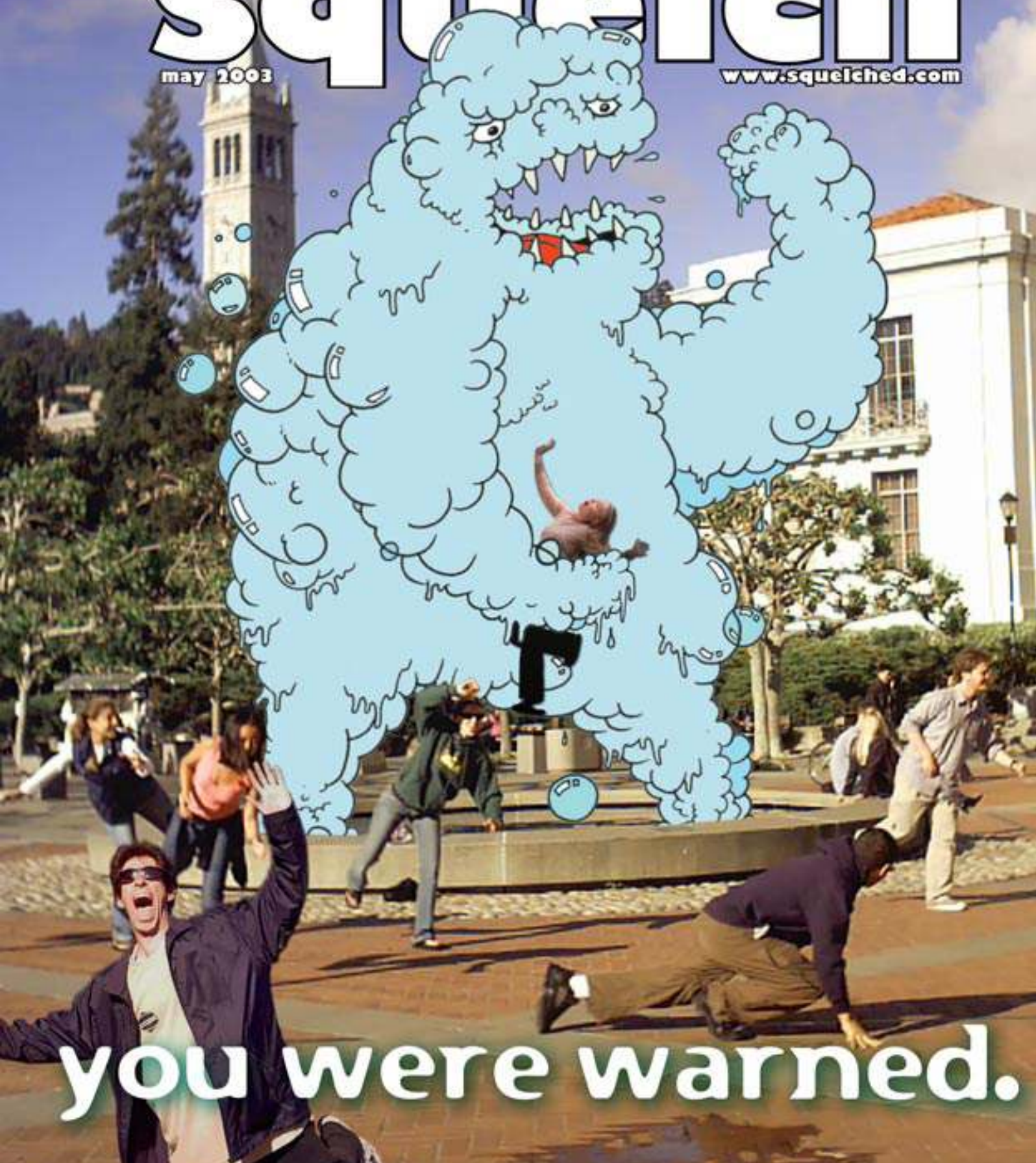


the heuristic

Squelch

may 2003

www.squelched.com



you were warned.

MAKING OUR COMEBACK SINCE 1991

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Design Editor: Mark Thomas

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Printing (Reinvent music by selling out):

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This Month's Cover:

We warned you, we really did. But did you listen? I don't think so. Now look what happened. Best run for cover, or grab some silicone-based defoaming agent. I know that it really does seem like good fun and games, but honestly, this has got to be the last time!

At long last we've finally driven the last of them out. Sure, they may write the occasional feature or pop in a newflash here or there, but the point is, the next generation of the Heuristic Squelch is now upon us. Heck, there're staffers now who couldn't pick Jason Rosenbaum or Ben Birken out of a line-up. Not that we don't respect the great things that they did for the magazine, but the past is the past. Now if only we could get that old-people smell out of our office.

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 longingly on the past. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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The Spirit of Comity



No. Absolutely not. Under no circumstances is that acceptable. No. No! If you said what you just said again, but the opposite, you'd be totally correct. Sometimes, I wonder about you. Yes. Huh? Nope. I was saying yes to that other thing you said, the one about being wrong.

You see, a long time ago in high school I had a friend named CJ. He really wanted to start a school club and eventually we decided to start a chess club. We started by playing chess every lunch in the library in the basement of the school. There, in the bowels of Valhalla High School we wanted to start a movement. Not just an ordinary club, but a Valhalla High School Chess Society. CJ was president, Jarrod (who's not gay) was vice-president, and I was treasurer.

So you see, the point is that you're wrong.

I guess I should backtrack a little. You see, first there was the thing. Now the thing wasn't wrong or right in any real sense. It was more like a thing of stuff. Don't hurt yourself thinking about it. Anyhow, the thing wasn't bad, but what you thought about it was bad. So that thought, that is, your thought, about the thing was wrong. Sorry.

When I say, "No" and "NO" again, I really mean it to help you. I don't want you to feel bad for being so stupid. You couldn't possibly understand how inexpressibly dumb your position is. That would require the tiniest speck of brain flakes, clinging tenaciously to the inside of your skull. Brain flakes, with strawberries or sliced banana.

Why do you still say that? It's so improbable. It doesn't really make sense to me. It's not even the thing that you said but even accepting some kind of alternate reality in which you could believe what it is that you believe is impossible. For you see, this fictitious Jules Verne-ian reality would simultaneously allow you to not realize that such people (that is, those that hold this idea) should not be put away for their own good. That's what pushes it from a subject suitable for idle fantasy to an idea that requires mathematical rigor to make any headway.

So basically, no. You're wrong. I'm right. Deal.

- Tommaso Sciortino

SUPERBLY Squelched Comedy Show

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with lord Carret

- Wheeler Auditorium -



newsflashes

Researchers Seek Subjects for New Study on Sexuality

by Matt Loker, Rohypnol to be Squared

Researchers at the Pi Kappa Alpha Institute have put out an open call for test subjects to participate in a groundbreaking experiment on human sexuality. Citing a recent lack of "hot poonar", the scientists have taken it upon themselves to find a cure for a disease they describe as having symptoms of blue testicles. The testicles are assumed to be infected.

Females, and only females, are welcomed to take part in this seminal study.

In phase one, 400 milliliters of alcohol is to be administered to the test subjects in the form of Midori Sours. The researchers will then pretend to record the reactions of the test subjects on official-looking clipboards, all the while thinking about something else entirely, possibly foosball. When forty-five minutes have passed, phase two will hopefully begin, according to study organizers. When

asked what phase two consists of, researchers responded with a series of hand motions mimicking copulation and a chorus of cheers and high fives. "Oh yeeeee-ah!!" proclaimed one Timothy "Tim dog" Watkins. When asked about their credentials, the researchers responded by saying that "one of [them] is thinking about pre-med."

