

the heuristic

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**DANGER
IN THE
MANGER**

LAYING THE SMACK DOWN SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

That's right folks, it's the Nativity the Pope doesn't want you to see! The violent battle between Good and Evil in the name of Christianity started before Jesus could even wipe himself, as this Apocryphal snapshot from 4 B.C. would indicate. The wise men may bring the frankincense and myrrh, but Skeletor brings the *pain!* By the Power of Greyskull, let me just say: Aloha-llelujah!

Who makes Scrabble? No. You're wrong. It's made by Selchow and Righter. Listen, I haven't heard of them either. I don't make the truth, I just know it. I don't know, maybe premium foodstuffs in bulk for Sel or something. No, I don't think I'm clever with my silly puns and fancy speak. I'm sorry. Yeah, I said "sorry." I was trying to spice things up a little bit—Canadian style! Hey, what say we forget I said anything and finish what we started, eh? I'll just put this back in your butt and—what? It was there to begin with. Relax. There's a good boy.

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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There's something a lot of you are doing wrong, and it's time you all know about it before your ignorance embarrasses me any further. Let's start with the basics, with some friendly excerpts from *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*.

tad Function: noun

2: a small or insignificant amount or degree : BIT <might give him some water and a *tad* to eat -- C. T. Walker> - **a tad** : SOMEWHAT, RATHER <looked a *tad* bigger than me>

bit Function: noun

- **a bit** : SOMEWHAT, RATHER <the play was a *bit* dull>

Now that we all know that the word "tad" does not act as any kind of modifier for the word "bit," meaning as it does *exactly the same thing*, can we all agree to stop using them next to each other? That's right, they're absolute synonyms, there's no need to use both. You wouldn't say I'm a "bit bit" late, would you, retard? I know adding the word "tad" lends your speech an oh-so-clever touch of mock sophistication, but here's a newsflash, pea-brain: you get that effect with *just* the word "tad." Saying "tad bit" just makes you sound like a moron who doesn't even understand the strange noises coming out of your own stupid mouth.

Ah ah ah...stop right there. You were going to say that it sounds right, because that's how everyone says it. Well, everyone's wrong, dingbat. Just because they all sound like idiots doesn't excuse you for sounding like one. Sure, you may think you're very funny when you walk around on cold days telling people it's a "tit bit nippy" out. Oh, it's very funny and charming. We all loved *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* just as much as you did (or at least, just as much as the person you heard it from and copied, without knowing you were imitating a movie), which is why we can draw on our memories of Chevy Chase delivering the line correctly, without the word "bit," and remember how it was once amusing. Why? Because even the once-funny screenwriter John Hughes, in spite of an unhealthy fixation on the supposed comic value of cartoonish blows to the head, at least recognized that only one three letter noun meaning "somewhat, rather" needed to be in the sentence—even if it was going to be humorously replaced with the word "tit."

Don't think you sound dumb saying "tad bit"? Great terrific. We'll talk speak about other things. How about a stroll walk down to the shop store up the street road? We can buy purchase snacks munchies to eat consume. If you want desire to go travel someplace else, we you and me can drive drive in my car automobile.

Starting to get the picture? Smashing. Don't thank me, dim-bulb, just pass it on to your friends, and we can rid ourselves of this obnoxious redundancy in our conversation. Because saying "tad bit" is just about the dumbest thing you can say. Probably the only thing dumber is setting your girlfriend straight in the above manner when she says "tad bit." That may have been a tad hasty. I miss kissing.

- Kenny Byerly

Squelch Comedy Show

Tuesday, December 3, 2002, 8:00 pm

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***The* DAILY CALIFORNIAN: CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS**

Our article on Sarvonian Exchange Students incorrectly spelled exchange student Garvoni's name as "Gabvoni." Also, there is no such nation as Sarvonian.

Our Tuesday Editorial incorrectly stated "So let's end this period of tolerance and start a round of pogroms that would shame Germany." The nation should be Russia, not Germany.

Our Wednesday article incorrectly referred to the *Daily Californian* as "fiscally solvent."

Our Friday Column incorrectly stated "Of course, Heterosexuals like myself don't worry about this." Mr. Deenihan is actually a flaming homosexual.

Our Tuesday article incorrectly referred to "Women like Carol Buran of the Women's Studies Department." Ms. Buran is actually a broad.

Our Tuesday column stated that "Sex is a very personal, private act that shouldn't be vulgarized in a newspaper." This is incorrect.

Our Wednesday article, "Run for your lives!" stated "They're everywhere! They're taking over our minds! They're among us!" This is incorrect. Submit to the overmind.

Regarding the article on freeze tag, as of press time on Tuesday Don Camacho was "it." However, by the next morning, Mr. Camacho was no longer "it."

We apologize ever so much for the October 30, 2001 article "Silence, Wishes and the Torment of War."

The Monday article "Poisoned *Daily Cals* to Kill Thousands" accidentally contained poison.

The *Daily Californian* regrets the errors.

Survey Results Released

By Rebecca C. Brown, Laughing at Moors

In a recent study of humor, Berkeley researchers found that the average American would describe the Holocaust's comedic value as "not all that funny."

"Six million is a whole lotta Jews," remarked study organizer Isaac Browne.

Other phenomena that earned the "not all that funny" distinction included the Jim Crow Laws, ethnic cleansing in the former Yugoslavia, and the eradication of North America's native peoples due to diseases contracted from European settlers.

Observed Browne, "I guess people aren't really amused by murder on so large a scale. Who knew?"

Child molestation, midgets, the plague, and heart attacks most often fell into the "pretty funny" category, while the Crusades, anal rape, old people, and unfair labor practices among over-seas clothing manufacturers were deemed "hilarious" by the participants of the survey.

**Saturday
Nov. 30th**



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-Charity Ferreira Citysearch 2001

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Male Nipple Has Use

By Kevin Deenihan, *Oxytocin*

Millenia of evolution were overcome on Tuesday, when Sophomore Matt Bausch's usually pointless male nipples produced a drop of milk. The drop of milk, high in calcium and undoubtedly nourishing to a newborn child, squeezed forth during a basketball game in the Recreational Sports Facility.

Scientists theorize that Bausch's male nipples, struggling valiantly against a complete lack of lactation glands and proper ducts, briefly gave meaning to the typically useless, vestigial male nipples.

They also theorized that the miracle of the life-giving milk, defying every scientific law, gave credence to either the existence of God or the ability of humanity to beat overwhelming odds.

Mr. Bausch did not notice the drop of milk, which was absorbed into his t-shirt and evaporated.

Second Oldest American Just Wants to Die Already

By Kenny Byerly, *Always a Bridesmaid*

113-year old John McMorran lives a quiet life, having long since lost the powers of sight and hearing, as well as being bedridden since the age of 100. McMorran spends his days in a world of unfathomable boredom, except for the twenty minutes a day when caregivers open his window and allow him to enjoy the sensation of wind on his face. His one remaining purpose in life: to outlast Mary Christian, the recently-crowned holder of the title Oldest American, seven days his senior.

"We're all so proud of him," said McMorran's thirty-year old great-grandson, Peter McMorran. "Or at least, we're going to be, just as soon as this Mary Christian hag drops off."

"We were so close to winning it," lamented McMorran's sixty-four year old niece Agnes Toffler. Then Mary Christian's people had to go and dig up her proof of age just before the deadline. Man, that pissed me

off. I really want Uncle John to win the title so we can finally let him die."

McMorran himself is equally enthusiastic about outlasting Christian. "My family says they won't pay for a proper burial unless I give this my all," he shouted to reporters wildly, his deafness making it difficult for him to properly modulate his voice. "Otherwise I would have given up long ago."

Ludwig's Fountain Filled With Bubbles

By David Duman, *Dead Inside*

Yeah, 'cause that's really fucking cool. Oh wow. Bubbles. Wow. Never seen that before. Whoop-dee-freakin'-doo.

