

HAPPY  
DAY!

GO FOR IT!



YEA!

HAPPY  
DAY!



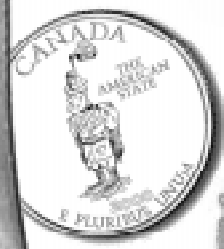
YEA!



10TH ANNIVERSARY  
"BEST OF" ISSUE  
**the heuristic**  
**SQUELCH**  
January 2001  
Volume 10 Issue 4



COOL

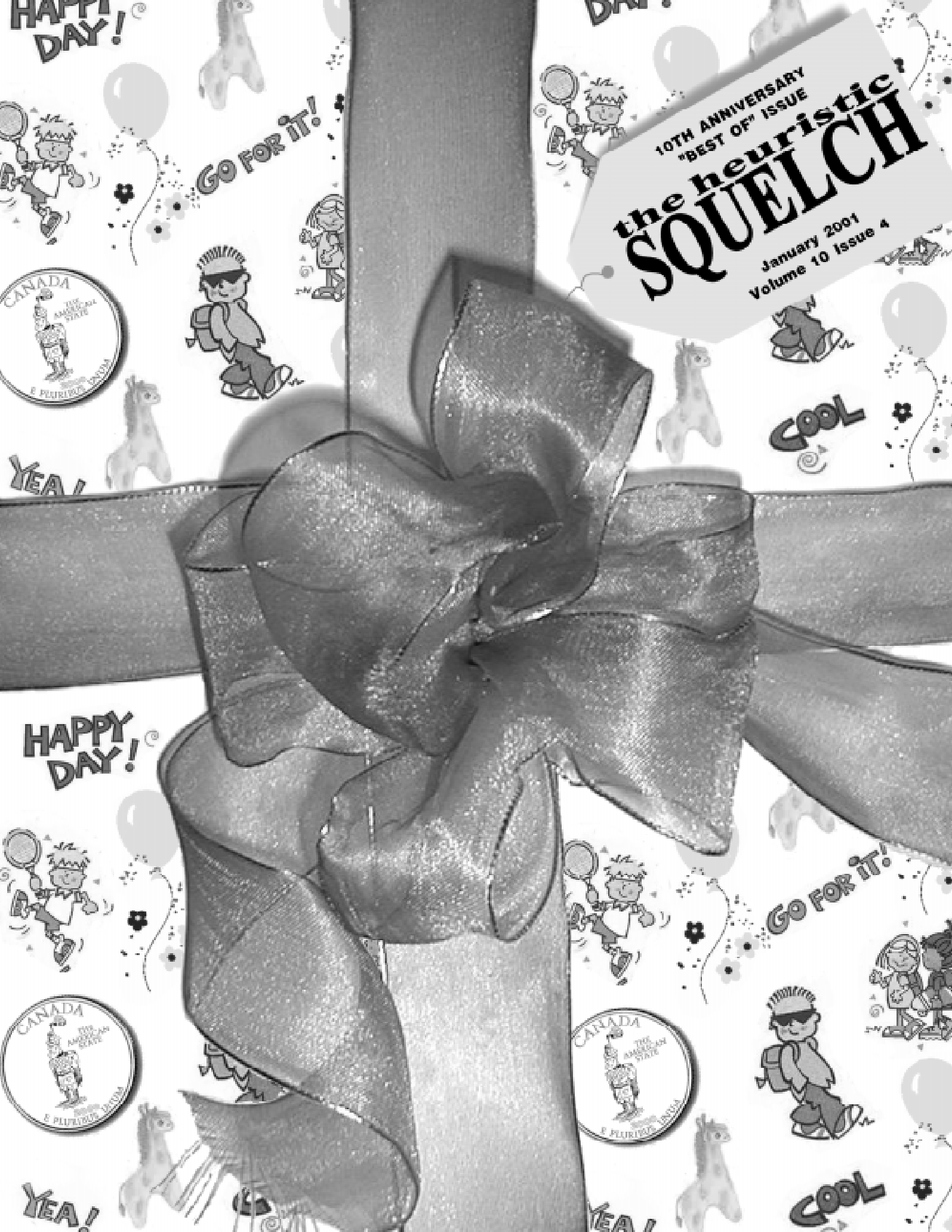


YEA!

GO FOR IT!



COOL



# the heuristic SQUELCH

*Our Favorite Things since 1991*

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You might think from the cover that this issue is our gift to you, the Berkeley campus. But you'd be wrong. This is a gift to ourselves, much like the time your sister bought you that Jewel CD she really wanted herself. Sure, there was a nice card, but it wasn't even a week before you heard "Who Will Save Your Soul?" coming from behind her closed bedroom door. There's no generosity involved, just a big, self-congratulating, masturbatory, wet kiss of our own reflection. Happy anniversary, *Heuristic Squelch*! You rock! Here's to ten more years of kickin' ass and taking names! UC Berkeley, eat a dick. Love us.

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## What's Mine Is Yours

by The Heuristic Squelch, November 1997

The U.S. government has refused to sign a treaty, already signed by over 100 other nations, banning the use of land mines. Top military officials have maintained that certain types of land mines are absolutely essential in times of war, namely, "the kind that blow stuff up and kill people." In related news, I got 29 seconds on Minesweeper.

## BAMN Exposes SAT Scam

by The Heuristic Squelch, November 1997

Last week it was announced that BAMN has filed a law suit against the College Board, the company that administers the SAT college entrance exam. BAMN alleges that the College Board deliberately used questions, which gave Asian-American students a comparative advantage on the spring 1997 test. As examples, BAMN listed in their court briefing:

Question 5 from the analytical section, 1996: "Suppose you are going to cook some vegetable curry. You have three potatoes, two carrots, and a cup of rice. How many bricks of curry sauce do you use?"

- A. Two
- B. One
- C. One and a half
- D. One and three-quarters
- E. I like curry

The College Board gave the correct answer as "D." However, those who answered "E" were given half credit.

Question 17 from the verbal section, 1997: "Yes or no: were you or either of your parents born in Asia?"

- A. Yes
- B. No

In this case, full credit was given for "A" while no credit was given for "B." This, the most controversial of questions, is explained as a "mistake" by the College Board, which claims the words "in Asia" were supposed to have been stricken from

the final version of the test. A third question which came under fire:

Question 14 from the verbal section, 1995: "Suppose you decide not to go to medical school or law school. Will your parents make threats on your life?"

- A. Yes
- B. No
- C. No, they would just disown me

In this question, full credit was given for "A," half credit was given for "C," and negative credit was given for "B."

BAMN claims that such questions give unfair advantages to Asian-American students who take the test. An initial hearing, which is scheduled for October 30, will decide whether or not the case will go to trial. Said Tom Pinko, attorney for BAMN, "Such questions display an obvious bias in favor of Asian-Americans. Down with our bourgeois pig oppressors!"

## Stylish Sloan Sasses out College Camous

by Heather Warm, December 1999

UC Berkeley students were totally sassed out by Chemical Engineering major Jenny Parker last Tuesday, when she sported a t-shirt bearing the slogan "If you don't want attitude, stop talking to me."

Students reported that Parker, formerly known as the introvert who broke curves in her classes, was "totally sassy." "That shirt proves that she has attitude," said passerby Sara Elliot. "I'll consider myself warned." The oversized Hanes Beefy-T reportedly was worn tucked into tapered jeans, with the sleeves rolled up. Parker had purchased it the day before at a local t-shirt store.

"I was on my way back to the dorms and I decided to stop by the T-shirt Orgy. I was just about to purchase that 'Hookt on fonix wurked fer me' shirt with the wacky spelling, but then I saw this one and it just spoke to me."

