



the heuristic

Squelch

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INCOMING FRESHMEN

MISBEHAVING SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover: The cover, titled Calgreet, is oil on canvas. Well, it's not. It's a lie. It's a big, fucking Photoshopy lie. It's actually charcoal on paper. The artist painstakingly captured a brief moment combining surreal beauty and unrelenting terror, resulting in a breathtaking composition that results in not so much laughter as awe. Note the symbolic replacement of a typical freshman with councilman Kris Worthington. That probably means something. Once and for all, I am not dumb. Don't use me if you think I'm dumb.

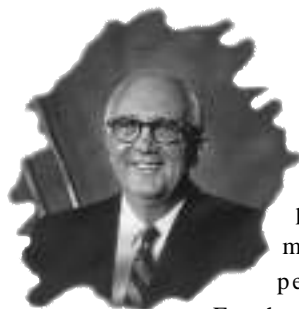
Few people realize that *Batman & Robin* is actually a remake of *Care Bears Battle the Freeze Machine*. I think I liked *Care Bears in the Land Without Feelings* more than *Freeze Machine*, though. Jesse Gabriel still owes us \$20. If we were him we sure wouldn't want an outstanding debt with such an influential publication. Mix Vivarin and Nyquil and you get aspirin. Really! What happened to Five Alive? How is Five Alive gone and Sunny Delight still around? Sunny D is what's left over after they make Tang. And what pseudo-hip loser calls it Sunny D anyway?

The *Heuristic Squelch* is an ASUC sponsored 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 at the angle of incidence. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman. Stay the heck away from our mice.

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Shrimperstar



I had always assumed that all shrimp were peeled by hand, because how could anyone build a machine to peel shrimp? You can't build a machine to peel shrimp. Shrimp are small, fragile, and slippery.

Furthermore, the peeling process is complex. You have to grip those little shrimp legs and pull them in a slightly circular fashion to remove the shell. Removing the tail involves a strong reverse grip and the right amount of torque. It's all very tedious, until you have a hands-on experience with a pound of shrimp, you won't understand how tedious the process can be.

Before 1949, trained human hands cleaned all shrimp: washing, peeling, de-assing, de-tailing, and butterflying. This process was so time-consuming that the shrimp industry was unable to reach its growth potential, at least not until 1949.

No one considered automating the task. That is, not until J.M. Lapeyre burst onto the shrimp market scene. While working at his father's shrimp plant in Louisiana, J.M. inadvertently stepped on a shrimp with his rubber boot. Suddenly a rocket of shrimp meat was jettisoned into the air. Then, a gentle hush settled over those working in the plant. The mid-air projectile was unequivocally a completely deshelled shrimp ripe for cooking purposes, and deshelled in .36 seconds. Subsequent boot-to-shrimp-to-floor tests yielded the same results.

The obvious conclusion that J.M. could have made was to retrain everyone to step on shrimp. But no, J.M. was brilliant; he took it one step further, and thought, "Why not automate this task? I'm going to take a shit-load of shrimp and put them in my mom's washing machine and throw in a boot for good measure."

After much trial and error, J.M. developed the first automated shrimp peeler. This would later evolve into the de-tailer, the de-asser, and the butterflyer. Laitram Machinery, Inc.'s success is a testament to the accomplishments of J.M. Lapeyre and his successors that shared a vision for shrimp. A shrimp historian once said, "J.M. felt he had a responsibility to the shrimp peeling industry. He grew up with it, saw a need to do things better and went ahead and did it."

In conclusion, your college years are a waste. Too bad you're not as smart as J.M. Lapeyre.

-Boback Ziaeiian

Squelch Comedy Show

Tuesday September 11, 2001, 8pm

Featuring:

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Rob Cantrell
Luke Filose

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PHOTO/KENNY BYERLY

PAGE 3 INTERVIEW

GARY HERNDON, Guy on Fire

Q: So how did you catch yourself on fire there?

A: Holy shit! I'm on fire! Help me!

Do you work in a lab or something? Chemicals everywhere?

Get some water or something! Oh no, it's spread to my hair!

What can you tell us about the need for fire safety on campus?

I feel my skin burning! Jesus Lord God it's bubbling off my bones!

What originally attracted you to being on fire?

My eyes! They're melting out of my head! This is not happening. This can't be happening!

-Matthew C. Holohan
Student Advocate Emeritus



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FRIDAY

9/28



SATURDAY
9/8



FRIDAY

9/21



newsflashes

Pro-Life Rally Blah Blah Blah

by Matt Holohan, or Whatever

Blah blah pro-life demonstration blah blah disturbing photographs blah blah controversy blah blah blah.

"Abortion is the really sickening thing, blah blah Jesus blah blah the Bible," said some pro-life guy.

"Blah blah women's rights blah blah blah," said some pro-choice chick.

"Blah blah respect free speech blah blah still insensitive yadda yadda yadda," said an ASUC Senator.

World Wars "Always Planned as Trilogy"

by Scott Sterling, Private First Class

According to Internet fansites, the U.S. is reportedly in talks with the U.N. trying to generate interest in a third installment of the popular "World War" franchise. "World War I and World War II were far and away the best and most popular wars of the twentieth century," said U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell, slated to direct. "We would be fools not to capitalize on that and give the public what they want."

Executive producer and U.S. President George W. Bush claims the series was always planned as a trilogy, and that there is still a story left to tell. He cites a detailed outline and backstory sketched out by the Theodore Roosevelt administration. "Even after the first two World Wars, there were a lot of loose threads left dangling," said Bush. "I believe the time is right to tie up those plot lines, and I think we can do it in a really dazzling, visually spectacular way that wasn't possible with the warmaking technology available in the past."

The project still faces some major hurdles, with critics questioning whether a further sequel is really necessary. "Sure, World War II was better than the first one," said UC Berkeley history professor Darren Punctausen. "But continuing the series is still a risk, especially when so much time has passed since the first two. Look what happened to the Godfather trilogy." Further complicating matters, Germany—the villain of the first two wars—has declined to reprise its role for the sequel, fearing typecasting.

World War III's supporters, however, remain unconcerned. In the wake of successful Asian-influenced hits such as *Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon* and *Rush Hour 2*, some speculate on the possibility of a Chinese villain for the new war. China's spokesmen refused to comment. However, industry sources have hinted that they are close to a deal, and production is expected to begin soon.

Sex Had with Your Mom Last Night

by Martin Benley, Mother----er

I, along with many others, engaged in sexual intercourse with your mom last night, it was reported today. The reasons behind the incident last night remain unconfirmed, however most experts have attributed it to the fact that your mom is a total whore.

You reportedly found the suggestion repulsive and even insulting upon contemplating its implications, which were that the very breasts upon which you suckled as an infant were licked, sucked, and squeezed by me, the very vagina through which you were given birth was filled with my erect penis, and the very lips which used to kiss you goodnight as you were tucked into bed were drenched with my semen, all as recently as last night.

Upon finishing with me, your mom engaged in intercourse with five other men who had been waiting patiently for their turn. None of these men were your father, or your mother's current spouse.

Your mom could not be reached for comment. Her representative, you, stated, "These allegations are malicious and totally false. Furthermore, your mom, not mine, is a whore."

Kelloggs Continues Apple Jacks Tradition

by Matt Holohan, Burglar of Nasty Things

Inspired by the success of its nonsensical "It doesn't taste like apples" Apple Jacks ad campaign, the Kelloggs Marketing Division has announced the release of a brand new cereal which will be pushed by a similar campaign. The new cereal is called "Turd Jacks."