Morissette Single Reaches New Levels of Meta-Irony

By Tommaso Sciortino, *Meta-Funny*

The Alanis Morissette song "Irony" finally achieved the twenty third level of recursive meta-irony this week when local grad student Josh Greenberg purchased the song after a discussion with his thesis advisor. While Greenberg's decision to purchase the single in spite of his hatred for it only achieved the 22nd level of irony—a level first reached by a Wisconsin machinist in June 2000—the fact that he did so even while understanding that his purchase was ironic reached a new level of irony. "It's ironic that his quest for irony led him to purchase the single," Kimberly Diaz, a noted expert on irony, explains, "because that song is still a pretty crappy song."

Though the 23rd meta extension of irony was undertaken in a bid for a doctoral thesis topic in the field of Cognitive Science, Greenberg was disappointed when his efforts were found to be fruitless. "I thought it would be a good topic, joining the ideas of Chomsky and Searle in a purely post-modern constructivist framework. What I got was a bubble-gum-pop jingle about life's little disappointments," Greenberg said. "It's kind of funny how I expended all this

effort on buying this song and all it did was impede my thesis topic search," Greenberg sighed and then added, "I'm never going to find a thesis topic in the area of irony, which is what I research."

The 25th and final new level of irony was reached when a writer thought that Greenberg's story would be comical and interesting to readers at large.

Iraq Imposes Sanctions on U.S.

By Dan Freedman, *Socially Sanctioned*

Last week saw a drastic turn of events in the tenuous Iraqi situation. Iraqi President Saddam Hussein announced last Thursday that Iraq will begin to impose economic sanctions on what he described as the "Fulcrum of Evil." In a speech broadcasted over Al-Jazeera and Iraqi radio, he described the Fulcrum of Evil as the breeding ground for immoral behavior such as consensual sex and binge drinking. "These nations, which include the United States, Russia, France, China, Israel, Ukraine, Britain, Spain, Brazil, Mexico—especially Mexico—Italy, Germany, South Africa, Canada, and all other U.N. nations, represent all that is evil in the world," Hussein stated.

In addition, Hussein unveiled his plan to slowly end all forms of trade with these nations in his speech: "My goal is to cut back our major exports, such as rocks and camels, to these rogue nations by 85% within one year and hopefully 100% by the year 2004. This way they will feel an almost immediate impact in their homes and neighborhoods."

Hussein also explained that he hopes to encourage existing separatist groups such as the KKK and the Berkeley City Council to build stronger coalitions and rise up against these oppressive regimes. Hussein ended his speech by explaining that sanctions will not include oil. "It may be evil money," Hussein commented, "but it's a lot of evil money, so it's all good."

In response to Hussein's statements, President Bush shot back, "You can't put sanctions on us, we already have sanctions on you! And you totally stole my Axis of Evil idea. You're using all my material; Saddam, you are such a hack!"

Criminal Element to Help Revitalize Economy

by Andy Lenigan, *Subversive*

In a stunning move that senior White House correspondent James Wellton could only describe as "stunning," the Bush administration turned to the "dredges of the earth" to help stimulate the lackluster economy of recent months.

"I ask you, the criminal elements of this great nation, to do your part to ensure a bright America, not only for your illegitimate children, but for your children everywhere, illegitimate or not," Bush said during his midmorning speech in front of the U.S. Treasury building. "Every car window you break in search of crappy \$40 CD players and \$1.37 in change not only helps you score your next hit of smack, but also stimulates numerous other sectors of the economy. From the insurance broker who handles the claim, to the auto glass manufacturer, to even the auto glass installer who conveniently replaces glass on site a mere six days after the petty burglary has been committed, everyone has something to gain."

When asked how the victims of the crime spree Bush is proposing would benefit, he promised "increased spending on prison budgets to expand our capacity to deal with the wave of criminals that cause everyday Americans to have to drive with a piece of cardboard taped over their windows." Public reaction to this new policy has been met with mixed reviews. Said one passerby, who wished to remain anonymous, "Well, I guess it's better than going to war, because that seemed to be the only plan this administration had so far to get out of this recession."

Raleigh's Introduces New Theme Night

By David Duman, *Relief Pitcher (of BEER!)*

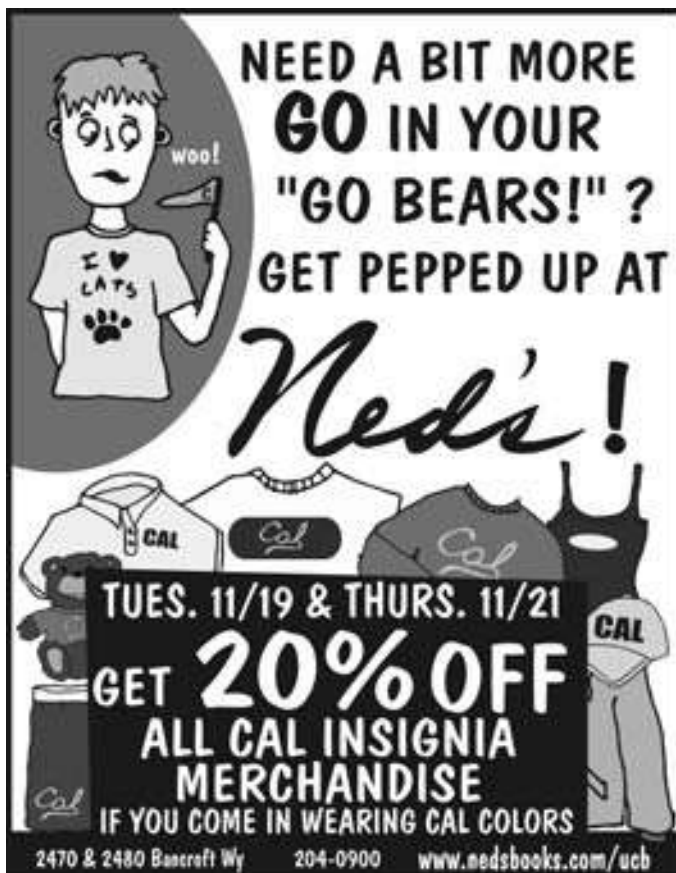
After losing business every night of the week to other Southside bars that offer cheap drinks in large quantities to college students, self-described "American Pub and Grill," Raleigh's, has announced their new binge-drinking theme night, "Come Drink a lot at Raleigh's on Wednesdays."

"It was about time we held a theme night to get college students to come and

spend their Stafford Loan money on large quantities of beer," said shift manager and promotions director Courtney Hill. "With [other Telegraph area bar] Henry's offering Two for Tuesdays, \$3 'tinis on Fridays, and Dollar Drafts on Saturdays, and the Bear's Lair taking away all the beer drinkers with their Thursday Litter Nights, we were at a distinct disadvantage. Also, we were hit doubly hard because, after the incident last year involving the San Diego State rugby team, all the date rapists have moved back to Kip's."

The theme night, which will feature 2-for-1 pitchers of beer and \$1 flavored malt beverages, is perfectly set up for the college crowd. Says Hill, "The cheap beer will increase aggression among our male patrons, while deceptively strong Hard Lemonades and Smirnoff Ices will increase the vulnerability of the females."

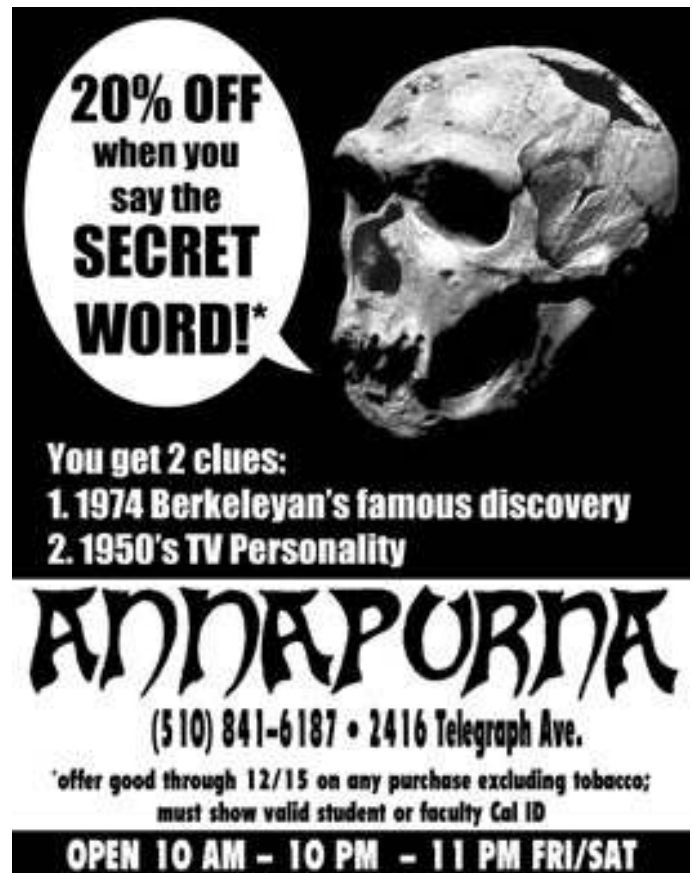
"It's just too bad that the only night left open was Wednesday, I mean, it's tough to come up with a name to go with that day of the week that people will remember," Hill concluded. When a bystander suggested "Get Wasted Wednesdays," emphasizing the catchy alliteration and ease of use in conversation, Hill's face crumpled and she burst into tears.



