

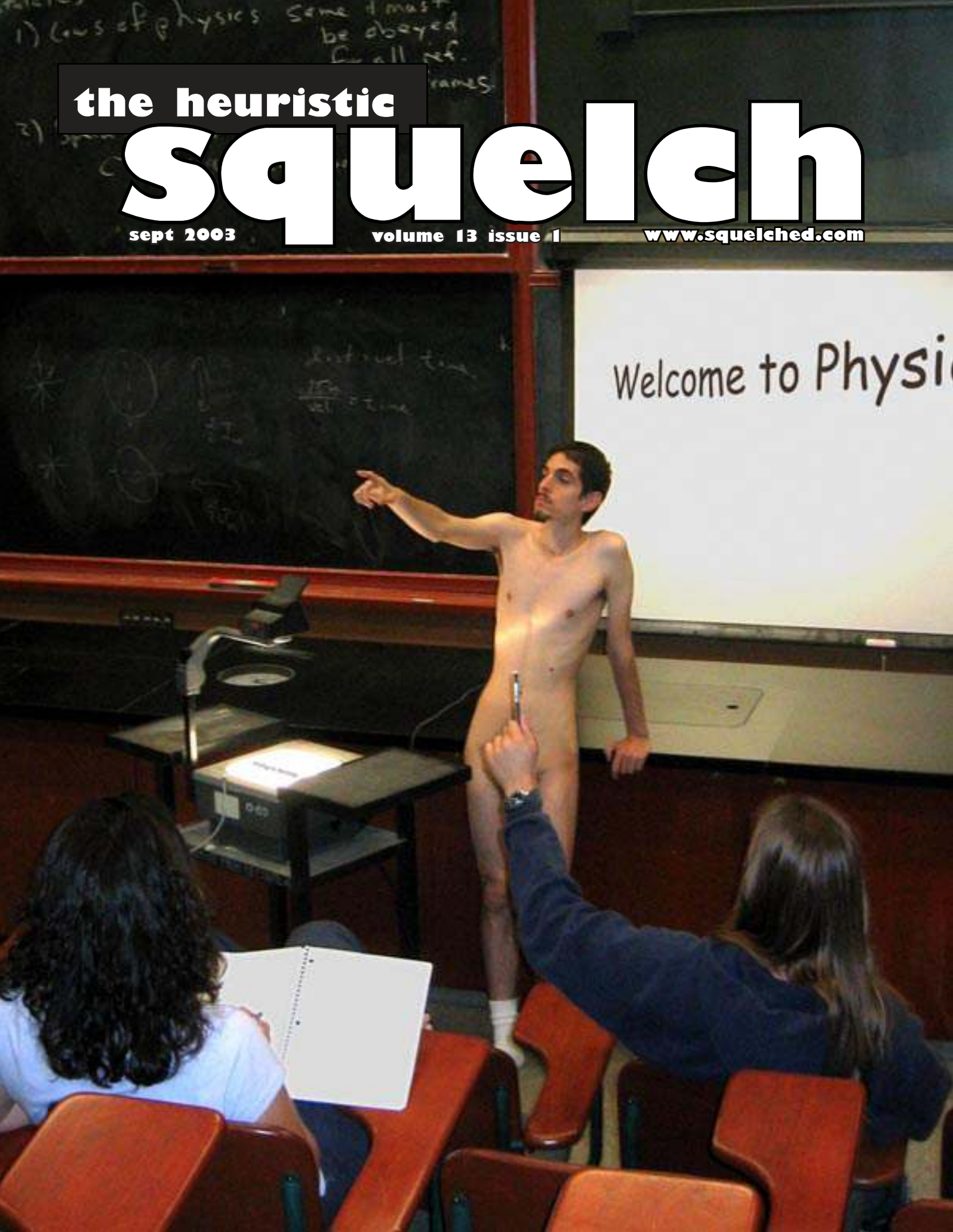
the heuristic

Squelch

sept 2003

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FINDING THE ANSWERS SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

Sure you knew Cal was liberal, but *this* liberal? And that's in a graduate seminar. You should see what happens in an upper division Art History class. Be your own nude model. The point is, sometimes there is just too much junk, and this is one of those cases. Anyone interested in getting naked for credit, please contact our offices.

Thank you for rejecting me twice, OGB. The next time you're drinking brandy and gossiping about the Chancellor's latest mistress, I hope you utter a terrible faux pas comparing the 85 Provincial Merlots to the modern-day Burgundys. Call me! I love driving down I-5. I-4 has too few cows and I-6 has too many. Thank you for swimming in our pool, Mr. Naked Hippie. Would you like your bushel of public hair back once we fish it out of the strainer? Makes a fine ornament for festive holidays. What does he care? Back when I moved into the dorms we didn't have these fancy fee increases. Lazy Freshmen. Why is it called St. Pauli Girl? Girls shouldn't be Saints. Shit.

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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WORDS FROM THE TOP

Car for Sale

A lot has happened since the Squelch and its readers parted ways for the summer. The ASUC continues to fund student "service" groups so that they can stay at hotels and go on whitewater rafting trips in the Sierras and have sex with 10 year-old

Laotian whores while snorting platinum-laced cocaine off of endangered wildlife and at the same time slashing funding to publications and other student groups that actually improve campus life for hundreds or thousands of students.

Throughout the state, a parade of dipshits line up to sneak into the back door of the capitol, making Sacramento look a whole lot like Darrell Issa on a Tuesday night down by the docks.

And of course Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez bombed in the cutting edge romantic comedy about lesbianism and brain damage, "Gigli," a movie alternately called "heinous" and "the worst move of the last ten years" by every critic in America. Except for Joel Siegel, of course, who would call even a film strip of Dave Coulier jizzing into a bottle of grape soda "the must-see film event of the summer."

What's being lost in all the mind-blowing Republican vindictiveness and Ben Affleck's fake tattoos, is that my car is for sale and you, yes you, can buy it.

What kind of car is it, you ask? A state-of-the-art 1989 Volkswagen Jetta with a heart-pounding 2.0 liter in-line four cylinder engine pumping out over 100 horsepower. I think.

The car comes with a five-speed manual transmission, four wheels, four tires, brakes, four doors, antenna, radio, and windshield. Notice I didn't say if any of those things worked or were unbroken/uncracked. I think it has a steering wheel. It also doesn't have a working odometer. But what do you need an odometer for? You probably don't even know what an odometer is. Yeah, I'm talking to you, Steve. Why are you such a tool? You won't get any girls if you don't know what an odometer is. Look, I don't care how big it is, if you don't know about cars, the girls'll dis you. I tell you this because I love you.

Anyway, it's a car that hugs the road so well that my girlfriend, enthralled by the car's ride, vomits with excitement at the end of most long road trips. In short, it's a prime example of European engineering.

It really does run quite well and has recently undergone several mechanical repairs. It also really is for sale. \$1300/obo. Email feedback@squelched.com for more info.

Welcome to a new year. Welcome to the Squelch. Come write for us.