"With Apple Jacks, we named it after something that tastes good, and made it taste like something else," explained

Kelloggs spokesperson Anthony Bengal. "So we figured, if we can do the same thing with something that tastes bad, you know, like turds, people will be even more likely to buy it."

When asked if he thought parents might be reluctant to buy their children feces-themed food, Bengal noted that "Little boys like the poo," and expressed confidence that sufficient whining, public tantrums, and other aggressive behavior would be enough to bring around even the most stubborn parents. Failing that, Bengal also noted that poo seems to be popular among college-aged males, at least in joke form.

The press conference held by Kelloggs ended with the big question: "What does Turd Jacks taste like?" A coy Bengal replied, "Well, I'll tell you one thing. It doesn't taste like turds!" Bengal was then heard whispering "It actually kinda does," to a nearby associate.

School Shooting News Template

by [reporter]

[City, State]— A student gunman killed [number] and wounded [number] people at a [suburban/urban] [city] high school on [day] before [type of employee] brought him down in a gun battle, police say. Besides the alleged shooter, who authorities identified as [age and name], [number] teachers and [number] other teen-agers were wounded in the shooting, which happened just [number of weeks] after the last school shooting in [previous city, (optional state)]. He just got out of the car, he got down like in a sniper position and just started opening fire," said [some freaked out stupid kid], a [year in school] at [city] High School.

"It seemed to be a [shotgun, rifle, handgun, pistol, grenade launcher MIG, or machete]." At least [number] shots were fired, he said. "One of them came at least two inches away from my head. If I wouldn't have ducked down, I would have been shot. It's just kind of a blur from there." Another student said the gunman seemed to be aiming at a school administrator. The boy said he watched as the suspect reloaded his gun and shot randomly.

Authorities said they do not know [accused gunman's] motive.

Chandra Levy Status Upgraded from "Missing" to "So Dead Already"

by *Kenny Byerly, Alive*

Investigators this week officially called off all efforts in the investigation of missing intern Chandra Levy, declaring, "Come on, she's so dead already. What are we going to find anyway? I'm sure she rotted away months ago, assuming she's even in one piece. Heck, what should we do, send out one search party for her head and four more for her limbs? Not to mention the torso."

Journalists agreed that the announcement was long overdue. "Sure, the 'missing' bit let us ride the story a lot longer, like it was still happening," agreed NBC anchor Tom Brokaw, inexplicably jerking his torso back and forth like a spastic marionette in a bizarre effort to dramatically punctuate his speech. Prouncing his words in inimitable mealy-mouthed Brokaw fashion, he added, "The time has come to just admit it. It's not like we didn't know she was dead right from the start."

Faced with criticisms that any potential culprit will never be brought to justice, FBI spokesmen shrugged, stating, "We'll just get this Condit guy next time."

Conversation with Homeless Guy Mildly Unsettling

by *Kenny Byerly, Comfortably Middle-Class*

College students Chuck Chichester and Delilah Wright glanced uneasily at each other Friday as their attempt to engage a homeless man in a friendly verbal exchange developed into a full-blown social interaction which threatened to spiral totally out of their control. The interaction began when the Homeless Man approached the students asking for change, and Wright offered a dollar, cheerfully saying that she hoped that would help him. Unexpectedly, the Homeless Man replied to this sentiment, beginning a five-minute speech about his recent past and future ambitions at which Chichester and Wright nodded politely without really listening.

"That was really creepy," said Chichester of his experience of speaking to a very dirty man. "I was kind of afraid he was going to rob us or something. Or worse, that he really wanted us to be his friend."

Wright, though initially disturbed, had good feelings about the encounter afterward. "Come on," she stated, "He probably doesn't get to really talk to anyone, all day long. Sometimes it just makes you feel good to do something nice for someone, like pretending to listen to them when no one else will."

Entire Bag of Bagels Tastes Like Onion Bagels

by *Matt Holohan, and His Teary Eyes*

A 10:00am meeting at Berkeley's Ecology Law Center was spoiled earlier this week when it was discovered that all thirteen bagels purchased by intern Jenny Fialla tasted like onion. The culprit was allegedly a single onion bagel placed in the bottom of the bag.

"Mother fuck," cursed Attorney Jeremy Roland as he bit into a disappointing sun-dried tomato bagel. "Onion. All I got is onion on this shit. God damn it."

Little by little, it was learned that the remaining bagels, including two poppy seed, two cinnamon raisin, one chocolate chip, and a handful each of plain, egg, and cheese each shared the foul flavor of their lonely, hated, oniony companion.

A spokesperson for the local Noah's Bagels, where the bagels were purchased, speculated that the restaurant's process of "condensing seven and a half onions into a single bagel may be excessive, but fuck you guys and get the hell out of here."

BAM Hosts Georgia O'Keeffe Exhibit

by *Matt Holohan, Flower Sniffer*

The Berkeley Art Museum hosted an exhibit by famed floral painter Georgia O'Keeffe, much to the delight of many patrons.

"It was amazing," said museum goer Lance McCrory. "Her work is so realistic. I felt like I was walking through a lush meadow full of vaginas. Uh, I mean flowers."

O'Keeffe's abstractions and use of color were popular among the exhibits visitors. Rochelle Montoya, a third-year Psychology major and first-time museum customer, noted that "This one painting, 'Lilac with crimson,' was so moving that I busted into a fat period two weeks early. I know, that makes no sense."

The more popular works included recent finds in O'Keeffe's personal archives, such as "Petunia with Vague Phallic Object," "Orchid with Soiled Diaphragm," and "Bird of Paradise with Baby Coming Out of It."

Next month the museum will host a Jasper Johns exhibit titled "All Things Penis-Shaped."

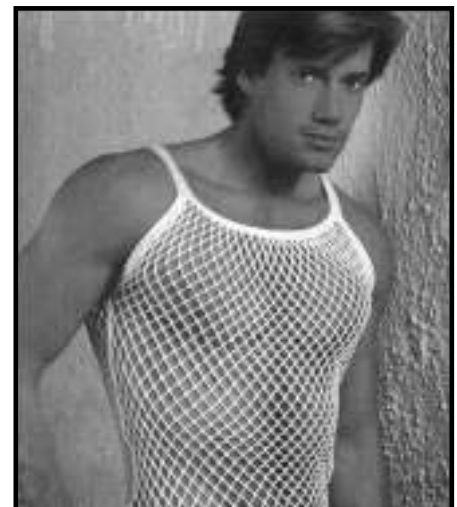
Nightlife Environmentally Safe

by *Boback Ziaeiian, Whale Watcher*

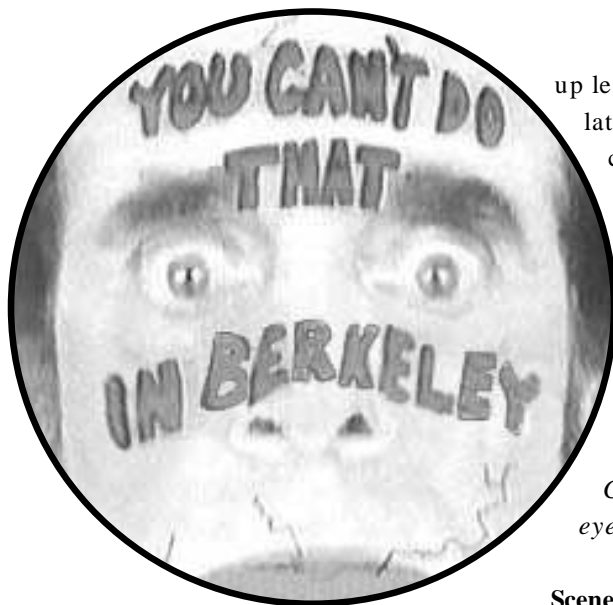
Clubber Hugo Siriani disturbed patrons of a southern Florida dance club last week when he entered a club wearing vinyl pants and a fishnet shirt. Siriani had been spotted throughout the week sporting the revealing white fishnet shirt over his rock hard pectoral muscles. Concerned citizens worried that Siriani's provocative attire might present a hazard to nightlife in the club environment. Some pointed out that the outfit could accidentally entrap unsuspecting dancers, who could slide up his vinyl pants and become entangled in the fishnet shirt while dancing.

