

the heuristic

squelch

mar 2002

volume 11 issue 5

www.squelched.com



PUNISHING SINCE 1991

EDITORS (Telling your father)

Editor-in-Chief: Boback Ziaeian
Creative Editor: Kenny Byerly
Web Editor: Tommaso Sciortino
Design Editors: Cynthia Baran
 Zack Fornaca

Editors Emeritus (Sitting in the corner):

Allen Haim, Stephen Handley, Bret Heilig, Matt Holohan, Sean Keane, Tyler Roscoe

Business Manager (Dunce cap):

David Hornung

Deputy Design Editor (Grounded for life):

Ryan Pauley

Art (Washing mouth out with soap):

Derek Yu

Business Staff (Taking off the belt):

David Duman, Jill Pirog, Sandy Lee

Design Staff (Bed without supper):

Lydia Chen, Kevin Deenihan, Mark Thomas, Cassie Wu

Photography (Going to Disneyland without you):

Karl Chen

Writing Staff (Stoning):

Cynthia Baran, Kenny Byerly, Lydia Chen, Kevin Deenihan, David Duman, Allen Haim, Matt Holohan, Sean Keane, Son Nguyen Monica Padrick, Tommaso Sciortino, Boback Ziaeian, Cory Zue

Contributors (Imposing trade sanctions and exchanging food and drugs for oil):

Vitali Borishansky, Rebecca Brown, Joe Floyd, Arthur Gross, Philip Hentell, Andrew Halff, Tan Ho, Tiffany Hsiang, Yuk Fai Lo, Misha Leybovich, Romie Littrell, Robert Mooradian, Richard Schulman, David Schwartz, Matt Sonoky, David Wooldridge, Kevin Wu

Printing (Saturday school):

FRICKE-PARKS • (510) 489-6543

This Month's Cover: A gay man walks into a bar, and says "Ouch! I tripped on a leprechaun." It's a leprechaun bar. Not a gay bar, but a leprechaun bar.

I can't believe those ignorant *Patriot*-editing pricks get to be on *The O'Reilly Factor*. All we ever get stolen are our cameras. It must have been pretty easy for MEChA to allegedly steal those magazines, since breaking into an office is child's play when you've already managed to cross the border. Well, if senselessly offensive race-baiting doesn't get our magazine stolen, nothing will. Fox News Channel, here we come!

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect vampires. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

Questions, comments, suggestions? Please email feedback@squelched.com.

To advertise, call (510) 502-2513
 P.O. Box 4116, Berkeley, CA 94704

I Need a Title



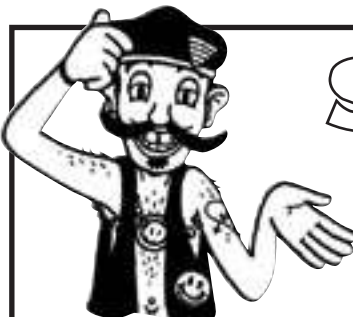
When I was little I wanted to be a princess, so that I could have the power to command anything I wished. The life of a princess as I imagined it was great: all the ponies and butter pecan ice cream cones I ever wanted were mine, and at any given moment I was sure that my prince was just around the corner. 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 if 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. Ineffectual, 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



squelch

Meetings:
 7-8pm Wednesday, 221 Wheeler
 Submit to:
submit@squelched.com
 Submission Deadline:
 Volume 11, Issue 6: April 8th

newsflashes

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."

Wrong Mommy's Legs Followed

by Kenny Byerly, *Knee-high*

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 losted," Marzan explained to store employees who quickly responded once the child burst into tears. "I losted 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."

Seth Green Accepts Supporting Role in Seth Green Story

by Matt Holohan, *featuring Seth Green*

Edgy teen-flick mainstay Seth Green has signed on for a supporting role for Tristar Pictures' upcoming film, *The Seth Green Story*, a biopic chronicling the rise of actor Seth Green. Green will be played by heartthrob Freddie Prinze, Jr., with Green playing the role of Green's indifferent and wise-cracking confidante.

"Seth's a great supporting player," said Paul Weitz, director of the film. "But we're not sure that he's ready to shoulder a film as the lead. So we went with Freddy just to be safe."

When asked if he was upset about being relegated to a minor role in the story of his own life, Seth Green frowned sarcastically and said "Whatever" before putting on a pair of goggles and having sex with Alyson Hannigan.