-David Duman

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newsflashes

An Editor's Note

by David Duman, Editor-in-Chief

Those of you loyal readers of The Heuristic Squelch who are also avid followers of The Onion may notice a similarity in our publication to a feature that appeared on The Onion's website last week.

Before getting your delightful white cotton floral print panties in a bunch over accusations of plagiarism, please note that the glossy section of our magazine (pages 1-2 and 19-20) went to press on Sunday, August 17th. The California Recall Election feature in last week's Onion went up on www.theonion.com on Tuesday, August 19th.

This can only mean one of two things: Either the California Recall Election is a fertile comedic ground that lends itself to converging jokes, or the writers at The Onion can see into our homes and offices twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Or worse yet, *our minds*. Holy Jesus fuck, they can read our minds.

Foothill Freshman Boils, Preserves Penis in Mason Jar

by Matt Loker, Clearly lived there

Upon arriving at the La Loma Dormitory, 18-year-old Freshman Joseph Whittaker learned the terrible secret of all who would dwell within its walls. Explained his RA, "All freshman males in La Loma and Hillside must preserve their penises in a sterile canning jar, as they will not use them at all this next year."

The rules to which he refers are found in the University Code of Conduct, and state "Due to the predominance of engineers, chemistry majors, and chemical engineers, no persons residing in the Foothill dormitories will be able to engage in sexual activity of any kind. Not even a quick handy."

The Code of Conduct also states that Foothill women are not to have their genitals altered in any way, as they are already frigid number crunchers who never give it up anyway.

Budget Cuts Force Release of Intelligent Monkeys

by Kevin Deenihan, Chimp

Hard hit by budget cuts, Berkeley's Integrative Biology department announced the imminent release of their "hive" of genetically-enhanced hyper-intelligent monkeys.

"We would've loved to protect our adored super-chimps from these cuts, but in a crisis something had to give," said IB Chair Doug Niedermeyer. "And that something was a colony of brain-enhanced simians with telekinetic powers."

Niedermeyer blamed the expenses of "vigilant plasma shielding" for the cuts.

The monkeys will be released onto the Berkeley campus September 29th. They are expected to thrive on campus, as they feed on pure will. Their only predator is their own brains, which feed parasitically on the host body and cause the host to eventually explode.

When informed of their release, Monkey Alpha-Omega arched a suspiciously intelligent eyebrow and scampered into the dark.

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Local Man Starts Stereotypes

by Kevin Deenihan, Buick-Driving Irishman

Local man Jesse Barone announced his creation of five new stereotypes next week, showcasing his effortless ability to attribute even meaningless characteristics to racial categories.

"I noticed an Indian guy using a power mower, the kind where you sit on it, so I figured that all Indian guys did that. Then I added 'Inability to turn left on Dwight and Shattuck even when it's clear to turn' to the list of things Latino people always do."

Barone also managed to incorporate apparent contradictions.

"I noticed some Chinese people also using those sit-on power mowers, so I changed the stereotype to be all people from Asia do that. And I'm all set so that if I see some Kazakhstanis not using them, I can have the stereotype just be peoples with a Buddhist background."

Said Berkeley Ethnic Studies Professor Alfred Arteaga, "For decades we thought stereotypes evolved from the needs of the oppressive class. But it turns out it's just this one asshole guy."

Student Unable to Answer Prayers

by Nirit Sandman, Godsend

On Monday, Jesus Escalante filed for a change of login name with the Campus Computing Services, citing email harassment as the reason for the request.

"My email address is jesus@uclink.berkeley.edu," said Escalante, a freshman majoring in mechanical engineering. "In the last three weeks, I've gotten at least 40 messages from other students, making all kinds of requests. I tried to do some of the stuff, you know, just to be nice. This one girl emailed, asking me to help bring her lost cat home safely. So I put flyers up and stuff, and eventually found the cat and brought it back to her."

"Then, usually about once a week, this other girl would email me about all these

dirty thoughts she was having. I mean, this was some seriously inappropriate stuff. She kept asking me to forgive her." Escalante added that he has made arrangements with the girl to come to her dorm room and discuss these issues in person.

When asked why he is now frustrated with the situation, Escalante replied, "For some of the emails, I just don't think there is that much that I can do to help. I don't know anything about slow-working poisons."

Buddha Jones, 19, reported no problems. "Everyone's cool, man."

Clown Happy; Ironic Postmodernists Confused

by Matt Loker, Laughing through tears

Captain Chuckles, a professional clown and children's entertainer, was found this week to be a happy person, and so far the community of postmodern ironic tragic-absurdist pundits has reacted with utter confusion.

The Newark, New Jersey-area clown was pronounced earlier this week to be a deeply satisfied person who was genuinely happy with his job, one traditionally associated in the "pomo" canon with an exterior that belies deep internal melancholy. Rock critics and English majors alike reacted with detached astonishment.

"I mean, he's a clown, right?" asked Jason Weaver, a third year student at Boston College. "Clowns are supposed to be happy on the outside, crying on the inside. No, this doesn't add up at all."

Touré, a writer and music critic for *Rolling Stone*, offered similar sentiments. "I suppose this can be seen as a further evolution of irony in an oppressive post-Iraq world. In fact, it conveys the same sense of post-ironic immediacy as *From Justin to Kelly*," which he added was a "misunderstood commentary on pop-culture ephemera."

Chancellor Berdahl: "Diversity"

(Continued on Page 21)

Study Shows Conservatives to be Pee-Fetishists

by The UC Berkeley Office of Media Relations

Researchers at several universities, two of whom are professors at UC Berkeley, recently published their findings on the curious nature of political conservatives. Among their findings is the conclusion that conservatives, generally speaking, like to be peed on. The study comes in the wake of an earlier article published by the same team, which stated that conservatives share traits of intolerance, fear, and avoidance of problems.

Wrote Assistant Professor Jack Glaser, "Whereas your average liberal finds little pleasure in urination aside from a purely physiological function, the average conservative derives a great deal of sexual pleasure from so-called 'watersports.' Specifically, being peed on by others, and peeing on them in turn." He noted that such disparate political figures as Ronald Reagan, Adolf Hitler, and Benito Mussolini all enjoyed the drinking of pee because they had been naughty, naughty boys.

When asked to respond to the findings, Internet journalist/conservative commentator Matt Drudge wrote, "What? I like pee."

Tang Center Administers Pamphlet

by Mark Thomas, Dr. Shlong

The University of California, Berkeley's vestigial health office, the Tang Center, once again distributed a pre-packaged pamphlet in lieu of actual medical assistance Monday, sources said. After hastily scheduling an appointment for a severe sore throat, patient Mart Hokmas was given a pamphlet that outlined the guidelines of life after contracting genital warts. The clinician then proceeded to ask Mart if he'd consider quitting smoking before handing him a bag of assorted condoms and sending him on his way.

Hokmas later died of streptococcal disease, an advanced form of strep throat that has not been lethal to young adults since the twelfth century.

Pre-Med Inconvenienced by Roommate's Masturbation

by Max Janck, Jancking off

Biomedical Sciences major Phu Loc Tran returned to his room Thursday evening to find the door bolted shut, presumably by his masturbating roommate. "I was just going to grab my books after dinner and get some studying done, but then I find the door bolted yet again." Tran confided.

