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RIBBED FOR HER PLEASURE SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

This month's cover reminds us that the future is the place that is different from now, but not the past. We can only hope that pants are that stylish in the year 3000. You see, everyone had to own the same type of pants after the bloody "Pants Wars" of 2050. To escape fashion persecution, our heroes blasted back into the past (from the future) to a time when styles were vibrant and variegated. Instead, they landed in the 1950's. What will our heroes do next? Stay tuned.

The greatest thing about being Elections Chair is that you get to make tons and tons of cold calls: Hi, I'm The Elections Chair for the ASUC. That's the student union for Berkeley ... No, the university ... No, it's a real position. What? I have a large budget at my disposal, really. Take me seriously. Can I have a pony?

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in the way of my TMP: Hard Boiled.

Being a person who doesn't affect Asian Pacific American issues in any way, I am at a disadvantage to, oh let's say, any Asian person on this campus who has ever watched *All American Girl*. In trying to get referenced in HB, I recognized this barrier early on and made several plans to get my face in said magazine.

The first plan involved dating an Asian chick. This plan works on the assumption that being pertinent to Asian issues is kind of like an STD. I gave up on this idea when I realized that the only Asian girl who could ever have my heart is Hellen Jo, super-good comic strip writer for the HB. Hellen, from the first time I read your *Komisches Buch*, I knew you were the Asian girl for me. When you get over that tall lanky hapa-looking fellow you always feature in your book, give me a call. If my girlfriend answers, hang up.

I went over some other plans: protesting HB, joining the staff, writing a thoughtful but sarcastic book on the paradoxes of being Asian and American in the 21st century, but in the end I chose the simplest path: I'm turning Japanese.

Much like a flabby Sean Connery in the Bond flick *You Only Live Twice* I will undergo a series of procedures to become a 6'1" member of the Asian-American community. I know, some of you are thinking, "Being Asian is a lot more than just looks." On that point we agree my friends: it's also about knowing karate. That's why I've started karate lessons with famed Asian actor David Carradine, from TV's *Kung Fu*.

But that's not all. I've started taking classes to learn Japanese. Well, actually that's not entirely true: I've started classes to learn a Japanese accent which really is just as useful. I've gotten that one hair cut and have started reparsing my Italian mother's urgings to "mangia, mangia" as "study, study". Also, I've preemptively started complaining about white guys taking all my chicks. It's just too easy. At this rate I hope to be Korean by April, and progress to Japanese by May.

Of course, if that doesn't work I suppose I could just write an inflammatory article in the Squelch.

-Tommaso Sciortino

WORDS FROM THE TOP
Difficult Boiled

Unlike others who assume the position of Editor-In-Chief of the Heuristic Squelch just for the bragging rights, or for the throngs of cute fans, or even for the opportunity to undermine the revolution, I have a larger goal in mind: Total Media Presence. My goal is to be mentioned in every possible Berkeley publication. I have been featured in the Squelch, The Satellite, KALX, The Scoop, and even the The Daily Californian. There's only one publication that stands

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newsflashes

Jews Denounce Hitlur

by Kenny Byerly, Editor

For this year's Holocaust Remembrance Day, Jewish groups have announced that they will show their Jewish spirit by amending the traditional spelling of "Hitler" to include a "u," as in "Hitlur."

"That's pretty much how most people pronounce it anyway," said Jewish spokesman Leonard Goldman. "I'm not sure if the evil of Hitlur really came across before, but when we spell it wrong, you can totally see how stupid Hitlur and the Not-zis were." Added Goldman, "Make sure you spell it N-O-T-zis. That'll really make them feel dumb."

The idea of spelling amendments has caught on in a big way, with some U.S. leaders calling for similar changes to the names of America's national enemies, including North Kurea, Al Queduh, and

Osama Bin Ladun. White House Spokesman Ari Fleischer stated that the President is particularly enamored with the just renamed "Saddum Hoosain."

"If our missiles don't get him, that name sure will," said Fleischer.

Ole Timey Signage Not Olde Thimey Enough

by Rebecca C. Brown, Writist and Noveler

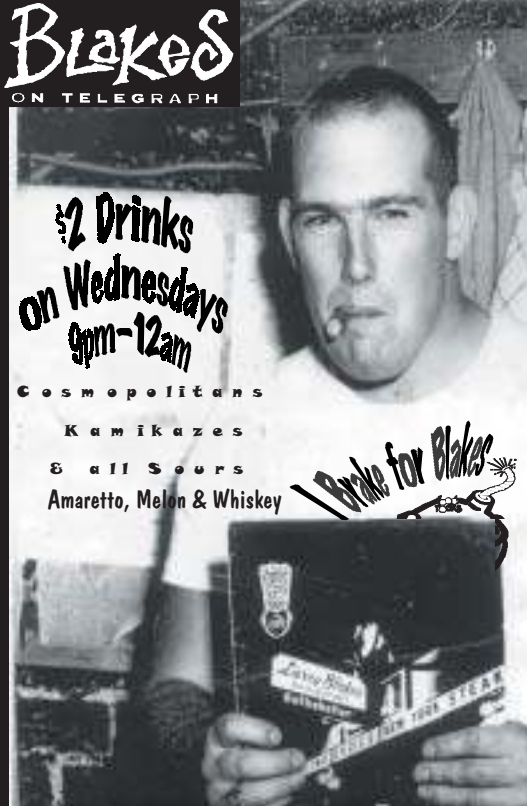
In a turn of events that stunned a small beach community, the Stinson Beach Downtown Association condemned shop owner Margaret Feffershim's exterior signage, claiming it failed to comply with Article 7 of the association's bylaws. The business under scrutiny was Mrs. Feffershim's Downtown Antique Shop.

Said Michael Mitchell, president of the SBDA and co-owner of Pappy Mitchell's Downtown Flamin' Armadillo BBQ Hoe-Down, "Feffershim flagrantly violates this community's legislation that states that 'all

businesses in District 12 must achieve an exterior visual quaintness factor of at least 14, as determined by the Stinson Beach Downtown Quaintness League.' I'd say her shop earned a 6.8, 7 tops."

The SBDA had been fielding numerous complaints from outraged citizens for months before confronting Feffershim about the scantness of her shop's exterior. According to disgruntled Stinson Beach local Jean Moore, "The shop just doesn't fit. There's no character. Just brick. Where are the ducks pushing carriages? Where are the cats playing cribbage? Where are the bears wearing tuxedos? That's the kind of down-homey stuff I like to see."

In lieu of featuring animals performing human activities, Mitchell said, the SBDQL has asked Feffershim to alter the spelling of her business to Mrs. Feffereshim's Downtowne Anthyque Shoppe, in addition to making her sign the shape of a jaunty top hat. Continued Mitchell, "Maybe after the change she'll fit in more with the other shops of the area, like Colonel Beauregard's Downtown Country Georgia Plantation Venison Grill and Constable Peet's Downtown Ammunition Surplus and Adult Novelty Gifts."



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New Findings Indicative of Squirrels' Cuteness

by Lisa Sindorf, *Adorable x 5*

Scientists at the Center for Urban Tree Exploration released their findings last week that squirrels are, in fact, extremely cute. Head researcher Earl Askew explained, "When we examine the past few months' data, there's a clear indication that squirrels are just the fuzziest, wuzziest, little cuddlekings there are." In response to skeptics' claims that horsies or perhaps little bitty kitties might receive a higher ranking on the Tajiri Cuteness Index, Askew responded, "We've isolated higher levels of cutamine in squirrels than in any other animal in the study." He then covered the ears of one of his specimens, muttering "Don't listen to that nasty man; you're the sweetest little cuteums in the world, aren't you? Oh yes you are, you are the cutest little cutie."

