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FUN WITH A PURPOSE SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover: Plagiarism is the future. The future is now. Don't look for what's wrong with this picture. That's the *back* cover of *Highlights*. You remember it wrong.

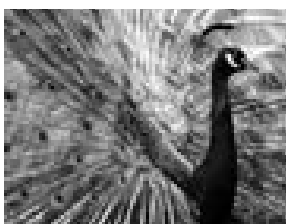
What do those Take Back the Night fuckers want from us? Do they want us to stop raping? Well, if they want that they're going to have to take our balls. How are you sir? I think I'll be buying a *Hustler* today. No bag please. I'm sorry, I won't be needing a bag thank you. I want everyone to see how proud I am of my *Hustler* magazine. If you were an antelope and a lion was chasing you, he could bite half your ass off while you're still alive. Then if you got away your friends would be all, "That was a pretty half-assed escape," and you'd be all, "Bite me. No, don't."

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.

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All Hail Team Male



Waking up in the morning to the *sturm und drang* of my own testicular power, I'm invigorated by a sense of belonging, the joy of being a part of a group. But not an ordinary group of friends with insignificant relationships, my group is far superior. I am a proud member of Team Male, only the greatest group to ever grace this planet. As such, I enjoy a deep kinship and alliance with my fellow males the world over, regardless of species. Score!!!

We males sure have been kicking butt for a long, long time. I'm still dumbfounded as to why females even bother competing with us. Even with my superior powers of male cognition, I couldn't even imagine an alternate world where it would be desirable to be a female. Well, if I try hard, I could generate a few, but only because I'm male and so great. Perhaps if we lived in a world where all pie-eating competitions were replaced with baby-birthing competitions, or where gun shows were turned into knitting conventions then being female would be advantageous. A toast to the masters of the universe!

It's so pathetic it's almost cute, watching girls running around doing their little girl things, trying to be as awesome as guys. Pfft, yeah whatever. Don't quit your day job.

Girls can't even cut it as insects, one of the easiest organisms to be. For example, only male fireflies glow. That's so cool. Glowing is so much better than not glowing. I'm not even sure why the females are called fireflies. They should be called plainflies or dark-boringflies. Maybe they get to be called fireflies because they do give birth to actual fireflies. That's something.

In case you're just joining us, here's the score so far: Males: 9,999,948,494; Females: 4. Go Team Male!

Ahh, to be male! I can hear God whispering on the wind. Shh! Do you hear that? It's saying, "...XY...XY...XY!" Or should I say, *He's* saying, since even God is a card-carrying, uniform-sporting, star player on Team Male. Sure glad to have him on our team. That's an MVP-caliber ace in the hole, right there. To wake up and be female would be an utter nightmare.

At first glance, one might consider queen ants superior to male ants. But in reality, life as a queen ant is nothing worth dreaming about. Being the queen ant is equivalent to being a glorified housewife, staying at home, eating, and giving birth. The male ants, who truly live life, make the most of their stay within the barren walls of the ant hill by spending the day porking the queen. You may say that the queen also benefits from this arrangement, but I am ignoring that. Hot diggity-DAMN!

The statistics speak for themselves. Out of 8,000 abortions in one Bombay hospital, 7,999 were performed on female fetuses. I wonder if the one male was just aborted by accident because they mistakenly thought it was a female. Clearly, some people understand my message. Go Team MALE! -Boback Ziaean

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newsflashes

Student Digested

By David Duman, *Better with Salt*

At 2:07 PM Monday UC Berkeley junior Michael Ortega was assaulted and summarily digested by a 20-foot starfish.

Ortega was walking across Memorial Glade from the Bechtel Engineering center to meet friends at the Free Speech Movement Café when the large echinoderm lurched out from behind a bush, surrounding and immobilizing the unsuspecting Ortega.

After surrounding Ortega with its long, rough-skinned limbs and incapacitating him with its powerful tube feet, the starfish proceeded to force its stomach out of its centrally located mouth, quickly engulfing Ortega and muffling his screams of total abject terror, onlookers claim.

In less than five minutes the starfish finished off Ortega, leaving behind only a bleached white skeleton and a pair of

green Converse All-Stars. The starfish then disappeared into the eucalyptus grove before it could be apprehended, UCPD Chief Victoria Harrison said.

The starfish in question, an ochre star (*Pisaster ochraceus*), typically averages only a few inches in diameter.

U.S. Withdraws Support for Israeli Baby-Killing

by Kenny Byerly, *Free Sample*

Critics of U.S. foreign aid to Israel had reason to cheer this week as the U.S. withdrew financial support from a state-run factory in Tel Aviv. American diplomats were taking a tour of the facility when they discovered that the only function of the multi-billion dollar operation was to kill large numbers of human babies with incredible efficiency.

"The babies, still crying, and often with soiled diapers, are delivered via dump

truck and poured into an entry chute on the loading docks," explained U.S. Ambassador Daniel Kurtzer. "Then the babies are routed down one of three high-speed conveyor belts, where they are either diced to pieces by razor-sharp blades, burnt to a crisp, or simply dispatched with a single .45-caliber bullet to the face, fired at point-blank range."

Israel's Prime Minister Ariel Sharon defended the baby-killing plant, pointing out the skyrocketing productivity levels during the past two years, when U.S. funding has been at an all-time high. He also cited the popularity of the factory with visiting tour groups who can view the factory operations from a glass-walled catwalk high above the factory floor.

Lacking U.S. government funds, the baby-killing plant will subsist exclusively on funding from the UC Regents, funneled directly from student fees.

U.S. officials nonetheless stood firm in their decision to withdraw support. "The U.S. can not and will not be a party to such senseless atrocity," President Bush declared emphatically in a public statement. "A baby-killing factory? Why? How does that even make money?"