Attempts to summon his roommate through loud knocking were ignored for several minutes. In the interim, Tran reported hearing a brief commotion, including the sound of a jeans zipper followed by the repeated clicking of a computer mouse.

When he finally opened the door, Tran described his roommate's complexion as "flushed," noting that his roommate's left hand was withdrawn behind his back. He did not care to speculate whether his roommate was able to climax after being summoned to the door.

Tran expressed his exasperation at being inconvenienced by his roommate's auto-eroticism. "Under no circumstances should a beat off session preclude my access to educational materials," he exclaimed. Tran noted that in the future he planned to conceal his human anatomy textbook, which features graphic illustrations of genitallia.

According to fellow residents, Tran's roommate has been long suspected of making use of the resident Ethernet network for non-academic purposes, including the illicit downloading of pirated music and pornography. "What's worse is I fear he's not the only one," remarked Tran.

Freshman Decides to Be Asian

by Steve, Steve

Entering Freshman Joshua Chen, 19, has decided to be really, really Asian at Berkeley, sources say. Chen cited a desire to meet girls and make friends as his main motivations.

Within his first week at Berkeley, Chen attended the first meeting of the Asian American Association, the Asian Business Association, and expressed an interest in Asian Fraternity Lambda Phi whatever. He also had his first pearl milk tea and changed his screenname to "AznJosh."

Chen graduated from Bakersfield High School, where he was one of five Asian members of his graduating class. Of those, four were Korean.

Reports that he had started a Livejournal could not be confirmed at press time.

Co-ed Discovers the Joy of Balls

by Lola Carroll, Sac-religious

After a 21-year streak of chastity almost Victorian in its scope and vigor, student Samantha Gilroy recently came face to face with a pair of testicles for the very first time. Her overwhelmingly positive reaction to the event is touching people across the globe.

"I mean, they really get a bum wrap," Gilroy explained adamantly of the testes.

"All I'd ever heard about the balls was 'smelly' this and 'hairy' that. But at the end of the day, I found them to be rather delightful, and only pleasantly fuzzy."

After her successful initial run-in with

the male gonads, Gilroy is exploring new ways to share her pro-balls message with others. "I really like the idea of a national TV campaign, like those commercials with little people running around dressed as eggs after they realized that eggs don't raise your cholesterol."

"Yeah, I mean, they could even use those costumes -- just slap some paint and hair on a couple of them, and you're good to go."

When Gilroy's beau was reached for comment, he simply kept reiterating his disappointment that she hadn't embraced his "mighty wang" with similar zeal.

Rights Groups Seek to Reclaim Word "Fag"

by Tommaso Sciortino, Clothed

A coalition of fraternity members, hicks, and fundamentalists have joined forces recently to reclaim the word "fag" from homosexuals, whom they say have twisted it's meaning in recent years.

"Dude, back in the day, before we got the new porch, we used to call people faggots all the time," said one member of Sigma Theta Beta. "Now when we see someone caring about a girl or focusing on schoolwork we don't even know like, what to call them." He then added, "Pussy?"

Though homosexuals have mustered a powerful campaign starting in the mid 90's to reclaim the word (presumably laying rights on it from some time when it had positive connotations), they now have to contend with a new force in the culture war. Said one Pentecostal Christian, "All we want is to have a show as cool as *Will and Grace*. I'm sick of watching this *Touched by an Angel* bullshit."

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An Introduction to Booze for the NEW COLLEGE MAN

by David Duman

Welcome to Cal. By this time, thanks to the massive spiritual coming-together of 18 year-olds freed for the first time in a new city and kegs of Natural Ice freed to flow once again from their summer hiatus in retched-beer oblivion, you've all had your initial opportunities to get your feet and silk boxers (you rich Orange County sons of bitches!) wet in experimenting with alcohol.

Beer aside, chances are that your experiments with real alcohol, that is to say, booze; grandpa's cough syrup; the magic monkey juice; the sweet elixir of life; the Kentucky one-eyed beaver dancing hog trickle; have been limited to Albertson's brand charcoal-filtered vodka and, if you're lucky, Ron Rico rum. These boozes are to the world of spirits what Ron Jeremy is to the world of porn: they provide a lot of initial bang, but in the end they're really just unattractive overweight men with hairy backs and freakish dongs. If you really want to impress your friends, scare your RA, and make your parents consider sending you to a St. Jude Retreat instead of sending you money every month, it behooves you to know your boozes.



There's no better way to get people to think you're an alcoholic than to have an extensive collection of **whiskies** in your closet. Because even the guy down the hall who drinks a case of beer every night and the chick next door who tosses down ten cosmopolitans before going off to be prematurely ejaculated upon by some frat boy will think *you* have the drinking problem. If you're drinking Jack Daniel's, stop. Evoking Animal House stopped being cool fifteen years ago.

For impressing the ladies, fine **vodka** always does the trick or, failing that, an ice-cold bottle of cheap vodka. Ladies are easy to impress. Just remember the golden rule of spirits: If it's clear, the girls come near; if it's dark, that's the best time to awkwardly try to make out with them.

Gin, another staple spirit, is only appropriate if you're a sixty-year old man, or when served with tonic water. Don't try to fool your parents if they come into town and take you grocery shopping and tell them that you're buying eight bottles of tonic water because "you like the taste." Unless you have malaria, nobody actually drinks straight tonic water.

Tequila should not be consumed under any circumstances, except for the one circumstance when it's consumed off the firm torso of a drunken reveler in Cancun. Even then, only if it's Patron or better. Seriously, you should've stopped drinking Cuervo in junior high.

There's something about good spiced **rum** that'll get your whole dorm singing. Don't let the often homoerotic imagery of pirates and cabana boys on the bottles make you feel like you're doing something unmanly. Because you're not.

You should only have **brandy, cognac, sherry** and other **fruit-derived boozes** in your cabinet if you're totally comfortable with being perceived as either A: a self-important pseudo-intellectual tiny-penised poseur or B: a self-aggrandizing tiny-penised hip-hop street pimp wannabe. Courvoisier doesn't impress anyone who can actually spell "Courvoisier."

The most important thing to remember while selecting and enjoying your booze is to always enjoy in moderation. Unlike beer, drinking 40 ounces of vodka will, in all likelihood, kill you. This is okay if you want to die, but if you die you'll never be able to score with that girl, which was the whole reason why you bought that vodka in the first place. Ah, the irony of a wasted life.

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if getting into Heaven

by Kevin Deenihan

were like getting into College

The Interview

GABRIEL: ...And then the Devil comes in and says "Okay, coffeekbreak over, back on your heads!"

SOUL: Ha ha ha! Oh, that's so hilarious!

GABRIEL: Okay, seriously, what's your intended circle of heaven?

SOUL: I think I want to be in the Circle of Virtue, orbiting a fixed star forever. I was going to be in the Circle of Humility, but those guys are supposed to be either boring or dull. (*Chuckles.*)

GABRIEL: I was in the Circle of Humility.

SOUL: Oh.

The Essay

COUNSELOR: You have to make it *interesting*. The Archangels are tired of essays that end with "and then I died."

