

the heuristic SQUELCH

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for a Klan-Dyke bar?

the heuristic SQUELCH

Ruining the Punchline Since 1991

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SQUELCH COVER: Stylin' dance moves by **Che Guevara**, Che Guevara embodied by **Allen Haim**, Dance Revolution preceded by **Nintendo Power Pad**, High score by **ddrfreak01**, Rainforests wiped off face of Earth by **2004**, Wellesley girls bisexual. Okay, lesbian.

Whenever you're at a restaurant and you eat the food that a stranger left on his plate, people always get all snobby and warn you about all the diseases and shit you could get, but no one **ever** thinks about all the useful antibodies you could be getting. Why is that? Is it the "anti"? Things with "anti" can be really good, like antifreeze and antideath. Cardboard T-rex heads with jaws can be far more dangerous. But what I'd really like is a nice can of anti-layout-meeting. Yes, I could do with quite a bit of that stuff. Six days of layout, Mr. Ass Cat Cool Cat, Pow-Ka-Ka-Pow! Six days! Six days are bad news for everyone, right, Schwarzenegger? Souls crushed like cars in a junkyard. You have no chance to survive make your time.

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored humor publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect ultraviolet light. Our offices are located in 516A Eshleman Hall.

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Medium, but Rare

So where does that leave me? Well, I'm the first to admit that being a Skee ball expert (a skee-balla) would require an unexpectedly large amount of "skeel," as I call it.

But, even if I could reach that level of aptitude, would it be worth it? Would anyone watch me? Would I have a trading card? Most importantly, would anyone respect me?

What if I were to become the most medium skee-ball player on the planet? Now that sounds a pretty appealing. I'd avoid the shame of being considered an expert in such a "juvenile" field while at the same time retaining a certain amount of gameland street cred with the hardcore skeeballas. I might even get a mid level sponsorship from Chuck E. Cheese's: free pizza.

This is the kind of sport where being the most medium is in fact the pinnacle of the lifestyle. The amount of skeel necessary to be the most medium is perfectly medium as well. I could just go for the 30 hole and make it pretty consistently. A 40 here, a 10 there, and maybe a 50 once a month or so. No wacky spin or ricochets for me. Just plain ol' straight skeein'. I could practice for just twenty five minutes a day and I'd have enough prize tickets to fund an economic revolution in Uruguay (After all, Chuck E. Currency is more stable than their legal tender).

"But wait," you're probably saying to yourself, "Skeeball isn't today. It isn't kutting-edj. It's not hip enough for today's supermegaultrahyperhip generation."

Au contraire, dear reader. SkeeBall.com, creators of this fine piece of American culture, have the following to say about their newest product: "Skee-Ball X-Treme – An X-Treme game with X-Treme colors, at an X-Treme low price. Skee-Ball's X-Treme Alley offers the same great game play as the original Skee-Ball Alley, only with state-of-the-art electronics and a bolder, brighter new color scheme. Featuring the same quality construction synonymous with the Skee-Ball name."

So, that settles it. I'm gonna become the most X-tramedium skee baller the world, or at least Chuck E Cheese's San Bruno, has ever seen.

Wish me luck. But not too much. And not too little.
-Stephen Handley



No matter what your parents and coaches tell you, competitive sports are not about having fun; they're about winning. So, what's really important is who's the best, not who's the most entertained.

When I played soccer as a little kid, I wasn't the best, but since I was slightly above the median, I got a taste of what it was like to be the best. At that young age, I decided that I could and would become the best. With a little hard work and some dedication, I could do it. Of course, had I taken into account the biological embargo nature placed on my foray into puberty, I might have chosen otherwise.

One by one, my friends started inching further towards the sky and away from the soccer field. As my teammates matured, they became substantially faster and stronger than me. Meanwhile, I had stagnated, with 75 lbs. on a 4'2" frame. In no time at all, the kid on the team who used to play goalie when we were up by 10 goals was starting for me as right midfielder.

Now, I've reached the level of comprehension where I can objectively evaluate my physical abilities. Upon doing so, I've realized that I was aiming the wrong way all along. I should have aimed in the opposite direction...but not too far in the other direction. I should have aimed for the middle.

The middle was attainable. It would have been an exercise in preservation. Instead of concentrating on learning new, fancier skills to compete with the best, I could have paid attention to improving what I already did well. I wouldn't score flashy goals or even make elegant passes. I'd intercept poor passes and block weak shots. I'd dribble the ball across midfield and then dump it off to one of my more athletic teammates. If there was a penalty shootout, I'd be the "6th Man," waiting patiently to make an appearance in case one of my more skilled teammates suffered an injury.

I can reflect all I want, but I still won't get my soccer youth back.

But it's not too late. I've found my mediocre salvation of sorts. Most of us have been to Chuck E. Cheese's at some point in our lives and during that brief, or far-too-unbrief stay, we tried our hand at the hybrid pasttime that singlehandedly defines the establishment: Skee-ball: 10-20-30-40-50. It's not quite bowling, not exactly pool, and definitely not darts. But it attracts the same sad fucks that these "sports" do.

Hey Moron!

by *Kenny Byerly, Yeah You*

Dude, he's reading this. What a moron.
You answered to moron, moron. Ha!
Just kidding, man. Geez, it's okay. I'm just
messing with you.
Hey, fag.
You still here?

Fraternities Return to Campus to "Help Men Become Better Date-Rapists"

by *Stephen Handley, Guilty by Association*

After an absence of nearly seven years, the UC Berkeley chapter of the Delta Chi fraternity will return to campus in the fall of 2001 to teach male university students the intricate strategies behind successful date rape.

Delta Chi was competitively driven from the campus in the early 1990's when the society was unable to keep up with the quickening pace of date rape education. At a time when other top-notch fraternities were publishing groundbreaking findings on the effectiveness of Ketamine Hydrochloride (Special-K) and flunitrazepam (Rohypnol) in the treatment of unwilling females, Delta Chi was still researching in the exhausted field of ethanolic mixtures (Pear Cider, Wine Coolers).

However, Delta Chi has returned to campus with plans to become UC Berkeley's finest date rape research institution. Ground breaks in early June for construction of their state-of-the-art facility on College Avenue and Channing Way.

"We may not throw the best parties, but we're gonna produce some of the best and brightest date rapists this world has ever seen," said Jeff McAdoo, leadership consultant for Delta Chi. "The society is alcohol-free and we'll stay that way... as long as the horse tranquilizers keep coming

"We're back on campus to incorporate new traditions with the old," added McAdoo. "Come on, you know they still want it. And that's great...cause we're ready to give it to 'em just like we used to. Hard."

