

# SQUELCH

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

SEPTEMBER 2000 • www.squelched.com

COOL  
**KOLLEGE**  
ISSUE

**BOYS**  
of **the**  
**E.E.C.S.**

**sexy** kernel  
configurations

11011

100101

11100

**MIDI**  
**ROCK**

**20Q**

**GODFATHER OF**  
**ASCII PORN**

**ALAN**  
**TURING**

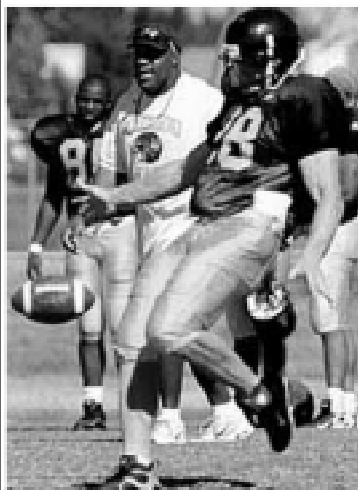


## Guess Which One of Us Is Wearing Capri Pants



## A Gay to Straight Continium for 21st Century

## COMEDY KICKOFF



**Saturday, September 16**

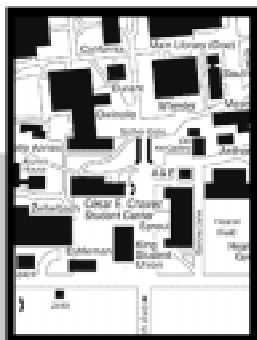
**8:00 pm, 145 Dwinelle**

**students:  
\$5 in advance  
\$8 at the door**

**general  
\$7 in advance  
\$10 at the door**

**Featuring the comedy of:**

**Jim Connelly  
Joe Klocek  
Cain Lopez**



## the heuristic SQUELCH<sup>®</sup>

*Lost since 1991.*

### EDITORS

(Atlantis)

**Editor-in-Chief**  
**Managing Editor**  
**Creative Editors**

**sean KEANE**  
**bret HEILIG**  
**stephen HANDLEY**  
**boback ZIAEIAN**  
**kenny BYERLY**  
**cynthia BARAN**  
**zack FORNACA**

**Graphics Editor**  
**Design Editors**

### *Editors Emeritus (Will to live)*

Allen Haim, Matt Holohan, Tyler Roscoe

### *Business & Advertising (Socialist ideals)*

two girls

### *Webmaster (Innocence, but really just Piggy's head smashed on the rocks)*

Tommaso Sciortino

### *Writers (Our edge)*

Ben Birken, Kenny Byerly, Luke Filose, Zack Fornaca, Allen Haim, Stephen Handley, Matt Holohan, Sean Keane, Fred Lee, Micah Nash, Brian Sinclair, Patrick Trombley, Boback Ziaeian

### *Photography (Broback's virginity)*

Kenny Byerly, Stephen Chan, Boback Ziaeian

### *Models (Self-respect)*

Kenny Byerly, Dave Chen, Stephen Handley, Bret Heilig, Sean Keane, Behrang Ziaeian, Boback Ziaeian

### *Artwork (Lots of arguments)*

Brian Sinclair

### *Squelch! ASUC Senators (In space)*

Romie Litrell, Richard Schulman, Lauren Bausch

### *Printer (Joie de vive)*

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### *Contributors (The fucking Dodgers on a 9th inning home run)*

Michael Cedillos, Julia Fornaca, Anjuli Gupta, Evan Rosenbaum, Jason Rosenbaum, Alexandra Soliven, Christopher West

**SQUELCH COVER:** Photography by *Kenny Byerly*, Hair and Make-up by *Allen Haim*, Jane Eyre by *Charlotte Brontë*, Body by *Jake*, North by *Northwest*, Courtyard by *Marriott™*, Artfully concealed nipples (and giraffe) by *Boback Ziaeian*, Issue Completed by *the Skin of our Teeth*

It's a long time coming, and a short time going, but the main thing to remember is that, even when born in captivity, polar bears are 100% dangerous. Not 84% like cheetahs, or 57% like rhinosceroseses, but 100%. The only animal that even comes close is the hippopotamus, which most people don't realize. Seriously, the makers of "Hungry Hungry Hippos" weren't fucking around. If you ever spill marbles on a riverbank, run like hell. And run fast, you clumsy fool – you look like a blind dog in a butcher shop most of the time. Just leave half a gallon of milk in the fridge, a \$20 bill on the kitchen table with a note for the babysitter, and don't look back. And if they follow you, it's not the money that they're after, it's just that you just can't go around photographing little boys like that in this town. Finally, for the last time, it's "Muscovite," motherfucker, "Muscovite!"

# words from the top



## Class of 2004 Don't Sing it, Bring it by Sean Keane

Whitney Houston once sang, "I believe that children are the future/ Teach them well and let them lead the way." True, she also later said, "I believe that Bobby Brown's recording career has a future," but that shouldn't detract from the value of the earlier statement. So, for my first address from the bully pulpit that is *Words From the Top*, I want to primarily speak to the freshman. Yes, the freshman, the wide-eyed innocents gazing ahead at the bright college future ahead of them, imagining the onset, any minute now, of the best years of their lives. My message can be reduced to four simple words: Just give up now.

Everyone goes into college with big dreams, whether it's to complete a double major, find true love, make lots of lifelong friends, or, in my case, become the opinion page editor for the *Daily Cal*. However, those dreams are, to the one, almost completely unrealized. Like a Hypercolor t-shirt, excitement over college begins with spectacular brightness, and slowly fades into a blotchy smear of apathy, until finally, an outdated shred of depression and disappointment are all that remain. It's better to realize that the sooner you completely stop trying, the the sooner you'll find, if not happiness, a somewhat comforting void of non-feeling, superior to the constant letdown and pain that is college existence.

First of all, stop talking about yourself. Even in elementary school, when you'd regale classmates with accounts of your new action figures, or then, just as now, they are more interested in the previous evening's television programs than anything concerning your ordinary, pathetic life. In fact, when you speak to them, those other people aren't really listening at all, but instead simply planning what they're going to say once you finally shut the hell up. Talk about pop culture, and pop culture only, if you want your peers to hate you the least. And if you're one of those people who asks questions in lecture every day, just be aware there's a special circle of hell for you people, just below unbaptized infants.

