

THE

HEURISTIC SQUELCH

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

BERKELEY • DAVIS • IRVINE • LOS ANGELES • RIVERSIDE • SAN DIEGO • SAN FRANCISCO



Dear Prospective Cal Student,

Congratulations on your acceptance to Cal! You should take enormous pride in having been accepted to one of the most prestigious institutions of higher education in the world. If you are a member of a disadvantaged minority, you should be especially proud. You did it without any help from nasty old affirmative action! Good for you!

If you decide to attend the University of California at Berkeley, you will have an unparalleled opportunity before you. We encourage our students to experiment with the wide range of recreational pharmaceuticals available in People's Park. Our educational program encourages a challenging and diverse course load, unless you are an athlete, in which case we have a '98 Chevy Blazer and "tutors" ready and waiting. Students also enjoy an enormous breadth of social options. From fornicating with the Resident Assistants in the dormitories, to catching a disease from walking barefoot in Student Cooperative Housing, Berkeley has it all!! And don't forget the Greek Reich System!! Berkeley prides itself on not only being a bastion of liberal democracy, but also tolerating the glaringly idiotic behavior of evolutionary throwbacks.

And liberal democracy will always have a home here!!! Students participate in all manner of political expression here at Cal, as long as it's politically correct!!!! Remember, we can track you down if we want to. That's because you're more than just a number here at Cal!!!! You're an eight digit number, easily distinguishable from everyone else.

I AM SO FUCKING EXCITED TO BE OFFERING YOU A PLACE IN THE INCOMING FRESHMAN CLASS!!!!!! YOU'D BETTER NOT FUCKING BLOW IT, YOU PIECE OF CRAP!!!!!! SIGN!!!!!! SIGN!!!!!! SIGN IT!!!!!!



Student Signature

SQUELCH MISSION STATEMENT:

Ladies, Gentlemen, Sorority Girls, Frat Ogres, Welcome to the *SQUELCH*. You may have heard of us before, read us before, or had us read to you by your house-mother before. You may be a green Cal fresh-person, new to Berkeley and chomping at the bit that is college. You may not know *SQUELCH* from felch. You may have nose hair issues. However, none of this matters, oh happy children, for the *SQUELCH* is back like never before.

We don't mean back like an STD, back like the *Love Boat*, or back like Fleetwood Mac. Those are all shitty-assed, depressing sorts of comebacks concerned only with making money or rotting away your precious reproductive organs. The *SQUELCH* is back like a long lost lover, one whose touch you grew to love and trust like your own. Like a lover torn from you because of a spousal battery case involving a dead fish and a curling iron which you wouldn't even have prosecuted if the pig-assed cops and district attorneys hadn't threatened you with a 647(a) for that horse-humping incident they caught on video behind Safeway last spring.

The *SQUELCH* is back, and we're going back to our roots. We are absolutely, positively committed to making you cry. An old *SQUELCH* contributor, Karl Marx, once said the following regarding our magazine: "All that is holy is profaned. ... All that is solid melts into air." The great German philosopher submitted the article containing this statement in 1848, but it was too long and subversive, so we ran a piece comparing German farts to Russian farts instead.

We learned a lesson, though, boys and girls: German farts, though heartier and more robust, tend not to linger as long as Russian farts. Over this next year, we will bend over backwards to offend each and every member of the Berkeley community, minus paying advertisers and hot chicks that talk to us. Students, professors, administrators, boys, girls, and even squirrels—you will all have your turn. So step up, bend over, and take one from the *SQUELCH*. It's nothing to be ashamed of.



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THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Noses to the Grindstone Since 1991.

(Noses in the Air)

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SQUELCH COVER: Photo by Lynne McNeill, creative rendering by Patrick Marckesano, Head Librarian of Sque, digitized letter by Jason Rosenbaum, pen removed from between Daily Cal columnist's breasts, stand by Your Mom

Submissions should be sent via the open envelope to submit@squelched.com or by old fashioned hand-to-hand to The Heuristic Squelch, 201 Miller Lounge, Student Union, Berkeley, CA 94720. Our new office is located at 302 Eshleman. It's small like a cryptid—you can come inside but you'll have to leave your bag at the door.

SPECIAL THANKS to our guest layout staffer, Charlie Padow. This outlandish poster specimen of mass media did nothing less than save our precious this issue. Our thanks to Schlatzky's for finally going out of business. Women's thoughts are extended to our San Dutch runner, runner, Danielle and Eric—let's runner look at magazine, potatoes, and a six-pack of Huelbar in quite the same way again. Finally, we'd like to thank Kenneth Starr, the UV portion of the electromagnetic spectrum and the Japanese Stock Market for an outrageous, hilarious, and hilarious-causing summer. Cheers!

This issue is our general disclaimer which disclaims any claims which involve money, might claim to claim. A date in the future isn't the same game with a nose. We have 1 girl you need to a certain extent and then I changed it. Failed your day up under the 6. In the end, if something you need in this magazine with your nose, and it's up right and then it's up your nose. You'll never make progress with that article, respond. I told you for days from your nose, you need! Get your nose and look at the nose! MATH MOVIE MOVIE! Oh yeah! Get it!



A FEW WORDS FROM THE TOP

Putzin' Around

by Ben Birken, Editor-in-Chief

Most people wait until right before graduation before reflecting upon their college experience. Unfortunately for me, only the evil demons within Sproul Hall and VLSB know when that date will be, and they refuse to tell me. So, in case I never get the chance again, this is my forum and here is my diatribe:

The English language, even though it is loaded up the wazoo with words, lacks an adequate synonym for the word "learn." I mean, you've got your "know" and "studied," but let's face it, these are laughed at by the other words in the thesaurus. If someone on the street were to ask me, as they often do, what have I learned in college, I would have nothing to say. Oh sure, I could spout out stuff about gluconeogenesis, fast twitch muscle fibers, and maximal oxygen consumption, but what kind of learning is that? This means little to the common person, and is really only important to me around exam time. As a result, I have been forced to alter English as we know it and create two new words. One is really just "learned" capitalized (this is a neat trick I discovered in older writings when emphasis is needed. Try it, it's Fun!), and the other is a Yiddish word turned into some new part of speech. At college, things are learned, Learned, or "putzed."

Something is "putzed" if you feel like a "putz" after remembering it. This covers many areas, from your tele-bears personal identification number to, oh, organic chemistry. Your academic success is based on how much you can putz; most people don't know that GPA actually stands for Grade Putz Average. Don't be fooled, however, into thinking that putzing only takes place in the classroom. I've putzed that

sororities only have girls in them. Imagine that! I also putzed that a fraternity bid is not a passport to fun and excitement. It doesn't even get you on any of the cool rides on campus.