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FAMOUS SHOWDOWNS THROUGHOUT HISTORY

BY MATT LOKER

ATHENS VS. SPARTA

When: 491 B.C. to 412 B.C. However, doubts have recently been cast upon these dates by an excavation in Northern Greece and the fact that I'm just making shit up.

Where: See title of fight, tough guy.

Why?: Plain and simple: bragging rights. Who had the strongest armies, the wisest philosophers, the best government. Actually, none of that mattered. It was all about who had the hottest young boys.

Outcome: Winners: old Greek guys. Losers: young boys getting cornholed.

KHMER ROUGE LEADER POL POT VS. CAMBODIA

When: 1975-1978.

Where: Cambodia.

Why?: Millions of aggressive peasants suddenly decide that they're the king-ding-a-ling of the country, and poor old Pol Pot has to defend himself against all these crazy people throwing themselves in front of bullets.

Outcome: Despite being badly outnumbered (millions of them, one of him!), our lovable, avuncular Pol Pot is able to heroically convince the mean people to stop doing their bad things, thus averting violent conflict and winning one for the underdog. Media Manipulation? Revisionist history? Take that, Noam Chomsky!

SWIMSUIT MODELS VS. LINGERIE MODELS

When: It never ends.

Why?: For the right to suck my dick. If you could see my svelte physique and preternatural good looks, you'd know why.

Where: Regrettably, my imagination. But coming soon to Fox!

Outcome: This is a battle that NOBODY loses.

DREAMS VS. REALITY

When: As far back as you can remember. Sigh.

Why?: Because maybe no one noticed you wetting your pants behind the jungle gym. Because maybe Katie does like you. Because it's perfectly normal for a 12 year old boy to like unicorns. Because the world wasn't ready for your band. Because only huge dorks go to prom. And because maybe Mr. Sassy Baskets is just sleeping.

Outcome: Everyone saw you piss yourself, Katie has since always thought you smelled of urine, your parents divorced because of your perceived homoerotic tendencies, your band only played shitty Misfits covers and never had a drummer, the guy caught masturbating in the supply closet got asked to prom over you, and Mr. Sassy Baskets is dead as fucking disco.

FEMINISTS VS. ME

When: Right after they read this.

Why?: Because suddenly, senseless objectification of women is wrong, or something. Well then EXCUUUSE ME in advance for referring to your junk as a "dickbag". Repeatedly.

FOUR-CHEESE PIZZA HOT POCKET® VS. GETTING UP

When: 3 A.M. on a Thursday morning, after like 4 fat chongers.

Where: On the couch, whilst undoubtedly contemplating an art-house favorite like "Half Baked" or "Army of Darkness".

Why?: Because your smoke-enshrouded world is only big enough for one of them.


Outcome: A surprise, as both combatants are beaten by the unexpected kung-fu mastery of sleep.

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Loving *the* EECS

By Kevin Deenihan

It's Friday night, and you've been stood up by the Usual Penis so he can go to a strip club. Your options are limited: watch the Oxygen Network with your roommate, try and find a frat party not full of drunks and glowstick-wielding freshmen, or try something a little adventurous: go to Soda Hall. That's right, you're going cruising for engineers, and you'll find the most potent batch of masculinity ever known. EECS majors have a terrible reputation, and that's okay. They have more than their fair share of men who see women as second best to their favorite anime girls, and, in extreme cases, as second best to Mommy. These are what you'd call "personality quirks."

But the reputation they receive as unwashed, skinny nerds is entirely unwarranted. What is overlooked is the number one fact of EECS men: they are volcanoes of untrammelled testosterone with enough willpower and intelligence to learn whatever you wish to teach. These are people capable of spending five hours at a time looking for a single bug in 10,000 lines of computer code. While your typical absentminded History major is perhaps capable of spending 30 seconds looking for the G-Spot before wandering off to other duties, engineers will find the G-Spot. They will even bring in T-squares and calculators if it's required. And there's a lot you can do with a T-square besides straight lines.

Go ahead and wander into any computer lab. Now take your pick: there will be at least 10 guys waiting there. How often can you choose a guy with such precision? Don't be afraid to be picky: you have every chance of finding a gem somewhere in the hall, finishing up his project before heading off to the RSF to lift weights. Unfortunately, most will be in a sitting position, which is a bad way to check out the ass. Just presume that it's well toned.

In confronting an engineer, being direct is the key. Be firm, upfront, and don't play games, unless you've made clear you want to play games. Take advantage of your environment, too. This is a building chock full of electricity, machines, and people who



know how to make anything out of both. Start on top of a copying machine, just to keep it simple, and then get crazier. Let's face it, you haven't lived until you've gotten spanked by a Spanking Robot. On a more serious note, don't operate heavy machinery under the influence of engineer loving, as things could get messy; and not in that good way.

Engineers don't take Fluid Mechanics for the credits. (Well, yes they do, but it still applies). These are men with a greater understanding of forces and weights than anyone else at Berkeley. Tired of being crushed by a too-heavy lover? Just murmur, "mass times velocity" to an engineer and he'll understand instantly. Let him experiment: it's what he does best. After he gets over his shyness and is given freedom to roam, you'll be surprised by his imagination. But do make very clear the parameters and expectations; EECS majors don't expect projects to work correctly the first time, but they'll try over and over if necessary.

Want a quickie? That's fine; he'll return to Counterstrike with a dazed expression and you'll walk out a sated woman. Do take my advice: this is an opportunity not to be missed. Do it like the engineers do: on and on until the break of dawn. And then drink a Red Bull and start all over again.

Top Ten Money-Flavored Candies

10. Snickels
9. Jujudimes
8. Rolo Quarters
7. Kit Ka\$h
6. Peppermint Pennies
5. Abbazabillion dollars
4. Mounds of Cash
3. Reese's Pieces of Eight
2. Mars Bars of Gold
1. Sacagaweamacallits

Top Ten Ways you know it's Winter in Berkeley

10. Sproul trees lose leaf
9. Girls in skirts don't just look slutty, now they look dumb
8. Nudists wear sock
7. SJP occupies warmer building
6. Significant Campanile shrinkage
5. The homeless die
4. Air-conditioners kick in
3. It actually gets even colder, breaking all laws of physics
2. Pool supply stores looted less often.
1. Anti-freeze in bong water

Top Ten Other Ways you know Santa's from Stanford

10. Likes being in the middle of nowhere
9. Masturbates 8 times a day
8. Fat, white, and ugly
7. Only got to be Santa 'cause Daddy was Santa
6. Prefers to stay out of politics
5. Runs over grandmas with reindeer
4. Segregates weaker toys
3. Dates ugly chicks
2. Only gives rich kids good presents
1. Fucks reindeer

Top Ten Things to do on a Rainy Day

10. Stop the rain by complaining
9. Stay at home and masturbate
8. Go outside and masturbate (in the rain)
7. Impromptu baptism
6. Wear pink blouse, stand outside, be Kirsten Dunst
5. Wipe sweat off brow
4. Steal garbage bags from hobos
3. Get wet
2. Snort RainBlo
1. Sit by the fireplace and read