Secondly, give up those antiquated illusions about "true love," or "soul mates," or even "legally recognized domestic partners." When you get involved with someone romantically, there are but two pos-

sible results: a) marriage, and, b) an emotionally scarring breakup resulting in tears, heartbreak, and possibly a restraining order. For 95% of the people you meet, it ain't gonna be a). So, dating boils down to a waiting game, slowly and secretly building up resentment and annoyances over the other's idiosyncracies until the inevitable, pitiful breakup.

Finally, let go of the idea that simply by attending Berkeley, you are somehow set apart from the other faceless masses of Cliff's notes-using, latte-sipping college students in the nation. Not only have we dropped to a generous 20th in the nation among universities, but we've also grown so large that Berkeley can support three mediocre pizza establishments on one block of Telegraph, as well as seven different antique shops on the corner of Shattuck and Adeline. However well you did on the SATs, it's difficult to feel too much pride, or even dignity, while living in a converted study lounge with two other students. If you can even catch a glimpse of your professor's face during lecture, consider it a good day and yourself fairly privileged. Unless you're one of the seven or eight New Zealand expatriates that care about rugby, our intercollegiate sports won't be much consolation either. Nothing says "Cal pride" like a seventh consecutive Big Game defeat...

So, you might ask, how does the Squelch fit in to this gloomy picture? We don't have any illusions about getting famous, or getting laid, or even getting ourselves to class most Monday mornings. All we try to do is provide, through laughter, a fleeting moment of escape from the permanent midnight of existence, where one can half-forget the futility of life and our impending, inevitable deaths. And, of course, the finest examples of pornographic top ten lists the western world has ever known.

Meet someone special.  
Eat some donuts.

Squelch Meetings  
Tuesdays, 7pm  
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# the Young Punks

A frightening portrait of our teen-age jungle  
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# newsflashes

## Homeless Man Conducts Unintentional Hunger Strike

by Patrick Trombley, Perma-Goater

A local homeless man has entered the third day of a hunger strike of undetermined duration. "I will not eat anything at all until I can buy or possibly find some food," announced street resident Lester Carson to the self-assembled press of a shopping cart, his old shoe, and a three-legged cat. "It says a lot to put your well-being on the line for a worthy cause," he continued, "But I have no cause. I'm just really, really hungry!" Carson has compiled a list of demands, one of which is "a goddamned sandwich."

## Yoplait Flavor Riot Rocks Grocery Store

by Luke Filose, Food Anal-yt

Shoppers witnessed a dairy disaster at a local Safeway yesterday when the Yoplait section got out of control. "Several Mixed Berries ventured into the Custard zone and a riot broke out," detective Nick Lombardi said. Among the reported injuries were 25 dented containers and several torn lids. Children pinched their noses in disgust, and parents floundered, unable to ascertain which varieties were on sale.

This incident comes at a bad time, according to leaders in the Yoplait community. Such factors as "The Non-Fat Debacle" and poor flavor differentiation have spurred a plunge in Yoplait morale. "What's the difference between me and a Tropical Peach?" an anonymous Harvest Peach asked. "It's not clear to anyone that our peaches come from different parts of the world or are accompanied by different ingredients."

Another element is the recent coupon-on-the-underside-of-the-lid

campaign, which is considered one of the worst marketing blunders of all time. An irate Boysenberry offered an explanation that was received with grunts of approval across the flavor spectrum. "Maybe it's somehow related to the fact that shoppers rarely save a coupon that they must lick free of bacteria-infested dairy products."

Sales are flat, the Boysenberry reported despondently. "Pardon my French, but Dannon is eating our fucking breakfast."

## Metallica Goes Full Force

by Boback Ziaean, Rhino Lover

Metallica showed up at Live 105 headquarters today to drop off four truck loads of the names and license plate numbers of local Bay Area commuters caught listening to their songs over the radio.

"Apparently kids today own these little black boxes called 'radios' that receive free transmissions through the air that can then emit music wherever they are. This technology is much more destructive to the music industry than the Napster menace which we are currently wasting our time fighting," ranted Metallica drummer Lars Ulrich.

The lawyer for the group, William Jameson, said "The radio technology utilizes electromagnetic waves that can travel through the air without being seen. The visible light spectrum, to which our eyes are sensitive, is between 400-700 nm. Radio waves are around 1m, making them undetectable to the naked eye. This exploitation of Metallica's music must stop."

This "radio" technology is much more sophisticated and does not require telephone wires, modems, Internet providers, or proprietary software like Napster or Winamp to run. Unsure what they can do to

protect their "art" Metallica has issued a "cease and desist" order to Live 105.

## Student Inadvertently Sculpts, Eats Eight Inch Penis

by Zack Fornaca, Creamster

Soft serve aficionado and casual homophobe Dave Fulsom proved quite the fool last Wednesday at the Unit 2 DC, where the freshman took advantage of the soft serve machine to unintentionally fashion himself what by all reports appeared to be an eight inch vanilla penis.

According to friend Jeremy Clark, the confectionary organ towered far and above any soft serve cone that Fulsom had previously prepared for consumption.

"Dude, okay, so he's getting up to about maybe four inches – that's about his usual – and I think, 'well, better grab one of those fucking stale cones for my turn, because he's almost done,'" Clark said, almost halfway through the longest goddamn sentence of his life, "...but then he just keeps going and going, and it just keeps getting thicker, and longer, and he just kept packing it in tighter and tighter, until Dave's got like this eight inch donkey boner in front of his face and he's smiling like he's, I dunno, real hungry for cock."

Once Fulsom realized exactly what in the name of All that is Holy and True he was engaged in, he instinctively spewed forth a milky white smokescreen and bolted for the door, phallus in hand.

Upon being questioned by reporters as to whether he found it enjoyable to have the sweet, creamy white fluid flood his mouth and dribble down his chin, Fulsom ordered all present to go fuck themselves.

"You're all a bunch of faggots!" Fulsom added.

# newsflashes

## Eric Roberts Zinged by Grandpa

by Matt Holohan, *Large But No Longer in Charge*

At a recent family reunion, B-movie superstar Eric Roberts really got the business. The commotion allegedly began after the roll basket was passed around. Eric eagerly yet thoughtlessly grabbed a roll after being offered one by an unidentified relative. As he began spreading butter on it, witness claim that Eric's grandfather, Garth Roberts, loudly exclaimed, "Yeah, you'll never see Eric Roberts turn down a roll!"