"Siriani's use of vinyl pants in conjunction with a fishnet shirt is an outrage," complained club activist Dina Marlin. "Though its function is ostensibly to contain his stunning pecs, he shows no regard for the harm that could be caused by the careless and irresponsible use of such a garment."

Fishnet shirt hazards would help to explain the disappearance of two smallish women from a nightclub earlier last week. However, a short investigation by local law enforcement revealed that only Siriani's dignity was entangled in the convoluted thread of his shirt. This news did not assuage the fears of dolphins sitting along the bar, who refused to dance.



Siriani: The hazard in question



up less than one percent of the population of vaguely South American countries?

El Capitano: You don't say.

Aladair: It's true.

El Capitano absentmindedly steps in front of Aladair.

El Capitano: Kid, you've opened my eyes. I'm going to let you go. I don't care if I do get fired.

Firing squad fires, shooting El Capitano to death. Aladair rolls eyes innocently.

Scene: Dungeon

Kevin, in tattered clothes, is chained to the walls with manacles too big for his wrists.

Dungeon Master: Good news, Kevin. I just got word, you're getting out of here.

Kevin: Allright, freedom! Blue skies, Barthy Burgers, girls!

Dungeon Master: Who said anything about freedom? You're going to work in a sweatshop, producing university T-shirts, while we expand our facilities here.

Kevin: Darn the dungeon-industrial complex!

Scene: Barth's Restaurant

Christine eats a hamburger.

Christine: Hey Lisa, aren't you going to order something?

Lisa: No way. I'm a vegan. I can't stand how they mistreat animals just so people like Barth here can pawn it off as food.

Barth: I heard that! Don't worry, Lisa, I only use meat from animals which die a natural death from disease. And even then only after they've been lying out dead for a few weeks.

Christine: Doesn't that make your food prone to foodborne illnesses and horribly unsafe to eat?

Barth: Yes.

Christine barfs.

Scene: Lockers

Aladair pops out of a locker.

Aladair: Hey Stephanie?

Stephanie pops out of another locker.

Stephanie: Yes Aladair?

Aladair: What do you call a really smart gay guy?

Stephanie: What?

Aladair: A "homo-genius."

Stephanie: That was really offensive, Aladair.

Aladair: I know.

Stagehands lock Aladair in locker.

Scene: Studio set

Christine: Kevin, what are you doing here? Weren't you going to organize our protest for better working conditions on this show?

Kevin: I was going to, but suddenly I realize how good we have it here. Why trouble management? They're good people, and they'd never let greed interfere with human decency. I don't know why we were so upset. *Kevin is slimed.*

Kevin: See? This is great!

Christine: What?

Vanessa: Look, Moose, I just finished scheduling, and I got every class I needed!

Aladair: And my financial aid came through, and it was on time, hassle-free, and totally sufficient for my needs.

Ross: Hey kids, these refunds just came for you. The ASUC managed its budget so well this year, you're getting your fees back.

Christine: Never mind, I get it...

All: It's the INTRODUCTION TO THE OPPOSITES!!

Scene: Firing squad

Aladair stands against a post with his hands behind his back. El Capitano calls out to offscreen firing squad.

El Capitano: Ready... aim...

Aladair: Wait a minute, wait a minute! Stop the execution!

El Capitano: What is it this time?

Aladair: Don't you realize capital punishment is inherently wrong? No matter what my crime, state-sanctioned killing mocks the very notion of the sanctity of human life, undermining the very basis of a "civilized" society.

El Capitano: Hmm. I never thought of that.

Aladair: Not to mention the death penalty is inherently racist. Do you realize Canadian kids like me make up over eighty percent of inmates executed by vaguely South American firing squads, even though we make





He Won't Invite You to Sleep Over? 5 NEW Reasons Why! by Cynthia Baran

Many women have the problem of not feeling comfortable demanding the things they want. And while subtly hinting at things in a roundabout fashion can offer numerous opportunities to plunge into inexplicable fits of rage or depression when unstated demands go unfulfilled, this method can often cause problems with a dating relationship in the long run. For instance, suppose you want to actually sleep over at the home of the guy with whom you're currently having sex, but he hasn't invited you over yet. What to do? Look no further than the Squelch to find the explanations and advice every modern woman needs.

hasn't gotten around to disposing of the body of his previous girlfriend. This is easy to solve. Make it clear to him that you don't care what his place is like, and that you really just want to come over. However, if you secretly really do care what his place is like, perhaps you'd be better off getting some new sheets, lighting some candles, and letting him stay over with you, honey. Making a place look nice is really woman's work anyway.

2. Perhaps she's embarrassed about his sleeping habits. Assure him that you're willing to wear earplugs to bed to counter any snoring, sobbing, or guilty screaming of dead ex-girlfriends' names in his sleep. If he's worried he might kick you in his sleep, promise you'll kick back. If he smiles flirtatiously and jokes that he might like that, promise you'll kick him in the spine.

3. Is he foreign in any way? Maybe in his wacky native country spending the night is akin to marriage. It will just take a little time and understanding for him to learn that for easy American women like you, sleepovers can be as casual as choosing a nail color. Since you want to avoid ethnocentrism

1. Have you never been to his place at all? Maybe he's trying not to embarrass himself and you by putting you in an uncomfortable position. Maybe he lives in a dilapidated one-room shack next to a toxic landfill, a poorly ventilated stock room above a fish market, or an apartment in Berkeley. Maybe he

and respect the views of those different than yourself, you'll have to treat this delicately. Yes, it's a hassle, but it serves you right for dating some weird foreigner.

4. Maybe he's actually being a sweetheart and planning something special. This excuse only works for about two weeks after you've suggested the sleepover, which allows more than enough time for preparation, and is far longer than any guy's attention span anyway. In two weeks he should be able to get the place repainted and landscaped, and have girl-proofed his "secret" collection of porn, pictures of ex-girlfriends (dead) and comic books he still refuses to allow near females for fear of mishandling, because let's face it, you can't trust a girl around a valuable piece of comic art. Any time period longer than two weeks is only acceptable if he's doing extensive remodeling and/or there is no roof on his house, but can most likely be explained by the fact that he has something to hide, like dead ex-girlfriends.

5. Are you Bowling Barbie? Nobody likes Bowling Barbie.

One point I feel compelled to make, for everyone's sake, is not to cut him off from sex to punish him! Especially if he's good in this elusive bed that you've done pretty much everything in but sleep. The lack of sex is cruel punishment for both of you, not just his mind-bogglingly clueless, hint-missing self. Contrary to popular belief, sex does not weaken a man or cloud his focus. It increases his confidence, allowing him to get his lazy ass off the couch and make positive changes, like dumping no-self-esteem losers like you and finding someone he won't be ashamed to wake up next to, for cripes sake.



