

the heuristic

# Squelch

oct 2001

volume 11 issue 2

[www.squelched.com](http://www.squelched.com)



TRICK-OR-TREATING SINCE 1991

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**Printing (TP'ing your best friend's house  
so the jocks think you're cool):**

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**This Month's Cover:** The *Squelch* pays tribute to the spirit of Free Speech and Free Assembly that makes this campus such a great place to look out over fellow students, smile smugly to oneself, and shake one's head with mild amusement before walking around the chaos and going on to class. Ho ho, hey hey, open discussion is here to stay!

Boback wants his manhood back from the lovely girl it was given to on Sproul. If you're reading this, girl, please bring it back. He's a broken shell of a Persian ever since he lost it in that game of Rock Paper Scissors. It's real sad. He brushes his hair for hours a day and cries all the time. Apparently now that Jesse Gabriel's paid us, we're supposed to say he's a man of his word. So he is, but good grief, do the demands ever stop with this arrogant bastard? I'm a man of my word too. My word is "muster." But I don't expect that to impress people. For that, I do backflips. If you can dream it, you can do it. Stone rock hard. Foot soft like marshmallow. Ow.

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

# To the Mother It May Concern



It has become increasingly apparent from our recent correspondence that you view me as an unloving, disdainful son. This is evident from the fax I recently received titled "Top 25 grievances attributed to my unloving, disdainful son." In it you cite remarkably specific instances in which I supposedly behaved in an uncouth manner. Most of these "grievances" are in fact based on gross misinterpretations of my intentions. I am particularly disappointed you choose to include number 16. As you and I both know, I was unaware

that those family possessions had sentimental value and were not to be sold on the open market. Besides, I'm sure the dogs are much happier with their new owners.

You also claim that I don't return calls or emails. But I believe we've already discussed that my time in Berkeley is limited. That's why I attempted to accommodate your needs by setting up the fax line, which you seem to have successfully utilized to your advantage. Not to mention I also added you to the molecular biology events email circle so you'd feel closer to the university.

When I am in the vicinity of the family residence, you accuse me of not making an effort to spend time at the house, as well as continually asking, "Why hate so much?" If you must know, the true reason I cannot tolerate being in the house is the complete lack of water pressure. You see, growing up, I never understood the true pleasure of water pressure. Yet in college, the firm, pulsating massage of well-propelled water droplets makes my loins quiver as the dirt and grime from a day's foraging are rinsed clear of my precious skin. So please be cognizant of the fact that I do not dislike the family per se; rather, I simply fear being entrapped in the low-pressure moisture cell you consider a shower. When I am in close proximity to the family, you claim that I rarely interact with others or make noises that would pass for "recognizable speech" ... blah, blah, blah. Embedded in every one of my shrugs, subtle hand gestures, and facial tics is a multitude of meanings that speak beyond traditional language.

Aside from your 24 misinterpreted actions and the two dogs, I do not understand your dissatisfaction with my behavior. I harbor no distaste for the family. My perceived lack of affection is no cause for worry. If you truly feel that my time away from home has eroded our relationship, I'm not sure how to respond other than you're loony. On a separate note, my rent is due on the 31st of this month and faxing the check is not funny.

Cordially Yours,  
 Boback Ziaieian

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# newsflashes

## All-Purpose Protest Movement Planned

by Martin Benley, Formula 409

Various factions of Berkeley protestors have banded together to combine their respective causes under the blanket "Anti-War" banner in an all-purpose protest movement that promises to attract far more attention than any one group could muster on its own.

"For so many years, we thought activism in Berkeley was dead," explained protest organizer Cole Gutierrez. "It turns out, there was just never enough people pissed off about just one thing."

United under the Anti-War banner are activists decrying Muslim defamation and U.S. foreign policy, as well as those advocating Socialist revolution, the abolishment of the death penalty, and the reinstatement of affirmative action, along with countless other assorted left-wing causes. Many individuals in the Anti-War movement are also believed to oppose the America's recently-declared "war on terrorism," though details on this point are unclear.



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# newsflashes

## U.S. So Totally, Totally Out of Money

by Sean Keane, *Freeloader*

President Bush announced today that the United States is "so totally broke." "The disaster relief efforts, combined with our current economic slowdown and the tax cut, have run through our entire budget," said Bush with a resigned shrug, sporting a five o'clock shadow and an unwashed sweatshirt. "It's been really tough lately, you know?" To save money, the United States will be crashing at Canada's place "just until the country gets back on its feet."

Though Canada has expressed concerns at America's plans, Bush went on to add that the U.S. "will make no distinction between those nations who refuse to harbor America and those who harbor terrorists," before asking Prime Minister Jean Chretien to fetch him a Pepsi from the fridge.

## Insignificant Life Now Self- Consciously Insignificant

by Kenny Byerly, *Going Through the Motions*

Student Kevin Petit, 22, had always led a shallow, empty life devoid of any true pleasures, notable accomplishments, spiritually fulfilling experiences, or emotionally meaningful interpersonal relationships. Since September 11, however, the crushing emptiness of Petit's life has become more painfully apparent than ever.

Before the calamitous events in New York and Washington, Petit was more or less content to attend class on a fairly regular basis, put in the necessary number of hours working at the school library, and while away the day's remainder with a combination of television viewing and computer gaming. Though his schedule had returned to normal following the first few days of the crisis, Petit has found that every activity is now tainted by his self-conscious sense of that activity's total insignificance.

"I don't know, now it just seems so unimportant," said Petit as he stared at nothing in particular during his daily fifteen-minute bus ride home from campus. "I mean, who cares what we're doing in class, or what's on NBC's fall schedule? I've never truly been in love."

Among other newfound worries, Petit cited his failure to accomplish or even define any life goals, his own selfish nature, his habit of watching too many movies, and his myriad missed opportunities to travel and try out new experiences. Petit went on to point out that were he to die today, or even tomorrow, there was no aspect of his life upon which he could look back with the slightest sense of personal satisfaction.

"I guess it's too late to change now," said Petit, turning on a television while waiting for his computer to boot up. "But boy, my life is pretty sad."