Top Five Uses for the Foreskin

5. Replacement for salmon in a rainbow roll
4. Keep it as a "Hooded Avenger" costume for your penis
3. Cure for pink eye
2. Put it back on to scare girls when they go down on you
1. Eye-patch

Top Ten Reasons the University won't give you your Degree

10. You're dumb
9. You have no hands with which to take it
8. The "chalk dust incident"
7. 119.5 units
6. They did, it was in Kelvin
5. Because you're sponsored by Old Spice
4. The library wants their book back
3. "Readin' Stuff" not an approved major. Yet.
2. For your own good
1. Underwater basketweaving prereq. not met

Top Ten Things your Father told you not to tell Mommy

10. Son, I'm your mother. Also, this is a paradox
9. Sometimes I just want to be held
8. Your mom's cooking sucks
7. Your mother's barren, so you must have her children
6. I "make love" to your mother, but I "fuck" the dog
5. Your mother was adopted
4. I hide the porn in the veggie crisper
3. The babysitter's dead
2. You can help yourself to Mom as long as you pretend you're me
1. I'm gay, you're gay, we're all gay

Top Ten Pornographic Thanksgiving Movies

10. *Gobble Gobble*
9. *Creamed Corn*
8. *Take Your Land and Fuck Your Women XI: The Quickenin'*
7. *Mayflower Deflowered*
6. *Stuffin' N' Gravy*
5. *Put the Meat on the Table*
4. *SpanXXXgiving*
3. *Pilgrim-Indian Interracial Gangband IV*
2. *Snatched Potatoes*
1. *Mastur-bastin'*

Top Ten Reasons to join the Armed Forces

10. Free carcinogens
9. Boot camp is watered down for women now anyway
8. You have uneven biceps
7. Because no one really dies in war nowadays
6. To protect and serve your country
5. Because you're not part of the solution
4. Fuckin' G.I. Bill bitch!
3. See beautiful New France and, die there in WWII
2. You dropped out of high school
1. To avoid jailtime

The Further Adventures of

TURBO-TEEN

By Bret Matthews (Kenny Byerly)

A lot of people think it would be cool to be able to change into a sports car whenever they get hot, and back into a human whenever they get cold, but I'm here to tell you, it's no picnic. My life changed a lot the day I crashed my bright red sports car into Dr. Chase's lab on the very day he was testing a transference ray, causing an accident that fused my body with my car forever. Heck, I thought it was tough enough trying to fight crime and be a normal teenager, but things have only gotten tougher as I've gotten older.

Do you realize even a kiss from my friend Pattie was enough to turn me into a car? Sure, that was great when we were on an adventure and needed a quick way out of a jam, but did you ever consider that I might want to be kissed and stay human once in awhile? Whenever I'm with a girl and things get hot and heavy, I always run the risk of getting hot and too heavy, if you know what I mean. I mean I turn into a car, which is heavy. Even if I manage not to crush her, you know things will get awkward when she opens her eyes and realizes she's tonguing the grille of a Firebird. Basically the only way to get around that is if we suck on ice cubes together, or if we break every fifteen minutes to chew a stick of ice gum. And for some reason, girls always want to know why I have such specific needs. Why, they ask, can we only have sex in a cold shower, a swimming pool, or a bathtub full of ice? Pity me, Bret Matthews, for the *least terrifying answer possible* is: "I am a sick man with perverse temperature fetishes." One time, I forgot myself when a group of unknowing college friends invited me to join them in a hot tub. Needless to say, I was not invited back.

Prurient topics aside, things have only gotten worse as I've gotten older. I gained

a reputation for laziness in college, as the slightest workout would have treated the entire gym to the sight of a sports car on a treadmill. I couldn't even blame drugs for my sloth—the warm smoke of burning marijuana filling my lungs would only have resulted in me exhaling via an exhaust pipe.

Don't even get me started on the mockery my disability has made of my law practice. Sweating in my tailored suit, under pressure to cross-examine a witness during a particularly stressful case, in a stifling courtroom full of people, the urge to transform overwhelms me suddenly, and often. Usually I can make it to my pitcher of ice water before becoming a sports car and losing the trust of the jury, but even if I do make it in time, everyone always looks strangely at the guy who cuts off midsentence to run across the courtroom and soak himself in water.

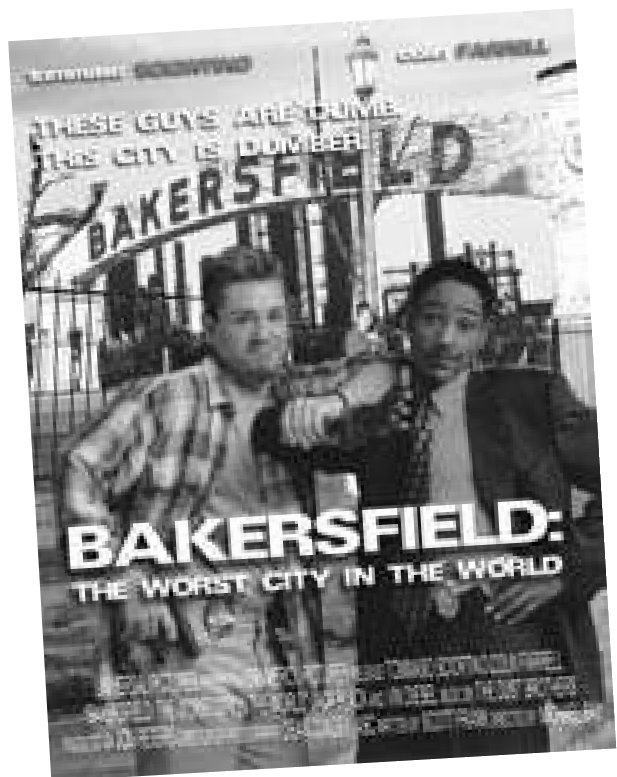
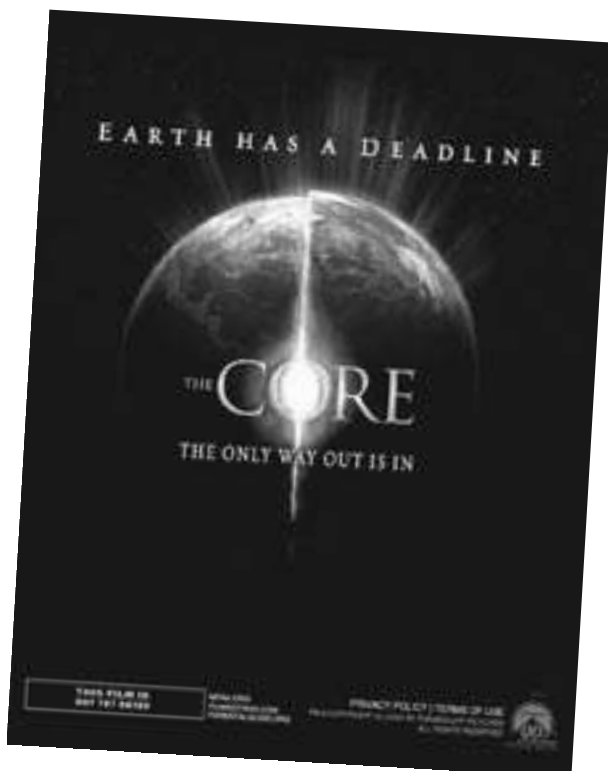
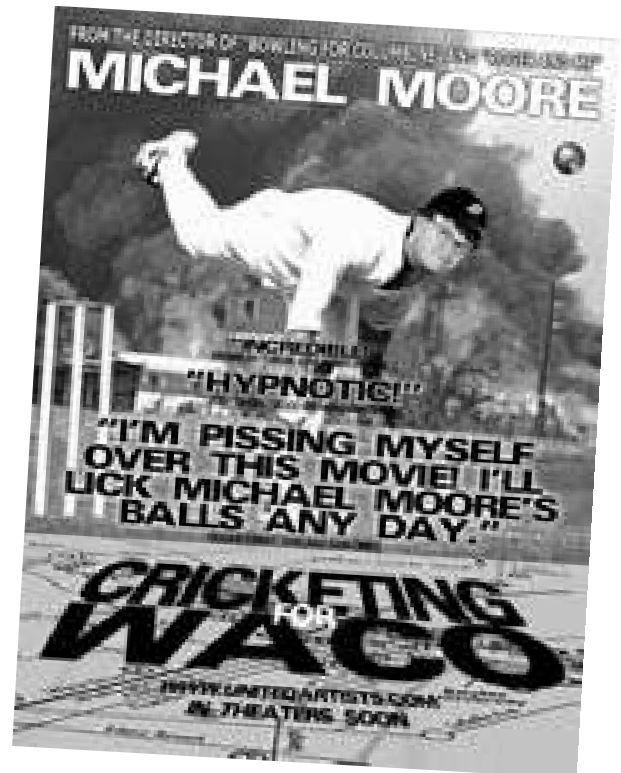
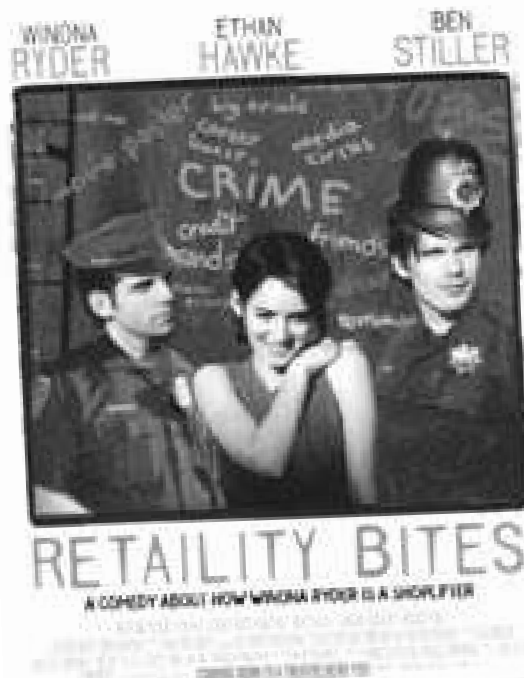
I would like to settle down and raise a family, but I cannot, for fear that my car-transforming ability has become part of my genetic makeup, to be passed on to my children. I cannot risk my child's fetus transforming into a car in the warmth of the womb, harming the hypothetical mother of my child and potentially causing a miscarriage. The fetus might change into a Micro Machine or Hot Wheels sized car at first, but I have no doubt it would grow well into Power Wheels size by the third trimester, and anyone would agree that this is unacceptable.