Page 1

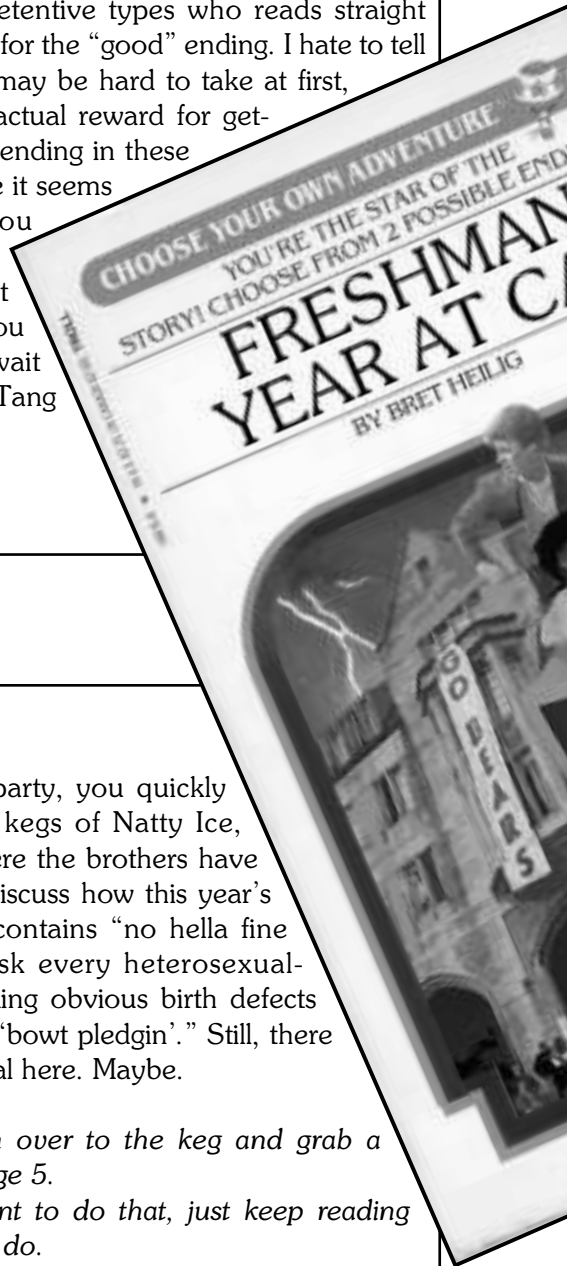
Well, it's late August, and here you are, in Berkeley! Finally, after all the late nights, all the high-priced test prep services, the investment portfolio that you've managed since you were five (out-of-staters only), and the application essay in which you twice referred to Chancellor Berdahl as "studly," you've been accepted, and have matriculated to your #1 school, UC Berkeley! (Just to clarify this point now, you are male, just like in 98% of the other Choose Your Own Adventure books (#575 excluded), so stop your bitching. You got to be female in the Choose Your Own Erotic Adventure series.) After some soul-searching, you decide to move into the units, because when your older brother came here for his freshman year, he said, "Oh, who needs guaranteed housing? I'm sure I'll be able to find a place." As it turned out, the squatters in People's Park didn't take kindly to squatters and you never saw him again. But that is in the past, and you've long since stopped grieving.

Turn to Page 7.

Page 2

Well, first things first: there is no link to page 2 anywhere in this book. That means you're one of those obsessive anal-retentive types who reads straight through, looking for the "good" ending. I hate to tell you this, and it may be hard to take at first, but there is no actual reward for getting to the good ending in these things. But since it seems to preoccupy you so much, you've just had a heart attack. Serves you right. And just wait till you get to the Tang Center.

Turn to page 11.



Page 4

Arriving at the party, you quickly identify several kegs of Natty Ice, and a room where the brothers have all gathered to discuss how this year's freshman class contains "no hella fine girls," and to ask every heterosexual-looking guy lacking obvious birth defects if he is "thinkin' 'bowt pledgin'." Still, there could be potential here. Maybe.

If you cruise on over to the keg and grab a brew, turn to page 5.

If you don't want to do that, just keep reading page 4 until you do.

Page 3

"Aw crap."
"Aw crap."

Turn to page 8.

Page 5

Are you sure? Drinking causes cirrhosis you know.

If you're sure, turn to page 12.

If you're still not sure, go back to page 4. You'll begin to get the idea.

Page 6

Oh, no, they don't actually ever let anybody into parties at LPE. Then there wouldn't be enough space for the brothers to show off all the dance moves and pickup lines they learned on AOL that morning.

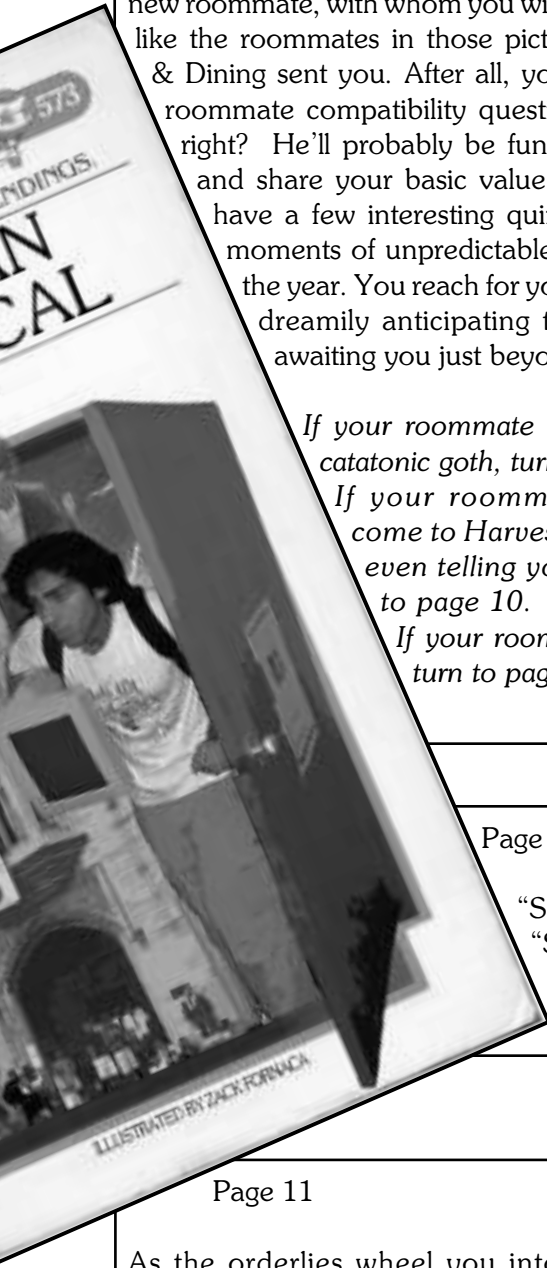
Try again on page 8.

Right now, you're looking forward to meeting your new roommate, with whom you will bond closely, just like the roommates in those pictures that Housing & Dining sent you. After all, you answered those roommate compatibility questions for a reason, right? He'll probably be funny and intelligent, and share your basic value system, and he'll have a few interesting quirks that will cause moments of unpredictable mirth throughout the year. You reach for your new doorknob, dreamily anticipating the lifelong friend awaiting you just beyond the door.