SOUL: I could write about how I found the Lord after a lifetime of alcoholism.

COUNSELOR: That might've worked a few years ago, but then everyone started writing about it and the Heavenly Choir is tired of it.

SOUL: Hmm.

COUNSELOR: Can you work in some humor? That always sets people apart. Maybe you had a funny baptism, or did some wacky repentance, or a nutty priest or something?

SOUL: At my confirmation I met the guy who later became St. Josephus...

COUNSELOR: That's perfect. How he changed your life, etc etc. Welcome to the Heavenly Choir.

The Review

RAPHAEL: Okay, Soul 22321. Not a great transcript. Did some volunteer work...and he gets an extra 20 points because he's a minority from a disadvantaged area.

THOMAS: Thank goodness we're a private institution, so Commandment 209 doesn't apply.

BARTHOLOMEW: What did he write his essay about?

RAPHAEL: How he was tempted by his Aunt! That's an unusual one.

THOMAS: I wish people would clue in about not writing how they found God at the age of 45. If you found him at 45, that means you didn't have him for 44 years, and we look at the whole life here.

BARTHOLOMEW: Remember that girl who became a nun, spent a lifetime working at New Delhi Orphanages, and then forgot to have her transcript sent? (*They all chuckle.*)

The Letters

SOUL 1: Your letter is here!

SOUL 2: Thick letter, or thin one burning with hell and brimstone?

SOUL 1: Thin.

The Discussion

SOUL 1: So where did you apply?

SOUL 2: City of Virtue, Land of Happiness, Elysium Fields, and Circle of Energy for my backup.

SOUL 1: You applied to Elysium Fields? You'll never get in there. I heard they rejected Eric, and he was Bishop of Antioch.

SOUL 2: But they sent me that book promising me eternal life if I performed good works!

SOUL 1: They send that to everybody so they can look more selective by rejecting 95%.

Standardized Angelic Testing

SOUL 1: I completely bombed the Bible Knowledge section.

SOUL 2: Don't worry. They just use that if you're waitlisted. How'd you do otherwise?

SOUL 1: I got a 760 at Rejecting Satan and All his Temptations, but only a 600 at Heavenly Geometry.

SOUL 2: Take the SAT II Heavenly Math IC and do well, and it'll make up for that.

The Tour

LUKE: Here's the main Heavenly Circle. Most of these buildings were erected by God. Interesting historical fact: that bench was donated as a Class Gift by Lucifer's senior class. Students touch it for good luck before the Temptation Exams.

SOUL'S MOTHER: What's safety like around here?

LUKE: You'll see we have plenty of "Safety Stands" around. Just push the blue button and a horde of Angels armed with fiery blades will be there in seconds.





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design by Rebecca C. Brown

Squelch Decal

comedy writing
with

Matt Loker Mark Thomas and probably Dan Freedman

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ménage à threesome

by Tommaso Sciortino and Lisa Sandorff

College is a time for experimentation. For some, this means actual experiments. On lab animals. For others, this means learning to laugh and love with a tight knit group of Southern women who will stay in each others' hearts always. For the rest, college is for experimenting with the number of people you can get to sleep with you at any given time. To aid you in getting the best "experimental results" possible, the Squelch presents: A guide to ménage a threesome.

General Rules:

Wallflower plus beer equals sorority girl.

Sorority Girl plus beer equals bi-curious girl.

Corollary: Bi-curious girl minus sorority girl equals beer. (In case you run out of beer)



Two gentlemen, one lady:

Whenever your roommate and his girlfriend come over, secretly obsess over watching them until you realize you have a huge crush—on them both! While nothing will come of this, after you come out of the closet years later you'll have all the fodder you need to turn your fantasy ending into a bestselling novel-turned screenplay.

If she's really bi, and not just saying that to look cool at the co-op makeout room, two guys at once could probably straighten her out. Of course, that ruins chances for future adventures in the previous category.

A way for a girl to get two guys at once is to star in a hilarious summer movie.

Remind guys: Even though there's another guy involved, it doesn't make you gay. Even pursuing and enjoying multiple male partners doesn't make you gay. Only using moisturizer makes you gay, and as long as you use suitable protection, you probably won't get any on you.

Rent *Y Tu Mama Tambien* and watch it until your boyfriend and his cousin finally get it.

Explain to the two fraternity roommates of your choice that if they go along, they will both be transported into realms of the most ecstatic bliss, in which their veins will crackle with lightning and they'll sing like hummingbirds--or, wait, don't say hummingbirds because that smacks of moisturizer--they'll sing like the fierce, bloodthirsty eagle, if they will only just indulge you in this simple, gentle act of double cunnilingus.

Two ladies, one gentleman:

You know all that stuff you always wanted the guy to do to you, but he never could because he wasn't flexible enough? Invite him to subcontract his work: Much like a sweet government contract, the more fingers in the pot, the sweeter the, uh, subsidy.

Explain to your boyfriend that he already agreed to it a while ago, and he forgot. Then act all upset and cry until you get your way.

Get one of your friends and post tantalizing pictures of your exploits on a personals website, explaining that you are looking for a non-creepy, non-threatening, disease-free, submissive male to join in. There are just tons of them surfing the web, poor souls, and inexplicably they haven't found an outlet for their sensitive longings.

If you're looking for two willing ladies, consider taking a womens' studies course. Remember, "Lads don't make passes at lasses with glasses, unless they take classes 'bout grabbing of asses resembling those of young Jackie Onassis."

If you've already gotten one girl to agree to sex, you can get a second one to go along by hiding the first one in an overly complicated wallpaper pattern.

Fresh from the



The Extra "Y" is for
———"Yeasty"———

Don't just sit there eating Pringles and masturbating.
Drink Lonely Man Beer.

40+1. 'Cause don't you want to be that much more drunk? We make you remember 1 oz. less the next morning. We make that ugly chick 1 oz. more attractive. We make that one time Steve puked in your ski boots 1 oz. funnier. We make the death of your beloved grandfather 1 oz. less painful. 40+1 makes it 1 oz. better.



**"Celebrating 58
years of German/
Jewish Friendship"**

**Don't know if other beers are
Kosher, huh? Better play it safe.**



No Fear Beer

Second place is first place loser.

That's why you drink No Fear Beer. It's in your face. And the face of your opponent. Who's your opponent? It's FEAR, Jack. You can't hit what you can't see, and right now you need to hit this brew. You'll never steal second with your foot on first. . .that's a metaphor, punk, and first base represents all those other sissy ales that are holding you back, making you watch life fly by. Steal second. . . steal No Fear Beer.



Beer that girls like

Hey ladies! Do you like beer? Of course not, but you'll like this beer because it has all the sorts of fruity flavors and clothes-matching colors that you demand from a fine brew. Not to mention that the cap looks like a diamond ring and you broads always like to show off your pretty jewels.



**Ice-brewed from the natural icy
goodness of ice.
Tap into the glacier!**

Obscure Moments IN Film History

by Tommaso Sciortino

Every viewing of Disney's *Goonies* (1985) fills me with the same seeping dread.

