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Contributors (Not enough sand)


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. Asa Cat Cool Cat. Pow-Ka-Ka-Pow! Six days! Sixth 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 ASCU sponsored humor publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASCU, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect Ultraviolet light. Our offices are located in S16A Estenheim 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 see-ball) 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 neccessary 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, "Skeeeball isn't today. It isn't kutting-edj. It's not hip enough for today's supermegalultrahyperhip generation."

Au contraire, dear reader. Skee-ball.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 see beller 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
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 Raim, 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 Buback Ziaian, Heartless Bastard

In an amazing story about the triumph 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 Ridgemont 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 divider—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 Ziaeean, 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 retrieval past his eyes. Snyder swept down to retrieve the pencil adjacent student dropped a pencil and retrieved the pencil and pretended to write e-mails when his roommate entered the room.

The crisis came to a head when an adjacent student dropped a pencil and retrieved the pencil and pretended 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.

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 competitors 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 .jpegs 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.”

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.

Hardcore Sluts Want to Fuck Unit 2 Resident
by Christian Haste, Badly Brawn 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 licking 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.

The accused ironic possessions.
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

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.

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 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 Saundra Firth:  
Better Living through My Vagina

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.

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 Minor are smaller than the left. Three, the ABV appreciates when a man is forceful instead of timid. It isn’t natural for a man to be afraid of sex, 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.
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.

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

STRAIGHT

Inconclusive, though very, very shameful.

FRESHNESS SEAL

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. SNAAPPLE

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

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

Surge: not a beverage fit for human consumption. ROBOT

ROBOT

Though 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. SNAAPPLE

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

STRAIGHT

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

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

Inconclusive, though very, very shameful. ???

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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 Foothill 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 slinkily, “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.
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.

“My 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 nibile 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 marksmanship and cocksmanship.
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?

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 glistening, 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

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.
**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
5. In the but
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

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**You Can Rinse and Spit Now**  **Boback Ziaeiyan**

**Dentist:** Hi Mr. Ziageean, 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, that’s just great. Have a seat. So, are any of your teeth bothering you?
**Me:** Nope, everything feels fine.

**Dentist:** That’s 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 wonce 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:** Haup.

**Dentist:** What year are you now?
**Me:** Thuid.

**Dentist:** Oh, only one more year. What do you plan on doing?
**Me:** I wah ho to wehico huu.

**Dentist:** Medical school that’s great! What type of doctor are you looking to become?
**Me:** I weh wavey wu weeh uh cardiology—

**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. Zermeeaan, 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 Zebbraman. 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 owinsin 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 whapen. Hum haim wafoe wu u wemon. U Little League wow win is haab woin wuhg wo wo wu. Whea wih whire, wehwhuh, an I bin weenin wo weh ha whah ah wa wina, bah I Bunnicula han. Um wareb a wabawin ha awaiwinwip. I wohn wohaye heh we. Waywe I hah wear a iwinawin.

**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:** Howwee wi!

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

**Me:** Wuh! Web!

**Dentist:** Frank, be sure to put in him in the book. You can rinse and spit now.
Mario Savio’s legacy lives on today through commemorative stone steps and reasonably priced coffee drinks at a campus cafe. 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 gameplay, courtesy of your Nintendo Entertainment System.

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

1. You saw Billy take a shit in the bathroom.
2. Because Billy didn’t put out any mattress stubs.
3. You already picked everyone good for Dodgeball.
4. Top Ten Reasons to Pick Billy Last for Dodgeball.
5. You already picked everyone good.
6. Because there are only two people playing.
7. He keeps eating the ball.
8. Because Billy can’t even dodge a tether ball.
9. Contrary to public sentiment, Billy keeps trying to be a hero.
10. You saw Billy take a shit in the shower.

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 Vinci
7. Teflon
6. Fried Chicken
5. Cho villa
4. Oramic camera
3. Ja
2. Frederick Cho
1. Top Ten Things To Pan

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 any mattress stubs.
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.
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.

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

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

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!