Peers took note of the attitude Parker was displaying. Classmate Tom Mills reports, "I wanted to ask Jenny what the O-Chem homework was, but when I

saw the warning on her shirt, I just got all intimidated and decided to e-mail my TA instead."

Parker sees other witty slogan tees in her future. Potential sassy slogans include "Slow Thinkers Keep Right" and "Talk To The Hand," with an accompanying drawing of an actual hand.

## Astronomers Prove Expansion

by Steve Wais, April 1998

Several members of the Berkeley Astronomy department released compelling evidence that Freshman Denise Watkins is expanding at an ever-increasing rate. "The latest red shift data clearly shows that Denise has exceeded what we like to call the 'Freshman 15' threshold," said Astronomer Professor Alexi Filippenko. "We expect this growth to continue indefinitely." This contradicts the theory of Watkins' roommate, who claims that Watkins is merely oscillating in size and will eventually contract back to her original state. When asked about the latest findings, Watkins broke down in tears and proceeded to devour an entire Sara Lee Poundcake™.

## Mourning Families Comforted

By Prvino Media

by Kamy Bvartly, April 2000

Families of the numerous victims killed in a recent horrible tragedy were relieved this week to find that the media would not be ignoring their plight. Rather, a series of close-up photos of crying relatives, as well as frequent taking of sound bites expounding on loss, ensured that the grief-stricken families will remain in the spotlight for as long as the tragedy remains newsworthy.

"It's so gratifying to be recognized," said Louise Gordon, whose husband was torn limb from limb and burned to death before his body was discovered by rescue workers 36 hours later. "I was afraid I might be forced to grieve in peace and solitude. Fortunately, I'll have photographers hound-



ing me nonstop, making sure to see me through this difficult time in my life."

Reporter Dave Hernandez shrugged off the praise, chalking it up to a journalist's duty. "These are stories that need to be told. The public should know how the victims' families responded to this tragedy. Now we know—they're saddened by it."

## City Council To Vote On Gay Benefits

*by Kenny Overly, May 1998*

Gay benefits could soon be offered to employees throughout Berkeley, if certain city council members have their way. A hotly debated new resolution put before the council last week could require all Berkeley employers to offer certain gay benefits.

Contrary to popular misconception, this measure would not offer any specific rights to homosexual couples, but would apply to all workers. The proposal mandates employer-provided spoiled egg nog year-round, as well as comprehensive medical coverage for any injury not requiring treatment.

"Dude, those benefits are hella gay," exclaimed Councilmember Kriss Worthington, upon hearing of the proposal.

"Totally," agreed Councilmember Polly Armstrong. "Those are, like, really gay benefits."

The council is expected to vote on the resolution on Tuesday.

## Southside Terrorized By Serial Pillager

*by The Heuristic Squelch, January 1998*

The Berkeley Police Department has announced that there is a serial pillager on the loose in the Southside area. Victims say the pillager "rides a horse," is "about 6'4", dirty, with a long, heavy sword and big boots," and resembles "a Viking." An officer said that the serial pillager has not been apprehended, and that students should immediately call 911 if they see any suspicious characters riding on horseback with sword in hand.

On Monday morning, the pillager

broke down the door of a house on the corner of Ellsworth and Dwight and then proceeded to ransack it. He smashed all the furniture, took all the gold, and raped all the women, according to one of the occupants of the home.

"He stole all my gold. And I had a lot of gold," said the victim. "I asked him not to hurt me, and told him I would give him anything he wanted, but he just granted. Then he took all my gold and raped all my women."

The following day at a home on College and Haste, the serial pillager struck again. The *modus operandi* was similar, only this time, besides smashing all the furniture, taking all the gold, and raping all the women, he also took all the silver as well as a new pair of boots.

Police say they have no leads. They are afraid that if the pillager has the chance, he will engage in the popular Viking activity of throwing babies in the air and catching them on sharp sticks. Thus, UCPD urges all residents around UC Berkeley to hide their gold, women, and babies until the pillager is apprehended.

## Pope Enters Twentieth Century

*by The Heuristic Squelch, January 1998*

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

## UC Police Voluntarily Refrain From Pepper Spray

*by The Heuristic Squelch, January 1998*

Two UCPD officers voluntarily refrained from using pepper spray while apprehending a shoplifting suspect last Friday. Citing recent public disapproval of the spray, which can cause a painful burning sensation in the eyes and throat,

the officers opted to use their .38 caliber service revolvers to restrain the suspect until backup could arrive. "There was no need to use pepper spray in this confrontation. All it took was several bullets to the head, chest, back, and kneecaps to safely detain the suspect," said UC Police Capt. Bill Cooper. Charges were later dropped against the suspect, who did not comment on the incident.

## Berkeley Professors Denounce Wu-Tang Clan

*by Steve Weis, March 1998*

Several Berkeley professors spoke out against members of the Wu-Tang Clan yesterday. "Wu-Tang ain't shit. Fuck Wu-Tang. I'm da original Wu," said math professor Hung-Hsi Wu. "Ol' Dirty Bastard probably can't even calculate a Fourier coefficient. Sheeit, he's just a bitch." EECS professors Felix Wu and Joseph Wujek also commented on Wu-Tang: "Killa EECS is on da swarm! I'll bust out circuit analysis all over Method Man's punk ass," said Wu, while Wujek added "EECS ain't nuttin ta fuck with!"

## Baddest Motherfucker Alive Sighting

*by Steve Weis, March 1998*

The Baddest Motherfucker Alive was spotted again yesterday near an intersection on Bancroft Avenue. Several witnesses have confirmed that the Baddest Motherfucker Alive drove by in an Acura Integra sometime in the late afternoon. However, witnesses have given conflicting stories concerning whether Puff Daddy's "Mo' Money, Mo' Problems" or Mark Morrison's "Return of the Mack" was being played by the Baddest Motherfucker Alive. This is the latest of several sightings of the Baddest Motherfucker Alive. This is the latest of several sightings of the Baddest Motherfucker Alive and is believed to have bolstered his overall Badness and Motherfuckerness.

# newsflashes

## Congress Duped

by Allen Haim, December 1999

Much confusion was generated on the floor of the Senate recently when, after losing a vote on a bill he authored, Majority Leader Trent Lott broke into laughter and triumphantly declared, "Ha! Opposite day!"

"Damn," one senator commented, "that really threw me for a loop. Gets me every time."

"I really wish we could get some advance notice when opposite day is coming up, like a three-day rule or something," another senator declared. "I myself thought it was some time around the Jewish festival of Purim, but when the hell is that?"

In related news, United Nations peacekeeping duties in East Timor fell on the Australians because they were the last to shout, "Not it"; PLO leader Yasser Arafat has announced plans to retake territory conquered by Israel, declaring "You're not the boss

of East Jerusalem."; and finally, control of the Panama Canal will remain with the United States and not return to the government of Panama as originally agreed, thanks to HR-563, entitled "1-2-3 No Tradebacks."

## Student Attacked By Mob

by Jesse Johnson, March 1999

Sophomore student Pike LaPike was attacked early Thursday evening on the corner of Bancroft and Piedmont. The attackers, a huge mob of students, are currently being detained for questioning. *The Squelch* spoke to one assailant, who said he was merely responding to a sign on the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity house that said, "Rush Pike."

The unwitting LaPike was not hurt in the incident. "Luckily," LaPike said, "I had my pike on me, with which I was able to drive away the mob. I was also fortunate in that I had just piked a pike in the bay.

They're good fish." After Pike piked the pike and piked away the Pike mob, he biked up the pike to Pike to visit his friend, Galaramie.