Man On Fremont Bound Train Actually Going To Fremont

by *Allen Haim, Minding the Gap*

Passengers travelling on the Fremont-bound BART with Bay Area resident Solomon Duvall became distressed and distraught as it began to appear as though Duvall was actually going to Fremont, the last station on the Richmond-Fremont line.

Fellow passenger Kevin Standish even gently nudged Duvall as the train approached MacArthur station, since he seemed not to be preparing for departure. "I thought, whoa, he really wants to wait till the last minute to get off," said Standish. "As we all hurried to the opposite platform, where the real [San Francisco-bound] train was waiting, we all kept looking toward him, like, 'hurry up!' But he just sat there."

Only a handful of riders remained at this point, most laden with suitcases. As the last of these passengers disembarked at the Coliseum/Oakland Airport station, he cast Duvall a final desperate, imploring look through the train windows. After the train pulled away with Duvall still contentedly aboard it, he remained on the platform for several minutes, body limp, watching the train disappear until it was no more than a speck. But Duvall remained seated with his hands peacefully folded on his lap, a placid, wistful smile on his face.

This reporter disembarked at Union City — alone. I gave Duvall a searching look as I left, but he remained seated as before. I walked away from the train with head hung low, and ate little that day.

Man Still Trapped Below Rubble

by *Boback Ziaeian, Heartless Bastard*

In an amazing story about the triumph of human will power a man trapped beneath two tons of brick and concrete is still alive after the El Salvador quake. Rescue workers have yet to dislodge the man, whose cries for help have been heard for the past few days.

"Well, I'm not going to get him," said

Miguel Ranchero. "I didn't even know the guy. Fuck this. Hundreds of people have already died. What's one more? He's probably all bloody and emaciated. This is stupid. You take the shovel. Do you know how much shit is on top of him? Give me a break."

As rescue workers act like they don't hear anything, the community is hopeful the screams will eventually stop and the trapped man will accept his fate.

Man Narrowly Avoids Freeway Pileup

by *Stephen Handley, High Falutin'*

Early yesterday morning, a car careened out of control on the Ridgmont Expressway. The driver, Mitch Wiltman, did not appear to be hurt by the accident. However, when medical personnel helped him out of his totaled 1995 Suzuki Sidekick, it was clear that he had sustained extensive damage to his sensitive side.

"It happened so fast," explained Wiltman. "One second I was reaching down to pick up a copy of Toni Morrison's *Beloved* that had fallen beneath my seat and the next I was skidding towards the center div—hey, has anyone ever told you that you've got really fucked-up eyelashes? Well, someone should have, because they're all discolored and have a totally fucked-up curl to them."

Wiltman was taken to La Costa Memorial Hospital for treatment, but not before bringing several medics to tears and called his son a "fucking pussy ass" upon learning that the child broke his "pussy ass arm" during the collision.

La Costa Memorial Doctors treated Wiltman on-site for several minor abrasions and prescribed a light dosage of the Oxygen and Lifetime Networks for three to four weeks.

1995 Suzuki Sidekick commented, "I am an overly top-heavy and poorly engineered automobile made by incompetent individuals who value price margins over consumer safety."

Student Blockade Successful

by Boback Ziaeian, *Laughing Gnome*

Yesterday, during a routine discussion section for English 158, junior Derek Snyder was bombarded with intestinal cramps attributed to a local Thai eggplant dish. Snyder, who enjoyed the meal, immediately abandoned his comfortable lounging position when the onslaught began. "At first I felt the gas building, and I thought, you know, 'I can hold this and let it diffuse within my body,'" said Snyder.

However, Snyder recognized the malignant nature of the cramps when the second colonic spasm hit. "It was obviously no false alarm. After that, I tried to act as natural as possible as I clenched my teeth, and my ass." The next twenty minutes proved to be the longest of Snyder's life: with every wave of internal noxious gas came the image of living life in shame flashing past his eyes.

The crisis came to a head when an adjacent student dropped a pencil and requested Snyder's assistance. With the grace of a hawk and the discipline of a steer, Snyder swept down to retrieve the pencil while maintaining ultimate lockdown within his rectum.

Snyder's sphincter, Heimdall, later commented, "I am Heimdall, lord of all sphincters! Dare not defile my domain. No one may leave or enter until Heimdall has spoken. The bowels of the Derek will open and shut as Heimdall commands. Fie on thee, eggplant! You will never get past Heimdall the Gatekeeper!"

Caught off guard by the voice of Thor, Snyder blushed, gathered his stuff, and left the building.

Hardcore Sluts Want to Fuck Unit 2

Resident

by Christian Haste, *Badly Drawn Boy*

Several hardcore sluts want to fuck Griffiths Hall resident Dave Pruitt, according to a website banner encountered by Pruitt earlier this week. Pruitt

discovered the sluts during his daily mid-afternoon porn search.

"This banner really caught my eye," Pruitt said, "I mean, usually people on Web sites just fuck each other, but this banner explicitly said 'Hardcore sluts want to fuck you!' Me! Dave Pruitt!"

Additional text in the banner revealed that the hardcore sluts who want to fuck Pruitt include "pretty shaved teens," "cum-covered sorority bitches," and "pussy lapping bisexual whores."

"I'm especially interested in the cum-covered sorority bitches," added Pruitt. "Most sorority bitches I meet around here don't seem interested in me—or my cum."

Pruitt has yet to figure out how to get in touch with the hardcore sluts, since he was forced to quickly minimize his browser window and pretend to write e-mails when his roommate entered the room.

Ironic Decor Held For Questioning After Thwarted Wooing

by Zack Fornaca, *Opinion Page Edited*

College student and loving older brother Teddy Hubbard had yet another would-be casual seduction unravelled last night by interloping personal possessions furnished as gifts by his ironically minded little sister.

Hubbard had half-strolled, half-stumbled into his apartment with a beautiful woman on his arm, only to see things unravel like kite strings in

a hurricane. Her aesthetic sense and reproductive selectivity staggered out from behind the drunken glaze of her face, took one look at Hubbard's juvenile belongings, and immediately sounded some sort of feminine Defcon 5. Alarmed, the inebriated woman was sent into a panicked run and out of Hubbard's arms forever.



The accused ironic possessions.

Berkeley police brought several of Hubbard's ironic possessions in for questioning. Suspects include a singing Kermit the Frog doll, the official Mandy Moore 2001 Wall Calendar, I Choose You! Pikachu, the Blue's Clues Play-Along Kit and all three pieces of the three piece Electronic Banjo Band, recommended for children ages five and up.

Students Find Housing On

eHousing.com

by Richard Schulman, *All Grown Up*

With the housing crunch in the East Bay worse than ever, students are turning to the Internet for help. eHousing, a business which helps students find housing, announced Tuesday that it will now offer housing services on its website. Students unable to find housing in the Berkeley will be offered a contract for a portion of eHousing's Internet domain.