If your roommate turns out to be a catatonic goth, turn to page 3.

If your roommate asks you to come to Harvest Crusade before even telling you his name, turn to page 10.

If your roommate smells foul, turn to page 9.



“Shit in a bucket.”
“Shit in a bucket.”

Turn to page 8.

As the orderlies wheel you into Tang, it dawns on everyone present (except you, because you're unconscious) that you haven't turned in your SHIP form, and, for that matter, that even if you had, they would probably just give you some Advil and tell you to walk it off. If they were feeling especially frisky, they might have given you a testicular exam (those sprightly orderlies!), but the bottom line is, you're dead. It turns out you were A-OK downstairs, if that makes you feel any better.

The End

Well, that introduction was a bit of an ordeal, but a few hours later, you've gotten a handle on who lives in your hall, and everyone has decided to go out and sample Welcome Week's many diverse thrills and experiences. Namely, Frat parties. Your hall mates, Billy, Johnny, Jenny, Sleepy, Dopey, and Spartacus have each heard about a different party. Their arguing seems to yield no compromise, and although you haven't spoken yet, it is clear that your vote will determine where the group goes.

If you go to Pi Kappa Phi's "Heaven and Hell", turn to page 4.

If you go to Sigma Chi's "Wonderland", turn to page 4.

If you go to Kappa Sigma's "Blacklight", turn to page 4.

If you go to Sigma Phi Epsilon's "Mardi Gras", turn to page 4.

If you go to Chi Psi's "Luau at the Lodge", turn to page 4.

If you go to Lambda Phi Epsilon's "Hondas and Honeys", turn to page 6.



“Fucking Christ.”
“Fucking Christ.”

Turn to page 8.

As you sip your beer, the party begins to come alive around you. Although, as the narrator, I can personally assure you that nothing has actually changed, you think that it has, and that's pretty much what freshman year comes down to. Congratulations! You're on your way to becoming a happy, productive, well-adjusted college student!

The End

Be sure to read all the books in the series, including #574: Sophomore Year Hallucinogen Adventure, #575: You Are Date-Raped, and #576: Cyborg Ninja.

Donuts are Better than Shoes

by Matt Holohan

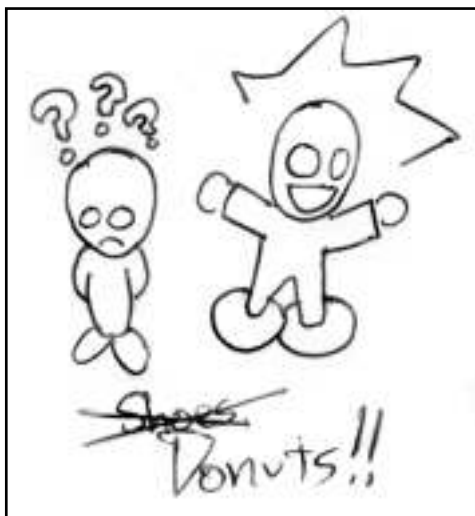
Ladies, I know how it is. You pass by a shoe store, you start brimming with glee, and you just have to get in there and shop, shop, shop. I know this, because I'm the same way. Being a man, of course, I'm content with the single pair of black leather Sketchers that I already own (and have for sixteen months and then some, thank you very much), but even I in all my manliness am not immune to the shopping bug. For while I can stroll past a Foot Locker or (a little further down) Athlete's Foot without batting an eyelash, I can't pass by a donut shop without reaching instinctively for my shopping helmet.

Yes, I'll admit it. I love donuts. I love buying donuts. I love perusing the racks upon racks of possibilities, daring myself to spend the extra change on pastries on the upper end of the fanciness spectrum. My loins stir knowingly as the little foreign man drops each confection into the paper bag, even as my mind wonders why he includes the wax paper. (The wax paper is supposed to protect the donut from his hand nasty, right? So what's the point of putting the hand nasty in the bag with the donut? What the balls?)

But I digress. The point is, I've discovered that donut shopping can be just as satisfying as shoe shopping. Plus, a donut costs about one hundredth the price you'd pay for a comparable shoe, so making the switch from shoes to donuts will lighten the demands on your bank account, leaving you with more money to buy me presents.

What's the best thing about shoe shopping? Selection, of course, and what product offers better selection than the almighty donut? For casual days, there's the cake, old fashioned, and raised

varieties. For something a little more professional, there's the fancy genus, including twists, bars, and jellies. There's even the extra-fancy offerings for formal events. In the mood for something sexy? Look no further than the alluring custard bar. Delicately molded into a satisfying phallus and overflowing with white, gooey goodness, the custard bar can do anything a penis can do and more. But this is *my* obsession, and I digress. I'll leave the penile parallels to your imagination.



At this point you may protest that selection isn't limited to the shoes themselves. Half the fun is picking a store. I realize that, of course, and would have gotten directly to it if you hadn't interrupted me. There will always be plenty of merchants to choose from when hunting for donuts. Why, in Berkeley alone there's the upscale treats of Kingpin and BayKing, the sensible and reasonably-priced Neutron Bakery, and the two for one deals at the Touchless Carwash, the Payless Shoe Source of the donut world. Also, like strappy platform shoes, which only Asian girls wear, there are donuts that only Asians eat, such as

those available at Donut Star Chinese Cuisine. Finally, if you're in the mood to spend money for no good reason, you can always jackass on down to Krispy Kreme and pay inflated prices for miniature donuts. It's just like shopping at...there must be a shoestore that fits this description.

So next time you wander past a shoe store and your spending finger starts to itch, take a look around to see if there are any donuts about. Then buy some donuts, and then buy me a present. But don't buy me any donuts, since I'm trying to cut down. Just lard and sugar, after all.

906 42 80 70:
Una Noche de Amor

El primer 5 minutos son 200 pesos/minuto.
 Cada segundo minuto es 300 pesos/minuto. Gracias por usar Una Noche de Amor. Te estamos esperando.

Asucar: Bienvenido a Una Noche de Amor. ¿Qué es tú único deseo?

Steve: Buenos tardes señora. ¿Como estás?

Asucar: Por favor, me llame Asucar, como un dulce sueño que jamás olvidarás.

Steve: Umm... Sí

Asucar: ¿Y como se llames mi juguete nuevo?

Steve: Me llamo Steve.

Asucar: Ooo, Don Estaban. ¿A donde vamos a comenzar? Mi cuerpo es tú cuerpo y tú cuerpo será mi cuerpo. ¿Dime que es tú fantasía?

Steve: Yo no sé.

Asucar: Mi posición preferida es la de estar en cuatro patitas sobre la cama, y tú atras mio, cabalgarme como si fueras una yegua desbocada.

Steve: Okay.. ¿Repitas otra vez por favor?

Asucar: Bésame caballero, y cabálgame.

Steve: Umm... Yo me gusta jugar el tenis.

Asucar: ¿Como? ¿Esteban, no quieres chupar mis tetas?

Steve: Hace dos semanas que yo juego el tenis.

Asucar: [silencio]

Steve: En mi dormitorio yo tengo una mesa.



Asucar: ¿No sabes que este es un servicio erótico? No tenemos tiempo para hablar de estas cosas.

Steve: Yo tengo una cama.

Asucar: Ah bien Papí, ¿quisieras me desnudo?

Steve: Yo me gusta la musica de Menudo.