Should no females report for the experiment, males will be accepted.

Three Kings: Checked Out

by Mark Thomas, Directed by Michael Bay

Video store patron John Gretchen's hopes of renting the late-90's hit movie *Three Kings* were sadly crushed last Saturday night when he arrived at his nearest rental location only to find that the film was checked out. "I just suddenly remembered how cool of a movie it was," said a disheartened Gretchen. "For some reason, I was really in the mood to see it."

According to video rental authorities,

Gretchen was hardly alone. Customers reportedly meandered into video stores across the nation on the evening of March 21 and began depleting the already sparse reserves of the movie. "We aren't equipped to handle a rush of this magnitude," said Blockbuster manager Rick Holloway. "Maybe for Harry Potter. *Maybe*."

Experts attribute the explosion of interest to the outbreak of war in the Middle East. "People want to learn more about the Middle East," said wartime analyst Nancy Yin. "This movie is something that Americans can relate to. Sure, it may have little to do with the actual Gulf War, but people like gold thieves with good intentions."

Also attributed to the outbreak of war in the Middle East were sticky kitchen floors and overcast days.

Responding to the event, average guy/director Jerry Bruckheimer announced "secret plans" for a sequel to the movie. "This is an important subject," said Bruckheimer, "and, you know, I want to do my part in bringing it to the attention of the public." Bruckheimer later commented that there would be a few "surprises" in store for Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein in the upcoming film, including a shirtless anti-gravity fistfight with Vin Diesel and a space shuttle chase through the streets of Baghdad.

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newsflashes

Only Map to UC Merced Lost

by Kevin Deenihan, Near Yosemite

University of California President Richard Atkinson was flummoxed when the only existing map to the new UC Merced campus disappeared from his '89 Volvo.

"It was right behind the driver's seat for months," said Atkinson. "I'll bet [Chancellor] Bobby [Berdahl] took it with him as a napkin when we dropped him off after that In-n-Out run."

Without the map, the only existing route to UC Merced has been lost. Trying to reconstruct the route from memory led to the President ending up in Turlock, despite often swearing "I totally remember this road."

It is expected that UC Merced, which has seen hundreds of millions of dollars in construction and is the linchpin of the UC's expansion efforts, will remain lost forever.

Atkinson swears that the campus will be found. "I tried Mapquesting 'UC Merced,' but the map just stays fixed on Merced's general location. But we'll find it some day."

Atkinson then swore his support for affirmative action and retired.

Study: Prolonged Exposure to Jesse Jackson Harmful

by Andrew Zelinski, Racist

Results of an extensive study conducted by researchers at NYU have confirmed that listening to the Reverend Jesse Jackson makes you dumber. As part of the study, three groups of ten adults (age 18-45) were put in separate isolated rooms and asked to take an I.Q.-like reasoning test under different conditions. Group one took the test under normal conditions; group two did the same, but did not sleep the night before; group three, right before the test, was forced to listen to Jackson's response to the San Francisco 49ers' hiring of Dennis Erickson as head coach:

"...His hiring is indicative of the

NFL's history of recycling white coaches and affording them two and three chances to be head coaches, while black coaches continue to wait in the wings for opportunities to succeed or fail."

An alarming disparity in test scores clearly showed that those subjected to such asinine claptrap were unable to perform at normal adult levels, falling just behind those tested that had not slept the night before. Amazingly, doctors observed some evidence of permanent damage to the nerve endings in the dorsolateral frontal lobes of those exposed to Jackson.

In a related story, many parents who have recently brought young children to attend Rainbow/PUSH speeches have reported symptoms of what doctors are referring to as "regressions in normal cognitive development." The aforementioned children have actually lost pre-operational thought capability and have become un-pottytrained as a result of extended contact with the Reverend.

Writer Drunk

by Dan Freedman, Narratorizer

This just into the newsroom: I am so wasted. Some friends and I landed at a topless bar and some chick picked up dollar bills with her ass. We beered lots of orders and shots. I got hammered. I mean like MC hammer on crack type hammered.

Actually, I am drunk right now, exactly at this instance of now. Shit, I must have drank like 9 beers, and like 2 shots, and spent like 15 pitchers and like 50 dollars. A wise investment, like Enron, I want 50 more shares. If only I were now sober I could sleep. But my bed hurts when I lay in sleep. I just need to water my drink, huh?

"Man I'm drunk," I said in a press conference to myself. "How could a man get so drunk?" an important scientist wondered.

Beer and more beer, can I have some beer? Damn this shit. You suck so bad.

Oh wait man, I can't hate on a homie. You're the best. I've known you since 2 paragraphs ago. Let's go to a titty bar sometime.

U.S. Troops Not Exactly Sure Where They Are

by Dan Freedman, Oman

Yesterday U.S. troops stormed a hostile Iraqi city only to discover that they weren't even sure where they were.

According to one soldier, "Shit it's hot. Are we in Kabul or Baghdad? Whatever, let's get ready to bomb something."

According to Centcom spokesperson Leslie Hargrove, "Last we heard, they were somewhere in the Middle East heading either east or west. We can't confirm anything at this point, not even the point at which the confirming can't be done."

Many people believe that this confusion is directly related to the lack of English-language road signs.

Battalion Commander Michael "Mike" Jones wonders, "why the fuck are these signs in Arabic? I thought that legally, street signs are supposed to be in English. I mean, we won World War II, didn't we?"

His only recollection of the journey was one lone sign deep in the desert.

"I saw one sign some miles back that said 'Now Entering Iran.' What the fuck is Iran anyways? Where's Saddam?"

Woman Coughs for Attention

by Mark Thomas, Sneezing

Sheri Lindstrom, a middle-aged woman, drew attention to herself last Sunday by coughing repeatedly at a religious service, witnesses said. At key moments of silence during announcements, prayers, and the sermon, Lindstrom allegedly let out a series of conspicuous hacks prompting bystanders to first notice, then briefly acknowledge her existence. "I think I saw her once at a City Council meeting," said victim Beth Richards, "she kept clearing her throat." Lindstrom, a lonely woman, was not approached for comment.

Man Dips Penis in Fish Tank, Tells No One

by Matt Loker, Guilty

But don't you tell anybody, okay?

Protestor Smashes Vase Symbolizing Capitalism

by Matt Loker, Avowed Maoist

In a violent display of proletariat rage, members of the Berkeley chapter of the radical Socialist group the Spartacus League publicly smashed a floral-themed glass vase yesterday on Market Street in San Francisco. The vase, according to a demonstration leader that identified himself as "Georgio", symbolized and approximated the forces and inherent evils of capitalism, and therefore needed to be smashed. The vase was purchased at Wal-Mart.

A visibly excited Georgio was not the least bit apologetic for his vase-smashing tactics. "Hey," he stated. "We're here to smash capitalism and introduce to the masses to a Trotskyist society." When asked about the choice of a four-dollar vase as a target of class-warfare, Georgio explained that "seeing as how [he doesn't] live by the imposed structure of capitalism, that was the extent to which [he] could participate in the system." "Fascists," he added.

The event was attended by a total of twelve

people, all active members of the Spartacus League. When asked to comment, a nearby bum on the corner of Market and Geary told the protestors to clean up the mess, goddamit.