Santana to Collaborate on Next Album

by David Duman, *Tone Deaf*

Guitar legend Carlos Santana announced at a press conference yesterday that he will collaborate on his next studio album with several potentially notable pop vocalists and musicians.

His as-of-yet untitled album will follow the platinum-selling and critically-panned 1999 release "Supernatural" and the similarly received 2002 release "Shaman."

Originally becoming famous for extended jam songs based strongly in authentic Latin rhythms like "Oye Como Va" and "Black Magic Woman," Santana has moved in a new direction in recent years by supplying obligatory guitar riffs to overproduced recordings featuring flash-in-the-pan vocalists like Everlast and Michelle Branch. As of the press conference, no guest artists had been set for the new album pending, as phrased by publicist Terri Jackson, "changes in the pop-culture dynamic that could take place over the next year."

"I look forward very much to working with these artists whose names are still to be determined. Their work in the future I'm sure I will very much enjoy," Santana stated to reporters. "I can't wait to work creatively with

diverse minds who will no doubt be on the cutting edge of their respective genres."

Santana's album is expected to win an unprecedented 37 Grammys.

Spongebob Absorbs Controversy

by Matt Soroky, *Genius Interrupted*

A brief interruption of Playboy TV's *Night Calls* by Nickelodeon's Spongebob Squarepants has challenged the morals of a small community outside Saginaw, Michigan. Though the cable company has taken responsibility for the electrical glitch, parents and children have voiced concern over the repercussions of witnessing Nickelodeon's controversial program.

Heather Wiley, age 7, is the young woman spearheading the campaign. Heather's father, Randy, was comfortably watching the midnight rerun of *Night Calls*, when he was stunned to find a graphic depiction of the sponge-like character crying gushes of water and pivoting as though he were a sprinkler. The channel switched back to Juli Ashton instructing a paraplegic how to masturbate before Wiley, who happened to be walking by, could reach the remote control.

"I was just watching the two hot blonde chicks feel each other and stuff," recalls Randy, "then there's this scary-looking sponge walking around with bad teeth and bulging eyes. It was scary!"

Though the interruption lasted only ten and a half seconds, Wiley argues that even one second is too much. "Something must be done immediately. Our parents' futures are at stake here," she told reporters

In addition to fierce litigation, Wiley plans to watch *Night Calls* with her father to ensure his protection should another cable mix up occur.

God Sued for Creating Idiots

by Matt Loker, *Tort Reformist/Eater*

Last week a suit was filed in federal court charging God with two charges of giving life to absolute fucking idiots. The two people in question are Gregory Rhymes and Tanya Ellington, the teenagers who recently brought a lawsuit against McDonald's after they became

obese by consuming huge quantities of fast food. The suit alleges that God, despite his divine foresight of all things to come, knowingly animated the two dipshits that would later go on to seek millions of dollars as a reward for stuffing their massive gullets with hedonistic amounts of horrible, horrible crap.

Legal charges filed against God include negligence for allowing such dangerously stupid people to cohabitate the earth with other competent individuals. These individuals, also known as "not total fucking morons", are distinguished by their ability to comprehend that consuming large amounts of meat, salt, grease, and sugar leads to obesity. A possible adjunct charge is being mulled in the event that the two plaintiffs in the McDonald's case ever mate, especially with each other. When reached for comment, Charles Darwin refused an interview on the basis that he was busy revising his theory of evolution to account for the benefits now received by the completely retarded. "Oh Christ, sweet fucking Christ", he was heard to mutter.

In a related story, 17 attorneys general from different states have filed similar charges against God, claiming as evidence the Rev. Jesse Jackson, "No Blood for Oil" protestors, *Teen People*, and the fact that prop comic Carrot Top has yet to be hung by his scrotum from a tall, sturdy tree.

Guitar Solo Fades Out

by David Duman, *Pitch Blind*

The guitar solo on the pop-reggae classic "No Woman No Cry (Live)," as it appears on the 1984 Polygram release "Legend: The Best of Bob Marley & the Wailers," fades out as the track ends, sources reported Tuesday.

The solo, which follows the final chorus sung by Mr. Marley, begins three minutes and forty-four seconds into the track and continues as the four minute and four second track slowly fades out.

"Unlike guitar solos that are featured in the middle of other tracks on the album, this solo does not have a discernible conclusion," James Riley, a compact disc and vinyl buyer at Rasputin Records, commented about the solo.

"What's interesting is that urban legend often attributes the solo to Marley himself,

but it's in fact played by [Wailers guitarist] Al Anderson."

Darren McFarlane, a 5th year Peace and Conflict Studies major, added, "You cannot hold the guitar solo within The Man's arbitrary bounds of time, for Jah is in the guitar solo and cannot be held down. Jah is great."

Overused Name Becomes Worn Out

by Tommaso Sciortino, *In No Danger*

Despite repeatedly informing new acquaintances that "Frank is my name, don't wear it out" the name belonging to the UC student formerly known as Frank Galvan has deteriorated to a point where it can no longer be used. Undue wear on the name began to show only two weeks ago when despite repeated invocations of the name "Frank" by his roommate Charles Wong, the student simply continued playing Crazy Taxi 2. "It was very upsetting" said Wong. "He looked over and he was like 'Why are you making that noise? Get gamefaqs.com up and help me navigate the crazy pyramid.'"

Also affected was the student's girlfriend, Sarah Jackson, who found out only two days ago. "He looked in my eyes and said 'Let me be frank with you...' then he started crying and I knew that he could never be so again." Although his parents have not yet been successfully contacted as of press time, it is hoped that, having provided him with his first name, they can now provide him with a replacement.

Bates Apologizes for Mass Killings

by Kenny Byerly, *Murderous Emeritus*

Newly elected Berkeley Mayor Tom Bates has admitted responsibility for the murders of 200 Berkeley citizens who had voted against him in the November election, along with the entire staff of the Daily Californian.

"There is no question that killing hundreds of people is absolutely inappropriate and unacceptable," Bates stated. "I apologize on behalf of myself and my supporters for our involvement in this activity."

The killings took place January 4, after

the dissident voters and student journalists had been rounded up by armed members of a new city security bureau created by Bates. Student witnesses say Bates lined up the victims in Lower Sproul Plaza on the UC Berkeley campus, then proceeded to personally execute them with a prolonged, gleeful spray of machine gun fire.

"It's especially ironic he is about to murder so many people just a few feet away from the birthplace of the Free Speech Movement," said Daily Cal Editor in Chief Rong-Gong Lin, II, condemning Bates' actions immediately before his own death. Bates' supporters noted that the mayor was under a great deal of stress and had expressed extreme embarrassment for his actions. They also added that suppression of political opponents is nothing new.

"I've done the same thing more than once myself," admitted Councilmember Dona Spring. "What people don't seem to realize is that if you're a progressive in Berkeley, the indisputable correctness of your ideology automatically justifies any action, and the Constitutional rights of anybody who disagrees with you are utterly meaningless, because they're wrong."

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Top Ten Reasons to Screw in a Light Bulb

10. You're blind and bored.
9. You're two electrons and listening to Barry White.
8. You're the only male in an office full of women who make you do all the goddamn repairs no matter how easy or trivial.
7. You're Thomas Edison and think you're really fucking great.
6. You're tired of masturbating.
5. You're an ethnic minority and/or holder of an unpopular job description.
4. Houseboy!
3. You're in the segregated south.
2. You don't want to piss on the floor.
1. The old bulb burnt out.

