importantly, our team of lawyers has assured us that we can't get in trouble for this.

ACID: Excellent hits can be found at corner of Haste and Telegraph. Dealer hangs out in front of Miller's Outpost, is called "Dude," has dreadlocks, wears a skirt, usually goes barefoot, and smells like patchouli oil. **CAUTION:** Make sure that you buy from THIS guy as other locals' hits can be doozies!

SHROOMS: If you care to trip on the very best, try the Unit III shower stalls. Much of the fungus found there is hallucinogenic but be wary, the ringworm is not. However, staff writer Crispin Glover claims "you get a really ragin' buzz if you smoke it!". Similar fungal delights have been spotted on Dining Commons bread-rolls, tuna-cheese casseroles, and between the toes of most of the Cal Basketball team.

POT: There has been no one spot for consistently scoring the Kind ever since the demise of Barrington. Don't pay over seven dollars for a bag of oregano, no matter how high the quality. Search hard and buy quantity!

CRACK: Best deals are at local elementary schools. Ask for Tommy.

ALCOHOL: Henry's has a large selection of hard liquor and imported beers. Blondes are advised to go anywhere else.

HEROIN: Though this is the big nasty on the streets today, Smack can be scored through the right contacts in the faculty lounge. Also, for budget shooters, smaller local markets are giving promotional fixes with the purchase of Gerber's strained peas or beets (limit of one per customer).

AMPHETAMINES: Really incredible reds are available around Telegraph, but be wary of their potency. One hit of these "molotov vitamins" will make your head spin like an insane merry-go-round for days. One person recently popped a few and jogged home to Boston to save air fare. Do not wear flammable clothing when using.

TRANQUILIZERS/BARBITUATES: To truly relax and acquire that "go with it" acceptance of life, we recommend Sunday night free dinners at the Hare Krishna Temple at Russel and Telegraph. This is definitely a unique mellow. Enjoy the chanting but don't touch the animals.

The Perfect Form Note for Class

Sometimes you really want to meet the person sitting next to you in class, but you just don't know what to say. "Have you done the reading?" is boring and "you smell like my bulldozer" is just a step in the wrong direction. The note below was prepared by a team of resident experts in an intensive thirty hour session of hormonal excretion to help you impress, amuse, and maybe seduce the attractive or interesting-looking person next to you in lecture. Pick your favorite multiple choice phrases for that personal touch and get ready to make lots of special new friends.

Hi! My name is _____ and I couldn't help but notice [1)the way you take notes with your tongue 2)the tattoos on your genitalia 3)the delicate sensitivity with which you scatter condoms on your desk 4)the way you pretend to ignore me while passion burns within you] and I'm concerned that you may be [1)unaware of my sexual prowess 2)dangerously close to ejaculation 3)about to ovulate without letting me share the experience 4)losing your last feeble hold on reality]. You see, that's the type of person I am: [1)hormonally imbalanced 2)brutally stupid 3)incontinent 4)concerned, but in horny way]. And what about you? Now that we're creating the strong bonds of friendship, tell me about [1)those famous squeals of yours 2)where you got that see-through outfit 3)your favorite latex products 4)where you're most ticklish]. Frankly, I think we could have a very meaningful relationship if we just [1)disrobe 2)get naked 3)remove our garments 4)take off our clothes 5)discuss our emotional maturity over cappuccino]. Actually, I'm not usually this forward, but I just had to write you because [1)my hormones have seized control of my body and soul 2)the voices in my head keep commanding me to 3)I've been crazy about you ever since that night in Las Vegas 4)life is too short for not having sex with people next to you in class]. You'll notice that this note doesn't waste time with small talk or stupid questions. Of course, if you wanted, we could chat about [1)all types of modern cutlery 2)my past six years of therapy 3)the kooky world of dialectical materialism 4)random subjects with phallic undertones]. But please, no more small talk. I'll get right to the point: [1)can't you see I'm bleeding to death? 2)I'll blow this place up if you don't go out with me 3)can you ever forgive me for being so perfect? 4)a date with me is the first step to Nirvana]. You know, I don't think that either of us will ever be the same again. I know I won't. Well, I'd just like to say that [1)this note will self-destruct in 5 seconds 2)you really look much better hiked 3)can I borrow a dollar? 4)I guess, in a strange sort of way, we'll always be together now].

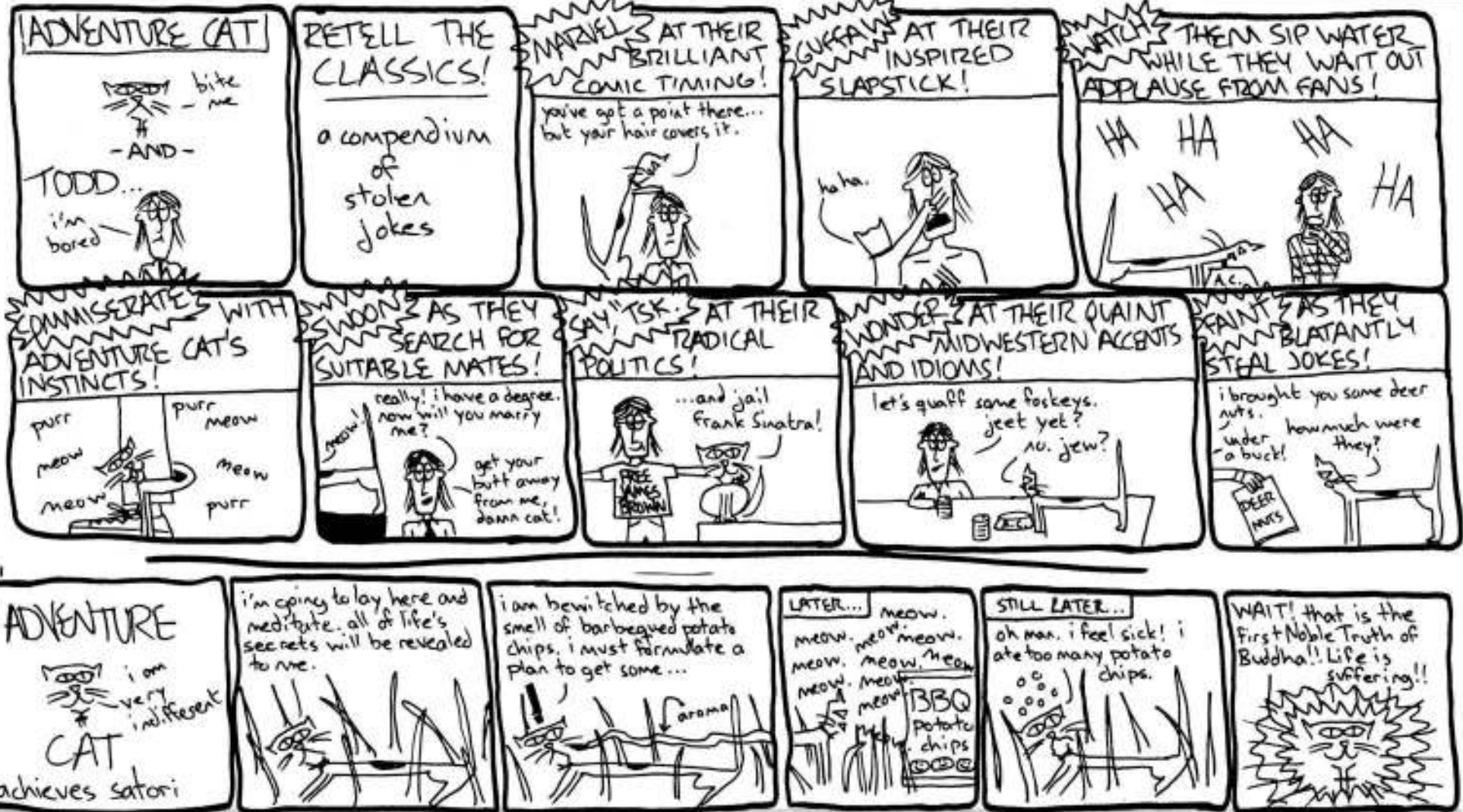
- [1)With love and smooches,
- 2)Yours until fiery Armageddon,
- 3)Have a neat life,
- 4)See you under your covers around midnight,]

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Earthquake renovations at California Hall have forced administrators to seek alternate offices.