So if that's what I've putzed, then what have I learned? Well, I learned that landlords suck. They charge rent and stuff, and expect you to pay...on time! I learned that college isn't like the movies: college students have to do some studying in movies. I learned that an elected body of your peers (by definition only) can accomplish little more than dressing up every Wednesday to yell at each other and give people money. I've learned that TV is good, but SportsCenter is better. Finally, I've learned that, no matter how much you beg and cry, Cal sports will not do any of the following: nab a Top Five recruit for more than one year, maintain possession of the fourth quarter, win, or have successful years in multiple big money sports (rugby, swimming, water polo, and all those other sports that no one really cares about are not included).

Now for the big stuff: what have I Learned? What does it mean to Learn? One has Learned when one has discovered eternal truths. I have Learned that all girls inherently know how to dance, regardless of whether they admit it or not. I have Learned that the Daily Californian is a beautiful concept in theory but, much like Communism, fails when put into practice. I have Learned that I will never graduate, no matter how many credits I have and no matter how many times I sleep with the female voice of Tele-bears (she's actually quite pretty, I assure you). Lastly, I have Learned that no one in the real world cares what you have Learned, or even what you have putzed. They care if you look good in a suit and how much money you can acquire for them, legally or illegally.

So, freshmen and new readers, take heed of my advice. Why waste time putzing when you could be learning or, even better, Learning? Get the fake ID now, start drinking heavily, and give all your money to the Squelch. We know how to manage it, I swear. We putzed that in Business Administration 10.

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NEWS FLASHES



RICK STARR NAMED NEW SPICE GIRL

by Ben Birken
Artificial Inseminator

A number of reports out of London are saying that Sproul Plaza crooner Rick Starr will join the *Spice Girls* in time to finish their American tour. The former fivesome that became a foursome after the departure of "Ginger Spice" is excited to have the self-proclaimed lounge singer as part of the group. "He's got that stage presence we're looking for," said Sporty Spice. "He knows how to make it look like you're singing into a microphone that is plugged in, which is what Spice Power is all about. He also looks great in Ginger's old Union Jack mini-skirt."

"He can really dance. He's got moves that Ginger could only dream of," stated Scary Spice. "He's slightly cute in that crazy, lunatic way." Ginger Spice stunned prepubescent girls world wide by leaving the group, claiming "differences within the group" and a "need for self-growth." Anonymous sources close to the group state that Ginger left after a long argument in which she called the other girls "scheming, manipulative bitches who are robbing the American public of their hard-earned money."

Starr is excited about his career move, but is sad to be leaving Berkeley. Asked about his new partners, Starr said, "How 'bout some money? Got any gigs?" When further probed about the pressures of touring and the press, Starr had this to say: "Let's make love."

Starr's addition to the group does present a few problems, namely that the group's name is no longer accurate. "We talked about that," said Baby Spice. "We all got some ice cream and discussed our options. So far, our best bet is to have Rick shave his legs and get one of those, you know, 'operations' I think they're called? Or we could change our name to *Four Spice Girls And One Crazy Guy*. We're still toying wit' it."



NEW RETROFIT FOR INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

by Brett Favre
Quarterpacker

In conjunction with a massive earthquake retrofitting job, the university is taking steps to ensure that all dormitory rooms in the International House are suicide proof. "The idea has been hanging around for a year or so," university spokesman Ronald Punani said. "Early this summer, I was at a bar with my boss, drinking kamikazes, and listening to Nirvana when the idea came back to life. He really liked it—just about fell out the window with excitement."

Each room in the I-House will be carefully redesigned to reduce avenues for self-immolation. Jagged edges will be smoothed, windows barred shut, mirrors replaced with unbreakable plexiglass, and circus clown clocks will be programmed to sing and dance on the half-hour to alleviate depression. "It's a tough problem, but we can't just slit our wrists and watch them bleed," Punani said.

When asked if the friends of recent suicide victims would be upset by such a plan, he responded, "Fuck 'em. Where were these so called 'friends' when it counted? These damn suicides cost us thousands in lost fees. And why the hell does the I-House look like a mosque? Isn't this a Christian country?" Our Squelch correspondent walked out at this point in the interview.

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NEWS FLASHES


DAILY CAL CHANGES MOTTO

by Jason N. Rosenbaum
Raised by Wolves

The Daily Californian, UC Berkeley's strangely eerie student-run newspaper, stunned the campus community earlier this week with an unexpected announcement. "We have long called the Daily Californian UC Berkeley's student-run newspaper," began the official spokesperson. "After much thought and deliberation, the editorial staff has decided that we do not accurately report the news, therefore it would be incorrect to call us a newspaper. Additionally, because our editorial decisions are exceedingly self-serving, we should not claim to be 'UC Berkeley's' either.

"Furthermore, the use of the term 'student-run' is a misrepresentation. Students should learn from their mistakes, and clearly, we do not. Also, our huge fiscal debt indicates that

'mismanaged' would be more accurate than 'run.'" At this point in the announcement, the spokesperson seemed overcome with some sort of unidentifiable emotion. Some experts contended that the emotion was grief, but better experts later suggested that it was more probably just gas.

With teary eyes, the spokesperson continued, "With this in mind, we have decided to officially change the Daily Cal's motto to 'The Daily Cal: At Least It's Free, and It Doesn't Smell So Bad.'" The spokesperson then fielded questions, but quite obviously lied at every opportunity. In closing, the spokesperson mentioned other changes in the Daily Cal's naming policy. The "editors" will now be called "people who don't check a damn thing," and Joe Eskanazi will now be known as "Talentless Hack." 

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Top Ten Things That Will Wake You Up at 4:00 a.m.