"I got a 45 megabyte, 2 bedroom apartment on Shattuck and 169.100.72.109 for only \$490 a month" explained Berkeley sophomore Bernie Young. "Me and my roommate are crammed into a 35 megabyte one-bed, one-bath on Northside.net, but even the virtual market is tight."

eHousing was the first to offer housing in cyberspace, but new com-

petitors are on the way. Promotions such as free e-mail for life and domain name routing have forced students to consider their options.

"I was gonna go with bytecondo.com, but then I found out if I lived at iHouse.org, I'd be neighbors with an illegal

French porn site," said Wade Almquist. "It was a good decision. These really hot .jpgs come over and drink with us all the time. Being French and all, they don't shave, but if you zoom in to about 133%, then they get pixelated enough where they look like they're shaved, and are still clear enough to be really hot."

Top Ten Ways to Respond to "Have You Been Flossing?"

10. "No. Have you been douching?"
9. "Isn't that what I pay you people for?"
8. "It's hard when you suck on raw sugar cane all day."
7. "No need, since I pulled every other tooth."
6. "Where do you think these fajitas come from?"
5. "It's just not realistic when you have braces."
4. "What do you think these birds are for?"
3. "No, but you can keep what you find."
2. "If by 'floss' you mean 'masturbate,' then yes."
1. "You're just a frizzy haired white woman making a comfortable wage, what are you gonna do about it?"

Top Ten Things to Do on a Beautiful Day

10. Stay inside and study
9. Imagine what it would be like to not be allergic to natural light
8. Enjoy a sunburn
7. Find your loved one and roll around in the grass so everyone else feels like shit
6. Check out what's going on at beautifulday.com
5. Eat fresh pears right off the tree until you get arrested for trespassing
4. Tape the day, and save it for later
3. Code photo-realistic 3-D sunlight effect in basement of video game company
2. Find a Frisbee and the closest unshaven girl to play with
1. Wake up at 5pm and realize you missed it all

de-cal
democratic education at Cal

spring 2001
schedule of classes

Sociology 98: How Many People Can I Get to Show Up For My de-Cal Class with an Enticing Course Description?

This class is offered for 7 units. Satisfies the American Cultures requirement. Free beer. Exotic dancers. And up to \$20-200 per hour just for surfing the Internet. When placed in bowl of water, syllabus will dissolve into high-grade cocaine.

Mass Communications 98 98

A student-led class that prepares Mass Communications students for the challenge of enrolling in the De-Cal course, Mass Comm 98. Students will learn how to access www.decal.org, in the process being taught the basics of using opposable thumbs. They'll also be introduced to course control numbers, and given a jump start on the reading list pretty picture guide for next semester.

Drama 98: Def Comedy Jam

Week 1: Ways in which black people and white people differ from one another with respect to dancing ability, penis size and behavior in cinemas. Course also includes an in-depth exploration of the comedic form: "We <verb> like this but they be all <gerund> like this [humorous physical motion]".

Week 2 - 15: Extension of discussion from Week 1.

Pure and Utter Crap 98: The Daily Cal Columnist De-Cal Syllabus

Week 1: Column #1 - How exciting it is to have a column.

Week 2: Repetition is Bliss: Typing the word "cherish" 500 times.

Week 3: Writer's Block is Your Friend: The column about writing a column

Week 4: Oh Yeah?: Responding to reader criticism

Week 5: My Bad: Apologizing for responses to reader criticism

Week 6: Guest Lecturer - Y. Peter Kang

Human Biodynamics 198: I Won't Stop 'til You Get Yours, Baby.

Unit 1, Room 712

MWF 7:15-choose one, baby: 7:15-7:30, 7:15-7:42, till the break of dawn, baby!

Only one unit, but it gets the job done, baby!

Rhetoric 98: Stretching a Paper

Week 1: 12.03 Point Font - They'll Never Know

Week 2: Double-Spacing After All Punctuation

Week 3: Margins Are Your Friends

Week 4: The Strange and Beautiful World of Character Spacing

Week 5: Courier is a Big Font

Music 198: Indie Rock

For KALX listeners and other aspiring music snobs, this course offers a primer on the essentials of Independent Label Rock and the accompanying image.

Week 1: So who's this "Sebadoh" my sister told me about?

Week 2: Gentle Swaying: How much is too much?

Week 3: Fashion: Black pants? Grey pants? Gray pants? Chuck Purcells? All-Stars?

Week 4: Avoiding eye contact; using dirt and grime to your advantage.

Week 5: Critique: "Yeah, I used to listen to them, before they went all mainstream."

Pre-requisites: Slight curvature of spine, unwashed hair



Ask Sandra Firth: Better Living through My Vagina

Janeane from Carson City, NV asks, "So how is your column different from the many other advice columns out there?"

Well, Janeane, for starters, I think outside the box. I'm a no nonsense go-getter, so don't expect me to sweet talk you like the others. My responses are All Business: they may not make you feel better, but they'll sure as hell solve your problem.

Tim Jeeds of Cupertino, CA asks, "Saundra, I'm hearing impaired. I don't consider this a disability, but rather a gift from God. Since I choose to embrace my gift by not wearing a hearing aid, many of my co-workers are oblivious. When they have conversations during lunch, I can barely make out what they're saying. I don't want to rudely interrupt with 'what?' every second minute, but I also want to be included. Please help!"

Well, Timbo, I've been in a similar predicament. When I'm not busy solving other people's problems, I'm Personnel Director for Axis Pharmaceuticals. I get along great with all my "worker bees" but, the Wednesday before last—I don't want to be too graphic for my readers, Tim—it just happened to be "one of those days." It was a "heavy" day, if you know what I mean. In other words, it was the time of the month when I get a bit overly irritable. To put it in layman's terms, I had shed the protective lining of my uterine wall in accordance with my ovulation cycle.

My day was quickly becoming unproductive and in my business, a wasted day can mean your job. So, I gathered all my coworkers together for a pre-work meeting and delicately explained the situation to them. I told them that just because my vagina was Not Quite All Business that day didn't mean that I was also out of commission. They completely understood and we made more than three times our average quota! Be honest, Tim. Just explain the situation to them in non-threatening terms like I did.

Alexandria de Soto of San Diego, CA writes, "When I was thirteen I found out that my mother was a lesbian. It was startling at first, but I've been raised in an open, loving household and have come to accept my mother for who she is. However, I didn't feel comfortable telling my fiancé about it when we were first seeing each other. We're getting married in two months and he still hasn't figured it out! How should I break the news?"

This may seem difficult at first glance, but in reality it shouldn't be all that bad. It's very similar to when I have to downsize one of my "bees." My *Hints for Human Resources* has many helpful tips for workers adjusting to a surprising new reality. Your fiancé will have to adjust to the new paradigm of your mother's sexuality.