## Asians Fight For Reputation

by Son Nguyen, *Traitor to His Race*

A recent study by Asian-Americans for a Yellow America, or AAYA (pronounced ai-yah), an Asian watchdog group, reveals that long-held opinions about Asian men being submissive, feminine, poorly equipped, and "trying too hard to be cool" are on the decline.

Some worry that other cultural factors have been muscling in on the territory of femininity once widely associated with Asian men. "Groups such as the Backstreet Boys and N'Sync have marginalized Asian men by monopolizing media images of male girliness, in effect co-opting a field formerly dominated by Asians," stated a spokesman for AAYA. "We are currently working on countermeasures, such as creating our own extremely feminine all-Asian boy band. The name of the band will be Five Guys Totaling Five Inches." So far, AAYA has had little trouble finding potential candidates to participate in the band.

The Asian-American population at large is also worried. Allen Wong, known as AznPlaya to his "crew," recently helped to publicize an Asian fraternity-sponsored march promoting awareness of the issue, passing out fliers warning BSB and N'Sync that "We're oUt to gEt YoU mOTHeRfUcKin' SucKaS. DoN't FuCk w/ Us." To promote attendance, the fraternity offered free pearl milk tea.

During the Asian march on the UC Berkeley campus, 2,500 Asian males,

dressed in their most babyish blue sweater vests and most wrinkle-free khakis, marched around campus while constantly running their fingers through their long dyed hair and sucking on huge phallic pearl milk tea straws to convey their solidarity. Unfortunately, their cries against BSB and N'Sync went unheard as Americans continued to ignore Asian men.

Asians are gonna beat the living shit out of this reporter. It'll take five or six of them, but they'll still beat the living shit out of him.

## FAA Presents New Flight Safety Regulation

by Sean Keane, *Flight Recorder*

As part of increased security measures in the wake of last month's terrorist attacks, the FAA announced today that Wesley Snipes will be placed aboard all transcontinental flights.

"We think Wesley's brand of street smart athleticism and good humor will resonate well with American travellers, and provide a serious deterrent to any potential hijackers," said FAA spokesman Donovan Patricks.

When reached for comment, Snipes asked, "Do you ever play roulette?" then quickly shouted "Always bet on black!" and rode away on a motorcycle.

## Cookie Monster's Shocking Secret Revealed

by Ryan Pauley, *1000 Chips Delicious!*

Sophomore Tim Braches woke up late one morning and watched a delightful episode of the children's favorite, Sesame Street. Moments later, Braches was brought to hysteric tears upon discovering the fact that his favorite character, Cookie Monster, didn't really have an opening in his mouth.

"It was horrible!" Braches cried. "All this time I thought he was just a messy eater. I didn't realize that he threw cookies everywhere because he couldn't swallow them. I think it was a cry for help."

A spokesperson for Children's Television Workshop commented, "Yes, Cookie Monster had his mouth sealed after he learned that he had diabetes and could not eat the cookies in the sketch. Rest assured though, Cookie Monster gets all his nourishment from intravenous glucose." She added, "His blue fur does wonders to hide the vein-tracts."

## Justice League Offers Support to U.S.

by Kenny Byerly, *Feeling Super*

In a unanimous vote, Green Lantern, Superman, Batman, Martian Manhunter, Wonder Woman, Plastic Man, Flash, and Aquaman have decided to offer support to the U.S. effort to combat global terrorism. "We helped rebuild Metropolis from rubble when it was destroyed, and even when Gotham was abandoned by the government, we remained vigilant against outside forces who sought to exploit the situation," said Superman in a statement broadcast from Justice League Headquarters on the moon. "Furthermore, no organization has more experience with ridding the world of evildoers."

Some still doubt the trustworthiness of costumed heroes whose identities remain unknown, but U.S. officials have thanked the superheroes for their support. Vice President Dick Cheney stated, "Winning this war means using whatever channels are available to us. If that means dealing with unsavory

or superpowered individuals, so be it. Sure, Batman may have kept files on the weaknesses of his own allies, leading to their crushing near-defeat at the hands of Ra's al Ghul when that information was compromised. He's also been accused of perpetuating countless instances of what might be seen as human rights violations. But in these dire circumstances we're not ruling out any options. The important thing is he's on our side, and we're glad to have him."

As the League's head strategist, Batman has reportedly begun drawing up plans for a campaign known as "Operation Infinite Justice League." Batman plans to use his own detective abilities to locate terrorists, with the help of Superman's reconnaissance and X-ray vision. Martian Manhunter will infiltrate terrorist cells using his shapeshifting abilities, Wonder Woman and Green Lantern will lead raids on camps as well as defending against terrorist attacks, and Aquaman will do something in the water while Flash runs really fast.

"Don't even talk to me about Plastic Man," Batman added, shaking his head.

## Business Owners Proudly Display Flags

by Boback Ziaieian, *Casual Patriot*

Around the U.S., business owners with physical characteristics reflecting possible Middle-Eastern heritage have proudly begun hanging their American flags in storefront windows. "To us, the American flag symbolizes our freedom, and no one can take it from us," said San Francisco grocery store owner Abdul Sawari, who is of Lebanese descent. "We're proud to be Americans and we think the flag is a symbol that will hopefully dissuade other Americans from mistakenly shattering our windows, dousing our door steps with bovine blood, and beating the shit out of us."

Besides the new patriotic flags, stores found increased motivation to adjust marketing strategies. Morteza Jamali of Clear Lake, Texas, said, "We thought rearranging the letters in 'Middle East Market' to read 'Saddle Time Market' with the addition of a carved wooden monkey riding a pony would boost sales of our Arabic and Mediterranean grocery products. It's something we'd considered in the past, and doing it now seemed very convenient."

