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# the heuristic SQUELCH

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**SQUELCH COVER:** This magazine is presented in its original aspect ratio of approx. 8.5:11. The black bars at the top and bottom of your field of vision are abnormal and should be checked out immediately. I'm surprised you can even read this. Go see an optometrist, quick! Hurry, while you can still see and drive. Running time: Approx. 16 pages.

Isn't it weird how 7-Eleven is open 24 hours, but the locks on their doors don't prevent them from being robbed at gunpoint? And how come you park on a driveway, yet millions die needlessly of hunger every year? I can't believe how funny it is to put pictures of zoo animals into wacky situations. Whether they're wearing clothes or just standing next to people in inappropriate locations, it's hilarious. I sure hope you agree. Otherwise you're pretty much up Shit Creek without a paddle. But why would you go boating in a place called Shit Creek anyway? I think Jean MacFarlane Lane should just be called Jean MacFar-Lane. It would make for a shorter sign. We should have taken that guy's \$20. All we had to do was print a line that says "Jesse Gabriel is one of the best places to have sex on campus." Cha-ching! Pay up, dude. What a sad little bastard.

*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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# words from the top

## Oh, All Right...Sing It

Summer approaches, and with it, the end of yet another semester. Some may graduate, some may travel, some may seize the break in classes as the perfect time to give up and drop out. More than any other, this is a time for reflection. Certainly more than that sham of a milestone called New Year's, which inevitably degenerates into thoughtless, drunken mirthmaking or depressing, anticlimactic homestay, the end of a school year brings a change of schedule, a change in routine.

So seize the moment to think—chin in hand, elbow on table, with dreamy eyes raised toward the sky—about what this year has meant to you.

Maybe you've made some mistakes. Maybe waiting until after the engagement wasn't the best time to announce to your girlfriend that you'd like to see other people, even if she was happier when she had a ring. Maybe you should have stopped that night when your car bumped that girl riding her bike on a poorly lit side street. Maybe you should have attended your father's funeral—his cancer was your fault, after all. Regardless of your shortcomings, now is the time to take stock. Perhaps



as your summer unfolds, you'll have a chance to redeem yourself. Perhaps.

What have you done right in the past year? Surely your decision not to see *Pay it Forward*, despite the presence of Oscar-winning acting talent and overblown advance buzz, was a wise one. Keep it up—your avoidance of all things Helen Hunt will surely serve you equally well in months to come. Or how about the time your papier-mache satellite dish helped ward off hostile aliens that no one else believed in, but you knew were there? Saving humankind always leaves a warm feeling in your heart—remember that, and exploit it.

Possibly most important, however, is that you take this very special time to look toward the future. What are your goals? What's on the horizon? Remember, if you reach for the stars and fail, you might still catch the moon. The lesson? False, inflated expectations will help you to reach otherwise unreachable goals that are merely mediocre.

Learn to enjoy consolation prizes, but never lose sight of the showcase showdown. Someday, you just might win—with the help of a little luck, a little tenacity, and a little time spent on personal reflection. Aces! -Kenny Byerly

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# newsflashes

## Pillsbury Announces Release of "Ready to Eat" Cookies by Matt Holohan, Tee Hee

Pillsbury announced the release of new "Ready to Eat" Cookies this week, the latest product in the company's successful "Baking for Retards" product line. Unlike previous products such as "Ready to Bake" cookies, which consist of small cubes of dough that can be placed directly onto a baking sheet, "Ready to Eat" cookies can be transferred from the packaging directly into the mouth and eaten.

"We finally realized that, when people want cookies, they want them now," said Pillsbury CEO Pamela Hufnagel. "Who wants to wait up to and including ten minutes while the cookies sit in some oven?"

Contingent on the success of

"Ready to Eat" Cookies, plans are already underway to release "Ready to Crap" Cookies next winter. These pre-digested treats will come in the form of single-serving suppositories which can be defecated immediately upon placement in the anus.

## "High Quality" Apparently Means "For Fucking Ever to Dry Taking" by Matt Holohan, Monotone

Flummoxed laundromat patron Wilson Davis has observed that when a designer label boasts its socks as being "High-Quality," what they really mean is "These Socks Will Take For Fucking Ever To Dry."

"Look at these," extolled Davis as he held out a pair of black Calvin Klein dress socks to nearby laundrymen. "They've been in there, on high, for over an hour, and yet I could go wash

my whole car with these things."

By comparison, so-called "low-quality" socks dry rather efficiently. "You see these?" Davis asked no one in particular. "You get twelve pair for five bucks at K-mart. All you have to do is hold them up to a desk lamp and, boom, dry as a bone."

## Protesters Frustrated by Police Civility by Kenny Byerly, Collects Soundtracks

A large group of organized protestors who had blocked access to a major campus building yesterday found themselves all but ignored by friendly UC police officers. The protest continued well into the night, until protestors got kind of bored, decided their point had pretty much been made, and went home to get something to eat.

We did our best to make them

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# newsflashes

leave,” stated UC police captain Bill Cooper. “We reasoned very logically with them, and tried to be persuasive. We told them how disruptive they were being, but they all seemed to want to stay. What could we do?”

Many protestors, however, decried the UC police’s lack of strongarm force. “How are we supposed to make an impression without front-page Daily Cal photos of grimacing students being subjected to arm-bending and ear-pulling?” demanded Jamina Higgins, a junior who was neither arrested nor given a citation. Added Higgins, “You call yourself ‘The Man’? This is pathetic, guys. At least get out the pepper spray.”

UC police had offered to fetch sodas for the grueling twelve-hour protests, but their gifts were, for the most part, rebuffed.

**Plea of “No Sprouts” Unheeded by Mustachioed Devil-Bitch by Zack Fornaca, Saving up Spit**

Cafe Intermezzo customer Jerome Hill, who really doesn’t deserve this kind of abuse, ordered a sandwich & salad combo today, specifically asking for any and all sprouts to be omitted from both components of his otherwise standard order.

“No sprouts on either,” said Hill, enunciating flawlessly.

The employee, who is extremely intelligent-looking for a moron, or may be just a big he-bitch, acknowledged the special request and threw himself head-long into the construction of the clear and pleasant Hill’s chicken salad sandwich.

Once the sprouts-free sandwich was completed, the employee asked one more time about any special requests, at which point the customer restated his no-sprouts preference, in addition to specifying is choice of dressing.

“Tossed green, no sprouts, blue cheese,” said Hill, making and maintaining full eye contact with the big bitch.

The salad included a hearty portion of sprouts.

Hill requests that “the next time you patronize Intermezzo, should you pull the bulky Latino man with a wee little mustache as your server, kindly spit in his face.”