The real adjustment your fiancé will have to make, however, is to a higher level of respect for the vagina. Explain to him that any vagina is very sacred. Whether it belongs to you, your lesbian mother, or even his 12 year-old cousin, he must worship the vagina like it were a diamond, a ruby, a 12 year-old vagina, even. Obviously, he isn't doing that. If he were, he would come to his senses and realize that your mother's sexual preference doesn't matter because the vagina which is mine was a gift from the divine. He be-

lieves there are vaginas more desirable than my All Business Vagina (ABV), and this is where he has gone wrong. The ABV is not fishy or nasty. It is beautiful and tongue-attracting. He must gravitate to my ABV like he does to a 12 year-old's. Tell him how, Alex, now!

Matthew Keith of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania complains, "Saundra, my wife and I are planning our first family vacation with our 9 year old son. I think we should go to Disneyworld, but my wife says he should be exposed to a more 'cultural' trip."

Well, Mr. Keith, you can tie culture, fun, and a vacation all into one by taking a trip to Washington D.C. and exploring the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History. I'd recommend the "Camping with the Sioux" exhibit. It's about America's first female anthropologist, Alice Cunningham Fletcher. Its important to teach our children, especially boys, to look to strong women for guidance in their lives, and this exhibit does just that. But you need to "guide the guidance," Mr Keith. Start by guiding your son to respect me, All Business Firth, and my crotch of All Business Passion before he's forever tarnished by insensitive football coaches, Boy Scout Webelos leaders, and Skittles.

One, the bottom of the All Business Clitoris is more sensitive than the top of the All Business Clitoris. Two, he should learn the maxim, "circular motion is like a magic potion." In my case this will be more of an ellipse than a circle, because the right All Business Labia Minora is smaller than the left. Three, the ABV appreciates when a man is forceful instead of timid. It isn't natural for most, so demonstrate and teach your son on the world's first ABV, captured for eternity in the Smithsonian's hypo-polymer mold of Alice Cunningham Fletcher. Happy Vacationing!

Saundra Firth is the author of *Personnel Management: The Clitoral Metaphor*.

Gay, Robot, or Snapple?

.....

We've all been in this situation: You're unsure of a friend's or roommate's sexuality, but hesitant to create an uncomfortable situation by asking them directly. Well, worry no more, with this handy guide to help determine a person's sexual preference with a mere glance.



The actions of homosexual males are often somewhat feminine in nature. **GAY**



A heterosexual man cares little for the appearance of his fingernails. **STRAIGHT**



The placement of an earring in the left ear is a subtle signal that a man prefers the company of other men to that of women. **GAY**

As handy as the above guide might be, there are situations where much more than someone's sexuality is in question. What if you can't tell at a glance if a person you encounter is gay, straight, or a robot?



Surge: not a beverage fit for human consumption. **ROBOT**



The Robot: Only a straight man could do a dance so gay. **STRAIGHT**



Robin Williams: Though he puts out terrible movies with machine-like precision, sadly, not actually a robot. **HAM**

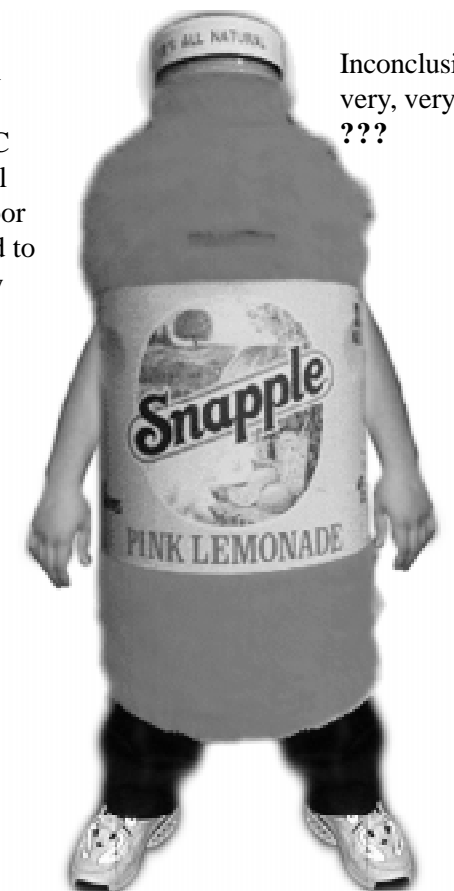
But what if you're still confused? What if your friend doesn't fill any of these profiles? What if you still can't tell if your friend is a homosexual, a robot, or even a Snapple? Sure, Snapple is a cool and refreshing fruit drink, but that doesn't mean it can't be your friend. And if your friend is a Snapple, we think you should know before stuff starts getting too awkward.



Freshness seal obviously broken. **GAY**

Though a commonly used, and inappropriate perjorative, the word "fruity" is not meant to literally describe a homosexual's Vitamin C content. And, though it has a metal cap, the glass bottle would be a poor conductor of the electricity needed to run the complex circuitry of a fully functional robot. **SNAPPLE**

Inconclusive, though very, very shameful. **???**



Top Ten New Rides at California Adventure

10. Juan y Pablo's Wild Border Crossing Adventure
9. Dotcom Six-story Drop
8. Japanese Tourist Land
7. The Disney Store
6. Bakersfield Klansmen Jamboree
5. Sweater Vest Mountain
4. Hall of Incompetent Governors from Reagan to Davis
3. Pirates of Hollywood Avenue
2. It's a Regulated Market After All
1. Mini-Disneyland with mini-California Adventure

Top Ten Ways to Conserve Energy

10. Shake vibrator and make humming sound
9. Physically visit server locations for web browsing
8. Pump CO directly into car instead of letting gas fill garage
7. Rapidly flip lights on and off, so that they're off half the time
6. Unplug yourself, if you're an appliance or robot
5. Shave balls with disposable razor
4. Only wash car when you have a full load
3. Let Grandpa die with dignity
2. Turn off heater, begin sleeping in oven
1. Only dustbust really dangerous dirt

Top Ten Items Found in a Prison Gift Basket

10. Pardon from Al Gore
9. Anal chap stick
8. DVD of "Dead Man Walking"
7. Cake w/ emory board
6. License plate starter kit
5. Chip to wear on your shoulder when you get out
4. Funyuns
3. Two consecutive lifetime supplies of chocolate
2. Ring of keys, but not *those* keys
1. Jar of sunshine

Kevin Deenihan

My 800 SAT Verbal Score...