THIS MONTH ON TAP
KING HARVEST
ROCK - GROOVE
FRIDAY 15TH



OMAYA
AFROCUBAN
SOMBA - DUB
SATURDAY 16TH



THE BEST VARIETY IN MUSIC

SHADY LADY
FUNK & SOUL
FRIDAY 22ND



MYSTIK ROOTS
REGGAE - HIPHOP
SATURDAY 23RD



3 floors
3 bars
Less \$\$\$
more Fun

only @



2367
Telegraph
Avenue

25 beers - great cocktails

THE LOCALS
& SOLEMITE
DOUBLE BILL FRI. 27TH



Late
night
Munchies
served 'til midnight

Funk
Monsters
Saturday 30th



Vegetarian Dishes
Burgers
& Sandwiches
Pastas
Pizzas
Stir Frys
Wraps
Salads

Located on Telegraph Avenue near Durant in Berkeley

848-0886

newsflashes

Man Gives Up Celibacy for Lent

by Kenny Byerly, *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 won't last a week!"

"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-Painter*

Critics and art enthusiasts across the country were stunned last week after noticing a drawing by 5-year old Shelly Atkinson, which all agreed was just a collection of kiddy drawing clichés lacking any real artistic insight.

48-year old veteran critic Delby Peeverson snorted and said, "am I supposed to be impressed that the kiddy had the imagination to make 'Mommy's' lipstick red? I think I'm gonna barf."

Tori Crabman agreed, "Is the sun actually *smiling*? And are those tired old M-shapes supposed to be far-off birds? I pray for this country."

Critic Stanley Stickerman added, shrewdly, "So kiddy is blonde while mommy is a brunette and 'dady' [sic] has black hair? Either a recessive gene is playing hard to get, or someone was a-d-o-p-t-e-d."

"Yeah," said Crabman, "or someone needs to go back to kiddy-school!"

"... I mean kindergarten," he quietly added.

"I'll tell you what this picture is good for!" said 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 you still maintain your punk rock integrity. YOU, YEAH I DID SAY YOU. THAT DEAD KENNEDYS PATCH YOU'VE HAD ON YOUR BACKPACK SINCE FRESHMAN YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL BECAUSE KERRIN NORMAN SAID YOU 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 ENDOWED WITH MORE BOYISH CHARM THAN YOU HAD, MENTIONED THEM (TO HER NOT YOU) BEFORE GRABBING HER 4-YEARS-YOUNGER-THAN-HIM-BUT-JUDGING-FROM-ITS-TIGHT-WELL-FORMED-

FOR-SUCH-A-YOUNG-AGE-AESTHETIC HIS-BEHAVIOR-WAS-CLEARLY-JUSTIFIED- (AND LET'S-NOT-EVEN-BRING-UP-HER-FAR-TOO-DEVELOPED-FOR-A-13-YEAR-OLD CHEST)-ASS AND LEADING HER THROUGH THE CROWD TO THE STAIRCASE BEHIND THE BATHROOMS DOESN'T MAKE YOU SOME COUNTER-ESTABLISHMENT REVO-FUCKING-LUTIONARY. THE GAP SOCKS YOU'RE SPORTING UNDER YOUR DOC MARTENS DO. AND OF ALL THE CHOICES, THE TOY ROBOT SOCKS? YOU ROCK HARDER THAN THE MELVINS AND MINOR THREAT SMELLING WHAT DWAYNE JOHNSON IS MOTHER FUCKING COOKING. IN BEDROCK WITH FUCKING BARNEY RUBBLE, YOU FUCKER. YOU'RE MOTHERFUCKING GRANITE, YOU FUCKING ROCK, YOU.

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%%%%&&&&*****

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

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 scor-

ing 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?"

Porno Actress Upset by Father's Porno Viewing

by Cory Zue, Outstanding Late Fees

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."

Albany Bowl

540 San Pablo Ave
Albany, 94706
(510) 526-8818

Some balls are heavier than others



2 FREE GAMES OF BOWLING
with 3 paid games


Expires: April 30, 2002

Not valid on holidays, or with other special or league discount
Only one coupon per lane

ANNAPURNA

BETTER THAN YER MOM'S HOUSE

on the Avenue since 1969



smoking accessories • gifts & novelties
party lights • hair dye • greeting & post cards
incense & candles • exotic toys

(510) 841-6187 • 2416 Telegraph Ave.