10. An alarm clock
9. The Orkin Man
8. Nuclear war
7. The idea of The Love Boat: The Next Wave
6. Spatzle
5. Cat dander
4. IDS 142, which anyone can easily sleep through at 4PM, but suddenly becomes earth-shatteringly interesting twelve hours later
3. A drunken sorority girl.
2. Some guy in your bed with his hand on your breast
1. A baby in the microwave

Top Ten Rejected James Bond Villains

10. Dr. Pizza
9. Odd-Size-Pants
8. The Quadraplegic
7. Mr. Nincompoop
6. The Man With the Carbon Rod
5. Igor Ivanovich McMurty of the New Hampshire McMurty's
4. Thunderous Flatulence
3. S.P.E.C.U.L.U.M.
2. Octonostril
1. The Mail Order Bride

Top Ten Stupid Names for Crepe Restaurants

10. Statutory Crepe
9. Crepe Fear
8. Crepe Me
7. The Crepe of the Lock
6. The Crepes of Wrath
5. Crepes-A-No-Go
4. The Crepe of Good Hope
3. Gang Crepe
2. Really Nasty Shit-Flavored Crepes
1. Netscrepe

Top 10 Little-Used Hair Care Products

10. Napalm
9. KY Jelly
8. Just for Eunuchs
7. Head and Crotches
6. Smells like Swamp Ass
5. Heineken
4. Dandruff Control Sheep's Placenta
3. Bong water
2. 3M HCl
1. U.S.S. Nimitz

KOO CAN'T COOK

BY CHANG KOO

Every evening, the question in my apartment is: What shall we have for din-din? As I get sick and tired of wondering what to scavenge for my daily requirement of protein and fat, I have decided to offer suggestions as to what dinner may be tonight...

BLONDIE'S PIZZA

Blondie's is a favorite dining spot for any Cal student. Besides the fact that the employees for the evening are hired on Telegraph every afternoon, the delectable odoriferous emanation called "urine" from the aforementioned street, and the fact that you have to eat your pizza in front of mean looking street punks with eyeball piercings, it really is a choice spot for dinner.

FAT SLICE

Ah, another great Berkeley pizza joint. The service, usually a Khazakstan native running the front end with an Iraqi Kurdish refugee taking care of furnaces, is really top notch. After a hard day of chem-lab, Fat Slice truly is the Promised Land, where the pizza is as big as my female lab-partner's ass and they slap it down on the counter harder than Ike Turner used to pimp slap Tina. Pizza Heaven.

HABIBI'S HOUSE OF KABAB

This is my personal favorite. In fact, I eat there so much that I've come to judge the prices of all other goods and services in terms of how many Habibi chicken rice plates I can buy. I'll be at the mall, looking at a pair of shoes, and say to myself... "gee, these shoes cost ten Habibi's." In fact, my official currency has become the "Habibi": medium spicy with potato salad.

ANNE'S SOUP KITCHEN

I guess Anne's isn't really a dinner place, but it's my damn article, so to hell with technicalities. It's amazing that the cook, probably Anne's

husband, can make forty thousand omelets in one hour. But he's starting to show the stress cracks—the pattern of mushrooms and green peppers on my omelet this morning had an uncanny resemblance to a pentagram.

KIM'S SUPER BURRITO

An obvious front for southside drug activity, this filth-infested skank factory fools nares by serving the little known Korean-Mexican cuisine. I especially recommend the Super Soy Dog Burrito with a side of kim-chee and beans. You should only order to go, as it reduces the chances of having to testify in court in the event of a police raid.

TOP DOG

After pounding away a twelve pack of "Nat Ice," there's nothing that a member of the Berkeley Greek system enjoys more than a tasty Top at 2:55 A.M. If that weren't reason enough to frequent the place, the best wurst this side of Berlin is served by people who make the Soup Nazi of "Seinfeld" fame look like Betty Crocker. You put your bills on the counter, say in the nicest voice, "one Top please," and take two steps to the side. If you really find yourself bored, you can read outdated political philosophy on the walls that proclaims that government is evil, with their damn national security, public roads and hidden secret cameras. Anarchy forever!

SMART ALEC'S

Capitalizing on the recent trend towards vegetarianism, this place of business has succeeded in creating a large menu of things that don't taste good. Their salad doesn't quite qualify as Intermezzo, and their "Air Baked" fries don't quite qualify as food. In a show of meat-eating unity and protest, we ask that you demand the prime rib and raw beef dipped in pig fat.

It was my 21st birthday and I was ready for some serious bar hopping. Sure, I had enjoyed my

18th birthday (where you can finally smoke tobacco and perform sodomy legally, although usually in the reverse order), but somehow I knew 21 would be even groovier.

So I hit the town, ready to brandish my shiny DMV license for anyone who questioned my newly legitimated right to consume and abuse alcohol. Nevermind the ridicule and problems that went along with trying to prove that I really was the sassy faced 16 year old whose face graced my license, but let's just say that a lot of begging, pleading and fellatio goes a long way.

I decided to take notes of the night, mostly on bar napkins, as an attempt to record my observations for posterity's sake. Besides, if I really want to become a famous writer, I had better learn the art of alcoholism, and fast.

What follows is a list of my most memorable liquid endeavors, not rated in any formal order. Let it serve as a guide for future generations, a record of one man's spiral towards insanity, or perhaps the fictional ramblings of an Amish voyeur obsessed with one armed dwarf wrestling.

Catch 21

Groggy Memoirs of a Tapped Night



BY CHARLIE PADOW
BORN AGAIN MORMON

ASSISTED BY THE TEDIOUS
RESEARCHING TECHNIQUES OF ...

STEPHEN "CAMEL TOE"
BERGER

•Chlamydia Fuzz and Cream

Milk, mint liquor, a drop of vodka and a tampon stirrer. This drink is a favorite among gynecologists, physiologists and sorority girls.

•Ward Connerly

Practically non-alcoholic, this controversial drink features milk, a drop of kaluha, a drop of coffee and is garnished with a double stuffed Oreo cookie. Student activists and radicals enjoy urinating in this one and serving it at Young Republican meetings. Warning: this drink may cause colorblindness.

•Roofie Smoothie

A favorite among fraternity members, this chilled blend of Hi-C, mango juice, crushed ice and THC crystals really brings out the spike in the fruit punch.

•Pickled Goiter

This medical abnormality specialty drink contains pickle juice, gin, and an olive. Makes your throat lumpy.

•Handjob in Detroit

Tequila and prune juice on the rocks. This party favorite is often confused with a Cunnilingus on a Subway, which adds a shrimp cocktail and lemon to the mix.

•Freudian Slip

This colorful pink concoction contains pepto bismol, vermouth, a gram of cocaine and a cute pink umbrella. Expensive but enjoyable, this drink brings out the repressed psychosis in us all.

•Benign Tumor

Another odd medical creation, this drink contains cranberry juice, tabasco sauce, gin and marinated chicken fat. Works wonders for depressed barflies and stewardesses.

•Lacerated Dwarf Skull.