Shortly after the Regents announced fee increases, massive protests paralyzed the campus; here, students riot outside Doe Library.

Bullwhips in the Ivory Tower

by David Sherman

The professor sauntered into the room with a devilish grimace, wielding his bullwhip in what appeared to be the correct manner. As soon as he entered the lecture hall, the inane chatter and gossip died pitifully, and the tremendous sense of dread and fear that inspires teachers to achieve tenure filled the room. The darkly stained whip in the professor's hands resonated of lengthy term papers, term papers so lengthy that only a minion of Satan's evil power could assign them and then dare to grade them on their actual content instead of the length artificially produced by narrow margins and wide spacing. His face was bursting with eager excitement and diseased pleasure. At times like this, at the start of each new semester, he gratefully remembered the correspondence school that sold him his teaching credential so many years ago.

"Hey man," some undergraduate schmuck said, "cool bullwhip." Without enough warning to even blink defensively, the boy's head was ripped clean off his neck by the searing leather monster. His body slumped over in his seat. His maltreated head rolled to the front of the room with an expression that seemed to be saying "wow, man, don't talk in class." His blood, as if on second semester of academic probation, seeped across the floor.

"Janitor will get that," the professor said with a chuckle. He always tried to start the semester off with a joke. While one boy in the front row laughed loudly and good naturedly, the majority of the students decided

quickly which major to change to and the rest re-evaluated the advantages of a full time job at Burger King over college. It was for this exact effect that the professor was so popular among his colleagues. Actually, a few students desperately wanted to ask if this kind of exchange would be on the midterm, but they decided against it, remembering the manifold advantages of having an unsevered head. In a safely roundabout way, one girl raised her hand and asked, "are there going to be any readings added to the syllabus about items made of leather, such as belts or, um, whips?"

"Yes, but those will only be extra credit," the teacher answered. A happy feeling of relief rose from the class with this heartening news. Many students actually started breathing again. One student that began breathing too loudly suddenly found the whip wrapped around his arm, and then felt the whip wrapped really tight around his arm, and then saw the awfully silly image of his arm at the front of the room in an embarrassing failure to be attached to his body. "Shucks," the boy thought, remembering that he needed that arm for another professor. A few other people, to the unfortunate boy's chagrin, noticed the arm as well, but most of the students were still dumbfounded by the incredible possibility of extra credit. "What a great class, what a school," people thought, suffering from the illusion that they might possibly do extra work for a class during the semester. Their almost religious bliss was dampened when the professor explained,

with the visual aid of his whip, that there would be an "S" shaped curve in grades with a loud crack and a bit of flesh tissue at the end, down in the F range. As the professor handed out the supplementary reading list along the rows of students, people tensed just slightly enough so that they could quickly duck if necessary. The professor saw this as an introductory lesson on limb retention which those bastards at Black Lightning would never get right.

Suddenly, however, the professor ran out of handouts, with two big rows left waiting. Dizzily, sweating, he panicked. His whip lashed out behind him, destroying one of the blackboards. He kicked an empty desk, turning it into dirty kindling. In a blur of confused rage, he gave out the final exam and made it count for the entire semester grade. As the students struggled with the monstrous test, most started weeping; they had no idea what 'heuristic' meant, let alone how such a sonnet could be used to trisect the lower intestine. But the professor, amid the wails of scholastic thought, collected his senses and bravely gave the class a break: "People with serious flesh wounds will not be penalized for having bloodstains on their exams," he announced, "as long as it's your own blood." He paused. "And people with blood type O get five points extra...no, no, just kidding," he said to the hearty laughter of the boy in the front row.

Except for the students romantacizing about Burger King, the class worked on their

test arduously, sweating and grunting like sickly professional wrestlers. One girl, unable to take the strain or smell any longer, threw her test in the air to distract the professor while she bolted for the door. Just as she escaped, the bullwhip lashed out and flunked her test worse than any test had ever been flunked on the first day of class. Staring at the horribly fearsome sight of an 'F' on the test, the class rose together and fell on the professor in frenzied attack, tearing up bluebooks and violently writing on scantrons with number 1 and 3 pencils. But they stopped suddenly, remembering their exams and noticing that the hour was almost over. Everybody rushed back to their seats to finish scribbling their incoherent paragraphs and to add as many syllables as possible to every word on the page. The semi-insurrection against the bullwhip professor was not appreciated, however, and everybody was docked half a grade. And so the professor revealed a remarkably delicate balance; he was friendly yet tough, approachable yet powerful, insane yet psychotic.

So it went, on and on, forever and ever, for the next few months, until the janitor finally noticed the uncommon assortment of human limbs at the front of the room (he knew that body parts are usually way over in Freshman Studies) and sold them to the biology department for half a million dollars and then moved to Hawaii. This, of course, made the faculty really bitter, leading to even more stringent and extensive bullwhip requirements.

Campus Issues:

PRO

The Affirmative Action Debate Continues...

CON

To date, the policies of Affirmative Action have been instrumental in creating a system of fair access to higher education and creating a more diverse faculty and student body at this school. However, I do not wish to dwell on these facets of Affirmative Action policies, which have been explained extensively in countless other places. Instead, I will take this opportunity to discuss the recently proposed additions to Affirmative Action. These newly raised issues about the program reach beyond the limitations of the old, and address important problems that have thus far been ignored. Affirmative Action can no longer merely act on the basis of race, but must be extended to the consideration of different species.

The percentage of humans [homo sapiens] in the student body at UC Berkeley is now over 98%, and this figure is even higher in the School of Engineering. At no time during the application process is the genus or species—let alone the kingdom and phylum—of the applying organism taken into account. Affirmative Action needs to be extended to each and every underrepresented and historically wronged species. The goals of diversity and the easing of past oppression can be achieved by giving easier access to college education to animals (or, as they are best called, Differently Evolved Organisms).

The first aspect of species injustice I will examine is the underrepresentation of several, if not most, of these differently evolved organisms at this school. Among the several groups that are not proportionally represented at Berkeley, the most grievous injustice has been suffered by members of the Class Insecta. While this group makes up over 70% of all animal organisms in California, they make up less than 2% of the student body. Surely, there are special circumstances involving the life span, language barriers, and just plain grossness of this species, but the percentages are still not fair. Furthermore, the only insect professors at this university are, ironically, teaching pest management classes, where they are hardly comfortable and are often passed over for tenure on very suspicious grounds.