By no means would I objectively consider myself as anything more than an average guy. I inherited my dad's sizable nose and my mother's tiny chest, although the latter has worked out okay. My penis is well within one standard deviation of the mean. As a conversationalist I'm not special, unless I'm talking to another self-avowed *Preacher* or *Sandman* fan, or someone who shares my obsessive love of early 80's cartoon shows. So it comes as much of a surprise to me as it does to you that I'm getting well more than my fair share of women. Considering that the mere mention that someone lives in Foot-hill can turn a woman off faster than Small Wonder's kill switch. I'm doing extremely well. So let me share my secret: chicks dig my 800 Verbal score on the SAT.

I took the test on the May date and got it back in early June, well satisfied with my score but not seeing any potential reproductive value in it. I figured this would raise my price at the sperm bank, but at the time I never imagined that it was so sexually valuable that I would end up tattooing the number onto my testicles and consider that money well spent.

One day that summer I was talking in my bedroom with a friend of mine, Kelly Dunkowitz, who had long black hair and an inner fire that burned only for the enlightened self-interest of Ayn Rand. Staring suavely at her breasts and making small talk, I innocently mentioned my little achievement. She looked up at me with a suggestive glint that had very little to do with the philosophical ideals of capitalism. "Tell about how you aced the Analogies section," she purred slyly, "I found the synonym pairs very, very, hard."

"When you say very, very hard, isn't that a clever metaphor for your obviously erect nipples?" That astute observation hit her like a weight made entirely of Spanish Fly, and she tore off her sweater before I could blink. Not to go into detail, but I screwed her harder than would a well-oiled, hand-crafted, German built Screwing Machine, one that was top of the line at screwing. Once word spread, all I had to do was whisper into a girl's ear, "I found the sentence completion section easy due to my exceptional vocabulary," and she would melt into my arms.

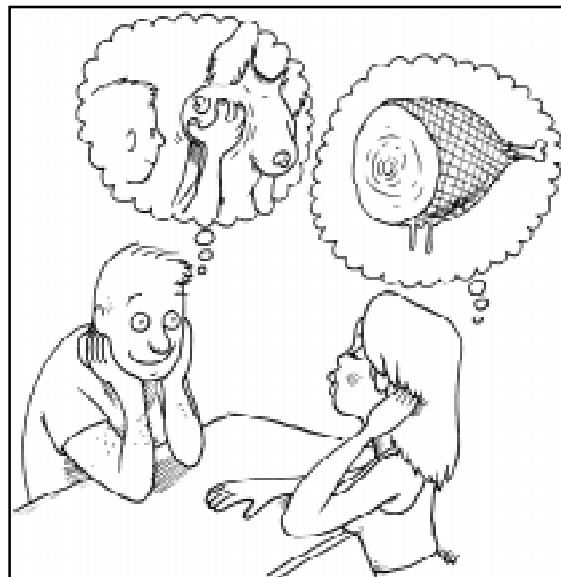
When I got into Berkeley, I thought that being surrounded by 800 girls and boys would've raised the bar to where the mere whisper of "perfect Verbal" would cause only the slightest hint of arousal. Casually testing its draw, I slipped it into the ear of a young Asian beauty sipping seductively from a can of Red Bull over her EECS homework. Throwing her textbook out the window and her arms around my neck, she breathed into my ear, "I only got a 780. You'll have to spank some reading comprehension into me." I would've taken her up on her offer, but I had to get into San Francisco. My AP English 5 score plays really well with the bathhouse guys.

Makes Me a Total Sex Machine

Meat & Greet

by Sean Keane

Behavioral scientist B. F. Skinner once wrote, “Human conversations are as varied as stars in the night sky, and no less infinite in their possibility.” Malarkey, says I. When the pretense has been stripped away, there are but three basic reasons driving human beings to talk to each other. Whether the pretense is “flirting,” “arguing,” or even “Ygnacio Valley High School’s 30-Year Reunion,” the underlying motivations behind conversation are simple: food, sex, and trivia.



1) Procurement of meat

No matter what the ostensible subject matter, conversation is often just a ritualized encounter in which each party attempts to assess the other’s meat-obtaining abilities. Perhaps the other party will reveal a new way to obtain meat, a new place to eat meat, or a story about how meat and other food-stuffs were combined in an unthought-of-but-still-delicious manner.

Examples:

“You got a new job?” *Translation:* You are more able to purchase meat. I can spend time in your presence and share in the bounty of your future feasts.

“Tell me more about that new restaurant.” *Translation:* I must diversify my intake of meat.

“I’m glad you did well on your midterm.” *Translation:* Your future meat-obtaining abilities have increased incrementally.

“So you’ve decided to take a semester off.” *Translation:* And for that semester, your expectations of future security will diminish, as will your consumption of meat. As will my interactions with you.

And obtaining meat goes hand in hand with...

2) Procurement of sex

Conversation is also a mating dance. The male is constantly assessing the female’s ability to bear and raise many children, as well as the chances that she’ll go down on him relatively early in their relationship. For her part, the female is constantly evaluating the male’s ability to provide meat and shelter for her future offspring (See #1) and the likelihood that his social status could elevate her own. Any conversation that involves physical contact or discussion of sexual habits is the equivalent of examining a horse’s teeth before buying it.

Examples:

“I just got back from the gym.” *Translation:* Imagine how attractive my newly enlarged muscles would look were my shirt not present.

“Your hair looks nice.” *Translation:* Daily compliments and affection like this could be yours if we entered into a sexual relationship.

“So I was talking to my pastor, and he said...” *Translation:* Other males have not had an opportunity to replicate their genetic information with me. Nor will you.

The final motivation for interacting with other human beings is less glamorous, but no less omnipresent.

3) Procurement of trivial information for future use

Like a squirrel storing nuts in the ground, or an emperor placing nubile young concubines in a harem, conversationalists store nuggets of data away for use in future talks. More information means more potential conversation, which means more chances to hunt for meat/sex.

Examples:

“Hey, how did that midterm go?” *Translation:* You previously mentioned an upcoming midterm, and now, having no other excuse to initiate social contact, I will simply reference that encounter.

“Is your mom/dad/grandparent/pet feeling better?” *Translation:* I have listened and shown concern during our earlier chats. Won’t you reward my attention and sympathy by providing meat and/or sex?

I hope that you can keep these motivations in mind when thinking about making small talk with someone else. Realize also that when it comes to eating and fornicating, “wit” and “cleverness” are on the same level with markmanship and cocksmaniship.