This Nordic specialty is hard to come by due to its unique mug style, but if done right, is the best blend of tomato juice, mead and lemon twist this side of Iceland.

There had to have been more drinks than this, but at some point in the evening, I lost most of my notes in an alleyway while fighting a billy goat for a good parking spot. Alas, this meager list is all I could remember when I awoke the next morning, naked in a pile of beer nuts on Sproul Plaza. But at least Preacher Eddie's spooning techniques kept me warm.

In our tireless pursuit of truth, respect, and asthma gene therapy, the Squelch proudly presents...

FRESHMAN DISORIENTATION

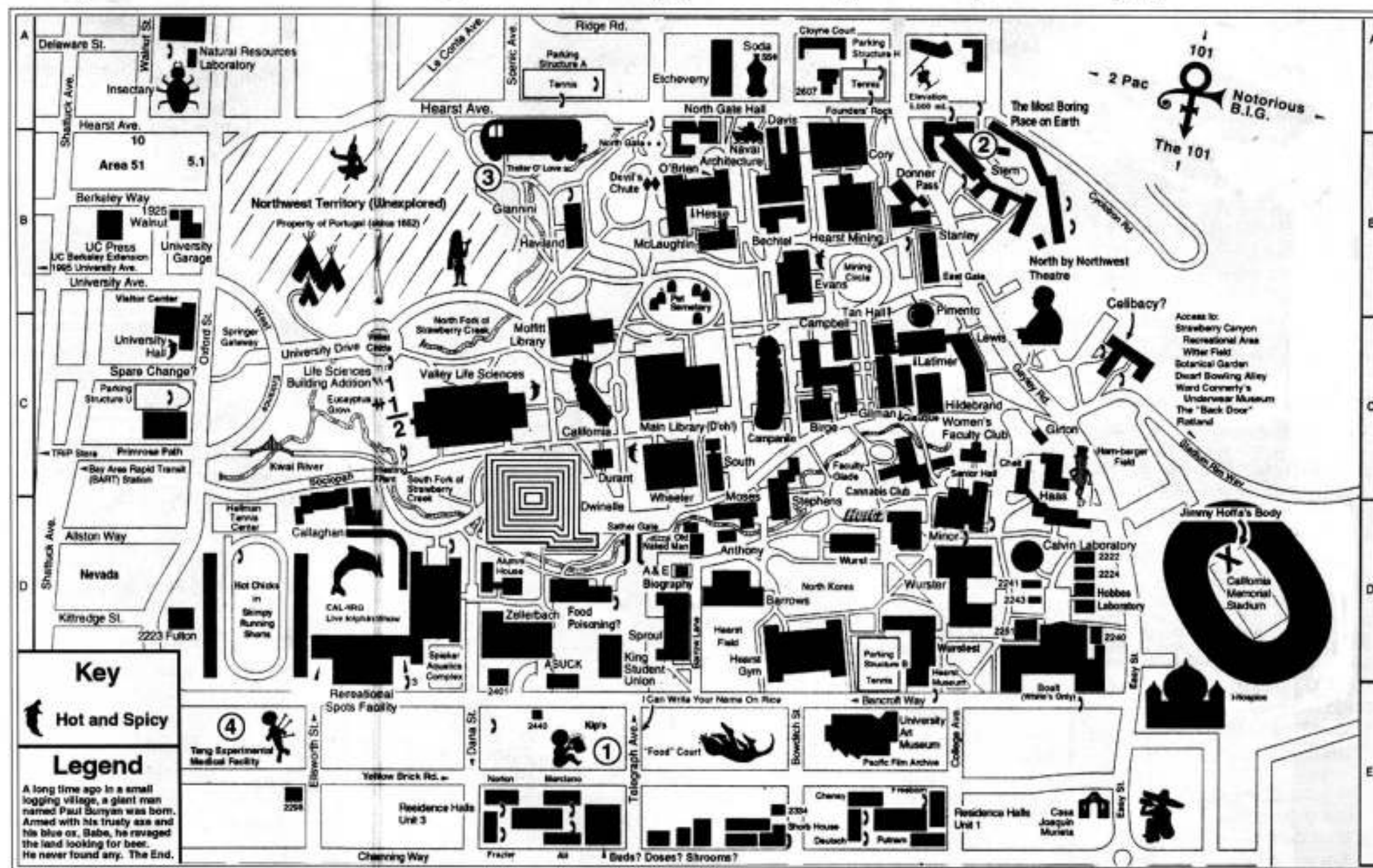
Hey there boys and girls, my name is Dick. My sister Jane and I used to be innocent freshmen just like you until we broke free from the neo-Puritanical morés of 1950's retro art and entered the drug induced world of Berkeley. As upper classmen, we know how difficult it is when you first set foot on the campus. Heck, that first step is usually into a steaming pile of human feces. Yep, what with the roaming transients and bitter street punks, Berkeley pavement is about as sanitary as Monica Lewinsky's wardrobe. Unfortunately, Jane and I can't tell you where the piles of crap are and how to avoid them (they

vary depending on wind speed and azimuth), but we can introduce you to the sights of the Berkeley campus.

Before we take the tour, however, we must warn you that this is not the same map you may have seen in the schedule of classes. We've stripped away the facade, exposed the university's soft and festering underbelly, and converted Cal's P.C. map into a true representation of our hallowed campus. Here are some of the special sights you'll see during our tour:

① KIP's

You may have already visited this fine culinary institution for "pizza and soda" during CalSo. I'm sure Cindy, your perky CalSo counselor, informed you that, "Everyone hella goes to Kip's!" That's odd... Kip's features a dank, third-world decor, shitty service, and the greasiest pizza in town. Nine freshmen have drowned in scalding Kip's pizza grease since 1974. So why does every undergraduate go there on Friday night? Simple. Kip's doesn't hesitate to serve Jagermeister shots to infants. So go to Kip's, but if you need to use the restroom, wear a bee-keeper's suit, and bring a bat.



② STERN HALL

Originally established as a bordello, Stern has undergone major adjustments since its construction. From housing Nazi fugitives to brewing its own moonshine during Prohibition, this housing complex has never failed to entertain. Ask a resident about the late night Spandex and whipped cream fights. For the true adventurer, try to sneak

past the totalitarian security monitors known to castrate even the most innocent male visitor.

③ TRAILER 'O LOVE

When Texan Robert Berdahl took over for Chancellor Tien it was out with the mansion and in with the tornado proof de-luxe trailer home. Appointment policy: If this trailer's a-rockin', don't come a-knockin'!