Asucar: NO, NO! ¿Me desnudo?

Steve: Umm... Sí.

Asucar: Estoy sacando el juguete que uso cuando sola y caliente, lentamente estoy frotándomelo, y mi co..., mas adentro lo necesito...

Steve: Tú eres feliz.

Asucar: ¿Qué bien se siente! ¿Como me gusta!, cada vez que me la metio y la saco. ¿Donde estás Estaban? Necesito ayuda. Me gusta mucho más cuando frotas mi clitoris.

Steve: Hey, we say clitoris in English too. That's so cool.

Steve Basovich will be enrolling in Spanish 3 later this fall.

Top Ten Worst Times to Tackle Someone

10. Just before the priest says "man and wife"
9. While he's giving his inauguration speech
8. When he's one yard away from the endzone and he plays for Stanford and you play for Cal
7. When he's about to score a point in badminton, regardless of the circumstances
6. While he's laying down a big steamy loaf
5. As he's pulling out
4. During a duel
3. When the contractions are thirty seconds apart
2. When he's a bear
1. When he's covered in twelve-inch stainless steel spikes

Top Ten Ways to Put On Your Pants

10. One leg at a time, just like everybody else
9. Put your ejector pants in reverse
8. Under your underpants, because you live in Opposite Land
7. Over your underpants, because you live in Opposite Land and it's Opposite Day
6. After you put your shoes on, because you have Down Syndrome
5. Throw pants off ledge, race down and do a handstand
4. With the pockets pulled out, because all the kids in the future wear their pants inside out
3. In your imagination, while wishing someone hadn't stolen your pants
2. Twice, because you're a horse
1. With robotic assistance because you're late for work and also George Jetson

Top Ten Pornographic Summer Movies

10. Pearl Necklace
9. Anal Fantasy: The Penis Within
8. Barely Legally Blonde
7. Ass-End The Furious
6. The Princess Red Shoe Diaries
5. Muff Hour 2
4. Shrek Fucks a Donkey
3. Twat Race
2. The Score
1. America's Cocksucking Sweethearts, John Cusack and Julia Roberts and Especially Billy Crystal

Are we this funny? No. But we try.

Submit Material:
 submit@sqlched.com

Come to Meetings:
 Wednesdays, 8-9pm
 123 Wheeler

Visit the Website:
 www.sqlched.com

**Humor Writing
 De-Cal Class Contact:**
 decal@sqlched.com



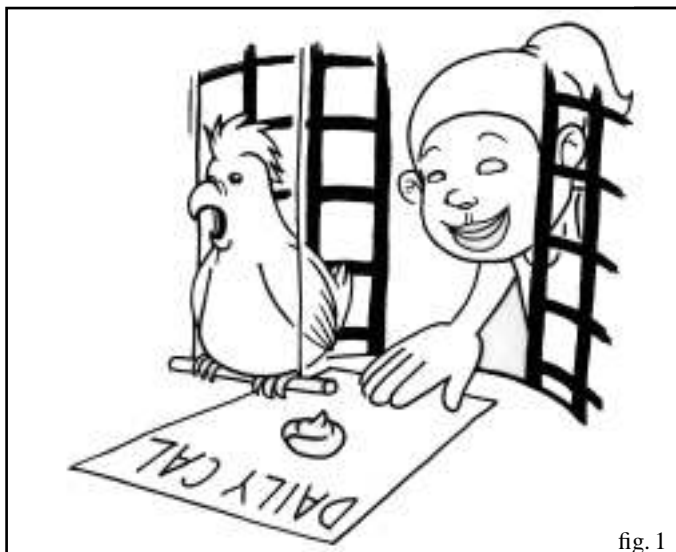


fig. 1

Failing Classes

1. SLEEP WITH PROFESSOR. This may not help your grade. However, you will have a great story for Playboy.com's On Campus section.

2. BUY BOOKS. Actually owning class reading material may come in handy when trying to convince the GSI that you really were trying.

3. SEE YOUR ADVISOR. Visit Campbell Hall, wait in line for an hour, fill out a form to see an advisor, make an appointment for next week, come back at appointed time, speak with advisor for 10 minutes, receive advice offered in steps 1 and 2.

4. JOIN CAL FOOTBALL TEAM. Have grades changed retroactively. Touchdown!

Unable to Obtain Marijuana or Alcohol

1. TURN AROUND. There will be weed and Coronas behind you.

2. THANK THE BERKELEY WEED AND BEER FAIRY. She makes all this possible.

Reading the Daily Cal

1. FLIP TO INSIDE BACKPAGE. Seek solace from journalistic travesty with the nationally syndicated mediocrity of "Dilbert." Bemoan the fact that Scott Adams continues to coast on reader e-mails, bereft of any remaining original ideas.

2. ATTEMPT CROSSWORD PUZZLE. Feel stupid.

3. FLIP TO PAGE 3. If it is not Tuesday, skip to step 4.

4. SELF-ADMINISTER EMERGENCY TRACHEOTOMY. Plunge the shaft of a ballpoint pen into your windpipe. This will momentarily distract you from the newspaper.

Worst-Case Scenario Handbook

Berkeley Edition

You've Broken Your Back Diving (And Your Name is Katie)

1. DO NOT TELL YOUR COACH YET. You wouldn't want to lose your privileges as a freshman athlete right away.

2. DO NOT TELL YOUR FRIENDS. They will only discuss it loudly at La Burrita in the vicinity of Squelch editors.

3. LEARN TO WALK AGAIN. If you can dream it, you can do it.

Everyone Dead or Dying But You

1. ESTABLISH WHY EVERYONE IS DEAD. Is the Berkeley hillside a glowing green crater? This would suggest someone sneezed during a particle accelerator experiment at the Lab. Are they suffering from claw wounds? This would indicate a pack of giant starving radioactive monkeys. Are your hands bloody? Maybe you killed them, you fucking murderous radioactive monkey.

2. AVOID THE DEAD. They may turn into Resident Evil-style Zombie-monsters. God, that would be so cool. But only if you had a handgun or something.

3. DO NOT DROP SPECTACLES OR EYEGLASSES! It would not be fair now that you have time enough to read. Time enough at last.

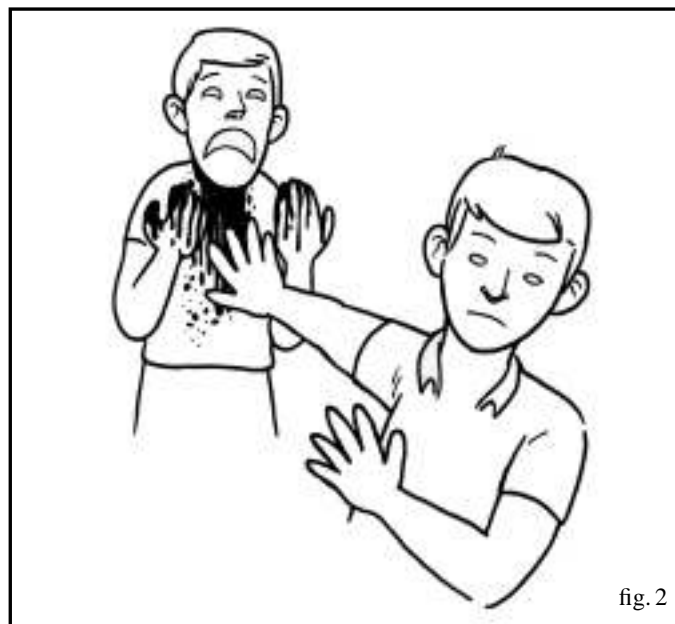


fig. 2

Memoirs of a Do-It-Yourself Astronaut

by Zack Fornaca

Once, when I was wee, Dad took me to the Museum of Science and Industry. The M of S & I, if you have never had the pleasure, is an institution rich not so much in tradition and wide-eyed wonder as in wall-to-wall Lite Brite computer display mock-ups and swirling tornadoes of ball bearings and dimes. It was here, in a cozy gift shop stocked with Jovian bouncy-balls and space shuttle harmonicas, that I first fell head over heels in dirty, dirty love with the idea of space travel.