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### Top Ten Worst Things to Say in a Courtroom

10. "Like the \*whole\* whole truth?"
9. "It's my Bible now."
8. "What the hell kind of stupid bullshit is that, your Honor?"
7. "You can't be the judge, you're a woman!"
6. "I didn't see who took your gavel; I was too busy paying attention to the new gavel I just got."
5. "I killed that guy. That guy who died. I killed him."
4. "The only thing separating you from me is a law degree, a shitload of law experience, a bench appointment, and whatever else you need to be a judge."
3. "Not not not not not guilty."
2. "Is she typing everything I say? Even 'blarvemar'?"
1. "They will be brought to justice or justice will be brought to them."

### Top Ten Ways to Hit on the Attractive Person Driving Behind You

10. Slam on the brakes (and brace for love)
9. Turn on hazard lights, all sexy-like
8. Pants-less Chinese Fire Drill ... into the attractive person's car
7. Release silky soft smoke screen
6. Befriend the less-attractive friend driving behind them
5. Drive defensively, but not \*too\* defensively
4. Any which way but loose
3. Pop trunk, unleashing shower of rose petals
2. Pop trunk, unleashing shower of prophylactics and birth control pills
1. Just be yourself

### Top Ten Contingency Plans for a Magic Trick Gone Awry

10. "Is this \*not\* your card?"
9. "Don't worry, folks, he was evil."
8. Rabbit stew
7. "What you didn't know was that that half was horribly infected with gangrene."
6. Just say, "Did you miss it?"
5. "And now I shall make an ambulance appear."
4. "Okay, \*you\* do it!"
3. Magically, the rings are attached and won't ever come apart!"
2. Accuse lovely assistant of sabotage
1. Explain that she won't levitate because she's heavy with sin.

# Bedtime Story

by  
Kenny  
Byerly



"Daddy," came the voice from behind as Mr. Levine tried to tiptoe quietly out of the room. "Can you tell me a bedtime story?"

Mr. Levine sighed heavily. He was a busy man. Overworked, prematurely gray at the temples, and still nursing a hangover from the shockingly heavy drinking he'd been doing at lunchtime, he had neither the time nor the inclination to tell a facile children's story to the obnoxious cretin in the bed behind him, regardless of the boy's insistent claim that he was his son. Anyway, hadn't they video tapes for that sort of thing nowadays? At the very least, his so-called son could fall asleep listening to late-night television spouting tired one-liners that (Mr. Levine hoped) went sailing over the youngster's head.

"Have I told you the one about the ugly, unloved, adopted boy who couldn't take a hint?" offered Mr. Levine.

"Yes," said the boy, with an eye-rolling moan. "I want a good story this time. A scary story."

"Right before you go to sleep? Won't that give you nightmares?" Mr. Levine said, pretending not to wish nightmares upon the child as he did every other night.

"Please? It's Halloween. If you won't let me Trick-or-Treat, or wear a costume, or eat candy, or talk to friends, or look at the color orange, or smile, at least let me hear a scary story."

"Well, all right," said Mr. Levine, and he told a scary story.

"Thanks, Daddy," said the boy when Mr. Levine was finished.

"Can't you call me Dad?" sighed Mr. Levine as he stood up to leave. "You are, after all, twenty-three years old. It's bad

enough that I'm still tucking you in and that, much like the boy in that other story, you're not actually my son."

"Daddy, I'm seven," corrected the boy, shaking a loose baby tooth.

"Whatever," said Mr. Levine, and closed the closet door behind him as he left.

"What took you so long?" said Mrs. Levine, waiting in the bedroom in a skimpy negligee.

"Nothing, dear," said Mr. Levine.

"Say, who were you talking to in the closet?" said Mrs. Levine. "As your mother, the wife of the late Mr. Levine, senior--your father--I've a right to know. And stop calling me 'dear,' son."

"Yes mother," said Mr. Levine, whose head was really hurting now.

"Come on, now, get in bed so I can tuck you in and go have some special time with your new stepfather whose last name, coincidentally, is also Levine. Or did you think I was dressed in this skimpy negligee for you?"

"Care Bears!" said Mr. Levine, age five, while hopping jovially into his bed--which was indeed adorned with a Care-Bear-themed print--and bouncing a few times for good measure. "Wait, Mommy. Can I have a bedtime story?"

"Certainly, dear," said an increasingly impatient Mrs. Levine.

And she told one.

"That was the worst bedtime story ever," I said as my dad stood up to go.

"Take it or leave it, kid," he shrugged, as he walked out and closed the closet door behind him.

# Homecourt Advantage

by Sean Keane

In basketball, the mark of a truly great team is the ability to dominate in one's home arena - maintaining the "home court" advantage. The 1995-96 Chicago Bulls, perhaps the greatest team of all time, lost just one game at the United Center during the entire season. The Harlem Globetrotters displayed such dominance as well, remaining unbeaten against the Washington Generals at home for a full 17 years between 1969 and 1986. Why not attempt that same thing at home during a party? That is, display the correct mix of self-confidence, arrogance, and intimidation so that one's "guests" or "friends" are constantly thrown off-balance, intimidated, or simply confused at social events. At my particular apartment, Ward Street, we strive to always keep the proverbial ball in our court, and literal home court advantage in our metaphorical pockets.

It begins when you arrive at the apartment. Outside the door are two doorbells, one a foot and a half above the other. Which to push, wonders the guest. Regardless of what choice they make, they're wrong. Both doorbells are totally inoperable. By the time the guest finally succumbs to knocking, they've already failed at one, if not two doorbells. They're flustered even before they encounter the door chain, and then get patted down for glass bottles or weapons by our blue-vested security team. Advantage: Ward Street D.

It doesn't stop there. Once the door opens, guests are asked to remove their shoes - "house rules," we say. It's not until the shoes are unbuckled, unlaced, and sitting in a pile that guests realize that we residents of Ward Street D are all still wearing shoes ourselves. Not just shoes, mind you, but boots. With six-inch platform heels. And the hardwood floor of our living room is covered with a combination of crushed chips, spilled drinks, and sand. "We just like to keep things neat," we'll say, as the heel of their sock is soaked with a combination of rum, coke and crushed La Fortunita tortilla chips. Ward Street D wags a finger in your face.