Top Ten Jeopardy Categories

- 10 My Clothes Off (As in, "I'll take My Clothes Off for eight hundred, Alex.")
- 9 Yes/No Answers
- 8 Pederasty
- 7 Famous Old Dead Cocksuckers
- 6 Ends With Y
- 5 Famous First People to Step on Moon
- 4 Cross-Dressers I've Been Fooled By
- 3 Rhetorical Questions
- 2 Biblical Harlots
- 1 Potent Potables

Top Ten Things Porn Stars Do After Work

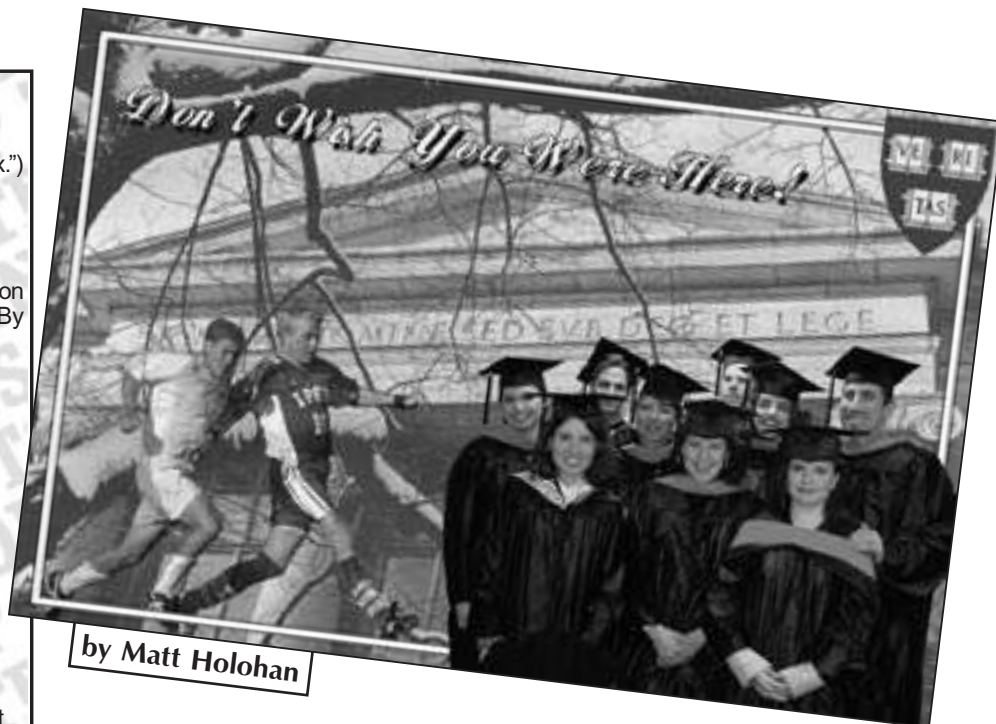
- 10 Put pants back on
- 9 Laundry
- 8 Call a real plumber
- 7 Algebra homework
- 6 Husband
- 5 Lather, rinse, repeat
- 4 Buy Costco drum of mouthwash
- 3 Go home to wife, just snuggle
- 2 Read a romance novel by firelight
- 1 The opposite of sex

Top Ten Times to Look Down a Girl's Shirt

- 10 When she's hunched over because she's on crutches
- 9 When you're supposed to be listening to her talk
- 8 At her funeral
- 7 When you're a really hot girl and you're having a near death experience and you're hovering over your own body
- 6 Any time
- 5 When you're just friends and she's just hot
- 4 When your boyfriend isn't looking
- 3 At church when she bows for communion
- 2 In Astro lab *with your big ol' telescope!!* Aw yeah.
- 1 When you can't look at her cootch

Top Ten Porn Cereals

- 10 Dild-O's
- 9 Special KY
- 8 Cap'n Crotch
- 7 Honey Womb
- 6 Frosted Mini-Teats
- 5 Product 69
- 4 Cinnamon Ass Munch
- 3 Cream of Guy
- 2 Blueberry Hand Job
- 1 Porn Flakes



by Matt Holohan

If Everything in Life Were Like a Rejection Letter from Harvard Law School

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.

Kid: What tetherball skills? I just got here.

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. [Guy plummets to the Gates of Hell.]