On the plus side, I have a spoiler, which is totally dope.

Turbo-Teen ran for 12 episodes during the 1984-5 season, Saturday mornings on ABC.



FAKE MOVIES



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8⁹⁹

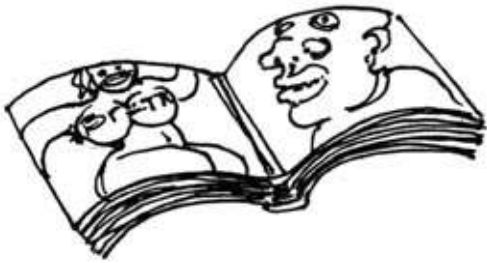


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3⁴⁹

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35⁹⁹

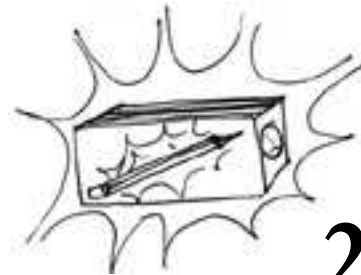


29⁹⁹

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2⁹⁹ / doz.

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#34678

Scrap!

By Mark Thomas

The time was 11:52. PM. Me and the fellas were heading for the Ragtime after a little soft-shoe over on Main Street when we heard it. Bass. Walking.

"Snap!" I held up my fist and my crew clicked to a stop and cocked their heads eagerly. Yeah, that's them. The Denim Boys.

"Cool!" Flicked my wrist on the upbeat and Jumpin' Jonesy hit the sticks. The hi-hat: our cue to stretch. I waited 'til I saw their shadows on the alley wall in front of us shrinking. They were coming, alright. And from the looks of it, they had their rumble shoes on.

"Sizzle..." It doesn't take much to get the boys riled when they're nice and limber. A quick *arabesque* into a *cabriole* and we were heading toward the corner, hissing like deadly venomous snakes.

We skipped to a halt just as they came sashaying around into view, head scoundrel Razamatazz leading the way.

"Been too long, Jazzhands." Him.

"Not long enough, Razamatazz." Me.

You know something's going to hit the fan when the snapping starts. And that something is shit.

"Why don't you just shuffle-off-to-Buffalo and save yourself some trouble Razz."

The town clock struck twelve. His face instantly crinkled and his arms flew up, graceful, like a swan. "Show 'em what you can do, gentlemen."

It began. Razz and I locked eyes and circled slowly, slinking like leopards. Meantime, the fellas broke into their routine. *Brush wing*,



fallap step heel, drawback, paddlestap, repeat. Sure it was simple. But we weren't any grade school tap dancers. In fact, we weren't even allowed to talk about grade school tap dancers.

"Pow! Whiz! Slap!!" – Razz lunged, throwing three good ones my way. I countered with a "Bizbam slappity-bang!"

And then all hell broke loose.

The gangs slammed into each other. Violently. Delicately. Razz was hitting me with everything he had. But I whipped up a riff of my own so smooth I had to serve it with some shortcake. Razz was stunned. I was hungry.

"That's a little something we like to call talent, Razz. You might want to try a helping sometime."

"Heh. You look thirsty," he said coolly picking up on my metaphor, "looks like you could use some High-C Fruit Punch!" He hit the note and threw out his fist. Luckily for me, he threw like Johnny B. and Johnny B. liked to practice that scene. I dodged it with an elegant *pirouette* and grabbed his collar. I was about to serve him up my five-knuckle club when the boys in the band hit a brassy climax and the music paused.

Time for the group number. Just my luck.

Entrechat, rond de jambe en l'air, Grande Jete; we danced the dance of beautiful battle. And when we were finished I tapped out a scuff-spank dig-toe and gave Razz a ball change he wouldn't forget. Then I threw some cornstarch in his eyes.

"No one, but no one, taps on our streets," I sang. The boys backed me up by chanting "no one" on one and three. It was done.

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For the second time in a week, my lawn has dog poop on it. I will remedy this, the only way I know how.

Killing The Neighbor's Dog In Five Easy Drafts

By Zack Fornaca

1 I have heard that chocolate is like poison to dogs. I do have a lot of chocolate lying around. However, it seems like a waste of perfectly good chocolate, when I have so much actual poison lying around. I could slip the real poison into the dog's food, and the chocolate into this pan of fudge bars I'm making. I realize my error, however, when I remember that the fudge bars are for trick-or-treating kids and that, as a misanthrope, I require both the chocolate and the poison for the fudge. This, of course, begs the question, "How do I get a dog to go trick-or-treating?"

2 For starters, I need a costume. This would require more stitching and weaving than I am prepared to muster, except that Old Navy actually sells costumes for dogs. Wizard, pirate, ninja, or cat? The last fucking thing the dog needs is magic (regular magic, ninja magic, or cat magic) to help it poop my lawn to smithereens, but I think an eyepatch might fuck it up, or at least keep it from seeing what I'm up to. It might be hard to convince the dog's owner to take it trick-or-treating, though, especially since it's a seeing eye dog and the owner is diabetic. And blind. Since it's a seeing eye dog.

3 Solution: I break into the neighbor's house and steal one of his CDs (Gloria Estefan and the Miami something something). The next day, I rub it with dirt, knock on his door and say, "Um, I think your dog left this on my lawn." And he says thanks and invites me in. I feign thirst, and the blind guy heads into the kitchen to get me a glass of water. "Say, nice place you got here. Oh, is this a picture of your kids? Yeah?" I say, muffling the dog while forcing an eyepatch and boots onto it. I thank my host for the water and then leave.

Time passes.