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newsflashes

Neighborhood Dog Mauled by Small Child

by Mark Thomas, *Dog Gone Funny*

Jessica Perkins, age 3, was taken into custody last week after what authorities call a “malicious and unprovoked attack” that left Thor, the Jervis family’s pet dog, in critical condition. Thor, a six year old Rottweiler in good standing with the surrounding community, was on an early-evening constitutional after ripping a hole in his concrete enclosure when he was confronted by an apparently unsupervised, possibly rabid Perkins.

“Thor was just minding his’n business, sniffing around and the like,” said visibly shaken neighbor Jeff Dulcan, “Then that Perkins kid bursts out the door and just plain overpowers him. He didn’t have a chance.”

Already, the public has begun pointing fingers, blaming Perkins’ parents for allegedly training their daughter for “attack purposes.” Dom Perkins responded to the accusations yesterday, dismissing them as “preposterous.”

“Although I am not in any way related to Jessica or her parents, I do share their last name and I’m pretty sure they would never do anything like that,” Perkins said.

According to officials, if charges are pressed, Jessica Perkins will almost certainly have to be “put to sleep.” When reached for comment, Perkins’ father replied, “Good luck.”

Jessica Stein Causes Collective Pants-Creaming

by Matt Holohan, *Closeted Stuffed Shirt*

America’s homosexual community is still in the process of collectively creaming its pants following the release of the film *Kissing Jessica Stein* which chronicles the painfully obvious story of a successful young woman who, fed

up with men, learns the true meaning of love, lust, and friendship after meeting a quirky, free-spirited lesbian.

“It’s extremely encouraging to finally see homosexual themes being portrayed positively in the mainstream media,” said reviewers from *Curve*, *On Our Backs*, *Out*, *The Advocate*, *Bust*, and *Anything That Moves*. “Not since *But I’m a Cheerleader* has there been a movie exactly like this one.”

Jessica Stein has also struck a chord among heterosexual viewers. Said college student Chad Seamans of the flim, “I like the part when the two girls make out.”

UC Police Crack Down on Dismount Zone

by Daniel Freedman, *Hell on Wheels*

During a recent press conference, UC Police Chief Victoria Harrison commented on a new policy the department plans on implementing next month. UC police officers predict that the controversial new plan will give them the “upper hand” against “bicyclist renegades.” Harrison explained that police plan on installing remote-controlled spike strips in and around the Sproul dismount zone.

Harrison explains that she has been receiving multiple complaints from field officers on how chasing down the bicyclists who ignore the dismount signs around Sproul is very “tiring” and “asthma inducing.” In addition she added “This rash of not-particularly-high-speed bicycle pursuits through the Berkeley campus is dangerous for everyone. With the aid of spike strips, officers can enforce the dismount law from the comfort of their folding stools.”

As a back-up plan for officers, if a chase does occur, the UC police bicycles will be equipped with chrome-plated ramming spikes and telescoping tasers. With these new technologies, the police chief estimated that the bicycle death toll resulting from dismount zone violations would be lowered from zero “to some

number less than zero. Waaaaaaaaaayyy less.” Harrison further added that for remaining users of Razor-style folding scooters, officers will be granted the right to use deadly force.

New Safety Tape Announced

by Ryan Pauley, *Bound & Gagged*

All-Purpose brand safety tape announced at a press conference Tuesday that the company would soon be unveiling their first new tape color for the first time in decades: “Run Recklessly Green.”

All Purpose is known for their other colored tape, such as the popular Caution Yellow and Danger Red, but to compete with an ever-growing market, they have been looking for new ways to expand.

“We’ve been stewing with the concept for some years now, but could never decide how exactly we should market it,” commented Tom Barker, head of All-Purpose’s New Products Division. “This is a bold new step that’s sure to be a winner.”

According to Barker, research proved that when yellow caution tape was around, instead of merely using caution, people tended to either stop what they were doing completely, or to boldly act as if the tape was not even there.

“Our committee came to see that maybe we needed something to put meaning back into the [caution] tape. With the addition of green, a new emphasis on yellow’s caution message should be realized,” Barker said. “Red, Yellow, and Green, it works just like a traffic signal. I had this gut feeling that the public was expecting us to make this move for some time.”

All Purpose hopes to use Run Recklessly primarily with school yards and specifically sanctioned playing areas. “I was actually driving to work one morning and I saw some kids just standing there next to some caution tape,” Barker said. “It got to me that instead of merely asserting caution, like the tape says, they just stood there, looking for some, any sort of direction.”

Run Recklessly Green was created for those children. “Now kids everywhere won’t have to sit around and wonder what they’re supposed to do. They’ll know when it’s safe to run recklessly.”

Tang Information Lady Not a Grandma

by Jonathan Lewis, *Your 12:30*

When Berkeley sophomore Billy Williams showed up for his 10:15 AM appointment at the Tang Center for “strange fungal growths” on Tuesday, he was shocked to be greeted at the front desk by a young, attractive woman.

“I don’t get it,” said the befuddled Higgins, while waiting in the pharmacy line afterward. “Every time I’ve ever been to the Tang Center, the information lady at the front desk is always a nice old lady. I feel comfortable asking her where my stupid appointment is because she’s old, and wise — kinda like my grandma. In fact, I’ll bet she makes cookies really well too, just like Grammie does.”

As the day progressed, it became apparent that the younger attractive

woman was causing problems for other male patients as well.

“She looks like my grandma in those black and white photos from fifty years ago, but not my grandma today — unless she had a lot of plastic surgery, or went back in a time machine, and then emerged again from that time machine as a younger woman,” said junior Joe Wyoming. “But if this young attractive lady was my grandma, then she would have had to had my Mom at age two, and then my Mom would have had me at age three, and I’m almost certain it didn’t happen that way.”

Asked to comment on why she wasn’t more like a grandma, 24-year-old Beverly Glenn simply stated: “I don’t care what the guys think. Most of them have fungal growths anyway.”