Top Ten Things you Don't Want to Hear from your Gynecologist

10. Are you circumcised?
9. I just switched from proctology this morning.
8. I don't know how to say this, but you and I are in the premise of a bad joke.
7. Your vulva is like my Volvo, it runs mighty smooth.
6. It appears that you have pneumonia.
5. I've never seen *that* color before.
4. Are you aroused? It's okay, you can tell me.
3. Is this where the stork's supposed to land?
2. Geez woman, have you ever heard of a bikini wax?
1. Eureka!

Top Ten Replacements for Rock, Paper, Scissors

10. Russian roulette.
9. White, Black, Asian
8. Mossimo, Stussy, No Fear
7. Christian, Jew, Muslim
6. Chicken, egg, chicken, no wait....
5. Embryo, fetus, baby
4. A unitary autocratic dictatorship.
3. Growing up, you dorks.
2. Christmas, Hanukkah, Commercialism
1. Trial by jury.

A Swashbuckling Scene from the High Seas

by Tommaso Sciortino
and Amanda Strong



It is the briny deck of the buccaneer galleon, "The Blackart." The dread Jolly Roger is flying atop the mizzenmast. In the background can be seen the swells of the treacherous deep. A rowboat approaches the vessel and its lone passenger is hoisted up along with a heavy trunk. He is a dark pirate, garbed in the full regalia becoming to one such as himself: pantaloons and a gentleman's cloak, jewels, diamonds, and a fearsome eyepatch. He approaches the captain and speaks.

Dark Pirate: Ahoy! I have returned from the Spice Isles with a wond'rous booty, the likes of which has ne'er been dreamed by a seadog like yourself!

Captain: Is that right? *(Chuckles).*

DP: How now? If it be not my words that convince ye, let me jewels speak for themselves! *(Makes for his trunk).*

C: So, you say you'll be showing me your booty?

DP: Aye! Though I keep it close to me heart. But if ye lay so much as a finger 'pon it, I'll strike ye down where ye stand.

C: I see. So let me get this straight, I'm allowed to look at your booty, but I'm not allowed to touch it, right? *(He continues chuckling while motioning to some fellow pirates to come take a look).*

DP: Aye. *(Pause).* Why're ye guffawing like a lusty wench?

C: Oh, no reason. *(Chuckles).* And you've got a big booty?

DP: Bigger'n been seen by the likes of you, ye scurvy shiprats!

C: *(Whole pirate gang bursts into muffled laughter. They try to contain themselves but two have difficulty and have to go below decks till they can look at each other without laughing).* And it'd probably be safe to say you've got lots of junk in the trunk, am I right?

DP: Don't you be calling me precious cargo "junk" now.

C: No offense. *(Snickers into arm. He has to stop looking at Dark Pirate for a minute before finally regaining composure).* Do you need some help getting your booty on the floor?

DP: Aye, that would be a kindness. But take care lest you shake me booty.

C: But how will we get your booty on the floor if we can't shake it? *(Whole deck bursts into thunderous laughter).* Oh man! You're classic. Ok, where did you get it? Where did you get your wond'rous booty?

DP: It was easy pickin', matey. Ya see, I took it from those what have no defenses! I snuck into a ghetto and stole all their greatest treasures. And for that, I am most proud. 'Tis true, I be proud of me ghetto booty!

Entire ship explodes with the joyous sounds of hooting and hollering as waves of laughter ripple over the entire crew.



LeVar Burton Has No Friends

by Mark Thomas

LeVar Burton is a lonely, lonely man. For years, I watched him enrich the lives and minds of young and old alike as host of Reading Rainbow. He traveled to the farthest reaches of fantasy and brought imagination along with him. He always talked kindly and hopefully with the guests, but I could see that they never took him into their hearts. They probably only knew him as the black book fag. But LeVar is so much more than that.

One time, at the end of a medieval-themed episode, his guest dressed him in knight's armor and gave him a horse and a lance with which to joust. But then LeVar merely charged the camera at an awkward angle and rode off screen to the haunting melody and lamenting butterfly that closed every show. Where was the other knight, LeVar? Where was the other knight?

I imagined that LeVar would just keep going after the screen flickered on to the next show, just keep riding on toward the horizon where friends – many friends, thousands of friends! – eagerly awaited his arrival so that they may frolic gaily in the fields of companionship. But somehow, I knew it wasn't so. Somehow I knew LeVar only rode as far as his lonely green station wagon which he drove to his isolated home where he would sit down on his empty couch and

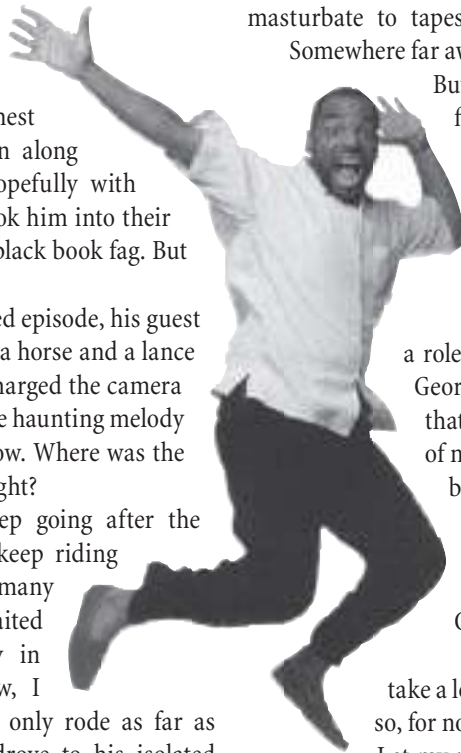
masturbate to tapes of synchronized swimming competitions. Somewhere far away, my heart sank.

But then, when Star Trek: The Next Generation first aired, my heart leapt as I'm sure did LeVar's. A new show, and with it, new friends.

He was cast as Geordi LaForge, the jubilant and kindly friend of all, not to mention the heart of the Star Friend-Ship Enterprise. At long last, I said, he has come home.

But I had spoken too soon. LeVar was to play a role for which he was altogether too well suited. Geordi was crippled with blindness, an ailment that gains the sympathy of all, but the friendship of none. The crew thought Geordi was blind from birth, but it was the bitter solitude hidden within that stole LeVar's sight from him. LeVar was Geordi, Geordi was LeVar. And the man millions of viewers saw every week was GeorLeVar: The Unloved.

But do not fret! I will read to you LeVar. I will take a look in your book. Alas, it is blank. And rightly so, for no one has cared to lift a pen to its tender pages. Let my pen be the first to stroke your – hey what the hell are you – I'm not gay, LeVar! Jesus Christ. Get away from me.



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My Adventure at Berkeley Bowl!

by Rebecca C. Brown



Believe it or not, some cities in this country aren't as conducive to veganism and politically left-leaning ideals as our great town. Amazingly, in some cities white middle class youth waste their lives going to overpriced universities in preparation for withering away in a cubical instead of taking advantage of all the riches that gutterpunkdom has to offer. Shockingly, some cities aren't even tolerant of rampant homelessness and aimless protest! Well I say sucks to those cities; I live and love in Berkeley, the greatest town in America. And no location is more representative of our little berg than the grocery mecca of Berkeley Bowl. Where else could you find men dressed in saris and women sporting mutton chops just feet away from 17 kinds of canned beans? Join me as I traverse the aisles of the most exciting acre of the East Bay.

5:14pm. Arrive at the enchanting entrance of Berkeley Bowl. Avoid CalPIRG tablers with Chuck Norris-esque agility and speed. Grab cart and proceed.

5:15pm. Adventure immediately halted due to eight-cart traffic jam. The culprit? Half-off sale on imported prunes. Deftly shout, "Don't look now, but is that Ralph Nader buying kettle chips?" then amongst the chaos dart off to the bakery.