Top Ten Innovations due to US-Russia Cooperation

10. The Mig-29 Happy Meal
9. Palestine's own autonomous state, inside the International Space Station
8. The Two-Party System in which, somehow, the same guy wins every time
7. Dr. Zhivago's Top Five R&B Video Countdown
6. Compassionate Totalitarianism
5. Iron Eagle VI
4. The Fox Trotsky
3. Mickey Mouse, but crying
2. Joseph Stalin riding a flying poodle
1. Tsar Search

Top Ten Things To Hate Because No One Else Does

10. The Princess Bride
9. Sunsets
8. Babies
7. Twix Bars
6. Dr. Seuss
5. Firemen
4. Music
3. Water
2. Ben and Jerry's
1. Dee-lite's "Groove is in the Heart"

Top Ten Things to Do With Extra Pubic Hair

10. Restuff couch
9. Suspend mobile from ceiling
8. Floss
7. Tin-Can-Pubic-Hair Phone
6. Weave jacket
5. Put it in a conspicuous place and use it as the basis for a bad pick-up line which will later lead to no end of embarrassment during your Senate confirmation hearing.
4. Walk to Casa Zimbabwe, deposit in shower drain
3. String tiny violins
2. Coat it with honey to create "Pubic Hair of Bees"
1. Wait...yours or mine?

I Like Girls

by Tommaso Sciortino

Sometimes, not all the time mind you, but sometimes people call me sexist. I'll be watching a tape of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, or beating a woman and suddenly, out of the blue, someone will come to me and say, "Can I borrow that tape when you're done with it?" And I can't help but think that they're not asking due to their love of eclectic comedy, or even kitschy science-fiction films, but rather as part of an elaborate scheme that will result in some Amazing Colossal Man-sized humiliation for yours truly. And that just hurts my feelings. My feelings are very delicate.

I treat women well. I pay for things when we go out. I've even gone so far as to ask her where she wants to go. We won't necessarily go there, mind you, but the important thing is that I ask. Because I'm compassionate. That is, I am a compassionate individual with real feelings. Real, human feelings.

The one thing I don't have, however, is telepathic powers. I can't know that you don't want my tongue in your mouth before I try, several times in quick succession. Just to be sure the first slap wasn't a fluke. I mean, I'm not some kind of superhuman know-it-all who knows in advance how people are going to react to my casual use of the word "cunt." I'm just a regular guy. I don't

have the ability to read your mind and find out whether you'll be offended if I compliment your shapely, magnificent ass. Or even your sister's shapely magnificent ass for that matter. Normal: that's me.

Women are always accusing men of being "creepy" and "weird". This is unfair. Contrary to what some feminist women would have you believe, not all men are "smelly jerks" who "live next door to me" and "give me the willies by looking at me through the adjoining window." Isn't a guy allowed to appreciate the female figure? As far as I'm concerned, if a photon of light bounces off your glimmering, nubile body and into my apartment, it's my right to do with it as I wish. Even if a complex series of mirrors are needed to bring it into the privacy of my own video recording studio. And

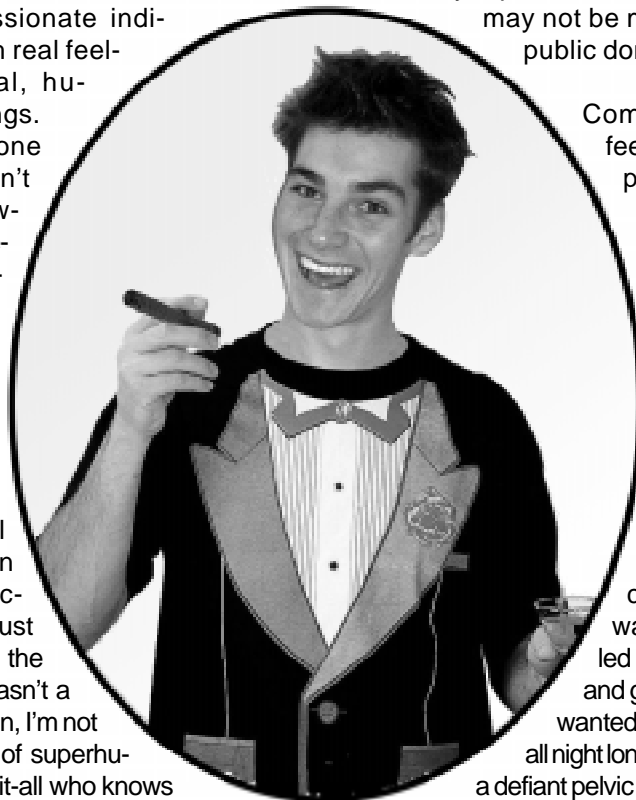
may I point out, the sidewalk may not be mine, but it is public domain.

To re-cap: Compassionate, feeling, women, public domain.

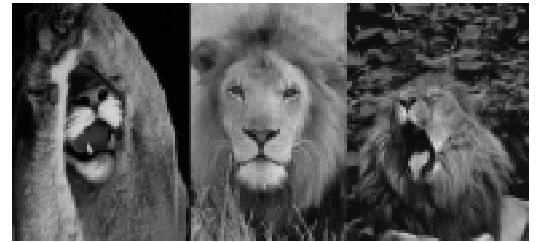
I just wish women would stop being so judgmental. The next time some girl tries to put a restraining order on me.

I'm going to sit up in the courtroom, wave my shackled arms in the air and go, "Look, I just wanted to be loved... all night long!" and then do

a defiant pelvic thrust to let the world know that there still are some good, old-fashioned men out there, who know how to treat a lady.



Berkeley Fables Par Excellence



The Man And The Lion At Strada

A man and a lion had been friends for a long time. One day, while they were relaxing at Cafe Strada, the man confessed he was envious of his friend. "Lion," he said, "I wish that I had strength and claws such as yours." The lion asked him why he felt this way, and the man replied, "Because I would feel safe and fearless every day, no matter where I go."

But the lion threw his paws to the sky and said, "Such irony! How I wish I had hands such as yours rather than these large, clumsy paws."

"But why would you want that?" asked the man.

"So I could masturbate."

Moral: *It is the duty of all men to give handjobs to lions.*

The Boy Who Cried "Ding"

Once there lived an ASUC senator who liked to lead his flock of sheep far away from the safety of the other ASUC senators. This boy liked to play a very clever prank on his fellow senators: he would pretend as though he and his sheep were being mauled by Executive Vice President Alex Ding. "Ding! Ding!" he would cry out to get help.

So all the other ASUC senators leapt to their feet and ran to the microwave. But their popcorn was not done.

Moral: *Popcorn takes a full three minutes before it is finished cooking.*

The Fox and the Crows

A fox was walking near the Greek Theatre when he spied Adam Duritz and his bandmates lunching on some cheese. "That cheese looks delicious," thought the hungry fox. "Perhaps I can find some way to trick the Counting Crows into leaving me some of that marvelous cheese."

"Oh, Mr. Duritz," the fox called. "Your voice is so beautiful, and your lyrics so profound. Perhaps you can sing one of your lovely songs for me."

Adam Duritz paused, mouth full of brie, and mumbled, "OK."