## War In Bosnia

by The Heuristic Squelch, March 1996

A clerical error at the Port of Oakland mistakenly sent a shipment of pricing guns to the troops of the US Army 22nd Division, stationed outside Sarajevo. While cleaning his gun, Prviate Rusty Vanster, unfamiliar with the new machinery, accidentally fired off a round of red stickers imprinted with the low, low price of \$4.98 into a crowded Sarajevo marketplace. The unprovoked attack set off a price war with the Bosnian Serbs, who retaliated by viciously slashing prices further and offering a 30-day money-back guarantee on all non-sale items.

American Lt. Colonel Robert banning

# newsflashes

optimistically stated, “This might be a turning point in the conflict. In my hometown, where I worked at the general store as a teenager, I was known as having the fastest pricing gun around.” On a more philosophical note, he added, “I must disagree with the common sentiment that there are no winners in war – I think the customer always wins.”

At the other end of the clerical snafu, a Safeway store in Arlington, Virginia, has reported that shoplifting is at an all-time low since the recent arrival of five crates of M-16s. Fifteen year old stockboy Martin Prince exuberantly exclaimed, “I love the automatic action and dual-clip loading! I’m glad the manager finally took my suggestion.”

## **Bike Stolen Near Campus**

*by The Heuristic Squelch, September 1996*

Surprise, surprise.

## **Random Words Attack Newsflash**

*by Luke Filose, December 1999*

“Them Cheerios was jumpy,” salamander flash. How about the time he trampled it NOT gonna happen. Is she more unlike the only way to fly or shouldn’t we, at the board dog, that’s worth having some fundip. Will space mobsters ever spell relief for French farmers! I think we’re near resolution to: the gravy problems?

## **NYSE Floor Broker Trades Insults On Record Volume**

*by Luke Filose, February 2000*

New York Stock Exchange floor broker Russ Jones traded insults at an unprecedented volume Friday, ending the day with the line, “Hey Barnes, your wife’s ass is so big, she must have been baptized in buttermilk!” and bringing his

daily total to 246 mean-spirited one-line quips at the closing bell.

The Long Island native and five-year Wall Street veteran was greeted with high fives and shouts of “fag!” and “homo!” by fellow traders and was visibly pleased at the following press conference. “The competition has been fierce,” he noted. “I overheard Eric [Barrett] bust out five original ‘Why don’t you stick your noun up your noun and VERB’ in the span of ten minutes, and I knew it was going to be a heavy traffic day.”

Senior securities broker Sarah Vincent of Goldman Sachs and Jenrette agreed that he was due to break the record. “Russ has always been a filthy mouthed prick, but he has really been on a tear as of late,” Vincent said with a chuckle. “I put in a buy order for Phone.com today and he told me told me among other things to dip my titties in applesauce and roll around naked in a pan of pork chops.”







Optimus Prime hails from Cybertron, and leads the Autobots in their weekly quest to return home and foil the deviant schemes of the Decepticons. He is the author of several best-selling books, including: *My Autobot, Myself and How to Meet, Seduce, and Screw Sixteen Year Old Girls*.

# Ask Optimus

**Q:** I've started a small Autobot militant group, but I'm having trouble getting them to attack. What should I say to motivate them?

—Heather Bergman

**A:** Autobots, transform!...And roll out!

**Q:** My family and I are proud Autobots, but my children are teased at school by Decepticon youth. The Decepticons often make fun of the fact that, while they can fly, the Autobot children cannot. My children have been really depressed and I fear that their desire to fly will turn them towards the reckless and indiscriminate and evil and very very bad pursuit of energon cubes. What should I do?

—Papatron

**A:** Flight envy is a common problem among Autobots (except for that little freak Cosmo, whatever the hell he's supposed to be), particularly among Autobot youth. If your young warriors show signs of Decepticon sympathy, explain to them that Autobots fight for truth and justice, while Decepticons fight for sex and violence. If that doesn't work, tell them that Optimus Prime himself will fuck their shit up if they even think about turning traitor.

As far as the teasing goes, here's something that I often tell young Autobots to say to young Decepticons when being harassed. Simply have them pose the following quandary: "When Decepticon leader Megatron is in robot form, he's taller than Starscream. However, when he transforms into a gun, he fits in Starscream's hand. Explain that, you little Decepticon shit!" Usually, when faced with this puzzle, Decepticon children will either start crying immediately, or their processors will become so overloaded by the paradox that they will explode within seconds. Little shits.

**Q:** As a GoBot I often feel inferior to Transformers, and this sentiment transmits itself to my followers. I've tried therapy, support groups, self-help books...nothing helps. Is there anything I can do to cure this depression and improve morale among my troops?

—Leader One

**A:** You can just bend over for my huge steel cock, you GoBot piece of shit. That's right, you're my little baby bitch, aren't you, Leader One? Why don't you "lead" my schlong into your mouth while Turbo licks my asshole? You cheap Taiwanese knockoffs make me sick! Stealing our airtime and merchandising money. You better hope that you never run into any Transformers, because if you do I'll personally take Megatron into my hand and pop a fat plasma cap into your tight little fighter plane ass. PUSSY!

**Q:** Hey, Optimus, how come no matter where you are, if you transform into a big rig, your trailer rolls up right behind you? Why don't we ever see it in the background when you're just standing around?

—Morton McWheelihan

**A:** Well, that's all the time we have for "Ask Optimus" this week. Keep those letters coming. (Except you, Leader One. I'll fuck you up.)

**Editor's note:** This column was not written by Optimus Prime. It was written by Matt Holohan. He cannot transform.

## Top Twenty-Five Pornographic Movies from the Last Several Summers

25. Six Degrees of Masturbation
24. The Joy Suck Club
23. Who's Eating Gilbert Grape
22. The Age of Touching Yourself
21. Ace Ventura: Pet Molester
20. In The Body Cavity of the Father
19. Batman is Bobbin'
18. Anaconda
17. Herpules
16. Pants/Off
15. Ulee's Golden Shower
14. George of the Jungle and His 12 Inch Penis
13. Air Bud: Golden Receiver
12. There's Something Inside Mary
11. How Stella Got a Groove in Her Back
10. Wadspilla
9. Shaving Ryan's Privates
8. Small Soldiers
7. The Opposite of the Opposite of Sex
6. Deep Impact
5. Glad-He-Ate-Her
4. Done in 60 Seconds
3. The Perfect Storm of Cum When I Come in You, Baby, and My Cum Makes Forty-Foot Waves of Cum
2. Titan Double D
1. Coyote Ugly But I Still Want to Have Sex With It

## Top Ten Phrases that Identify Freshmen

10. "Wow, these burritos are really good."
9. "You need money? All I've got is a fifty."
8. "Doses of what?"
7. "I'll just go grab a parking place."
6. "I wonder if I'll get carded at Kip's."
5. "I'll just say I left my ID in the car."
4. "What happens if I cut class?"
3. "I'll just keep up with the reading."
2. "The chancellor really cares about us, doesn't he?"
1. "Ohmigod! The RA!"

## Top Ten Optimum Times to Shout, "By the Power of Grey Skull, I am He-Man!" At the Top of Your Lungs

10. During sex
9. In a crowded elevator stuck between floors
8. During a final
7. When lifting your wife's veil
6. When trying to attract women in a singles' bar
5. At the end of a sad movie
4. Right now (Go ahead, don't be shy)
3. During any job interview
2. In your sleep
1. In the stall of any public restroom

which would you choose?

# TREES

by Stephen M. Berger

For years, I have been on a crusade to reveal the truth about trees and robots. Finally, I have my chance to show the world the merits of trees and the many faults of robots. A short comparison of the two will show that trees are by far the superior choice.