It comes near the end of *Goonies* when the father takes the contract which would have sold his home to greedy land developers and rips it up, throwing the segments high into the air. It's not really the cinematic framing or symphonic score that gets me, but something much more subtle: the shot of the father's hands throwing the paper up and then, as if to drive the point home, another larger burst of ripped up shreds blows up, seeming to originate from behind his hands.

I had to watch this several times before I understood the true implications: the sight of real scraps just isn't enough. Clearly, the director saw in this shot an opportunity to attain the perfect "platonic ideal" of paper shreds thrown into the air. It didn't matter that the two bursts are clearly half a second out of synch, all that mattered was that in a shot consisting of just hands and scraps, the scraps filled the sky in a way they never could in tedious real life.

Indeed, perhaps we are better off that we cannot tell off stereotypically land-grabbing developers so perfectly. Who would want to build homes in a world where someone could rip your contract into so many pieces and fling it so powerfully that

it could fill the sky—the whole sky—advertising your failure to build homes to all your friends and relatives?

And what about the movie's Asian comic relief, Data? Didn't he realize what he was doing to Asians everywhere? When the character playing his father picked him up and said, "You are my greatest invention!" wasn't his line delivered with a kind of Sisyphean sadness?

Sometimes, during my nightly viewings of *Goonies*, I think about all these things. Sometimes, when Chuck is in the freezer with the corpse and on freeze frame you can see the "stiff" blink, I begin to weep softly. Nothing can save us from the slow deterioration of art under scrutiny, even when undertaken with the purest of intention. If *Goonies* can't be the perfect film about growing up poor and fighting escaped gangsters and dead pirate traps, what film can?

How can we even go on living with this knowledge of *Goonies* weighing as heavy on our souls as original sin? Nay, heavier still, for as the serpent's apple gave us knowledge of good and evil, this knowledge, though just as damning, tells us only that when Brand steals the little girl's bike to catch Mikey, the girl screams "My bike, my bike, I want my bike," though her lips never move.

Now you know my inner torment. Perhaps I will never know joy again.



Renting in Berkeley?

Rent Stabilization Board

Did you know that under rent control...

If your rent increases during your tenancy, it must be pre-authorized by the Rent Board.

If you moved into your apartment a month ago but the landlord still hasn't finished the work he promised to complete before you moved in, you can file a petition with the Rent Board for a rent reduction.

If your landlord doesn't like the way you dress, or your girlfriend, or your choice of music, she cannot evict you. She needs to have one of the "just causes" in the Rent Ordinance.

If your landlord fails to pay the interest on your security deposit by January 10th of each year, you can deduct 10% of your deposit from your rent after giving him/her 15 days' prior written notice.

Your tenancy is probably under rent control if all of the following are true:

- 1) You do not share a kitchen or bathroom with the owner,
- 2) your building has more than 2 units (some 2-unit settings are under rent control—contact the Rent Board for more information),
- 3) and the unit in which you live was built prior to May 1980.

for more information:

Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board

Open 9-4:45 M, T, Th, F and 12-6:30 Weds.

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

Alex Trebek

by Sean Keane

in Various Parallel Universes

Male Nurse Trebek

Surgeon: We're losing him.
(*EKG flatlines. Patient expires.*)

Female nurse: He's dead.

Alex Trebek: I'm sorry, it was a blockage in the right ventricle. The right ventricle.

Bomb Squad Trebek

Police Ballistics Expert: Should I cut the red wire, or the blue wire? Dammit, there's no time!
(*Cuts blue wire.*)

Alex Trebek: The wire leading to the power supply is generally marked red, so you should have cut the red wire. The red wire. That'll cost you.



State Attorney Trebek

Defense Attorney: Due to the extenuating circumstances of the case, and the attempt at restitution made by the defendant, we would ask that the state agree to a suspended sentence and extended probation in exchange for a plea of "guilty."

Alex Trebek: Can we accept that? Judges?
(*Three beeps emanate from the bench.*)

Alex Trebek: I'm sorry, the state of California insists on jail time. Jail time.

Wheel of Fortune Trebek

Contestant #1: I'd like to buy a vowel.

Alex Trebek: (*Sighs.*) If you must.

Contestant #1: Can I buy...um...a "U"?

Alex Trebek: For the love of God, it's "Laissez-Faire Economics!" "Laissez-Faire Economics!" This isn't that difficult, people!

Contestant #2: Alex, I'd like to solve the puzzle.

Alex Trebek: (*Sighs.*) If you must.

College Party Trebek

Alex Trebek: Say hi to Tracy from Modesto, California. Tracy, it says here that you run track and enjoy making out with silver foxes like myself.

Stacy: Um, actually, I'm really not—

Alex Trebek: And this is Genevieve from Mesa, Arizona. Genevieve, I see you like to give handjobs in parked cars.

High School Graduation Trebek

Principal: Alexander Trebek.
(*Trebek remains seated.*)

Principal: (*Sighs.*) Who is Alexander Trebek?
(*Trebek stands and approaches stage.*)

Google Search Engine Trebek

Google User: (*types "pyongyang north korea"*)

Alex Trebek: Did you mean pyongyang north korea?

Google User: Even in search engine form you remain smug, Trebek!

Top Ten Gums that Cure Erectile Dysfunction

10. Humple Yum
9. Big Red
8. XXXtra
7. Doublewidth
6. Dicklets
5. Juicy Fruitbasket
4. Bazooka Johnson
3. The toothless gums of your sexy grandmother (fellating me)
2. Dickorette
1. Dick Gum: Gum for Your Dick

Top Ten Reasons to Kick Someone in the Shins

10. Magical shins grant wishes
9. Shins belong to the man who killed your family
8. You're a soccer player and in a few moments you're going to pretend that in fact, you were the one who was kicked in the shins, fooling the gullible South American or European ref yet again
7. You hate Mondays, Mondays is walking by
6. "Shins" is how people in your country say "chinks"
5. Their shins are on fire
4. You haven't kicked anyone in the shins yet today
3. The shins belong to Hitler
2. Because you're Jean Claude Van Damme and that's what you do. You kick. The shins are incidental.
1. You already kicked them in the nads

Top Seven Things You'll Find While Driving Lost in a Movie

7. The same coffee stand you saw fifteen minutes ago even though you haven't turned around
6. The true meaning of Christmas
5. The true meaning of small town togetherness and family values
4. A cult of children that murder people
3. Two cults of children who murder people, locked in eternal struggle
2. Two cults of children, locked in eternal struggle, at the same coffee stand you were at two minutes ago
1. Michael J. Fox

Top Two Unanswered Requests of God

2. Miraculous 2nd coat of wax on my Thunderbird
1. All the starving people

What This Sci-Fi Movie Needs is Some Quasi-Philosophical Elements and Overt Judeo-Christian Symbolism

by Kevin Deenihan

Pull up a chair and order some Thai fusion, Henderson. Our big-budget Sci-fi movie "Robots Inc." just isn't jelling. I know we've got the gritty, industrial futuristic themes and the flimsy excuse for bullet-time slow-mo sequences; we've got DJ Mo-vo, Detroit's hottest Techno artist, laying down some thumping beats for our heavily scripted action sequences. We got VideoDirect to fund us an extra several thousand, plus free markers. But we're missing something, and that something is quasi-philosophical references.