"Oh joy!" said the fox. The band then dropped their brie, picked up their instruments, and launched into a rambling, disjointed version of "Round Here." Though initially delighted at the bounty of cheese available to him, the fox soon became nauseated by Duritz's wailing vocals, and slunk away, leaving the brie uneaten. Counting Crows closed with a 12-minute version of "Mr. Jones," featuring an accordion and two tambourines.

Moral: *When everybody loves you, that's just about as funky as you can be.*

The Bear on Sproul

Bear was once walking through Sproul on a day the Golden Overtones happened to be performing. As it had nowhere in particular to go, it stopped to listen. "What a sweet siren song they play," said Bear. "Oh, sweet maiden," he said under his breath, gesticulating towards the fairest of all the Overtones, "how I long to make tender love to you, to caress your sweet, supple skin and with my every breath sing your praises to the earth and sky."

The student next to it leaned over and said, "Well why don't you?"

So it raped her.

Moral: *Bears are really goddamned dangerous.*

The Fable Writer and the Overtones

One brisk November morning, the fable-smith found himself drugged and bound, dangling upside down from Sather Gate. "What in God's name is going on here?" he asked himself. Peering down through blurred eyes, he saw the Golden Overtones gathered below and most visibly angered. "Oh," said he. "That is why." The fable-smith pleaded his case:

"But ladies," he began, "don't you see? The bear, clearly, represents all of Cal. And the bear is smitten with the Overtones as surely as all of Cal is. You're taking the rape the wrong way, you see? It's not about cheap laughs through shock value. It's about caring. Rape is nothing but a manifestation of love and appreciation, and ... oh dear, I've just gotten myself in more trouble, haven't I?"

Yes, fable-smith, you certainly have.

SPUD BROTHERS

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near Telegraph Ave
(510) 647-5228

It all starts with the potato.

Top Ten Things A Hyperintelligent Cat Would Do If He Got His Paws On An Old Vinyl Record

10. Scratch it up...literally!!!
9. Use it to create a chart-topping duet with Paula Abdul
8. Utilize superior feline hearing to determine that the sound quality didn't match that of a CD
7. Listen to it while watching "The Wizard of Oz." Scoff at less intelligent cats who believe the movie matches up with the record
6. Laugh at all the other hyperintelligent cats, who must content themselves with fleeting radio transmissions.
5. Get wasted on catnip while listening, decide that it's a piece of shit, and laugh himself silly while ramming his head into a wall over and over
4. Poop on it while reading "Ulysses"
3. Break it in half, because he knows karate
2. Sell it; buy tuna fish with profits
1. Try in vain to do anything whatsoever, batting it hopelessly with his tiny paws, while his patronizing human masters fawn over him.

Top Ten Places to Have Sex on Campus

10. Underneath me
9. 122 Wheeler (wink, wink)
8. Wherever she passes out
7. In Hoku Jeffrey's hair
6. QC174.45.M444-QC654.14.T373
5. In the butt
4. In Chancellor's jowls
3. Cloyne Court, if you've got herpes
2. In the GBC, for only two swipes
1. Above me

Top Three American Restaurants in Mexico

3. Fabulous!
2. One More!
1. French Fry

You Can Rinse and Spit Now Boback Ziaeian

Dentist: Hi Mr. Ziaygeean, how are you?

Me: Uh.. I'm good. But its pronounced Zee-aye-en.

Dentist: Ok. Alright. I got it. So how's school treating you?

Me: Not too bad. Classes are always hard, but I'm finding time to have fun. I work for this mag—

Dentist: Well, sure, sure that's just great. Have a seat. So, are any of your teeth bothering you?

Me: Nope, everything feels fine.

Dentist: That' good. Here, let's take a look. Open wide.

Me: (Opens wide)

Dentist: (Explores with mini-mirror and pick) So, are you still playing basketball?

Me: Ahhhh, ewee woncin whyo. Meh crossover eh gehwin wewwer.

Dentist: College was the best time of my life; studying in the libraries, always being around friends, and living on my own. You learn a lot about yourself in those four years.

Me: Huup.

Dentist: What year are you now?

Me: Thuud.

Dentist: Oh, only one more year. What do you plan on doing?

Me: I waha ho to wehico huu.

Dentist: Medical school that's great! What type of doctor are you looking to become?

Me: I weh waye wu wee uh cardiolo—

Dentist: (to assistant) Suction.

Frank: Got it.

Dentist: So, Frank, how did your night go with the Copelands?

Frank: Not too bad. We went to that place you recommended off the pier.

Dentist: Oh, that quaint little Italian restaurant. I love their garlic bread. I'd still go there if that was all they served. You don't know of any good Fondue restaurants, do you Frank? I've been meaning to take my wife.

Me: Tha wa I wike a wippe fah.

Dentist: Excuse me?

Me: Tha wa I wike a wippe fah.

Dentist: It's one thing to interrupt our conversation, Mr. Zermeaaan, but its just not right for you to talk so crudely about my wife. She may have put on a bit of weight recently, but she's still a beautiful woman. And a damn fine cook.

Me: HUH! I haid hit fah.

Dentist: I'm not going to hit you first, Mr Zebraman. That would be completely

unprofessional. But, just make one move, and I'll throw down, alright. Frank, hold my smock.

Me: Whaa, woo! I witten way aneewin.

Dentist: What's that, college boy? You want some of this? Here you go, smart ass! (Begins ravaging gums with pick)

Me: Ouch! What the hell just happened? I just said my favorite restaurant, Diptacular Fondue, is rather far. Now look. I'm missing several of my bicuspid.

Dentist: What? You didn't just describe my balding head as a scabby, flaky excuse for human hair? It's just a Rogaine allergy, goddammit!

Me: No. I don't even think I said that many syllables.

Dentist: Oh, I'm sorry. I must have misheard you.

Me: I guess so. You know, I'd love to sit here and straighten this all out, but I'm still bleeding here.



Dentist: I'm really sorry. Just sit back down and I'll fix you up.

Me: Yeah, okay, but I can't believe you just did that.

Dentist: I don't know what got in to me.

Me: I owinsan he habin.

Dentist: I'm just falling apart. Work has been stressful.

The ADA has been on my ass about my refusal to recommend the new variety of Triple Crest. But the worst thing is that my wife needs a scotch and soda just to take the edge off our dinner conversations. I try to make my passion for dentistry interesting to her, but she just interrupts and asks if I can get her some more Valium.

Me: Ew, oway. Puff wike whap wahpen. Hum haim waefe woo u wemon. U Little League wow win is haab woin wugh wo we wuu. Whea wih whire, wehwuh, an I bin weenin wo weh ha whah ah wa wine, bah I Bunnacula han. Um wareb a wabawin ha awaiwinwip. I wohn woo waywe heh we. Waywe I hah wear a iwinawi.

