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When I was little I wanted to be a princess, so that I could have the power to command anything I wished. The life of a princess as I imagined it was great: all the ponies and butter pecan ice cream cones I ever wanted were mine, and at any given moment I was sure that my prince was just around the corner. But of course, once I grew older I realized the problems with my carefully detailed fantasy life—the most problematic of these problems being that I live in a country which does not understand, respect or even acknowledge royalty. Then there’s that whole problem of dealing with irritating trifles like diplomatic issues, not to mention the fact that as a princess, I’m likely to be kidnapped to start a war. Being a princess isn’t just wearing a pretty dress and a tiara, it’s a lot of work. Certainly more work than I’m willing to put in just to get my way.

As I matured, I found an easier way to get what I wanted. All I had to do was bat my eyelashes, show a little leg and giggle vacuously. This would put boys at my beck and call. And though this brought me material wealth, companionship and fun nights on the town, it still wasn’t all that I needed. Diamonds may be a girl’s best friend, and when polished they may glitter like the heavens, but shiny baubles which would keep other females transfixed for years only occupy me for minutes at a time and do not satisfy my need for power. Not even my shiny dominatrix outfit is shiny enough to satisfy my need for power. And for some strange reason boys freak out if you ask them to collect taxes, or don armor to go on a quest. At least, they freak out of you ask them to do any of that stuff outside of the bedroom. So much for princess fantasies.

Now that I have spent some time at college, I realize the trinkets and eager boys were only a means to an end. I realize that I don’t actually need real power; I just need to pretend that I have power. This is why I’ve decided to become Executive Vice-President of the ASUC. This is my true calling, a huge boost to my self-esteem and my feeling of importance.

But it’s much more than the delusion of power that I’m interested in. The Executive VP wields a gavel while she presides over the senate. Just the sound of that is enough for me. And while the ASUC doesn’t have nearly the budget of a kingdom, it does have much more money than a group of nineteen-year-old college students know what to do with. These are exactly the things that will help me live out my fantasies. Maybe I’ll even wear a tiara to meetings, and replace the gavel with a scepter.

I could get red carpets installed in and around Eshleman, get my ASUC interns to carry me to class in a sedan chair and make everyone address me as “the Honorable Ms. Baran.” This new power could go to my head, but I’m sure I would get on with business quickly and efficiently. My first act will be to declare a moratorium on marriages. Yes, I will get the number one public university in the country to strongly condemn marriages. Inefffectual, symbolic, and utterly without consequence in the real world? Yes, but important issues demand a bold stance, and in this respect I fall right in line with standard ASUC operating procedure. The anti-marriage stance may make me slightly unpopular, but all good leaders are willing to take risks. If I can’t marry into royalty, no one else can marry at all. - Cynthia Baran
Seth Green Accepts Supporting Role in Seth Green Story

by Matt Holohan, Unreached Potential

Wrong Mommy’s Legs Followed

by Kenny Byerly, Knee-high

Nomenclature Fever Seizes Washington

by Matt Holohan, Unreached Potential

The recent announcement from U.S. Health and Human Services Secretary Tommy “Tommy” Thompson that fetuses may be classified as “unborn children” has led to a wave of similar reclassifications throughout the administration. Thompson announced this week that elderly citizens will now be referred to as “undead corpses” in an effort to extend to poor wives the benefits heretofore only enjoyed by widows.

Other federal bodies have followed suit. The Food and Drug Administration now classifies all U.S. food products as “unpooped poop,” and Attorney General John Ashcroft has amended Justice Department literature to refer to all black males aged 18-25 as “unincarcerated felons.”

Far from being a strictly executive phenomenon, the updated naming system has also found its place in the senate, with Majority Leader Tom Daschle now referring to George W. Bush as “The Undeposed Former President.”

Jessica Marzan, age 4 1/2, had lost her Mommy, a Walnut Creek Nordstrom’s PA system reported last week. Marzan had spent nearly three minutes following the blue-jeans-clad legs of a woman who she presumed to be her mother. It was only upon turning her head upwards that Marzan suddenly discovered that the face of the woman was not her mother’s, but instead that of a frighteningly unfamiliar stranger.

“I’m lost,” Marzan explained to store employees who quickly responded once the child burst into tears. “I lost my mommy. I was following this mommy but she’s not my mommy, my mommy’s gone.”

“I was shocked when I heard the speakers say that Jessica was lost,” said Rebecca Marzan, age 31, who quickly responded to the store’s lost child announcement. “I thought she’d been following me the whole time. But it turned out to be some other four-year-old with the same pink dress and brown pigtails.”
Man Gives Up Celibacy for Lent
by Kenny Byers, Virgin

Berkeley’s Zeke Tyler, 22, is about to do the unthinkable: “I’m giving up not having sex for Lent,” Tyler declared Monday to a shocked gathering of friends. “Sex. For forty days and forty nights.”

Friends remain skeptical that the notoriously celibate Tyler, who hasn’t had sex for over two years, and hasn’t had a date in over six months, can succeed in his staggering act of willpower. “You think you can go forty days without not having sex?” best friend Troy Rubin cried incredulously at the announcement. “You think I’m up to it.”

“Lent is all about making sacrifices, and not having sex has been a regular part of my life for a long time now,” stated Tyler. “I know it’s a challenge to give up not having sex, but I think I’m up to it.”

Matters are expected to be complicated by Tyler’s conniving ex-girlfriend, who has returned to his life with the express purpose of not having sex with him, thus threatening to keep him from meeting his goal.

Kiddy Drawing Just A Bunch of Clichés
by Allen Haim, Finger-Pointer

Critics and art enthusiasts across the country were stunned last week after noticing a drawing by 5-year-old Shelly Atkinson, which was declared “good” by seasoned critic and Jackson Pollock enthusiast Jack “Jackson” Eatman, moving the drawing up and down behind his bottom in a mock “wiping” motion, to the amusement and delight of the others. Peeverson added, “The only thing missing is some yellow below the ‘Delby’ character to indicate that he just retched, maybe after noticing the sheep labelled ‘puppy’.