“Secret” Cuts Costs

Zack Fornaca, *of Sound Mind*

Posting massive losses for the current financial quarter, Procter & Gamble has laid out cost-cutting plans for the coming year,


including a retooled Secret Anti-Perspirant line promising no more than “the exact amount of strength a woman needs.”

P&G rep Tom DiSpidenna, with aid of a Secret promotional video, explained, “You see, Secret’s much-vaunted strength comes from its potent array of Sniff-Blockers, represented here by these pleasant but nonthreatening blue waves.” Here DiSpidenna turned off the video and removed his glasses. “But we’ve been showing off for years. Secret is so strong, not only will it keep you dry, but should you pause for a nap this afternoon and wake up with testicles, you won’t even have to re-apply your anti-perspirant. Still you will not perspire. That’s how unnecessarily strong it is.”

DiSpidenna noted that, besides being costly, indiscriminately large doses of Sniff-Blockers could ultimately lead to glandular damage.

“A nation of delicate whores, trollops, and Hot Dog on a Stick counter-girls could be poisoning themselves just a little each day. Such is the folly of Man.”

When asked about those American women who were not delicate whores, trollops, or Hot Dog on a Stick counter-girls, DiSpidenna blinked twice and said nothing.



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Top Ten Proposed Solutions to Housing Crunch

10. Using highly theoretical quantum physics to find more space in extra "hidden" dimensions
9. Every tenth Cal day attendee "eliminated" to make room for the rest
8. Ewok village style housing in forest near campus entrance
7. More bitching from Paul Hogarth
6. Assigning more girls to triple rooms, 'cause that threeway shit is hot
5. Everyone just crashes at Cloyne
4. Move the College of Natural Resources to Vallejo
3. Encouraging male students to masquerade as girls so they can live in sorority houses with humorous and painfully obvious results
2. Only admitting people between 4'8" and 5'3" in order to squeeze them into new quintuple dorm rooms.
1. "Everyone sleeps at the Chancellor's House" month

Top Ten Improved Names for the Tailbone

10. Dollywhomppper2K2
9. Onlyrealizeitexistsafterfirstdaysnowboardingbone
8. Sony #TZX456
7. We Used to Have Fucking Tails It's Not Butter!
6. Neglecto
5. Buttfucklogisticsprobleminator
4. Fortitude
3. Tailbone Jackson
2. "Oh yeah, she's definitely fucking bulemic."
1. Crystal Sprite™

Top Ten Comebacks

10. "Actually I'm only *dating* your mom."
9. "Fuck on."
8. "No, blow *me*."
7. "You're rubber, I'm glue, no, wait, fuck."
6. "But I'm the second sharpest quill in the porcupine."
5. "You're thinking of my sister."
4. "Well of course it's small compared to your penis."
3. "Aw gee, you're right." [jumps off ledge (of Evans)]
2. "I may be drunk, but you're ugly, and in the morning I'll be dead of alcohol poisoning."
1. "Don't make me get out of this wheelchair."

David J. Duman presents...

UC Berkeley: Back in Time

Sometimes on the UC Berkeley campus it is tough to go ten feet without a Palestinian or Israeli trying to get your attention, crawl down your ear, and eat the tasty nutmeats within. With all the activism on campus, you'd think that this was an activist campus, and if you thought that, you'd be right! Activism has a rich and varied history on this campus, with political dialogue always being on the tips of everyone's tongues. Free speech this, divest from South Africa that, free political prisoner X, support the crazy hot chick chained to Sather Gate: whatever cause has come about, UC Berkeley students have cautiously and objectively viewed the situation, analyzed the moral implications, and then pragmatically selected the side of the greater good. What is often forgotten is that this activist history goes back further than anyone can even remember. I invite you to take a step back in time to the University of California, circa 1902...

[Two young men sit on a bench reading newspapers.]

Phineas: Say Silas, the new straw boaters are in!

I do think we ought to visit the haberdasher and start selecting our new spring wardrobe.

Silas: Phineas, how can you think about clothes at a time like this? What about the terrible atrocities the Jews are performing? This very day thousands of Jews refused to eat pork. This cannot be good for our economy!

Phineas: Perhaps it would be best if we round up all the Jews and sent them to some patch of desert somewhere far away. That should end all the problems.

Silas: Indeed.

Phineas: Oh Silas, did you know that the university owns sheep that graze on the lands of the Ottoman Empire?

Silas: The very same Ottoman Empire that united with the French against the Hapsburg rule in Austria and Spain? The very same Ottoman Empire that released the Barbarosa to become the scourge of the Mediterranean Sea?!

Phineas: The very same.

Silas: Well, we must call for divestment from the Ottoman Empire! Divestment, I say!

Phineas: But why?

Silas: We cannot support a regime that forms an alliance with the hated French! It will be many a year before we fight on the same side as those degenerate jack-ninnies.

Phineas: Agreed. It is fortunate that we have such a good friendship with the Germans, they will surely join with us should the French ever invade our shores to violate our women and make our American blood impure.

Silas: A most terrifying prospect, Phineas.

Phineas: But enough of such heavy topics, have you heard the latest ragtime pianist down at John Blake's brewery? I tell you, he plays marvelously for a Negro.

Silas: Phineas! Don't say that. Haven't you kept up with the times? Those folks no longer appreciate that term and the rich cultural history associated with it. Today, they prefer to be called "those amusing colored folk."

Phineas: Thank you Silas, I would have been ever-so-embarrassed to have made that faux-pas at the President's luncheon this afternoon. That shall be a marvelous luncheon, President Wheeler serves such great wine.

Silas: I do love wine. I know they'll never ever make that illegal. Speaking of which, perhaps we should be moving along so as to get ready for this important dinner with President Wheeler.

Phineas: Indeed. But before, shall we play a little squash followed by some utterly platonic sodomy?

Silas: Splendid.