Want an adult beverage? Ward Street D is all for recreational alcoholism. Just say the word, and we'll be doing shots. All guests will be directed to take shots from our very special plastic bottle of Winners' Cup Gin. We inhabitants of Ward Street D will match you shot for shot from our own bottle of "gin" (actually a Golschlager bottle with a crude, hand-lettered label marking it as "jinn"). "Time for a shot," we'll announce. "Let's drink. You from your bottle of gin, and I from mine." "Wait, are those gold flakes in your glass?" a visitor might ask. "Is that even gin?" Our response is always succinct, and to the point: "Are you gonna take a shot or not, pussy?"

Guests unfamiliar with the tough environment that is Ward Street D will likely be confused by certain elements. Such as the pay phone in the kitchen for outgoing calls. Or that getting into the pantry requires a key, and that opening the refrigerator can only done with a retina scan. "We've had troubles with the refrigerator before," we say, by way of explanation. "You want another beer already? If you're that thirsty, why don't we just do another shot of gin?"

To paraphrase the immortal Wu-Tang Clan, Ward Street D ain't nuttin' to fuck with. Bring your A game when you party here, and bring your VISA card. Because partying at Ward Street D takes a strong liver and constant concentration. And the toilet paper dispenser doesn't take American Express.

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## Top Ten Signs You Might Be Psychic

10. All your spoons are bent
9. You're Jamaican and you have an infomercial
8. You had a feeling this list was going to happen
7. You're friends with Dionne Warwick
6. You win every game of Minesweeper
5. You knew Original Sin was a terrible movie before it even came out
4. You're homeless and need change
3. Is this your card?
2. You could win the lottery if you wanted to
1. When you were five you said "Someday I'll go to Berkeley and live in a shithole apartment."

## Top Ten Ways to Avoid a Shark Attack

10. Stop bleeding
9. Pre-emptively get mauled by bear
8. Swim with a slower, fatter, more appetizing buddy
7. Rethink pants made of chum
6. Drain world's oceans
5. Your first day in the ocean, beat up a shark so they know who's boss
4. Be the lead character
3. Play dead
2. Dress up like a girl shark and flirt (Warning: May result in shark rape)
1. Cover self with fun house mirrors so you look like a bigger shark

## Top Ten Ways To Get Red Wine Out Of The Carpet

10. Move recliner to cover stain, then move sofa to cover stain that recliner was covering
9. Replace entire carpet while one friend concocts elaborate lies about why no one else can go in there, and another friend coughs to disguise the sound of you hammering
8. Threaten red wine with reprisals if it doesn't leave right away
7. Threaten carpet with reprisals if it continues to harbor red wine
6. Spill fish on carpet
5. Peer pressure
4. The Bissel Steam Vac, the only vacuum that heats tap water up to 25 degrees hotter
3. Spill red wine on rest of carpet to create a dalmation pattern
2. Call Bizarro Jesus to turn red wine back into water
1. Club soda

# Cola Wars

The 1980s marked the high point of a decades-long rivalry between two enormously powerful institutions, a rivalry that resulted in untold casualties, hardship, and tooth decay. The Cola War has died down, but the legacy of paranoia and hysteria still remains. Until recently, much of the history of this hard-fought battle for the taste buds of America and the world went largely unreported. Advertising campaigns and cola reformulation were just the public side of this vast global caffeine-fueled battle. Both Pepsi and Coke were locked into a zero-sum game to push the boundaries of cola packaging and distribution. Now, for the first time,

the true story of the seamy side of the Cola War can be told.

Coca-Cola made the first great stride when its scientists successfully tested the twenty-ounce bottle in the South Pacific. Pepsi responded by dropping The Cube on selected grocery stores in Japan, and the "taste race" was on. Over the years, both sides strove to top the other in beverage capacity, sometimes with tragic results.

One of the largest contributing factors to the "taste race" was the misinformation produced on both sides of the conflict. A brief, but by no means complete, account of these events follows below.



Joseph Stalin (right) is taken in by Hallie Kate Eisenberg's flawless imitation of Vladimir Lenin.

**1975-1988:** For years, the Coca-Cola Intelligence Agency (CCIA) supports maverick RC Cola dealers in Latin America.

**1976:** Pepsico responds by propping up a corrupt regime of 7-UP bottlers in Colombia. The 7-UP plants serve a dual purpose, by helping to stem the tide of Coke drinkers, as well as serving as a means by which Pepsi operatives can launder billions of Pepsi Points.

**1976-1981:** Operation Uncola garners untold numbers of Pepsi t-shirts, hats, and instant win opportunities for Pepsico and its allies. The prizes are little consolation to the resident Latin Americans, who saw their cavity rate triple in the 1970s alone.

**1983:** Damage from the saccharine bombing of Honduras goes uncon-

firmed, except for a higher rate of in Honduran rats.

**1983:** Pepsi introduces the "Challenge," determined to prove that Pepsi is the "People's choice." Coke begins inquiries into the matter, resulting in their blacklisting of suspected Pepsi sympathizers from supermarkets, convenience stores, and cola-serving restaurants.

**1984:** With the failure of New Coke, Coca-Cola's Five Year Plan gets off an aborted start. Coca-Cola sends its board of directors to staff a botanical garden in Siberia. Sales figures and test results are routinely fabricated during this era, duping Pepsi. Spending billions developing clear and wide-mouth cans. Rosy corporate reports hide the reality of Coke's production problems.