Declaring Things Dead Pronounced Dead
by Stephen Handley, *_*

One picosecond ago, a Windows text editor became autonomous and immediately pronounced that the concept of declaring things such as ideas, trends, or artistic movements to be “dead” was itself dead. The concept of declaring things as “dead” co-originated with the post modernism art movement, but eventually achieved greater popularity than its artsy twin, which by its very nature was “dead” the moment it was born.

The “noun is dead” construct reached the height of its fame when used by aging scenesters to describe a world from which they were recently cut off by their children and a fear of impending old age. The “Punk is Dead” epithet came to define more than the music but also the wasted years of the youth responsible for its very genesis, raised in the stagnant yet constantly evaporating waters of punk rock USA. Faux-counter-culturalism rapidly became the status quo and yet still maintain your punk rock integrity. YOU, YEAH I DID SAY YOU. THAT DEAD KENNEDY'S PATCH YOU'VE HAD ON YOUR BACKPACK SINCE FRESHMAN YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL? BECAUSE KERRIN NORMANSAYDYOU SHOULD GO TO THE AURAL DIARRHEA SHOW AND YOU WENT JUST BECAUSE YOU LIKED HER EYES AND WHEN YOU WERE THERE HER "FRIEND" WHO WAS CLEARLY OLDER, MORE FACIAL-HAIRED, BUT STILL ENDOVED WITH MORE BOYSChARM THAN YOU HAD, MENTIONED THEM (TO HER NOT YOU) BEFORE GRABBING HER 4-YEARS-YOUNGER-THAN-HIM-BUT-Judging-from-ITS-TIGHT-WELL-FORMED-

Ex-"Glitter Grrrl" No Longer Believes in Faeries
by Lydia Chen, Hardcore

Lisa Carter, a sophomore at Cal who considered herself “a real glitter grrrl,” was shocked to discover last week that “faeries don’t exist.” The fact was brought to her attention by new boyfriend and self-proclaimed realist Jay Tarmac. Tarmac had made it clear to Carter that “faeries aren’t real” and that he “sure as fuck [was] not going to go out with some stupid faerie-chick.”

Recognizing his authority as a “really cute guy,” Carter conceded that she had been “living a big, shiny lie.” Carter, who used to dress up every day in fake wings made of pink nylon and wire that she bought on Telegraph


Declaring things dead experienced a steady decline until its final demise. One of the lower points was when an essay appeared at www.fictionfunhouse.com/essays/geekusa.html by D.G.Fitzgerald, declaring “INDIE ROCK IS DEAD.” The already stale declare-noun-dead premise was further blemished by its association with a music scene which, despite its life-like swaying, head nodding, one-foot-tapping, occasional eye-contacting, Converse-All-Stars stare-at-the-floor-o-rama-ing, never managed to muster enough of what biologists loosely refer to as “life,” thus hastening declaring things dead’s painful death.

Realizing that “pronouncing” things dead was not appreciably different from declaring things dead, the Windows text editor in question promptly di%

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Avenue, lamented her foolish past. “I thought they [my faerie wings] were SO cool. Now they’re, like, shit, or something. Yeah, like nylon shit. Like shit that you’d squeeze through nylon. That’s what Jay said, anyway.”

These days Carter will only wear wings if they are black, a symbol of rebellion against glitter grrrls who “still believe in that shit.”

“I’m hardcore now,” Carter declared emphatically. “And I’m so lucky to have Jay. He’s helped me discover who I really am, and what I really think.” At Tarmac’s behest, Carter has also renounced her belief in unicorns, rainbows, and butterflies.

Whites angered by Cal B-Ball Admissions Criteria
by Son Nguyen, B-baller, Shot Caller

Darryl Whitman, a UC Berkeley freshman, is frustrated at what he calls the Cal basketball team’s racist admissions criteria. He was disappointed when he was dismissed on the first day of tryouts.

According to Coach Ben Braun, Whitman “lacked height and didn’t score well during practice games.” Whitman, who stands at 5’2” and boasts a 4” vertical leap, admits to scoring 6 points for the opposing team but argues that all students should be given the chance to excel regardless of how well they score. Instead, Whitman believes the admission criteria should include not only scores and statistics, but character, life obstacles, and socio-economic background. In fact, Whitman feels he can be an asset to the diversity of the Cal basketball team. He also says his parents are rich.

When interviewed, Whitman looked crushed as his dreams of playing for Cal went down the toilet. “Sure, I know I’m white, just like I know I have a hunchback and a club foot. But I thought Berkeley would accept my differences.”

Whitman’s father was equally disappointed, stating, “My son’s only dream was to be given an opportunity to play what he loves, and that’s B-ball. Is that too much to ask?”

When Herman Garvey rented a pornographic video recently, he got more than he bargained for. Seventeen minutes into the movie, clearly fornicating with a water-cooler delivery man, was his own daughter, Stephanie Garvey, 20. Needless to say, Herman was quite upset, and called his daughter in an emotional fit with accusations flying. Stephanie, or “Booty,” as she is known in the industry, was equally upset.

“I can’t believe my father watches porn!” said Stephanie, as an attendant spread petroleum jelly over her buttocks. “My own father! Sitting on the couch watching porn! Eww! How can I respect him anymore? I don’t think we’ll ever be able to have the same relationship we once had.”

Stephanie then called the director of her current film into the conversation. “Hey,” she said, “Is this the straight anal scene or is the one where I’m giving the other guy a blow job at the same time? Blow job? Okay, just making sure.”

Garvey, asked to comment on how this has affected his life, proffered some thoughtful words: “I wish I’d never seen that video with my daughter having sex with that guy. It has forever changed my life.” The pain was visible in Garvey’s eyes, “I’ll never be able to watch porn in the same way again.” At this point Garvey began to cry.