Thus we see that Berkeley students have always been very well-informed about the issues, and have also always been equally clear and intelligent in making their social and political decisions. Never have their emotions led them to join a cause without first stopping to think about what the cause is that they're supporting. Not much has changed in 100 years; Cal's student body is as well-informed, thoughtful, and activist as ever. So get out there, grab some poster board, and paint up your face. One, two, three, four, we don't want your racist war!

Greatest Commencement Speech Ever:

by Kevin Deenihan

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Class of 2002,

Wear Jetpacks.

With jetpacks, you can soar through the air like a beautiful, Cal-graduating Bird, using the special smoke attachments to spell your name over major sporting events and concerts. At every exit from today's ceremony you will find a jetpack, customizable like cellphones with different color faceplates.

Today you are alumni. Tomorrow you will have jetpacks. The day after that, perhaps some sort of time-travel device, and you can start all over again. For you are Cal Alumni, and all is possible for you. Attempt to read the mind of the person sitting next to you. Easy, isn't it? That's a gift from the Cog Sci department. You will find every department has given you a gift such as that. From the Engineering department, you can now shape your arms into a blade of living metal. From the Entomology department, you have been provided with your own personal swarm of bees. YOUR bees. Not anyone else's bees.

You can do all this because you are graduating from UC Berkeley, and that should be explanation enough. Imagine you have twenty dollar bills in your pockets. Now check. That's right; they're actually hundred dollar bills. If you imagine you have hundred dollar bills, you will find bars of pure gold. Do not do this while swimming.

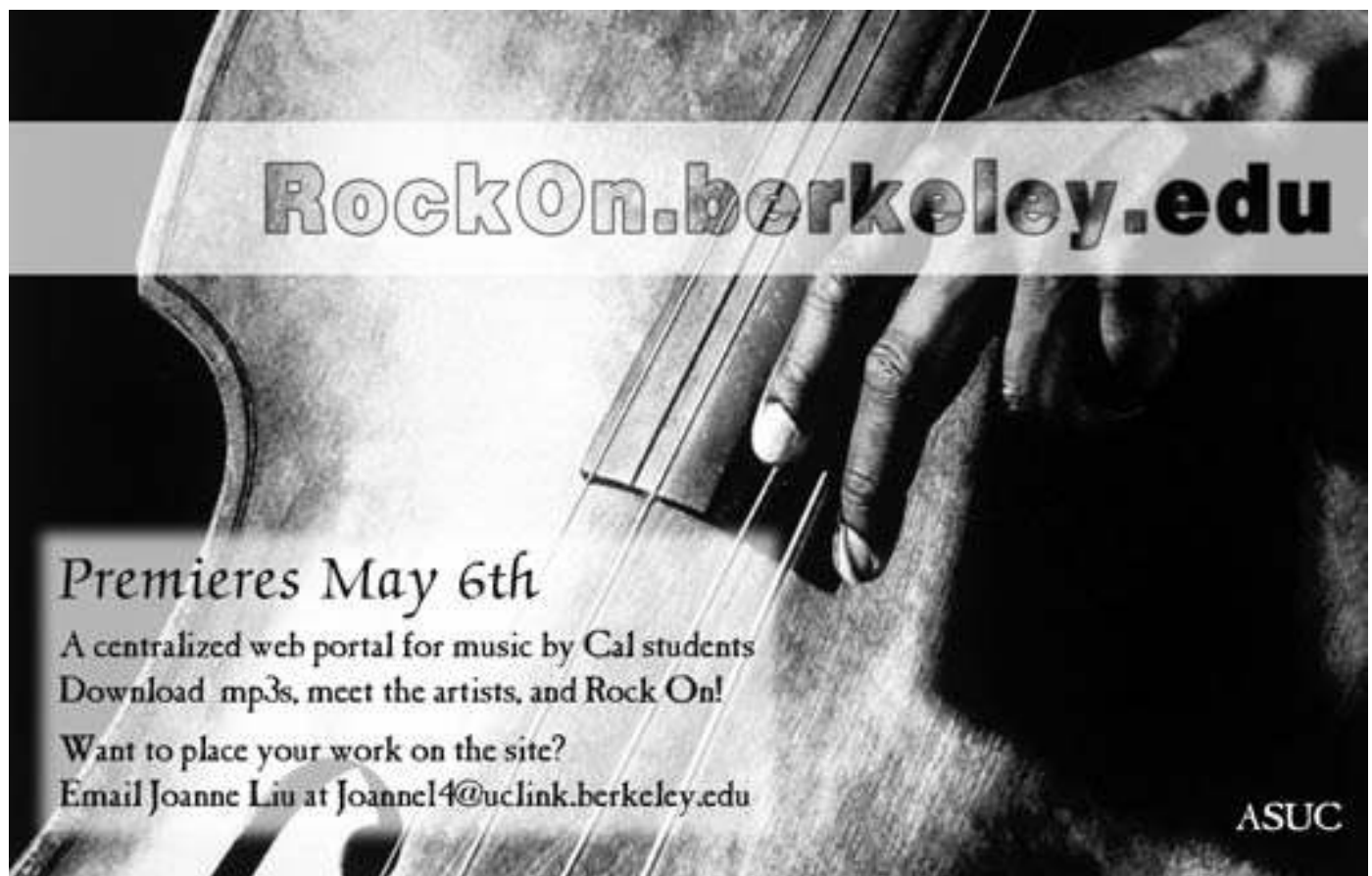
By breathing the air and eating the food of this blessed

land, you have gained powers beyond those of normal men and women. By graduating, you have unlocked these godlike abilities. Want Dove Bars? Bam. Dove Bars.