5:17pm. Baked goods. Casually toss some pita into the cart. As a Berkeleyan I take pride in my vague appreciation of all things international. Like ghee and ascots.



5:19pm. Soy milk. Fellow beside me in beret has crippling body odor. Appetite dwindling! Find refuge in olive bar, only to be assaulted by stench of urine from unidentifiable source.

5:24pm. Beans and canned pumpkin. Surreptitiously eavesdrop on a conversation about the role of socialist political ideals in 1930's Russian abstract photography. Chime in with a misplaced comment about Che Guevara. Smile with confidence as I realize that as a Berkeley citizen I am indeed a superior human being. There's no way some yokel from Fresno or Anaheim could value grassroots political activism or Odwalla as sincerely as I.

5:29pm. Nut butters. Feel overwhelming sense of shame because I only have five facial piercings. Snicker at some customers purchasing inorganic coffee. Capitalist bastards, profiting from the sweat of the oppressed!

5:30pm. Write reminder to self in Palm about sale at Gap tomorrow.

5:35pm. Bulk foods. Pubic hair of woman to my left peeks over her low-rise cargo khakis like an eager meerkat greeting the Serengeti sunrise. At least she appreciates a bargain; low-fat strawberry granola for \$2.19 a pound is enough to make any self-respecting vegan gasp in a fit of pleasure.

5:38pm. Spices. Contemplate wisdom of diverting government funding for struggling public schools into already bloated military programs. Imagine utopia of socialized healthcare, legalized hemp, and hydrogen fuel cell vehicles. Plan to stage full-scale protest at the Embarcadero of the war, sweatshop labor, and imperialism...as soon as the Kids In the Hall marathon is over.



5:47pm. With cart full of nutritious vittles and heart full of good cheer, step into line amongst fellow wonderful Berkeleyans. Wonder why I'm not wearing Texas.

5:59pm. Curse Elliott Smith for going commercial!

6:55pm. Groceries rung up by disaffected youth donning Germs t-shirt and shiny new labret spike. Realize that my whole life I've been smiling way too much.

7:12pm. Exit store. Use Bruce Lee-esque skill and kicking action to subdue overly aggressive LaRouche 2004 volunteer. Cringe in horror as '87 Rabbit and '96 Corolla collide in attempt to snatch last available parking space within a 2.4 mile radius. Shake fist wildly at man in SUV for spoiling our planet. Light up a Marlboro as I triumphantly reaffirm that I, resident of Berkeley, am a damn great person.



Boo Cal Band, Boo

By David Duman

For three football seasons now, I've put up with the Slovenian-army uniforms, the hats bought on clearance from Pierre's Styles of the French Foreign Legion Boutique, and the damned high-stepping as if the entire gridiron were an Afghan minefield on which fifty St. Bernards with dysentery had done their business. But this year, Cal Band, you've gone too far.

As much as I loathe your languorous tempos and tendency to drag, and as much as that repetitive rat-tat-tat drum beat makes me want to sodomize my neighbor with a broken Amstel Light bottle, you've always been able to keep my interest with the purity and power of your music.

But why, oh why, did you have to go and do what you did at the Big Game? Here was your chance to come forward and perform the show of your life in front of a packed house of 70,000 cheering fans! You could have played your balls off, bringing the audience to its feet. You could've played a great show! Perhaps a medley of fight songs, or famous tunes from previous years of Cal greatness, or even a trite but witty collection of the Billboard Top 40 from 1995. Instead, you disappointed us all. You disappointed your parents, your friends, and your classmates, not to mention the wide-eyed members of that inner-city youth marching band who were standing in the end zone eagerly awaiting a stunning performance from the (albeit self-described) "pace-setter of college marching bands." At the very least you could have left them all with a sense that there was some meaning to those ten minutes of their life that you stole. Instead they got 150 geeky college kids awkwardly hacking through an arrangement of Nelly's oh-so-seminal hit "Hot in Herre." For shame.



Your performance shook my sensibilities to the very core. It wasn't that your rhythm and tempo were squarer than Conan O'Brien eating a saltine covered in mayonnaise while doing the hokey-pokey and it wasn't the fact that you cracked more notes than a note-cracker on crack; it was the fact that you danced. You stripped. You stomped about with a skill and unison only marginally better than that of the Cal Dance Team. We shouldn't have to see two dozen white and Asian bandos attempt to do a choreographed dance charade. First, learn to march to your sets together, then try dancing.

You may argue that you had a good crowd response to your performance and this may be true. But it was not a pure response! They were not cheering your marching or your music, they were doing what any half-witted band of Philistines will do: they cheered your implied nudity. It didn't matter that you were still dressed in more layers of fabric than 90% of the crowd, the simple act of faux-stripping will get cheers and laughs from even the most ignorant of audiences. It was a cheap, cheap, and shameful crowd reaction.

Oh, please do not treat this as just another mindless criticism. This is a call to action for those of you who truly desire to resurrect a once proud institution! You have grown complacent and formulaic and I'm here to give you a much needed (and well-deserved) kick in the pants. Onward and upward, Cal Band! Excelsior!

And no, I would not like to join.

Top Ten Things People Find At Cal

10. Lesbianism.
9. Their high school friends boring.
8. A crappy apartment.
7. Hate for the views of others.
6. Knowledge of what to wear when it's raining.
5. The missing link.
4. Donner Lab (by the time they're a senior).
3. Ralph Fiennes.
2. A distaste for razors.
1. The clitoris.

Top Ten People We Wished Taught Classes at Cal

10. Jon Stewart
9. Stalin
8. Santa Claus
7. Marie Curie ('cause she's hot)
6. Gandhi
5. Mr. Non-Sequitur
4. Hitler
3. Tony Danza
2. Jimmy the Dancing Chimp
1. Cicero (and his Troupe of Gyrating Choir Boys)

Top Ten Things a Frat Boy Would Do With a Time Machine

10. Go back and have breakfast again, because it was really good.
9. Hotbox time machine, lose sense of time, smoke more weed, then go back in time and meet Jesus.
8. Buy beer when it was a lot cheaper.
7. Toga party, sodomy, with Socrates and Plato.
6. Put the keg on it.
5. Give younger self own ID.
4. Go back and pledge a better house than Sigma Nu.
3. Go back to that day that everybody got totally hammered and got the goat on the roof and then we played foosball until Chad got his dick caught in the goal, because that was awesome.
2. Break up time machine into small parts; paddle each other with the remnants.
1. Wish for more wishes.

Squelch

Midseason Reality TV Show Replacements

Joe HIV Negative

In this show, 20 attractive women will compete for this seemingly flawless specimen of mankind. After excruciatingly embarrassing cuts are made, only one woman will be left to learn that her true love has a little secret. So little, it's the size of a virus. Will a miniscule thing like a harmless little deadly virus get in the way of their passion to do it raw? Tune in and find out!

Other shows to come: *Joe Not-Recently-Broken-Out-Of-Jail*, *Joe I-Didn't-Kill-My-Ex-Wife*.