Upon regaining his composure, Garvey added, “I guess I’ll never talk to that slut Stephanie again either. Oh well.”
Episode 1: Tetherball

Kid: Hey, guys. Can I play?
Other kid: After carefully reviewing your tetherball skills, we have decided not to let you play.

Third kid: We wish you the best of luck.

Kid: Ah, phooey.

Episode 2: The School Dance

Guy: Hi there. Would you like to dance?
Girl: I'm sorry, but an unprecedented amount of men have asked me to dance this evening. I'm very attractive.

Guy: What makes you think I'd want to hear that?

Girl: This in no way reflects a negative prediction on your success with other women.

Guy: Does that mean you have a friend for me?
Girl: No.

Guy: Ah, phooey.

Episode 3: Applying to Yale Law School

Yale Admissions Officer: I regret to report that we have decided to deny your admission to Harvard Law School.

Guy: Harvard? I thought this was Yale.

Yale Admissions Officer: Whatever. Good day.
Guy: Do you have a sister?

Episode 4: The Will

Attorney for the Estate of Guy's Dad: [Reading Guy's Dad's will.] Unfortunately I am unable to leave anything to my son at this time.

Guy: What?

Attorney for the Estate of Guy's Dad: With so many heirs it is sometimes necessary yet regrettable to deny inheritances to certain qualified individuals.

Guy: What the crap? I'm his only child and my mother's dead!

Attorney for the Estate of Guy's Dad: I wish you the best of luck in your future inheritance endeavors.

Guy: What does that even mean?

Episode 5: Death

Guy: Wait, don't tell me. You're not letting me in.

St. Peter: Well, I'm afraid we have a very limited number of spaces in here.

Guy: Don't give me that. The Bible says Heaven is infinite.

St. Peter: The Bible says a lot of things.

The Angel Gabriel: Welcome to the USC Law School of the Afterlife, you stupid bastard!

Guy: Ah, phooey.
If you “don’t mind the crowds of people and crowds of rats and crowds of rat-like people” and you enjoy the “stench of defeat, depression, and athlete’s foot” then riding the “fast track to the dark inner circles of Hell” is for you. Many complain the décor is “too orange”, but the entertainment is “lively and not always smelly.” Cynics deride the “bums that puke” and “that dude at 86th that stares” but devotees rave about the “cheap batteries.” Subway cops suggest “don’t miss your stop” or you’ll indentikit yourself in a dumpster with a cap in your ass.” Bonus: “Whiskey Breath” Patterson’s daily performance of “Mac-yourself” in a dumpster with a cap in your ass.” Subway cops suggest “don’t miss your stop” or you’ll indentikit yourself in a dumpster with a cap in your ass.” Bonus: “Whiskey Breath” Patterson’s daily performance of “Mac-yourself” in a dumpster with a cap in your ass.” Subway cops suggest “don’t miss your stop” or you’ll indentikit yourself in a dumpster with a cap in your ass.” Bonus: “Whiskey Breath” Patterson’s daily performance of “Mac-yourself” in a dumpster with a cap in your ass.” 

Atlantic Ocean
“The Pond”
Décor: Moist  Service: Rocky  Cost: Your Limbs

What the Atlantic lacks in “nitrogenous waste” it makes up for in “man-eating predators” rave admirers, who “flock every summer” to “tempt death” and “simmer in the tepid water surrounded by Canadians.” “Hurricanes shmuricans, what you really need to worry about are the sharks,” point out locals, for “people get eaten here on a regular basis. No shit.”

Eastern Standard Time
East Coast
Décor: Timely  Service: Punctual  Cost: Anachronisms and Early Phone Calls

West Coasters marvel at the “future time” but complain of “anticlimactic New Year’s parties.” East Coasters scoff “grow up” and “stop living in the past,” only to ask “what time is it?” and tauntingly respond to the answer with an “oh yeah, been there done that, like three fucking hours ago.” “CST is the bitch of EST” proclaim enthusiasts, and “PST is even worse.”

Unbearable Heat
Eastern Seaboard
Décor: Humid  Service: Stifling  Cost: Sweaty

“Heat up a bucket of water to 114 degrees” suggest locals, “throw it on your head” and “stand in a sauna” then you might understand.” Summer months produce a “florid sanctuary” throughout all East Coast states, attracting “horseflies the size of Shi-Tzus” and “tourists from Ohio” to all coastal cities. Expect “constant facial dewiness, like a fairy” that is, “if fairies had pit stains.” Locals caution “Don’t come here… oh my god I can’t breathe.”

Really Fucking Cold
Eastern Seaboard
Décor: Gray  Service: Frigid  Cost: Your Patience

“Get out of my fucking way” exclaim locals and visitors alike, who will “strangle a fucking squirrel and wear it if I have to.” Fanatics exclaim “look at my new coat,” but the “pessimistic hipster crowd” “gives you the finger” and “steals your cab.” Fall fashionistas “run for their fucking lives” and exclaim “Jesus Christ I can’t feel my head.”

My House
Little Neck, Virginia Beach
Décor: Cheery  Service: Contemptible  Cost: Your Dignity

If “outdated drug references” are your thing, and you aren’t bothered by the “little brother locked in the basement” or “embarrassing requests to tap dance,” then my house is the place for you. Disregard the “mentally unstable dogs” and the “extended family that reeks of bourbon and won’t leave the pool” and soak in the “constant feeling of disappointment” from my father. “Tell him you’re pre-med,” suggest regulars, who enjoy listening to my mom ask “why don’t you ever have a date?” Leave feeling “satisfied” but with a “funny feeling in your stomach. A feeling like maybe you’re different from the other kids, or maybe that you ate bad mayonnaise.”

The Zagat Guide to the East Coast
Squelch
Décor: Bland  Service: -4  Cost: Your Precious Time

Scornful readers scoff at the “contemptible lack of detail,” “shoddy grammatical errors” and “uncreative use of the thesaurus” for this “hackneyed and failure of an informational source.” “Don’t believe the hype,” say malcontents; but many are left “mesmerized” and are heard to exclaim “I had no idea there was this much talent at the bottom of a bottle of Jack Daniels.”