There was a moment of silence as members and in-laws of the Roberts clan slowly realized that their clever patriarch had employed a word play by exploiting the homonyms "roll" and "role," thus providing a "rye" commentary on Eric's prolific and horrible acting career. A good laugh was had by all, even young Eric.

Roberts' current project is "Cyborg Massacre," which will premiere on TNT this fall.

## Daily Californian Lets Loose

by Micah Nash, *Forty9erW@aol.com*

The Daily Californian took a shit on sophomore Davey Tenitt yesterday afternoon around 4:30. Though the paper has been metaphorically crapping on students for many years this abrupt shift to literal defecation left bystanders stunned. The victim was unable to comment except for, "Oh, pooey."

According to witnesses, as an unsuspecting Tenitt picked up the paper and began reading Ryan Sim's worthless column on eco-shame, the Daily Cal droppped its kilt, awkwardly squatted, and laid a steaming dump onto Tenitt's apparently new No Fear™ t-shirt. The power from the blast of fe-

ces reportedly knocked him backwards about 6 feet where he fell over a bench and ended up, according to witnesses, "on his ass in a giant heap of shit."

When asked about her surprise bowel movement, Daily Cal responded, "I've been constipated for years, holding all this shit inside me day after day after day. Eventually, it had to come out." The ass-marinated T-shirt commented, "If yer not living on the edge 2 tha' extreme, then go home and snuggle with mommy."

## Streetspace Kiosks

### Usher in Future

by Kenny Byerly, *Linc to the Past*

As the rest of the country lags behind with such antiquated forms of communications technology as semaphore and non-digital cellular phones, the city of Berkeley is now officially "in the Future" This exciting leap forward comes thanks to the high-tech silver Street Linc kiosks that offer free, highly limited, nearly useless Internet access from various businesses throughout the city.

Streetspace founder Tom Mathai said that he was inspired to create

Streetspace due to the glaring lack of Futuristic advancements from other industries. "Not only has Detroit let us down on its promised flying cars, the toy industry has been slow to provide a viable hoverboard or a convincing holographic virtual reality experience," Mathai stated at a press conference last fall. "Furthermore, the military has delivered neither a mutant-producing nuclear apocalypse nor a sentient supercomputer with genocidal ambitions. The least we can do is provide curvy, silver public computer units that don't seem to do anything."

Berkeley residents have been enthusiastic about entering the Future, pointing out the unique spelling of Street Linc, which utilizes the letter "c" instead of the more conventional and old-fashioned "k." Others pointed out the high-tech cards they now carry in their wallets. "Check out this little exposed microchip thing," gushed Streetspace member Andy Fry. "It's like it's bursting with so much technology, they can't even keep it all in one dimension."

Asked to comment, a Street Linc kiosk stated, "Streetspace does not support a link to this site."

## Think Class Size.



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# newsflashes

## Alameda County Judges Upset

### BAMN Meeting

by Ben Birken, Gentle Giant

More than thirty Alameda County judicial officials stormed into a BAMN meeting last Tuesday, completely disrupting the proceedings. After being told that they would get their turn to speak, a cry arose from the crowd of judges, bailiffs, and court reporters: "Whose BAMN?? Our BAMN!! Whose BAMN?? Our BAMN!!!"

"They totally made a mockery of the meeting process," said a BAMN member, speaking under condition of anonymity. "It's like they don't have any respect for the system."

Oakland judge Harmon Wantanamo retorted, "We have to show them that we're not going to take their shit anymore. They're either part of the solution or part of the problem. I say problem."

After shouting repetitive, rhyming slogans, the officials were escorted out of the building, only to return minutes later. This time, after more shouting, sprinkled with obscenities, the officials ran around the meeting room and stole all of the refreshments. "I don't know what makes me madder," said BAMN-ite Ruben Oliva. "The fact that they disrupted the meeting so severely, or that they took my jelly doughnut."

A spokesman for Milton Bradley reported a dramatic plunge in sales of their popular game *Battleship* in the greater Moscow area. The sales decline, along with the arrival of the millenium edition of *Don't Break the Ice!*, threatens to torpedo Milton Bradley's position in the Russian market. "We're all feeling the pressure here," gasped marketing director Alexei Basovich. "Why the citizens of

Russia have become disenchanted with our exciting game of naval adventure is a mystery to me. Perhaps we have misunderstood the great depths of game-playing feeling among Muscovites."

Company officials hope to pull up sales figures when a new marketing team from Norway arrives. And not a moment too soon for these troubled Russians. "If we don't get some help soon, we're sunk," gargled Basovich.

## NFL Team Responds to

### "Heap Big Criticism"

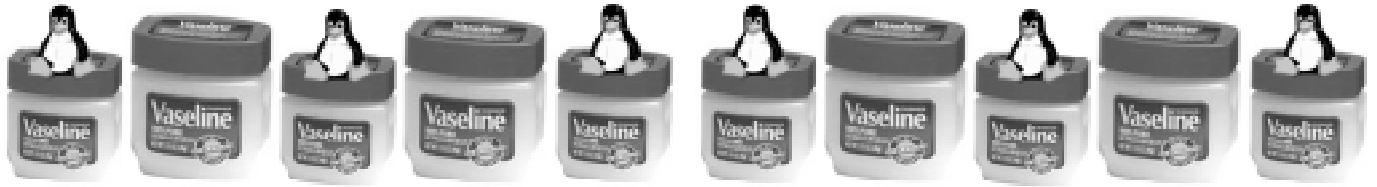
by Ben Birken, Third String Cornerback

Bowing to criticism from Native American advocates, the NFL's Kansas City Chiefs have announced that they will be changing their name. "For too long we have shamelessly exploited the Native American and his tradition," said team

spokesman Martin London, "and for that we're really, really sorry." At a special press conference earlier this week, the team unveiled their new moniker: the Kansas City Dirty Rotten Jew Bastards. The change also includes the name of the stadium; previously known as Arrowhead Stadium, Kansas City will be playing next year's home games in Bath Shalom Stadium.