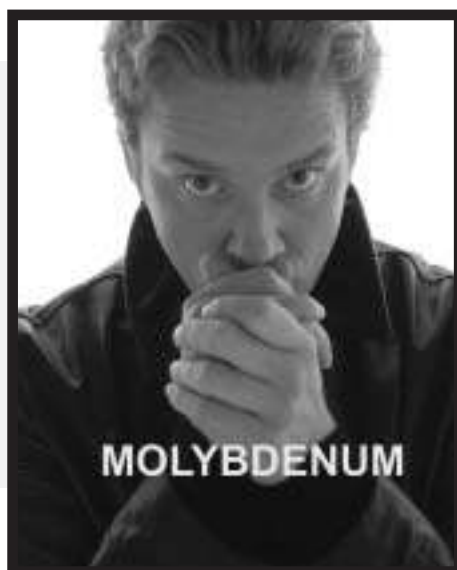
Murder, Drugs, and Fuzzy Stories

It was once called the local *Six O'Clock News*, but now it's *Murder, Drugs, and Fuzzy Stories*! We'll show you what is going on in your city every single night. Watch with excitement as random unsuspecting and innocent people are gunned down by gang violence two blocks from your own home! Tune in to see which local celebrity's smack addiction is leading him or her into rehab. Then go to bed with a smile as two fuzzy kittens wrestle with each other for no particular reason. Even when it's obvious the city around you is deteriorating into a violent wasteland, those kitties will still be wrestling. Crazy kitties.



Celebrity Spelling Face-Off!

Reality television is taken to new frontiers as minor celebrities and forgotten child stars show off their limited educations in front of dozens of enthralled television viewers. Find yourself at the edge of your seat as Jenna von Oÿ and Tina Yothers engage in a fierce battle over "defenestration." Watch Anthony Michael Hall and Todd Bridges sound out "obsequious" and "molybdenum" till only one man is left standing.





Spice TV

The sexiest reality TV show since *Blind Date*, *Spice TV* will show America what sex between two consenting adults looks like, between the sheets! You'll get to see it all: missionary, doggy-style, and even the seductive and exotic girl on top position! All on network TV, and in prime time!

Dude, I'm Getting a Reality Show!

That adorable Dell guy Steve (Ben Curtis) takes the airwaves by storm this month as America follows him on his misadventures as a recently trained ER surgeon. Who says you can't earn your medical degree in four months, between takes on commercial shoots? You've never seen severed tendons and heart attacks this wacky! Dude, you're getting an appendectomy!



Peter Jennings Watches CNN

In compliance with the Disney/Go Network's recent budget cuts, join respected veteran anchorman Peter Jennings in the Nightly News break room as he watches Larry King on the 15" TV mounted on the wall and eats a vending machine ham sandwich.

Deer / factor

With the success of *Fear Factor*, the show that dares contestants to face their fears for cash, producers have designed a show that puts our urban four-legged friends to the test. Ever wonder if a fawn would eat a bowl of worms for \$500? Would a buck bungee jump from a teetering bridge for a bail of fresh cut grass? Find out on next season's smash hit that will make animal rights activists shit their pants, *Deer Factor*!



My Date with Ola Ray

by Matt Soroky

My '63 Convertible slowed to a stop in the eerie woods. There were no streetlights or signs of civilization for miles. You think I was scared? HA! Not with my date in the passenger seat. That night, I wore balls.

"Can you believe it, we're outta gas!" I said after an awkward silence.

"So," she said quietly. "What do we do now?"

She gave me this tantalizing look, like she was feeling kinda frisky. Right then, I knew I was in for something good.

A good walk through the woods. I remember how hot she looked in her pink poodle skirt. And I was damn sweet with my red lettermens jacket (My mom sewed on the "M" patch, but my date didn't know that). We turned to each other.

"See, it's 'M' for Mike, isn't that cool? Anyway, you know I like you, don't you?" I asked impulsively.

"Yes." She said brightly.

"I was wondering if you'd be my girl," I said. She could totally tell I was wearing balls.

"Oh Michael!"

As we embraced, I looked over her shoulder and saw wild coyotes crapping all over the backseat of the Convertible. But I know that I had to tell her my secret.

"There's something I have to tell you, I'm not like other guys."

"You mean you're gay or something?"

"No. Well, yes. I mean, not gay, but something."

"Oh I know! That's why I love you!"

Dammit! I knew she was gonna make this difficult.

"No, I mean I'm different."

"What are you talking about?"

"GO AWAY! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

It took forever to morph into the damn werewolf-monster. And I nearly soiled myself growing those whiskers. Things weren't going right. All along, I simply wanted to confess the truth - but instead I mauled her to pieces and drank her blood.

Thank goodness the entire scene came from the horror movie that my girlfriend and I were watching at the theater! I was having a blast, thinking to myself, "It's fine to associate my career with this horrifying genre as long as I don't personally believe in it," but Ola looked petrified.

"Michael, let's go." She suddenly said.

My pearly white teeth gleamed as I replied, "What?? I'm enjoying this!"

Then Ola left the theater and a funky pop beat cued up as I approached her outside. My teeth were still gleaming.

"It's only a movie!" I said gleamingly.

"It's not funny." Ola said with disapproval.

Oh yes it was! What was she thinking? Storming out of a movie all offended - that's great! And since I'm always right, something else must be up.

"You were scared, weren't you?" I jovially inquired.

"I wasn't that scared."

Ah-Ha! I knew it! A gutless coward. That's the last minor I sneak into an R-rated flick.

Ola walked away, enticing me to follow her with song. I couldn't resist her walk. It made me want to spin around in circles and grab my crotch multiple times. We ended up skipping happily together past the ominously terrifying graveyard. Yep, nothing could go wrong, except for the zombies that hungered for our flesh. Goddammit, Vincent Price! We had to stop skipping because of your piece of shit poem! It wasn't cool.

It also wasn't cool that Ola made us miss the rest of the movie.

In a fit of rage I turned into one of the zombies, and we portended her doom with the best damn choreographed dance ensemble sequence ever!

Instead of taking a shotgun to our brains, Ola ran to an abandoned shack and bolted the doors. She was playing hardball. She screamed for help, but I know Ola was really saying, "Come get me, assholes!" So at a frightening snail's pace, we chased her into the shack. It was one of those Jimmy Carter homes, so it was easy to smash up. I broke into the room and Ola's eyes bulged. We cornered her against the couch. I grabbed her shoulder and...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

"What's the problem?" I said happily, looking harmless as usual. "C'mon, I'll take you home."

Poor thing, she had a nightmare. Personally, I think it serves Ola right for sleeping throughout the entire date. Yeah, she was severely narcoleptic, but I was pretty insulted. I still gave her a ride home, but I didn't tell her she was sitting in fresh coyote dung. When she asked about the horrible stench, I just looked at her with my cat-like green eyes and said, "Muwahahahahahah!!!"



Why Jesus is the Most Popular Guy Around

by Ken Chen

There is no doubt in my mind that Jesus Christ is the most popular guy around, even though he's been dead for millions of years. And I'm not the only one, because there are a lot of people that love Jesus as well. Most of these people are religious and don't want to go to hell. But even if you are a hell-bound atheist sinner, you still have to admit that Jesus is one cool dude.

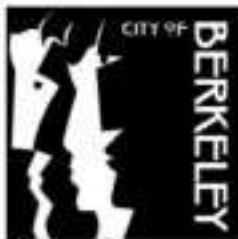
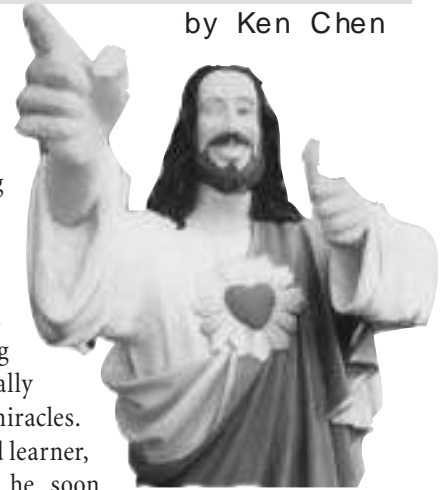
Why, you ask? Because Jesus is a winner, and he strived to be the best. And everyone loves a winner. You see, Jesus dedicated his life to performing miracles, and he performed more miracles than anyone before or anyone since. It didn't matter how big or small the miracle was; Jesus would perform miracles every day like it was game day. If you were hungry because you forgot to pack a lunch, Jesus would make bread and fish appear so you wouldn't go hungry. How cool is that? That's why so many people in Africa wish Jesus were still alive.