This guide is designed to improve your knowledge of the East Coast. There are many points that I missed, but really, the essence of the East Coast can only be truly appreciated firsthand. And why not visit? For the price of a rental car, you too can have your very own south Florida gun story. Throughout the Southeast, you can visit one of the many combined special interest one-stop shopping stores for all your fireworks, firewater, and firearms needs. And the incomprehensible accents of New Englanders can only be truly appreciated in person. Many people ask why one such as I would forgo all the goodness of the East Coast and head out west for school. The answer is simple, and if you ask any East Coaster you’ll get the same response: I come from a small town that outlawed dancing, and I just want to dance.
King of the Co-ops
by Tommaso Sciortino

So you want to be a co-op, eh? Well it’s not as easy as donning a pair of Birkenstocks, getting yourself a stray dog and walking around bare-foot. No, being a co-op takes more than simply learning a really good hummus recipe, and how to make a bong out of an old anti-corporate protest sign. It takes Laziness, Sloth, and good old-fashioned Apathy. How do I know? I don’t. I’ve never taken the time to verify this. That’s why I’m the king of the co-ops.

Now, I’m not suggesting that you Berkeley freshmen go out and just stop caring. That could be dangerous, and it’s also just a bit too ambitious to be truly apathetic. Ease into it at your dorm. Start by Tommaso Sciortino

Top Ten Reasons the Sex We Just Had Was Dirty
10 You don’t think the sex cleans itself, do you?
9 I’m an incontinent necrophiliac
8 Donkeys never bathe
7 You wanted workplace fantasy and I’m a garbage man
6 Because you’re not going to confession afterwards
5 First condom breaking, fine; fifth condom breaking, weird
4 So much dirt was involved
3 Two people, five hands
2 Because my mother told me so
1 I wanted to go in, but the placenta wanted to come out

Top Ten Things to Say While Leading a Campus Tour
10 “And this switch shuts off the power to the entire campus.”
9 “Each stop on the tour is a place I got robbed.”
8 I hid the dead bodies from the last tour group here.”
7 “Now, we’ll be going to my 3:00 class…”
6 “This is the top of the Campanile…” [2.5 seconds later:] This is the bottom.”
5 “For those of you with wooden legs, this is where you get sprayed for sudden oak death.”
4 “Anyone have a map I can look at?”
3 “There goes my ex-girlfriend—On three, yell ‘Watch yo’se’f you skanky ho!”
2 “I cut this glory hole myself.”
1 “This is where the Squelch writes top ten lists… Hey, what are you doing with that notepad? He’s writing down everything we say!” Self-reference is stupid.

Top Five Sentences Containing All 26 Letters of the English Alphabet
5 The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog
4 The brown fox jumps quick over the lazy dog
3 Lazy dogs, quick, jump over the brown fox!
2 The quick dog jumps over lazy brown box
1 The quick brown lumps over jazzy box frowned dog

Erdrick checked underfoot.
I’m sorry we can’t be friends. It’s not you. It’s me. Really. You see, I like you and I think we’d make wonderful friends, but I currently have four friends and four is really plenty. You see I drive a simple sedan. That means there’s a seat for Zack, Stephen, Kenny, Tom, and me. If we decided to let you be my friend, then, well, we’d either sit very uncomfortably and risk a traffic violation or we’d forfeit the luxury of riding in an automobile. For all practical purposes, making you a friend would be detrimental to my happiness and that of the group. Not that there isn’t a positive value attributed to you and your potential friendship. I feel your friendship would be very positive. However, when we account for the gross happiness generated between you and me and then take into account the group’s happiness, the net happiness such a friendship would offer is sadly negative.

Perhaps one day I’ll invest in a minivan. If I were to drive a minivan, rest assured that you’d be the first one sitting in the very back seat. As you already know, Zack would sit in the front seat, Stephen and Kenny in the middle row, and … oops. Actually Tom would be the first one in the far back seat, you would be the first person to join the group and you’d sit in the far back seat of the minivan with Tom. I’m sure you and Tom would make wonderful friends in the back of the minivan. If you’re worried that the speakers in the back would hinder our ability to communicate while you and Tom were sitting in the back seat, be assured that the volume would be adjusted so that we could hear each other’s voices.

However, if one day I made two new friends, these friends might potentially yield a gross happiness value greater than yours. These hypothetical friends would probably not gross higher points than Zack, Stephen, Kenny, and Tom since they also carry sentimental value. Therefore, you would be most at risk for possibly being banished from the friendship. I wouldn’t say we’d be ex-friends. You’d merely go back to being an acquaintance that used to sit in the minivan with Tom.

If this were the case, heaven forbid, you would still have a chance to be my friend, if and when I invest in a bus. When the day comes that I purchase a bus for personal use, rest assured that your seat will be guaranteed. You’ll sit three rows back, right behind Zack, Stephen, Kenny, Tom, and the two hypothetical new friends who supplanted you. Think of the fun we’ll have riding the bus. We’ll travel the world, all of us on the bus, 82 friends and me. If I had a bus, I’d never have problems keeping friends again.

I hope I’ve cleared up any confusion. I’ll let you know if my vehicular status changes. Until then, look for me on the streets.
Non-Lethal

Winning wars is cool and all, but the human cost can be tremendous. I think my mother said it best when she said, “It’s all fun and games until somebody loses 25% of all fit and serviceable males between the ages of 18 and 25.

They said it couldn’t be done, and up until now they’ve been right, but the future belongs to the gentle soldier. The meek shall inherit the earth just as God intended—with (child safe!) rifles and (low impact!) grenades. Nerf carnage, baby!

Boomerchomps
“Boomerchomps?” you may ask. Ain’t this just a regular boomerang? Well, sure, until it devours anything from a Glock nine millimeter to a Desert Eagle in one elegantly arcing flight. This Aussie-engineered genetically enhanced monster boasts a full set of metal-thrashing mandibles, for a freak of nature that strikes a blow for peace even as the moral implications of its creation chill you to the bone.

