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THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

(1991-1999)

(La Guillotine)

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ristic Squelch, 201 Heller Lounge, Student Union, Berkeley, CA 94720.
Heuristic Squelch headquarters/office/pit of eternal despair located in
Room 301, Eschleman Hall.

SPECIAL THANKS to the mini-midget-ninjas for putting a stop to our
excess; the ski and snowboard club for cluttering our office with fifty file
cabinets, drug paraphernalia and a four ton obsidian slab; the Ancient Spirits
of Evil for transforming this despoiled fern into Mammie-on-the-Ever-
Living; Lucifina Casta for being so beautiful and naked; and the ASUC for
foolishly allowing us night and weekend access to Eschleman. Muchas gracias
to the countries of Uruguay and Bolivia for contributing little, if anything,
to the Earth's cultural heritage. Merci beaucoup to France for outdoing even
America's ability to regally screw up foreign countries.

Notice to readers: The Squelch has had it up to here with all the quacked up as-
s-fucking going on in this crazy fucking town. We're turning in our wings and head-
ing to a better place. Somewhere with clean streets, a decent city council, and home-
less people that salute when you walk by instead of asking for money so they can
shoot it straight up their nose and squirt it out their backside. Somewhere with
a park that's safe to picnic in and meter maids that hand out poetry instead of parking
tickets. We're leaving for good, so write your own goddam mag, Philistines.



A SQUELCH MISCONCEPTION



Dear Editor,

The Heuristic Squelch is a hateful, misogynist, and generally extremist publication. I hate you. Please except this firebomb on behalf of Cal Students Against Hate, Misogyny, and Extremism.

Dear CSAHME,

This is absolute bullshit of the worst sort. In fact, we at the Squelch hate with all of our hateful beings anyone who would espouse such a view. The amount of hate we harbor toward these people couldn't even begin to be measured. If you took all the stadiums in the entire world and filled them with liquid hate, you would still need a whole major load of hate to even approach how much we hate that. Fuck those people.

The misogynistic thing is an even stupider accusation. It sounds like the kind of thing that a woman would come up with. Hah. Women. It's really funny, when you think about it, how much worse off the entire human race is because of women. Requesting all that goddamn maternity leave and storing containers of breast milk in office refrigerators. What's up with that? It's really funny when you watch women do stuff. It's like, anything they try to do looks really funny compared to when a guy does it. Women playing kickball are especially funny, because they kick all sissy and lots of times they'll run to third base instead of first base. And everyone is yelling at them "NO NO NO, run the other way!" and they'll just keep running toward third base with this confused look on their face. Maybe eventually they'll learn to play kickball decent, but we at the Squelch won't be waiting up nights for it.

Finally, we will address the claim that the Squelch is an extremist publication. Yeah, well, maybe there is some truth to that. For example, it extremely kicks ass. We're a lot better than most of the crap that disseminates around these days. You know that Extreme song where they play that acoustic guitar and all those people are sitting around in the video just pulling at their private parts? Why is it that any time a girl hears that song she gets all mushy and starts crying? It's like they don't even stop and wonder why that's the only song you've ever heard of by that disgusting excuse for a band. So, in summation, just read our damn magazine and stop asking so many stupid questions.

-L.F.

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News Flashes

PUFF DADDY COMPOSES ORIGINAL WORK by Matt Holohan, West Coast Affiliate

Millionaire hack Sean "Puffy" Combs shocked the music industry this week when he announced that he had recorded a song that he had written entirely by himself. The rapper, who has become notorious for reaping the rewards of other people's talents, said that he began working on the song in response to the criticism he had been getting for his methods.

The work has drawn a rather poor reaction from music critics. One Vibe Magazine critic described the recording as "a musical abortion," adding that "never before in the history of mankind has a person devised such a diabolical creation." Another critic summed up his reaction simply by saying, "There is no God."

Fearing that the song's release would lead to the breakdown of the very fabric of society, Puffy's label originally planned to destroy the only copy of the material and try to put the horrible memory behind them. Their plans changed, however, when funk soul brother Fat Boy Slim offered to remix the song. "I've found seven point eight seconds about halfway through the song that is actually of reasonable quality," Slim said. "So what I plan to do is loop this portion over and over again for about four and a half minutes. I may add some rhythmless drums in the background, too." Representatives from both Puffy and Slim's labels are excited about this project, mainly because the remix has the potential to be played to death by both hip-hop and alternative radio stations.

When asked for comment, Down's Syndrome patient-turned-Puff Daddy crony Ma\$e said, "Yeah."

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH by Allen Haim, Two Legs Bad

In yet another shining example of American Newspeak, major clothing corporations have unveiled a human rights-oriented plan to label new clothes "No Sweat," in effect saying that sweatshop-employed pre-pubescent will be given antiperspirant and towels. This follows in the wake of such jewels as the "Growth for Africa Initiative," the "Democracy for Iraq Plan," the "Less Land Mines for Egypt Program," and the more covert "CIA-distributed Crack for South-Central LA Initiative." In addition Squelch reporters have intercepted the following two memos from President Clinton to his advisors in the Ministry of Truth:

*kids eastasia joycamp plusgood bb
happy protest crimethink
doubleplusgood thinkpol fullwise
and
sexcrime ml ungoodsex pornosec upwise
bc doubleplusgood duckspeaker*

When asked what this apparent gibberish means the President replied only, "Damn language has too many words anyway."

EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE by Kevin Rogers, Solipsist

The United States Congress has passed the "Everything is Just Fine" act, declaring that everything is "just fine." This "just fineness" of everything is the

first to occur in over 5000 years, when man's earliest historical records first reported trouble a-brewin'. This trouble, according to Congress, has apparently ceased.

"This is truly a remarkable occurrence," said Rep. Frank Riggs of California. "It's hard to believe that everything's finally okay now, but we members of Congress would like to assure everyone that it is."

"You mean we won?" exclaimed Ryan Wilcox of CalPIRG, an organization dedicated to planetary improvement whether anyone likes it or not. "Well, shit! What the hell are we gonna do now?"

Public approval of the situation of everything is quite high. "It's great that everything's just fine now," said student Wayne Ford, "at least as long as you ignore all of the problems that are still here."

Despite widespread public approval, trouble is expected to start back up again quite soon. Trouble experts project the probable time to be "any minute now." Congress has prepared for this eventuality by passing the "Everything's Going to be Okay" Act, which is expected to be signed into law next week.

PILE OF GUNK FOUND by Jesse Johnson, Substance Dualist

A big pile of gunk was found on the corner of Haste and Dana late Sunday afternoon. "Yeah," said Berkeley Police Department Captain Dick (of Captain Dick and the Porholes). "That was just a really, really big, really, really gunky pile of gunk. One of the biggest gunk piles I've ever seen."

The pile was promptly removed and

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News Flashes

brought to The Lab for testing. Then Captain Dick's hamster ate it. Then shit it out. Then they smoked it. Captain Dick and his hamster. There was supposed to be a set of parentheses around that last sentence. Instead of it being its own sentence.

UC PRESIDENT ANXIOUS ABOUT HAAS PAVILION

by Matt Holohan, Rebel Scum

Chancellor Robert Berdhal paid a visit to the construction site of the Haas Pavilion this week to check up on the progress of the stadium. Although foreman Jerry Jerrod claimed that the pavilion would be completed according to schedule, Berdhal informed him that UC President Richard Atkinson "does not share [Jerrod's] apparent lack of optimism."

But Jerrod told the Chancellor that Atkinson "asks the impossible," and that he "needs more men." In response to this protest Berdhal suggested that Jerrod tell that to the President himself when he arrives. Upon hearing that the President was on his way, Jerrod reportedly grew very nervous and vowed that his men would "double their efforts."

Berdhal seemed satisfied with Jerrod's promise and hopes that the foreman keeps it for his own sake, since the President is allegedly "not as forgiving" as the Chancellor.

BACK STREET BOYS ALLEGE LOVE IS ALL THEY HAVE TO GIVE

by M. Kare, Female Contributor

A class action lawsuit filed against the Back Street Boys last month has finally reached a settlement. The Orlando-based boy band is required to pay some \$350,000 for breach of the verbal contract to "never break your heart," and "never make you cry." One BSB supporter was reported as saying, "When I heard the boys were found guilty, it broke my heart. It made me cry." The supporter will now receive an estimated \$5,000 award in the settlement.

A spokesman for the group, Nick, has stated that the group lacks the proper funds to begin payment on the settlement, maintaining that, in fact, "love is all [they] have to

give." As a final note, Nick remarked: "All the money in the world could never add up to all the love I have inside...I love you."

STREET PUNKS FOUND LIVING IN CAMPANILE BASEMENT

by Matt Thurlow, Carillonist

University police are holding fourteen gutter punks for trespassing after the youth were discovered living in the basement of the Campanile. Anthropology professor Kent Kerbeck found the inebriated band after descending into the basement to look for records of comparative penis lengths across early cultures.

"I was just looking around, and it was kind of musty, and then I was like holy shit," said the world renowned specialist. Kerbeck pulled out his cellular phone and called university officials for guidance. "I knew something wasn't right. Usually you don't see those fuckers on campus," commented Kerbeck.

After police arrived, the Campanile vagrants were summarily beaten for violating campus policies that strictly forbid "touching our cool shit." University representative Tammy Baking commented, "Sometimes it's difficult to keep those bastards out. Just think if one of them had died down there...the smell would have been awful."

The Campanile dwellers were not available for comment, but campus officials believe they may have been living underneath the historic building for months. Urban planning major Mike McConnell explains, "It has become increasingly competitive for cardboard boxes in the Berkeley area. A mass exodus of upper-middle class suburban kids into the streets has really affected the panhandling community." Berkeley police also have noted an increase in the gutter punk population over the last few months. To combat the threat, the department recently acquisitioned new Beat-Down Sticks with bigger sweet spots.