None must know the truth of your mystical reconfiguration. We keep the secret well-hidden from outsiders. To non-Cal Alumni, our flying cars and moon colonies look like odd clouds and craters, respectively. To outsiders, you will appear to lead normal lives, driving Volvos, starting Silicon Valley firms, and being 40-45% Asian on average. But use your powers. Fight crime. Battle our Palo Alto enemies and their Netherworldly allies. Get the license plate holder. But above all, remember the University that took you from a lowly student and accelerated your evolution into a above-human super-race, thanks to a joint gift from the MCB and Nuclear Engineering department. Come to football games, donate generously to alumni events, and spend time defending our invisible floating superfortress, OskiOne, from interstellar attack.

I know this may be a bit much for some of you, particularly the Rhetoric majors. But accept your powers with grace and dignity. You are the Ubermensch. You are Cal Grads.

And, unfreezing time, I will turn you over to your scheduled Commencement speaker, Hillary Clinton. Please give her your full attention, and refrain from using your X-Ray vision to look at her underwear.



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ASUC

Top Ten Reasons It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To

10. Because no one is at my party; it's just me, a remote control, and bowl of cereal.
9. Because I represent truly democratic policies that will protect every American citizen, not only large corporations. I fixed seatbelts, but still no one will vote for me.
8. Because my party was arranged for me to fuck you, but you will not fuck me.
7. Because I didn't organize a party, yet people are in my apartment at 2:00 am with many bottles of alcohol.
6. Because I own coasters, yet people are unaware of the fact that wet drinks should rest on coasters and not finely finished oak.
5. Because this is a fraternity, and I am a younger member. Therefore, I must consume this here keg, weed, and squid before sunrise.
4. In hindsight, freshly cut onions were a poor choice as a garnish for my pina colada.
3. Pin the Tail on the Donkey can be a more traumatic experience than most children let on.
2. I am a total fucking pussy, that's why.
1. You would cry too if it happened to you.

Top Ten Things Seldom Written in Braille

10. "If you can read this you're too close"
9. "Kodak Photo Spot"
8. "To properly use camera . . ."
7. "Your Guide to Reading Braille"
6. "Do Not Touch"
5. "Your Guide to Sign Language"
4. "Welcome to Metropolitan Museum of Art ... Sorry"
3. "The Squelch is a sensitive magazine"
2. "Choose Bob's Driving School!"
1. "Congratulations on your purchase of a Smith & Wesson"

Top Ten Ways to Be a Tease

10. Say you're not a tease
9. Gently rub pencil between your left and right lips
8. Laugh at your own stupid questions
7. Don't go to Cal
6. Wear skirts over subway gratings
5. Know how to give good blow jobs, but don't
4. Don't wear bra, also don't wear shirt
3. Diet of only bananas and popsicles
2. Suck slowly on fingers after giving hand job
1. Become a slut, then tone it down a bit

An Interview with Britney Spears!!!!



Heuristic Squelch: Hello, Britney Spears.

Britney Spears: Hello, Squelch interviewer man.

HS: What would you like to talk about today?

BS: Well, I guess the main thing I'd like to talk about is how much I'd like to have sex with you.

HS: Wow, I can't believe it. Britney Spears just said she wants to have sex with me!

BS: That's right, I said that. Me. Britney Spears.

HS: Right here in an interview. You must really want it known how sexy I am and how much you would want to have sex with me.

BS: So, can I?

HS: What about your much-touted virginity?

BS: What about your much-touted sexiness?

HS: Touché.

BS: So, can I?

HS: After the interview. I have my journalistic integrity to consider. Only a true rock journalist would even be sitting here actually interviewing Britney Spears, and not just making it all up.

BS: That's you all over. Actually sitting here interviewing me.

HS: I sure am.

BS: Not making it up, just putting words in my mouth.

HS: No, sir.

BS: I, Britney Spears, would really like to have sex with you, the Squelch interviewer, Kenny Byerly.

HS: You shouldn't say my name in the article. I mean, in this real interview. It might sound

conceited.

BS: Okay, sexy Kenny Byerly.

HS: Back to the interview, then. To what do you, Britney Spears, attribute your success in the music industry?

BS: I think it would have to be my complete and total lack of talent, be it in singing, acting, or even my pride and joy: poorly choreographed dancing. I'm such a talentless, attention-grubbing whore. I don't even write my own songs. I'm terrible. Everyone should hate me.

HS: I can't believe you just said that about yourself in your own interview. Why would you say those things?

BS: I think your readers will be expecting you to make fun of me.

HS: No they won't. This is a totally serious interview.

BS: Though I am a horrible singer, I am sexy and attractive and I find you, the Squelch interviewer, irresistible.

HS: This can't be happening. But it is! Golly, Britney Spears finds me irresistible! She just said so! I never expected that to happen. What a real interview this is!

BS: Can I have sex with you now?

HS: I guess. First, can you verify your name for our records?

BS: I'm really and truly Britney Spears and this is a totally real interview.

HS: Thank you.

BS: My boobs are so fake.

[Britney Spears has sex with me.]

SQUELCH!!!

Meetings:
7-8pm Wednesday, 221 Wheeler

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Submission Deadline:
like, fucking August, it's so far off

Punctuation Guide :

(by Sean Keane)

! One exclamation point indicates seriousness, excitement, and urgency. Two exclamation points indicate sarcastic seriousness, mock excitement, or an ironic lack of urgency. Use three exclamation points and you've reached a level of grammatical hysteria usually reserved for naive children's letters to Santa or ISO posters.

• Unless you're an English major, like me, you probably have no idea what the correct use of a semicolon is. This is knowledge reserved for us, the elite few who have passed the full 45 series AND a junior seminar. When is a semicolon more appropriate than an ordinary comma? Is it like a period? Is it like a colon? You don't know, do you? Yeah, that's what I thought.

• The best thing about the period is that it's the only punctuation mark that's really appropriate to say aloud while talking. Period. Of course, saying "period" gives the period itself a far more emphatic character than it ever really has in conventional usage. In print, periods are gentle — they give a sentence simple closure, without the inquisitiveness and uncertainty that come with question marks, or the emotional flavor of exclamation points. It would be better to accentuate one's important statements by saying, "Exclamation point!" or "Paragraph break," or even "Close parenthesis."