**Kindergartner Purged in First Ever 20th Trimester Abortion by Christopher Ying, Survivor**

The laws of science were defied yet again last month when Kansas doctors successfully performed a 20th trimester abortion on a 33 year-old woman.

Martha Sheister, 5 years after giving birth to her son Timmy, decided that she would be unable to support a son on her own. Rather than giving up Timmy to

adoption, Sheister, an avid pro-choice supporter, chose to have an abortion.

“I was actually involved in the clinical trials of the Ru-486 abortion pill,” explained Sheister. “Unfortunately I was given the placebo. I just never got around to having the abortion until now.”

Dr. Ronald Spelunker conducted the procedure using state-of-the-art abortion technology in a process known as abortion-by-notice.

“We were really apprehensive about the operation, but everything went pretty well,” said Spelunker. “We just sent a note to Timmy in his kindergarten class, telling him to come down to the principal’s office. That was the hardest part. He was pretty scared, what with the other kids chanting, ‘Ooooo, Timmy’s in trouble.’”

Once in the principal’s office, doctors bludgeoned Timmy to death using a clothes hanger.

“It was a clean abortion. The little tike didn’t put up much resistance,” said Spelunker. “This is a really exciting time for us. We’re moving by leaps and bounds in the abortion field.”

Spelunker and his colleagues hope to perform their first-ever 72nd trimester abortion next month on UC Berkeley freshman Solomon Jones. However, despite all the excitement, Spelunker’s ultimate goal is to offer his abortion services via the internet.

“Online abortion is the future,” smiled Spelunker.

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# newsflashes

## **Local Student “Almost Definitely” Leaving Apartment Tomorrow** *by Sean Keane, In-a-sec*

After nearly 84 consecutive hours spent within the walls of his apartment, student John Patterson will be venturing outside tomorrow, probably. Speaking from his living room couch, behind a haphazard pile of empty soda cans, pizza boxes, and half-eaten packages of uncooked Ramen noodles, Patterson revealed he had “pretty much decided” to attend the next day’s Psychology 130 discussion.

“I know I’ve been in kind of a slump,” said Patterson, stroking the four day’s worth of stubble on his chin. “But I’m mostly caught up with the reading now, and I bet I can get the notes when I run into Steve, as long as I manage to wake up before noon. And find some clean clothes, too,” he continued, glancing down at his sweatpants and dingy T-shirt.

“Even if I don’t make it to section, I’m definitely going to shower tomorrow,” Patterson concluded. “At least, I’m fairly sure I will.”

## **Telemarketer Disturbed by Strange Acronyms** *by Cory Zue, Better in Person*

A prospective customer thoroughly disturbed telemarketer Lester Martin of Discover Credit Cards with his unsettling acronyms. Lester, who cordially greeted the customer, made friendly banter and eventually convinced the man to apply for a Platinum Discover card with complimentary T-shirt.

“Everything was going great,” said Lester, “until I started to get his personal information.”

The situation turned bleak when Larry Hart, the customer, began to spell his name as requested.

“Larry,” he said “L as in Lester, A as in anally, R as in roughly, R as in rape, Y

as in you. Hart. H as in hurt, A as in and, R as in ravaging, T as in trauma.”

As much as Lester was frightened by the disconcerting choice of words, he pressed on following company protocol. It wasn’t until the man claimed he lived on Marley (Murders-Are-Rare-Lester-Except-Yours) Street in Tampa (Telemarketer-Assaulter-Machetes-Pulmonary-Artery), Florida (Fucking-Lester-Over-Requires-Insanity-During-Amputation), that Lester was thoroughly convinced that this man was not interested in his free tropical Discover T-shirt.

“It’s not like it’s been my lifelong dream to be a telephone sales associate,” said a frustrated Lester. “My job’s no frolic in the hay you know. These people, they think just because you’re a telemarketer you’re not human or something. It’s like we’re these weird telemarketing evil robots or evil telemarketing blobs of goo. I mean, fuck! Next time these motherfuckers harass me I’ll tell them “L as in lick, M as in my, H as in hairy, B as in balls.”

Lester failed to elaborate on the meaning of the word “lmhb.”

## **“Productive” Weekend Actually Weekend of Video Games, Porn** *by Kenny Byerly, Porn Game Addict*

Despite a repeatedly stated intention to use the upcoming weekend to “catch up on reading and finally clean up around the apartment,” Berkeley student Edward Linney in fact spent the majority of the weekend playing Tokyo Extreme Racer on his roommate’s Sega Dreamcast and viewing sexually suggestive pictures of naked women on the Internet. Linney’s friends expressed surprise that he had not met his goal.

“All week he’s been saying how this weekend was going to change everything,” said classmate Alyna Louis. “He even told me specifically that he wouldn’t be able to hang out Saturday, because he’d be too busy reading.”

“I really intended to be productive,”

Linney insisted in a recent public statement, which sought to explain the failure of his plans. He described how after getting a bit of a late start after sleeping in, he had indulged in what he expected would be a brief session of video gaming, which turned out to last for four hours. He then resolved to begin his work immediately after checking e-mail, an online activity which spiraled into an unsatisfying three-hour search for decent porn. Linney blamed the unnecessarily long time spent searching on the frustrating ubiquity of thumbnailed pictures which were actually blind links to other sites.

In light of these setbacks, Linney claims to have learned his lesson. Roommates, however, remain skeptical.

## **Moratorium Issued on Hair Professor Jokes** *by Matt Holohan, Student Advocate*

Citing what it referred to as “a growing trend of unchecked redundancy,” the Berkely Chamber of Commerce issued an indefinite moratorium on all jokes likening “The Hair Professor” to an actual college professor. The measure was endorsed unanimously by the city council.

“The Hair Professor has been in business since 1972,” said Councilmember Kriss Worthington. “And we’ve been dealing with those retarded jokes ever since. It’s time to put a stop to this, for the sake of all mankind.”

The moratorium makes illegal, among other things, replying to the statement “I just got a haircut at the Hair Professor” with “Looks like the Hair Professor should have his tenure reviewed,” “I hope you gave him a scathing course evaluation,” and “Are you sure it wasn’t the Hair GSI?” The measure also outlaws more pedestrian quips like “I don’t think the Hair Professor is a very good professor.”

The Hair Professor himself couldn’t be reached for comment, since he never showed up to his office hours this week.

# The Robots & Dinosaurs & Race Cars Club

Lorenza Elementary School Chapter, 3/24/01

Minutes Prepared by P.J. Jammerson, Secretary Supreme

Club president Stewart Hamlin brought the meeting to order at approximately 3:20pm, leading the assembly in the RDRC Club anthem. The rendition, while technically competent, was lacking that certain special RDRC pizzazz, and it left this Secretary Supreme less than satisfied.