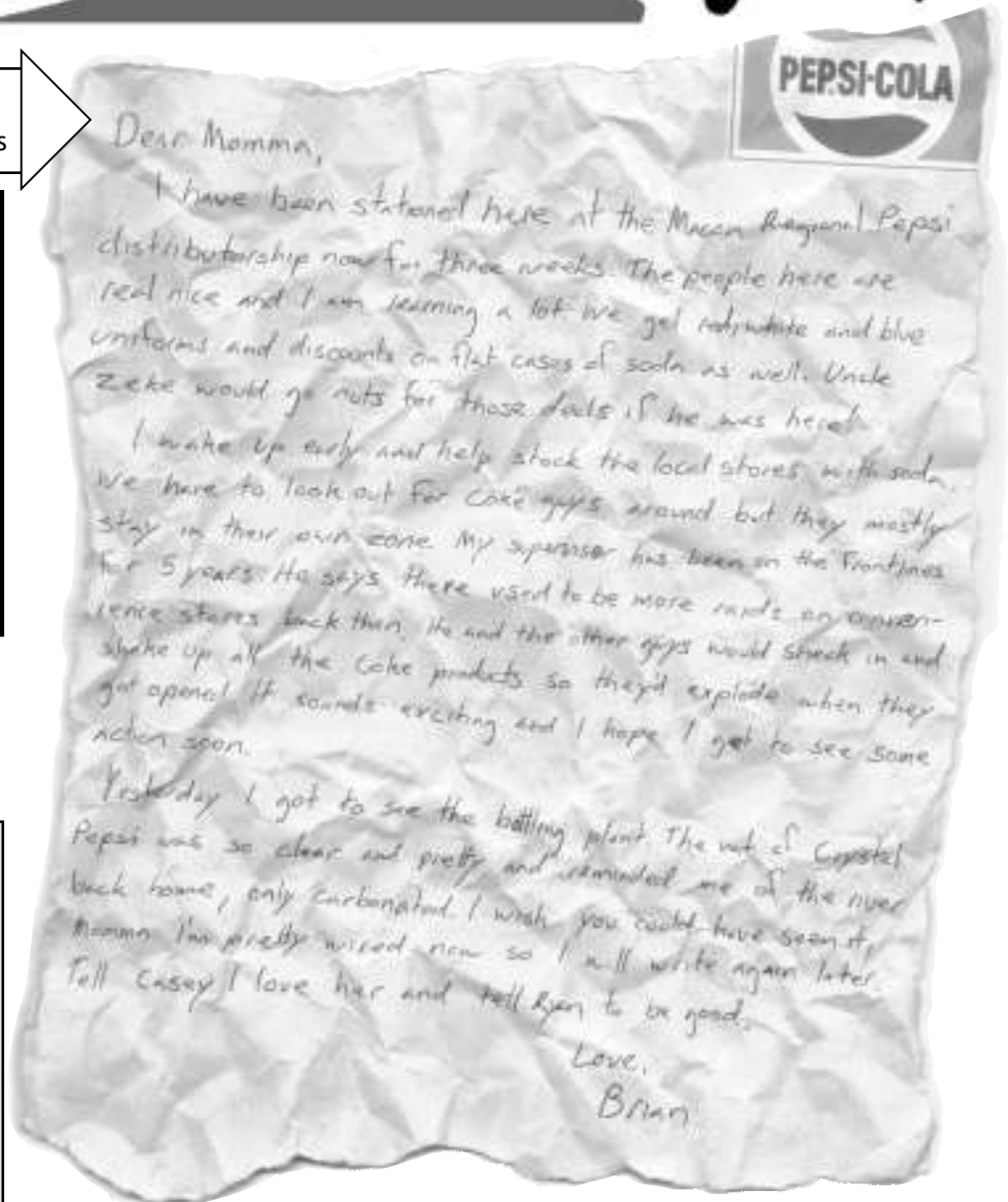
# DECLASSIFIED



Letter from the front from Brian Davidson, Merchandiser First Class



Right from the start, Crystal Pepsi was doomed to crash and burn. Oh, the humanity!



**1985:** Michael Jackson loses his hair to fire as a result of CCIA sabotage on the set of a Pepsi commercial.

**1986:** Things look bleak for Coke. Merchandisers must line up for hours just to get a few cases of Sprite for the stores on their rounds. Morale is low, and for the first time, people began questioning whether Coke truly is "it." However, lines for Mr. Pibb remain short and brisk throughout the entire crisis.

**1995:** Nearly 200 researchers perish in a carbonation accident in Georgia, while working on a top secret effort to develop a "three-liter bottle." As a result of the accident, Coke and Pepsi begin unilateral repackaging efforts, leaving the taste race to maverick companies like Shasta.

This timeline is but a sampling of the drastic covert measures taken in an effort to achieve beverage supremacy. Corporate earnings statements and testimony from distributors paint a disturbing picture of further Cola War atrocities. After CEO John Scully left Pepsico to head up Apple, irate executives retaliated by assassinating his new company. Unconfirmed rumors abound that Diet Pepsi spokesman Ray Charles

was blinded by operatives from 7-UP, acting under orders from Coca-Cola headquarters.

The new joint effort in cola bottle-size reduction, as well as the retirement of Pepsi spokesperson/spiritual leader Hallie Kate Eisenberg may signal the ceasing of Cola hostilities, and perhaps the beginning of a new era of Cola Détente. Only time will tell if, of all possible courses of action, these cola executives have chosen the right one, baby. Uh huh?

# Viewpoints:

## How do you think the U.S. should respond to terrorism?



"This situation is too complex to be summed up in simplistic, catchy one-liners. Remember, an eye for an eye leaves the whole world blind."

*Thomas Snowe  
2nd Year, MCB*



"We must remove the Taliban from power and install a new ruling party which is friendly to us. If history is any guide, any ruler who comes to power through the direct intervention of the U.S. cannot possibly turn against us at some point in the future."

*Joanne Woolen  
5th Year, Anthropology*



"War has never, ever solved anything, and the Holocaust never existed."

*Parking Meter  
3rd Year, Cosmetology*



"Stay the course. As long as we continue to offer grudging humanitarian aid, no Afghan civilians will actually die."

*Lucy Linden  
1st Year, English*



"We should think before we act. And after we think, we should think some more."

*Jennifer Ralston  
1st Year, History*



"What's the point of doing anything? All the terrorists we martyr are just going to go to heaven anyhow."

*Chad Nadel  
4th Year, American Studies*



"We must show resolve until our freedom prevails, hard-won by the tireless struggles of courageous individuals who aren't me."

*Donald Borsen  
3rd Year, Political Science*



"The U.S. should alter its foreign policy and abandon Israel. We need to send a strong message to terrorists that when you mess with the United States, you get nothing less than exactly what you wanted."