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

Guy: Ah, phooey.

ZAGAT GUIDE: EAST COAST

by Monica Padrick

4, 5, or 6, New York City Metropolitan Transportation

Borough Hall – Brooklyn, Lex Ave – Manhattan, Pelham Bay Park – Bronx

Décor: 4 **Service:** Incomprehensible **Cost:** \$1.50

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 find yourself “in a dumpster with a cap in yo ass.”

Bonus: “Whiskey Breath” Patterson’s daily performance of “Mac-Beth” at 14th Street/Union Square is “timeless.”

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 shmurricanes, 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, fire-water, 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 outlaws dancing, and I just want to dance.

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 frown box
- 1 The quick brown lumps over jazzy box frowned dog

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 using Latin abbreviations and parentheses to avoid having to organize your thoughts in any meaningful way, etc. Next time someone mentions *Great Expectations*, simply disregard the urge to make a point of the fact that Dickens got paid by the word. If you must say something, shrug and claim that you never learned to read, then call the person by the wrong name while falling asleep in midsentence. It may be hard at first but soon you'll be—well, you won't be doing much of anything at all, really. And that's exactly the point.

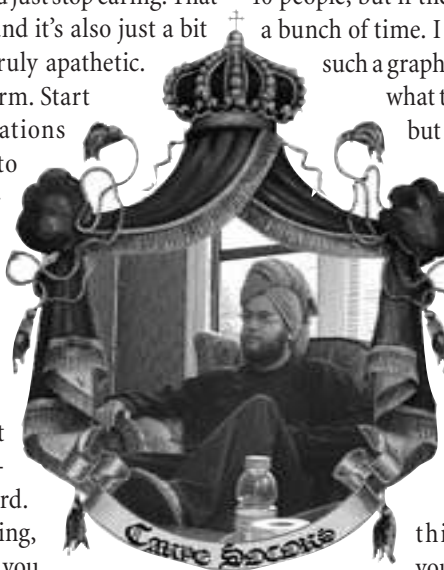
Let's review what we've learned thus

far: Wrong! If you didn't immediately skip this paragraph, you still have a lot of work (i.e. loafing, sleeping, skipping unnecessary parenthetical statements etc.) ahead of you.

This brings me to the subject of fulfilling the draconian five-hour-a-week quota the co-ops force on King and pauper alike. Five hours is a long time to spend doing something you don't care about (which should be everything). The answer to this dilemma can be summed up in two words: "Cook" and "ing." I don't think anyone in the co-ops has actually sat down and drawn up a graph of work input vs. quality output for cooking for 40 people, but if they did, they would waste

a bunch of time. I certainly haven't drawn such a graph, or even stopped to learn what the word "graph" means, but if I cared to guess (which of course I would do if I had time but I've been really busy lately, doing something... okay, not really) I would say that it almost didn't matter how little effort you put into cooking tofu. Once you learn how to chop onions while thinking about boobs, you almost forget what the beginning of this sentence was even talking about doing what I don't know what this sentence is about.

When I was in eighth grade, our teacher made us do book reports on each week's reading. Although the minimum number of sentences was 8, some students still found this limit too high and had to pad out their reports with useless sentences that had nothing to do with the actual subject. After some haggling, our teacher finally agreed to allow us one vacuous sentence at the end of each report: "I liked this book." I know this sounds like a second grade assignment but I was in eighth grade. My school was not very challenging.



4 *Friends is Plenty*

Boback Ziaean

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.



On October 1st, 2002, two essays will replace the GRE Analytical section. Take the GRE now before it changes.

Kaplan's got you covered.
Call or visit us online today to enroll!