On Halloween afternoon, I return to my neighbor's place and knock on the door. He opens it and I pull out a lead pipe and knock him out. This may seriously injure him, but it serves my purposes. I shake him, saying, "Buddy! Buddy!" until he comes to. "What happened?" he says. "You were just about to take your dog trick-or-treating," I tell him. "And then I knocked you out with this pipe, accidentally." He doesn't believe me, but I point out that his dog is wearing an eyepatch and boots, which he confirms by touch. "I certainly don't remember doing that!" he says, but feels obligated. I excuse myself and go back home.

That evening, my neighbor comes by with his dog. I give the dog a fudge bar and by morning the dog is dead. This leaves me elated, until four days later when I find a fresh coat of shit matted onto my lawn. I have killed the wrong dog.

4 I decide to ask the neighbor if he's seen any other similar-looking dogs around, only realizing my mistake after I ask. "Hi, sorry to bother you, what with the grieving and all, but have you seen any ... I mean ... do you ... have you smelled or, uh, heard any dogs, lately, that look like ... no, smell or sound like they, uh, might look like your old dog?" No? Fair enough.

I contact my brother who works for the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, and ask him if they have anything on tap that kills dogs and only dogs, and if he can mail it to me. He says they have a bunch -- Enwoofalitis, Double Rabies, Doggie AIDS -- but that they're all totally off-limits and that he'd lose his job. "Come on," I say, "You love losing your job for me!"

"Oh yeah," he says, and three days later an aerosol spray can of Golden Re-fever arrives in my mailbox. I spray the lawn and, much to my delight, as the days wear on, the shit on my lawn gets more watery and pungent. The dog is dying!

Then, just on the cusp of my total victory, Jesus descends from heaven and grants the dog immortality. God-damn it!

5 I wait 20 years. At 7:32 am on February 20, 2023, California sinks into the ocean in a massive earthquake and, while I die, that infernal dog is left to sink. "But dogs can swim!" you say. Oh yeah? Maybe so, but can they swim ... FOR ETERNITY??

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A HURRICANE —with lava in it!

By Tommaso Sciortino

Dude! You know what the coolest thing would be? If you had this car, and the car could fly, but you didn't have to worry about gas or anything, and it had flames painted on the side, and when you drove, the flames would look like real flames. Yeah, that would be double sweet. I think up stuff like that all the time. My friends call me "The Zoo." It's 'cause I'm so cool and I think cool stuff up all the time. The Zoo is also cool, but if you didn't know that already, you'd figure it out right quick. 'Cause I'm so cool and that's my nickname, "The Zoo!" Guilt by association baby!

What's the scariest thing you can think of? I'm sure it's a hangnail or something like that. Don't get me wrong, hangnails: pretty scary. Check this out: a hangnail... with lava in it! Fuck, you almost crapped your pants it's so scary. Grab a diploma on the way out bud, because you have just been schooled.

Sometimes it's just too easy. Like what's the most dangerous thing you could ever think to go swimming in? If you can't swim (like me) you'd probably just think: well, water's dangerous. Out with the old in with "The Zoo," my friend. How about swimming in acid that's scalding hot. Yeah, I wouldn't want to swim in that.

I really wouldn't want to go swimming anyways 'cause, as I said, I can't swim, but I'd sure as heck pick water over that.

"But wait," you say. "I bet even you can't top yourself." Sorry my nay-saying young paladin of pomposity (don't steal that phrase, 'cause I made it up just now). How 'bout a pool of boiling hot acid that was electrified! And what if it was magnetized too, so it'd suck

you in. And what if it had these totally crazy fish that could live in hot acid that would like go ape-shit on you and eat your face off if you got too close. "But won't the fish die from the electricity?" you ask. Man, you just never learn: electric eels. It's like normal for them.

But I just can't stop having cool ideas. My friend Jeff, he knows this guy that draws these totally fucked up pictures in his notebook. He's got this

one of this totally fizzity-fine spider lady and she's got eight legs, just like a spider. You can see part of her nips too. Anyways, his pictures were so awesome I thought he must have spelunked inside my head and got ideas I hadn't even thought of yet. We're going to work on a comic book together and it's going to be the craziest book ever. It's gonna be called "The Barcelona Incident." See you on the flip, yo.

P-out.



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NBC Interviews Mystikal

By Dan Freedman

Tom Brokaw: Mystikal, as you know, President Bush has sent the attack-Iraq legislation to the Hill. If the U.N. can't force Saddam to cooperate with weapons inspectors, the president wants the ability for an American, not U.N. led, attack against Iraq. As a prominent and influential cultural figure, do you think it is a good idea for the United States to lead an attack without U.N. approval? What is the MTV world's perspective?

Mystikal: !!DANGER!!, SHOW ME WHAT YA GOT!!

Tom Brokaw: I think everyone agrees this is a dangerous situation, yet many people believe that with the threat of biological agents and nuclear weapons, the times have changed. The time for hemming and hawing is over. Do you agree with this?

Mystikal: GET ON THE FLOOR!

Tom Brokaw: Very interesting comment, Mystikal. So you think that before the president takes up the issue of war, he needs to jump-start the economy with a bottom down approach? Perhaps through supporting small businesses with subsidies or incentives?

Mystikal: WATCH YOURSELF!!

Tom Brokaw: Excuse me?

Mystikal: SHAKE YOUR ASS!! SHOW ME WHAT YOU'RE WORKIN' WITH!!

Tom Brokaw: Are you replying to a question or making a comment?

Mystikal: DANGER!! SHAKE IT TO THE RIGHT!! SHAKE IT TO THE LEFT!! GRIND IT LIKE THAT!

Tom Brokaw: Ah, I see what you're getting at. The president needs to develop bipartisan support to revive confidence in the national economy before attempting any new growth-oriented pieces of legislation.

Mystikal: I CAN'T HEAR YA!!

Tom Brokaw: It all makes sense. Companies like Enron have made the investing world unstable, thereby lowering confidence in the stock market and thus making small business more susceptible to market fluctuations.

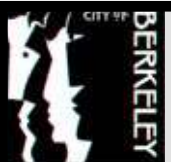
Mystikal: DANGER!! SING IT!

Tom Brokaw: Would you say that the U.S. economy is due to show a big comeback sometime soon?

Mystikal: YEAH! THAT PUSSY'S SMOKIN'! GET UP SOME MORE!

Tom Brokaw: I would have to agree with that myself. Mystikal, I can tell we have a lot in common. It's nice to see that the MTV generation is confronting these major issues.

Mystikal: *[straight into the camera]* SHAKE IT!! SHAKE IT!! WATCH YOURSELF!



How to Survive a Rainy Season in Berkeley



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- For structural or weather-proofing problems (which you think may not meet local or state building codes) call for a housing inspection: 981-5444. The housing department can fine the landlord if the problem does not get fixed, and they will issue a report which will also serve as evidence of the problem(s).
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Disney Babes

By Ryan Pauley

While Disney tries to hide phallic symbols in the back of its cutesy animated features, no one needs to slow down the tape to realize that the Disney princesses are really fucking hot. Think about it: what turns us guys on when watching a porno? The sexy girls on screen getting down with some hot, hot sex. Why should the Disney movies be any different? Sure, we never see them in the heat of the act, but we, as intelligent, insightful college students can infer and extrapolate. While most of us guys haven't watched any of the Disney movies in a long time, maybe we should...

SNOW WHITE

Being the first Princess of the Disney clique, she's the boss. And that's perfectly alright, but I'm not sure I can handle Snow White's BDSM 24-7. One thing's for sure: Snow White is one kinky girl. If the idea of sex with a girl and seven dwarves sounds appealing then Snow White is the freak for you. A friend tried to tell me that she wasn't hot, but I retorted that that's because Snow White was made in the 1930s; hell, if she were drawn today, with that short black hair she'd so be an Indie kid. Just throw on some glasses, an ironic tank over a long sleeve shirt, and a few streaks of color into her hair and she'd be indistinguishable but definitely a freak.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

At first I didn't see too much positive characteristics about this girl compared to the rest, I mean while she is a natural blonde, she probably isn't the sexiest, nor does she have the most compelling personality, of the Disney Princesses. But then I realized, hey, she's Sleeping Beauty! None of that boring post-sex talk: she, like me, is going to roll over and fall fast asleep. I mean, what the hell are we going to talk about anyway, sewing and spinning wheels?