*Ruby Walker  
2nd Year, Philosophy*



# Music Beat8

## Yes, Michelle Branch, I Will Have Sex With You

by Matt Holohan

If you're like me, you listen to music to escape reality. If I'm feeling depressed, I'll listen to Kool and the Gang's "Celebrate." If I'm feeling lazy, it's Huey Lewis' "Sports." If I haven't eaten for a few days it's time for Weird Al Yankovic's "Food Album." Throughout my life, music has always been there to provide me with temporary escape routes from my humdrum existence, and for that I am grateful. And after all these years I've come to tune my musical tastes to anticipate how I'll be feeling when I listen to each record. And it is for this reason that the latest trend in the female R&B realm has passed me thankfully by.

Consider songs such as "Bootylicious" by Destiny's Child, in which the formidable foursome/duo/trio smugly inform me that they don't think I'm ready to bust their respective cherries. Or "Minute Man" by Missy Elliot, a sweeping condemnation of gents who are quick on the draw. Never in my life have I spent hours driving a woman to climax after earth-shaking climax only to think to myself, "Now if only I had finished a little quicker, I could hear her complain about my premature ejaculation. Man, that'd be sweet right now." The basic message that we're getting out of female R&B acts these days can be summed up as "Ooh, look at me. I'm so sexy. You can't have sex with me, that's how sexy I am." While this may be a fitting slogan for the rising postfeminist pop culture movement, it hardly makes for a suitable alternative to reality. It's difficult for me to imagine a situation in which there were so many women trying to swallow my cock that I would actively seek out pre-emptive rejection in the form of three-minute dance boogies.

This brings us to the much-needed antithesis to the aggressive, confrontational themes of female hip hop. Escape need not be sought any further than the soothing music of middle-class white women. If growing up in the ghetto hardens a woman and hones her self-confidence and assertiveness, growing up in the foamy lap of American suburbia reduces her to a submissive mound of sexual pudding, fostering every conceivable insecurity until she has no choice but to beg me to have sex with her in her music. I'm "everywhere" to Michelle Branch. Sarah McLachlan swears my love is "better than ice cream." And if I could ever hack my way through Jewel's turgid poetry, I'm pretty sure I'd find her asking me to bone her, too. And that's plenty pleasing to my ears.

Not only are white female folk singers more forthcoming with their boxes, but they're just as attractive as their hip hop counterparts, and in some cases more so. (At least in the case of Missy Elliot. Hey, Missy. You know what? Maybe the reason guys don't last so long for you is that your mountainous flab squeezes their semen out like toothpaste before proper stimulation has been attained.)

In conclusion, I strongly encourage young men to mimic my music-buying habits, for the simple sake of self-esteem and escapism. Furthermore, I encourage young women to do the same, since I'd hate for all those self-confident, independent, successful female songwriters to put any ideas into their heads.

### Hey Seniors.

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### Top Ten Things You Would Do If You Ran the Zoo

10. Hourly shows of Mr. Lion Meets Mr. Deer
9. \*So\* much panda breeding
8. Downgrade polar bears to 95% dangerous
7. Turn giraffes into waterslides (by hollowing out their backs)
6. Many boring small cages become one big fun cage
5. Bleach everything, call it albino
4. Increase flamingo availability for use as croquet mallets
3. Cradle baby tigers in your arms
2. Cradle your torn-off arm in your remaining arm
1. Ten lucky kids bring home a zebra stripe

### Top Ten Responses to "Are We There Yet?"

10. "I don't know. Are we?"
9. "Oh, we passed it. When we were there you must have forgotten to ask."
8. "It's the journey that matters. So we'll drive forever."
7. "Yes. This is it. Here."
6. "No, when you were sleeping I turned around."
5. "Every time you ask, it gets a little farther away."
4. "No, Moses says we've got 39 more years."
3. "We arrived an hour ago. We're sitting in the kitchen."
2. "Kinda."
1. "Don't make me break your thumbs again."

### Top Ten Alternatives to the Metric System

10. Not measuring stuff anymore
9. "About yea long."
8. Metric Anarchy
7. Tantric System
6. Inches & ounces & quarts & furlongs & leagues
5. Just hitting shit with hammer until it fits
4. Always rounding up
3. Tall, Grande, & Venti
2. Will it fit in my ear / will it fit in my mouth?
1. Breadboxes

# URINAL

"Hypocrites! All of you! I'm taking my urinal and getting out of here."

At the turn of the century, a group of artists tried to banish pretentiousness from the art world by opening a museum which would exhibit any work by any artist. To test this resolve, one particularly janky member of the group entered as his work a urinal. Pulled at the last second, this distinctive piece eventually found its way to the San Francisco Museum where my friend C.J. and I stared quizzically.

"The artist who made this piece is challenging the concept of art as a higher human endeavor. It confronts the insidiousness of 'reason' as portrayed in traditional art by subverting it."

"It's a urinal."

And so the debate began. I took the former view; my fine non-feathered friend took the latter. I became more irritated as our argument quickly escalated into an eloquent conflict between two heatedly delivered words.

"Art!"

"Urinal!"

I maintain to this day that I didn't mean to push C.J. I'm not a physical guy. Whatever the reason, C.J. came back at me with the heat and intensity of a thousand suns, shoving me through the Dada exhibit and into the Picasso "Blue and Beyond" room. Shielding myself with Picasso's "Guernica" (1937), I tried to reach around and get C.J. in a sleeper hold. He saw right through that and quickly countered by bursting through "El Loco" (1904) and thrashing me over the head with both "Woman Ironing" (1904) and



## ROOMATE PROBLEMS?

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According to Rent Board regulations, roommates should pay amounts equal in proportion to the space and amenities they use. In other words, if 2 people are sharing a 2 bedroom apartment which rents for \$1300, and the bedroom sizes and tenants' use of space in the apartment are approximately equal, then both should be paying \$650. Adjustments can be made, for example, if only one person has use of the parking space or has an amenity the other does not.