Say your bitch ass friends forgot to bring the booze like they were supposed to. If Jesus was at your party, then Jesus would make some schnapps out of water just like that. And if you're bumming out because that slut from the party gave you some funny looking warts on your penis, just forget about it. Because Jesus will fix you right up. Don't worry, Jesus doesn't have to touch your penis to heal it; he doesn't swing that way. Even if you fell into a ditch and accidentally died, Jesus would bring you back to life. And he would do all this for free, because he wanted to perform more miracles

than anyone else. That's how dedicated Jesus was to performing miracles.

How did Jesus get so good at performing miracles? This isn't in the Bible, but rumor has it that Jesus traveled to Asia and hung out with the ruler of all Asia, King Confucius, who was really good at performing miracles. But Jesus was such a good learner, and so dedicated, that he soon performed miracles even better than King Confucius did. That's why no one ever hears about King Confucius performing any miracles: Jesus got so much better that everyone forgot about King Confucius. So King Confucius decided to stop performing miracles and became a philosopher. But King Confucius was so bitter that he kicked Jesus out of Asia and made him go back to Europe.

Basically, if you think that Jesus isn't cool, then you can just forget it! You're going to hell where Jesus' immortal enemy, Satan, will cook you in really hot fire and eat you.



Berkeley Renters' Quiz

Rent Stabilization Board

1. If you didn't receive interest on your security deposit last December or yet this year, you may:

- a) break your lease.
- b) write a letter demanding the entire security deposit returned to you.
- c) deduct 10% of the deposit from the rent, after giving your landlord 15 days' advance written notice.

2. According to a new California state law, how much notice does a landlord need to give a tenant if he wants to move into the tenant's unit?

- a) 30 days notice.
- b) 60 days notice.
- c) 6 months notice.

3. As of January 1, 2003, a landlord must give 24 hour written notice prior to entering a tenant's apartment, but she must have a reason allowed by state law. Which one of the following is not a reason a landlord may enter your

- a) She knows you won't be home.
- b) She wants to make a repair.
- c) She is thinking of selling and wants to show it to prospective buyers.

Answers: 1. c. 2. b, but if the tenant has lived there less than a year, the landlord only needs 30 days notice. 3. a.

for more information:

2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704
EMAIL: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us
WEB: www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent

TEL: (510) 644-6128
TDD: (510) 981-6903
FAX: (510) 644-7723

THE ALPHA MALE!!

Part man, Part lion, and a 100% pure man-lion

By Dan Freedman

Pssst! Hey loser! I'm talking to you. Yeah, you with the eyebrows and teeth. Let me ask you a question. Do you want to get all the ladies? Do you want to be that guy who makes out with a bunch of chicks? Do you want to know what it's like to actually feel a girl's breast rather than the pendulous bosoms of your obese guy friends? Well, that's what I'm here for. It's time for a lesson from the all-knowing, the all-sexy, the all-time leading scorer with the ladies, me, THE ALPHA MALE!!

Here are some common questions that I, THE ALPHA MALE!!, so often receive:

If I like a girl, how should I approach her?

Well, first you have to have one thing. Actually one thing times two: testicles. Then, hit the gym. Work off those 4 chins and that spare monster-truck tire straddling your waist. Now you can at least appear to be a man. Also, ditching the cut-offs and Birkenstocks will help.

Then what do I do?

First, you have to somehow completely change your personality. You need to be more like me, THE ALPHA MALE!! First, stop playing Sim HotDate. That's not going to help you get laid at all, unless they invent virtual reality...for my cock! Next, B.U.M. equipment clothing went out with the early 90's and you're not going to bring it back. Finally, wearing Hyper-color™ and slap bracelets will get you rejected faster than a black guy applying to Stanford.

When I do get a girlfriend, how should I keep things spicy?

HEY, HEY, HEY! Hold on just a second! Before you spice the beef, somebody's got to kill the cow, and you sir haven't even milked a goat. Ok, but let's say that the moon does collide with Jupiter and a girl allows you to be seen talking to her. You're going to have to focus on keeping her completely isolated from males that are, most likely, much more attractive than you. The only real solution, besides jabbing her eyes out, is to make sure you have all your even less attractive friends come over to hang out. Guys like Joey the Eunuch, or Nick the Nose-Hair Moustache Guy. This will make her see that, even though you are extremely unattractive (and stupid), there are still a few more drops at the bottom of the barrel.

Let's say I am at a bar, how can I get a girl to go home with me?

Well, if you were me, THE ALPHA MALE!!, they would beg at your feet to come home with you. But you're not me, and chicks won't pick up on you or even glance in your direction. That is why you should focus on one thing: booze. Women at any age are very prone to losing all judgment (or if you're really lucky, consciousness) when



they drink. So, find the girl you want and go up to her. Tell her you own the bar and, while it appears that you are paying for drinks, the money is actually being deposited directly to your bank account. Once she is confident you are willing to pay for any drink she orders, just keep them coming. Then, after she gets done drinking away your college savings, you go in for the move. Just remember to keep safe. Pulling out is my preferred method.

When I go to parties where women will be present, should I dress up or down?

Even though I am the all-time sexer-upper of the females, answering this question is not easy. Mostly because no matter how you dress, you sir will still look like a big pussy. I laugh at you! Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha! I laugh at your 1940's haircut, your pallid complexion which is reminiscent of Alaska in winter! Your abilities to seduce are only marginally better than those of an elderly coal-miner on life support! I laugh some more! Ha ha ha, ha ha ha! If I were you, I would avoid the embarrassment of even being seen at parties. Save your nice outfits for your trips to a strip club, where you can enjoy the feeling of being wanted, for just 20 dollars every 5 minutes.

THE ALPHA MALE!! has spoken.

Dear Mr. Rothenberg,

It has come to our understanding that, unlike many males your age, you were raised by a pack of wolves.

Unfortunately, at this late age you've never learned the proper etiquette for certain 'masculine-only' institutions. It's possible you've learned that a proper male always sits with his legs primly wide open, so that the crotch can breathe. And that to acknowledge passed gas, the hand is raised halfway, then a little nod is given. But you probably don't know how to do that cool double hand slap from Top Gun, during the volleyball scene, or that the proper etiquette for lovemaking entails not pulling out until she is firmly and politely impregnated.

Most challenging of all is the Men's Restroom, such a warren of challenging etiquette that Isaac Asimov spent half of his book "Caves of Steel" on it. Here are some pointers:

1. Despite common usage, it is acceptable to glance at the next door urinal if you have reason to believe its occupant has an unusual wang. This may be because of ethnic stereotypes, an unusual height or weight, and five 'just because's' a year.
2. After urinating, many men exit without using the wash. This is unacceptable. The correct etiquette is to sprinkle the hand lightly with water, as if to fool your mother. When shaking hands with another male, grasp firmly using the hand that has just held the penis. His own penis germs will war with your own, providing a non-violent means of establishing dominance.
3. As their inefficient bladder design makes restroom visits long, on occasion female visitors will enter the Men's Restroom. This can be borne with fortitude so long as a tampon doesn't appear, in which case it is appropriate to get a case of the severe ickies.
4. Please do not speak in the Men's Restroom! Many of us are silently contemplating the heartbreaking loneliness of a masculine existence, and do not wish to be disturbed.
5. The ancient rule declares that if you 'shake more than three times, you're just playing with it,' while true in the past, today's powerful urine may require vigorous whapping to be shaken loose. Thoughts of a past lover or popular underwear model may help.
6. If your urine is red or green, please consult a physician. Unless it is Christmas, in which case you are in the Holiday Spirit.
7. Some restaurants and bars pipe soft music into their restrooms. Please remember that you are there to urinate, not to groove.