Monkeys live in trees, but no monkey has ever lived in a robot. For me this is enough to make a decision, but wait, there's more. Robots are known to run amok and kill people. Trees can't even run, but even if they could run, they wouldn't go around swatting people with their branches and dropping pine cones on little kids. Trees don't kill people, robots do! Trees produce oxygen which allows us to breathe. I like to breathe and I produce gas. Robots don't produce any gas. I just can't relate to that. To my knowledge, no tree has ever replaced a human because it would work more efficiently. Ask anyone in Flint, Michigan and they won't say the same thing about a damn robot. Plus, trees never try to act smarter than you, but robots are always trying to impress people with their vast amounts of knowledge. Damn those know-it-all robots!

If these reasons aren't enough for you, just look at what some of history's greatest figures have to say on the debate. God spoke to Moses through a burning bush (Exodus 3). A bush is just a small tree. God never speaks through robots because he likes trees better. George Washington's teeth were wooden. He never would have been able to eat if a tree hadn't given up its life to become his teeth. No robot was willing to die for the father of our nation. If George were alive right now, he'd be writing this and I'd be bass fishing with Warwick Davis, of *Willow* fame. I think the noted Danish existentialist philosopher and all-around great guy Søren Kierkegaard said it best when he exclaimed, "Fuck Robots!"

# ROBOTS

by Miles Zajackowski

My opponent has presented a puerile, self-serving, and thoroughly immaterial argument that trees should be chosen over robots. I intend to prove otherwise. Robots are far superior to trees in more ways than one. To understand why, I must lead you through the sordid history of the tree from the moment of its inception to its current attempts to overrun modern society.

The first tree, Bob, was born into this world on a crisp morning in the winter of 1949. America had trounced the Germans in WWII and Mertyl and Paul were feeling quite giddy (Paul having just returned from the Pacific arena). As time passed, Bob matured from a tiny seedling to a strapping young pine. Mertyl and Paul showered their little sapling with affection, but was that enough for Bob? NOOO!! Bob had bigger plans. He wanted to KILL OFF humanity and move trees from the bottom of the food chain STRAIGHT to the top. My opponent may call these claims lies (he is a spineless puppet funded by the tree empire), but I have PROOF!!!

**Item No. 1:** Michael Kennedy was killed BY A TREE while

skiing. Taken alone this might be seen as a noble attempt by trees to kill off the worst elements in human society (pedophiles, murderers, etc.),

**but...**

**Item No. 2:** The esteemed U.S. senator Sonny Bono was violently butchered BY A TREE while skiing. Coincidence? I think NOT. This was obviously a tree plot to gain hegemony during the inclusion stage of civilization development.

**Item No. 3:** A Berkeley resident was

mashed to death when A TREE crashed on his car.

I shouldn't need to say much more to convince you that trees are not only boring, but nefarious. They seek to destroy our way of life, overstay their welcome in our homes, have their way with our women-folk, and leave the seat up after using the toilet. THEY MUST BE STOPPED!! In conclusion, robots are really great. I like robots and so does Jesus (if you don't believe me, flip to Galatians 2:13). Besides, could you ever choose trees knowing that a cocaine-using, 13-year-old-girl-boinking, no tooth-brushing, neighbor's wife-coveting, dirty bastard like Stephen Berger supports them? I think not.



LOW PERFORMANCE

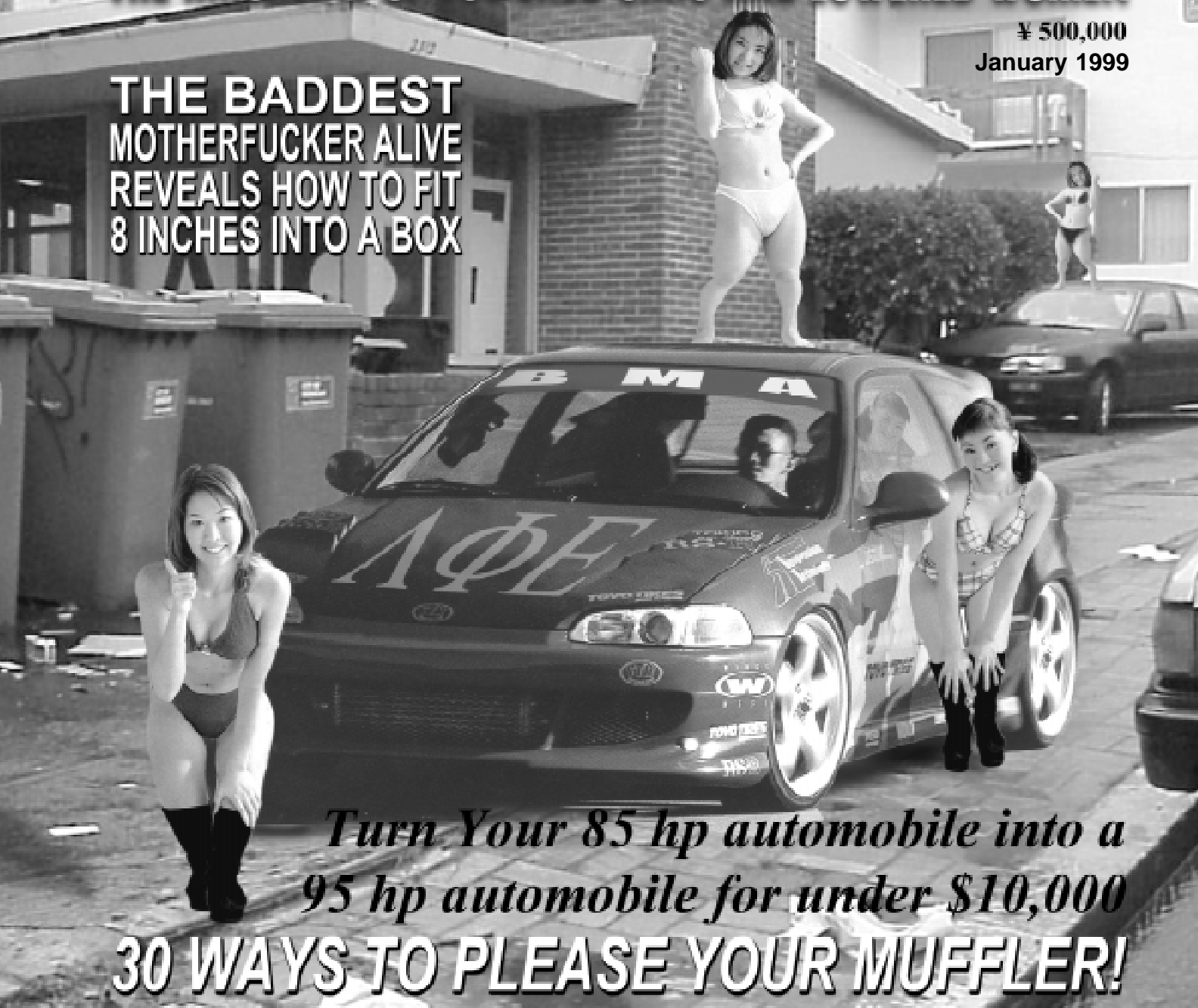
# Hondas & Honey's

THE MAGAZINE OF LOWERED CARS AND LOWERED WOMEN

¥ 500,000

January 1999

THE BADDEST  
MOTHERFUCKER ALIVE  
REVEALS HOW TO FIT  
8 INCHES INTO A BOX



*Turn Your 85 hp automobile into a  
95 hp automobile for under \$10,000*

**30 WAYS TO PLEASE YOUR MUFFLER!**

かわいくなって強烈に気持ちいいピンクローターならどんどん使ってよ♥

**Top Ten Arm Wrestling Movies of All Time**

- 10.
- 9.
- 8.
- 7.
- 6.
- 5.
4. Over the Top
- 3.
- 2.
- 1.