Speaking of spinning wheels, I'd be a bit hesitant to get with this Magic Princess. While yes, she is Sleeping Beauty, do we forget that her sleeping spell is directly linked to her getting pricked by a needle?

Now I may not be an MCB major, but I know that that's not a normal reaction. Keeping this in mind, I'd be a little cautious around this beauty. If anything, make sure all your pricks are sheathed before spinning with this tainted Princess.

CINDERELLA

While yes, she is going to look the best at the ball, after a while you'll probably just check your watch, looking to see how long 'til midnight. Think about it: she's coming from a long day of dealing with her evil step-sisters, so the time you spend with her will probably be filled with all sorts of depressing anecdotes about her shitty life. And while you might think you're getting a humble girl, don't count too heavily on it; there's some devilish twinkle in her eye that makes me think that once the tables are turned, she'd be a bit of a slob herself.

BELLE

Probably the most intelligent girl in this list, Belle's got that whole seductive-French thing going on. While in the movie she falls in love with the Beast, she's probably let down at the end when the Beast (and his gigantic-sized pleasure apparatus) is reduced to normal human size. Poor girl. Looking at Beast, we see that she's into rough and big guys. She also reads a lot. Expect to be playing out teacher fantasies with this hot brunette.

JASMINE

Jasmine brings "diversity" to Disney's clique of Princesses. Jasmine comes equipped with a killer body, plus you just know she has a full working knowledge of the Kama Sutra (even though she's not Hindu), and, lastly, there's something erotic about having a girl with a pet tiger. Not a pussycat or a boring dog, a fucking tiger. She's also the only Princess of the bunch who's a formal princess by birth, not by some stupid twist of fate or under some strange provision that she'd be dressed like a peasant. That mean's Jasmine has the power of the free-flowing account of her father, the Sultan, and all the

opulent wealth that accompanies his title. Hot sex + lots of cash = good times. I'd love to show her A Whole New World.

ARIEL

Easily, the most scantily clad of the Princesses, I equate Ariel with some sort of Florida Beach girl. For some reason, with her sporty attitude and her seashell bikini, I can't see her anywhere other than Spring Break in Miami Beach; you just know she's going to let loose like any one of those Girls Gone Wild once you get a few Bacardis and a Sex on the Beach in her.

The quickest and most awkward negative observation is that, while she's a really hot girl up top, she doesn't have a proper vagina! So while this might not necessarily be a horrible thing, it definitely puts a kink in the normal way of sexual relations. Just remember Daryl Hannah in Splash, and you'll catch my drift.

NALA

While officially not on Disney's list of Magical Princesses, I'm inclined to disagree: why should a princess (or queen) be discounted merely because she walks around on all fours? Is that really a bad thing? The way I see it, Disney humanizes all its animals anyway, so if you get a little turned on when watching a lioness, it's not your fault, it's Disney's. While normally I strongly frown upon any idea of bestiality, Nala's my one exception: she's got those deep, sexy eyes and, c'mon, who wouldn't want to have sex with the queen of beasts? I'd do a lion, totally.

The negative side to Nala comes through the movie *The Lion King* itself. While I usually have a problem with bestiality, I really have a problem with pedophilia and for half of the movie, we have to deal with Nala as a cub. And, as if that's not bad enough, her youthful status also reminds us of Simba as a cub, voiced by Jonathan Taylor Thomas. That's definitely not a face I want to think of when trying to make sweet, sweet love to any lioness.

Cross-Training

By David Duman

Last week, I hitchhiked across the country. This is my story.

Day One

My journey began here, in beautiful Mystic, Connecticut. I had to leave my idyllic surroundings because of a run-in with local authorities. Seems that "hashish" is "illegal" in the state of Connecticut. And so is having "sex" with "minors." Lousy conservatives. Being the red-blooded Jack Kerouac-reading American male that I am, I hitched a ride in the back of a chicken truck until the shotgun-wielding driver realized I was there and dumped me unceremoniously beside the interstate. I spent the rest of the night ^{rotting} sleeping in a ditch.

Day Two

Convicts in orange jumpsuits, mistaking me for garbage, ^{disturbed my corpse} woke me up by jabbing me in the thigh with their garbage sticks. Realizing that where there was government-sponsored slave labor there were bound to be representatives from Connecticut's Finest, I ^{rolled} quickly down the highway to the nearest off-ramp. There, I waited patiently with my thumb extended for several hours until a truck stopped and let me in the cab. By this point, my thigh wound was starting to ^{fester} fester. Fortunately, the driver, Moonbeam Caterpillar O'Shea, said he was hauling medical supplies and he gave me a tetanus vaccine from a box under his seat. ^{Meanwhile, in heaven, I was} The remainder of the day was spent avoiding the neon dragons trying to get me to play cribbage with them. It got to be too much and I ^{the ride ditched me} ditched the ride at a Cincinnati truck stop. Psychedelic dragons, apparently, are Indians fans. ^{in heaven}

Day Three

After having spent the night in a Cozy Coupe and feeling extremely ^{dead} sore, I waited all day at the AM-PM for another ride. At 3:00 I ^{my corpse} was informed by security that this AM-PM was not on a major interstate and was, in fact, a Gap in a Cincinnati mall. Embarrassed, I ^{was carried from} left the mall and, ^{picked up by} stealing a tandem bicycle from a small crippled child and an elderly woman, I ^{was carried} rode like the wind out to the Flying J Travel Center. After standing by the entrance with my thumb once again extended for about an hour, a Volkswagen Eurovan full of attractive blondes ^{dead} pulled over and invited me in. Seems that they were heading out to set the record for longest continuous same-sex topless make-out session and said that I could ride along for as long as I liked. ^{Someone} I ^{else} thanked them for the opportunity and ^{lifted me into} entered the van.

Day Four

After a wonderful night discussing the merits of the Natural Rights philosophy of John Locke in comparison to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's Social Contract Theory with these erudite and buxom travelers, ^{some guy} I realized that this fine piece of German machinery was, in fact, headed for Florida. And apparently, so was the van. ^{He} I agonized over ^{his} my choice between naked philosophizing and getting back to California in time for ^{ed away} my midterm. We pulled into Panama City Beach that afternoon. I was taking the course pass/not pass any way.

Day Eight

With the prize money I won in the wet t-shirt contest, I ^{someone else} bought a plane ticket ^{me funeral plot} to ^{him} ~~him~~.

Holiday Memories

Carving the turkey is my favorite part of Thanksgiving. No, it's not because I like holding knives or because I like to butcher things. It's for the cooking aesthetics. The turkey always smells so fresh. Mom uses a special quality glaze every year. My knife barely goes an inch deep, and you can already breathe in the flavor. Mmm-mmm! I'd recommend keeping a towel nearby to absorb all the blood, though. Gloves are also useful just in case the turkey tries to peck at your hands. Oh yeah, and the next time the gas company knocks on your door asking for its third back-payment, don't chase them away with a knife.

-MS

My pop was the kind of guy you looked up to, but you didn't know why. I guess it was his attitude towards life or maybe just the way he dealt with it. Did I say dealt? I meant belt. If life was anything like a fragile, defenseless baby just recently weaned from its mother's teat, it saw a lot of my pop's belt. But boy was that a nice belt. I used to hate it when he told me that the longer I stayed right where I was, the more he would love me when he was really just heating up his belt buckle over an open flame. But that's the thing, you know? You just had to like the guy. Anyway, that's why I felt so bad for killing him that one Christmas.

-MT

I was so surprised the year I got the Power Wheels Jeep, mainly because I was sixteen and expected to get a real car that year. I'd stopped begging for the PW version eight years earlier. "You'll get around just fine in this," my dad said, ending all debate. And even though it was a little slower than my friends' cars, he was right. The only trouble was, it was hard to get girls to have sex with me in my car, unless they were eight-year-olds.

-KB

I really can't say anything bad about my family. I mean, we put the "fun" back into "functional." My memory abounds with

beautiful memories of the holidays when I was a kid. I remember when we'd all be gathered in the living room at my uncle's beautiful house, and oh! the look of rapture on my cousins' faces as they opened present after present—Game Cube after laptop after Kawasaki Jet Ski! It makes me shed a tear even now to think back on how happy they were, and how my parents—if I was lucky—would give me an old boot to gnaw on while I watched.