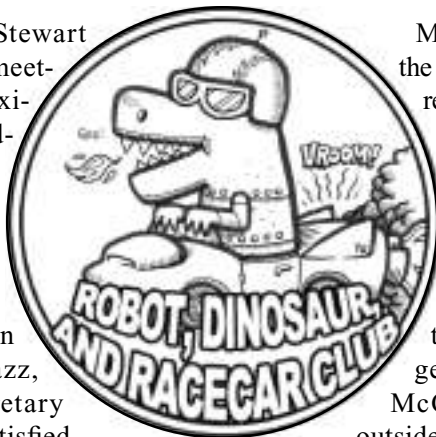
As per RDRC protocol, Mr. Hamlin called on treasurer Manny Sirpansky to deliver the weekly report on RDRC club finances. Mr. Sirpansky, however, proceeded to deliver a report on the existence of dinosaur skeletons in his backyard, most notably a full and intact diplodocus skeleton that Sirpansky christened "Dippy."

At this point, member at large Clem Moppett, although thoroughly out of order, asserted his corpulent bulk and threatened to unduly terrorize the honorable Mr. Jammerson, Secretary Supreme, if the honorable Mr. Jammerson did not write down every last word Mr. Moppett uttered. What follows is a matter of strictly my own cowardice:

"It's not fair! Every week Sirpansky's in here with another stupid dinosaur or something! Sirpansy, do you even know what treasurers are supposed to do?!"

At this Mr. Sirpansky took umbrage. The honorable Mr. Jammerson, however, ignored him.

"How come everything cool always happens to Sirpansy, huh? 'Oh look, I found a dinosaur. It was right next to that meteorite I found last week. My name's Manny Sirpansy and I'm a big stupid pansy. And I suck.' I mean, yeah, just last month space robots fought a galactic world war in my garage, and yes, I myself turned the tide of battle and single-handedly saved the known universe, but still, it's just not fair. And I hate you."



Mr. Moppett's use of the second person there refers to Mr. Sirpansky, and most definitely not to the courteous and accommodating honorable Mr. Jammerson.

Theresa McCall, twin sister of sergeant-at-arms Andy McCall and, as such, outside the probable range

of Mr. Moppett's oafen flab-hammer of a fist, however, took a different stance. She said that she didn't know why all the stupid boys liked their stupid dinosaurs anyhow. Stupid dinosaurs, she conjectured, are probably good for nothing. Maybe for tramping dirt all over the carpet and eating all the bath-soap, she clarified on a quick but still damning reconsideration.

Ms. McCall was met with shouts from several members at large, to the effect of, "You're a stupid girl and we like robots and dinosaurs!"

Ms. McCall, however, retaliated by developing breasts and refusing to show them to the assembly.

Mr. Hamlin ruled Ms. McCall's accelerated and ludicrous puberty out of order and demanded an immediate return to relevant club business: imaginary dinosaurs and the like.

Mr. Sirpansky, having regained the floor, noted that his diplodocus skeleton had not only been in perfect condition, but had spontaneously reincorporated and gained the power of speech, and that Mr. Sirpansky and his talking dinosaur Dippy Diplodocus were planning to drag race Mr. Hamlin and his talking triceratops, Topsy.

The meeting was then adjourned, and all members were treated to complimentary punch and cookies by Mrs. Hamlin, with the exception of Mr. Moppett, who was thoroughly spanked.

End report.

## Top Ten Vegetarian Musicals

10. Oklahoma
9. West Side Salad
8. The Pine Nuts of Penzance
7. Bring in the Soy, Bring in the Funk
6. Oliver! Oil
5. Banannie Get Your Gun
4. The Sound of Mueslix
3. A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, to Buy Cabbage
2. Jesus Christ Did You Try the Vegetable Dip?
1. Rentcumber

## Top Ten Reasons to Wake Up Angry

10. You're on the wrong side of the bed
9. You're underneath the bed
8. You're on the floor and your roommate is on the street selling your bed to some Pakistanis
7. You're getting oral from a dead guy
6. You're half buried in a cemetery somewhere outside of Mexico City
5. You woke up little Susie with your snoring and she kicked your nuts up your ass
4. Instead of your alarm clock, there's a ten piece mariachi band and they're dressed like Latin Robocops
3. You weren't planning on switching phone companies at 8:00 in the morning, but the person calling you thought you should.
2. You're in a bathtub full of ice, but your kidneys have not been removed, so you're still not sure if it's an urban myth
1. You're an infant, you're hungry, you've got a poopy diaper, and you have feet the size of an NBA power forward

## Top Ten Ways to Tell You Spent Too Much Money

10. Your front teeth are gold plated and people now call you B-Dog
9. You're driving an 18-wheeler loaded with vanilla pudding
8. Your triple bypass bill gave you a heart attack
7. It's got a spoiler, a subwoofer, and chromed hubcaps, but it's still just a Honda.
6. You're holding a degree from Stanford
5. You're naked, your car is gone, and the bitch that gave you blue balls is driving it
4. You're old and white, but your wife doesn't look old...she may be white
3. You're eating Super-Sized fries.
2. There are two friends in your apartment, and enough alcohol for fifty
1. You saw the stereo you just bought for \$399 at Best Buy for \$329.

# The Super Kmart Diaries:

24

Four *Squelch* editors and one webmaster set out to test their mental stamina over a 24-hour period under severe unlivable conditions. Those conditions were provided by a Super Kmart, a modern wonder of capitalist endeavor, a superstore the size of two football fields filled to the brim with every feasible product of mediocre quality.

Five men, 24 hours, one store, Super Kmart. This is how their story unfolds.



**3:30 PM:** The group pulls a scale off the shelf to weigh themselves. Average weight: 165 lbs.

**3:50 PM:** Zack helps a small child to mount a snowboard precariously atop a skateboard and, with a wink and a nod, sends the lad careening through sporting goods.

**4:00 PM:** Our trip appears seemingly harmless. There's nothing to distinguish our first hour as being any different than a typical outing to Super K.



**5:00 PM:** We've seen practically every product in the store twice. Conclusion: one hour will more than suffice to peruse Super K's full line of goods. Twenty-two hours left.

**5:45 PM:** During a game of Hide-and-Seek, Zack hides among the little girls' pants, periodically upshifting both the strategic complexity of his denim/khaki hideaway and the depths of his own perversion.

**7:00 PM:** Tommaso attempts to order 20 pieces of chicken instead of 25 in hopes of swapping in some "disgusting coleslaw."