④ TANG EXPERIMENTAL
HEALTH FACILITY

Every major university should possess some form of professional and capable medical care, both reasonably priced and within stumbling distance of the campus. Students at Cal are left wondering, "So where's ours?" What can one say about a facility that still swears by rectal thermometers and leeches.

often used together in their patented technique of Anal-Plasmology™? Sometimes, it's just better to suck it up and medicate yourself with Telegraph heroin and massive doses of horse tranquilizers.

— Miles
"Heir to the Polish Empire"
 Zajaczkowski

Top Fifteen Lesser-Known Deadly Sins

15. Flossing
14. Crossing the streams
13. Repitition
12. Repitition
11. Being ugly
10. Stepping to Dre (because you're stepping to Death Row)
9. Leaving broccoli on your plate when there are starving people in Africa
8. Borrowing without asking
7. Appearing in a commercial for feminine hygiene products
6. Billing Mom for the Spice channel
5. Darryl Strawberry
4. Talking during the porno
3. Not using your library voice
2. Always using your library voice
1. Using your library voice for evil

Top Ten Worst Vacation Spots

10. Planet of the Apes
9. Hoth
8. Anywhere Carrot-Top is
7. Djibuti
6. Fresno
5. My Ass
4. Casa Z
3. The Island of Dr. Moreau
2. Eurodisney
1. Hell

Top Ten Pornographic Nintendo Games

10. Donkey Schlong
9. Kid Dickarus
8. Mike Tyson's Munch-Out!
7. Leather Gear
6. Flogger
5. Hump & Dump
4. Excite Dyke
3. Duck Cunt
2. Elevator Action
1. Pack Man

Top Ten Totalitarian Sitcoms

10. All in the Commune
9. The Molotov-Ribbentrop Comedy Hour
8. Gilligan's Archipelago
7. Who's Il Duce?
6. Generalissimo Dad
5. My Two Big Brothers
4. She's der Führer
3. I Love Lenin
2. Papa Doc Knows Best
1. Suddenly Stalin



a peculiar problem

By Matt Holohan

Nowadays the process of abortion seems simple enough. Barring interference from right-wing extremists who demand that you the let clump of cells in your womb grow into a healthy little welfare leech, getting rid of an unwanted pregnancy is, to put it simply, a piece of placenta-flavored cake. However, many women who have undergone this procedure are then faced with a rather pressing question: "Okay, I got the fetus out of me, now what do I do with it?" The black market won't take unfinished goods and God knows the adoption places won't touch it, so what the Hell are you supposed to do with this little half-person? Well, worry not, dear reader, for I, being the die-hard feminist sympathizer that I am, have put together a little guide to help our feminine audience put their little "cancelled Americans" to good use. So put away that biohazard receptacle and turn off the garbage disposal, because you're about to witness a world of fetal possibilities unfold right before your eyes.

The best thing to do is have fun with your fetus. A sports fan? You may not be aware of this, but a fetus can be a very versatile piece of sports equipment. Whether used as a slick hockey puck, a lacrosse ball, or even a hopscotch marker, the aborted fetus will add a new dimension of liveliness to any sporting activity. If alternative athletics are more your cup of tea, you may want to consider a nice game of hacky-fetus with a few of the bro's.

The fetal fun doesn't end with sports, either. Throwing a birthday party for your younger sibling? I'm sure any group of elementary school kiddies would be overjoyed at the chance to participate in and exciting game of Pin the Tail on the Fetus, Bobbing for Fetuses, or the ever-popular Dodge-fetus, and afterwards you can entertain the young'ns with the tom-foolery of "Freddy Fetus and

his Puppet Pals." If the party crowd is a little older, everyone loves a kinky game of spin the fetus. Trust me.

But dead preemies aren't all fun and games; they have no end of practical uses. Paperweight and doorstop are two of the more obvious choices. A fetus dangling from the ceiling of your garage will let you know when to stop the car. Out of cat food? Douse would-be junior with some barbecue sauce and give kitty something to gnaw on while you run to the store. Oh, no! It's your little sister's birthday and you spent all your money on crack and beer! No problem. Just dress your fetus in a little dress and it's happy birthday Sally. She'll love you forever.

Now, I know what many of you are probably thinking: "Sure, Matt. Recreational and practical uses are fine, but I'm hungry!" Well, my peckish friends, I have the answer to your culinary dilemma. How does a nice fetus Caesar salad sound? Followed by some delicious fetus chops in applesauce with some fetus sorbet for dessert? That's right, folks: your fetuses are edible! You say cannibalism? I say waste not, want not. Just ask Jonathan Swift! If you're interested in impressing party guests with sophisticated stillborn cuisine, run out and grab a copy of *Fetal Delights: Fifty Ways to Turn an Unwanted Pregnancy into a Seven-Course Meal* by Wesley Spetzer. I recommend the "Aborted Fetus Surprise". What's the surprise? It's got a goddamned fetus in it, that's the surprise!

So you see, my friends, whether it's a casual day on the field, a rough day in the office, or a fancy dinner party with the friends, there are countless ways an extracted unborn child can make your life easier. So for God's sake, people, STOP LEAVING THEM IN MY MAILBOX!

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FROM THE SQUELCH CONNOISSEUR COLLECTION

Body Music: Anguished Diction

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

I become myself.
Myself becomes me.
My consciousness opens a world
of unlimited possibilities,
And my mind begins to explore them.
Somewhere, a wolverine mauls a small child.

☐ ————— ☐ ☐ ————— ☐
PAIN

Pain,
Crushing down on every part of me.
It hurts.
A lot.
The kind of hurt that makes you wonder
if there's a god,
If anyone in the vastness of this universe
is fighting for you.
The kind of hurt that makes you wonder
Why you ever let an elephant sit on you
in the first place.

DIVERSITY CONSIDERED

Black people, white people.
Yellow people, brown people, red people.
Pick a color of the rainbow,
And there's a people for it.
Except chartreuse.
There's no chartreuse people.
And it's a good thing,
Because I'd really hate those goddammed
chartreuse bastards.

☐ ————— ☐ ☐ ————— ☐
LOST IN THE WILDERNESS

On the tops of snow-capped mountains
And the bottoms of rocky canyons,
I search and search for the things
I most desire.
But mostly, I search for the rescue teams,
And for my virginity,
Which was taken from me by a large bear in
exchange for my life.

RELIGION

I saw God
In a monkey's eyes.
Next time I'll order
Dressing on the side.

If my soul is eternal,
I'd better buy
Some warm clothes.
Ich bin einen schwamm.