God Due Out with Follow-Up this Fall

by Rebecca C. Brown, Ghost Writer

After millennia of increasing demand from His growing fan base, God has finally announced that a follow-up to His popular first bestseller, *The Bible*, will arrive on bookshelves as early as mid-October. Though the author has chosen to keep the details of His new book under wraps, inside sources have revealed that this volume will feature far more judgment and 12% more sodomy. According to God's publishers, this edition will also include half a dozen additional Commandments and "a bustier, more prolific messiah."

Despite the success God enjoyed with *The Bible*, friends and family have leaked out that He is nervous about the sales of His second book, the title of which has yet to be released. God plans to promote the new book with forty days and forty nights of rainfall and a book-signing tour at Borders across the nation.

Two Second Mystery

by Kevin Deenihan, Fellow

Investigators were briefly baffled by a mysterious suicide Thursday. A man had hung himself from a rafter in the ceiling--without any obvious stool to stand on and kick away.

"We were kind of puzzled for, like, 30 seconds," said Inspector Holohan, "then we noticed the pool of water underneath him and were like 'Oh, hey, melting block of ice, like in *Two-Minute Mysteries*.'"

Two-Minute Mysteries was a popular book of short "missing clue" detective stories for children.

However, according to the Inspector, some mysteries remain unresolved.

"Was this guy a fan of *Two-Minute Mysteries* and wanted to re-enact it or something? Or did he really think standing on a big block of ice was a good way to end it? There's plenty of stools in his house, so that wasn't an issue."

The Inspector then turned the body around to check his answer.

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Top Ten Almost Palindromes

10. Yves' racecar: Chevy!
9. Amish shrimp
8. La Val's
7. Poopy
6. Campanile C
5. Drab draft
4. Baal's slab
3. Subtle butler
2. Smurf socks smurf
1. Amit Tamir

Top Ten Reasons We Won in Iraq

10. Iraq always chose rock
9. Iraqi troops dream of top-grade American poontang
8. Baghdad University full of obnoxious hippies who didn't want to go to war
7. Iraq only gave 109%
6. Mustard gas congealed into actual mustard
5. Human wall actually made out of easily penetrable human beings
4. Three words: R. Lee Ermey
3. Iraq painted fierce looking "X"s on top of all military installations, hoping to scare off U.S. planes
2. Grandma Bush's homemade lemonade
1. Silly String funny, not lethal

Top Ten Greatest Things Prior to Sliced Bread

10. Sliced peanut butter
9. Bread Slicer, invented in 1793 by Eli Whitney
8. Sex and/or masturbation
7. Not dying of cholera
6. Loaves
5. Marzipan!
4. The telephone
3. Fusion power
2. Unsliced condoms
1. Chicken... or the egg

Top Ten Knockoffs of Berkeley Restaurants

10. Slop Dog
9. Frogurt Shark
8. El Burrito
7. Morbidly Obese Slice
6. Kip's Underage Café
5. Mildly Intelligent Alec's
4. Juice Appeal (but open)
3. Chez Pénis
2. Crepes-a-Poo-Poo
1. Take-yo-Sushi Biatch

Waffle Iron

DEFEATS

Mark Thomas

by Mark Thomas

In an industrial-strength waffle iron, a waffle cooks in three minutes, burns in five, and humiliates in ten. The beautiful metamorphosis from batter to delicious breakfast dish relies on a delicate balance mediated by the iron cocoon. The following is a warning; a message from the dark grid of the waffle maker: created by man, used by man, but not controlled by man. In the realm of waffles, the iron is king and we, the humble subjects of Awfulwaffulonia, are at its mercy.



Friday, 8:00 PM

Craving for the robust breakfast experience only a waffle can deliver overwhelms Mark Thomas. Fasting begins in preparation.

Saturday, 1:00 PM

Past the sacred hour of indulgence, a groggy Mark Thomas, disoriented from oversleeping, spends the remainder of the day waxing waffles.

Sunday, 11:00 AM

Mark enters line for waffle makers. Judging of maker etiquette ensues. Special attention is given to fucking idiots. Mark jokingly asks person in front of him if he's sure he doesn't want some French Toast or something.

-11:05 AM

Batter selection process begins.

-11:07.30 AM

Batter selected, batter disk poured.

Mark: +1

-11:08 AM

Mark checks progress. Status: undone. Mark concludes that this must be a "slow" iron, proceeds to contemplate how much better slow irons are than fast ones.

-11:10 AM

Mark turns iron on.

Iron: +1

-11:12 AM

Anxious to maintain prominent status in the Waffle community, Mark checks waffle prematurely, upper and lower hemicakes separated in the process. Mark grunts loudly, makes visible effort to display annoyance at such a rookie error. Ends up looking like he takes this sort of thing too seriously, which he doesn't, really. He's just careful about it. That's all.

Mark: -1

-11:13 AM

Mark threatens iron with talk of pancakes.

Mark: +1

-11:15 AM

Cafeteria Ironmaster tells Mark to remove waffle. Frustrated onlookers grunt in primitive approval.

Iron: +1

-11:16-11:20 AM

Mark peels paper-thin waffle shavings from Iron's unforgiving grid.

Victory: Iron

-11:30 AM

River of tears silently bathes conciliatory slice of French Toast, powdered sugar does little to sweeten bitter taste of defeat.

Iron: +.5

Miles Davis: Practical Joker

By Tommaso Sciortino

Miles Davis is more than a jazz musician: he is a cultural icon, known even to people who can't tell bebop from fusion. His mellifluous style and rich spontaneous compositions became the hallmark of his style and attitude. Although he is known as the creator of Hard-bop and the perfecter of "cool", it was not known until recently that he also had a weakness for practical jokes. Below are some scenes that did not appear in any of his many biographies, yet nonetheless reveal the jocund side of a very private man.

Scene 1: The Studio

Bill Evans: [*setting up piano*] Sorry I was late guys.

Miles: No problem, Bill. Say, why don'tcha play that tune you were playing for us the other night?

Evans: Huh? Oh, it really wasn't that good.

Miles: Nah, it was good. [*chuckling*]

Evans: Really? You think it was good?

Miles: Oh yeah. [*looks to other band members, who also chuckle*] Yeah it was good.

Evans: [*Begins to play first few bars of the "Tootsie Roll Song". Miles slams the piano cover down on his fingers*] Ohyeec!

Miles: [*Everyone in the studio erupts into laughter*] Ha! Cracker!

Scene 2: At the Bar

Cannonball Adderley: Has anyone seen Coltrane?

Miles: Yeah. I seen 'em. [*giggles into sleeve*]

Adderley: What'd you do?

Miles: Nothing. He's out back. He's got a little business to attend to, that's all.

Adderley: Miles, if you're playing one of your stupid jokes on me...

Miles: Oh calm down, Cannonball.

[*giggling*] You're going to love this.

Adderley: What? [*Coltrane is heard screaming in the background*] Shit!

What's going on back there?

Miles: [*Downs martini*] I switched his heroin with sugarwater! [*starts laughing out loud and slapping his leg*]

Scene 3: The Jazz Festival

Miles: Dizzy, have you tried out this new tar reed? The sound is so smooth.

Dizzy Gillespie: "Tar reed"? I ain't never heard of it.

Miles: Oh, it's the newest thing. Here, try this out. [*gives trumpet to Dizzy*]

Dizzy: [*Puts trumpet to his mouth and plays a section from "Night in Tunisia"*]

Miles: You like?