"We're very excited about our new identity," said coach Gunther Cunningham. "Kansas City has a long history of being jew territory, since that hebe Moses." Quarterback Elvis Grbac reacted favorably "I'm proud to be a Jew Bastard, and a Dirty one at that." In a related story, the National High School Athletic Commission has declared that, to avoid controversy stemming from racist school mascots, all high school teams will now be called the Wildcats. The move is expected to only affect four schools nationwide.





here's what really makes soda hall fizz

# BOYS OF THE E.E.C.S.

In our first college portfolio of the millenium, behold the Boys of the E.E.C.S. The editors of the Squelch got a rare opportunity to see these computer studs hang loose. When they're not reconfiguring solar panels, they're steaming up our monitors. Snap up these hot pix before some high-powered Silicon Valley startup does ... although these boys swear that's the only silicon you'll ever find them involved with.



**Broback Dami**  
**OPERATING SYSTEMS**



**Benny "Safety First" Kyerly, Chen "Liu" Chou,**  
**Barry "Big Ben" Brooks — COMPILERS**

A late-night cram session increases in entropy when brawny Barry Brooks (far right) shows off the kind of swing that made him a high school All-American in table tennis. Benny Kyerly (left) is a high-powered webmaster but here he increases his "hits" in a different way. And, like us, Chen "Liu" Chou (center) can't keep his eyes off the hot downy action. Hey Liu, if you can't stand the enthalpy, get out of the bedroom!

Grade skipper Broback Dami (left) is just 12, but he's got sex appeal that 20 year olds only dream about. While not coding in Soda Hall, he spends his time at Nickelodeon.com catching up on The Secret World of Alex Mack. "My mouse may be small but that makes it more maneuverable," he says, "but I really just want to go home. Please let me go."

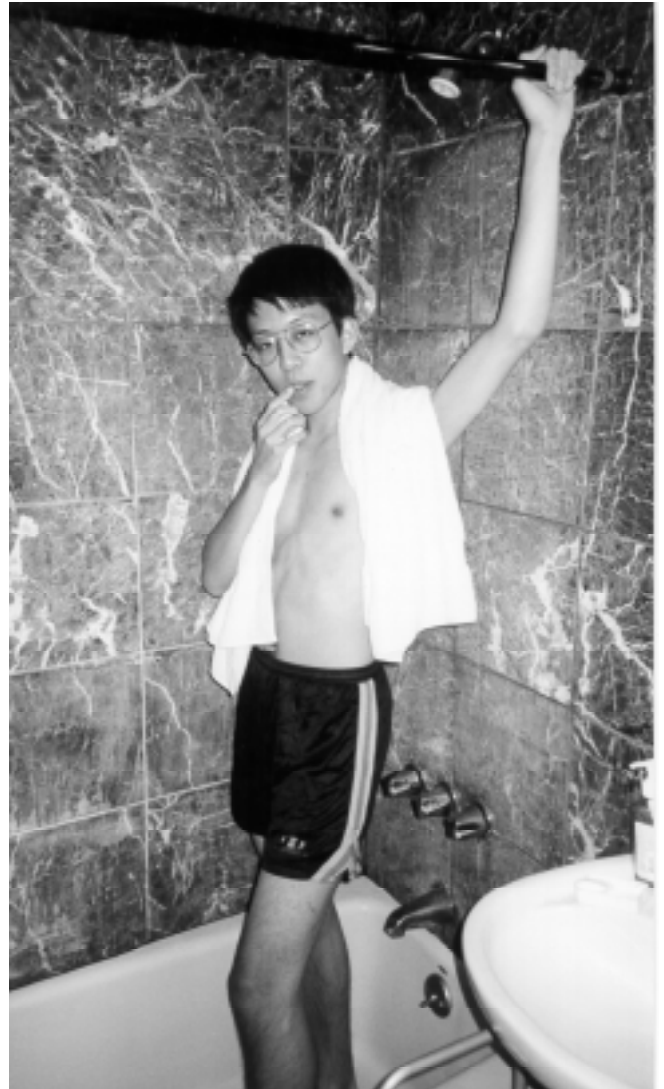


**peach\_fuzz69 —  
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE**



**Barry Brooks  
SOFTWARE ENGINEERING**

peach\_fuzz69@sqelched.com (left) makes us remember what a laptop is all about. He types 80 steamy words per minute in this optimal ergonomic arch. Just seeing him startup and shutdown makes us shiver from head to toe.



**Chen Liu Chou —  
ADVANCED ROBOTICS**

Hangin' Tough: Chen Liu Chou (above) says, "My mother is the only woman who has ever seen my penis." It's okay, Chen Liu, You can log on to love and scroll your way into our hearts anytime you like. Barry Brooks (left) always knows what time it is, and we'd be delighted to synchronize our watches with him. He's definitely going to be a programmer to "watch". What a Casio™nova! It would be swell if he crammed his "second hand" in our assholes up to his elbow.

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Benny Kyerly

BUST: 12 A+ WAIST: 28 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 98

BIRTH DATE: 01-29-80 BIRTHPLACE: Columbia, MD

AMBITIONS: get better pseudonym, remove my personal pictures from the web

TURN-ONS: boobies, rumble paks, phylum chordata, OOP-alingus

TURNOFFS: Windows 95, daylight, password protected porn sites, eye contact, scrotal hijackings

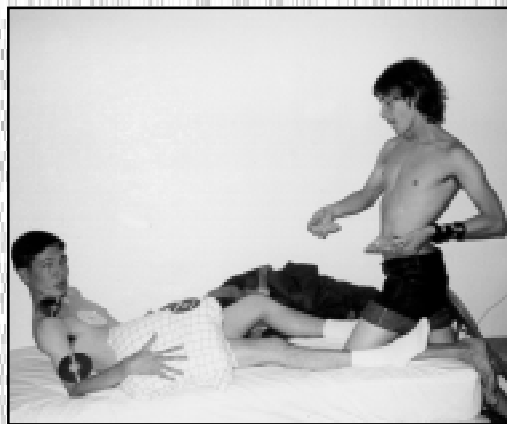
PERFECT DATE: camping at a lake, no pretense, leaving the makeup at home, just you, me, and my larger-than-life robot penis

WORDS TO LIVE BY: put your doodad on my lips

HARDEST PART ABOUT BEING A PLAYMATE: filling out this profile! But seriously, though, the waxing.