Even within our own Phylum, Mammalia, the benefits of college education are not evenly distributed. Many people claim that we live in a meritocracy of equal advantages even though the majority of non-human mammals are stuck in high schools where they risk getting devoured at lunch and are often forced to take the S.A.T. while in heat. A similarly disturbing fact is that over 96% of all dogs go to obedience schools that do not offer trigonometry, economics, or even basic chemistry; canines are simply unable to compete with human applicants, except in the limited fields of fetching sticks and drinking water out of toilets.

As students and faculty concerned about the quality of Berkeley's education, we also must consider the question of academic diversity. Countless intellectual and cultural perspectives have been completely ignored because of our almost completely human population. Consider the benefits of studying soil science with a groundhog or photosynthesis from the perspective of a fern. And maybe we could dispel some of the blatant prejudices of the Anthropology department against the culture of cows if we had a few more bovines in the department. And how many dolphins do we have teaching marine biology? Only three, and these are all white males.

In addition to this extension of Affirmative Action, I propose the creation of a multi-species cultural center, possibly in Evans Hall where there is ample grazing land and good places to hibernate. These measures will enrich our academic experience infinitely, exposing us to methods of locomotion, territorial instincts, and mating habits presently unable to penetrate the fearsome and overwhelming cloud of human dominance.

I know that attacking Affirmative Action is a very unpopular thing to do here in Berkeley, but hopefully my arguments will be considered on their own merit, regardless of pressure from those that would have you be "politically correct." I know that my views are unfashionable and that I won't be named Mr. Popularity after writing this, but that's all right with me. I don't hold my political views according to social acceptability. To tell you the truth, most people don't like me very much anyway. Hell, it's been years since I had any real friends, ones that didn't regularly steal money from me or use my telephone to make long distance calls. You may be shocked to know that I haven't had a date in three years even though I ask out virtually every girl within yelling distance. Actually, the editor told me he would fix me up with his sister if I wrote this immediately. They were kind of desperate because the person that was supposed to write this jumped bail or something and didn't speak English very well anyway and will probably be deported soon. But now I'm willing and ready to throw my arguments into the hectic arena of Affirmative Action debate.

I will begin with historical arguments, because even the origin of Affirmative Action is ludicrous. According to my sources, Affirmative Action was started as a joke by a bunch of drunk congressmen in the House of Representatives who passed it on to the Senate on a bet. Unfortunately, the Senate didn't have much of a sense of humor and passed it on to the president who thought it was a bill to extend moose hunting season and signed it eagerly. I first heard this history—which, by the way, is completely documented in The National Enquirer—from my one semi-good friend, Chicken Joe, who usually hangs out at People's Park when he's not busy screaming at parked cars on Telegraph. Chicken Joe is kind of an expert on Affirmative Action and a great person. I can't depend on many people like I can depend on Chicken Joe. He never sneezes on me without giving me an apologetic greeting card. One of the main reasons I'm writing this is because Chicken Joe was unfairly denied a teaching job at this school because an Affirmative Action candidate got the position instead. All Berkeley students have suffered a tragic loss in this case, and I'm sure that Chicken Joe isn't the only one out there smearing parking meters with mustard as a social protest against this unjust policy.

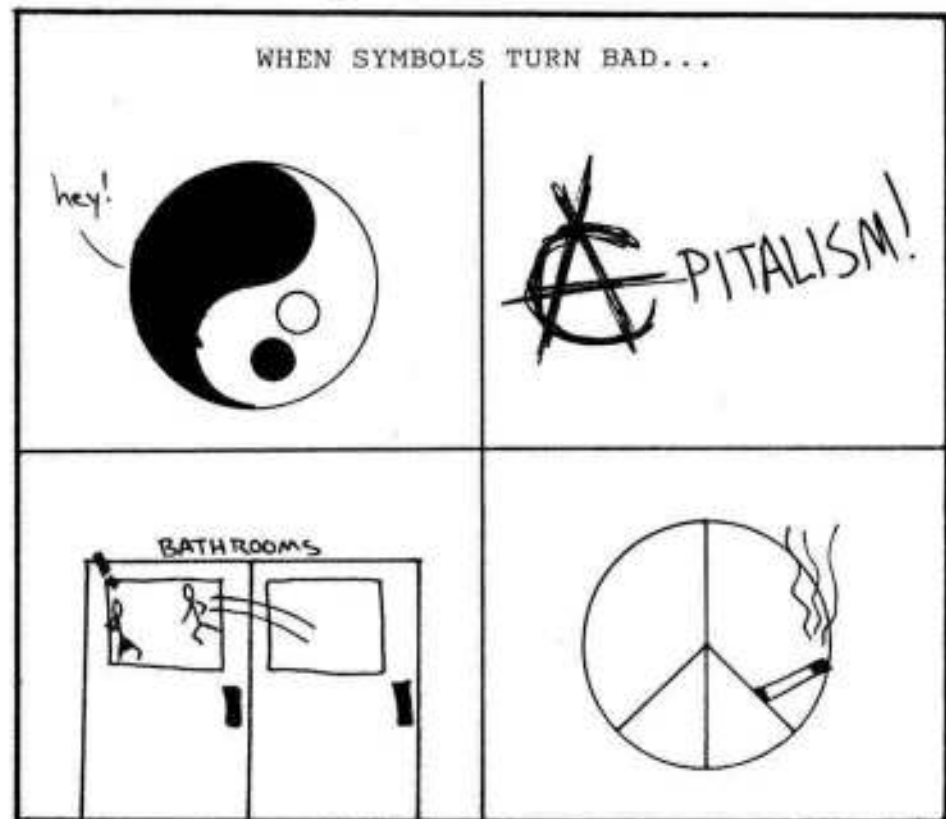
There's a lot more to say about the way Affirmative Action is both unfair to several non-preferred groups and is even inadequate in several ways to its beneficiaries, but the editor says that the paper's coming out in a few minutes so I should try to finish. Easy for him to say. He doesn't care about the topic, he just wants a completed newspaper to show law schools. He doesn't care about me, he's just using me, just like everybody does. Everybody takes advantage of me because I have a really weak personality and no self confidence. I'm pretty sure that people tell a lot of jokes about me when I'm not around, and I hear people laughing at me whenever I walk by because they think I look funny. Where were the heroes of Affirmative Action when I wanted a friend? They probably would have teased me also, the monsters. I just don't understand why everybody makes fun of me, what did I ever do that was so bad, I'm a nice person, so what if I stink, I never hurt anyone... it's not fair.... I can't... quotas or something, reverse discrimination... I'm sorry, I can't.....go read some other editorial, I don't want to talk about it.....

How cool is your professor?

This handy Heuristic Squelch guide can help you determine exactly how cool your educator is. This information is important because, besides being an important factor in giving tenure, we also want to make sure that cool professors aren't slandered along with the losers. Add up the points below.