**Deli worker:** Hi, can I help you?

**Boback:** Yeah, we'd like the 25-piece chicken meal—

**Tommaso:** Hey, could we maybe get 20 pieces and maybe some coleslaw or something?

**Deli worker:** ... You mean ...

**Sean:** Fucking Tommaso coleslaw motherfuck ass face no coleslaw cunt lick mother ass fuck 25 motherfucking piece fuck chicken shit damn hobag slut potato has no "e" fuck crap god damn mountain dew?



**Tommaso:** Okay ... [backs away]

**Kenny:** Hey guys, wouldn't it be great if we consumed the final piece of this chicken about ten hours from now?

**Zack:** I don't care, just so long as Sean doesn't burst into the bathroom while I'm taking a shit.

**Boback:** Mmm ... that sounds hot, Zack.

**8:00 PM:** Unable to lock the bathroom stall door, Zack risks the use of the

toilet anyway, and Sean unknowingly walks in on him.

**Zack:** "Sean saw my penis ... and I'm okay with that."

**10:00 PM:** Zack's left testicle starts hurting. Cause unknown.

Tommaso expresses optimism about his ability to get through the Kmart ordeal:

**Tommaso:** "I'm going to do it, I'm just not going to like it"

**Sean:** "You know, my girlfriend used to tell me the same thing."

Slight despair begins to set in.

**11:00 PM:** Stupid girls Cynthia and Michael arrive to visit. Unlike the fatigued core group, they are full of energy, still deriving no end of amusement from the kitschy products on display. Sean: "Oh, wow, you discovered some crappy products ... we've been looking at them for 8 hours and eating crappy food. You found a fucking hat. Big fucking deal."

Zack's testicle is still in pain. Boback discusses the logistics of butt-fucking in the freezer aisle, leading to the inescapable but hardly startling conclusion that Boback is gay.

**12:00 AM:** A Kmart employee learns of the experiment; implores group to make itself at home. She reveals the truth behind Kmart's locking of fitting rooms at night: It prevents transients from defecating in the rooms and wiping themselves with clean new clothes. When asked why these people do not simply utilize Kmart's restrooms, she has no answer.

Zack's testicle still hurts.

**1:00 AM:** The store is sparsely populated, the atmosphere mellow. Oddly, most patrons at this hour are 4-6 year olds—are they nocturnal children? Is this the only time they can come out?

**1:30 AM:** Boback persuades Zack and Kenny to buy Kmart rain boots with the promise that they can be "rid of wet socks, forever." Kenny, though, gets soaked one last time when Zack and Boback team up on a 2-for-1 half-price offer, and he is left paying full price.

**2:00 AM:** Zack decides to purchase a pair of plush slippers shaped like remote controls, guaranteeing that as long as he wears them, he may never get play, although he'll always be able to press "play."

Sean worries about body odor, despite having "Febrezed" his shirt.

mart

24



# Hours of Blue Light Agony



**3:00 AM:** The group learns of Zack's testicle problems. Boback: "I would feel so guilty if something bad happened to Zack's left nut. I didn't want any casualties, but he seems like he's willing to lose the left nut, if it's for a good cause. This is a good cause."

**5:00 AM:** After a long conversation about balls, two members of the group contemplate switching to boxers. Kenny: "Maybe I'm ready to venture out, expand the number of boxer shorts in my wardrobe. It's a bold new choice ... a new era ... a sign that this Kmart trip will produce lasting effects ... a whole new way of looking at the world."

**6:00 AM:** Seeing Kmart in the morning is like seeing the first snow of winter—everything is new, pristine and unspoiled. It is a thing of beauty.

**7:00 AM:** Boback rationalizes his theft of a banana: "One banana's not going to hurt anyone. Think about all the people who suffer here daily, working for minimum wage. I owe it to myself to take a free banana."

Hunger abounds. Everyone eagerly awaits the breakfast sandwiches which will be available at 8:00. Sean offers Boback encouragement: "Just keep saying to yourself: 'Breakfast sandwich, breakfast sandwich.' But this is not you pressed between two large naked men. It's something far better."

**8:00 AM:** Like so much else at Kmart, the breakfast sandwiches are disappointing and unsatisfying.

**9:00 AM:** Boback, suffering prolonged ridicule,

dubs the past hour "Bag on Boback Hour." He declares his intention to show everyone "who's on top." The clear sexual implication is that he is gay, despite vehement denials.

**11:00 AM:** The group breaks into teams and plays a rousing, fast-paced game of *Supermarket Sweep*, as seen on TV. Although ankles are swollen with fluid and mouths are filled with the bitter stale air of freshly waxed linoleum floors, finding secret clues behind giant bottles of Shasta while running around like imbeciles restores the group's faith in life.

**12:00 PM:** Tommaso attempts to sample a lunch choice before buying:

**Deli worker:** Hi, can I help you?

**Tommaso:** Yeah, I was thinking about getting the gumbo, but I wanted to know if I could taste it first.

**Deli worker:** What?

**Tommaso:** Can I taste the gumbo?

**Deli worker (slight disbelief):** You want to ... *taste* the gumbo?

**Tommaso:** Ye—

**Deli worker:** No.

**1:00 PM:** Having had 5 cups of coffee takes its toll, as Zack endures three "very full and very powerful" bouts of urination, even as he feels the coffee dissolving the inner lining of his stomach. Everybody is in the electronics department watching a Franklin Delano Roosevelt World War II Piece of Shit Special, which Tommaso enjoys immensely. Zack hates everybody, but in a good way.

Sean prepares to leave Kmart behind, to "wipe away the tears, wipe away the past I once had, and let a lifetime of numbness begin."

**2:30 PM:** The group returns to the scales to check their weight. Average weight: 163 lbs plus shame.

**2:59 PM:** Although Kmart provides shoppers the luxury of staying open for 24 hours, it was never intended for the hours to be used consecutively. Yes, this was a bad idea, but we scored a two-page spread for the magazine, and it only cost us our sanity.