” Though it's fairly simple to denote quoted statements inside of other quoted statements by utilizing the single quote, inside double quotes, what happens when there's a quote of a quote of a quote? Thankfully, teenage girls of America have developed a solution that eases the grammatical burden on everyone. The phrase "he/she's all" or "he/she's like" is an easy, natural substitute for the possibly infinite nesting of quotes that might otherwise result.

— The laziest punctuation mark of all time. The punctuation symbol of identity politics, second marriages, corporate mergers, and run-on sentences. It may sound like "high fun," but this punctuation mark is low-fun indeed.

Ben & Jerry's - Black Sheep - Cancun Taqueria - Cheese 'n' Stuff - Crepe de Vine - Juice Appeal - Kip's Restaurant - La Burritta

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2. You don't remember the last time you got enough sleep not to mention some good food.
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Abercrombie & Fitch's

Other Cancelled Shirt Designs



Abercrombie & Fitch found itself in hot water recently with its trendy young Asian clientele. Amazed that T-shirts indiscriminately mixing Chinese, Japanese, and Vietnamese slurs into one big Oriental T-shirt stew turned out not to be popular with Asians, Abercrombie & Fitch pulled the offending garments from their shelves. Unfortunately, this means none of Abercrombie & Fitch's other shirts designed to appeal to minorities through racism will ever see the light of day. Fortunately, the *Squelch* was here to unearth these designs and remedy the situation. You're welcome, Abercrombie!



Lottery Winning on Tuesday

Everyone's a Winner

Well, the weather is picking up lately. It's hot outside and hotter still inside. The sweet spring air makes me want to grab someone special, head for the local 7-Eleven and win the lottery all day long. Of course, after a long, cold winter with nothing to better to do but keep warm with comforters filled with cash, some of you frisky lottery winners might be getting pretty bored with winning the lottery all the time. Certainly, watching little numbered balls drop into place to award you millions of dollars can get a little dull after awhile. But if you're not afraid to experiment, you can put some life back into winning life-changing mounds of riches.

One especially effective thing to try is to experiment with multiple lottery partners. An office lottery pool can lead to shared thrills and some seriously wild fun. The best part? Everybody wins! Some of you may be uncomfortable sharing your winnings with such a large group, and that's fine too. You can start small by alternating your single lottery buddy once in awhile to keep things from getting stale. After all, after a few months, winning the lottery with anyone would lose its luster, regardless of how shiny the gold you're winning is. If you don't like the idea of going behind your lottery buddy's back, try talking to them about bringing in a third person on your lottery ticket. You never know—both of you may find yourself winning with numbers you never expected to be lucky.

Also, think about changing your lottery winning routine with different lottery aids. What if you used a Sacagawea golden dollar, or even a big old-style half dollar to scratch off that silver coating, instead of the same old pennies and dimes you usually use? I get the urge to start scratching just thinking



RACHAEL KLEIN

about it. Or see how exciting winning is when you pick numbers based on half birthdays instead of birthdays! Try experimenting with toys, by which I mean you should use your lottery winnings to buy cool, expensive toys like LEGO playsets or stuff from E.A.O. Schwartz. Even Playmobil sets wouldn't be out of the question—come on, you can afford it!

Even a simple thing like asking your lottery buddy to try new techniques, or telling them what you like, can make a huge difference. "I always like to win the lottery using odd numbers for the first three choices," said one girl. "But I never mentioned it because I thought my buddy would be offended. Turns out, he likes odd numbers too. The first time we tried it, I won the biggest pot I'd ever had." Another great idea to try: while winning the lottery, gently slip a finger into their anus and stimulate the prostate. At first they may find this unexpected, but it's sure to double the pleasure of the lottery-winning experience. Just remember, use plenty of lube.

Then of course, there are times you feel like winning the lottery and there's no one around. Just because you've hit a state jackpot or two completely on your own, it's no reason to be secretive or feel bad about your habit. The fact is, most guys win the lottery by themselves several times a week, if not every day. "If a guy tells you he's never won the lottery by himself, he's definitely lying," says one male I talked to.

The important thing is to have fun. So get out there and keep winning!

*Rachael wants to hear how big the yacht *you* bought with your \$25,000,000 lump sum is. Tell her at lottery@dailyca.com.*

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Dear Fellow Activist,



I had always considered myself an ethical human being, the sort that when faced with a dilemma would find the most responsible solution to the problem. However, not until April 11, 2002, did I discover the errors of my ways, thanks to you. You see, I was walking through Sproul Plaza, late for class as usual, when I glanced over my shoulder and saw you standing upon the steps like a messiah upon a radiant mount. It took me just four seconds to read your sign, but those four seconds would plant an unearthly seed into my head that would sprout into a magnificent oak of seismic proportions. The oak that is the movement for a woman's right to have an abortion

Before April 11, 2002, my mind was blind to the world around me. I was selfish, egotistical, and self-serving. I had always assumed abortions were "bad." Perhaps my naiveté was due to a lack of knowledge. In high school, I took a survey. They asked, "Do you support a women's right to an abortion?: Yes or No" From my understanding at the time, abortions killed babies. I did not kill babies nor did I want to support others in their efforts to kill babies. Unwittingly, I answered the survey by responding "no." I was severely mistaken. But on April 11, 2002, you changed my life with your

homemade, pro-choice political poster.

When I read your sign: "What are our choices when we're left with no choice?" followed by an artist depiction of a coat hanger, a giant weight had fallen through a gaping hole in my prior reasoning against abortion. Never did I consider an abortion as a safe alternative for a woman dealing with the pregnancy of an unwanted child, let alone her right to govern her own body. But the strength of the message was not only buried in your simple words, the visual image of a coat hanger reinforced the brutal nature of the alternative. As I walked away towards Wheeler Hall, I was aghast imagining millions of women tugging at their uterine lining with a device more apt for pleated pants or even possibly the roasting of marshmallows, but not a medical procedure.