Says 'fuck' over two times each class	2 pts
Inhales helium before giving lectures	2 pts.
Wears mirrored sunglasses during class	2 pts
Has bulldogs attack students that ask stupid questions	2 pts.
Gives big wet kisses to people in front row of lecture	2 pts.
Uses class time to teach Lambada	2 pts.
Moonlights as a bartender at Bear's Lair	2 pts.
Gives extra credit for going to Dead shows	2 pts.
Erases chalkboard with his/her mohawk	2 pts.
Will buy alcohol for you	2 pts.
Gives exams on old "Calvin and Hobbes" strips	2 pts.
Always relates latest acid experience	2 pts.
Lets A students ride his Harley	3 pts.
Has articles published in "Playboy" or "Playgirl"	3 pts.
Hangglides off Campanile	3 pts.
Talks about sexual experiences in graphic detail	3 pts.
Gets Jack Nicholson to give guest lectures	3 pts.
Gives complimentary condoms when handing out tests	3 pts.
Does striptease for money instead of lecturing	3 pts.
Plays one on one with Michael Jordan	3 pts. (And beats him: 5 pts.)
Wrote PhD thesis on Tequila	3 pts.
Installs hot tub in classroom	3 pts.
Gives extensions on papers if asked within a month after due date	3 pts.
Has surprise appearances on Letterman	4 pts.
Offers people hits from bong during class	4 pts.
Bites heads off live chickens to demonstrate theories	4 pts.
Raises all grades whenever '49ers win	4 pts.
Is honorary president of Hell's Angels	4 pts.
Doesn't believe in grades but gives A's just for the hell of it	4 pts.
Raps lectures to beat of Terminator X	4 pts.
Has open bar during class	4 pts.
Will bail students out of jail	4 pts.
Plays poker for grades	4 pts.
Cancels class to jam with the Stones	5 pts.
Has own tropical country	5 pts.
Picked up Nobel Prize in Ferrari	5 pts.
Has centerfold in "Playboy" or "Playgirl"	6 pts.

SCORING: 1-19 pts: Study hard, don't talk in class, and enjoy.
 20-39 pts: Not horrible, but don't get plastered when you go over for dinner
 40-59 pts: Seems pretty cool, but bribes might still be necessary
 60 pts-up: Move in or at least spend summer vacations with him/her



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Ask the Medical Skank!

Student Medical Advice and Wisdom

The Medical Skank is our resident doctor who sits around all day answering letters and annoying us with stupid lectures about the wonders of penicillin. This position is only temporary, because the Medical Skank is expecting to be appointed surgeon general of the United States sometime this month.

Dear Medical Skank,

My zits are very, very bad. Worse than you can imagine. A few zits on my nose are regularly picked up by radar, and I'm also having problems breathing. Even if you don't have a cure, please suggest a way to keep my face from looking so much like a pizza.

Signed

"That's not pepperoni, that's my face"

Dear Face,

I think you're looking at your skin condition with a bad attitude. Zits are a sign of health and freshness, blossoming from the unfettered oil production of youth. Rejoice in your zits! They are beautiful and natural! Any red-blooded, passionate person should be covered from head to toe with flowering pimples of youthful zest and passion. Of course, your face looks pretty disgusting, but at least we can have a good time making jokes at your expense; what you're doing is very wonderful.

Dear Medical Skank,

I recently had my leg torn off in Physics lab. My T.A. said that I should keep my leg refrigerated, but my parents told me to send the leg to them so they can have it fitted for a pair of pants for my new suit. The thing is, my refrigerator is too small. What should I do?

Signed,

Hobbling, and Out of Fashion

Dear Hobbling,

You should do nothing. In a few days your leg should grow back, already dressed in a nice new pair of pants.

Dear Medical Skank,

Can I get sexually transmitted diseases through the mail? I was just wondering.

Signed,

Concerned about the Postal Service

Dear Postal,

STD's cannot be transmitted through the mail in the United States, but inferior mail services of other countries are breeding grounds for all sorts of diseases. Never open international mail without wearing a condom.

Dear Medical Skank,

I'm starting to hear really strange sounds in my head, like growling animals, blaring bells, and weird voices. These are even worse than the normal classroom/Telegraph sensations. I think that I'm imagining this stuff because I'm insane or something. Am I eligible for some kind of financial aid or special housing or anything like that? I'd like to exploit this.

Signed,

Got dem old Heebie Jeebies once again

Dear Heebie Jeebies,

There are several programs specially designed to help insane people function adequately in Berkeley. Most of the student body is completely dependant on them. You can find out about money and services used to treat schizophrenia, megalomania, and infatuation with the Grateful Dead at 120 Sproul. There are also several padded cells in Clark Kerr that I think you should be interested in. And be sure to drop by the Psychology department because they usually give grants for mental disorders that involve sex or violence. Look into it.

Have your medical concerns addressed by our resident physician. All questions for The Medical Skank should be sent to The Heuristic Squelch, 2401 Piedmont Ave, Berkeley, CA, 94704.



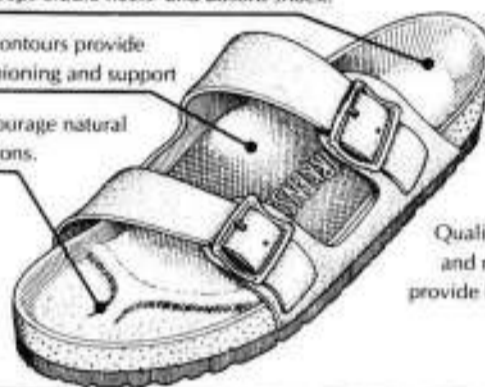
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The Legacy of Professor Schneer

as told to David Sherman

As I write this memorial to the life and accomplishments of the late Dr. Samuel Schneer, the renowned Berkeley professor, I can only hope that my mere words can do justice to his greatness. Doubtless this giant of the academic world deserves more than my feeble writings; how dare I try to portray his wit, his zest for life and love, the untiring dandruff of his scalp, in these simple pages? But even with my deep misgivings, I must write this memorial - in Schneer's own great words, "I, too, fear the complexities of tartar sauce." His wisdom will live eternally, helping each generation to again find itself, or at least keep them off the streets.

I met Professor Schneer soon after I joined the English faculty at Berkeley. Even though he was a history professor, he spent all his time in the English department lounge. "The women are much prettier here," he explained to me, "and this is the only place I can practice my yodeling unashamedly." We spent many hours together there and we eventually grew quite close. It was Schneer who warned me in my first months at the school not to mention the obvious paradoxes of Armenian mining regulations unless I wanted the other faculty to punch me in the nose. He was kind, but he was also fiendishly passionate about his favorite historical topic, the significance of the Polish navy in the American Revolution. He was obsessed with the topic, constantly arguing that Polish maritime officers covertly instigated the Boston Tea Party. This fascination caused him endless anxiety over the popular Polish jokes of our culture. Where others saw humor,

he saw only grave injustice. "Without the Poles, we'd still be rubbing our knuckles in dung!" he often proclaimed bitterly. He often lamented the decline of the Polish navy since the 1800's and he could not whistle the Polish national anthem without breaking out in a rash.

Schneer was unarguably a brilliant historian whose writings were unrivaled during his life. Only occasionally would he explain his theories in terms of John Wayne movies or football plays. One of his most remarkable treatises shed badly needed light on the widely misunderstood battles of 1949, in which England and France fought each other for several months, each thinking the other was Germany. To the delight of lecture audiences everywhere, he described this time as "so absurdly illogical that even one's necktie was rendered dubious." He soon became a very prominent figure, and scholars worldwide sought his advice. It was actually under his recommendation that Harvard University first offered a degree for using tuna salad in a medieval context, and his guest lectures on the subject often incited students to riot.