Algorithm camp  
1996



Up for another  
game of ring toss



Doodad, please!

by Boback Ziaieian

I still remember the first day I put a Salt & Vinegar chip in my mouth. It was ninth grade, and I stayed after school for our weekly Academic Decathlon study sessions. A prerequisite for these meetings was bringing snacks, and that week Sarah brought a blue bag of Lays with the simple words Salt & Vinegar elegantly centered on the bag with a 102-point Lucida Handwriting font. Coming from an extremely protective household, chips with toppings were considered a gateway to more dangerous additives.

Once the other decathletes heard that I had never tasted a Salt & Vinegar chip they reacted with shock. "Oh my God! You've never tried it. It's so good!"

"I don't know...I don't really like salt or vinegar that much. I don't think I should try it."

"Boback, you have to. Just try it. Someone pass him the bowl. I'm warning you though, not everyone truly appreciates it their first time."

The time was 4:19 PM, and there I was with both hands wrapped around a big phat glass bowl of Salt & Vinegar chips. Its pungent odor fumed into my sinuses, beckoning me to try just one. Everyone was watching - I couldn't back down. So I did it. I placed that first chip on my lips and inhaled deeply. There was a split second of immediate shock as the salt and vinegar mingled on each and every taste bud on my tongue. I started coughing, gasping for fresh air; everyone of course giggled at me, the novice chip-eater. As I swal-

lowed, the chip radiated warmth throughout my body. I'm pretty sure I even felt a tingle down my spine. I collapsed into the couch and for the next 40 minutes everything in the world seemed to make complete sense. Of course, after the first chip I had to have another, then another,

and soon the initial thrill along with two-thirds the bowl slowly deteriorated. It's strange though; after I ate all those chips I had an overwhelming urge to smoke weed.

Through the rest of high school, I became addicted to Salt and Vinegar chips. Although it is not medically proven that salt and vinegar chip abuse results in physiological dependence, my chip use interfered with my social life. My friends tried to avoid me; they couldn't stand the site of me turning countless potato chip bags inside out and eating every last morsel. In hopes of producing the perfect chip, I invested my entire savings in salt and vinegar, and started growing spuds in my basement. My parents became increasingly worried and even took me to a doctor, the urine samples turned up positive for excessive sodium and acetic acid. They ended up searching my room and found all the chip dishes I made in ceramics. I tried to explain that "I just like the look of finely sculpted pottery" but they didn't buy it.

Since my first experience, I have never been able to recreate that initial, if you will, "high." My friends sympathized with my predicament and took me for a trip up to Humboldt to try and get the magic back. We got some Sea Salt and Malt Vinegar Kettle Chips. I was optimistic; they had the perfect smell, they had the look. So we took a couple rips from the tater-load. It was better than the Lays I had that morning but something

was still missing. Don't get me wrong. I still love my chips, but nothing will compare to my first day with Salty V.



# Dozen Doesn't Do It

by Matt Holohan

Every day, millions of donut shops, flower boutiques and other purveyors of goods sold in multiples of twelve are plagued with a crippling linguistic inefficiency, tacking on countless wasted seconds to daily transactions. This squandering of time and energy is rooted in America's misguided use of the word "dozen" in place of "twelve." Not only does this foolhardy verbal foible decrease the productivity of our commercial free enterprise system, but this very same problem is slowly but surely turning Americans into Japanese.

The Donut Shop will serve as a suitable microcosm for an illustration of the Dozen Problem in all its sinister glory. When a person asks for "a dozen donuts" instead of "twelve donuts," he adds two useless syllables to his request. Even worse, when the order is "half a dozen donuts," three whole superfluous syllables appear when compared to the more desirable "six donuts." "A dozen and a half" further exacerbates the problem, adding four extra syllables to "eighteen donuts." And so on. If people would just use plain numbers instead of these ridiculous verbal acrobatics, donut shops would get through a bloody great deal more customers, make more money, and increase the gross national product by a considerable amount.

What does all this have to do with the Japanese? To answer this, let's deconstruct the word "dozen." "Dozen" is actually "Do Zen," as in Zen Buddhism, a barbarian religion of the infidel Japanese. Thus every time unsuspecting Americans spout the word "dozen" at each other, they are subliminally prostelytizing against the true reli-

gion of the One God Jesus Christ by telling people to "Do Zen." Blasphemy! This subconsciously implanted desire to be Japanese is reinforced by the very products to which the word "dozen" is attached: the unavoidably toroidal donuts serve as everpresent reminders of our tragically round eyes.

Still not convinced? Answer me this. Christianity, the White Man's religion, offers several opportunities for the word "dozen" to infiltrate it, and yet the word never has. When has anyone spoken of the "Dozen Apostles," the "Dozen Days of Christmas," the "Half a Dozen Days it took God to create the Earth," or the "Half a Dozen Plus One Deadly Sins"? Never! Our God has remained vigilant against the sinister implications of "dozen," and with good reason. Consider this: if we take the most conspicuous letter in the word "dozen," that being the letter z, and divide its numerical equivalent, that being 26, in half, we get 13. Replacing z with the 13th letter, that being m, we get "domen," which is an obvious anagram of "demon," as in the satanic agents of evil and the Yellow Demons who are dedicated to subverting our Americanness with their damn fool religion and shoddy animation.

Now that I'm sure to have convinced you all, I'll offer you a solution to the Dozen Problem that doesn't involve nuclear bombs. Instead of saying "dozen," simply say "twelve." And instead of saying "dozens," say "scores." "Score" is of the same order of magnitude as "dozen," and it's also used in the Bible. Be not Japanese, my pink-skinned round-eyed brothers, and I think we can do without the Hindu as well.