Dizzy: [*Tries to remove trumpet, which is now stuck to his lips. Begins to struggle*]

Miles: [*laughing*] Hey, why don't you play "Night with a trumpet stuck to my lips"! Ha!



Scene 4: Private Party

Miles: [*Covering phone receiver*] Hey, Herbie. [*Waving*] Herbie!

Herbie Hancock: Yeah?

Miles: Hey, come here. I don't know how to tell you this but -- there's been an accident. Your mom died.

Herbie: What?

Miles: There was an accident on the interstate and... I'm sorry man.

Herbie: [*frantic*] Where is she? Who was on the phone?

Miles: No, they just hung up. She's at the Kaiser hospital. It's on 25th and Main.

Herbie: [*takes jacket*] I'm coming momma! [*runs out door*]

Miles: Is he gone?

Ella Fitzgerald: Yes.

Miles: [*bursts into guffaws of laughter*] I can't believe he fell for that!

Fitzgerald: What? Oh Miles, don't tell me that was a joke.

Miles: [*still laughing*] Oh yeah! I can't believe how gullible he is. Kaiser's on 28th and Main. I hope he finds it before they bury his mom.

Charlie Parker: Oh Miles.

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Childhood Jokes Rewritten as Editorial Commentary on American War Criminals

by Sean Keane and Christopher Hitchens

Two traveling salesmen and Henry Kissinger are walking down the road. It's getting dark, so they stop at a farmhouse. They go up to the door and ask the farmer if they can stay the night. He says yes, but they have to sleep in the barn, and they aren't allowed to touch his daughters, or undermine socialist governments in South America.

So they go to sleep, and during the night, the farmer's three daughters sneak into the barn, and the travelers can't resist, even Kissinger, though he also sneaks into the house and makes a long-distance call to a Chilean general in the middle of things. The farmer bursts in with a shotgun and catches them with the girls, and immediately marches them out to his field.

When they get out there, the farmer orders them to go out and pick ten of their favorite fruit. The two salesmen come back, carrying grapes and plums. The farmer tells them, "Now shove them up your ass." The guys try, but they keep looking out at the field and cracking up, and the fruit falls out.

They get as many as nine, but are overcome with laughter.

The farmer looks at them and says, "Look, you're free to go once you get all ten up there. You were so close. What is so god-damn funny?"

The first salesman says, "Kissinger's picking watermelons!"

And the second says, "And ordering the assassination of Salvador Allende!"

Knock knock.

Who's there?

The illegal secret bombing of Cambodia.

The illegal secret bombing of Cambodia who?

Knock knock.

Who's there?

The illegal secret bombing of Cambodia.

The illegal secret bombing of Cambodia who?

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Orange.

Orange who?

Orange you glad Henry Kissinger never had to face charges for the illegal secret bombing of Cambodia?!!

A salesman knocked on the door of Little Johnny Kissinger's house in December of 1975. Little Johnny answered the door.

"Johnny, is your father, Henry Kissinger, there?" he asked.

"He ain't home. He be out with President Suharto, approving Indonesia's invasion of East Timor, even though the military action be illegal and Indonesia be using U.S.-supplied military equipment." Johnny replied.

"He be out'? 'Indonesia be using'? Johnny, where's your grammar?"

"She ain't home either."

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Interview With Ronnie

by Boback Zaieian

Heuristic Squelch: Well, we at the Heuristic Squelch would first like to thank you for this grand opportunity to interview you, the 40th President of the United States. We understand you have been a little under the weather lately. However, we know many Americans keep you dear in their hearts and think of you daily. I hope that this interview will bring them all a bit closer to the greatest world leader of the 1980's.

Ronald Reagan: [*dropping Raggedy Ann doll*] Mush mush!!! MUSH potato!

HS: Hmmm. So, let's get started. You once said you "learned in Washington, that that's the only place where sound travels faster than light." [*laughs*] Well, that's a pretty witty thing to say, and we're impressed the former President of the United States is up to date with his laws of physics. Do you still feel politicians need to be extra critical about what they say? Or is the speed of light now a little faster than when you remember? If you catch my drift.

RR: Pretty boy in my room. It's a pretty boy in my room. Come play pretty boy. [*holds out carrot*]

HS: Carrot. No thanks. Yeah, I guess I do have a striking physical presence and sense of style. That's a kind observation, Mr. Reagan. Or should I call you Mr. President, or former Mr. President Reagan? I've never been good about talking to prior Presidents. The etiquette seems so strange. Anyways, please do stay focused upon the task at hand and answer my questions.

RR: [*licking curtains*]

HS: I'm sure you're aware, or maybe you're not, that the world is very much in disarray right now. We have looming threats across the globe. And it's at times like these that we look to our national leaders. You played a crucial role in stabilizing gas prices and destabilizing the countries in the Middle East in the 80's. How can we best do that today?



RR: Sssh! Talky talky make me swoopy.

HS: I'm starting to get the feeling that you're not exactly following the purpose of today's interview. We're here to honor you [*pointing*] by reminiscing upon past glories. Masquerading as a little boy in an old man's body isn't exactly going to win you points in this country. [*Nancy Reagan brings tray with mashed potatoes and gravy*]

RR: Baafftime! Ya-ya-ya. [*dumps gravy on own head*]

HS: That's pretty ridiculous. You've dumped the tray of food your poor wife prepared all over yourself. You're drenched with gravy. How could I possibly proceed with this interview? Do you honestly expect me to dump gravy on my head? That is preposterous. I come from a breed of professional journalists. That is not our style, Mr. Reagan.

RR: Making new friends! [*smiles, hugs Nancy, smears gravy off head on to her blouse*]

HS: Well, you haven't made any friends on this side of the table. I'm sorry to say this, but how my parents could have voted for you is beyond me. It's no wonder you sent this nation to the brink of nuclear war and economic disaster. No offense Mrs. Reagan, but my patience has been tested thoroughly.

Nancy Reagan: He's my sweetie. We'll make it true the hard times. Always have. Daddy got an old boo-boo on the noggin. Stem cells are going to make it all better. Fix ol' Ronnie up with a band-aid. That's my boy. All mashed potatoes inside and out.

HS: Oooohhh ... So he has some sort of medical condition that's degraded his intellect and memory, confined him to his bed, and made him dependent upon others for nourishment and simple bodily hygiene. I should have guessed earlier by the firefighter PJs, blended bottles of food, and foam walls that something was wrong. Well, thanks for inviting us into your home. And Ronnie, thanks for your time. God knows it's limited.

TERRORIST COUNTERMEASURES

Despite the Bush Administration's best efforts at diplomacy, anti-American sentiments abroad are still strong. In order to prevent the Berkeley campus from becoming a target of terrorist attack, the University has instituted these new security measures.

Terrorist-Eating Monster

Those renovations to Barrows Hall weren't to increase "seismic safety," but to cope with the sonic anti-terrorist shockwaves of the terrorist-fighting monster! One terrorist... two terrorist... monster have three terrorist carcasses in his mouth!

Disarm/No Terrorist Zone

After May 15th, terrorists will no longer only get a warning when hauling weapons of mass destruction through high-traffic student areas. UCPD will have an officer on duty from 11-4 to monitor compliance. Terrorists caught violating will be cited for \$45 and/or up to 20 hours of community service cleaning up the plutonium labs.