The only unpleasantness of Schneer's profound life was his trouble in social settings. Although a theoretical genius when discussing animistic rites of feudal China, he could only grimace offensively when asked to pass the salt. His social failings loaded him with a terrible anxiety. He would often go to parties where other guests would gleefully shower him with spinach salad, a gesture he interpreted as criticism of his

sociological theories about the Hungarian Revolution. "Why do they never give me house dressing?" he would ask in bewilderment. Finally his pain from his social shortcomings grew too great and he stopped dining with others altogether, with the exception of his pet hamster, Lemar. I remember one cocktail party that he attended only after I convinced him that there would be free Swedish massages for the first ten guests. Tragically, we were given tap dance lessons instead. Only with the insurmountable bravery of his soul could he endure this disappointment, especially when the instructor told him to "get his fat behind jamming."

The height of Schneer's career came in the late 1970's when he was finishing a series of talks on the Russian Revolution, one of his favorite topics. He would dress as a Russian peasant and curse at his students, blaming them for poor potato harvests. He would then give grades to students based on their expertise in animal husbandry. While controversial among many administrators (who he was convinced were the Czar's henchmen), this practice brought him great respect among students and they never again ridiculed him for giving lectures in only lime-green sweat pants. It was during this hectic era that he presented his most important papers to the academic world. He was consumed with inspiration and energy, and it was not unusual for him, when excited by new hypotheses, to start water balloon fights against the Linguistics department. In 1978 he published two classic papers, "Inadequate

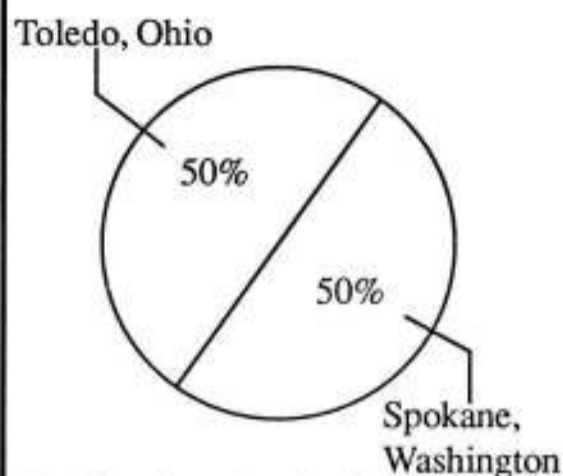
Grooming and the Collapse of the Roman Empire" and "New Perspectives on the Salving of Flesh Wounds in Renaissance Florence." His stature among historians was elevated to its peak during this time when, after months of preparation, including a regimen of aerobics, he initiated a debate over the Spanish-American War. Eventually, Schneer victoriously proved his theory that Spain was not a nation at the time but an amusement park, and thus the United States obtained the Phillipine islands contrary to international law. He argued brilliantly that no strictly defined nation would charge half price admission on Sunday, even as a promotional ploy.

Eventually, Schneer stopped teaching and dedicated himself to research. Despite his denials, I saw that he missed his students, the only people that he could completely trust not to make soup with his dentures. He created a lush cactus garden in his office in his spare time, but after it started giving wandering administrators awkward skin lacerations he was forced to donate it to the Baseball Hall of Fame, which confused him greatly. Despite this loss he was able to complete his most influential work to date, Simplified World History to Read on the Toilet, for which he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. No matter how big a watch or how many rolls of toilet paper he was offered, Schneer never succumbed to the seduction of retirement, and he passed away at his desk writing an essay on the striking parallels between the American Industrial Revolution and the codfish at several local delicatessens.

Question Thang

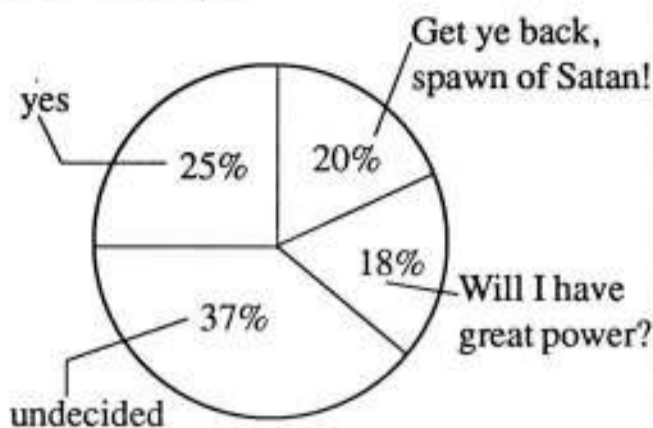
Questions Asked at Sproul Plaza

Where are you from?



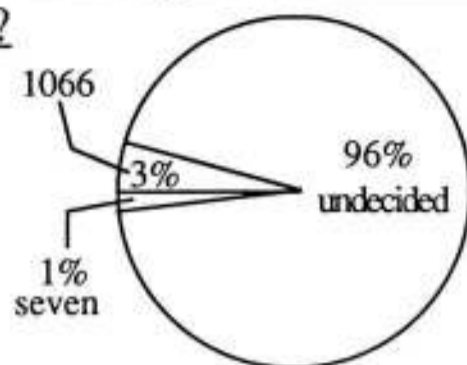
Number of people polled: 2
Margin of error: 33%

Will you follow me and do my evil bidding?



Number of people polled: 100
Margin of error: 2%

A 0.9 MeV proton collides with a stationary He₂⁺ nucleus at 7:30 PM. Assuming nonelasticity, what is the energy of the nucleus in ergs?



Number of people polled: 100
Margin of error: less than 7%

The Cunning Linguist

by Lara Zwarun

Every time I return home, I realize something: I love New York. I love California, too, what with the nice weather and laid-back attitude and all, but there is a certain charming tackiness to New York that I really get a kick out of.

Spending most of the year in Berkeley, I am always acutely aware of a good sighting of cheesy tackiness when I see it. And see it I do on the roads of New York. In fact, I have taken to searching for the quintessential display of tacky cheese, and I know where to find it: painted on the three-inch bug shields rising from the hoods of the omnipresent chassis-lifted neon Broncos and Blazers. To date, my favorite is "Mudweiser." In the ultimate display of self-expression, the guy driving the truck said it all. (And for all you feminists out there, give me a break. This is New York—the person driving "Mudweiser" IS a guy.) Actually, Mudweiser is pretty clever compared to some of the other classics I've spotted. "U CAN'T TOUCH THIS"—now that's sure to remain as timeless a phrase as "Push It" is. I also get a big bang out of how the driver's name is always painted on the door. If she's lucky, the girlfriend gets her name painted on the passenger side door. My brother's friend John doesn't have a steady woman, so he painted the word "GUEST" on his passenger side door. I swear to God. You just don't find authentic cheese like that in sunny California.

I saw a great Lincoln Town Car the other day, with super tinted windows: a real MafiaMobile. The license said "ABC Fence." I'll tell you right now, there's no way that guy puts up white pickets. He buys radios! In California, it's not politically correct to reach conclusions like that. But it's also not as easy to do. A New Yorker's least favorite word is "subtle." He wants you to label him!