So to start, we're changing the name from "Robots Inc." to "Smokestack: The Will is Alive." From now on, the main character's name is "Apex," the female character is named "Epiphany," and we'll be calling the wise old sage "Methuselah." Call the bad-guy-who-turns-good "Lived." Call props and get me a copy of the Bible, the Torah, and the New Testament. Get me the Catholic Bible, too. Also have them bring up the Kama Sutra and that Islamic Bible, the Jihad or whatever it's called. This could take awhile.

Okay, when Apex realizes that his father and mother are actually robot creations of the Emperor Smorax, I want there to be a real quick shot of Nietzsche's "Superman" book. Except have it upside down. And I want the cover to be partially on fire. Better have the occasional shot of Apex. Have him naked for a few frames, too. Wait—when he's naked show a tattoo of Marx on his butt. Left cheek for half of them, right cheek for the other.

In the scene where Epiphany has a laser duel with the robot muppet, scatter these philosophy books in the background. Put them in alphabetical order, except for Heidegger, which should be open to some random page with something in it highlighted. And scatter forks randomly in

different scenes. They'll symbolize the choices we must make, or something. Of course they should be different metals, Henderson! Think "deep!" think "enlightenment!" We've got deadlines to meet!

In the dinner scene, right before they discover that Methuselah is actually a robot creation of

the Emperor Smorax, have them all eat Jello except for Apex, who should be eating loaves and fishes. Every time the camera cuts back to him, there should be more loaves. Also, have him start drinking water, but when the camera cuts back to him, it's wine. Maybe we can throw in a scene where he rises from the dead. Right after the alien love orgy!

And while you're at it, Henderson, might as well announce that this is the seventh movie in a nine-picture series. We'll be filming the six prequels concurrently in the upcoming months. Also make sure to throw in a few more "goofs" during production, too. Leave your coffee cup accidentally in a few scenes—oh, and have pages from our extensive pornography collection scattered in a few frames. That should keep the DVD sales a-rollin'.

Alright! Now we're talking! Those geeks out there are going to think this is the deepest movie ever!



Warren G, You Useless, Useless Bastard: A Critical Study

by Sean Keane

Hip-hop music, specifically that of the gangsta rap variety, has been woefully under-represented in academic circles. With this study, I would like to begin a new epoch of scholarship, a G-Funk Era, if you will, to give the proper critical attention to the artists and philosophers of the LBC. Before you question my street credibility, let me assure "y'all" that I regularly wore my San Francisco Giants cap backwards from early 1994 until the summer of 2002.

The song "Regulate," by Warren G and Nate Dogg, tells the story of a dramatic night in the LBC. There is sex, there is violence, there is bass, there is treble. Nate Dogg cruises for skirts, guns down rival homies, and beds down triumphantly at the East Side Motel. Nate emerges the ideal G-Funk man. By contrast, Warren G tries to join a craps game, gets mugged, and is nearly killed. He comes off as completely ineffectual, dependent on Nate for protection, and trick acquisition.

In the first verse, Warren G rides in a car alone, scanning for women. When he attempts to shoot dice with some homies, he is instantly robbed of his rings, watch, and presumably, his dignity. Warren G is jacked impossibly fast, and does absolutely nothing to help himself. His most notable action is rhyming "contemplate" with "homie Nate."

In the third line, Nate Dogg locates a car entirely full of skirts. By the end of the next verse, Nate Dogg will have so charmed these horny tricks that their vehicle crashes. Nate has laid the foundation for an evening of pleasure at the East Side Motel by the time he arrives on the scene and shoots many attempted takers of Warren's wealth.

Warren G does not do much to facilitate the East Side Motel car-full-of-girls/Dogg and G hookup. Nate Dogg smoothly informs one of the dames of how much he likes her size, and the rest is history. It is notable perhaps that Nate Dogg only acknowledges one particular dame as being "sexy as hell," so we have no idea the quality of Warren G's romantic lot. Once again, Nate Dogg commands the action, while the useless Warren G rides along. One almost expects an additional verse where Warren G needs Nate Dogg to tie his shoes and wipe his ass for him as well.

One can only infer that when Nate Dogg has to "regulate," that means he's shooting thugs, having various kinds of intercourse with horny sluts, and generally kicking ass. When Warren G has to "regulate," that means he's receiving a severe pistol-whipping and getting sloppy seconds from Nate Dogg's hos. One shudders to think what life is like for Warren when he *isn't* regulating.

The toughness and unstopability of 213 also appears to be purely a function of Nate Dogg's badness and/or motherfuckerness. Saying that 213 is difficult to step to is sort of like saying that Barry Bonds and Benito Santiago combined to hit 62 home runs last year: it's true, but somewhat deceptive. Both Dogg and Bonds would be intimidating regardless of their partners. Dogg may as well say "*Nate Dogg and Sean Keane have to regulate;*" at

least I've still got my watch. Warren G contributes little to the duo, aside from the questionable interior rhyme of his "*Chords/ Strings/ We brings/ Melody*" freestyle rap.

The only possible reason I can think of for Warren G to include this tale on his album is to distract rap fans from the song "This DJ," which contains the immortal lyric, "*I hit the gate and I hops on my Schwinn/ And I tell the homie 'Aight then'*" Regardless, Warren G comes off poorly, and in my opinion, does not fully recover until his pro-nut-juggling entreaty at the end of Snoop Dogg's "Ain't No Fun."

Top Ten Makeshift Hairbrushes

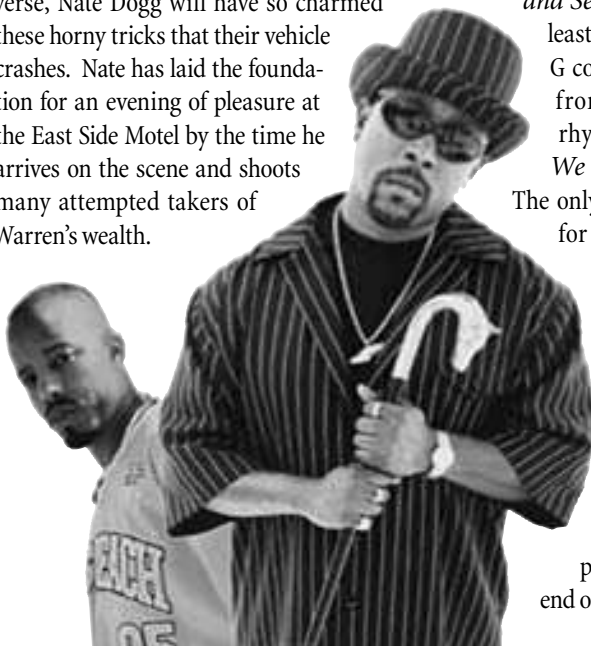
10. Several forks
9. Docile porcupine
8. Another dude's even more unkempt hair
7. Half-pound of spaghetti
6. Baseball cap
5. Complete set of 32 ginsu knives
4. Stretch of shag carpeting that once had 7-Up poured on it but has now dried
3. Hairbrush whittled out of a potato
2. Broken stencil, letters A-J
1. Slinky