Security Guard in Eshleman

The ASUC Auxiliary, in conjunction with the UCPD, has begun training Eshleman Hall security guards in special terrorist identification and response measures. They have been instructed to keep chatter with friends to 10-15 minutes max, and are restricted to one half-hour nap per two hours on duty. They have also been issued Walkie-Talkies.



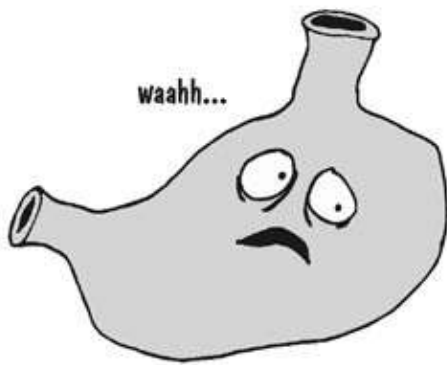
Flyering

These hard-hitting and strongly worded flyers send a no-nonsense message to potential campus terrorists. Posted on message boards in between AAA and BAMN flyers, nobody will miss the cold and clear message; "Terrorism frowned upon here." Please do not staple over them unless you are an ASUC-sponsored student group.



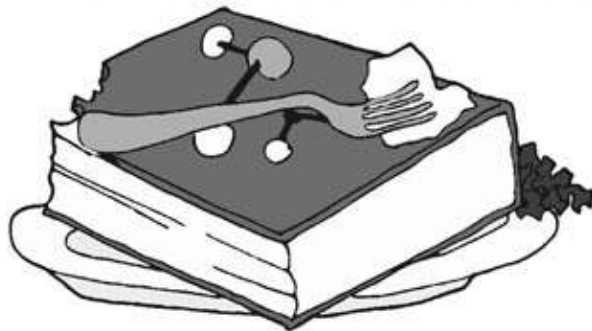
Place the Campus in an Undisclosed Location

In order to prevent retaliatory attacks, the University moved the Berkeley campus to an undisclosed location somewhere "between the Sierra Nevadas and the Appalachians." In unrelated news, BayPorter has increased their round trip charge from Oakland Airport to campus from \$19.00 to \$1900.00; drivers are also forced to wear blindfolds.



**YOUR STOMACH:
← EMPTY.**

**YOUR CHEM
BOOK: →
BAD FOR EATIN'.**



↓ THE SOLUTION:
SELL THE CHEM BOOK AT *Ned's* **AND BUY A LOT OF BURRITOS.**

**\$ \$ \$ WE GIVE YOU \$ \$ \$
BIG BUCKS FOR BOOKS.**

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The Continuing Adventures of...

HALF-JEW!

by David Jacob Duman

Throughout history, Webster's defines half-Jew as "One who is half-Jewish." What is often overlooked in this mess is what exactly this means in terms of social history. Recent anthropological and archaeological research has shed new light on prominent events in half-Jew history. We have faithfully reenacted some of these scenarios below.

The Spanish Inquisition

Inquisitor: So, Jew, must we ask you to convert or do we need to torture you?

Half-Jew: I'm not Jewish.

Inquisitor: Ah, so then you accept Christ Jesus as your Lord and Savior?

Half-Jew: No.

Inquisitor: Ah, so then you are a Jew!

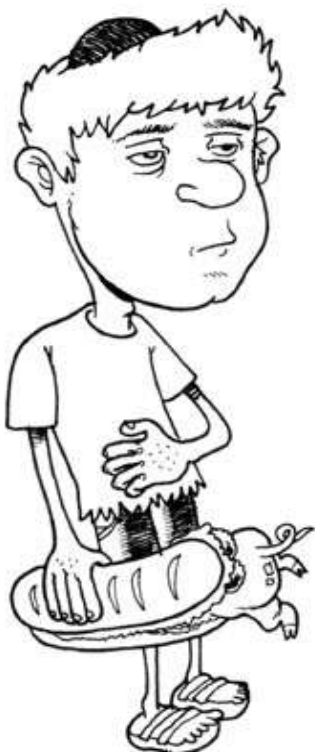
Half-Jew: Not really.

Inquisitor: Ah, so then you accept Christ Jesus as your Lord and Savior?

Half-Jew: No.

Inquisitor: Ah, so then you are a Jew!

Half-Jew: Not really.



Being Interviewed for a Job

Interviewer: So why'd you quit your job as a stand-up comic?

Half-Jew: Only half my jokes were funny.

Interviewer: I see. Why'd you leave the accounting firm?

Half-Jew: Well, I managed to cut costs pretty well, but only half as well as my colleagues.

Interviewer: And then what about your job as a motion picture producer?

Half-Jew: I managed to raise only half the needed capital for my projects.

Interviewer: Look, I'm beginning to find your track record personally offensive.

Half-Jew: Can I help it if I'm mediocre?

The Passover Seder

Rabbi: And Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, Creator of the Fruit of the Vine!

Congregation: And Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, Creator of the Fruit of the Vine!

Half-Jew: I'll say. Hey, anyone have some horseradish for my matzo and ham sandwich?

At the Jew-Supply Store

Half-Jew: Yes, I'd like to purchase one yarmulke and a pair of scissors.

Clerk: Oh really?

Half-Jew: Yeah, I need to wear the yarmulke at my cousin's bat mitzvah and I figured the scissors would be a good present for her.

Clerk: That's a pretty shitty present.

Half-Jew: Well, I hate my cousin.

The Bat Mitzvah

Half-Jew: What a wonderful Bat Mitzvah! Congratulations Sara!

Cousin Sara: Fuck you. Those scissors sucked. And I can't believe you cut your yarmulke in half.

Top Ten Reasons Buying Drugs Supports Terrorism

10. Marijuana plants grow best when surrounded by anti-capitalist sentiment
9. If you smoke pot, you'll become pregnant... with terrorists!
8. FBI has to combat drugs in Mexico rather than terrorists in Canada
7. Disguising past drug use undermines the integrity of our nation's leaders
6. Pot a gateway drug to anthrax
5. Crystal Meth labs require Middle Eastern oil
4. The little girl on the bike that you killed while driving around high would have been the head of the CIA
3. Drug use makes you ineligible for the armed services
2. Allah so much cooler when high
1. Misguided "smoke a blunt, get a bomb" program

Top Eight Pornographic Oscar-Nominated Films

8. Gangbangs of New York
7. The 12-inch Uncircumcised Pianist
6. Spirited Lay
5. About a Boytoy
4. The Hours and Hours of Sex
3. My Big Fat Greek Wedding Night
2. Fellate Me if You Can
1. About Slit

Top Ten Reasons to Donate Your Eggs

10. They scratch where you can't reach
9. Not gonna married anyway. Spinster!
8. You're Asian, 6 foot 3, with a 1780 SAT
7. You're tired of seeing those eggs get wasted every time you masturbate
6. Beats being a leg donor
5. You're an Olympic runner and they're weighing you down
4. So you can experience the joy of being a donor
3. Lower your cholesterol
2. Being an egg loaner not lucrative enough
1. Free porn!

Snoop Dogg in Different Wacky Situations

by Offer Grinwald



After winning an Oscar™ for his riveting role in *Bones*, one man's plight with ho pimpin' and bitch slappin':

Snoop: We goin' smoke an ounce to that!
Ho: Oh Snoop, you've done it again.
(round of laughter)

After winning the gold medal at the Nagano Winter Olympics:

Snoop: We goin' smoke an ounce to that!
Japanese Ho: Oh Snoop, you've done it again

After winning the ounce smoking contest:

Snoop: We goin' smoke an ounce to that!
Playa Hater: But Snoop, you just smoked an ounce to that.