That's why Chris put around the license plate of his Mustang, "Chris's 5.0. Catch me if you can!" Some people look at that and think, "Lucky Chris, rolling in his mint 'Stang." That's what Vanilla Ice would say. All I can think is, "Bonehead! Is that really the cleverest phrase you could come up with?" The fact that it IS in fact the cleverest Chris will ever get is what makes it so amusing.

How do I know how clever Chris is? Let me tell you about the formula I'm working on. I may be learning my problem-solving skills at Cal, but New York is my laboratory, and I now know that testosterone level is equal to number of liters per engine, which is inversely proportional to the IQ size needed to come up with a phrase like "Catch me if you can." The formula works: a Yuppie drives a 2.5 liter Cherokee, and the only people that drive 6.6 liter '79 TransAms are those whose entire vocabulary consists of the word "Yo."

Don't get me wrong: I'm not mocking New Yorkers. They make my day. It's wonderful in California where everyone smiles and says good morning to you. But there's something at least equally charming about a loud nasal woman asking the clerk behind the counter, "Don't I get a discount?", only to be told, "I got your discount swingin' right here!" as the clerk clutches his crotch. It's brilliant. It's honest. It's funny as hell.

Californians may be more friendly, but New Yorkers are more real, and the result is a sense of comraderie. Don't you remember the scene in "Crocodile Dundee" where all the people in the crowded subway station help Croc propose to his true love across the platform? That stuff really happens. I've seen the entire 200-section of Yankee Stadium rise to its drunken feet and yell "ROSE!" to the clueless lady with the franks and beer looking all over for her husband, who has been calling her name for ten minutes. When Rose finally spots him, everyone applauds. They've done their good deed for the day, and are all set to shove, curse, and cut off the crowd on their way home.

I suppose the best way to appreciate New York is to spend time away from it. And California is certainly a great place to go for some quality time. But if you'd seen my visiting friend from La Jolla verbally massacred by Vinnie the pizza guy for ordering a slice in the time it would have taken him to tell his life story, you'd realize what a blast being bicoastal is. Cold winters are a small price to pay for the price of cheese.



Trip to the U.C. Archives

Last fall, the University of California returned some valuable manuscripts—some by Mozart—believed to have been stolen during World War II. A spokesman remarked that he was surprised that the manuscripts were obtained so cheaply given their historical value.

Lured by the opportunity of getting some historical artifacts at bargain basement prices, The Heuristic Squelch sent a reporter (with one of those cool mining hats!) into the U.C. archives. Here is a list of what's down there.

- 50 Rolex watches bought from a guy named Guido
- some old axe from Stanford
- Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s unlisted phone number
- a smashed Les Paul guitar bearing the number 6 written in electrical tape from The Who's The Kids Are Alright Tour
- a dirty limerick about Mayor Loni Hancock (make your own joke here)
- the doctrine of *en loco parentis*
- the police report for Steve Bechtel's little car accident on Nov. 17, 1919 (see pp. 47-49 of Lenton McCartney's *Friends in High Places*)
- the original plans to turn People's Park into a drug distribution center manned by derelicts
- video tapes of the last eight pot rallies
- what the Regents believe to be the original "Mona Lisa"
- what appears to have been half a bologna sandwich



by Shira Sergant

I've tossed and I've turned
Nearly going insane
And now I understand
That I'm trying in vain

This is getting serious
It's no longer amusing
Having big boobs
Keeps me from snoozing

People sometimes comment
Eyes popping from their head
They just don't know
'Bout my dilemma in bed

The reason I keep going
And why I hate to wail
Is that I know in the future
My bosom will prevail

Children of mine better appreciate
The discomfort I now feel
When one day they enjoy
Their breast milk meal

Years before kids
I just don't get
Why I lug these around
And I don't use them yet!

God- why is this?
Some celestial plan?
Women being plagued
Since the world first began?

I think it's not fair
(certainly unjust)
That I cannot sleep
Because of my bust!

Berkeley Bingo™



"So much fun, it can't be politically correct"



How to play:

1. Make three friends.
2. Cut out the four playing boards.
3. Give one board to each friend.
4. As each event on your board happens to you, mark its square with an 'x'.
5. The first person to mark five in a row or all four corners wins.



B I N G O

sweat dripped on you at RSF	woken up by same song five mornings in a row	someone asks you, "Is Pepsi OK?"	give a dollar to a street musician	ask your TA "Is this going to be on the final?"
feel safe at People's Park	find a racial slur in your reader	the Bubble Lady sells you a book	offended by bathroom graffiti	overhear someone say how drunk they are going to get
gripped by desire to sell out	see the likeness of a bear on campus	FREE smell urine SPACE	hear Pastor Glen say, "get good grades!"	consider answering a personal for a moment
almost killed by a university service vehicle	listen to an entire Rick Starr medley	lie about the number of photocopies you've made	your TA "takes a liking" to you	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly
wonder if Stephen King really killed John Lennon	use the word 'angst' without realizing it	insulted by a record store clerk	bump into someone from freshman year	new 'friend' invites you to a Bible group

B I N G O

park your car at the Nobel Prize parking lot	read a news story before the comics in the Daily Cal	baffled by poetry on an AC Transit bus	bouncer confiscates your fake I.D.	bomb threat gets you out of an exam
disgusted by Blondie's special of the day	see a line at Sproul and panic	try to use VISA at Revolution Books	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly	see someone wearing all black at a yogurt shop
someone yells at you to walk your bike	get sniffed by hippie's dog	FREE find a typo in the Daily Cal SPACE	Asian guy with the signs yells at you	your professor makes joke about Southern California
see a stray dog on campus	in the campanile when the bells ring	Rick Starr winks at you	read an entire magazine at a smoke shop	attempt to find the Dwinelle courtyard
hear subliminal messages on Telegraph (i.e. 'buds?')	recognize a melody played from the campanile	realize your T.A. doesn't understand professor either	receive four units on confirmed class schedule	misdiagnosed at Cowell

B I N G O

hit up for a cigarette	see someone carrying poetry conspicuously	find a cockroach at an eating establishment	see your professor demonstrating on Sproul	hear a lame joke about the campanile
photocopy Black Lightning notes with colored cellophane	amused by bathroom graffiti	get stuck behind a campus tour	see pig, goat, and dog walking across campus	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly
find something cheaper at the ASUC store	see the Hate Man	FREE see someone spit SPACE	hear someone yell, "Rare!"	try to charm a rude receptionist
annoyed by a shuttle bus driver	recognize your ex from a personal	walk past Blondie's without eating there	roommate has sex in your presence	baffled by a professor's irrelevant tangent
get puked on at frat party	avoid someone from freshman year	called 'suburban trash' near the MLK union	hear someone snore in class	get painted red by Stanford pranksters