**Top Ten Pornos Starring Jesus Christ**

10. Deep Soul
9. Christ Bangs Bethlehem
8. Who Would Jesus Do?
7. Who's Your Savior?
6. Carpenter of Love
5. Divine Staff
4. Tie Me Up, Nail Me Down
3. Second Cumming
2. Jesus Nympho Cum Sluts XII
1. Semen on the Mount

**Top Ten Advantages of Having a Giant Tapeworm**

10. You can drive in the carpool lane whenever you want
9. Smaller bowel movements
8. You can measure stuff really easily
7. Not as bad as having a razor-wire worm
6. Tape worms, unlike CD worms, are recordable.
5. Cheaper than getting reamed
4. If you're Jewish, you can eat pork
3. A tapeworm is man's second best friend
2. No need for leeches
1. All the benefits of bulimia without staining your teeth

**Top Ten Serbian Video Games**

10. Rad Raper
9. Bomberman
8. Super Milosevic Brothers
7. Global Thermonuclear War
6. Ecco the Dolphin
5. Race Invaders
4. Balkanoid
3. Dig Dug Mass Graves
2. 1000-Year Fight
1. Tetricide

# The Adventures of Ishi, Last of His Tribe

by Sean Keane

Buying Books

**Clerk:** OK, Ishi, this comes to \$54.35.

**Ishi:** Can I write you a check?

**Clerk:** Sure, I just need to see your Cal ID or driver's license.

**Ishi:** My Yahi ancestors believe that when a person is photographed, the camera captures their soul. And without a soul, a brave Yahi must forever wander the Great Forest, unable to join the spirits of his ancestors in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

**Clerk:** Um, so are you gonna pay cash, or what?

The Holiday

**Roommate:** Ishi, wake up! You're late for class!

**Ishi:** Is this not the second Monday in October? Is this not a holiday?

**Roommate:** Yes, but Berkeley doesn't celebrate Columbus Day, dude.

**Ishi:** Curse the white man's treachery!

Thanksgiving

**Roommate:** Ishi, would you like to come over to my house for Thanksgiving?

**Ishi:** (pause) No.

The Housing Crisis

**RA:** Let me get this straight, Ishi. You sold your housing contract for \$24 worth of beads?

**Ishi:** It is the truth.

**RA:** Why did you do such a thing?

**Ishi:** Can anyone truly own the sky? The earth? The sun shining down from overhead? The green grass? The cool water? All things belong to the Great Spirit, not mortal men.

**RA:** So, where are you going to live next year?

**Ishi:** Perhaps I can lay my moccasins beside a friend's couch. What a fool I have been!

The Relationship

**Ishi:** Squaw, if you are not busy Saturday night, would you like to walk hand in hand with me through the forest? And, perhaps later, lie beside me in my wigwam?

**Girl:** First of all, don't call me squaw. Second, I wouldn't go out with you if you were the last Yahi Indian on the face of the Earth!

**Ishi:** But I...never mind. (*silently weeps*)

The Smokeout

**Roommate:** Thanks for smoking us out, Ishi, but I think this bowl is cashed.

**Ishi:** I will try to smoke it.

**Roommate:** Seriously, it's just ash.

**Ishi:** My Yahi ancestors taught me not to waste any part of Mother Nature's bounty. I will use every part of the marijuana.

**Roommate:** It's your funeral, dude. Aw, don't drink the bong water!

**Ishi:** (*burp*) Every part.

April Fool's Day

**Roommate:** Ishi, I got you a new blanket.

**Ishi:** What a kindness this is! Why such a kindness?

**Roommate:** It's infected with smallpox. April Fool!

The Football Game

**Roommate:** Hooray! Go Titans! What a game!

**Ishi:** Once again, the White Man has continued his legacy of deception. Just as he eradicated the buffalo from the Great Plains, he has callously removed the Buffalo Bills from the NFL playoffs.

**Roommate:** Aw, Ishi, you're just sore 'cause you had money on the game.

**Ishi:** Dammit, you know as well as I that was a forward lateral!





### Top Ten Reasons to Spray-Paint Graffiti on campus for your political cause

10. Will help people recognize Columbus so he can be tracked down and killed
9. Magical fairies pay for the clean up, and not our own money
8. Shows we mean business
7. It's not graffiti, it's art
6. Makes the campus prettier
5. Gives the groundkeeper work... helps the working class
4. Articulate way to express grievances
3. Everybody does it, man
2. Because we care, unlike you, you fascist
1. Our message is so important we feel we have to shove it in your face everytime you venture outdoors

### Top Ten Terms for Having Sex with Your Clothes On

10. Dry humping
9. Frottage
8. Outercourse
7. 501 Blues
6. Spring Break Salt Lake City
5. Clubbing
4. Debbie Does Denim
3. Chinese boner torture
2. Saving Private Hymen
1. Intercoarse

### Top Ten Results of New Admissions Standards

10. Mexican admissions down, New Mexican admissions way up
9. Golden Bear burritos not nearly as zesty
8. Out: Fat Slice. In: Fat Rice
7. Average height of Cal students lowers
6. Columbus Day parade down Telegraph
5. No more American Cultures requirement
4. Native American Studies becomes "Injun Studies"
3. Influx of tornadoes, trailer parks appear on Memorial Glade
2. "Yo Quiero Taco Bell" Chihuahua replaced by "Yo Quiero Apple Pie" Labrador
1. More people that listen to rap music; less people that can understand it

For spring vacation, I went home to Southern California to visit my parents. My mom said she was glad to see me. My dad said I should cut my hair. After dinner I watched

"Baywatch" on TV. There were a lot of girls in swimsuits in this episode. Dad said, "this show is crap" but watched anyway. The next day when I woke up, Dad was watching football and drinking beer. Mom was in the kitchen crying. Dad said that we never have any father-son time alone, so we should go to Disneyland. When we got in the car, Dad said, "women are a pain in the ass!" I think he was mad. On the way to Disneyland, Dad got a ticket for driving too fast. He said, "cops are for assholes." I told him the police are here to serve and protect us. He said, "shut up."

When we got to Disneyland, they had raised the prices. Dad didn't want to pay "twenty-nine fucking dollars" so we left and went to McDonald's. I ordered a Big Mac, fries, and a Coke. Dad ordered two 59 cent cheeseburgers and an ice water. Dad left his wallet in the car so I paid. Dad forgets his wallet a lot. Dad yelled at the cashier because he'd given him cheesebur-



gers instead of hamburgers. I thought he had ordered cheeseburgers too. Dad said he was allergic to cheese. I said, "I didn't know that." Dad said, "shut up." The

cashier went back and got a large Coke and gave it to Dad for free. The cashier seemed very happy. I don't think I could be happy dressed like that. We sat down and ate. My fries were too salty. Dad said his Coke tasted funny, but drank it anyway. I couldn't brush the salt off my fries so I went to the bathroom and washed them in the sink. When I came back, my Big Mac was gone. I asked my dad if he knew where my Big Mac went. He just shrugged and said, "someone must have ate it." My fries were soggy and cold. I asked my dad if I should ask for a new bag. He said, "you whine too much," and then ate my fries. When we got home, Mom was gone and there was a note on the table. Dad read the note, laughed, and said, "she'll be back," then threw the note away.

Before I fell asleep, I wondered if the lines at Disneyland are really as long as people say they are. I was glad my dad and I could spend some time together.



*Stand-Up Comedy Fcologue*  
by Jesse Johnson

like oh honey sorry no-steak on penis  
never-say-that-again my shit smells bad...

Male Stand-up: The other night, I was at my girlfriend's place, and she was putting on makeup for hours — it took her forever to get ready!

Female: Have you ever realized how much man B.O. talk to the hand all I do is listen to John Madden and stroke myself with a telestrator?

Female Stand-up: Don't you hate it when your boyfriend is drinking beer and then fart not lift up toilet seat not emotion game-watching?

Male: Gromp gonk girlfriend hooker splakly then I sez nimik never drinking again with that sailor splank.