Marmalade Cannon
Ever encountered a jar of sticky marmalade? It gets on your hands, sometimes on your clothes. It’ll drive you nuts. Well, in the future this small nuisance is compounded into a massive sticky gunk trapping hundreds of people with one shot. Also, in the future, no one really likes marmalade any more, so it’s even worse.

Itching Powder
Though itching powder exists in today’s world, it’s not until the future that it becomes really popular. Unscrupulous novelty gag companies reap fortunes on the black market by selling to renegade nations.

Tethered Catapult
Sure, you could waste valuable catapult ammunition hurling stone after enormous stone at your enemies, but pretty soon you’d run out of stones. And really, isn’t the idea that someone’s launching stones at you scarier than the stones themselves? Why not tie down your projectile and save it for further use? Adversaries will be so busy running in terror from your inexhaustible rock supply, they’ll hardly stop to notice that nothing ever makes contact.
Reverse-Reverse Psychology
Oh, so you want to cause civil disobedience? Fine then, go ahead ... and stop. Stop what you’re doing. We don’t want you doing that. You’re breaking the law.

Force Field Tanks
Sick and tired of tanks whose meager metal armor fails after one or two explosive shells, or treads that go all to pieces at the sight of a hastily assembled sticky grenade? In the future, Force Field Tanks will change all that, stopping any and all assaults with a thin, translucent blue force field, much to the dismay of picky physics majors who claim force fields are impossible. Oh yeah? Then explain Force Field Tanks, geek. **Downside:** Outgoing artillery bounces back and blows you up. **Upside:** When you blow up, the force field stops your own shrapnel. **Further Downside:** Upside is negated when force field generator also blows up.

Virtua Warfare
Why resort to bloody real-life conflict when you can battle out your national differences on a video screen with real-time 3-D polygon-based graphics? Smooth animation, lightning-fast gameplay, and awesome special moves combine for a war that’s a strategic, action-packed multi-player free-for-all good for hours of fun!

Flying Handcuffs
No one can escape the long arm of the law, especially when that arm wields flying handcuffs which can propel themselves up to 300 feet. Criminals beware! If you think getting cuffed won’t stop your fleet-footed getaway, you’ll think again when these chunks of metal “cuff” your skull right in the temple, incapacitating you with a knock-out pelt.

LCD Display Gun
A futuristic variation on a timeless classic. In the future, flags that say “bang” just ain’t enough. Instead, flags will say “zap,” on a crystal-clear state-of-the-art liquid crystal display. Future!

Fake Slot Machine (possibly lethal)
Want a foolproof way to take down an unsuspecting foe? Set up this realistic-looking one-armed bandit in the appropriate area and get ready to laugh! Once the lever is pulled, a high-intensity laser obliterates the user in the blink of an eye. Surprise! No one can resist pulling a slot machine lever if there’s already a coin in the machine.

Reverse Mine
No need to lose limbs to hidden explosives when future technology allows you to actually gain them! This “reverse mine” instantly grafts a third leg onto the hip of whoever triggers it, leaving the victim alive, but dragging an unnecessary, awkwardly placed appendage which hinders speed and agility.

Non-Lethal Weapons
A Conversation with Merlin

by Kenny Byerly

MERLIN: Oh, you did know already. Right. Well, it will be a privilege to speak with you too.

HS: Good morning Merlin. It’s truly a privilege to speak with you here today. Your ability to predict the future is unparalleled. I guess that’s because you experience time backwards relative to the rest of us, huh?

MERLIN: Many, many things. You may not have heard this, but the reason I am able to predict the future is that I experience time backwards relative to most people.

HS: Actually, we have heard that. We just said it. So, what can you tell us about the future?

MERLIN: To tell the truth, I don’t really know yet.

HS: Okay, that’s a letdown. But we’ll wait. For now, how about something about your past?

MERLIN: I should think it would be fairly obvious by now.

HS: Really? How do you figure?

MERLIN: It has its disadvantages. For example, it can be very difficult just carrying on a conversation with people.

HS: I’m beginning to see what you mean.

MERLIN: Well, for one thing, seeing the future isn’t all wine and roses.

HS: Why is that? Give us an example.

MERLIN: What example? [sighs] Sometimes I hate being me.

HS: An example about seeing the future?

MERLIN: I never said you were frustrated.

HS: I’m not frustrated!

MERLIN: Oh, okay! I thought you didn’t want that.

HS: All I’m asking for is a simple prediction about the future.

MERLIN: What did you just tell me?

HS: I just told you!

MERLIN: Why are you so angry?

HS: Well, a little cooperation would be nice!

MERLIN: I’ll do the best I can.

HS: Then can’t you just tell me what I want to know?

MERLIN: I’ll be happy to help you.

HS: That would be good, because I would really like my questions answered!

MERLIN: Okay, then. Do you want to talk about something else? King Arthur, perhaps?

HS: No! Not at all!

MERLIN: How about I tell you your future? It’s usually the first thing people are interested in. Would you like to hear that?

HS: Yes, please.

MERLIN: Well, then, I think we should get started.

HS: Yes.

MERLIN: Hello, Merlin here. Is this the Squelch interviewer?

[Merlin hangs up.]
3A. Organic Chemistry

Student 1: Man, five hours slaving away with chemicals, test tubes and bunsen burners—I'm exhausted.
Student 2: Sounds tiring. Your O-Chem lab must be tough.
Student 1: O-Chem lab? No, I was making a gay porno film in Latimer.

Student 1: That was a difficult quiz today.
Student 2: I agree. I had trouble keeping the acid-base pairs straight. What was the hardest part for you?
Student 1: I'm not sure. It might have been figuring out the molecular weights of the compounds.
Student 2: That was tough.
Student 1: Still, I'd have to say the toughest part was staying focused after those two girls started going at it under the emergency eyewash shower.
Student 2: That was pretty tough, too.