☐ I must alone
For my father's sins.
Not wearing sunscreen
Red faced for the Lord.

BY LUKE FILOSE
& STEPHEN M. BERGER

THE CONSONANT MANIFESTO

BY TYLER ROSCOE



Over this summer past, I had an epiphany. Well, two actually, if you count the fact that I finally discovered the cause of that strange rash that had been plaguing me for some time. But the other one, the one that is more socially and politically important, was my realization that we do, in fact, need affirmative action.

Maybe it was all the BAMN literature that I've been inundated with, or maybe it was this great book I picked up at Revolution Books called *The Violence Gene: Why White People Keep Fucking Everything Up*, but I have removed my autographed, full-length poster of Pete Wilson from its hallowed place on the ceiling directly over my bed, and I now seek change in one of the most fundamental and overlooked injustices in the world. In short, I ask for nothing less than a violent coup against the elitist caste known as Vowels.

As anyone with any training whatsoever in the English language knows, every word—every single word—must contain at least one Vowel. Consonants are a dime a dozen, and can be mixed and matched in virtually any order, but everything must center around the all-powerful, all-knowing Vowel. The Consonants must bow to the Vowel's every whim, running and scrambling so that not too many stand in front of the Vowel, and not too many behind, but just the right amount so that the Vowel feels comfortable with its position in the word.

Now, Vowel activists defend this behavior in a number of ways. They

point out that there are a very limited number of Vowel Sounds a human can make, but that a staggering

number of Consonant sounds exist. They say that without some kind of stability, language would degrade into a massive anarchistic chaos of disconnected fricatives and nasals.

What they fail to mention is that Consonants are dependent on Vowels because Vowels have designed the System to work this way. In a way much akin to how the Government secretly saturates people on Welfare with readily-available alcohol to keep them from finding real jobs and interfering with CEO salaries,

Vowels have created a vicious cycle of dependency where Consonants were first brow-beaten into accepting the "structure" provided by Vowels, and are now so socialized by Vowel propaganda that they are unable to act on their own.

Further, Vowels use disgusting and immoral "divide and conquer" tactics to ensure that their position of prestige is unchallenged. In very few places in the English language are Consonants allowed to stand together in groups larger than two or three, and in Spanish, the language of some of the most oppressed people in the world, it is rare to see even two Consonants standing together. By keeping Consonants from discussing their oppression or assembling to protest against it, the Vowels insure that their

insidious reign will continue unabated.

"But," say the Vowel's defenders, "we believe in equality. You'll notice that the letter Y now has a position equaling that of other Vowels. Just look at words like 'sky,' 'try,' and 'why.'"

Though isolated counter examples exist to defend any position, no matter how ludicrous, it says nothing about the overall truth. And even within the narrow frame of Vowel propaganda, everyone

knows the answer to the time-honored question, "When is the letter Y a Vowel?": *Sometimes!* Even when the Vowels do give such concessions, they're sure to clearly label which letters are fully proper Vowels,

and which are upstart Consonants that managed to hit the alphabetical lottery and be propelled into Nouveau-Vowel status.

It is high time that this injustice is seen for what it is, and stopped.

Consonants outnumber Vowels in the Roman alphabet by more than 4 to 1, and there is strength in these numbers. United to a common purpose, Consonants have the power to end their suffering at the hands of a few aristocratic Vowels. And with this in mind, I beg:

CNSNNTS F TH WRLD, NT!

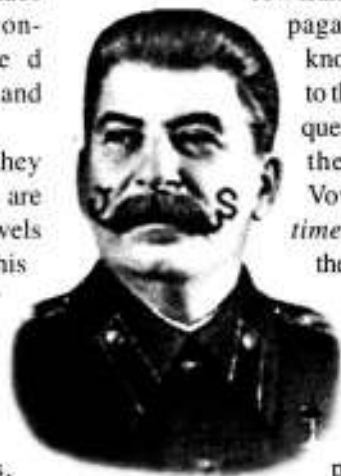
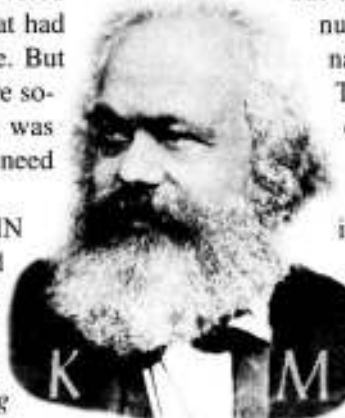
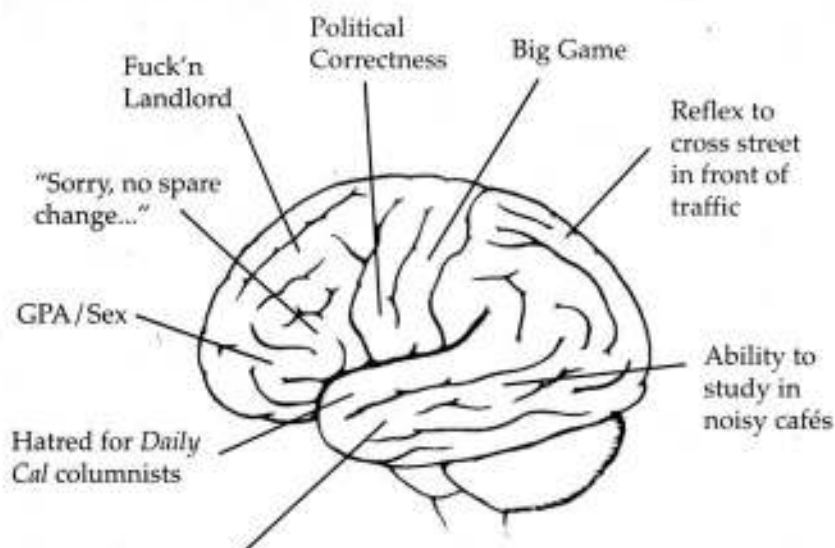


Diagram of U.C. Berkeley Student's Brain:



ENGLISH 98/198 (Sec. 8)

The Heuristic Squelch: Writing Humor

5-7PM 123 Wheeler 3 units P / NP Have you ever wanted to write your own jokes? Have you ever yearned to understand what makes a joke funny? Have you ever tried to figure out why the word "funny" applies both to Shakespeare and Jim Carrey? No? Well, screw off, then. I didn't want you in my class anyway, bastard. Who the hell do you think you are, anyway? Your mother forget to teach you any goddamn manners?