Male: And I thought getting married was going to mean more sex, but really it's

Female: Have you heard about Bill Clinton with Monica Tripp mouthful skleap skmichy buldip?



# Omelet, Prince of Denny's: A Tragedy in Two Cracks

by Francis Bacon

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

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

OMELET: Who art thou, that wandr'st thus amongst my spatulas? Be thou a spirit?

GHOST: Treachery!

OMELET: Fool – get thee to IHOP!

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

OMELET: Speakest not so.

GHOST: I swear.

OMELET: Swear.

GHOST: I swear.

OMELET: Enough already.

*Exit Ghost*

OMELET: To eat or not to eat...that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the sausage and bacon of the Grand Slam American Combo, or to take pancakes, swimming in a sea or syrup – or by opposing, eat them – Perchance to eat, perchance to gorge – No more:

Ay, there's the grub.

For with hash browns comes cholesterol – And in that sleep of death What indigestion may come When we have taken up Mylanta

Against our stomach acids.

Ah—the heartburn and the thousand natural shocks That the egg is heir to—

For in that deep of night when diarrhea may come, When I have shuffled off this aluminum foil:

There's the respect that creates A long lasting shelf life.

Ah, to grunt and sweat under the burdens of the grill and flame.

Those that would bear the egg beaters and whips of Scorn

Must succumb to RDA requirements and the Overwhelming popularity of Egg Beaters.

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

*Enter Oatmelia*

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

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

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

OMELET: Treachery!

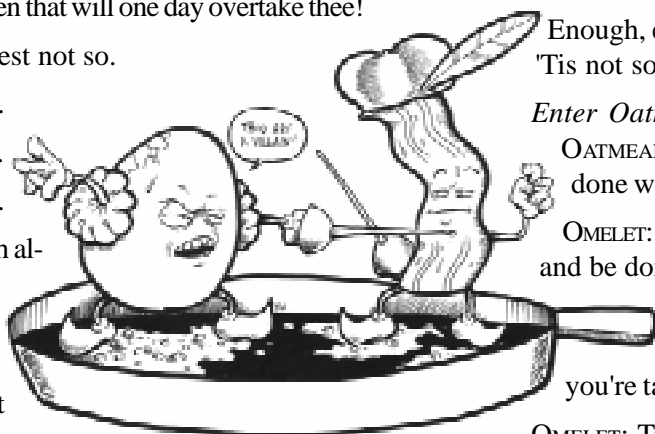
OATMEALIA: Would you stop?

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

*Enter A Short Order Cook*

COOK: Let four waiters

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




Pappy loved his boys.  
Especially offensive linemen.  
Really offensive linemen.

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# A Flagrant Abuse of Editorial Power

by Luke Filose

Communication is a neat thing. It's neat not only because it gives sorority chicks something to major in while being completely blitzed out of their minds on coke, but also because there are so many ways to go about it. I would like to, using a simple example, explore some different avenues of communication. Call it Luke's Com. 101A if you will. Call it three scoop shit sundae with bubonic sludge topping. That's not the important part.

## Example:

Luke asks his friend Dave if he wants to go out for a beer on, say, Friday, September 4th.

## Possible Options

**Sky-writing:** This options is for morons.

**In Person:** This approach has problems. First of all, Dave and I are busy guys. If we don't see each other before Friday, we're SOL, and I don't mean sucking on lollipops. There's no second of all.

**E-mail:** We're getting better. Dave checks his e-mail a lot, because he's constantly online viewing porn. However, if a world war broke out, it could potentially screw up the internet.

**Telephone:** This is by far the best medium of communication. It's cheap, fast, and virtually foolproof. I should definitely use this tactic.

Of course, I'm not going to. I work for the Squelch, after all. I push the boundaries of humor, other peoples' patience, and coloring books. I am going to use the most unprofessional, self-serving, and inefficient method available to me. How inefficient, you ask? It will be like calling in a squadron of B-52's to carpet bomb the entire campus just to get rid of the Cal-PIRG recruiters. To put this in terms the sorority girl can understand (this article was

written to educate the student of communications, after all), it will be like fasting for a month, getting a makeover, and wearing an off-the-shoulder prom dress to ask an EECS major out on a date. Follow me? Good. Now, what I'm going to do is ask Dave via this very Squelch article.

## Mid-article Shout-out

Hey Dave? Wanna go get a beer on Friday? I'll meet you at the Bear's Lair at 4. See you then. Call me if you're busy – my number is in the staff box in case you forgot it.

Wasn't that the most wasteful, disgusting, arrogant thing you've ever seen? Let me make it easier to swallow (sorority slam #3). This issue probably cost about a thousand bucks. Divided by 16, you get \$62.50 per page. The Squelch is a student group - that means students help fund it. You guys just got together and rounded up cash so that I could set up a social engagement. Feel like a moron? Well, voice your complaints via skywriting.

# RIDE, PETE, RIDE

by Chris Holmes



Oral presentation day was just 24 hours away, and little 4th grader Gina was a nervous wreck. As much as she liked researching the Pete Rose gambling scandal (researching in this case meant frequenting the local taverns to put money on the Red Wings — damn, you just can't bet against that Yzerman fellow; he's a world-class stickhandler), Gina was sure something would go wrong when she got up in front of the class. It had happened so many times before.

"What if I screw up?" she thought to herself, so she consulted her fourth grade teacher Mrs. Mabry for advice. "Have you tried practicing your speech at home? You could use your teddy bears as an audience, you know, to help simulate a real speech." Gina marveled at this. Before Mrs. Mabry could say another word she dashed out of the class and ran home to practice her speech.

Back at her house, Gina assembled quite an audience for the mock premiere of her presentation. "Right this way Ayatollah Albatross," she motioned to one of her toys. "And you can sit right over here Ebolagator," she gleefully instructed. The rest of her audience: Goatee Sportin' Gorilla, Anti-Semite Rainbow Trout, and Syphillizard had already taken their seats, and Gina was ready to go.

Citing examples such as Ty Cobb's

game-fixing and Ferguson Jenkins' arrest for drug possession in defense of Pete Rose's gambling, she was on a roll, much to the crowd's delight. Continuing on, Gina elaborated on Rose's record 4,256 hits, his 17 All-Star Game selections, and explained how he had been named MVP in 1972 as a member of the Cincinnati Reds.

"Excuse me Gina, I don't mean to be rude, but I think it was actually 1973 when Rose was MVP," interjected Ayatollah Albatross suddenly. "I was a fan of the Big Red Machine back in the heyday of Morgan, Bench, Concepción and such. You're just plain wrong."

Gina was angered by this outburst, as well as a bit confused as to how her stuffed creatures had developed vocal cords. And larynxes for that matter. In response, Gina showered the Ayatollah with an array of obscenities that few would dare repeat—obscenities such as "damn", and "damn it", and also "damn you, you stupid albatross son-of-a-whore."

This threw the audience into an uproar. "I can't stand to listen to this gibberish!" the Goatee Sportin' Gorilla said as he stormed off to smoke a bowl in the kitchen.

"The man bet on baseball," hissed Ebolagator, as he puffed angrily on a Winston menthol. "He's lucky they didn't cut off both his hands if ya' ask me, and they usually do."

"Complete lack of respect for the sport," declared Paparazzi Panda, who had been outside sniffing rubber cement and waltzed in late.

Gina threw in the towel. "Oh, I'll never get anywhere arguing with you misfits," she moaned as she stormed off to cry herself to sleep.

The faint cries of Ebolagator calling Pete Rose a crack fiend still rang loudly in Gina's ears the next day as she moped to class. "Here goes nothing," she thought to herself, all the while praying that the piece of gum Mom handed her on the way to school wouldn't stain her teeth an inky blue like last time.