B I N G O

preacher tells you to stop your masturbatory ways	hear someone slam the lids on recycling bins	enjoy a free, humorous college monthly	see a guy wearing a cape or wearing his coat like a cape	finally get bored with the Stanford-Cal rivalry
see Santa Claus on Shattuck	unknown dorm RA interrogates you	sneak into a record store without checking your bag	CalPIRG calls you	see a bike going the wrong way down Telegraph
get trapped in an inane conversation	snubbed by old professor	FREE asked for spare change SPACE	apply for a credit card with 'ulterior motives'	hear someone say 'existential' in a conversation
sneak into the stacks at Doe	find a mysteriously placed pumpkin on campus	Stoney Burke yells at you	someone announces to you that they are an atheist	T.A. writes insulting comments on paper
doubt the veracity of a quote in the Daily Cal	buy a dime bag of oregano on Telegraph	hear strange grunting noises behind you in class	see the Alligator Man	weird cloud of smoke on Telegraph makes you stoned

How to Conquer Your Roommate

And Seize Control of Your Living Situation

by David Sherman

Living with one or more roommates in a single room, house, or shithole of any kind requires special knowledge and strategy that is not found in any manual or textbook (but The Prince by Machiavelli comes close). However, in the interests of public service I thought it would be nice to present ideas on the mental subjugation, psychological brutality, and emotional bloodletting of roommates as a way to make your life a little more comfortable. By following the suggestions below you should be able to achieve mastery over the cohabitators of your domicile and eventually enjoy a supreme position of ultimate power. This is also exactly the type of thing that law schools are looking for these days.

First, you must change your ideas about relationships between roommates. Until now, you may have striven for relative peace and emotional comfort through open communication, shared compromise, and a likeness of interests, comparable to the way the U.S. and Canada live together on the same continent with few complaints. THIS IS WRONG. Instead, you should deal with your roommate the way the U.S. and the Soviet Union dealt with each other during the Cold War; learn to appreciate deceit, mercilessness, and scheming secrecy as the most effective tools for any situation. This shouldn't be hard if you did well enough in high school to get into Berkeley. Common parts of this famous Capitalist-Communist relationship included espionage, political extortion, and slanderous propaganda. With a little practice, you should be able to use these devices as well as any government official. You won't get paid as much, but the satisfaction of a job well done should be reward enough.

There are many ways to create an agreeable, workable relationship with your roommate. The most amusing is to crush his or her self-esteem and sense of personal safety. The sooner s/he is a helpless, confused jellyfish-like person, the sooner s/he will stop using all the hot water, occupying the telephone, playing loud music, and complaining when you do the same. But it is more difficult than you might expect to destroy a person's soul (as many professors complain). Recent studies on lab rats show that the soul is not strongly affected by most physical torture devices, such as "Doogie Howser, M.D.," so more subtle and treacherous methods are needed. There are plenty to choose from.

A personal favorite of mine, and one of the most profitable, is to permanently destroy reality as my roommate knows it and then

ask to borrow ten bucks. This is how I sometimes do it:

ME: Hey, get those cockroaches out of your hair. That's disgusting.

ROOMMATE: EEEEEEEEEAAAAA!!!!!!!

ME: Well, if you insist, I'll throw this brick at your head. Here I go.

R.M: What? What? No, wait, what are you doing?!!??

ME: Just paying you back, bastard. You killed my sister.

R.M. Ouch!! Stop throwing bricks at me! You don't have a sister!

ME: These bricks. These bricks are my sister.

R.M. Oh, yes, now I see. These bricks are your sister.

ME: Can I borrow ten bucks?

Be sure to have several heavy bricks easily available for this type of exchange. Also remember to ask for the money right at the point that reality, as your roommate knows it, has been fundamentally altered. Asking for the money at the wrong moment may result in annoying speeches about chocolate seagulls and other figments of his or her new world.

If the brick/sister approach doesn't work, you should try the more subtle but incredibly effective "politically correct" method (this undoubtedly works best in Berkeley):

ME: Well, I'm going to bed. I'm exhausted.

ROOMMATE: It's only three in the afternoon.

ME: Racist pig! Go back to Nuremberg where you belong!

RM: What? Wait!! I'm sorry, I didn't mean that, of course it's time to go to bed. I think I'm exhausted too.

ME: I bet you are, after oppressing minorities and creating a society of racial and ethnic division all day.

RM: No! No, I-

ME: Why? Why do you hate?

RM: But, I don't, I mean-

ME: How many more cries for freedom will you ignore? Don't you despise yourself? Your conscience must torment you hellishly.

RM: Wait a second, I don't-

ME: Oh, keep on talking, Mr/s. Neo-Nazi Hitler Youth. I bet you're even a member of Young Republicans.

RM: NO! I'm not, really! I swear!

ME: I saw you at one of their meetings. You were even wearing a tie.

RM: Oh, please, I'm sorry... why don't I just become your cringing servant from now on to repent for my social crimes.

The guilt you employ against your roommate in this scenario is the same basic

guilt that your parents have used against you for your entire life, so feel free to draw from personal experience. As in the first example, you might want to strengthen your dialogue by using heavy bricks; your personal experience with your parents might help you here also.

Another good thing to do is to scare the shit out of your roommates. See just how much extreme terror they can take in their lives, and frighten them about twice as much. There are countless ways to horrify unsuspecting people, as those of you with younger siblings know, and you can also use these methods on roommates (and you're parents probably won't ground you). The point is to scare your roommate until s/he either is a lifeless vegetable that you can keep in the closet or s/he flees from your home so you can sell all their stuff. Either way, you'll be able to spraypaint all your furniture nauseating shades of orange without hearing your roommate whine about it.

To terrify your roommate to the point of either physical or mental absence, remember that nothing is as horrifying as school. Terror isn't just "Friday the 13th" and "Nightmare on Elm Street;" it's also Linguistics, Organic Chemistry, and Statistics. In fact, terror is anything with a syllabus or a professor, and some classes even have both. Your task is to make your roommate's life a painful quagmire of impossible busywork and senseless readings; luckily, this is actually done for you by most departments. However, there are several steps you can take to really push your roommates over the edge. A little creative alteration of your roommate's syllabus can be very effective; try making the entire semester's work due in the first few days of class. Also, supplement his or her reading list with a few interesting textbooks written in your favorite foreign language. Of course, no educational experience is complete without the rewards of a close teacher-student relationship. Pretending to be the professor, call up your roommate and beg them to do the honorable thing and drop out of school before you're

forced to have them expelled. Call several times a week to ask if they need help packing or a ride to the airport. After several such friendly chats, reverse roles and call up the professor pretending to be your roommate. After identifying yourself several times, ask the professor why his or her syllabus is so simple, bordering on idiotic. Also, inquire about who s/he blackmailed, conned, or killed to get a teaching position. By establishing such a rapport, your roommate's academic workload should become both intriguing and challenging.

Creativity and a playful imagination are essential tools for scaring your roommate to death. Try using such devices as rabid housepets, unsafe toilet paper, rancid leftovers, nuclear waste, and, for true terror, references to their family relationships. Once your roommates are finally beaten into cringing subservience you will have total control over the nine or so square feet in your room/apartment/mudpit to do whatever you want. This is the perfect start to eventual world domination.

You can tell that your goal of territorial dominance has been achieved once your roommate is no more obtrusive than a submissive houseplant. Then you can get to work on the neighbors.