Had it not been for your tireless effort spent crafting a sign and holding it on Sproul Plaza, I would not be the person I am today. I guess you'd call me a success story, a new convert, the ideal passerby. But really I'm a simple human being, who has heard the voice of reason via a 3' by 5' piece of cardboard. For that, I am eternally grateful.

Yours Truly,
Jason Miles

Moving Out?

Maximize your chances of getting your entire security deposit back.

1. Clean your apartment thoroughly (borrow a vacuum if you have to!).
2. Call the Berkeley Rent Board and request a videotaping. A Rent Board representative will come to your apartment and videotape its condition for free. Or, videotape it yourself or take photos of the results of your hours of cleaning.
3. Ask your landlord to do a walk-through with you to let you know, on-the-spot, if there is anything you omitted.
4. Wait up to 21 days after you move out for your return. If there are any deductions, your landlord must provide you with an itemized list of expenses. If they seem unreasonable, call the Rent Board. You may wish to file a petition or take your landlord to small claims court to collect.
5. When you have a new place to move into, call the Rent Board again and request a videotaping of your new apartment. This way, when you move out, untold years from now, you'll have a record of what it looked like when you moved in.

Call 644-6128 for more information
or to schedule a videotaping.



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www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent/

My Cell Phone is Cooler Than You

by Mark Thomas

So you think you're pretty chic with your nicely pressed shirt, cyclopto-strapped backpack and Supercut. You've got your friends, your style, your "popularity." But let me let you in on a little secret, my friend: my cell phone is cooler than you.

Your frictionless social interaction earns you many an acquaintance, I'm sure. But the svelte image with which you mask yourself is as transparent as my genuine leather, hip-mounted carrying case's glare-reducing window. Oh, in case you didn't know (you didn't) 'svelte' means smooth, slender, and refined. Like my phone. That's why I named it Svelte.

People enjoy your company; you're "fun to be with." Next time you set out to entertain, just remember that your glowing personality is but flickering candle-light compared to my cell phone's crystal azure backlit display. And while your luminescence fizzles pitifully as it peters out and dies, my display could signal distant aircraft on a sun-scorched day for thirty seconds at a time.

What's that, another clever remark to your neighbor during class? My cell phone's got an unlimited supply of pop superhits in its ringer bank eagerly awaiting the opportunity to drown out your pitifully stale witticisms. You hear that catchy tune? Sound familiar? That is the synthesized slap of my cell phone's spring-loaded, button-action, Matrix-style face plate branding your forehead from a rung far beyond your reach on the social ladder. Metaphorically speaking.

That's right, I purposely have one of my many friends with cell phones call me during lecture. So I'll take my lunch box, take my books,

take my teacher's dirty looks. I'll take my superior social standing too. You like that line? My cell phone came up with it.

Oh-ho! So you've got a cell phone of your own? Yours must be the one spewing out the cliché, preprogrammed retch that only the deaf have had the fortune of escaping. That "Ppffft" audible above your pathetically passé synthesized phone 'mix' was the sound of condescending air surging through my pursed lips in your inferior direction. Even now, my cell phone is text-messaging a scathing, expletive-laced transcript of my silent judgments to you. I didn't even have to type it in. Svelte and I are tight like that.

I see you talking; physically interacting with people. God forbid one of your disease-infested friends sneezes on your face, thereby transmitting thousands of flesh-liquefying viruses to your quivering, feeble body. Bet you'd have lots of fun with your pals when your eyes are nothing but sunken cesspools of writhing viral death.

I don't need anyone in my physical proximity. I have had a surgical procedure performed in which my genitals were replaced with a 2.5-millimeter, gold-plated audio plug. When I'm not safely conversing with Svelte's invisible headset, we are locked together in an embrace sweeter than the succulent nectar of a spring flower's bloom.

Let me put it this way: you are a unsuspecting, gazelle-like candy bar and I've got a ravenous Li-on battery with one hell of a sweet tooth. So if you'll excuse me, you simpering Charleston Chew, I'm going to do you a favor and leave before Svelte ferociously devours his last bar.





Supreme Court Legalizes Virtual Child Porn: 6-3

On April 18, 2002, the Supreme Court overturned a ban on “virtual child pornography” passed by Congress six years ago. This landmark decision reaffirms our First Amendment right to freely express ideas. Now artistically significant suggestions of underage sex are safe from broadly worded obscenity laws.

So just what is “virtual” child pornography? Nowadays, computer-generated images can be used to convey the impression of minors engaged in sexual activity with startling realism. Images such as the one to the right are nearly indistinguishable from pictures of actual children.

Some may find this image offensive, but remember: it’s constitutionally protected. Besides, virtual child porn is not wrong unless you jack off to it. They aren’t real children, so the only harm is if you’re actually a pervert.



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Accepting their bleak futures with dead-eyed, slack jawed resignation, Peter Cunningham and LaShonda Chang take a break from hiding from the world just long enough to glimpse the bright world of life and promise a part of which they will never be.

When asked about future plans, Peter mumbles something about his dad's auto parts store, which, unbeknownst to him, is on the verge of bankruptcy. LaShonda hopes for a prized slot at a part-time catering firm to balance out her unambitious courseload at community college, but first she'll have to get her driver's license. "I doubt they'll hire me," she shrugs, casually wiping the cocaine off her nose with her sleeve.

Most likely to throw out an outfit if they saw it at Ross, that is, if they ever went near a Ross, Jack Smalvhovhy and Velma Lee measure up to every important standard of expectedness as determined by prevailing western capitalist values. Looking unassuming in their Macy's casual wear, Jack and Velma envision their future with 2.3 children, a dog, and an increasingly disinterested spouse. Both realize the importance of education.