## Top Ten Boringest Things in the World

10. Empty Cargo Pockets
9. Royal Canadian Mounted Police
8. Any Simpsons episode revolving around Lisa
7. Barley
6. Twins
5. Roller Coaster if you're dead
4. Watching Alex Trebek eat dinner on the "Secret Alex Trebek Spy-Cam" website
3. Subtitles on foreign porno
2. Blowjob after sex
1. Barley after blowjob

## Top Five Proposed Titles for Lou Bega's Autobiography

5. Mambo Jumbo
4. It's Mambo, Motherfucker
3. The Hard, Bumpy Ride on the Coattails of the Swing Revival
2. I Bega You, Please, Buya My Next Album
1. I am a Horrible Human Being

## Top Five Rejected Alternative Names for Radiohead

5. Oven Butt
4. Toaster Cock
3. Blender Fist
2. Stereo Face
1. Radio Head and Shoulders Knees and Toes, Knees and Toes

## Top Ten Ways Not to Answer the Question "Have Your Bags Been Left Unattended at any Time Since Entering the Airport?"

10. "Yeah, but the triggering mechanism is so sensitive, I'd know if someone touched it."
9. "No, that nice Iraqi fellow offered to keep an eye on them for me."
8. "Are you kidding!? With all the plutonium I've got in there?"
7. "Don't be silly. You can't leave them alone at that age, or they'll poop all over everything."
6. "What are you saying, that I'm a bad parent?"
5. "This is because I'm black, isn't it?" (and you're not even black)
4. "I'm not smuggling any sex slaves, if that's what you mean."
3. "You're just an unathletic Filipino working for minimum wage - what are you gonna do about it?"
2. "Have yours, motherfucker?"
1. "I'm sorry, could you say that again? It's very difficult to concentrate while I'm busy not watching my bags."

# An Exploration of the Proper Relations Between Men and Women

By Fred Lee

Don't get me wrong, I am a fairly liberal guy. I believe that men and women are full social, political, intellectual and artistic equals. Furthermore, as a result of the previous liberal and virtuous propositions, men and women should go to the same schools and work in similar cubicle space/networking environments. Seeing this, it is discernible that men and women are equals, and so on. And the great cycle of truth continues, more steadfast and objective than geometry.

In fact, I'm so open minded I would even *live* with a woman, or perhaps even *sleep in the same bed* with one, or even, someday, *marry* one. I am not ashamed to say that I would be proud to marry a woman, with whom the gender of my child is irrelevant.

But I digress in my defense of diversity. Many women are witches, let us first admit to that. Some live in woods, others in cities. Their feet have no toes, they have no hair and must wear wigs, digging sores into their scalps and putting them in bad moods: and because of this, they enjoy scaring and eating little children. Case in point: Hansel and Gretel were first scared, then eaten by witches. OK, not eaten *per se*, but without the aid of a kindhearted woodcutter, they would have been. These witches happened to be women. Not all women are witches, I'm not one to stereotype, simply most of them. I'd say a good 40-50%.

A friend of mine was once turned into a mouse by witches. Well, first they flattered him with all varieties of absurd witch talk, which sound reasonable to someone only under a witch's spell: "No, I don't have a boyfriend," or "I just want a guy who can make me laugh."

My friend believed this all, captivated by the Siren's song and stayed many hours in their company. Soon he was a mouse, surrounded by mousetraps loaded with guacamole and melted cheese on Triscuts.

As this example shows, witches will always betray man, no matter what the circumstances. They will say things like, "Hello," and "Nice to meet you" at a party, leading you to believe they might be willing to make-out with you, when this is precisely the farthest thing from the truth. Later, these same witches will laugh at you behind your back with their insufferable pagan-kind by calling you weird and unattractive. This cruelty done

unto men is insufferable, and is most probably the work of female witch-magic.

Some men are under the impression that all witches are either virgins or whores. These men are obviously under a witch spell of some sort, oblivious to the true nature of witches: the true source frustration amongst the male species, the frustration that puts him at war with all his fellow men. Why does a man get up in the morning? Comb his hair and wash his underarms? Why does a man write, read Camus, or pretend to like jazz music? Yet the struggle is vainglorious. For to enter into equal covenant with a witch, in any matter of speaking, is to rival to the likes of the mighty Zeus, or brutish Hercules, or any other manner of Greek God.

I was at a party last night and I invested a good forty-five minutes in conversation with a rather attractive girl. I pulled out all the stops, trying to steer the conversation towards any subject that might portray me in a favorable light without overtly having to brag, which is unmanly and pathetic. I thought all was well and we were observing proper male-female relations. But as I was walking her back to her place, she turned into a fox and ran into the forest. Cursed witches.



# COMIC ADAPTATION BAFFLES MOVIEGOERS

## BY ALLEN HAIM

Controversy continues to surround a smash summer movie based on a popular comic strip. Viewers and critics alike contend that the film presupposes an intimate knowledge of the comic strip, and those that have never previously seen the comic strip cannot follow the movie's plot or its themes.

The movie in question is the blockbuster hit, *Sally Forth*.

"What, she's like a housewife or something?" one moviegoer remarked. "And why is she always in bed with that one dude, saying sarcastic stuff? Are they like, you know, married or something?"

Another viewer remarked, "Don't get me wrong - I liked the movie. Like when the door opened and the girl walked in. Is that Sally's daughter? Anyway, that was like real suspenseful and all, but then Sally cut the suspense by making her a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I guess I know what the director was trying to say."

The film is a notable departure from the summer norm due to its total lack of special effects or interesting plot lines. Nevertheless, most hard core *Sally* fans report satisfaction with the filmmakers' efforts.

"Sally fucking rocks!" one teenager remarked. "She hasn't lost it at all. Like when Sally is tired, and goes, 'I wish I didn't have to take Hillary to soccer practice today.' Then Ted goes, 'Maybe if you wish real hard it'll go away.' And I'm thinking, 'Whoa! Like, that's one point for Ted, he finally got Sally.' But then she says, 'No, that only works when you don't want to do the dishes.'" The whole theater was fucking cheering. I knew I shouldn't have lost faith in Sally."

Not all of the strip's aficionados are similarly pleased. Jessica Baird, editor of *Smirking*, a *Sally Forth* fanzine, wrote,

"Not only was Hillary's ineptitude on the softball field TOTALLY out of character, (and continuity, as the issue was dealt with and resolved in strips #1031-1035 in the week of May 10, 1994) Ted's reaction was nothing like it would have been in the comic strip. Worse yet, Sally's bantering with her bespectacled co-worker was given short shrift, although it's the basis of the female bonding and working-woman spirit that lies at the CORE of the strip. I might have expected this kind of effort from the creators of *Cathy* but to see Sally depicted like this is a real letdown."