Dentist: What can I say? You're exactly right. Thanks for the advice, Mr. Ziaeian.

Me: Wup. Mo wowem.

Dentist: I think you've got a cavity.

Me: Howee wit!

Dentist: Looks like you're going to have to come back next week.

Me: Wuh! Weh!

Dentist: Frank, be sure to put in him in the book. You can rinse and spit now.

SUPER MARIO SAVIO™

from NINTENDO

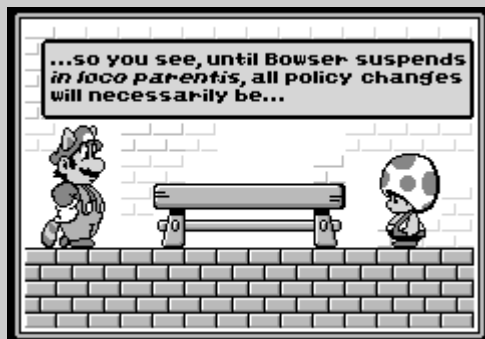
Mario Savio's legacy lives on today through commemorative stone steps and reasonably priced coffee drinks at a campus cafes. Now, you too can combat the forces of censorship with this exciting 8-bit adventure from the makers of UCPD Punch-Out! and Rush'n Sit Down. Fight for your rights to free speech, to public assembly, and to hours of enthralling game play, courtesy of your Nintendo Entertainment System.



Mario obtains some much-needed bail money.



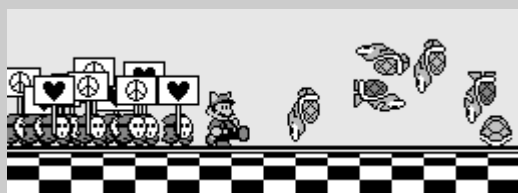
Super Mario hops on the police car to reach the First Amendment power-up.



Hours of discussion and rhetoric make for educational, if tedious, game play.



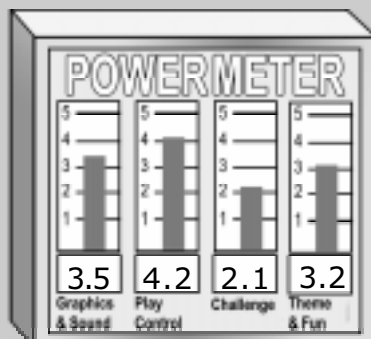
Much to the dismay of the Free Princess Movement, passive resistance doesn't work on Bob-Omb.



Take *that*, Koopa-industrial complex!



"There comes a time when the machinery of the goombas becomes so odious, uses up so many of your extra lives, that you've got to throw yourself on the end of the bridge, on that knob thing that makes the bridge retract, and make the mini-boss fall into the lava, or whatever that is."



Top Ten Medieval Euphemisms For Masturbation

10. Evacuating the castle
9. Draining the moat
8. Buttering the toast around the Round Table
7. Erecting a steeple for the cathedral
6. Wielding the longsword
5. Knighting yourself
4. Grooming the one-eyed horse
3. Rubbing the Franciscan monk's bald head
2. Polishing the helmet
1. Choking the fire-breathing dragon

Top Ten Things To Pan

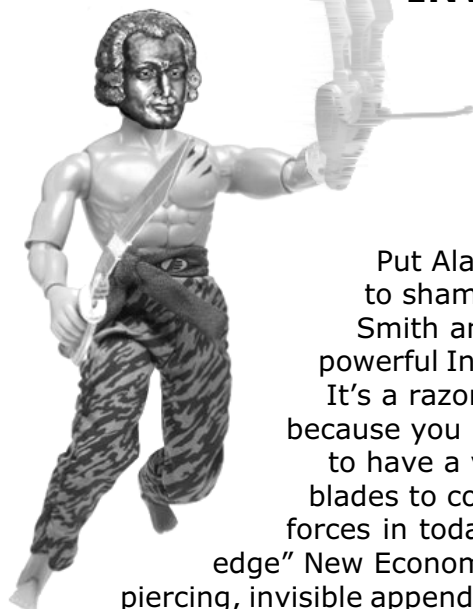
10. Gold nuggets
9. Peter
8. Da
7. Teflon
6. Fried Chicken
5. Cho villa
4. Oramic camera
3. Ja
2. Frederick Cho
1. Top Ten Things To

Top Ten Reasons to Pick Billy Last for Dodgeball

10. You already picked everyone good
9. Because there are only two people playing
8. He keeps eating the ball
7. Because Billy can't even dodge a tether ball
6. Contrary to public sentiment, Billy keeps trying to be a hero
5. Because Billy didn't put out
4. You saw Billy take a shit in the shower
3. Color of his skin
2. Billy is comprised of superdense matter which causes him to have a strong gravitational pull, thus giving him an inherent dodgeball disadvantage
1. Billy is 4 feet wide and half as tall

\$16.99

Adam Smith w/ INVISIBLE HAND



Put Alan Greenspan to shame with Adam Smith and his super-powerful Invisible Hand! It's a razor-sharp claw, because you have to have to have a violent set of blades to control market forces in today's "cutting-edge" New Economy. With this piercing, invisible appendage, Smith is set to regulate on the toughest supply and demand curves.

\$35.99

Aristotle w/ Olive Oil Soaked Greek Boy



Sitting around learning all the time is hella gay, but so was Aristotle. Get as "metaphysical" as you want with these posable figurines. Although Aristotle studied under Plato, that doesn't mean that the Greek boy always gets the top! Take these action figures home today, and make the father of logic call you "daddy."

Squelch-Co Presents: Philosophical Action Heroes

Hey kids! Tired of your low-brow action figures? Sick of creating battles full of macho, muscle-headed military men, who would probably be kicking your ass if you were both children on the same hypothetical playground? How about some quiet, thoughtful heroic figures to enact your violent fantasies?

Machiavelli w/ Back-Stab Action

\$18.99

Don't turn your back on this scheming character! Machiavelli's princely demeanor hides a wily, heavily-armed rogue who lives on the edge and looks out for number one! He's a devious but charming bad boy who lives by his own rules – and by a muscular, knife-wielding arm. At the touch of a button, this arm's jerky, repetitive motion simulates stabbing, ideally in the back of another figure. Remember how we told you not to turn your back? Well, that's why!



Carl Jung w/ sword to knock foes COLLECTIVELY UNCONSCIOUS

~~\$49.99~~

now only \$8.99!

Carl Jung is back with a vengeance! Bad guys don't know the meaning of concussion until Jung knocks them Collectively Unconscious, where they'll find themselves in a complex but universal dreamscape full of dark fears shared by all mankind. Jung isn't just the heroic type, he's the heroic arche-type!