KAPLAN

1-800-KAP-TEST
kaptest.com

©2001 Kaplan Educational Testing Service



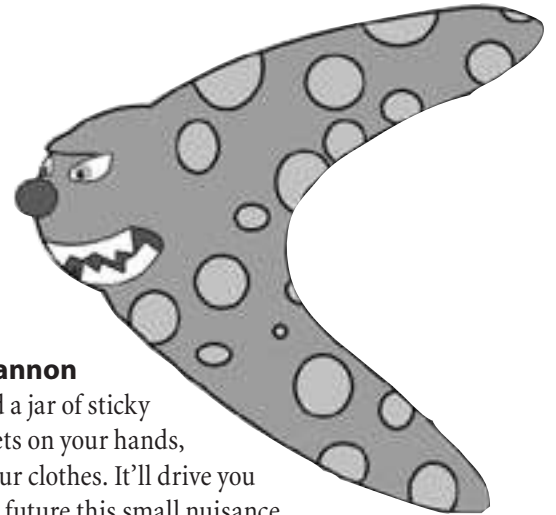
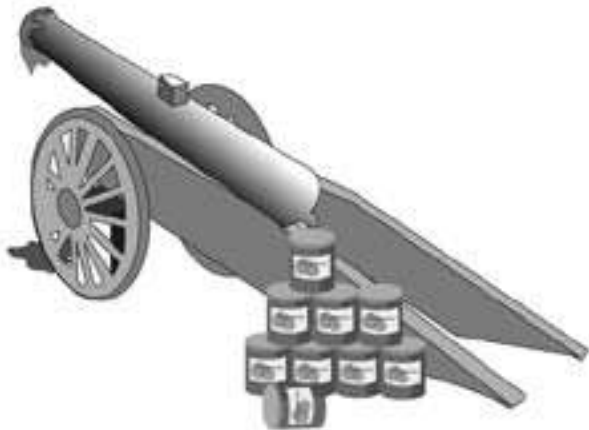
Non-Lethal

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

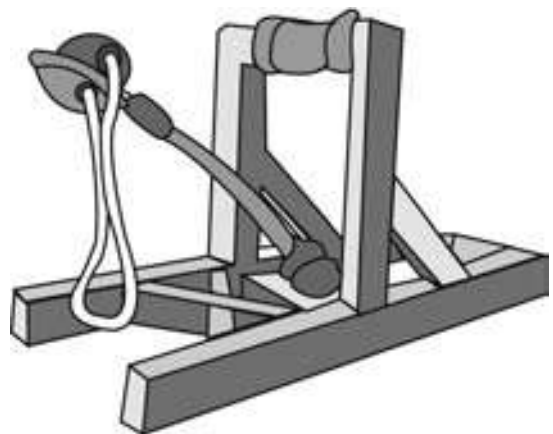
Ever encountered a jar of sticky marmalade? It gets on your hands, sometimes on your clothes. It’ll drive you nuts. Well, in the future this small nuisance is compounded into a massive sticky gunk trapping hundreds of people with one shot. Also, in the future, no one really likes marmalade any more,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

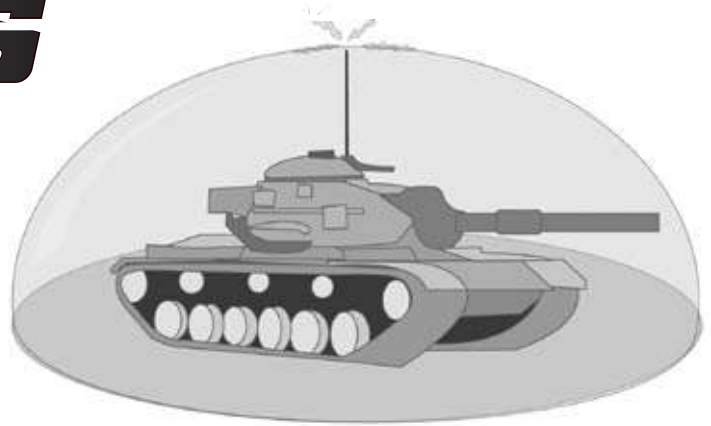
Sure, you could waste valuable catapult ammunition hurling stone after enormous stone at your enemies, but pretty soon you’d run out of stones. And really, isn’t the *idea* that someone’s launching stones at you scarier than the stones themselves? Why not tie down your projectile and save it for further 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.



Weapons of the Future

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.



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!



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.

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.

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!

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.

Why the Wall is dead.

Monologue Performed by Zack Fornaca

[Zack walks up to counter]

Zack: Hi. Rape me?

Cashier: One iced coffee coming up. To go?

Zack: Yeah, and absolutely no lube, OK?

Cashier: That'll be \$1.85.

Zack: Thanks so much.

I don't like Wall Berlin.

Zack's handy iced coffee to go comparison price guide:

Cafe Milano: \$1.00

C'est Cafe: \$1.00

Cafe Mediterranean: \$1.00

Hypothetical Coffee Palace, where the coffee is served with a ring of cocaine around the lip, and the doorknob you turn to get in is an actual woman's actual breast, and you can open and shut the door as much as you want: \$1.25, \$1.50 tops.