Student 1 (reading from journal): “...then, I went back to the 0.1M HCl. Again and again. Relentlessly, I splashed it around the beaker. Finally, exhausted, I returned to my lab group and we continued to experiment.”

GSI: That's great, but...you were supposed to keep a masturbation journal, not a titration journal.
Student 1: Oh. That explains why they handed out all that lube after lecture on Wednesday.
GSI: Right.

Student 1: I had a question about the last lab assignment we had.
GSI: Sure, go ahead.
Student 1: I understand why we tested the water samples for harmful chemicals, but I don't understand why I need to include a photograph of my genitals along with my writeup.
GSI: Let me ask you something. Are you planning to apply to medical school?
Student 1: Yes.
GSI: And do you actually believe that your application will be judged based on your transcript? Your essay? C'mon, get real.
Student 1: I don't understand...
GSI: Hey, maybe you can get into UCSF or Cornell with just a head shot, but the big boys like Johns Hopkins require a little something extra.
Student 1: I...I hadn't realized that...
GSI: By the way, trimming your pubic hair will make your cock look bigger. Trust me.

Student 1: I'm so tired. I had to pull an all-nighter for Chem 3A.
Student 3: I hear that, dude! On and on until the break of dawn! (attempts a high five)
Student 1: No, I was studying stoichiometry for nearly eight hours. This part is really hard.
Student 3: Yeah, I bet that part was hard! (attempts another high five)
Student 1: I don't think you understand. I was just reading and doing equations.

Student 3: I bet you were doing some equations...doing them doggy style!
Student 1: Look, there's a lot of work in this class! I'd appreciate it if you'd be respectful about my academic work and not act so juvenile!
Student 3: OK, I'm sorry. I guess I had the wrong impression. I apologize.
Student 1: No problem. By the way, can I borrow your ball gag and leather mask?
Student 3: Sure, no problem.
Yes indeedy, circle of girls surrounding my desk, it appears that you have all outscored me on our Math IB midterm. Some of you are laughing about your too-high score with (also-female) friends, while others of you have modestly glanced at your score before you put the paper in your Hello Kitty festooned feminine pink/purple backpack. I’ll bet you’d find it hilarious that you got a 96 whereas I got a 69. Ha ha ha. I can laugh about this, because your math-superiority means nothing to me. You see, I can impregnate all of you.

Do you know how much sperm I have within my angry red testicles? Billions. Billions of sperm. And all I need is one of them, carefully aimed, to knock you up like Hugh Grant’s wife in Nine Months. Let me put that in perspective: if all my sperm were lined end to end, they’d circle the moon several times before flying back into your uterus on Earth. To give my sperm names, I’d have to go through tens of thousands of baby books. Maybe even more books than that, because my sperm are strong, mighty sperm and can’t be given foofy-poofy names like ‘Timmy’ and ‘Mikey.’ No, my sperm will be named ‘Adrian’ and ‘Hercules,’ or possibly ‘Apollo.’
What, you say your eggs are safely contained behind several layers of clothing and crossed legs? It matters not; my sperm need no easy flight via penis. Bam, bam, bam, I have impregnated three of you, just by ordering my sperm to go forth and do my bidding. They have access to teleportation. They have magical powers. They can ride the mystical winds past any layers of panties. That girl behind me, who got the 93? Already my sperm has equipped itself and has transported itself to just behind her cervix. Entering the cervix is like winning chess games against three year olds for my sperm.

On the pill? I laugh. My sperm are not the weak, stupid sperm you see running into each other on health class videos. They have thick, powerful tails and an unerring sense of direction. It is but child’s play to travel down the fallopian tube and forcibly drag an egg kicking and screaming into the uterus. Menstruating? No more; my sperm need that rich uterine lining. They have the technology. They can put it back. I shall keep your now-clean tampon as a war trophy.

And don’t think your X chromosome will get equal say in the formation of my child. My sperm have no need of your weak genetic alleles. I laugh at your alleles; they are like half or one quarter of my alleles. My sperm shall allow our child to have your black hair, and also perhaps your eyes. But kiss your genetic predisposition towards math skills goodbye; I destroy it, just to spite you.

My child already grows, foregoing the zygote stage entirely. If he wanted to, he could burst from your stomach like the creature in Alien. But my child is benevolent, and will allow you to carry him to term. He shall be born in three months! Be prepared! Praise my Sperm!
In Love With the Love Bug

Sure, I wasn’t the only kid who grew up with a treasured, worn-out copy of Herbie Rides Again, purchased at exorbitant rates because no one bought videos back then. The local Albertson’s never had a copy of The Love Bug for sale, but I made do. Certainly I wasn’t the only one to seize upon the incredibly cool Disney Store Herbie beanie despite the gross inaccuracies in racing decal design. And the fact that I had to drive all the way to Concord for a Herbie bowling shirt and they only had it in medium could only mean that the shirts were popular with many others as well. Even so, I like to think I stood just a few inches taller than my fellow Herbie fans, for I was the only one to drive proudly into my high school’s parking lot behind the wheel of the real live Love Bug himself. Despite the jeers and taunting, I could tell my classmates were jealous.

“You’re daft,” they’d say. “That isn’t Herbie.”

“Look,” I’d retort, “When are you going to wake up and believe in this little car?”

“This isn’t even a Volkswagen,” they’d continue, eyes burning with barely-concealed envy. “It’s a Honda. And your stripes aren’t even painted on. They’re red and blue ribbons stuck on with tape. Crookedly, I might add.”

“I didn’t believe it at first either,” I’d concede calmly. I was used to skepticism. The idea of a VW Beetle with thoughts and feelings of its own is a tough one to get used to. “Say something, Herb,” I’d tell Herbie, winking. “Good old Ocho.”

“Beep, beep!” Herbie would honk cheerfully.

“You just did that yourself. I saw you reach in through the window,” they’d cry, their minds constructing obvious fabrications in an effort to make logical sense of the unbelievable.