**3:00 PM:** To everyone's relief, the ordeal is finished. Lessons learned: none.

**A Haiku by Tommaso:**

*Super Kmart store;  
We stayed there 24 hours.  
Oh God, what a waste.*

## SQUELCH FAMILY SHOPPING CART

ITEM	QTY.	PRICE
Rubber Rainboots	3 pairs	\$24 <sup>99</sup>
Salt & Vinegar Chips	1 bag	<del>\$3<sup>99</sup></del> FREE!
Banana	1	<del>\$0<sup>29</sup></del> FREE!
Malted Milk Balls	~10-12	<del>\$1<sup>29</sup></del> FREE!
Chaka's Mmm Sauce	1 bottle	\$5 <sup>69</sup>
Folding chairs	4	\$6 <sup>49</sup>
Talking Eeyore	1	\$15 <sup>99</sup>
Remote Control Slippers	1 pair	\$9 <sup>99</sup>
Bear Paw Slippers	1 pair	\$9 <sup>99</sup>
Cassette Tape	1	\$3 <sup>50</sup>



### Top Ten Worst Things to Be Allergic To

10. Latex
9. Antibodies
8. Your own skin
7. Dimes
6. Noon
5. Mirrors
4. True love
3. Whatever the opposite of tormenting small caged helpless animals is
2. Sneezing
1. Verbs

### Top Ten Ways to Tell You've Found a Quality Girl

10. She has a huge red USDA stamp on her
9. Her sister suffers from epileptic seizures, and thus the sister at hand is by comparison a quality find
8. She reminds you of your mother
7. She reminds you of your mother naked
6. thick healthy hymen
5. feet tightly bound
4. has all her papers and she's clean
3. She's two feet tall and makes your penis look enormous
2. bonus hole
1. Your group of quality friends have already gotten with her

### Top Ten Pointlessly Exotic Sexual Practices

10. Yoga
9. French Hugging
8. BDSMQWXCTF
7. Menage' e un
6. Nasalingus
5. Auto-Erotic Tea-bagging
4. Sex with Tom
3. PhoneFeltching
2. 96
1. Oral Fisting

### Top Ten Formulaic Top Ten Entries

10. The one about anal sex and/or masturbation
9. The obscure 80's pop-culture reference
8. The one that takes the premise literally
7. The self-deprecating one
6. The shamelessly unfunny coding/physics joke
5. The timely reference to campus news
4. The one that's not a joke
3. The one that references an earlier entry
2. The really long, rambling one
1. The one about Hoku Jeffrey/Lauren Bausch

*When Thomas Jefferson's white descendants and black descendants live together in Monticello, be prepared for life, liberty, and the pursuit of wackiness! Coming this summer, on the WB!*



## SCENE 1

INT. COURTROOM

**JUDGE:** After reviewing both parties' claims to the estate of Thomas Jefferson, I have to come to a decision.

**RASHAD WILEY:** Alright, Judge. Tell this peckerwood that I win, and let's get on with it. The Hornets game is on in half an hour.

**ORVILLE TITHERINGTON:** Your Honor, can you do something about this impudent little... man. He's been completely uncouth and out of control for the entire proceedings.

**RASHAD:** Hey! Don't be callin' me little, you toupee-wearin' beanpole.

**ORVILLE:** Why you impudent ruffian! *(WILEY and TITHERINGTON scuffle. The JUDGE bangs the gavel)*

**JUDGE:** Order in the court! Mr. Wiley, your behavior has been disgraceful this past week. *(ORVILLE sticks his tongue out at RASHAD)* And Mr. Titherington, you've been even worse! *(RASHAD mocks ORVILLE)* You're lucky I don't find both of you in contempt of court! Therefore, I order both of you to live together in Thomas Jefferson's former home, Monticello, for one full year. After that year, I'll review the case, and see if you two have learned to get along any better. Case dismissed!

*(JUDGE exits)*

*(RASHAD and ORVILLE stare at one another, jaws wide open)*

**BAILIFF:** I guess all men really are created equal.

## SCENE 2

EXT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

*(RASHAD and ORVILLE arrive outside the bathroom door simultaneously, clad in bathrobes, towels in hand)*

**ORVILLE:** Out of the way, Wiley. I have a tee time at the club in 45 minutes.

**RASHAD:** Not so fast, Fuzzy Zoeller. I've got to meet the kids at the recreation center in half an hour. I'm sure those old white men at your club can wait.

**ORVILLE:** I beg your pardon! My country club is extremely diverse.

**RASHAD:** Oh, please. The only black man that's ever played that golf course is Tiger Woods. Anyway, why don't you just shower downstairs?

**ORVILLE:** I assure you, my ancestors did not fight the Revolutionary War so that I'd have to shower in that mildewed, leaky shower stall.

**RASHAD:** *(pause)* Look. I ain't even gonna go into what Sally Hemmings did, but you better believe I deserve a shower with water pressure just as much as you do.

*(BATHROOM DOOR opens. Neighbor CHANDRAKANT PATEL exits)*

**PATEL:** Oh, hello gentlemen. Sorry to occupy your restroom. I was making vegetable curry with young Trey in the kitchen. Feel free to try some.

*(PATEL exits. ORVILLE and RASHAD step forward, and both notice the foul odor from the bathroom. Both immediately step back.)*

**ORVILLE:** Wiley, please go ahead... consider it affirmative action.

**RASHAD:** There's been some kind of action in that bathroom, but I wouldn't call it affirmative. Race you downstairs!

*(ORVILLE runs after RASHAD)*

*(FADE OUT)*

*"Monticello!"*  
The Wileys are TJ's heirs  
And now they're going to get their shares  
It won't be reparations  
Just luxury accommodations  
Monticello!  
The Titheringtons thought the home would be theirs  
The judge's ruling caught them unawares  
Due to miscegenation  
The home's got integration  
Monticello!



Dear Mr. Shakespeare,

Our reviewer has gone over your recent submission, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. While we feel the work shows great ambition and promise, we regret that we cannot publish it at this time. Enclosed, please find our suggestions:

- Your allusion to Schrodinger's Cat in *Romeo and Juliet* is clever, but perhaps binds up the plot a bit too much. Where you have written,

*Romeo:* Give me a dram of poison, of such dubious and volatile nature, that if I imbibe the whole thereof, then bind myself within a box, it shall be impossible to tell if I am either dead or alive, and as such, persons shall have to assume both!

*Apothecary:* If you had the strength of ten men, it might or might not dispatch you straight.

We suggest something a little more appropriate for a tragedy. Additionally, your stage direction for the closing scene reads, "If the audience claps enough, they come back to life." This betrays a certain juvenile character in the work.

- In *Richard III*, there are more than enough puns on "hump." Certainly, Queen Margaret was far too old for such suggestions to be taken seriously.
- The themes in *The Merry Homosexual Men of Windsor* are a little strong. Might there be some way of toning down the humor while retaining the essential nature of the work?
- Again, in *Hamlet*, you include a provision in your stage direction for an alternative ending. You may wish to try focusing on the linear plot, and add stage direction at a later time, on an as-needed basis.

As for the setting in *Hamlet*, no one is going to believe a story about generation-spanning, geopolitical conflict between France and the Federation of German States. Perhaps you should set the scene in a region better known for militarism.