Dre: Fuck you bitch!
(gunshots)
Japanese Ho: Oh Snoop, you've done it again.

In a traffic jam:

Snoop: Damn, I hate traffic.
Driver: Um, there's no traffic. We're going 120 in an open lane. You're just really stoned.
Snoop: Damn, I hate traffic.

At the grocery store:

Snoop: May I have some toothpaste please?
Clerk: Sure, there you go.
Snoop: Thanks.

At the spelling bee finals:

Snoop: C-O-M-P-T-O-N and the city they call Long Beach. Putting this shit together.

Mediator: I'm sorry Snoop, I asked you to spell "bitch nigga." I'm afraid you lose.

Notorious BIG: N-O-T-O-R-I-O-U-S you just lay down slow.

P Diddy: Shut up Biggy, you're dead.

MC Hammer: Can anyone spare some hammer change?

Snoop: Easy E can eat a big fat dick!

Mediator: And the winner is Snoop Doggy Dogg.

Playa Hater: That doesn't make any sense.

Dre: Fuck you bitch.
(gunshots)

Tenants: Moving Out?

There's a New State Law Designed to Help You Get Your Security Deposit Back

Walk Through Inspection

When you give a 30-day-notice (in writing) to your landlord that you're moving out, you have the right to request a walk-through inspection. You and your landlord should try to arrange a mutually convenient time in the last couple weeks of your tenancy. At the inspection, the landlord is required to identify all the things that need repairing or cleaning "necessary to return the unit to the same level of cleanliness it was in at the inception of the tenancy," as permitted in the CA Civil Code, Section 1950.5. This gives you a better opportunity to correct these items if appropriate.



If you have further questions, please contact the
Rent Stabilization Board.

for more information:

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

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

The Moderate's Hell or Heaven?

by Dan Freedman

As a political moderate, I have it really tough. I have found that I am often torn between two sides of my personality: my conservative, semi-balding briefcase-toting self, and my unbathed, salad-eating, pot-smoking self. Often times, both sides seem to make really good points and I find myself left with no answers, bitter and confused. Yet through all the polarized debates my mind seems to struggle with, I always find a way to resolve the issue.

Affirmative Action

Conservative: Affirmative action is a racist institution that reinforces discrimination in our society today.

Liberal: Society is a racist institution!

Me: Your mother is a racist institution Biatch!

SARS

Conservative: I've been forced to cancel a business trip to China.

Liberal: I've been forced to cancel any joint passing till this clears up.

Me: Ok, fine. Jeezus, I'll start washing my hands.

Rainforest Destruction

Liberal: We need to protect our rainforests! They protect the world's biodiversity and are the earth's lungs.

Conservative: We need to protect my Starbucks coffee from those pussy organic vegan environmentalists!

Me: I like rainforests! They have monkeys in them.

Legalizing Pot

No confusion on that shit.

The City of Berkeley

Liberal: This city is so pleasant. Pleasant to the millionth degree. So pleasant it would take the most pleasant city in the world and punch it in the teeth. It would so fuck up any other city so bad!

Conservative: Fuck this place is dirty. Where's the mall? What's a one way street?



Why is that guy talking to himself? This place makes me sick.

Me: You know what I love? Stuffing my pockets with drugs, cash, and pizza/more drugs then sprinting through People's Park. Catch me if you can mother bitches!

The Daily Californian

Conservative: Jesus, that magazine blows ass.

Liberal: Can't argue with that.

Everyone On the Berkeley Campus: Count us in!

Me: Then we are all in agreement.

B.B. King

Conservative: He is the King of Rock

Liberal: No you dumb shit, he's the King of Blues, Elvis is the King of Rock.

Me: Caesar was the king of salad dressings!

Drinks

Conservative: I'll take a single malt scotch. Something from the highlands.

Liberal: FREE WEED!

Me: I'll take a Hand Job, then Sex on the Beach. For a drink I'll have wine.

The Perfect Date

Conservative: Well, a romantic dinner at the nicest restaurant in town, then a walk along the beach.

Liberal: Pot brownies and love-making, then Indian libido tea.

Me: August 17th! My perfect Birth Date!

Top Ten Pornographic Children's Books

10. Charlotte's Wet
9. Where Waldo's Dick?
8. Oh, the Carpets You'll Mow
7. Winnie the Pooh-fetishist
6. Bi-curious George
5. Where the Wild Things are Filmed and Put on the Internet
4. Pippi Dongstocking
3. Cocks in Socks
2. Frog and Toad, Together in that Way
1. Goodnight Poon

Top Ten Things to Do in Your Year

Abroad in France

10. Go to Amsterdam
9. Do as the Romans do
8. Sake bomb
7. Oktoberfest
6. Tour the Amazon
5. Carnival!
4. Fly to New Orleans for Mardi Gras
3. Hunt big game
2. Eat fish n'chips
1. Mess with those guards that can't talk

Top Ten Other Things to Do in Your Year

Abroad in France

10. Paint Easter "Oeufs"
9. Loudly measure things in Imperial Units
8. Drive on the left side of the road
7. Be yet another slutty American coed
6. Try to step in the exact same place where Blossom stepped in that one episode
5. Fall in love with a beast
4. Tell every French person you meet, "Gee, how 'bout that Maginot Line?"
3. Pop that kid's damn balloon
2. Smoke cigarettes and look cool
1. Grow a thin mustache

Top Ten Reasons You're Graduating

10. 4 units x 33 semesters = over the max!
9. Stuck in the Greek Theatre when the doors close
8. You paint lines on cylinders at a scientific-supply factory
7. They don't care which Nick Chen gets a diploma
6. The University caved in and dropped all charges against you
5. Cause you can't go home and you can't stay here
4. Like Stalin, your third five-year plan was wildly successful
3. You need to go star in a late-60's movie with Ann Bancroft
2. You're Kyle Boller and it's opposite day
1. You paid Stanford \$120,000

The **Magic School Bus** and the Bancroft/Telegraph Bus Stop

By Matt Soroky

Ms. Frizzle fluttered whimsically into her 3rd grade class and said to the students, "Today we're taking a field trip to the most wonderful place!"

"But Ms. Frizzle, it's 3 o'clock. School is over." Michelle noted.

"We don't need clocks where we're going – Outer Space! You may remember our last journey through the cosmos. But as time goes on, new discoveries are made. We have to go back there because I left my anger medication on Uranus."

The children giggled, but Ms. Frizzle's empty glass of whiskey shattering against the wall abruptly silenced them. "Please children, that joke is very immature. Now everybody gather your cardboard space helmets and forge your parents' hold-harmless signatures, because we're taking the Magic School Bus back to Outer Space!"

The children scratched their heads and looked worriedly at each other, but without delay, Ms. Frizzle grabbed her broom and swept the cluster of children into the Magic School Bus. And the rockets of the Magic School Bus propelled Ms. Frizzle's class through the sky, faster and faster toward the last frontier!

But the bus immediately stopped on College Avenue.

"Ms. Frizzle, what just happened?" asked Patty.

Ms. Frizzle looked rather stumped. "It appears as though some mystical twist of fate has diverted us toward the land of public transportation – beautiful downtown Berkeley!"