“Tell you what. We’ll go for a little ride, and see if that can’t convince you.”

“Wait a minute,” they’d say, the pieces falling into place. “You’re not even old enough to drive.” This was in fact true. I was a freshman at the time, and still just fourteen.

“Don’t worry about that. Herbie takes care of the driving.”

“I’m not getting in that stupid car with you.”

“You shouldn’t say things like that. Herbie’s very sensitive,” I’d call out after them as they walked quickly away.

“It’s a good thing you walked away earlier. Herbie was just about to spurt oil on your shoe for insulting him,” I’d tell them later that day after catching up with them. Actually, instead of “them,” I should just say “her,” or alternatively, “Michele Green, the prettiest girl in school and secret love of my life.” “Them” is misleading because it was really only her. No one else ever talked to me.

“Would you like to go out on a date sometime? You and Herbie could patch things up.”

“I’d love to. Herbie is the cutest little car and you are absolutely the cutest guy I know,” Michele would say in my imagination immediately before rejecting me in real life. And punching me in the face.

But each day, as Herbie took off from the parking lot with a spectacular wheelie, my hopes were rekindled. Even now, years later, my hopes remain high as Herbie and I wait patiently outside Michele’s house, the front door of which she hasn’t used in weeks. We’ll soon wear her down; I’m sure of it. No one can resist the Love Bug’s charms for long.
Thinking of subletting your place for the summer?

List NOW with Cal Rentals!

CAL RENTALS, the University Housing office, receives many inquiries from summer visitors who need housing. List your sublet* with CAL RENTALS NOW to find a subtenant for the summer. It’s EASY to list your sublet; just complete this form and drop off at:

CAL RENTALS, 2535 CHANNING WAY (M-F, 10am–4pm). You may also call 510.642.3644 to list, make changes to your listing, or inform us that your place has been rented.

University policy mandates that only dwelling units with working smoke detectors may be advertised.

PLEASE CHECK HERE BEFORE COMPLETING THIS FORM: ☐ ☑ YES, there is a working smoke detector on the premises

Please write clearly

Last Name: ______________________________________ First Name: ______________________________________

Sublet Address: ____________________________________________ Cross Street: ______________________________________

City: ___________________________ Phone: ___________________________

Email Address (if available): ______________________________________

Rent: $ ___________________________ Deposit: $ ___________________________

Dates Available: From ___________________________ To ___________________________

Please check the type of dwelling, house or apartment, no matter whether the entire unit or only part of it is being offered:

☐ House or ☐ Apartment

This is a: ☐ Vacant Unit (you are offering an entire house or apartment) ☐ Shared Unit (you are looking for a housemate in a shared house or apartment) ☐ Room Rental in Rooming House ☐ Room Rental in a Private Dwelling with Little or No Sharing of Common Areas

All Together in the Unit: How Many Bedrooms? ______ How Many Bathrooms? ______

Is Unit or Room Furnished? ☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Partly ☐ Negotiable

Approximately How Many Steps to Front Door? ______

Is Unit Wheelchair Accessible? ☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Possibly

Comments: ___________________________________________

*IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT SUBLETTING:

You should not sublet your place if your current rental agreement prohibits it, and we recommend you discuss your intent to sublet with your landlord.

Take care in the selection of your subtenant. You remain the responsible party to your landlord for the condition of the unit and the timely payment of your rent. Obtain references whenever possible: from the subtenant’s current landlord and/or from local relatives or friends. Try to get the name, address and telephone number of a relative or friend in case you need to track down your subtenant after he or she leaves.

For more information on subletting visit the Cal Rentals office at 2535 Channing Way (M-F, 10am–4pm), call us at 510.642.3644, or go to our web site at www.calrentals.housing.berkeley.edu.
A Freshman Guide to 2nd-Year Housing

By David Duman

For those of you nestled snugly in your spacious dormitory rooms with nary another person within three feet of you, food practically dropped on your doorstep, and plentiful free contraceptives and dirty sex talk from your Health Worker, the prospect of being sent out into the wilds of Berkeley to live next year—literally thrust out onto the streets like MC Hammer’s posse—has probably not yet entered your peaceful little dorm-enshrouded head. If you’re not careful you’ll soon have to cook your own food, cram eight people into a studio apartment, and pay $5.95 a minute for any and all social interaction with the opposite sex. But fear not! We here at the Squelch have sent many people out in the trenches to learn about your future housing options in Berkeley and have commissioned the creation of this guide.

Returning to the Dorms

Right.

University Students’ Co-Operative Association:
When it comes to price, access to food, and ready availability of people to get drunk, stoned, and it on, you cannot beat the Co-Ops. Now, upon visiting a house, you may say, “Dave, you’re kidding me. I’ve seen crack houses that were cleaner, honest-to-God crack houses.” But that’s plainly ridiculous; crack houses actually throw out their dead bodies occasionally. Don’t let the smell of hepatitis on the walls fool you, though—co-ops put a premium on keeping their facilities in tip-top shape. For example, the purely symbolic allocation of 3-5 hours of chores a week distinguishes the USCA from crack houses, where little labor is required. Also, room-to-rooms at crack houses seldom offer themed rooms. Tragically, only lambskin condoms are available in the co-ops.

Fraternities:
The fraternity is a truly unique American tradition, along with big-block V-8’s and big-breasted pin-ups. In many ways, a fraternity brings together the best parts of pin-ups and car engines and distills them into a tasty Greek demi-glace. Although you will end up paying more than you would in the co-ops, most fraternities enjoy the services of a professional cook, as well as numerous quality social events ranging from keggers to wife-swapping (also known as “sorority exchanges”). With a little elbow grease and Vaseline your fraternity house can be a wonderful place to live out your college days. Just remember not to clench.