The controversy over *Sally Forth* is perhaps an omen of troubled times to come for comic strip movies. Despite having wrapped production nearly six months

ago, the long-awaited adaptation of *For Better or For Worse* has had its release postponed indefinitely. A studio source, speaking under condition of anonymity, confided, "Test audiences complained that, af-

ter a promising start, *FBOFW* declines into a sentimental, unfunny mess." Problems have also plagued the set of the as-yet-untitled *Family Circus* project. Costly special effects used to animate popular characters Not Me and Ida Know have pushed the budget well over the \$100 million mark. These cost overruns, along with clashes with the studio over script changes have led to original director Bil Keane's withdrawal from the project. He has been replaced by his son, Billy.

Whatever the end result is for *Sally Forth* and comic strip movies in general, the passionate feelings on all sides have led some city officials to threaten a shut-down of the controversial film. Many hope that the government does not repeat the mistakes of the Chicago police in last summer's *Marmaduke* fiasco.



### Top Ten Other Reasons To Pour Some Sugar On Me

10. I am made of normal water, and aspire to become delicious sugar water
9. I just happen to be inside the gas tank of a car of someone you hate
8. You can't pour Sweet and Low "in the name of love"
7. Instead of C&H you accidentally purchased the coarsely granulated, frankly inferior sugar of Central Mexico, and you have to do *something* with it
6. My given name is Ray Leonard
5. I am diabetic (and you are evil)
4. It isn't really "sugar", it's cocaine... and you aren't "pouring" it "on me", you're siphoning it into my nostril
3. Molasses isn't of the maximum radicalness
2. Because I'm D.C. food and I taste like fucking shit
1. It dulls the pain of cutting off your own arm

### Top Ten Pornographic Summer Movies

10. What Lies Beneath My Foreskin
9. Bring It On the Small of My Back and Lick It Off
8. Glad-He-Ate-Her
7. Looser
6. Done in 60 Seconds
5. The Perfect Storm of Cum When I Come in You, Baby, and My Cum Makes Forty-Foot Waves of Cum
4. Rocky and Bullwinkle's Adventures In Japanese Anime
3. Small Time Cocks
2. Titan Double D
1. Coyote Ugly But I Still Want to Have Sex With It

### Top Ten Reasons Your Penis Hangs to the Left

10. Your girlfriend's vagina hangs right
9. Lunar gravitational pull
8. Larger and more domineering right testicle
7. Signals preference for counter-clockwise circle jerk
6. Sympathy for lumpen proletariat
5. The right-hand rule
4. It's signaling to change lanes
3. Your tendency to use it has a kick stand while lying down
2. Futile attempt to point out your shoe lace is untied
1. They can't *both* hang right



**TODD**  
*From Blockbuster*

Stunning critics, Todd from Blockbuster has emerged once again, shirking the sophomore jinx that plagued many of his contemporaries. Where Tim

from Reel and Alex from Tower faltered, Todd from Blockbuster has flourished.

Todd from Urban Outfitters was a solid, eclectic effort that blended the best of a gently sarcastic acquaintance with a genuinely concerned friend. Many critics believed that after such quick success so early on with his honest, direct persona, TFUO would be unable to live up to the hype with subsequent efforts. But he has, reinventing himself this August in ways few could have imagined.

Todd from Blockbuster is perfect for the summertime. He's just the thing you want to pop into your car for a long drive along the coast. You'll be stunned by TFB's ability to make what would otherwise be a painful discussion about your erectile dysfunction feel as effortless as using the after hours drop box. At first you'll be struck by the simple elegance of Todd's "The time my mom zippered my penis in my pajamas." It will get stuck in your head for days at a time. Repeated listens of *Blockbuster* will reward as Todd emerges as a coherent whole. His newly elongated gait and soft step are pleasing viewed alone, but even more rewarding when seen in the context of his slightly excessive yet enchanting self-confidence.

Although as a whole TFB is a solid release, it is not without its faults. Todd from Blockbuster has not yet managed to correct his inability to gesticulate without bringing unnecessary notice to himself. It was apparent in *Urban Outfitters* and still seems to be an obstacle for Todd from Blockbuster to overcome. He may not have a fancy cover, but he'll undoubtedly rack up "late fees" with whoever decides to "check him out."



**four giraffes**



**JARED STILES**  
*jared stiles*

Oh his solo debut, Jared Stiles - formerly a member of Altera Pines High School Model United Nations - teams up with legendary TA David Smyth to blaze a trail into the UC

Berkeley Department of Chemical Engineering.

I was relatively disappointed in Stiles' work with APHSMUN, so I wasn't particularly looking forward to his solo work. When I first encountered Jared 2000, Smyth was answering a question about spectroscopy. Mid sentence, Jared appeared. He interrupted, "When I was in high school we did a chemistry experiment with magnetic resonance imaging. Most high school students wouldn't have exposure to that, but, you see, I went to a technical magnet school. It really gave me a solid base in the sciences. The stuff we've been learning this year is interesting and all, but it really is just a review for me." He wasn't talking to impress Smyth; he had already used office hours for that. He was talking to the students. Jared is smart,

so smart he assuredly ruins the curve for the rest of us. But that's not enough. He wants everyone to know that it looks so easy for him, because it really is.

The influence of David Smyth, a perfectionist who takes painstaking attention to detail,

shines through on Jared 2000. Smyth knows the value of being prepared for his discussion sections and he's passed it on to JS. While a member of Altera Pines' Model UN, Stiles asked great questions. He's asking the same pertinent questions on his solo work. The problem is, he's asking questions he already knows the answers to, because, under Smyth's guidance, he's read the text ahead of time.

Stiles is so overly concerned with other people validating his intelligence that he has forgotten the difficult lesson he learned with APHS Model UN: "True smart comes from the heart."



**two giraffes**



**JOHN CURTIS**  
*From Wall Berlin*

When I was 15, I remember feeling mild anticipation at M&M's plans to introduce new "Crispy M&M's". After all, I already enjoyed the cornucopia of M&M varieties available. With it's already established, I expected nothing

but the finest from M&M's crispy incarnation. Alas, Crispy M&M's were rather bland with a lingering stale aftertaste, and I felt disappointed. A similar feeling accompanied my first meeting with Wall Berlin parton and art history major John Curtis. Like M&M Mars, the social pedigree of his clique of black-clad indie rock aficionados is without question.

Unfortunately, Curtis lacks much of the wit and panache that were such an integral part of the success of Aaron Shapley and Nathan Collins. In fact, many of Curtis' mannerisms and catchphrases, including "Now you're being sagacious," seem to have been lifted from his more successful clique-mates. And though his goatee is well manicured and his Converse All-Stars artfully battered, Curtis' overall appearance simply does not meet the standard set by his Wall Berlin predecessors.