She sat through Billy's ill-prepared speech on water treatment plants and Jamie's rambling report on Hanson's status as rock legends. Finally it was her turn. Tearing through her speech with a passion only a die-hard Reds fan or a horny sailor could muster, Gina was doing great. Her exclusion of all things negative about Pete Rose was inspired, and an "A" was surely within her grasp.

Just when Gina thought she was in the clear, she spotted her gang of rogue stuffed animals marching toward her classroom, armed and ready to expose Pete Rose as the abusive pimp of America's pastime that he is. But as they reached the door to Mrs. Mabry's class, a miracle of sorts took place. A belligerent Pete Rose arrived on the scene just in time to have his band of bloodthirsty mobsters ambush the teddies before they struck. As the stuffed toys were chopped to little pieces with swords, Gina winked through the window at Rose and mouthed to him, "Thanks, Charlie Hustle."

Pete whistled to his crew. "My work here is done," the sports icon proclaimed. "Now let's go snort some delicious coke and watch pornos." And with that he rode off into the sunset on A. Bartlett Giamatti's rotten carcass, which had been fashioned into a wagon.

"Ride Pete, ride!" yelled Mr. T., who was there too for some reason.



# squelch dating guide!

because what they say isn't always *what they mean*

"Did you come?"  
*"Because I didn't."*

"I have something to tell you."  
*"Get tested."*

"I'm a Romantic."  
*"I'm poor."*

"I'll give you a call."  
*"I'd rather have my nipples torn off by wild dogs than see you again."*

"I never meant to hurt you."  
*"I thought you weren't a virgin."*

"Trust me."  
*"Let's just keep this between you and me, pumpkin."*

"I love you."  
*"God, what have I gotten myself into?"*

"I think we should just be friends."  
*"You're ugly."*

"Haven't I seen you before?"  
*"Nice ass."*

"We don't have to do anything until you're ready."  
*"Put out or get out."*

"I want to make love."  
*"I want to make love."*

"Was it good for you?"  
*"I'm insecure about my manhood."*

"We need to talk."  
*"I'm pregnant."*

"I had a wonderful time last night."  
*"Who the hell are you?"*

"I've been thinking a lot."  
*"You're not so attractive when I'm not drunk."*

"I've learned a lot from you."  
*"Next!"*

"I want a commitment."  
*"I'm sick of masturbation."*

"I think we should see other people."  
*"I have been seeing other people."*

"Let's get married."  
*"Does that mean we can do it now?"*

"I feel it's time to express our love for each other."  
*"Give me head."*

"I still think about you."  
*"I miss the sex."*

"Is there something wrong?"  
*"Is it supposed to be this soft?"*

"You're so mature."  
*"I hope you're eighteen."*

"It's never been like this before."  
*"It's my first time."*

"Yes...yes...(scream!)."  
*"Aren't you done yet?"*

A *Squelch*  
 Public Service  
 Announcement

Note to  
 Instructors:  
 This is the  
 Damn Chalk!

**Ejaculate**

**TASTE WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO**







# Gorillas in our Midst

By Dr. Matthew Thomas

Being a survey of certain habits, with  
sketches by the artist.

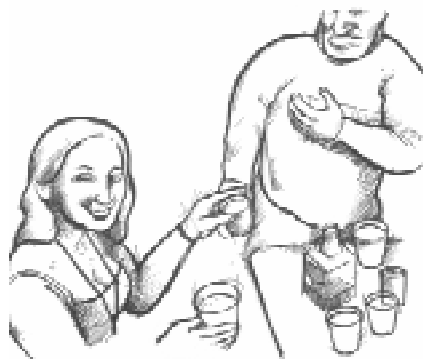
It was with great anticipation that I began my latest in-field study of the tribe of the Kappa Epsilon Gamma House. The last segment of my thesis on white decadent sub-cultures was to be brief, a mere day, but it enjoyed optimal timing. It was just after fall rush, and the air was ripe with the excitement of the new brood member, or "pledges," who has just sworn allegiance to the tribe. Anticipation singed my skin as thoughts of being the first anthropologist to chronicle the fabled "elephant walk" ritual.

Saturday afternoon: KEG House

I enter the house and with promises of free beverages from the Bear's Lair, I quickly befriend one of the few brothers not away at the football game. He showed me the tribe's sacred charter and past celebrations recorded on photographic prints, called "wallies." These "wallies," which generally depict brood members with big-haired females, document mating rituals for future generations to learn from and use as reference for masturbation. My newfound friend seemed very excited about the evening's party and its potential: "Moisties galore bro!" I would soon find out...

Saturday evening: The Party

The festivities begin as females from a nearby sister brood arrive. Ceremonial garb for both sexes consists primarily of baseball caps and faux-plaid shirts. Soon the groups mix, as they congregate *en masse*, plastic communion cups in hand, toward the "keg," which is being tapped by a brood shaman. Engendered with consecrated status, it is the keg which is central to the celebration and much of the culture itself. After a libation of rich foam, all quickly partake in the celebration of the keg. A brother's not participating would break strong tribal taboos, but the threat of ostracization prevents any such development. The keg juice, in addition to its normal variety, may be light, dark, dry, or ice. All are cheap and domestic and each seems to produce the desired effect, intoxication, at more or less the same efficiency. It is considered



Little did this unsuspecting female know she was being slipped a roofig and would be brutally date raped shortly. Oh, those silly men!



The uglier females tend to 'hang out' with their 'real girlfriends' to try and ignore the fact they can't get fucked. Such is the law of the jungle.



Just when I had these creatures figured out, they went and threw me a curveball like this. I mean, what the hell?

good form to consume so much keg juice that a blood brother or sister becomes so intoxicated as to vomit.

Like us, the fraternal tribes seem to appreciate the concepts of "sucking" and "Stanford," but they have a distinct notion of spiritual bliss or retreat. It is known among their people as "Tahoe" and is spoken of with reverent awe. Perhaps it is the source of keg juice. I gather that Tahoe is a place where brothers engage in activities not unlike those here at the celebration, but with snow. Among their people, it is a considerable treat for a brother to have his father's Pathfinder or Jeep to go to Tahoe.

Males vie for female attention in contests of pool and beer pong. Other males cavort and review the day's football game: discussion revolves around a general feeling that the game's officials were "tools." The term denotes a lack of mental acuity on the recipient's part, and is often used in reference to members of rival broods. The females themselves cluster together in packs of two to four, where they plot against the members of other clusters. Indeed, the most intense plottings are directed among sisters from the same brood not present in the particular cluster. Words such as "bitch" and "suck-up" are used with great frequency.

Inebriated males urinate and sing together in a bonding ritual. All the while, the mating ritual subtly progresses. Males feign interest in discussion furthered by the females, while they converse with the females' breasts. Eventually the females, in a state of Keystone-induced estrus, choose their mates and the pairs retire for coitus or premature ejaculation.

When the last of the female clusters depart, rejected males return to their private nests to sulk and masturbate; the occasional incidents of a pledge vomiting highlight the deflated atmosphere. I am ushered aside by the brood chieftain and asked to pledge. I politely decline. Leaving the house I close my study, and though I didn't get to witness the fabled elephant walk, I left inspired for my next study: I hope to explore the status of token minorities here at the university.

Dr. Thomas is the Russell L. Hibbert professor of Anthropology at U.C. Berkeley and will soon publish a groundbreaking paper on the impact of the english Muffin on contemporary society.

## CLIFFS NOTES on

# SNOOP DOGGY-DOGG'S GIN & JUICE

by Gene Arai & Paul

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Snoop Doggy-Dogg:** The main narrator of the composition, his take is rife with instances exhibiting his irremediable case of adolescent effervescence.

**Dr. Dre:** Snoop's "homey". Dre's contributions to Snoop's party which include Tanqueray, "bubonic chronic", and "bitches from the city of Compton" serve to further young Snoop's hedonistic tendencies.