It does not matter if one roommate has been there longer. That does not entitle him or her to pay less rent.

If you think you're paying more than your fair share, call the Rent Board.

If you're charging more, you can also call the Rent Board, or just give it back.



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INTERNET: [www.ci.berkeley.ca.us](http://www.ci.berkeley.ca.us)

# ART

by Tommaso Sciortino



"The Kiss" (also 1904). After about twenty-five minutes of this I broke free and made a dash to the postmodernist room.

I hid by cleverly disguising myself as performance art and as soon as he got within range, I wrapped C.J. in a giant shoelace and went to work, viciously rubbing his face into the rough unworked surface of Jackson Pollock's "Stenographic Figure" (1942, oil on canvas). Blustering all the while, C.J. was not unable to use his sheer size to push me back until I was on the edge of the balcony, overlooking the rest of the exhibits.

C.J.'s face looked oddly calm as I fell the two and a half stories into the exhibit below. I remember this specifically. I was not hurt, because the newly restored "Birth of Venus" (Botticelli 1480) broke my fall. I didn't have long to contemplate what this piece of Renaissance art was doing in the MOMA because I suddenly heard the sound of C.J. coming down the stairs, holding the torn shreds of Georges-Pierre Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon On The Island Of La Grande Jatte" (1886) in one hand, and a urinal in the other. I had to think fast.

I had read that silk screen was highly flammable, and I was only going to have one chance. I lit a match and, fashioning a torch from Salvador Dali's



"Christ of St. John of the Cross" (1951), I brandished my weapon at my mighty foe. He froze, realizing that he had walked into the Andy Warhol arena and also, his doom.

"Take this, you pre-impressionistic literalist bastard!" I said, and silently dropped the flame onto a wide mural of Campbell's soup cans.

As I slowly retreated from the flaming wreckage which once was The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, I hailed a taxi and, instructing the cabbie to "gun it," calmly wrapped my hurting arm in the scraps of my shirt. "Damn," I thought, "I got to pee."

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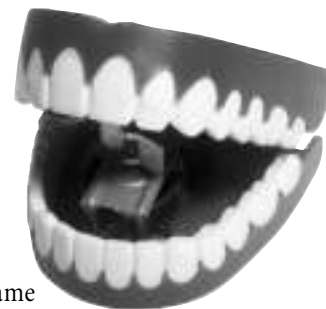
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# Bitten by the Witster



Sometimes people come up to me and ask, “Hey Freddy: why you so witty, yo?” And I say, “Well, my name isn’t Fredrick Witster for nothing.” Then, they shake their heads and think, “Man, that Freddy ... he’s the greatest. But how does he do it?” Well, because I think you’re nice, I’m going to let you in on my “witty” secret.

Being the wittiest isn’t an accident. It requires constant prepping, practice, and patience. Most people assume that a witty retort is created on the spot, but that’s all part of the illusion. In actuality, the majority of my retorts have been preconceived. Only through imaging countless theoretical scenarios and predicaments does the Witster succeed in firing his comedic daggers.

Here are some witty retorts I’ve already come up with, but haven’t utilized.

## Scenario 1: The Trip

I’m visiting a friend in England when the island is hit with an earthquake, leaving my friend’s apartment building literally split in two, though my friend remains unhurt. Upon surveying the wreckage, I turn to him and observe, “It looks like your flat broke.”

## Scenario 2: Chemotherapy

If the occasion arises where I develop a malignant tumor, and after an ineffective biopsy I’m forced to undergo chemotherapy resulting in the complete loss of my body hair, and someone approaches me and says, “Do you have cancer?” I’m going to say, “Do you have a face? Because I’m going to kick the shit out of your face.”

## Scenario 3: The Grocery Store

Say one day I’m doing my weekly shopping at Safeway, when I see there’s only one box of Kellogg’s Smart Start left. I manage to reach for it before another unsuspecting shopper can put the last box in her cart. She says, “Oh no, that was the last box of Smart Start.” I wittily retort, “Looks like someone didn’t eat their Wheaties this morning, stupid cunt.”

## Scenario 4: Hanging Out with My Friend Chad Heard

*(I don’t have a friend called Chad Heard, but you never know when such an occasion will arise.)*

**Chad:** You know, the most important thing about public speaking is to be heard.

**Me:** You know, that must be easy for you ... because you’re such a loud ass-hole!

## Scenario 5: At the Office

Unbeknownst to my office mate, I find out that he is about to be fired for embezzling toner cartridges. Moments before he goes into his regular meeting with the boss I ask him how his day has been. He answers “My life’s going okay ... considering the divorce and all.” Then I say, “Really? If my life sucked as much as yours I’d kill myself. Oh well, at least you still have this job.”

## Scenario 6: The Bank

I go to the bank to get some money. When the cashier replies, “Sorry sir, your account is overdrawn,” I just smile and say, “No, I think maybe your drawn is over accounted!” This throws her off. Then I say, “This is a robbery. Get down on the floor! Nobody moves, nobody dies.”

## Scenario 7: Getting a Pen

I go to Alaska looking for a magical pen. While there I speak to an enchanted elf who implores me to compose a title for his new book of sonnets about his house, which is made out of tiny bubbles. Also, the English language contains the word “ploam,” which means “is the subject of his \_\_\_\_.” I say, “Gnome’s foam Nome home ploam poem tome!”

“I’m not a gnome, I’m an elf,” he says irritably. “There’s a difference you know.”

“Shut up,” I retort triumphantly.