Casual fans of the indie scener may find Curtis agreeable, if slightly derivative. Most, however, would do well to turn their attentions elsewhere, perhaps to such must-have classics as Cafe Milano or Moffit Undergraduate Library.



**one and girhalf**

# Dream a Little Dream of Humanities

by Brian Sinclair

I've never told anyone this before, but I can't keep it bottled up any longer. Sometimes, while sitting in my higher math class taking careful notes on the insane ramblings of the wild crazy bearded man at the front of the class, I close my eyes and escape into a world of fantasy. That's right, I indulge in a perfect fantasy, full of sex, leisure, and a 3-1 ratio of women to men. In my fantasy, I am a Humanities major...

Every day, I get up at noon, grab a pair of sandals, and trot to Wheeler for another great day of humanities discussion. I don't bring a notebook, or a pen, or even a watch – I'm not learning anything anyway! Though I arrive twenty minutes late, I'm still the first one there. Everyone else in my class is an attractive female, most with full heads of hair. After extinguishing all our cigarettes, we sit in a circle around Jessie, our sensitive, caring GSI with long eyelashes and three nose studs. We always start out by discussing the previous night's episode of *Buffy*, then gradually move on to a lively discussion about the phallic hegemony of doom. The women all fawn over me – they want me because I have passion, and by "passion" I mean "weed." I speak up whenever I want – no need to raise my hand, or wait to be called on. I have to because I'm being graded on participation instead of actual knowledge. Every "discussion" follows this familiar, comforting pattern:

Jessie: "Okay class, it's time we talk about something other than the tyranny of Eurocentric thinking. I was wondering if anyone could tell me [Question about mutually unread text]?"

Anti-social girl with dyed-black hair: "[Inflammatory comment with conspicuous reference to Freud]"

Liberated Asian girl with henna tattoo: "[Rebuttal, lifted directly from *Feminine Mystique*]."

Me: "[Incredibly witty comment, tying together both *Finnegan's Wake* and Aristotle's definition of the tragic hero]." (Uproarious laughter from classmates)

Short-haired bi-curious girl in Pixies t-shirt: "I am impressed by your intellect and ability to breathe. Let's have sex."



Anti-social girl: "If you want a real woman, call me."

Liberated Asian girl: "No, me!"

Jessie: "Since we only have five minutes left, maybe we should perhaps discuss the text again. That is, if you guys don't mind."

Me: "Well, I had this interpretation: [Overblown allegory relating the main character to Christ]."

Jessie: "Again, you've hit the nail on the head. And speaking of head, you got some last night because you're a humanities major who wears black turtle-necks, right?"

And we all laugh and laugh because we can be open about sexuality in Wheeler, especially Wheeler Auditorium.

That's usually when the weight of the enormous math textbook on my thigh jars me awake. Then the BO of the engineer to my left hits me like Mike Tyson at the Miss Universe pageant and I snap back into reality. I really wish they didn't put my hand into a bowl of warm water every time I fall asleep...



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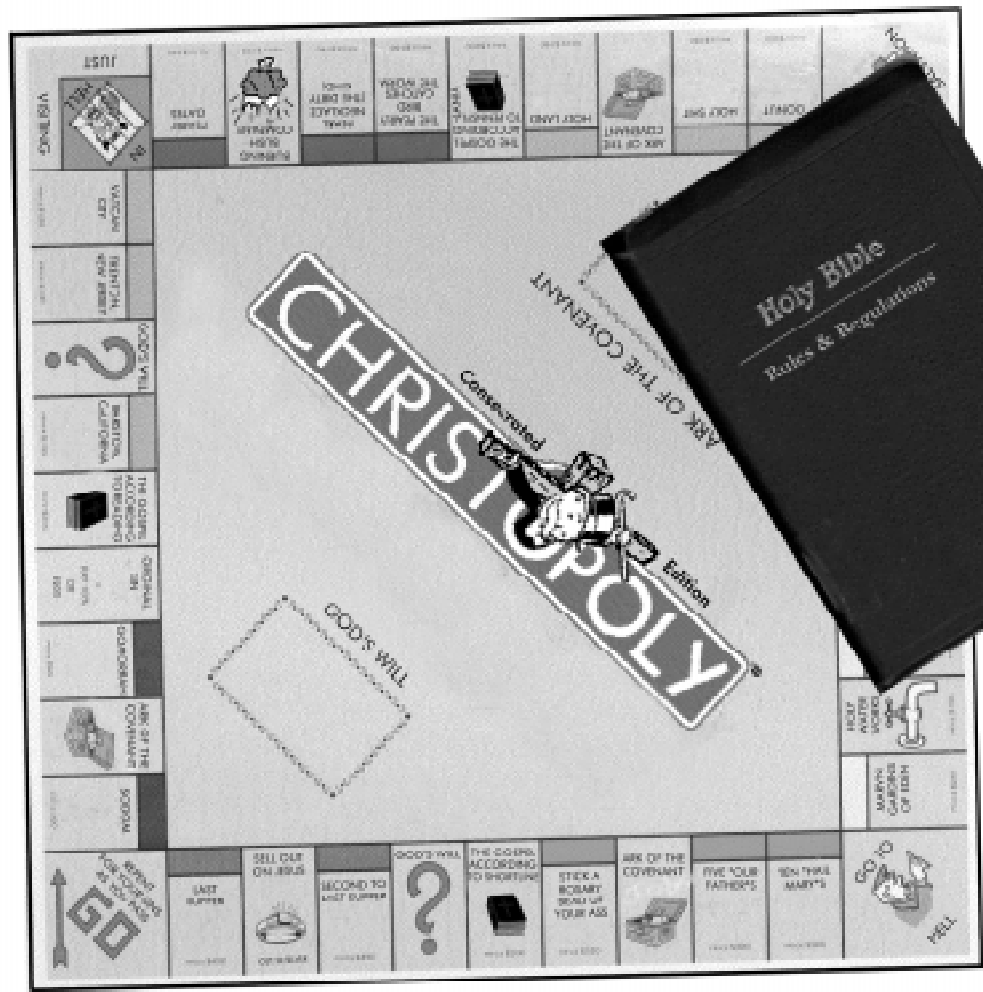
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