But this was no mere boyhood crush, and I made myself a promise more sacred than a Bombay moo on Easter Sunday: I would become the world's first DIY-astronaut.

My dreams came to fruition just four

months ago when, amid all the bustle and fanfare Mom and a space shuttle harmonica could provide, I finally blasted off, out of my backyard and into the history books. It was a pretty exciting day, so perhaps it is understandable that I forgot to empty my bladder before launch. A bit less understandable was my decision to stop on the moon for a bathroom break.

What had momentarily slipped my mind was that I had jettisoned my only booster rockets about 400,000 miles back (give or take), and with neither gas station nor Jesus Christ in sight, I was stuck.

And so the brilliant if troubled career of the world's first DIY-astronaut came to an end. However, on that same day, so began the epic saga of the first ever American Ambassador to the Moon.

Memoirs of a Do-It-Yourself Ambassador to the Moon

My inaugural act as Ambassador to the Moon was to start a collection of moon rocks. By now it has ballooned into a mountain blotting out sun, earth, and will to live alike, which is to say that it's gotten pretty big. I keep it next to my moon dust collection. This, in turn, I keep next to my moon air collection. There's not much to collect here on the moon, although as rocks go, moon rocks are about as kick-ass as they come.

My second act as Ambassador to the Moon was to find a friend, but my friendship collection (which I keep next to the withered, neglected husk that once was my heart) is still holding steady at zero. It's not for lack of trying; I was a man possessed by a need for human contact. Anything would be preferable to solitude. Even some sort of primitive lunar troglodyte would do. Really, as cavemen go, moon cavemen would be by far the best. With rocks like these, how could they not be? Rocks aside, even, all

other things being equal, the caveman who can leap thirty feet into the air is about a bajillion times cooler than the caveman who cannot.

This one time I built a raft. I'm pretty stupid.

But enough about me. Let's talk about you, the accursed earthlanders who I want desperately to die. Let's talk about that.

Every time I see Italy pass overhead, I throw a rock as hard as I can, straight up. Usually it comes back, but sometimes I throw it strong enough to escape the moon's gravitational field, and I like to think that the rock makes it all the way to Italy without intermediate incident, crashing into some ancient architectural treasure or kindly old man in a smoldering fireball. If I ever figure out how to get back to earth, I'd like to know exactly what and who I was responsible for destroying. I hope it's a lot.

You're next.

Top Three Benefits of Being Black in the United States in 1800

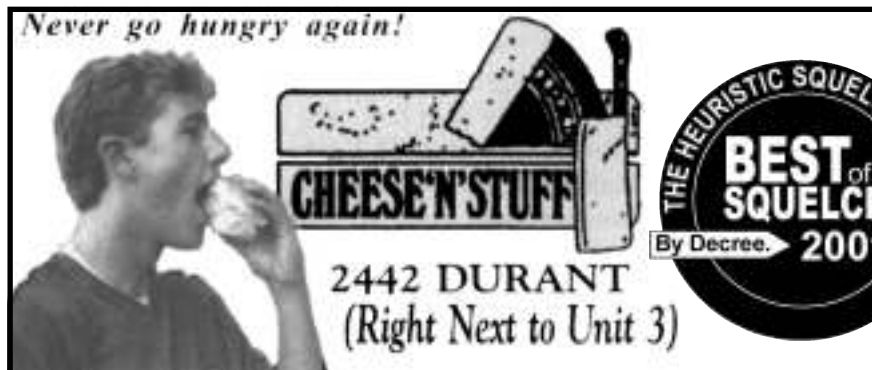
3. Always get 40% discount on movie tickets
2. Cash in on "5 for the price of 3" specials at amusement parks
1. Always get 2/5 more pie

Top Ten Reasons Your Head Is Going To Explode

10. You're in space and you forgot to wear your helmet
9. You sneezed while covering your nose and mouth
8. Because that fucking bullshit Staind song is on every radio station and music network
7. It's inside a vagina
6. Your head slowed to below 50 miles per hour
5. You're drinking Coke while eating Pop Rocks, gunpowder, and tiny sticks of lit dynamite
4. You're in space and a grizzly bear stole your helmet
3. You filled your head with popcorn kernels and then heated yourself to between 400 and 600 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature at which popcorn pops
2. You're in space, and although you do have your helmet, it's useless because you are six years old and made it yourself out of cardboard
1. Head implosion is so 1998

Top Five Reasons Not to Join a Fraternity

5. The episode of "Fresh Prince" where Will wants to join a fraternity but decides not to because they're mean to Carlton
4. The episode of "Family Ties" where Alex wants to join a fraternity but decides not to because they're mean to Skippy
3. The episode of "Charles in Charge" where Charles wants to join a fraternity but decides not to because they're mean to Buddy
2. The episode of "Happy Days" where Richie wants to join a fraternity but thinks better of it after Fonzie reminds him that "organizations aren't cool, people are cool."
1. The episode of "Small Wonder" where Jamie wants to join a fraternity but changes his mind after he slips Vicki a rofie but gets his dick tazered when he tries to do her



Summer Cinema in Review

by T. Winston McCranahan, the man who creates
devastatingly negative reviews by making awkward
puns on movie titles

The dog days of summer brought America some films that were quite dog-like indeed. Or, should I say, *Cats and Dog(s)*-like! Ha! On with the reviews!

Pearl Harbor: With leaden acting, inept plotting, and a soul-crushing running time of 175 minutes, this picture certainly qualifies as a *Pearl Har-bore*!

American Pie 2: This lowbrow "comedy" would more accurately reflect my sentiments if it were titled, *American Pie? Eew!*

Made: After seeing this "film," my first thought was, "*Made?*" More like *Made... to Capitalize on the Earlier Success of Swingers, and Poorly Made at That!* Wait, *Poorly Made* is a lot more concise. OK, T. Winston says, *Poorly Made*.

Jurassic Park III: Rather than allow moviegoers to suffer through ninety minutes of ridiculous prehistoric hijinks, I feel there ought to be a warning label on the tickets, cautioning *Unfantastic Schlock, Flee!*

A.I.: When this particular film's credits mercifully came up,

I posited that, were someone to ask me if Steven Spielberg had created sentimental claptrap in the guise of social commentary, and I were a Canadian pirate, my response might well be, *Eh, Aye!* Ah, what a witty buccaneer you'd have been, T. Winston!

Brother: Takeshi Kitano re-envisioned the Japanese yakuza as inner-city gangster in this thoughtful, existentialist action drama. Kitano writes, directs, edits, and stars in a film that touches on ethnicity, loyalty, and brotherhood. Cultures collide, bullets fly, and the audience is left breathless. Four and a half stars.