Wall Berlin: \$1.85

Cafe Strada: \$1.00

Why I don't take advice

Monologue Performed by Allen Haim

"On the one hand," she said, "maybe she's playing hard-to-get. But on the other hand, maybe she just doesn't realize you're interested. Then again, on the other hand, maybe she likes locks more than keys. Or, maybe, on the other hand, she has a long-distance boyfriend in Virginia, no wait, on the other hand, maybe it's Germany. Hmm, but on the other hand, maybe she's just not interested. No, on the other hand, make that slightly repulsed. Umm, positively disgusted. On the other hand." "Thanks for nothing," I replied.

I knew I shouldn't have gotten love advice from an octopus.

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.]



if it were run by the decal program

Five Hours

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.

The Quiz

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.

The Journal

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.

Office Hours

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.

The All-Nighter

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.

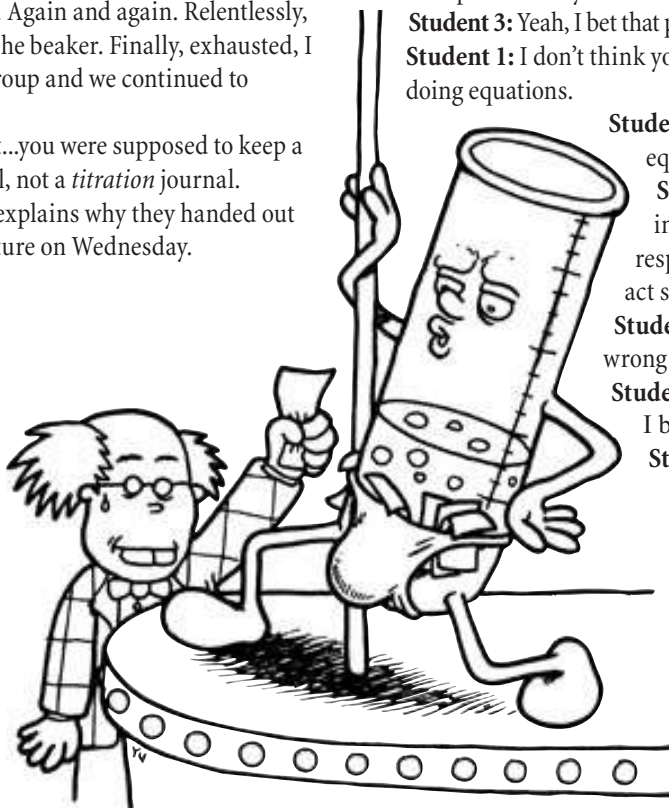
Student 3: I bet you were doing some equations...doing them doggy style!

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.

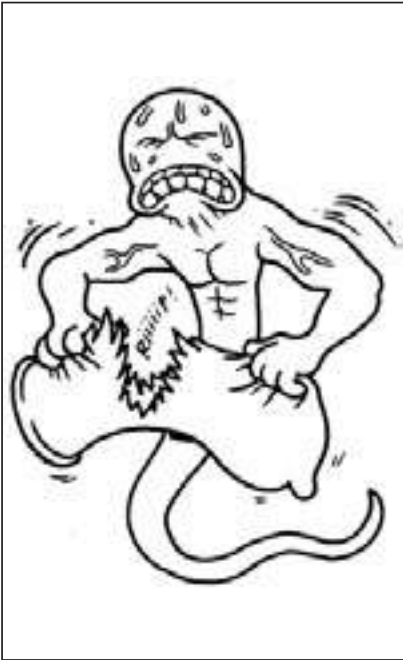
Student 1: No problem. By the way, can I borrow your ball gag and leather mask?

Student 3: Sure, no problem.



I Can Impregnate All of You

by Kevin Deenirnan



Yes indeedy, circle of girls surrounding my desk, it appears that you have all outscored me on our Math 1B 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. Bil-

lions 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.'

TENANTS RIGHTS WEEK MARCH 18-22

GOT QUESTIONS ABOUT RENT CONTROL?

Visit our information booth on Sproul, March 18-22, 9-5.p.m.
Learn about our Security Deposit Video Project.
One-on-One Counseling available by Renters Legal Assistance
Interns and Rent Board Counselors.