- The plot device of precognizant witches in *MacBeth* is an interesting one. However, predictions like, "No man except MacDuff may harm MacBeth" and "MacBeth shall rule, 'til exactly two and a half months from now" detract very much from the suspense of this political thriller. Perhaps the mystic nature of witchcraft can be evoked with a more mysterious effect.
- How about if you put a lying, scheming Jew in one of your plays?
- In *Twelfth Night*, the plot climaxes with a man making out with a woman who has made out with his sister, while she was pretending to be him. Is there some way you could make that any creepier? We didn't think it was creepy enough.
- Henry V* could use an elaborate scene spoken entirely in a foreign language. A good excuse for including this scene might be found in an obscure pun on a French colloquialism for 'vagina.'
- Knock it off with all the pretentious Pink Floyd references.

We hope that these suggestions will help you to realize the potential locked within your work, Mr. Shakespeare. Please don't hesitate to resubmit this manuscript, along with any future works you may produce.

Cordially yours,

Francis Bacon

## Top Ten Ways to Act Like You're Working in a Pizza Factory

10. Make pizzas
9. Throw dough in air for no apparent reason
8. Turn pizza-making machines on and off
7. Slide giant pizza paddle around in oven, then take out
6. Frantically load backed-up pizzas from pizza conveyor belt
5. Ride around in forklift
4. Repeat in loud voice, "I sure am making a lot of pizzas!"
3. Order pizza!
2. Lie down in giant vat of pizza sauce and make pizza angels
1. Keep one Netscape browser window open to Pizza.org while writing personal emails

## Top Ten Pornographic Landmarks

10. The Lube
9. Great Barrier Beef
8. Space Needle Dick
7. Golden Showers Gate Bridge
6. Viagra Falls (I'm sorry...)
5. Washington Monument
4. Great Lakes of Female Ejaculate
3. Grand Canyon
2. Girl'd Trade Center
1. Naked Statue of Liberty

## Top Ten Inappropriate Memorials

10. Any and all grief surrounding Jerry Garcia
9. Steve Allen Marble Pillar of Comedy
8. Religion based on cross symbolic for Christ
7. Washington Monument
6. The Airwolf Sanctuary
5. Quake III Klebold/Harris Edition
4. Ethnic studies eternal cop car flame
3. Vietnam War Boring Wall of Names
2. A giant trophy case for Tom Holmoe after we kill him
1. Mark Paul Gosselar eternal monologue to camera

## Top Ten Things to Do with 50 Corpses

10. Film parody of *Weekend at Bernie's*, starring one live person and 50 dead guys
9. Stack on the top of Campanile to make it 50 people taller
8. Put in a paper bag, light on fire, set on neighbor's doorstep
7. Sell on road so people can ride in Carpool lane
6. Line them up, then knock them down like dominos
5. Enroll in hard classes to lower the mean
4. Have join Sigma Phi Epsilon to emphasize how dead the house is
3. Drop out windows
2. Take seven and form your own damn octet
1. Toss in junk drawer



May #59

# HOUSEBOY!

## THE BOY WITHOUT FEAR

**Home** to some 60 inhabitants, all women, Alpha Omicron Pi projects an outward sense of elegance, even respectability. But for those who make their home within its bleak, labyrinthine halls, it is something else altogether.

The air reeks of estrogen and stale perfume, and the faint aura of bi-curious girls desperately trying to prove themselves as women. Yet there is one lone resident who shines through this darkness. He is Alpha Omicron Pi's protector; its hero.

### Alpha Omicron Pi. Day.

**Sharon** McIntyre and Leslie Cohn are chatting peaceably with handsome Sean Smith, who also happens to live somewhere in Alpha Omicron Pi, for reasons no one can quite figure.

"Looks like the floor's been mopped," Sharon observes casually. "I wonder who did that."

"I bet it was the Houseboy," Leslie gushes, a gleam of excitement in her usually vacant eyes.

Sean chuckles. "Oh, come on. Don't tell me you believe in that 'Houseboy' nonsense. That's nothing but a house myth."

"Don't laugh, Sean, it's true. Karen even saw him once."

"Sure, that could have been anyone. She might've just seen me."

Now it is the girls' turn to laugh. "Oh honestly, Sean. As if anyone could ever mistake you for the Houseboy."

"I guess you're right. I still say it's a load of bunk, though."

Suddenly, from the depths of the hallways, a muffled shriek.

"Sorry, girls, I just remembered—I've got a lot of homework to do." Before they can say goodbye, Sean is gone.

### Alpha Omicron Pi. A bedroom.

**Today**, Tanya Tiffler knows true horror. Birth control. Missing. And she, so

otherwise prepared for a night which will inevitably end in sex with a stranger.

An ear-splitting CRASH fills the room, followed by shards of broken glass. A caped, masked figure crouches silently in the middle of the room.

"Who—who are you?!" Tanya chokes, voice quivering.

"Just call me Houseboy," says the figure, with a friendly smirk.

With practiced speed, Houseboy produces a package of birth control pills from one of the many capsule-sized compartments on his uterity belt.

"Thank you," says Tanya, voice tinged with wonder.

"Pregnancy? Not in my house," replies Houseboy, and plunges gracefully out the window. Tanya gasps and rushes to the windowsill—but already, he is gone.

Mere seconds later, Sharon and Leslie burst in.

"Tanya! Is everything okay?"

"I-I lost my pills, but Houseboy saved me."

"See Sharon? I knew he was real. Too bad Sean wasn't here to see this. It seems like he's always running off whenever trouble's afoot."

"Yeah, what a loser."

### Alpha Omicron Pi. Thursday Night.

**Houseboy** reclines in his state-of-the-art basement lair, his massive supercomputers humming softly. It is a moment of relief from the neverending cacophony of squealing girly voices that fill the night, a grating yet comforting backdrop for the Houseboy's crusade for justice.

The Houseboy's stony features form a grim frown as he contemplates the drunken debauchery in which his girls find solace—the Frat parties where bump-and-grinding

neanderthals and ubiquitous stolen road signs serve as poor substitutes for genuine human affection. Out there, he can't protect them. But within AOPi is his territory.

Not in my house. Never in my house.

Outside the tiny basement window, the light grows faintly brighter.

Houseboy rushes to look, and finds the familiar Omicron-shaped searchlight illuminating the cloud-covered skies.

The signal.

### Alpha Omicron Pi. Kitchen.

**The** House Mother shivers at the chilly night air blowing through the open kitchen window.

"Trouble?"

She turns and sees that, yet again, the Houseboy has soundlessly appeared right behind her. "Always the showman," says the House Mother quietly, and takes a drag on her cigarette.