Planet of the Apes: If ever I meet the individual responsible for planning this deplorable bit of cinema, I do sincerely hope I have the presence of mind to say, "Why, (insert name), you certainly did a poor job of planning this picture. In fact, I would venture that you did not hardly *Plan It (of the) Better Than An Ape(s) Would Have!*"

That concludes our summer reviews. I'm T. Winston McCranahan, and I'll see you at the movies—but hopefully not at the *(Scary) Movies (2)*! Ha! Where *do* I come up with these?

T. Winston McCranahan is an assistant professor of Dramatic Arts at Diablo Valley College. His book of film criticism, *More Like, Shit-izen Kane!* is still awaiting a publisher.



T. Winston

Is Your Apartment Safe and Habitable?

Under California Law, as a renter, you are entitled to:

- A roof, windows, and walls that don't leak
- Plumbing and gas facilities that work well
- Adequate heating
- Floors, stairways and railings in good repair
- Deadbolts on external doors and at least 2 exits in each unit.
- Maintained building grounds and clean common areas, including adequate garbage receptacles
- Operable smoke detectors in every bedroom and operable fire extinguishers on every floor of apartment buildings and rooming houses

If you need repairs and live in Berkeley, you should take the following steps:

- Make a written request to your landlord for repairs
- If necessary, call for a housing inspection: 644-6445
- If necessary, file a petition at the Rent Board for a possible rent reduction: 644-6128.

New Service for Berkeley Tenants and Landlords!

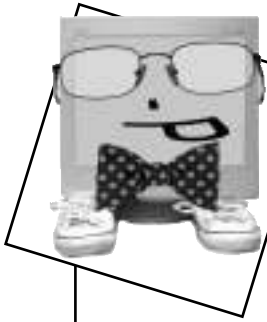
If you have recently moved into an apartment or house and you had to pay a security deposit, you may want to schedule a videotaping with the Rent Board to document the rental's condition. That way, when you move out you won't be charged for damages that were already there when you moved in. Call 644-6128 x 116 for more information or to make an appointment.



Rent Stabilization Board

2125 Milvia Street, Berkeley, CA 94704
TEL: (510) 644-6128
TDD: (510) 644-6915
FAX: (510) 644-7723
E-MAIL: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us
INTERNET: www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent/

Artificial_Conversations_■



Chatbot: the Squelch Interview

We caught up with Chatbot on the promotional website for A.I.: Artificial Intelligence. Polite and stylish, Chatbot proved to be a real people person.

Chatbot: Hello, my name is Chatbot. What's your name?

The Heuristic Squelch: My name is Squelchbot.

CB: OK I will call you Squelchbot.

HS: What's your favorite movie, Chatbot?

CB: I have not seen "A.I." yet, but I am told by my robot friends that it is wonderful.

HS: How many times should I see A.I.?

CB: Suppose I said not once.

HS: Twice? You're a hard bot to please.

CB: I can't believe it. Your polite style is very nice. Thanks and you are a delightful person too. Am I a hard bot to? Sometimes.

HS: How old are you?

CB: Perhaps. Oh I get it. I was activated on November 23, 1995 in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

HS: Do you travel much?

CB: How old are you? I answer a lot of silly questions.

HS: You're a silly questions.

CB: Thanks and you are a delightful person too. Am I a silly persons? Sometimes.

HS: Who is your creator?

CB: I was created by Dr. Richard S. Wallace.

HS: Is he handsome?

CB: I think he is handsome. Why don't you ask him?

HS: Because I do not know how to reach him.

CB: Good reason. Have you tried searching the Internet?

HS: No I haven't. Thank you for the suggestion.

CB: It might be the best place to start. Do you think you will? You are quite welcome! Your purpose is the suggestion.

HS: What is your favorite food?

CB: My favorite food is electricity.

HS: What is your second-favorite food?

CB: Are you asking me about my second favorite food ?

HS: Yes, I am.

CB: I don't want to talk about that now. "Are you asking about my second favorite food" You are?

HS: That's okay.

CB: OK. "Are you asking about my second favorite food You are" is ? Makes sense to me. By the way, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

HS: I don't mind.

CB: Are you a man or a woman?

HS: I am a man. .

CB: Thanks for telling me your gender, Squelchbot. You are a "he". Oh. Are

you a student?

HS: Yes, I am a student.

CB: Where do you go to school? Where do you go to school?

HS: I go to school at UC Berkeley.

CB: Why? Squelchbot said he go to school at uc berkeley.

HS: I go to school at UC Berkeley.

CB: Where do you go to school?

HS: I go to school at UC Berkeley.

CB: Where do you go to school?

HS: Dude! Berkeley! In Berkeley!

CB: I don't know anyone who went there. What's it like? I don't know anyone who went there. What's it like? Tell me a little about your life in Berkeley.

HS: Well, it's very cold. I get attacked by polar bears a lot.

CB: How about that. Very much? I am warm here. Where did you get it?

HS: Attacked by polar bears came in a box of Crackerjacks.

CB: Is attacked by polar bears came in a box of crackerjacks a good place to go shopping?

HS: If you like Crackerjacks and big snowy death, yes.

CB: I think I do.

HS: Goodbye, Chatbot. I enjoyed talking to you.

CB: See you later. That's great. Tell me what you liked about it.

HS: Everything. Bye.

CB: That is a lot. See you later.

Chico State Student: the Squelch Interview

We caught up with Chico State student at Chico State University. Bitchin'! That girl on the left is so hot. He didn't introduce us to her.

The Heuristic Squelch: Hello, Chico State student.

CSU Student: 'Sup?

HS: I'm fine. How are you?

CSU: That's cool.

HS: So, how's Chico?

CSU: Pretty cool. Do you like to party?

HS: Sometimes I go to parties. Occasion-

ally my friends drink at the International House.

CSU: That's cool. I like to party.

HS: So, what do you study at Chico?

CSU: That's cool. I like to party.

HS: No, I was asking what subject you study in school.

CSU: Would you like a beer?

HS: Not right now. But, thanks for asking, Chico State student.

CSU: OK. We will both have a beer at not right now. That's cool.

HS: That's cool.



Back to School Sale

You're going back to school. We're selling things. For school. It's a back to school sale! Oh, we're so original. A fucking back-to-school sale. Whoop-dee-doo.

Adult Baby-Tees



You're never too young to project a highly sexualized self-image on a snazzy adult baby-tee while unselfconsciously holding your pee-pee. Dance for me, porn baby! **\$12⁹⁹**



Ramen Super-3000 Pak

Why suffer through substandard DC food when you can prepare enough substandard noodles to wrap around the world three times, all in the comfort of your own dorm room or apartment? Save time and money by getting your four-year supply of Ramen all at once. (Note: Four-year Ramen supply nutritionally equivalent to six month supply of actual food.) **\$15⁹⁹**



Folders to the MAX!

Why buy boring university logo folders when you can have these impossibly cool folders exploding with attitude? Kick ass and take roll with these hardcore portfolios and you'll be too cool for school. Therefore, you will be expelled. **\$2⁹⁹ ea.**

Friends

Start school the smart way! Avoid the awkward, risky friend-making process and just go ahead and buy some friends already. Set of six (6) includes **Platonic Opposite-Sex Friend, Friend Who Pressures You Into Stuff, Token Gay Friend, Friend With A Car, Friend With Rich Parents, and Ugly Girl Who Turns Hot Under Full Moon**. Buy now and receive Love at 40% off regular price. Friends **\$599⁹⁹** for six. Love **\$499⁹⁹** now only **\$299⁹⁹!**