There are, of course, many other challenges to be faced, including the proper expression to exude during a prostate exam (in brief, not aroused), gracefully dying several years younger than your spouse, and what to do about that horrible floppy thing below the waist. But this should get you on the road. Godspeed!

(By Kevin Deenihan)

Yrs,
- Men

Squelch

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Top Ten Things to Do With Five Minutes Left

10. Panic because now there's only 3 minutes left.
9. Wish for metric time (more seconds).
8. Don't come!
7. Listen to over half a Weezer album.
6. Mark "C" for all the rest.
5. Be a dick and cram in 30 minutes of material.
4. Cut the black wire...No, the yellow wire!
3. Wait patiently for the supervillain to explain his detailed plan.
2. Complete an unsatisfying ab workout.
1. Win a gold medal in the 800 meters at the Special Olympics.

Top Ten Reasons to Get Naked

10. Because you're all out of naked
9. Because I paid for dinner
8. It's the final exam, you haven't been to class all semester and you're dreaming.
7. To the reduce anxiety of the orator.
6. About to take a shower.
5. Do you want to get into the Haas School of Business or not, you fucking crybaby?
4. How else is anyone going to see your cock ring?
3. It's a parade, and you're showing off your new set of clothes to all your subjects.
2. Because that shit is hot.
1. You're a terrier and dogs look stupid wearing clothes.

Top Ten Terrorist Pick-up Lines

10. Baby, put away the box cutters cause you've hijacked my heart.
9. Are you mustard gas? 'Cause your beauty is burning my eyes.
8. You must have an uranium core, 'cause you're making me grow a third leg.
7. This bar doesn't serve Irish Car Bombs, but I brought two of my own.
6. Do you have Al-Qaeda ties? 'Cause you've been terrorizing my heart all night.
5. Hi, I'm Osama Bin Laden and I've been on American TV! Sweet!
4. Is that an explosive device in your shoe or are you just happy to see me?
3. I just have to say that your complete lack of exposed flesh is really arousing.
2. Don't let the terrorists win has always been my motto, but if you let me buy you a drink, we will all be winning!
1. How 'bout I go and invade your Gaza Strip, baby?

Tips For Time Travelers

by Tommaso Sciortino



Here at the dawn of a new millennium, it is interesting to contemplate the many changes technology may bring us and to plan ahead. Therefore, I present to you my Tips for Time Travelers.

Always keep an almanac

While it can tell you a lot about what kind of weather to expect, its main use will be in predicting solar eclipses. This can be used to frighten superstitious townspeople. As a rule of thumb, solar eclipses will always occur moments before you are to be burned at the stake. If no solar eclipses are scheduled for that day, check the book again, it's probably wrong.

Do not worry about linguistic problems

The 400 years separating us from Shakespeare may make him seem almost unintelligible, but this doesn't mean he can't be understood without years of training. First, "you" is only used in the plural sense whereas "thou" and "thee" are the subjective and objective version of "you" singular. Second, pronounce the now silent "e" when at the end of an unvoiced consonant. Third, try to pitch your voice up a couple octaves and talk really slowly like Kenneth Branagh in "Hamlet".

Time paradoxes can be disorienting, but they should not be a worry

Why? Because they're *paradoxes*. By definition they can't exist. What? Do you think reality would bring something into existence that doesn't exist? You must be some kind of idiot.

It is very important to bring along essential supplies

Most of these items can be purchased

in the 30th century. They include an ALLFood Synth™ for nutritional needs, a CLEANAir Rectifier™ for dealing with pre-oxygen environments, and a bottle of EVERClear Drink for when you want to get trashed. Some time periods are fucking boring.

Try to keep the timeline pure

This means following the old back-packer's adage of "Take only pictures, leave only footprints." Of course, if you're on the moon during the 600's, you may not want to leave any footprints either. Actually, you shouldn't go to the moon during the 600's anyway, since that was when the moon was all crappy.

Beware of diseases you may be unwittingly carrying back in time

Hanging out with Socrates is cool, but not if he drops dead of tuberculosis. Also, if you want to make love to any prehistoric men or women you may want to take a minute to think about it before you touch those stinky hairy apes, perv.

What if you are a cybernetically enhanced machine from the future sent to the past to protect the present and you accidentally get sent too far back there are many ways to pass the time?

I have this one friend, Jeff, you can totally crash at his place if you want. Just as long as you're "cool", if you know what I mean.

Happy time-hopping!

Am I Cooler than a Former Sitcom Star?

By Matt Loker

Whenever I'm feeling down, I like to boost my self-esteem by comparing myself to other people. Perhaps that's why I like alcoholics, the elderly, and people who play Counterstrike. Recently, however, I chose someone who would prove to be a tougher target (but just barely): Mario Lopez, better known as A.C. Slater from "Saved By the Bell." At first I felt kind of bad about making fun of a dead guy, but then his agent assured me that he was, in fact, available for commercials, dunk tanks, bar mitzvahs, self defense classes, or defecating onto a paper plate in front of a crowd of people. But I'd have to bring the plate.

Slater

Me



Web Hits on Yahoo for
'Mario Lopez': 25,300

Web Hits on Yahoo for
'Matt Loker': 2

Yeah, I'd have 25,000 hits too if my name was "John Smith" or "lesbian peeing nipples." By the by, his personal website is a blank page. Understandable, seeing as how web hosting prices are up to 40 dollars a month. At least they were the last time he had anywhere near 40 dollars.
Winner: Him (Funny aside: "Last Updated: 25-May-1999")

Current Occupation... Seriously?

Current Occupation: Computer Tech

Though a computer tech is hardly the sexiest of jobs, remember this: I drink scotch "for fun," as opposed to "with my unemployment check."

Winner: Me

Phone Number: 266-9666
Best Spelling: Bony Mom

Phone Number: 527-1439
Best Spelling: LA-71 HEY

While it may seem that his is cooler because it doesn't sound like something a quarterback would yell, bear this in mind: he has the MARK OF THE BEAST in his number. That, and the Bay Area is cooler than L.A. any day. L.A., of course, is area code 819. Not that that means anything. **Winner: Me**

Best Movie of Career:

'Breaking the Surface: The Greg Louganis Story' (1996)

Best Movie of Career:

'Party at Matt's House Where Matt Passes out in the Shower After 14 Shots of Jager' (2000)

While my entry wasn't a Hollywood movie *per se*, it's still better than a cheesy TV biopic about a gay swimmer. I'd rather call up my mom and tell her I was in Pussyman's Cocksucking Championship 8. As a janitor. **Winner: Technically, Him** (Another funny aside: a user comment on the IMDB reads as follows - "A beautiful and brilliant film. Mario Lopez's acting ability is incredible and plays Greg Louganis with such sensitivity and emotion." It's nice to see that he takes the time to reflect on his own work.)

Attends UC Berkeley: No

Attends UC Berkeley: Yes

I can't believe the computer randomly chose this category! I mean, that's just weird.

Winner: Me

Quote: 'I love talking about women because they are a constant study and you're always learning.'

Quote: 'You're fucking stupid.'

As always, my witty rejoinder carries the day. **Winner: Me**

That's right, I win it 4-2. Hey, I feel better already. Next up: I challenge Jerry's Kids to a kickboxing contest! The winner gets to keep all the wheelchairs.