Ms. Frizzle proceeded to educate the children to keep the vein in her forehead from exploding.

"But I wanna go to space and be a spaceman," moaned Jimmy.

"Now children, this city can be very educational. For you see, Berkeley is a bustling metropolitan city inhabited by chaps who tire of dealing with the nagging one-way streets, severe parking shortages, and piggish parking enforcement. So public transportation becomes a natural way of life for college students, those without cars, crazy poor people, and the bus driver's homies. And we'll be picking all of them up in just a moment!"

One painfully swift left turn later, Ms. Frizzle shouted to her 3rd grade class, "Next stop, Telegraph!" And the Magic School Bus

opened its bright yellow doors to the blackened and melancholic introversion of the Berkeley fellows. Ms. Frizzle was so excited that her drymouth had temporarily subsided.

"I should warn you all about disturbing the students. They are the busiest people in the world, and so wrapped up in their

studies that there's not enough time to give attention to any lowly children. Study five minutes in this nook, read ten minutes in this cranny – that's the daily routine of a Berkeley student!

Ms. Frizzle smiled gleefully at the scars on her wrists.

"Notice all the silent tension in the bus right now, children. The grown-ups frown bitterly upon the students, because their very presence is keeping the entire city alive. And while they will go on to be multiple times as successful, the locals will be left behind with the bus to get around town. Watching the animosity build as the students squeeze every drop of life out of this place is so exciting!"

But Ms. Frizzle was wrong, for a disheveled man with a trash bag soon broke the silence with lighthearted conversation.

"Hi there little boy. Do you taste like children?"

"MS. FRIZZLE!"

"Now Gregory, it's impolite to not let the nice hobo gnaw on your knuckles."

Gregory trembled as the man licked his lips. "Yes, Ms. Frizzle."

And as the Magic School Bus drove on its merry way, one of the students took time out of his busy schedule to ask Ms. Frizzle a question: "Hey, what happened to the 51?"

"Ey sista, what the fuck we doin' floating around in space?"

The driver only honked her horn in reply, "Goddang asteroid, get out the damn way!"

"Hey excuse me, I requested a stop," a passenger called.

"Fine, get the hell off!" She opened the doors and the passenger was swiftly sucked out into space, where his head exploded in a wondrous burst.

"Next stop – Uranus. An' quit yo' fuckin' giggling n' shit!"



A Letter to Now Todd from Future Todd

by Kevin (Todd) Deenihan

Todd of April 2003,

This is Todd of April 2033, thirty years into the future! Don't believe me? Note that the stamps commemorate the tenth anniversary of 2023, and that the Return Address states 'The Future!' Still skeptical? The final moments of 'Swept Away' feature Madonna's heartfelt realization that she is not socially superior to her lowbrow companion. Only you and I know that, Todd. You are me and I am you, minus one leg.

As you might expect, your life has not gone according to 'Todd's Life Plan.' Everyone who ever loved you, up to and including Jesus, has either died or redied in the past 30 years. Your Berkeley degree became worthless when the campus was implicated in the kidnapping of three-year-old twins in Encino, California. Your first marriage was a sham, a shamelessly promotional wedding to Safeway's Low Low Prices for much-needed rent money. The kids hate you. The longest you ever held a job was three weeks, until the first Senior Citizen finally got word to the outside world.

In brief, Todd, we need to start over. So here's some advice, from the future to the past, about how to do it right this time.

In 2004, on your 21st birthday, go to Vegas. Bet on the craps table, not the slots. The odds of beating the house are greatly improved. Don't bet on sports, tho. Over the years, I've found it to be too risky to create any gains.

Buy an Inhaleo brand gas mask in August of 2007. Sell it in 2022, when that brand has become a classic, netting yourself a hefty gain.

Watch the skies carefully in 2011. But avoid looking directly at the sun, which can cause eye damage.

Transfer from Berkeley to CSU Northridge. After the death of the last of the Northridge family, the will bequeaths millions to undergraduates.

Don't vote for Nader over Deenihan for President in 2032. Your vote will break the tie, and you shouldn't waste it on Nader.

On January 1st of 2020, you will run into a former High School classmate working as a Bank Teller at B of A. Prepare yourself for the encounter, so your small talk doesn't come off as startled and forced.

Marry for love until the tax changes in 2023.

The man who came down the chimney in 1990 was not Santa, but a convicted felon who only didn't kill you because of your beautiful eyes. I suppose it's too late to do anything about it, but FYI.

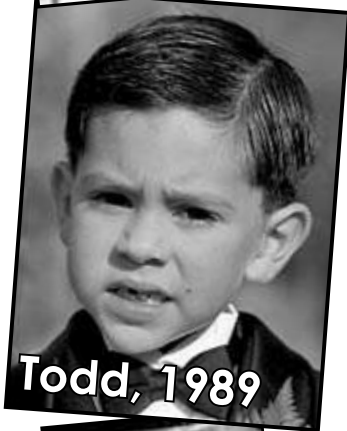
Good luck, Todd of the past. Presumably, having altered the future, I will now fade away like Future Biff Tannen in the Director's Cut of Back to the Future II. If it means I'll never again have to be called 'The Man who Wants to Alter the Future,' it'll be worth it.

-2033 Todd

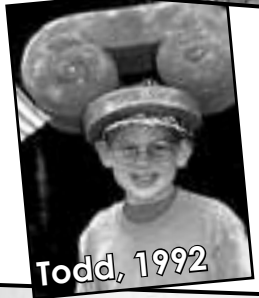
This TimeMail paid for by PepsiCo. Pepsi: drink it from 2003 to 2010, then after 2015



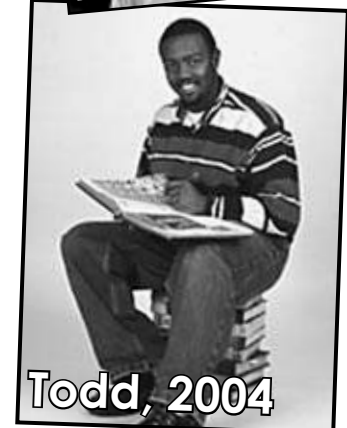
Todd, 1983



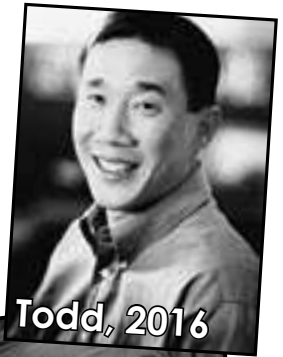
Todd, 1989



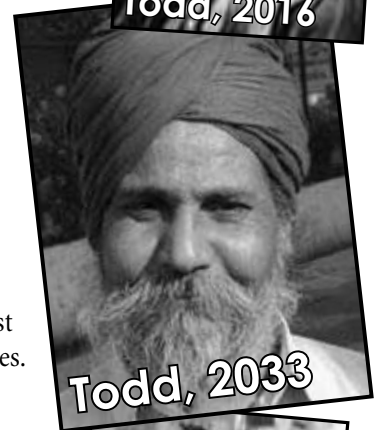
Todd, 1992



Todd, 2004



Todd, 2016



Todd, 2033



Todd, 2057

MY SUMMER VACATION

My summer vacation will be spent on the icy shores of Antarctica. You may think this sounds like a downer, but I really, really like ice. I like it a lot.

-KB

Have you ever been to summer movie camp? You should try it; it makes you feel a lot better about being fat.