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# Haunt You Up Good

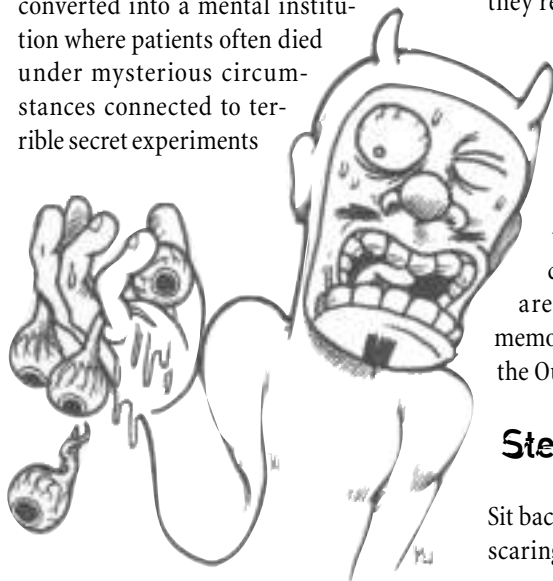
By Kenny Byerly

Ghoul-reetings, ladies and ghoultlemen! Perhaps you've thought, "I'd like to get in on that haunted house action this Halloween, but how?" Just follow these three simple steps.

## Step 1:

To fashion a truly spook-tacular haunted house, one must first choose a house which is appropriate to the occasion. Sure, it's cute when the guy around the corner decks out his single-level mid-seventies-era tract home with some styrofoam tombstones and cotton spiderwebs, but don't you find yourself feeling a little bad for him just the same? Sure you do. The ideal house is two-story, Victorian style, with wood siding, chipped, peeling paint and walls bursting with water damage. You could say it's a fixer-upper. You could also say, best haunted house, ever!

Not just any rotting old mansion will do. If your new home isn't built on the site of what was once an ancient Native American burial ground, until it was turned into a gallows where once were hung the most blood-thirsty bandits the West ever saw, before a house was built and its first owners were brutally butchered by a murderer who has never been found to this day, leading it to be abandoned until years later it was converted into a mental institution where patients often died under mysterious circumstances connected to terrible secret experiments



conducted by a doctor who was as mad as any of the patients, until he poisoned them all and committed suicide, leaving the house vacant ever since, visited only by curious young boys lured by the eerie, indescribable sounds emanating from within and the inexplicably dead small animals found in surprisingly large numbers within a twenty-yard radius of the house, well, then, keep looking!

Finally, if you're not a strange old lady who feeds a lot of cats and is hated and feared by all the kids in the neighborhood, but who actually is really lonely and wants only to be loved, think seriously about becoming one. That totally freaks kids out.

## Step 2:

Atmosphere! Perhaps you've heard tapes of creaks and screams, or seen little electronic devices that erupt in maniacal laughter upon detecting motion. These suck. Better to design a device with really scary noises, like the sound of the parents next door beating their child again, or that really distressing grinding and scraping noise coming from your computer's hard drive when you know you didn't even click on anything.

Throwing a Halloween party? Steal some fresh eyeballs from a morgue, then fool blindfolded party guests into thinking they're dipping their hand into a bowl of peeled grapes. Also, invite some Wiccans over. While many believe Wicca is a benign, earth-centered religion emphasizing spirituality and respect for nature, the truth is that Wiccans are way freaky evil witches with pointy hats who will cast some pretty heinous spells that are guaranteed to make your party a memorable one. At the very least, they'll get the Ouija board to say something cool.

## Step 3:

Sit back and enjoy, secure in your success at scaring up a fright-tastically ghoulish time.

### Top Ten Boringest Things in the World

10. Empty cargo pockets
9. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police
8. Any Simpsons episode revolving around Lisa
7. Barley
6. Twins
5. A roller coaster, if you're dead
4. *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau
3. Subtitles on foreign porno
2. Blowjob after sex
1. Barley after blowjob

### Top Ten Inner-City Software Products

10. Adobe Photoshoplifter
9. Microsoft Excel at Sports and Maybe I Can Get Out of Here
8. Macromedia Dreams-ruined-by-Prop-22-weaver
7. Etch-a-Sketch
6. Corel Werd Perfixt
5. Microsoft Out-Look-Out Datrell It's tha Po-Po
4. Lowered Netscape Navigator with Chrome Rims and 12" Lift
3. Microsoft Word Up
2. Oregon Trail for the Apple IIe
1. Real Playa

### Top Ten Ways to Stop Someone Committing Suicide

10. Shoot him
9. Put a Moon Bounce under his window
8. Kill yourself first - no one likes a copycat
7. Convince him that Milli Vanilli still has fans
6. Two words: Coffee enema
5. Replace his razor blades with Juicy Fruit Wrappers
4. Convince him that regicide is much cooler
3. Just find another box of Corn Pops
2. Steal all of his salt so he'll get a goiter and then the noose won't fit him
1. Evict him from the I-House

### Top Ten Pornos Starring Jesus Christ

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



## NBA: League of Illegitimate Children

Welcome to another year of fanatastic NBA action! Commissioner David Stern has just announced new regulations to hopefully reduce the influx of illegitimate children into the most exciting professional sporting league. Under new NBA rules, players must play with at least 1/4 their illegitimate children strapped to them at all times. The league intended to include all illegitimate children under the new rules, but that's not very practical, now is it?



Little Sadiq, (1997 Miami, FL. via Chelsea – grocery bagger) beams brightly as Daddy lets everyone in on who's the big "L." That's "L" for "Loser" and not for "Legitimate child born to my legally recognized wife." 48 minutes of fast-paced athleticism leave Sadiq with the perception of a true father figure.

Confusion runs rampant when NBA players and Jesse Jackson meet. "Whose babies are these?" everyone cries. "I know this great strip club up the street. Anyone know a good babysitter?" says one. "Look at all these little bastards," observes another. "We sure have a lot of illegitimate children. We NBA players, and Jesse Jackson." Says yet another: "If I start necking again, someone please stop me. It always starts with the necking. The rest I can't control."



Looks like Shawn Kemp's stock as a leading power forward has gone down. Or maybe not—it seems that Kemp's still got the high-flying ferocity of his younger days, with his children little James (1998 Detroit, IL. via Candy – a stripper) and Samantha (1999 Phoenix, Az. via Nicole - fan/groupie) strapped to him on this high-flying dunk. Good thing he's flying high on high-flying cocaine.

Baby got back? No. Baby got skillz! Who needs daddy, when Naked Baby has a 8'6" vertical leap? Not Naked Baby! He illegitemizes gravity.