"I really enjoyed being young and having fun, but college might be the choice of a new generation," says Jack. Velma concurs: "Nothing else is a college education, especially for someone part of generation next. I've got a lot to live, and college has a lot to give." Happily embracing the dominant paradigm, Jack declares, "Is that a cool new Pepsi can, or what?"



Most Likely to Conform



Darren Armstrong and Courtney Adams are really, really awesome. They're the coolest people in the whole world. When I grow up I want to be a different person, and I want that person to be Darren Armstrong and/or Courtney Adams, as a teenager, because they are the best. Who couldn't love their smile, and the music they like, and love the people they love, and hate the people they hate. They are so smart, and I am so stupid. I wish I owned a beach house too. Nothing could ever make Darren and Courtney any more gloriously wonderful. Although it wouldn't make them any less wonderful if I could go to the annual beach party this summer. Everyone cooler than me (but not cooler than Darren and Courtney) always gets to go and says it's great.

We're so glad Shane O'Reilly and Gertrude Dranschmidt found each other, because really, no one else would have. Found them. Attractive, that is. They're so cute together. Whether cutting an ugly rug at the dance, or making out uglily in Shane's rusted-out late seventies Plymouth (which is ugly) they really are the ugliest people we've ever seen.

"I'm so lucky to have found someone like Gertrude," says Shane, beaming happily. "To be honest, I think I could have done a little better, but she's got a really great personality." Gertrude agrees: "Shane's not really in my league, but I'm not so shallow as to base relationships on looks." Shane and Gertrude are both starting their freshman year at Stanford in the fall, where they will major in visual studies.



Cutest Ugly Couple



Most Punchable

Chad Heard and Betty-Tiffany Wilcox are pretty great, aren't they? Don't you love those funny things they have to say, and those wacky, hilarious clothes they wear? Oh yeah, they're quite the class cut-ups. I enjoy their antics to no end. How much do I enjoy it? A whole sackful of quarters worth, that's how much. Yes, they're so cute I could just punch them until their swollen lips and cauliflower ears make them downright unrecognizable, and their jaw fracture is beyond medical repair. Then I could punch them some more. Even then they probably wouldn't shut up.

"Hey, I wish I were Tom Hanks," Chad would probably say while lying in his hospital bed. "You know why? So I could throw this *cast away!* Zing!!" "Yeah, Chad," Betty-Tiffany would no doubt chime in. "This face cast makes me feel like Marilyn Monroe, 'cause I'm gonna itch for seven years!"

Most likely to give Ebert and Roeper a run for their money, Tommy McThumbfinger and Gina Nakamura prove that being "all thumbs" isn't always a bad thing. "I really like my thumb," says Tommy with characteristic aplomb. "I can grip hammers." We like your thumb too, Tommy. That's why we took a picture of you. Asked about her thumb, Gina was equally enthusiastic. "I really like my thumb too," she says. "I would be able to grip hammers too, except I'm a girl. What are tools?"



Best Left Thumb

WE LOVE YOU GUYS!!!!

Dedications

You've grown so much, but changed so little. Go get them tiger. You'll always be the twinkle in our one good eye. Wink, wink.

-Love
Tony & Marie



To our fallen Angel,
Congratulations on your great leap forward
You fell with grace
We sort of loved you
-Parents

Oh wow, you made it. You graduated from high school. Never thought you could make it through that one. What a challenge, you dynamo, you. Look out world, here is an unstoppable genius! He is a high school graduate! Try not to trip on your way up to the stage, Professor Bigshot. -Dad



WE LOVE YOU JENNY. THIS IS THE BEST WE COULD AFFORD. LOVE ~ MA

Index

Adams, Courtney...16
Armstrong, Darren...16
Bigshot, Professor...18
Chang, Lashonad...16
Cunningham, Peter...16
Dranschmidt, Gertrude...17
Heard, CHad ...17
Index...18
Lee, Velma...16
O'Reilly, Shane...17
Poop, Fart...18
McThumbfinger, Tommy...17
Nakamura, Gina...5,14,17,21,34
Smalvhovhy, Jack...16
Wilcox, Betty-Tiffany...17

Since Erin Winters' steamy pictorial last issue, the *Squelch* has received numerous complaints that the Squelly Girls feature was growing "too racy" and "not tame enough." As such, the *Squelch* has realized that the best approach is a return to the innocent, wholesome, down-to-earth girl-next-door charm that made the Squelly Girls so popular in the first place. By the same token, this month's Squelly Girls Jennifer Grant and Natalie Meyers know that while it's important to represent, sometimes you've got to dial it down a notch and keep it real.

May's

Squelly Girls

Natalie Meyers



Natalie's last name may be Meyers, but her mother's maiden name is Bokuseiinmonzeninari. Here, Natalie relaxes at home, taking a break from bounty hunting, Russian roulette and linguistics classes. Her turn-ons include compassion, generosity, and Russian roulette. Her dislikes include being asked what she dislikes. Presumably they do not include relaxing comfortably on a neatly-made bed. Hopefully they also do not include me. I love her.

Jennifer Grant



Just because aspiring law student Jennifer can lay down the law in a court of law, that doesn't mean she's above abiding by *laws* of court-ship. Get it? Never mind. Jennifer may be well-versed in defendants' rights, but she's still on the lookout for *Mr. Right*. She probably wouldn't raise any *objections* if you asked her for a date. She's single, is what I'm trying to say. If you're trying to find her, you'd best look in the Court of *Appeals* (because she's so appealing). She also packs a sharp knife, so if you don't show her a good time, you'll find she's reserved the right to remain *violent*!



It's a windy day in Berkeley, but you're more likely to be swept away by *beauty* when these two lovely ladies are around. Jennifer and Natalie enjoy a day of shopping on Telegraph, where they frequently enjoy days of shopping. Despite the diversity of the Berkeley community, Jennifer notes that there are few other students of mixed human/two-tailed-cat-beast descent. This saddens her, understandably.



Bye?

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