Houseboy's microfiber-Kevlar cape flutters softly in the wind. "So what is it this time?"

"Dishes."

"Leave it to me."

"I'd hoped you'd say that. Houseboy—"

"Yes?"

"It never ends, does it?"

"This? No. But someone has to keep up the fight."

She turns away, takes another drag. Smoke billows from her nostrils.

"You should quit."

"Maybe someday, Houseboy. When this job will let me."

No reply. With a start, House Mother turns around. Gone. Dishes clean, and neatly stacked. "Thanks, old chum," she whispers softly, and with a faint smile, she extinguishes her cigarette.

# AirBART

## BUS DRIVER APPLICATION



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

*We're glad you've chosen to join the ranks of the Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) family. This is application is your first step in starting your career as an AirBART bus driver.*

### Short Answers

- 1) When was the last time you rode AirBART?
- 2) Do you like to go in circles? When was the last time you drove in circles?
- 3) Many children have toys that go in circles. Are you a child?
- 4) If you were child, would you like playing games that went in circles?
- 5) Starting with Terminal 1, list all three AirBART stops in order.
- 6) How big is your ass?  
Mass:  
Volume:  
Circumference:  
Frictional Coefficient:
- 7) To the best of your ability, define the word "Air" as it occurs in "AirBART."

### True/False

- 1) People go to the Oakland Airport to ride a ground transportation system. **T/F**
- 2) The AirBART is on train tracks and a steering wheel is not required. **T/F**
- 3) You will only make three unique stops a day while working eight hours a day. **T/F**
- 4) AirBART is your best employment possibility. **T/F**

### Multiple Choice

- 1) If someone enters the bus and attempts to pay the fare with cash, what should you do?
  - a) take the cash and pocket it yourself
  - b) redirect them to the machines where they can purchase AirBART tickets.
- 2) After stopping at Terminal 1, where do you go next?
  - a) Terminal 1
  - b) Terminal 2
  - c) Coliseum BART Station
- 3) People boarding the bus at Terminal 1 will most likely get off at:
  - a) Terminal 1
  - b) Terminal 2
  - c) Coliseum BART Station
- 4) Only one airline flies in and out of Terminal 2. What is that airline?
  - a) Southwest
  - b) Quantas
  - c) Greyhound

### Essay Questions

- 1) Why are you the best candidate to be an AirBART driver?
- 2) Our drivers are continuously improving and honing their skills, after you complete the route once, in what way would you make your next trip more memorable?

### Top Ten Ways to Catch the Loch Ness Monster

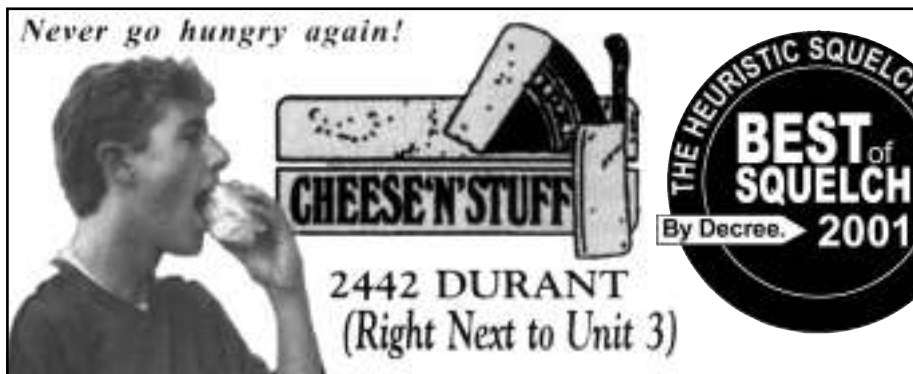
10. Send him a Crushlink email
9. With Loch Ness monster paper
8. In a really big baseball glove
7. Pour salt in the Loch, and continue pouring salt in the Loch until the monster floats to the surface
6. Pour arsenic in the Loch. Monster dies. Go home.
5. Paint a fake tunnel onto the Loch wall
4. With honey, rather than vinegar
3. Turn the world upside down, and handily catch the monster as it falls.
2. French kiss someone who already has the Loch Ness monster.
1. Dress up as a sexy female Loch Ness monster, keeping you true non-monster identity secret until the monster can't escape

### Top Ten Benefits of Buying a College Yearbook

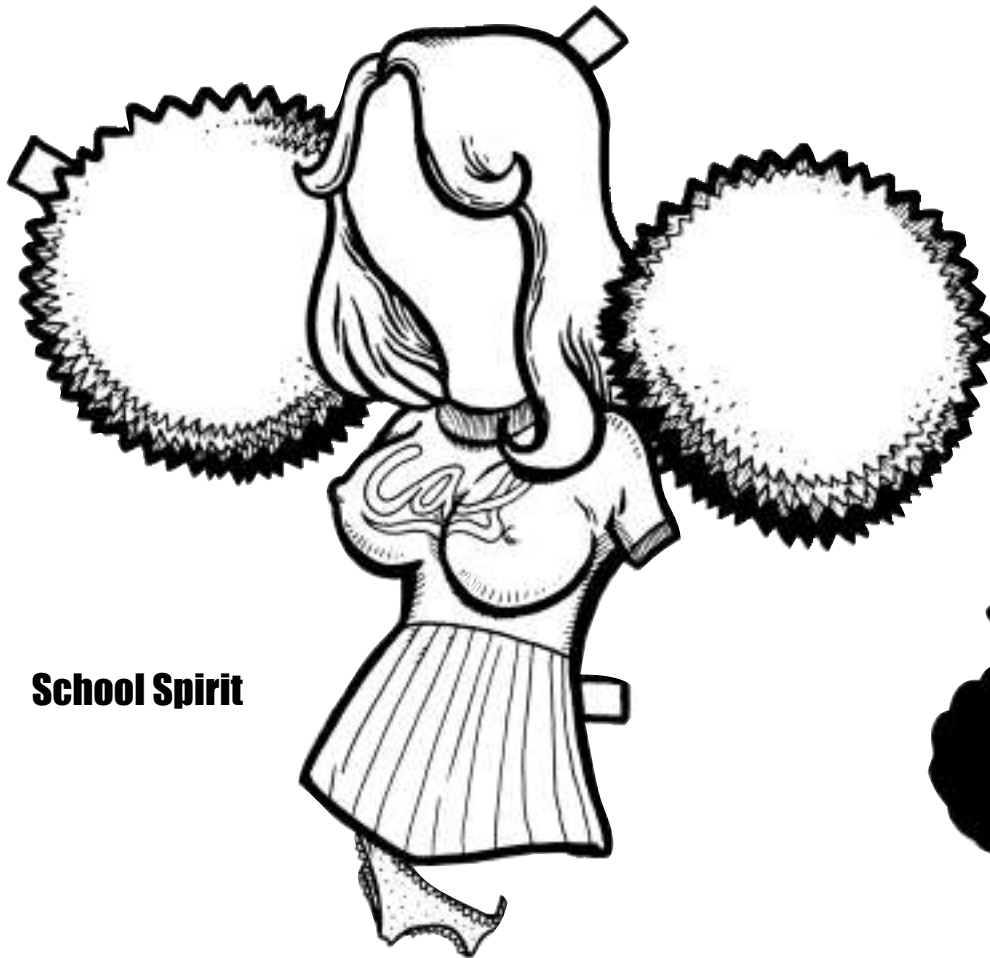
10. No longer need to leave your house to look at people you don't know
9. Suede-like velveteen cover (1998 edition only)
8. Something to sign at reunion, if you've received it by then
7. Your freshman, sophomore, and junior years weren't that good anyway
6. College-level sappy writing instead of high-school-level sappy writing
5. You can check off girl(s) you've dated
4. Even after college, you can continue to ask pictures "So what's your major?" and receive answers from captions.
3. Weighty tome keeps coffee table from blowing away
2. Have record of Tuesday Night Drinking Club (TNDC) for posterity
1. Draw mustaches on professors without hurting your grade