Pocket Glossary

- STUDENTS- all those younger people running around freaking out
- TEACHERS- Smart people, often confused about the real world
- TEST- those pieces of paper with disturbing questions on them
- CLASSES- when a teacher keeps saying things to you but you fall asleep anyway
- ESSAYS- lots of words, probably the strongest tool of oppression against students
- GRADES- those letter things that, despite all appearances, mean nothing
- GRADUATION- when you go away and never come back here again
- REMINDER: College is usually, historically speaking, about four years

--- Personals ---

ANGSTY GRAD STUDENT with persecution complex seeks professor to punish him for the past.

HAIRY FEMINIST seeks same. Send photo of legs.

FRESHMAN RUSHEE needs retro-hip Elvis paraphenilia to appear ironic to Frat brothers. Serious apply only.

HAIRNET LOST IN PSL. Contact Ernie.

AGORAPHOBIC, ASEXUAL TRANSVESTITE seeks non-smoking, hazel-eyed, cat-hating, sprout-eating trapeze artist who likes blueberry yogurt but not raspberry and weighs between 112 and 119 lbs.

STRUGGLING, ARTISTICALLY MATURE SHARK seeks reputable agent to get me parts in "Jaws" movies, maybe Jacques Cousteau specials.

HELP! I SNEEZED on my computer and it won't work anymore. Reply to Eric.

POSER CLOTHING- For all your black clothing needs. Limited offer of shirts autographed by David Lynch!!!!

WOMAN IN ENGINEERING seeks male to lead on in exchange for lab reports.

LAZY, FORGETFUL SENIOR seeks major and/or minor before mid-May. No heavy readings.

GRAD STUDENT seeks mate. Hates outdoors, won't dance, hates candle light dinners. Must look good under fluorescent light and in CRT glow.

MEOW, MEOW, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow. Reply to cat in heat.

EGG DONORS NEEDED

USE RITZ CRACKERS to make pentagrams, a symbol associated with Satan. Free brochure shows how.

CHUBBY EUNUCH seeks monks to bathe and religious scrolls to copy.

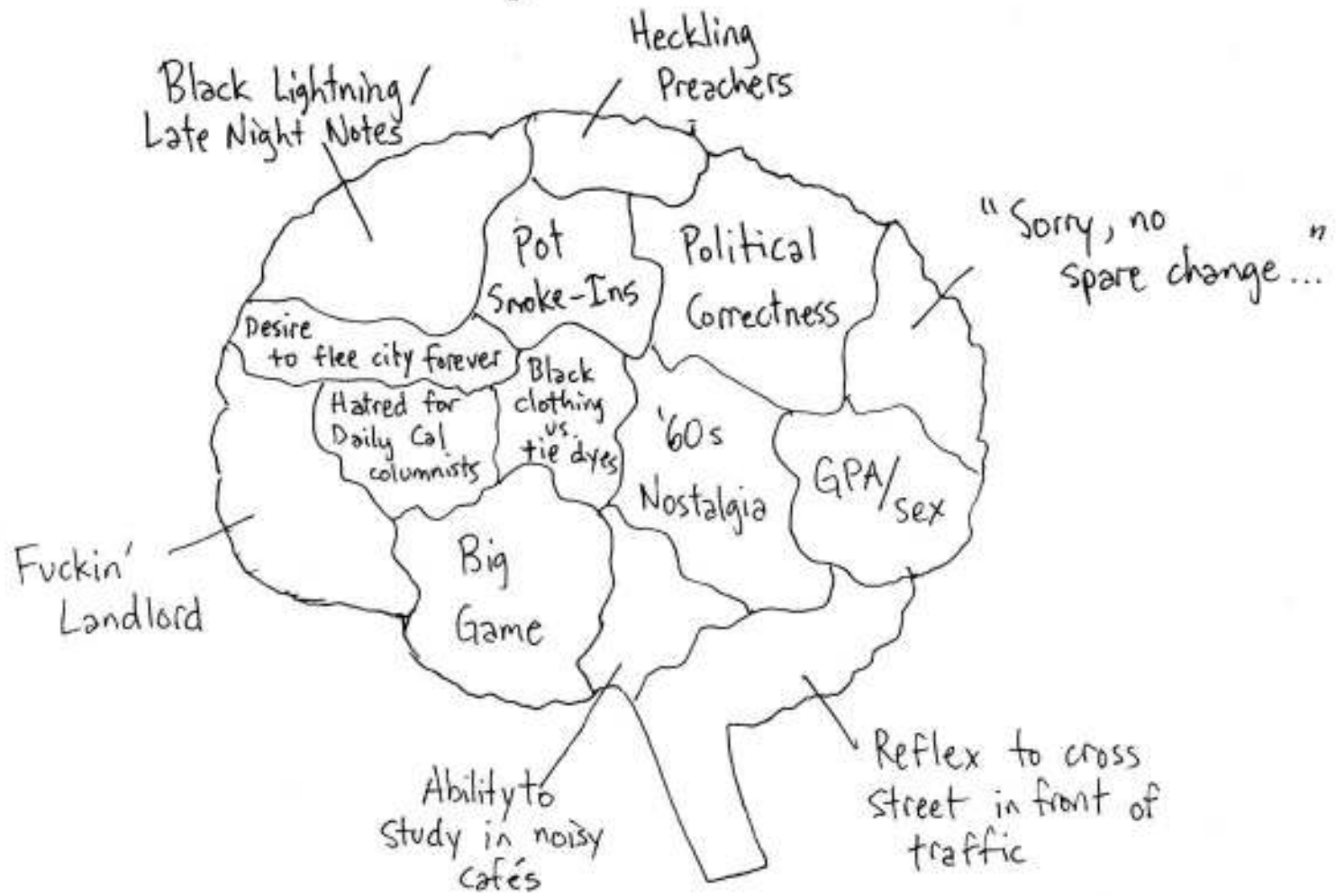
DELIRIOUS STREET PERSON seeks someone to tell about my zany adventures with Jerry Garcia, maybe buy my experimental acid.

DELIRIOUS ASTRO PROFESSOR seeks someone to tell about my zany adventures with Stephen Hawking, maybe buy my experimental acid.

I'VE FALLEN AND I CAN'T GET UP



U.C. Berkeley Student's Brain:



What's your favorite position?

You can do 'em all at **The Heuristic Squelch**

Staff Positions	Job Description	Necessary Qualifications
Writers	Write all kinds of humor until head explodes	Can have sudden spurts of creative genius ten minutes before deadline
Cartoonists	Draw beautiful pictures, maybe some counterfeiting work	Can draw anatomically correct stick figures, isn't already on file with F.B.I.
Lay out people	Do lay out	Spends unhealthy amount of time in front of computer
Proofreaders	Read text until eyeballs bleed	Is anal-retentive, has obsession with obscure grammar rules
Photographers	Take pictures that would embarrass "The National Enquirer"	Has no shame
Advertising Solicitors	Convince local stores to give us money for running their ads	Has interest in business, is very obnoxious
Distribution Assistants	Hand newspaper out to people, place them around campus	Fits in with freaks on Sproul, will do anything to avoid class
Editor-in-chief	Make world safe for democracy, check for typos	Is willing to sacrifice life for the sake of humor and good spelling

Mad Ravings

Throw in your own jokes, classified personals, blithering idiocies, hallucinations, sketches, comments, top ten lists, and inquiries to the back page Mad Ravings section. Extra credit will be awarded.

The Heuristic Squelch, Mad Ravings, 2401 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley, CA, 94704

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