-CB



My dad's a little weird. He never approved when I got toys he thought were feminine, like Cabbage Patch dolls or Care Bears. It's not that he ever threw them away. He never even said anything, but I could tell, because he would always grab them from me and stuff them down his pants until they smelled like his balls. When he gave them back, he'd say "That ought to even things out, you little homo."

-ZF

I went on this holiday trip to the mountains once. It was my whole family: me, my brother, and my parents, all ready to enjoy some family time. The car ride was awesome; my brother and I downed two six packs of Coors in, like, the first forty minutes. We got so smashed, and my parents didn't even notice. While the hazy drunkenness was nice, the excessive drinking made urine accumulate in our bladders; thus, PIT STOP! This was by far the best part of the trip. We stopped at some shady little bar on some shady little street located in a shady li'l town. The town was called Shady Oaks, a nice little

town shaded by nearby mountains, which were being shaded by clouds. But, back to the story. We walked into the bar, and who do we see! Mr. Saturday Night Fever himself, John fucking Travolta. So we all introduced ourselves and fifteen minutes later we were drinking, chatting, and dancing. What a night; on the ride home we talked about the trip, and check this, my mom actually made out with John Travolta while my dad gave him a hand job. That is so sweet.

-DF

Last Christmas, Dad got me a ferret. "Dad, those are illegal in California!" I told him. He didn't listen, but the ferret did. It started looking forlorn and ashamed. It walked to the phone and pushed its nose down into the buttons for 9-1-1, like it was going to turn itself in, but when they answered the phone, the ferret just started sobbing and sniffing, and hung up. It tried calling 911 a couple more times, but never quite had the nerve. We got it some black-market ferret therapy earlier this year, though, and I think it's doing a whole lot better now.

-ZF

I had the best family holidays ever, until the family all died. Since it was a family outing, we decided to go to a "family" style pizza joint. I won't mention the name, but for writing purposes, I'll just mention their mascot is a rat called Chuck E., who loves his cheese and has robotic friends that sing and dance every damn night. My eleven children and my wife were all playing in the ball pit, you know, wrestling, throwing balls, punching each other in the stomachs; when all of the sudden WHAMO!!! They all died. It was tragic, the sheriff said he never saw anything more disgusting, yet slightly erotic, in his entire career. Now family holidays are nothing more than a slice of quiche and a diet cola. I watch whatever the corporate entertainment world deems holiday viewing and then fall asleep in a puddle of my own tears. I had a family once, then WHAMO!!!

-DF



THE BIG GAME PAGE



Are you ready for the 105th Big Game? Are you prepared to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the GREATEST PLAY in the history of college football? Nay, the greatest MOMENT in the history of the WORLD? As you await the sweet, sweet taste of assured, inevitable victory, allow us to prime the pump of our bottomless well of Stanford hate. So get ready to dig in to some tasty barbecued pine tree, as we roast Stanford over the flames of iniquity. Sports!!

Interview with Stanford Coach BUDDY TEEVENS (Booo!!!)



What's your favorite type of cookie?

I enjoy chocolate chip cookies; who wouldn't?

I don't. Do you like milk with your cookies?

I'm lactose intolerant.

I'm sorry. How's that working out for you? What do you drink?

Soy. Soy milk.

Is that stuff any good?

It's not bad.

I could never drink soy milk.

You get used to it, actually.

Are you excited about the upcoming NFL playoffs?

Sure am.

Who's your team?

Definitely the Jets.

Well, thanks for your time, Buddy.

My pleasure.

What's the difference between Cal students and Stanford students?

CAL students ... *go to classes.*

STANFORD students ... *go to classes AT STANFORD!*

CAL students ... *eat burritos.*

STANFORD students ... *eat WRAPS!*

CAL students ... *are likely to be Asian.*

STANFORD students ... *are LESS LIKELY to be Asian!*

CAL students... *have sex.*

STANFORD students... *have INTERCOURSE!*

CAL students... *wear blue and gold (and sometimes red, if they are not at a sporting event).*

STANFORD students... *wear red ... EXCLUSIVELY!!!*

Poll: What do you think about **The Play**?

Cal Students

Pretty good: **100%**

Not so good: **0%**

Stanford Students

Pretty good: **0%**

Not so good: **100%**

Tree (Dumb!!)



Real Name: Reginald Ian Cunningham, Lord Westchester

Wheels: 7

Displacement: 302 cu in

Stories: 37

Elevators: 6

Exits: 2

Shoe Size: N/A

Vector: 75° S/SW

Jazz Legend: Miles Davis

MASCOTS

Oski (Yay!)



Real Name: Oski Daniel O'Reilly

Wheels: 18

Displacement: 440 cu in

Stories: 55

Elevators: 8

Exits: 4

Shoe Size: 18 ½

Vector: N/NW

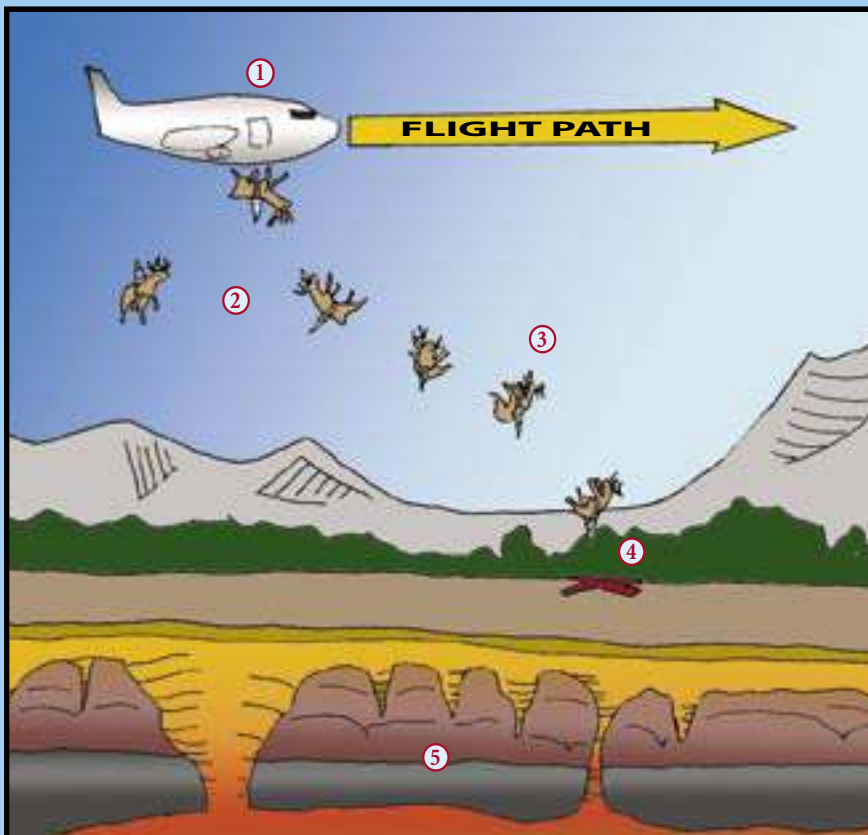
Jazz Legend: Thelonious Monk

Operation: Two Birds With One Stone

With plans rapidly progressing for the commencement of oil drilling in the Alaskan Wildlife Refuge, many environmentalists worry that drilling will result in the destruction of wildlife habitats.

Fortunately, the Bush administration has developed a new plan that gives Alaskan caribou an integral role in the oil drilling process, while simultaneously reducing the number of caribou alive to suffer as their habitat is disturbed.

As shown in this detailed schematic, caribou equipped with oil drills will spin from airplanes, hitting the ground with 2000 newtons of force... Why am I telling you this? Look at the diagram.



Diagram

- ① Factoring in momentum, the caribou-drill must be dropped a full mile before the designated impact site.
- ② Multiple caribou are deployed on each drilling excursion to increase the likelihood of hitting the target.
- ③ Tailspin and drag factors cause the caribou to spin, priming the drills for maximum bore capability.
- ④ This is a target ("X" added for emphasis).
- ⑤ Precious domestic oil going to waste beneath the untouched land of