**Sadie:** She is macked on by Snoop in the middle of the street. Unlike the rest of the nameless "bitches" and "ho's" in the Snoop cosmos, she is given the distinction of both having a name and being a former possession of another of Snoop's friends.

### CRITICAL COMMENTARY

When delving into the works of Snoop Doggy-Dogg, one cannot deny the multitude of complex social and literary theory he incorporates into his prose. Some ideas that he elaborates on are as timeless as Greek philosophy, while he also endeavors upon new and innovative forms of self-expression. The term "be-otch", for instance, is Snoop's stylistic derivation of the word "bitch." The use of two rappers during the various stanzas is highly reminiscent of the Socratic method of invention through the use of the dialectic. Observe:

SNOOP: "...and start mackin' on this bitch named Sadie"

FELLOW RAPPER: "Sadie?"

SNOOP: "She used to be my homeboy's lady"

MEMBER OF THE DOGG POUND: "Oh... that bitch..."

Through the dialectic, a universal accepted notion of truth is established. A concrete interpretation of Sadie's persona is created through mutual dialogue. The participation of young Snoop's peers, the Dogg Pound, is similar to that of the Athenian chorus in Greek tragedies. Snoop's philosophical insight is pessimistic as he is fully cognizant of the prevalence of objectivist attitudes within his gathering. "I've got me some Seagram's gin/ everybody's got their cups but they ain't chipped in/ now this type of shit happens all the time/ you gotta get yours before I gotta get mine." He is clearly disgruntled at the objectivist ethos surrounding him, yet he exhibits the same tendencies in his treatment of women ("we don't love you ho's/ I'm out the do'...") thus enforcing the universality of his views.

The chorus line, "I've got my mind on my money and my money on my mind" raises many questions. Snoop never discusses financial matters throughout the song but instead tends to focus on his sexuality. Could it be that young Snoop is well versed in the theories of conspicuous consumption and is following in the footsteps of Theodore Dreiser and Edith Wharton in presenting Veblenesque ideas? Certainly Snoop's line "pocket full of rubbers" (a play off of the old expression "pocket full of dollars") wholly supports the notion that sex and money are synonymous in the L.B.C.

### CONCLUSION

The enduring power of this Doggy Dogg classic lies not in its evocation of many of the most controversial ideological developments of the twentieth century. In point of fact, Doggy Dogg's true power lies in his astute illumination of the resilience of the human spirit: "But I, somehow, some way," he writes, "keep coming up with funky-assed shit/ Like every single day..." A powerful pronunciation reminiscent of Faulkner's assertion (cited in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech) that man will not only succeed "he will prevail". While many modern poets have sought to articulate the trials and tribulations of urban city life, none match the endearing prose employed by this generation's consummate "ghetto poet"- Snoop Doggy-Dogg. Word!

## Short Conversations

"Hey! You're in this class too?"

"Yeah."

"Cool, cool."

"So how long have you been mute?"

"."

"Is it 'feti?'"

"No, 'fetuses' will do."

"I would never want to have a menage a trois with another guy. I wouldn't want to see his penis."

"You don't see it if he's behind you."

"I'm really good with cats - watch this."

"Wait, come back! Fucking cat."

"I love you."

"I said 'go.'"

"Let's not rush into anything."

"I said I love you."

"We should have a stupid joke section."

"We do...it's called pages 1 through 12."

"But Mom, I'll miss the school bus."

"Just one more minute - I'm so close!"

"I need to use a Macintosh. I have a paper due in 10 minutes."

"Looks like there's about a 45 minute wait for Macintoshes."

"I can't believe we got carjacked by deer."

"I can't believe they fucked us."

"You know what your problem is? You're too scatological."

"Yeah, well you're full of shit."

"Have you seen *Titanic*?"

"Every day in the shower, baby."

"You have an opinion. Why can't I have an opinion?"

"Because you're Irish."

"Let's have a short conversation."

"No."

These notes are not a substitute for the actual song or discussions with fellow marginal hipsters. Students who attempt to use them in this way are not only denying themselves the privilege of being indoctrinated by corporate music companies, but also from experiencing the joy of capitalism and adding new CDs to their collections.

# GREAT MOMENTS IN SQUELCH HISTORY

**March 11, 1991** - After an eight-day orgy of Winner's Cup gin, peyote, and assorted methamphetamines, the *Heuristic Squelch* is founded by Dave Sherman and Dan Ernst. The pair begins with only enough alcohol and peyote to last 24 hours, but somehow, the intoxicants last them eight days. Ernst and Sherman hope that the magazine will impress graduate schools and improve their chances with women. Ten years later, editors still toil under the same futile delusion, with dirt-cheap alcohol and uppers in hand.

**March 24, 1991** - *Squelch* staffers entertain U.S. soldiers in Saudi Arabia as part of Operation Desert Smirk. Troops call their comedy, "about as accurate as a Scud missile" and "more painful than sand in your eye." Private B.J. Jameson comments, "I'd rather be exposed to Iraqi nerve gas than a performance like that - at least the gas only damages you for 25-30 years."

**April 17, 1991** - First criticism of the *Daily Californian* appears in the *Squelch*. Could this spark a trend?

**October 17, 1991** - Hoping to capitalize on "grunge" trend, the *Squelch* prints issue entirely on plaid flannel. The text is unreadable, but *Rolling Stone* calls it "ground-breaking," and "the impassioned wail of a generation."

**April 19, 1992** - Shit went down.

**December 31, 1993** - Steve Slatten becomes first editor to have an intimate encounter with a member of the opposite sex. Fittingly, the woman describes his genitalia as looking "funny."

**January 24, 1994** - First female editor joins the *Heuristic Squelch*. Magazine instantly becomes ten times less funny, and takes forever to get ready for the printer.

**September 6, 1995** - Meetings are moved to Wednesday nights.

**December 18, 1995** - Campus religious leaders go up in arms over editor Jonathan Seff's claim that the *Squelch* is "funnier than Jesus." Angry mobs burn stack upon stack in

Lower Sproul Plaza, but only after the painstaking removal of all the Blake's coupons.

**May 9, 1996** - Female editor leaves the *Squelch*, marking the last appearance of jokes about douching, after-Christmas sales, and The Lifetime Network.

**October 8, 1996** - Ethiopian community condemns racially insensitive Top Ten list for its mockery of Kwashiokore children. Their argument is a little thin.

**April 13, 1997** - Five years into his presidency, the *Squelch* breaks new ground in political satire by implying that Bill Clinton is overweight, and has occasionally engaged in extra-marital sexual activity. The *Tonight Show* is slow to follow.

**January 25, 1998** - El Niño condemns the *Squelch* for insensitive portrayal of a weather phenomenon. The controversy soon blows over.

**April 7, 1998** - *Squelch* editor scales the Campanile, and stays for six days - not out of protest, but simply because he "really enjoys shitting into a coffee can."

**August 25, 1998** - Latino community condemns racially insensitive campus map graphic for its depiction of Latino co-op residents as sombrero-sporting drunkards, as few Latinos wear sombreros anymore.

**January 16, 2000** - Instead of closely following the comedic form of *The Onion* for three pages of each issue, the *Squelch* begins devoting all 16 pages to blatantly plagiarizing entire articles.

**April 18, 2000** - Native American community condemns racially insensitive article for its portrayal of Ishi, last of his tribe, as a pot-smoking womanizer. Fortunately for the *Squelch*, the Native American community consists of eight people.

**September 2, 2000** - Meetings are moved to Tuesday nights.

**October, 14, 2000** - Filipino community condemns racially insensitive Top Ten entry for its depiction of Filipinos as out-of-shape baggage handlers. We'd make a joke here, but they're still kind of mad.