One last funny aside: Slater's co-star Screech from Saved by the Bell is actually named Dustin Diamond. No shit. When you're filming something with a half-Mexican guy and someone named Dustin Diamond, they have a name for that: GAY PORNO.

MY FIRST TIME

The first time I pooped myself, I was 6 hours old. At least that sounds about right. I'm pretty sure that when it happened, it got on both my butt-cheeks and needless to say was a disturbing mess for my parents. And then once I punched myself in the stomach, that was a first, cause I only did it once. Well, I guess then some might say that it was the last. So what is it, first or the last? In this crazy universe, with all the words to help me express my thoughts, I am still left baffled by the mystery of God himself.

-DF

My first period was a completely bloody, humiliating experience. I should've used a comma.

-KD

My first time was nothing like the second time, which wasn't remotely similar to the third time, but eerily reminiscent of the sixth time. Well, then again, nothing compares to the five thousand six hundred seventy-first time. That was the infamous airplane bathroom incident. As for my first time, I didn't know what I was doing, but it felt completely natural. I mean, it still feels natural to me, but there's no way I'll go back to diapers at this point.

-MS

The first time I realized farting was funny was when I let one rip in kindergarten after my class got out of the pool. Students and teachers alike joined in harmonious laughter for one fleeting moment. Then I noticed my pants were completely soaked and around my ankles. Come to think of it, that's when I realized small penises were funny, too. Ha Ha Ha. And they still are!

-AB

Giving birth to my first son was a huge ordeal. I opted for a natural childbirth, no anaesthesia, because I'm a hippie or something.

-ZF

They were so very soft and warm. It made me feel cuddly and safe. And what about those nipples? Wow! And that was the first time I slept on a pair of life-size baby bottle pillows. No, that's not true: I'm talking about boobs.

-DD

I remember the first time someone accused me of being a homophobe. I was very defensive about it. "Look," I said. "Just because I still call AIDS the Gay Cancer doesn't mean I hate fags."

-KB



My first birthday was a disaster for my parents. I had died in childbirth and the anniversary of my death made them weep.

-KD

I remember it was a royal blue one, with pictures of little harmonicas on it. One size fits all. My dad showed me how to put it on, but I was a quick learner. I insisted that I tighten the Windsor Knot by myself. That morning, I strutted proudly into Sunday School, and asserted my maturity while the other boys wore those cheap clip-ons. It was my first tie. My first time I wore my first tie. I suppose the only difference between my first time and my first tie is the "mmmm" sound. Which is the same sound a harmonica makes! Oh how the world turns. Here, let me tighten that for you.

-MS

I remember the first time I used a font besides Times New Roman. I had finally made my mark on the world. I mustered up the courage to boldly type my eighth grade mitosis essay in Futura. This must be how Neil Armstrong felt when he got his driver's license, I said to myself. Then that whore Jennifer King one-upped me by using Comic Sans.

-RCB

"So how would you deal with the nuclear threat posed by the Iraqi government?"

The debate crowd held its breath and waited for Ty's response. In this, the first debate ever held for spouses and/or homosexual thespian lovers of presidential candidates, public attention was high. Laura Bush had already given an eloquent defense of the Bush administration's missile shield proposal. Now, it was up to the greasepainted Ty to respond.

As moderator Dan Rather waited, Ty began to move his hands in an elaborate pantomime. Brokaw nodded appreciatively. "You mean, the US needs to build a metaphorical 'box' to 'trap' Saddam Hussein in. Of course!" The audience cheered and whistled their approval.

The rest of the debate was a string of triumphs for Ty. America pulling itself out of its recession by yanking an "invisible rope" of patriotic spending drew applause. When he analogized the development of a single-payer health-care system to producing a bouquet of flowers from a seemingly empty sleeve, there was a standing ovation. By the end of the debate, it was clear that America was going to elect its first gay, harlequin-fetishist president, and Ty would be the First Mime.

-SK

The first time I went to a Heuristic Squelch meeting I got free donuts. It was great!

-ZF



FORGOTTEN PRESIDENTS

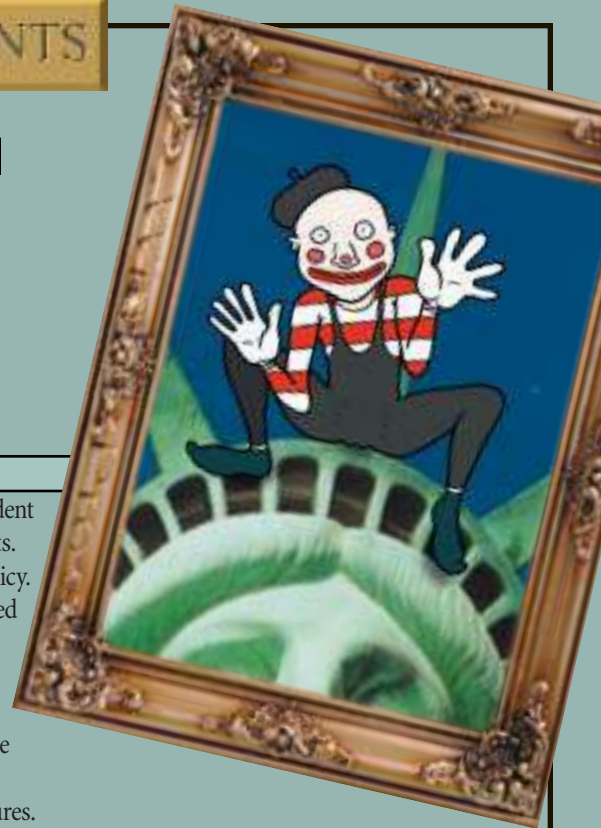


Howard T. Cleophus III, 8th President

- Elected on popular “Clerical Error” platform.
- Declared that he would get his “fucking race out of fucking slavery right fucking now!” Later altered his position to, “Staying the fuck alive.”
- Only known president to hate pudding.
- Contrary to popular belief, many presidents had better rhythm.
- Presidential carriage pulled over frequently.

Tyrus Jacques Monet, 28th President

- Though first mime president, not first president to wear only black unitards and jaunty berets.
- Early proponent of “don’t ask, don’t tell” policy.
- Declined to live in the White House; preferred “Invisible Box.”
- Often cracked up foreign dignitaries with exaggerated rope-pulling gag.
- State of the Union Address took days in futile attempts to mime “Gerrymander.”
- Elected on platform indicated by hand gestures.



Innocent VII, 12th President

- Had seven vice-presidents, dressed them in red, called them “Cardinals.”
- Dismissed charges of bringing “popery” to the White House by smiting reporters with Holy Water.
- Had legs, knew how to use them.
- Replaced the Cabinet with a copy of the Bible.
- Gay.



Phineas Q. Fizzlebottom, 14th President

- While serving as president in the years leading up to the American Civil War his tendency for calling Southerners “damn filthy alien-humpers,” although prescient, has been named a prime cause of the War between the States.
- Promised all constituents 40 acres and a vial of his own urine.
- Contrary to popular belief, it was President Fizzlebottom and not Taft who installed the largest bathtub in the White House, which he regularly kept filled with sugared gelatine.



Thorg, 25th President

- Cut constitutional amendments down to 20 because he ran out of fingers and toes.
- Designated a black monolith his First Lady.
- Distraught by popular cinema depicting cavemen battling wild “thunder-lizards.”
- Frequently frightened by stapler; repeatedly beat “cold bite monster” with comical oversized club.
- Impeached after it was realized he was just a rip-off of a Saturday Night Live sketch.