Top Eleven Least Sexy Porn Star Names

11. Karrot Pealer
10. Krabb Kakes
9. Steele Reserrv
8. World's Best Grandma
7. Synnamin Rollz
6. Hot Karla
5. Busty Brian
4. Spelling Bea
3. Pubic Zirconium
2. Beastly Muff
1. Grover Cleveland

Top Ten Warning Signs Your Date is a Date-Rapist

10. He is constantly trying to date-rape you
9. When someone shouts "Hey, Date Rapist" in the bar, he starts to turn around, but then nonchalantly tries to turn it into a yawn
8. The back doors of his car have no handles on the inside, and it's not a police car
7. He mentions how he finds it really hot when chicks pass out
6. He is very rich due to his being heir to the Max Factor fortune
5. You discover video tapes of him having sex with you, passed out, and your shirt in the video is the same one you wore on that night when you got date-raped
4. She likes breaking stereotypes
3. He asks you to wear handcuffs during sex, only he doesn't really ask you, and you never agreed to have sex
2. About to give you drink, then shouts "Look over there! Away from my hands or pockets!"
1. He carries pills in his pocket, but when you ask him what they are for, he says something that sounds like "raping you," then stammers a lot and finally ends up saying something feeble and unconvincing



Top Ten Subject Lines for Penis

Enlargement Spam

10. Shatter her vagina with your vagina-shattering c.o.c.k
9. Knock down buildings with your wrecking-ball phallus
8. Seriously damage your partner's genitals with your dangerously oversized member
7. They'll have to call in the national guard to tame the fury of your out-of-control penis
6. Perform disturbing acts of violence with your violent cock
5. Accidentally smash a hole in your bedroom wall with your enormous cock
4. Embarrass yourself in public with an ever-present erection
3. Suck the rest of the blood from your body with your blistering red penis
2. Require attendants to carry your oxen-sized member on a tarp
1. Break her apart and put your person-sized dick on trial for murder

Top Five Foolish Things to Sell Your Soul For

5. Another, less pure soul
4. Why, just these incredible magic beans!
3. Chocolate stuffed Oreo cookies
2. The Presidency of the United States during a time of peril when the country actually needs a president committed to protecting the freedom we cherish instead of pushing a regressive tax structure unheard of since when child labor was considered "character building"
1. Fudge

Top Ten Ways to Meet a Girl at Berkeley

10. Get drunk at a Cloyne party, find out you both like that one cool band, make out and never see each other again
9. You're the student, she's the GSI
8. Your uncle just sent you this old lamp he found in Arabia
7. Standard naval spiral search pattern
6. Hang out outside girl's bathroom. Try very hard not to be creepy.
5. Ask your ex for all her friends' phone numbers
4. Become an RA
3. E-vite for one
2. Learn a couple Elliot Smith songs on acoustic guitar; instantly become ball-deep in poontang
1. Two words: Platinum codpiece

An Open Letter to the Girl With Whom I Had Sex at that Party Last Night

Hey, you. How's it going? So, um, last night was pretty cool. But in a way, I feel kinda bad. You never really got to know me as a person, only as a fantastic sex partner. I'm not just some stud at a party, you know. I do more than just smoke cigarettes and look cool. For instance, I also like to drink beer from red plastic cups and listen to bad indie-rock bands. But maybe you already gathered that from the party.

Well, for starters, I like political discourse wrought from neoclassical liberalism and modern-day comparative politics. Though I have to disagree with you on a couple of points you raised during our conversation at the party: (1) I believe the libertarian ideal is not necessarily incompatible with De Toqueville's democracy, ipso facto; and (2), I didn't get it in your face. It was more in your hair really. Some in your face. That was cool.

So anyway, that co-op/frat/apartment/pool party and/or political rally was pretty kickin', huh? I don't remember exactly what it was. On account of my drinking a lot and getting drunk and all. But I do remember your name. Or maybe your hair color. Hairstyle. You were a woman.

Since it's now obvious that I don't remember a lot, I thought I'd try and whittle down the possibilities of what happened last night. The way I see it, a college party has three scenarios:

1. The Frat Party: Lowest on the food chain, except here "food" means "party," and "lowest" means that you end up peeing somewhere not usually thought of as a lavatory. Like an elevator. Or your mouth. I think.

2. The Co-op Party: Hmm, where have I heard this speech before? "Hey, what's up guys. This is my math-rock band. We're called Spirograph and we're really chill. Hit it, Wallace." Oh yeah, it's every shitty co-op party you've ever been to. Not that you've been to a lot, or hooked up at a lot of them. You're not like that, I know. Just sayin', is all. With a music scene that makes an opium den look like Total Request Live, co-op parties are the place to kick back. *Way the fuck back.*

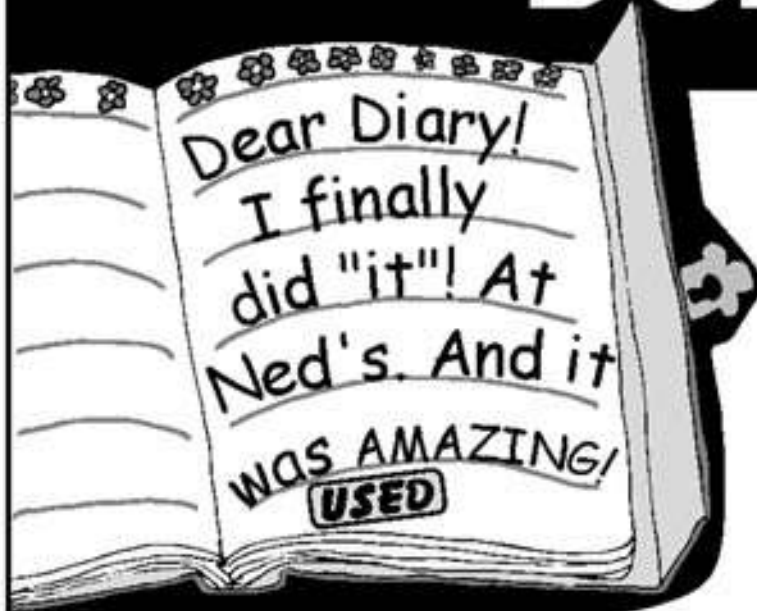
3. The Apartment Party: Now we're getting there. Berkeley apartment parties boast some of the finest amenities this side of Solzhenitsyn, replete with mysteriously-stained floors, mysteriously-stained walls, and mysteriously-stained closets. Oh wait, that last one was my bad. Now I remember. Haha, dry clean only.

So as you can see, I don't remember a goddamned thing about last night. But you were great, baby. Real great.

All my love,

Matt (Loker, in case you forgot.)