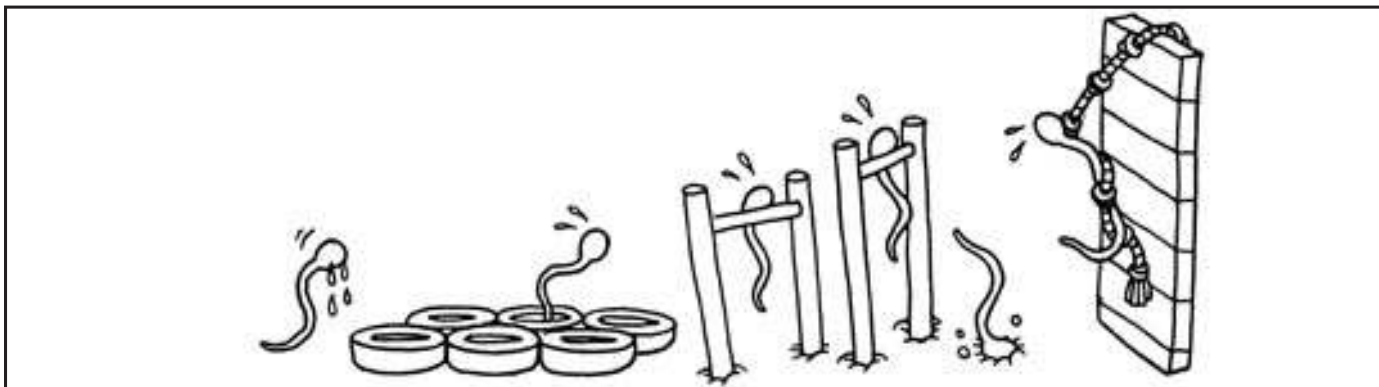
Rent Stabilization Board

POETRY SLAM

THEME : "SLAM FOR YOUR RIGHTS!"
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20TH
FLYERS WITH FURTHER DETAILS COMING SOON!
OPEN TO ALL TENANTS IN BERKELEY.

Hosted by the ASUC External Affairs
Office and the City of Berkeley

2125 Milvia Street, Berkeley, 94704
tel: (510) 644-6128
tdd: (510) 644-6915
fax: (510) 644-7723
email: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us
www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent/



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!

ALCATEL'S BOTTLE SHOP

*We'll Deliver
to your Frat.*

5% DISCOUNT

with THIS COUPON

on all

KEGS, WINE, SPIRITS, CUPS, ICE

exp. 04-30-02



*deposit required

For all your party needs!

Free Taps, Shell, and tubs*

**6363 Telegraph Ave
(510) 653-6418**

Top Ten Reasons to Raise the Fence Around Berkeley High

- 10 For the same reason you're running the electric current through it
- 9 Cheaper than lowering entire campus 2 ft.
- 8 Make sure only fence hole sized students can get in and out
- 7 See if students will test each part of fence, like raptors
- 6 Misinterpreted "raising the bar"
- 5 Kids are getting taller
- 4 Make it even harder to leave Berkeley High
- 3 Less schools, less prisons, more prison-schools
- 2 Prevent Tom Holmoe from ruining their football team, too
- 1 Because you already raised the roof

Top Twelve Items in a "Hi-Tech Burrito"

10. Stealth guacamole
9. Kt133 - Chipset
8. Hoverbeans
7. Missile Defense Shield
6. Surveillance Olives
5. Supercream XP
4. Smart Beef
3. Global positioning software
2. Open-Source Salsa
1. 600 Free Hours of AOL for 45 days

Top Ten Products and Activities in the Futuristic Dystopia Envisioned in the Film "Rollerball"

10. Flyerplanes
9. Floaterboats
8. Brusherbrushes
7. Babymakersex
6. Toasteroasters
5. Hitterbats
4. Bonkerhammers
3. Smackerhammers
2. Kablammerhammers
1. Whammerhammers

Top Ten Pornographic California License Plates

10. IEATBOX
9. MYCOKNU
8. 8MYBALS
7. VAGANAL
6. BESTIAL
5. FOOTGUY
4. MSTRB8R
3. BOOBIES
2. RIM JOB
1. SKNFLUT

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

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 regretfully 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.



See you next month!

Erin Winters



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, side-saddle. 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!



Squelch-Co Cereals!