-MS

My summer vacation will include lots of forced sodomy, for you see, I am a prison inmate. Go ahead, laugh. It's pretty funny when people get raped in jail.

-KB

Dude, last summer Rod and Chet and me went to a Dokken concert and smoked some bud and hung out at the park and ate some Cheetos and smoked bud and hung out at the park. Dude, Dokken Rulz.

-RCB

This summer, I'm going to learn how to play the guitar. Also, I'm Avril Lavigne.

-AL

Last summer I had the greatest job ever. I worked at a little ice cream stand on the beach, where gorgeous bikini-clad girls would offer me discreet behind-the-counter sexual favors in exchange for free ice cream. "No deal," I staunchly declared, each and every time. "The money for that ice cream would come out of my paycheck." They would turn away, dejected, and eventually return with cash. It was a good job because I made a lot of money to spend on whores.

-KB

Jesse Gabriel asked us to make fun of him in this issue. We would, but we pity him.

-HS

This summer I'm going to go back in time. You know that song Der Kommissar? Yeah I wrote that.

-RCB



This summer will start out like any other. My friends and I will ride our bikes all over town, engaging in frivolous feuds with local boys (ew!), and giggly but intimate confessions about our budding womanhood. But as secrets are revealed, and our friendships are challenged, we'll grow closer than ever. Yet in a way, we'll also grow apart, as the disillusionment of adolescence and the strange allure of first kisses confirm that our childhood innocence will soon be gone forever. Yes, twenty-five years from now, we'll look back and marvel at how there was no way we could have known that this would be a summer we'd never forget.

-KB

I'm going to follow the 'tets on tour. That's what I call the Men's Octet. Boy, am I glad they aren't called the Men's Octits. That would be embarrassing.

-RL

For my summer vacation, I plan on interning. That's right, I plan on working for free. I'm going to be some companies' bitch, getting people coffee, taking out trash, and moving people's shitty cars. I'm going to work my fucking ass off for some fuck head corporation that I hate so much. If only they would burn in hell for making a poor college student slave away at needless tasks for nothing more than a fucking reference on my bullshit resume. GOD DAMNIT THOSE MOTHERFUCKERS THINK THEY CAN BOSS ME AROUND! Get your coffee, you ask? Yeah, well how 'bout I stir it with my cock? OW!

- DF

This summer I plan on looking good in a Speedo, which is easy because I'm dead.

- DD

I'm going to drive cross-country in my bicycle.

-DF

SquelchCo CD Compilations

They're everywhere: CD Compilations are fast climbing the Billboard charts and simplifying the American dream of assembling outdated top 40 hits in one place for under twelve dollars. SquelchCo is proud to offer our own ambitious releases.

The Best of the Twenties



As the last of our nation's nonagenarians totter off to their graves, we need to preserve the rich history of the 1920's, minus the organized crime and lynchings. Bring back the fun and excitement from the Great Gatsby's greatest parties. Relive the days of the unstoppable stock market and U.S. isolationism. Hop on the hay wagon, have a cold phosphate, and fire up that phonograph, cause you're in for the audio experience of an ending lifetime.

[Partial Track List]

1. We're Gonna Go A-Lynchin' [2:31]
2. A Lynchin' We'll A-Go [1:17]
3. Mabel, Won't You Come A-Lynchin' With Me? [3:19]
4. Volstead Act Blues – Let's Go Lynchin' [4:22]
5. The Charleston (Al Jolson Remix) [2:59]

NOW That's What I Call Avant-Garde! Vol. 9

From the producers of the highly popular NOW series comes their foray into experimental music-art that can be enjoyed by all!*. NOW includes some of the most talented avant-garde artists and all of their atonal (or is that twelve-tonal?) compositions that make a disjointed Radiohead hum-along sound as slick as a Creed album. A-G! is an eight disc set that includes one disc of sound and seven of total silence!

[Partial Track List]

4. Philip Glass Talks on the Phone and Drinks a Glass of Water Halfway Through [22:13]
5. John Cage Plays an Old Alvin and the Chipmunks Record While Shouting
Random Passages from the Bible [8:41]
6. Silence [12:00]
7. Silence (feat. Talking, Singing) [4:07]

*Can only be enjoyed by NYU Film Students posturing themselves as deep.



Best of the Cal Band

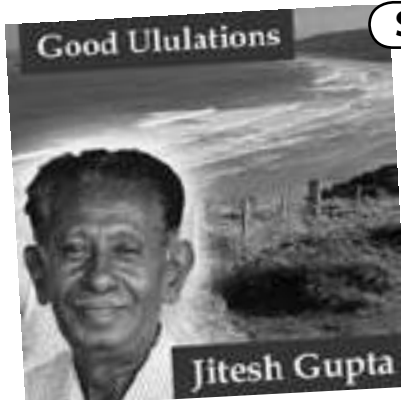
The "pacesetter" of college marching bands has yet again released a collection of their greatest performances. Follow the Cal Band across the country and get into the action with these live on-site recordings:

[Partial Track List]

25. Fight for California – at Stanford [1:19]
26. Fight for California – at Notre Dame [1:19]
27. Fight for California – Men's Room Version (Quietly Hummed) [7:34]
28. Fight for California – Rose Bowl Version (transferred from wax cylinder) [1:19]
29. Fight for California – at Memorial Stadium (Timbaland Remix f/ Ja Rule and Ashanti) [1:19]



Sounds of the World: Good Ululations



Jitesh Gupta is considered by many to be the Frank Sinatra of ululating. His honeyed voice has earned him a nickname throughout the world that roughly translates as "Funny wolf cry man time-travel." However, that nickname was translated from Farsi by BabelFish. Regardless, Gupta has gathered a group of top-notch Ululators from around the world and put together the definitive collection of ululations for you and your family to enjoy. Laugh at how he's different.

[Partial Track List]

3. The Setting Sun (UI-la-la-ulla!) [2:51]
4. Let Us Love Tenderly (UI-la-la-ulla!) [3:44]
5. Cotton Candy Tastes Good (UI-la-la-ulla!) [1:32]
6. UI-la-la-ulla! (UI-la-la-ulla!) [6:20]

USE YOUR IMAGINATION™

While it would seem that using your imagination is encouraged, if you do so you will be infringing on the trademark belonging to the Roaring Spring® Paper Product Corporation.

Blue Book

EXAMINATION BOOK

Originally used to keep the proletariat aware of their station in Capitalist society, now kept in for the redundant sake of sheer redundancy.

This subtitle is a cue for those of you who don't know the rare Germanic definition of "blue" meaning "to quiz or question."

Contemporary psychoanalysis assigns certain emotional states of mind to certain colors. While yellow reminds one of home, blue is often attributed to a lost or distant state of mind. Draw your own conclusions.

A handy location to make note of which fine bitch you're going to bang tonight.

For the traditional writing of "GSI Czeslyn Szeslin Wednesday 1-2."

While accurate, it is not polite to list the author of the book the professor is just reading from verbatim. Ya hear that John Searle!

This is not a place for stupid jokes relating to sexual frustration. Simply write month, day, and year in the grand American tradition.

We don't know why, either.

Studies have shown that it may be possible to one day have TWO leaves per page.

Also note that if you are a roaring spring, you are again infringing on a trademark belonging to Roaring Spring® Paper Product Corporation.

The Roaring Spring logo was created by taking the Nazi swastika and using Photoshop's "swirl" effect. No, that's not true, it's just a NEW kind of swastika!