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The Morning After



The morning after, I decided to move out of Casa Z. I mean, it was only a matter of time before the fire spread to this side of the co-op. **TS**

The morning after I killed a hooker, I have to admit I didn't feel that bad about it. I'm sorry, was I supposed to? I always figured that was why people went to hookers instead of girlfriends, so you can kill them afterwards. I did feel a little worse when the pimp beat me and took an extra ten thousand dollars, but that was more because he was beating me and taking ten thousand dollars. **KB**

Holy crap look at that guy move. He's really getting around! I mean shit, it took me four weeks to reach that tree, and he just did it in, what? nine seconds? Sweet Jesus that man is my hero! -- This is the morning after walking was invented. **AB**

The sunlight shone brightly through the slightly-open window blinds, stirring me from my groggy slumber. I blinked awake, taking in the tacky, unfamiliar bedroom. As I turned over in the bed, noticing the still-sleeping, rather overweight woman lying next to me, I searched my mind trying to remember just who the heck she was and what I had done. Suddenly it hit me. Her name was Julie, my wife of three years, and that extra weight was the child I had impregnated her with six months ago. I don't think I'll ever get used to this redecorated bedroom. **KB**

This morning, the streets were awfully quiet. As I wandered down the main drag, finding it eerily empty of cars, I wondered what might have happened. Where was everybody? I tried to assure myself that it was no big deal; that Southwest was simply offering unusually low fares again. Then I realized it was the morning after the Rapture. The weird thing is, I didn't think that many people even *believed* in Jesus. **KB**

The morning after my first one night stand, I saw who I was lying next to, and I started crying hysterically. How could I let something like that happen to me? I started hating myself and began thinking that I was a horrible person. I felt like trash because I barely knew her. Then I remembered that I was a guy, and I stopped giving a shit and said "HELLZ YEAH I GOT LAID!" **MS**

The morning after August 9th, I sat on the steps of the county clerks' office with my 65 signatures and 3500 dollars and said, "You fool, if you hadn't refused to pay 3500 down on a car, you wouldn't have missed the 5 p.m. deadline on account of your slow walking." And then I said, "Wait a minute, if I paid 3500 down on a car, then I couldn't afford to participate in the gubernatorial election." Amidst the irony, I realized that 65 people liked me. If I had asked one of them for a ride, maybe I wouldn't still be sitting here. **MS**

It was the morning after. Which was wierd cause the night before wasn't till tomorrow. **DF**

The morning after I wrecked my dad's car, he beat me. **KB**

The morning after I tried to watch porn with my girlfriend, she made fun of me because she said the porn stars were ugly. I had to explain that the appeal of porn isn't necessarily rooted in the appearance of the women per se, so much as the erotic situations that demean women in general. **KB**

The Morning After I went straight to the bathroom and took some Ru-486. A couple of hours later, as the tiny fetus was swirling down the toilet, I thought about singing "Happy Birthday to you" to it. But I figured since it was only conceived last night, it hadn't really earned it. **KD**

The Morning After I considered getting up from the Dead early, but God had been very explicitly on waiting the whole three days. "It's a Holy Trinity. You wait three days. It's symbolism. Lay down." I swear, if we weren't the same person, I'd be pissed. **KD**

The morning after our condom broke, I went to a clinic to get a morning-after pill. It really set our minds at ease, although I did feel really weird for about a week. Next time I think my girlfriend should take the pill instead of me, even though she has trouble swallowing things. And I don't mean that as an innuendo or anything. She'll swallow come, just not pills. There should be a chewable morning-after pill. You know, for kids. **KB**

Recall Candidate Profiles



Corey

A former slacker living in a fishing shack down on Ocean Beach, this candidate felt the calling to run for governor when he found out that *all* the other candidates' platforms included plans to tear down the Shady Gates Youth Rec Center, a facility where Corey works part-time as a surfing instructor for underprivileged kids. "I remember when I was their age, I had no place to go after school. Next thing I knew I was smoking spliff and zowie down at the pier with Cru and Vic. Now, I just want to help these kids," Corey said at a press conference at the PB Bar & Grill. Penn's platform includes free fundraising concerts by Queensryche and Night Ranger to overcome the budget crisis and also opening up Imperial County "as a place for chill people to crash."



Miguel Rencario

Given that California openly embraces illegal aliens to enter the state, birth dozens of children, and spend the rest of their lives sitting fat and happy on welfare and occasionally running over each others' feet with luxurious hansom cabs pulled by eight Scottish Clydesdales weighed down by two tons of uncut Afghan opium so as to have to return to the hospital repeatedly for medical care all at the expense of the California taxpayer, it was only a matter of time before an illegal immigrant decided to seek the governorship of this great state. Rencario pledges to continue to allow illegal immigrants to steal such highly-sought jobs as field-hand, chambermaid, fry cook, and landscaping assistant, from the hard-working legal Californians who want them but are too lazy to get off their asses and actually find a job.



Clay Mavis

Hailing from sunny San Diego, this candidate is hoping to bring what he describes as "considerable political experience leading a large western state. Wink Wink." Not much is known about Mavis, having only jumped into the ring less than a week ago. "I just hope they vote for me and not Cruz Bustamante, I can't believe how that fucker stabbed me in the back. I mean, stabbed 'Gray Davis' in the back. Wink Wink," candidate Mavis said, requesting that we also "please add air quotes." When news that Governor Davis' press conference was going to start in five minutes, Mavis darted his eyes and disappeared into the cloakroom.



The Ham

This candidate's platform is one intending to reach out to a broad spectrum of Californians with little regard to conventional racial and socioeconomic dividers. Running as an independent, The Ham supports revitalization of our public schools through increased occupational education programs, increased per-student funding, greater teacher accountability, and a further emphasis on the merits of being canned and lightly salted. The Ham wants to restore state-regulated utilities and launch a long-term program to revitalize our state's well-worn highways. The Ham is also a Holocaust Denier.



Michael Biehn

After materializing from the ether of time and donning a trench coat to cover his taut, nude body, Michael Biehn promptly called a press conference and declared his intention to run. Not much is known about this mysterious candidate or his stances on any issues, with the exception of his much-hyped "Don't Get Killed by a Robot from the Future" initiative. Details of the plan have been slow to emerge, but hence far they have included his "Steal a Pickup Truck and Haul Ass Away from the Futuristic Robot" proposal, which included a "Throw a Pipe Bomb at the Futuristic Robot's Motorcycle" corollary. Also gaining support is his "Have Sex with Linda Hamilton" ballot initiative.

Homeless People

August 2003

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW INSIDE

**Joe "Mumbles" Jones
shares his story of triumph
"It's not Hepatitis C, it's Hepatitis CAIN!"**

**PLUS: WHAT TO WEAR IN 2003
What normal people were
wearing in 1997**

**Pantsless Steve:
Will he ever find his
love or pants?**

ROAD TEST - The 2004 Ford Taurus SE: We Watch It Go By

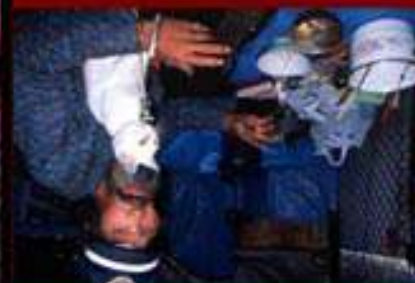
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