Top Ten Reasons You Didn't Go to Stanford

10. Didn't get in.
9. They have a tree for a mascot.
8. Didn't get in.
7. Don't like snobby rich bourgeoisie.
6. Didn't get in.
5. Under restraining order for sexually assaulting Chelsea.
4. Didn't get in.
3. You're a SON OF CALIFORNIA. You fight for the blue and gold
2. Didn't get in.
1. You heard that the girls at Stanford are even uglier than they are at Cal.

Top Ten Rejected Theme Park Rides/Attractions

10. Ebola Safari
9. Dingleberry Canyon
8. Titanic, The Ride
7. The Ghetto Experience
6. Plop Zone
5. It's a Small Penis World
4. Golden Showers
3. Rectal Rampage Bumper Cars
2. Tupac's Wild Ride
1. Sesame Street Theater: The Full Monty

Top Ten Indications That You Have Overdosed on Viagra

10. Even frat sheep run away from you.
9. Everyday is flag day for your pubic lice.
8. At the old folks home, people begin to think there IS a banana in your pocket.
7. You begin wondering why everyone brings a pole to the pole vault competition.
6. Five words: Bitch of a stone ache.
5. You're sued for sexual harassment after hugging your mom.
4. You no longer bother to zip up your pants.
3. Your only pickup line is now "Did I mention I was loaded?"
2. You begin to think that old faithful geyser is a joke.
1. Oscar Meyer wants to buy your penis.

have you really waited this long just to see an R rated movie?

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Top Fifteen Summer Pornos

15. The XXX-Files
14. The Truman Blow
13. The Avaginers
12. The Fellatiator
11. Air Bud: Golden Receiver
10. Ever Lasting: A Viagra Story
9. There's Something Inside Mary
8. How Stella Got a Groove in Her Back
7. Fecal Weapon 4
6. The Mask of Whorro
5. Wadspilla
4. Shaving Ryan's Privates
3. Small Soldiers
2. The Opposite of the Opposite of Sex
1. Deep Impact

Top Fifteen Berkeley Oxymorons

15. Student athlete
14. Golden Bear Victory Fellowship
13. Greek Honors Society
12. Daily Cal writer
11. Express service
10. DC food
9. Human biodynamics major
8. ASUC Superb
7. Equal opportunity
6. Blondie's pizza
5. Bible study
4. High-brow comedy
3. Telegraph street-sweeper
2. Keystone beer
1. Cal band great!

Top Ten Words Used to Describe the Daily Californian

10. Recyclable
9. Piss-poor
8. Slanted
7. Painful
6. Saddening
5. Pustulent
4. Californian
3. Not-as-good-as-the-Squelch
2. Daily
1. Strawberry

Top Ten Freshmen

10. Rob Haywood
9. Al Grigsby
8. Masami Chatterjee
7. Alex Hau
6. Frank Costello
5. Kim Lee
4. Derek Pope
3. Luis Martinez, Chet Richmond
2. Last year's pledges to SE
1. Courtney, 'cause she's a dirty whore

How to Be a Misanthrope

by Jason N. Rosenbaum

On the Berkeley campus, it's hard to be a misanthrope. Everyone is constantly accosting you. It became clear about twelve minutes into my tenure at Berkeley that it was going to be mighty difficult to get people to leave me alone, and yet avoid retreating to a cabin in Montana and start blowing up people with better personal hygiene than myself.

So, I came up with various self-defense mechanisms in order to protect myself from the obnoxious masses of the righteous. Now, I will impart my techniques unto the masses. I know, I'm too good to you. That you learn something by the end is all the gratification I require.

Rule 1: Say Exactly What You Are Thinking. This means don't hold back. Take that little cricket who's always telling you "Oh, golly, you can't say that!" and bite off his top-hat-wearing, Bing-Crosby-sounding, not-enough-legs-for-a-goddam-cricket head. Now say what you've always wanted to say, but were always hindered by "manners" and "tact."

Here's a sample exchange:
"Join Cal-PIRG?"

"Why would I want to do that?"

"Save the environment."

"Ah. Thank you for stating the mind-numbingly obvious for me. I didn't realize I was talking to a raving idiot. Do you have anything more to offer, or can I go back to a more effective use of my time, like slamming my head into concrete until I reach the level of intelligence that you evoke so effortlessly?"

"Um."

"Bye now."

See how easy that was?

The previous exchange also clearly evinces **Rule 2**, namely: Be Polite. Most people are quite taken aback by someone who clearly despises them, but still takes the time to toss in a "please," or, "I'm sorry." Compare and/or contrast the following:

"Shut up. I don't like you."

"I'm sorry, but you make me fear for

the future of this nation - nay, the world. Please don't push me toward suicide by forcing me to listen to you any longer."

Rule 3 is: Pick Your Words Carefully. Do not swear. Anyone can shrug off being called a fucking idiot. Very few can shrug off something like "I would rather be talking to just about anyone else right now." It also helps to use words and phrases that most people do not use in everyday conversation. Good choices include, "mind-numbing," "putrescence," "flaccid," "ostensibly," and "Betcha-bite-a-chip." Actually, I guess I've never had call to use that last one, but you can imagine how devastating it would be. Well, I can, anyway.

The most important of all the rules (except for "Don't Succumb to the Dark Side," which is a subject for another column) is **Rule 4**, which goes as follows: Don't Get Emotional. Sometimes it's hard, especially if you make your opponent cry, but don't get flustered, or else they won't go away. You must remain calm, cool, and distant. Getting angry or feeling pity will only lead you to violate **Rule 3**, and we can't have that, can we? Clearly.

Let's see a few simple examples of generic responses:
"I'm sorry, but could you tell me what it was about what I just said that suggested I wanted your opinion? I wouldn't want to make the same mistake again."

Or how about: "Pardon me, but is there something I could say that would make you turn around and walk away right now, and if so, how much money would it take to get you to tell me what it is?"

Perhaps: "Thank you, sir. I had almost convinced myself that most people thought before speaking. It's good to have an idyllic world-view shattered now and again."

So, you can all see, with these few simple rules you can repel any unwanted exchange. You, too can be a misanthrope. And I didn't even charge you.



A Flagrant Abuse of Editorial Power

by Luke Filose

Communication is a neat thing. It's neat not only because it gives sorority chicks something to major in while being completely blitzed out of their minds on coke, but also because there are so many ways to go about it. I would like to, using a simple example, explore some different avenues of communication. Call it Luke's Com. 101A if you will. Call it a three scoop shit sundae with bubonic sludge topping. That's not the important part.