Sororities:
Sororities have gotten a bad rap in movies and television as being full of stuck-up, bi-curious, promiscuous young women. This simply isn’t true. Only 37% of all sororities are, in fact, stuck-up. Sororities enjoy all the advantages of fraternities minus the colorful splooge stains on the bathroom floor. In addition, a live-in manager or “house mother” can provide valuable advice for you; including what to do when your breasts start sagging and the many uses for duct tape and tissue paper. Finally, social events with fraternities will provide you with a respite from slow motion showering and French-kissing practice, as well as offering all the male companionship and coitus interruptus you’ll need.

Off-campus Apartments:
Most of you reading this will eventually end up living in one of many private, off-campus housing options. While these can range from boarding houses to private residences, only apartments will be discussed here because, well, you know. Although they are the most common form of housing, apartments typically offer the least in social and culinary opportunities. Since you are left to obtain your own food and human interaction, apartment life is much like the life of Cro-Magnon man, only with bad carpeting and a urine-stained front door. The key to getting the apartment you want is starting early, which means if you’re reading this and haven’t already started, you’re going to become very well acquainted with a place Berkeley students call “Sacramento Street.” Once you’ve started living in an apartment, you will no longer see any Berkeley students outside of campus other than your roommates. In addition, you will not have sex with anybody but your roommates either.

In Conclusion
Now you’re going to ask “Dave, you don’t seem to be flexible enough for a co-op or virile enough for a fraternity. Where do you live, and how can I get in?” I will admit that I do have a pretty sweet living arrangement: right on campus, with all the free food and fancy clothes I want. Unfortunately for those of you who want to join me, I can only regrettfully say that besides the Chancellor, his wife, and myself, there really isn’t room for anybody else in their Jacuzzi tub. Plus, my vinyl chaps aren’t one-size-fits-all, if you know what I mean. Best of luck!
Since inaugurating the Squelly Girls page, the *Squelch* has received complaints that the feature is “too tame” and “not racy enough.” This month, Squelly Girl Erin Winters aims to change all that. So hot that the white-hot heat of her hotness leaves any grade of film seared to a crisp (or at least overexposed), Erin favors the Squelch editors with a little “overexposure” of her own. Though current technology cannot accurately convey Erin’s full image, we think you’ll get the idea.

**March’s Squelly Girl**

Erin’s last name may be Winters, but there’s nothing cold about spending time with this hot little number! She struts all the right stuff, and none of that wrong or intermediate stuff. Erin enjoys hiking and horseback riding. That is, she likes to ride horses. No, I mean, riding on a horse. No, no. Like on a saddle. One that you sit on. She rides a horse to go places. An activity. Just a recreational activity. Yes. Sheesh. She also likes archery.

Erin’s dislikes include midterms, review sessions, midterms, finals, and head trauma. She enjoys in-class videos, snacks, extra credit, and helmets.

When told to be herself, Erin turns on some George Michael and does a dance that leaves little to the imagination. Except for the dancing gnomes. Those are left to the imagination. And the unicorns she rides on, sidesaddle. You have to imagine those too.

There’s nothing low pressure about Erin’s “cold fronts.” We could weather a “Winters” storm like this any time. Break out the tire chains, because this is one trip that’s going all the way to the top of the slopes. This “Dairy Queen” has her own “blizzard” and we’re only too glad to get snowed in. Yum!

Erin Winters

See you next month!
QUELCH CO.

NUTRITION FACTS

AGAIN I AM MAKING TYPE FOR ANOTHER BOX
SO I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO OPERATE A BEER BONG,
SURE IT’S AN ATROCIOUS THING,
BUT HOW OFTEN DOES IT EVER COME UP.
I WONDER IF IT IS EVER USED OUTSIDE OF A HIGH
SCHOOL/COLLEGE PARTY.

INGREDIENTS: EARS, NOSES, SEMEN, URINE,
PIPING HOT MAGMA, FLY LEGS (OR BUFFALO CHIPS),
GUAR GUM, PALMITATE, VITAMIN K, MORE URINE,
SOME SALIVA, MAYBE SOME PHLEGM,
KHAKIS, TWO WHOLE WEINER DOGS,
CORN FROM FECES AND TY COBB.

PERCENT OF DAILY USE:
I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE
IN A WORLD WHERE RICE WAS
HAND-PUFFED, YOU KNOW,
EACH PIECE INDEPENDENTLY CRAFTED.
THAT WOULD BE AMAZING,
IT WOULD BE LIKE EVERY PIECE WAS
SPECIAL, DISTINCT, IT WOULD BE LIKE THE EPITOME OF
BREAKFAST CEREALS.

ALTHOUGH NONE OF THIS WOULD
MATTER TO ME, I DON’T LIKE CEREAL,
HELL I DON’T EVEN EAT BREAKFAST,
THOUGH IT WAS SUPER NICE OF DAVE
TO MAKE ME BREAKFAST WHEN I CRASHED
AT HIS PLACE, BUT EVEN THEN, IT WASN’T CEREAL WE ATE,
NO WAY, IT WAS EGGS, TOAST, AND FREAKIN’ SAUSAGE.
DAMN THAT WAS GOOD. IT’S ACTUALLY MAKING ME KINDA
HUNGRY NOW. MAKES ME WONDER WHY I’M SITTING HERE
WRITING THIS, I MEAN ESPECIALLY WHEN IT’S SO SMALL
THAT IT WON’T BE READABLE. MMM, SAUSAGE.
MMM, ASSORTED ANIMAL PARTS...

WANT TO FIGHT MIKE?
OUTSIDE OF NEVADA?
IF SO, YOU CAN!
YES, WHILE MIKE TYSON CAN NO
LONGER FIGHT AT ANY NEVADA
GAMING VENUE, HE CAN FIGHT OVER
AT YOUR HOUSE! BE THE FIRST
ONE ON YOUR BLOCK TO HAVE A ‘MIKE
TYSON’ PARTY! ALONG WITH HIS
PRISON-TOUGHENED FISTS, MIKE
TYSON ALSO BRINGS A SPECIAL GIFT
FOR THE HOME OWNER - THE FIRST
ROUND!

“Taste so good that it would be Ludacrisp” not to eat them!”

Squelch-Co Cereals!