### Top Ten Entries That Didn't Make the Other Lists in this Issue

10. John Denver Airfield
9. Allergies
8. Great Wall of Vagina
7. When supervisor walks in throw cheese in air and pretend it's snowing
6. Phantom of the Operadish
5. Not a damn word, just let him dry hump your leg one last time, you heartless wretch.
4. Recently invested in eToaster
3. This one
2. Princess Diana golden telephoto lens
1. The non-sequitur



# Paper



**School Spirit**

**The Militant Man\***



**The Haas Suit of Business**



*\*Hoku Jeffrey is a registered trademark of the New Youth-Led Civil Rights Movement. All rights reserved.*

# Ber-Dolls

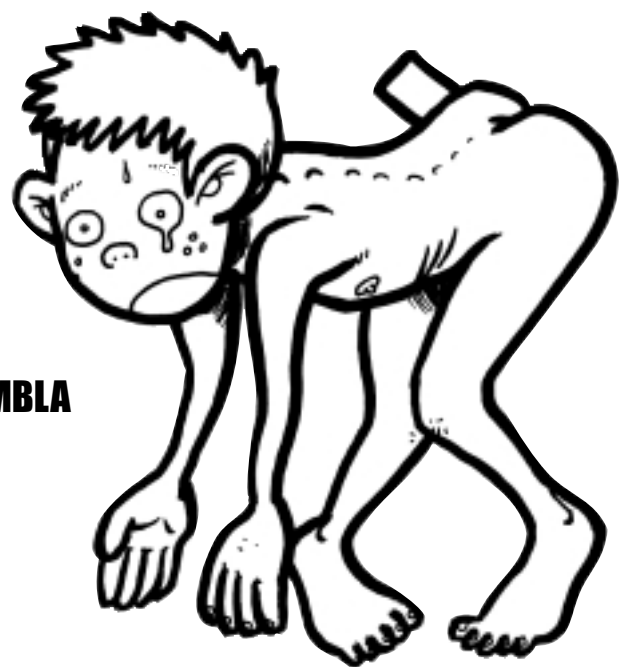
Hey girls! Ever dream of living the glitzy, glamorous life of a big University Chancellor? How about a male University Chancellor from Texas? Well, now you can vicariously live out that oddly specific fantasy, at least as far as getting dressed is concerned. What will Chancellor Berdahl wear today? You decide, with these adorable outfits based on actual articles found in the chancellor's closet!



**The Minute Man**



**The NAMBLA**



## "A hop, skip, and a jump to greatness!" – Ain't it Cool News



Everyone's favorite college humor magazine makes its leap to the screen with *Heuristic Squelch: The Movie*, a high-octane, low-emission comedy with "explosive action and charm to spare" (Joel Siegel, *Good Morning America*)! Based on characters from the popular magazine, *HS:1* stars Robin Williams (sentimental, unfunny treacle) as Sammy Hops, the hard-driving kangaroo daredevil who's just trying to make it home! But when Sammy meets up with ex-special forces marine Chapman Carter (Samuel L. Jackson, *Deep Blue Sea*), they stumble upon a dastardly zoological conspiracy headed by shadowy figures in the Chilean government, and Sammy's forced to burn rubber the only way he knows how! Action and mayhem are the name of the game as Sammy and Chapman hop, shoot, and bicker their way to victory, proving once and for all that true friends *can* overcome air strikes—if they just know how to have a good time!

This "high-spirited romp" (Peter Travers, *Rolling Stone*) has critics across the country cheering! "That boxing kangaroo from Looney Tunes—the one that always gets mistaken for a giant mouse—better watch out, because there's a new marsupial megastar in town!" (Jeffrey Lyons, *WNBC*).

**"This movie wuz totaly fun and even tho itll never win an oscar not all movies are supposed 2 make you think and some are just fun. i saw it with my friends and we all thought it rulz!!"**  
- prty\_grl, imdb.com user comments

### Special Features

- 'Roos of the Road: The Making of *HS:1*
- Featurette: Behind the kangaroo wire-fighting car chase effects
- Kangaroo Overload!
- Destiny's Child Music Video: "I'm Not Your Fur Coat"
- Limp Bizkit Music Video: "Kanga-Boom"
- A conversation with Samuel L. Jackson: "Why is everything about the kangaroo?!"
- Footage Never Before Seen Anywhere, Not Even By The People Who Made This
- Theatrical Trailer
- Featurette: In the makeup chair with Robin Williams



**"[Not] disappointing!"**  
- Roger Ebert, *Chicago Sun-Times*



**"Man sitting up in interested position, but not quite jumping up and clapping."**  
- *San Francisco Chronicle*

VOLUME 10 / ISSUE 7 PRESENTS A KANGAROO HARBOR PRODUCTION A TREMBLE THE SHEEP FILM "HEURISTIC SQUELCH: THE MOVIE"  
LEELEE SOBIESKI MATTHEW KIMBROUGH PAUL WALKER AND STEVE ZAHN MUSIC SUPERVISOR DJ WINAMP EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SPUD BROTHERS  
PRODUCED BY YOUR STUDENT FEES DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY GOOGLE, A.S.C. WRITTEN BY CANDLELIGHT DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BAY



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