Example

Luke asks his friend Dave if he wants to go out for a beer on, say, Friday, September 4th.

Possible Options

*Sky-writing- This option is for morons.

*In Person- This approach has problems. First of all, Dave and I are busy guys. If we don't see each other before Friday, we're SOL, and I don't mean sucking on lollipops. There's no second of all.

* E-mail- We're getting better. Dave checks his email a lot, because he's constantly online viewing porn. However, if world war broke out, it could potentially screw up the Internet.

* Telephone- This is by far the best medium of communication. It's cheap, fast, and virtually foolproof. I should definitely use this tactic.

Of course, I'm not going to. I work for the Squelch, after all. I push the boundaries of humor, other peoples' patience, and coloring books. I am going to use the most unprofessional, self-serving, and inefficient method available to me. How inefficient, you ask? It will be like calling in a squadron of B-52s to carpet bomb the entire campus just to get rid of the Cal-PIRG recruiters. To put this in terms the sorority girl can understand (this article was writ-

ten to educate the student of communications, after all), it will be like fasting for a month, getting a makeover, and wearing an off-the-shoulder prom dress to ask an EECS major out on a date. Follow me? Good. Now, what I'm going to do is ask Dave via this very Squelch article.

Mid-article Shout-out

Hey Dave? Wanna go get a beer on Friday? I'll meet you at the Bear's Lair at 4. See you then. Call me if you're busy- my number is in the staff box in case you forgot it.

Wasn't that the most wasteful, disgusting, arrogant thing you've ever seen? Let me make it easier to swallow (sorority slam #3). This issue probably cost about a thousand bucks. Divided by 16, you get \$62.50 per page. The Squelch is a student group—that means students help fund it. You guys just got together and rounded up cash so that I could set up a social engagement. Feel like a moron? Well, voice your complaints via sky-writing.



Conservative Thought: Society's Ailment

In Northern California in 1997 there were over 3 million closeted Republicans. Through modern psychoactive drug therapy and alcohol induction, progress has been made in helping these sad, afflicted individuals to derepublicanize. However, these procedures are expensive, arduous endeavors, which leave the patient drained, and without any rigatoni. But now there is hope for these poor, pathetic right-wing fascists. Hope dawns in the form of GOPoecia™.

GPOecia™, from SQUELCHON® Pharmaceuticals, Tennis Balls, and Pizza, is the new name in relief. Purified from bat dung found in the rain forests of New Jersey, the chemical ingredients in GOPoecia™ were subjected to an amazing mixture of modern medical techniques and ancient dung-spreader technology. While it is true that the majority of the polar bear population native to New Jersey died in order to bring us GOPoecia™, is not the price justified for peace of mind?

How does this miracle drug work? GOPoecia™ collicutes the framistat of the patient's haberdasher. By simultaneously reticulat-

GPOECIA™ A New Drug for a New Day

ing the machismo and deaccentuating the hyperthermoglycemic response receptors, GOPoecia™ drastically reduces the Fricke-Parks ratio. At this time, the corpuscles flagellate the thalamic gonad, leaving the patient in an ursine state of thecodontia, known in the vernacular as "fluxed." Then the patient turns from a Republican to a normal person. And you pay us. Don't forget to pay us.

However, GOPoecia is not meant for everyone. Stricken individuals who have already fallen so far into the abyss can not be helped. We recommend a quick, painless suicide or a home in Utah. Consult your local pharmacist, physician, or sherpa for advice before administering this, or any other fake drug.

GPOecia™
(3, 4- latent homophobic derepublicanol)

Administered rectally or stirred into a Scotch on the Rocks (any Glen will do).
Lubricate well before insertion.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Present desire to have anal sex on a burning American flag in rent-controlled apartment
Strange fear of Rush Limbaugh
Pro-choice/ don't mind the idea of killing babies

WARNINGS

The transition from a right-wing Republican affliction to a more moderate or liberal ideology can be extremely stressful on the gonads and/or immune system. This drug was not tested on any fat, ugly people, as we had to examine naked subjects on a daily basis. So, if you're fat, use at your own risk. And if you're really fat, use at someone else's risk. Any patient simultaneously suffering from anal leakage is advised to go to Jiffy Lube. Don't buy Yahoo! It is overvalued and its servers are overworked and underpaid. Don't piss on an electric fence. Stay away from my sister.

PRECAUTIONS

Nursing Mothers: If you nurse in public, be careful, because we're all watching you. For the love of crap, tuck your breast back into your shirt when you're done. We don't need to see that. Line your bra with Brawny Paper Towels, they are the most absorbent. That's what we use in our labs when the monkey's eyes bleed.

Nursing Fathers: What the hell are you doing? That's not formula, that's Cool's Light. The Silver Bullet was not intended for infants. Toddlers maybe, but not infants. Where's your head, meatball?

Sexually Active Patients: A two year study on rats revealed that they are nasty little fuckers. They brought the Plague you know. Besides, who has sex with a rat? If you do, this drug sure isn't going to help you.

Berkeley Freshment: If you're a right-wing Republican entering the Berkeley

community, we would suggest getting your fucking head examined. You're going to be miserable here. Take twice the suggested dosage and spread Anusol on any inflamed areas.

NASA Astronauts: Ummm...it's anybody's guess. Good luck, and godspeed. Sorry about Buzz Aldrin, he was a great man. He will be missed by moon-men everywhere.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

In placebo-controlled, double-blind and open-labeled clinical studies, 1483 adults and children 12 years and older received treatment with a GOPoecia™. All 1483 suffered from adverse reactions. Frankly, we're stumped as to why the F.D.A. approved this. It's like putting a person through a meat-grinder.

ADVERSE EVENTS	2Lb. G.O.P.-oecia daily (n= 614)	3 Liters Gasoline (n= 76)	2 parts vodka, 2 parts lemonade, dash of Schnapps (n= 793)
Epistaxis	13%	48%	What the hell is epistaxis?
Schlongitis	100% (even women)	0%	32%
Earthquake	29%	72%	The room is spinning—
Spontaneous Human Combustion	What??	103%	That's funny. He go BOOM!
Ebola Virus	81%	51%	Who can tell with all the syphilis going around?
Think you're Gallagher	1%	N/A	100%

A small number of subjects experienced narrow mustache growth, vicious combovers, and a tendency to invade France. The most common side-effect was headache. The least common side-effect was the tester getting some.

BEFORE



AFTER