STUDENT ATTACKED BY MOB

by Jesse Johnson, Theodore Geisel Protege

Sophomore student Pike LaPike was attacked early Thursday evening on the corner of Bancroft and Piedmont. The attackers, a huge mob of students, are currently being detained for questioning. The Squelch spoke to one assailant, who said he was merely responding to a sign on the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity house that said, "Rush Pike."

The unwitting LaPike was not hurt in the incident. "Luckily," LaPike said, "I had my pike on me, with which I was able to drive away the mob. I was also fortunate in that I had just piked a pike in the bay. They're good fish." After Pike piked the pike and piked away the Pike mob, he biked up the pike to Pike to visit his friend, Galaramie.

WADE MARTIN IS GOD,
BUT I AM NOT HIM!



Top Ten TV Shows About Pigs

10. Hoof's the Boss?
9. The Snouter Limits
8. When Pigs Attack
7. Swinefeld
6. Pigs Say the Darnedest Things
5. Ally McSqueal
4. Win Ben Swine's Money
3. The Pig is Right
2. Dawson's Corkscrewed Cock
1. Cops

Top Ten New Berkeley Street Vendor Products

10. Bolivian Virgins
9. Crazy Yanosh's Crap in a Can
8. Smack Brownies
7. Lead Pipes
6. Tie-Dye Maxi Pads
5. Snow Sticks
4. Stolen Dogs
3. Desperate Sixteen-Year-Old Runaway Girls Looking for Father Figures
2. Baby T-Shirts
1. T-Shirts Made from Babies

Top Ten Restaurants Owned by Roscoe

10. Chicken and Waffles
9. Nuts and Gum
8. Toothpaste and Orange Juice
7. Vegemite and Haggis
6. Booze and Pills
5. Gin and Juice
4. Catgut and Rubber Cement
3. Kibbles and Bits
2. Grits and Ass
1. Peanut Butter and Sand

Top Ten Pornographic Industrial Bands

10. Ten Inch Turds (TIT)
9. Stabbing Breastward
8. KBDSM
7. Prick
6. Gravity Sucks My Cock
5. Blowjobhaus
4. EYELOVEBESTIALITY
3. Ram-stein
2. Front 242 Centimeters
1. Skinny Puppy with a Penis In It



Q: I've started a small Autobot militant group, but I'm having trouble getting them to attack. What should I say to motivate them? —Heather Bergman

A: "Autobots, transform!...And roll out!"

Q: My family and I are proud Autobots, but my children are teased at school by Decepticon youth. The Decepticons often make fun of the fact that, while they can fly, the Autobot children cannot. My children have been really depressed and I fear that their desire to fly will turn them towards the reckless and indiscriminate and evil and very very bad pursuit of energon cubes. What should I do? —Papatron

A: Flight envy is a common problem among Autobots (except for that little freak Cosmo, whatever the hell he's supposed to be), particularly among Autobot youth. If your young warriors show signs of Decepticon sympathy, explain to them that Autobots fight for truth and justice, while Decepticons fight for sex and violence. If that doesn't work, tell them that Optimus Prime himself will fuck their shit up if they even think about turning traitor.

As far as the teasing goes, here's something that I often tell young Autobots to say to young Decepticons when being harassed. Simply have them pose the following quandary: "When Decepticon leader Megatron is in robot form, he's taller than Starscream. However, when he transforms into a gun, he fits in Starscream's hand. Explain that, you little Decepticon shit!" Usually, when faced with this puzzle, Decepticon children will either start crying immediately, or their processors will become so overloaded by the paradox that they will explode on site. Little shits.

Optimus Prime hails from Cybertron, and leads the Autobots in their weekly quest to return home and foil the deviant schemes of the Decepticons. He is the author of several best-selling books including My Autobot, My Self, and How to Meet, Seduce, and Screw Sixteen Year-Old Girls.

Q: As a GoBot I often feel inferior to Transformers, and this sentiment transmits itself to my followers. I've tried therapy, support groups, self-help books...Nothing helps. Is there anything I can do to cure this depression and improve morale among my troops? —Leader One

A: You can just bend over for my huge steel cock, you GoBot piece of shit. That's right, you're my little baby bitch, aren't you, Leader One? Why don't you "lead" my shlong into your mouth while Turbo licks my asshole? You cheap Taiwanese knockoffs make me sick! Stealing our airtime and merchandising money. You better hope that you never run into any Transformers, because if you do I'll personally take Megatron into my hand and pop a fat plasma cap into your tight little fighter plane ass. PUSSY!

Q: Hey, Optimus, how come no matter where you are, if you transform into a big rig, your trailer rolls up right behind you? Why don't we ever see it in the background when you're just standing around? —Morton McWheelihan

A: Well, that's all the time we have for "Ask Optimus" this week. Keep those letters coming. (Except you, Leader One. I'll fuck you up.)

Editor's note: This column was not written by Optimus Prime. It was written by Matt Holohan. He cannot transform.

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Treat yourself to a Squelch meeting.

WEDNESDAYS

7 P.M.

30 WHEELER



MARCH 1999

7

Top Ten Wisecracks That Can Get You Out of a Traffic Ticket

10. I'm the ambassador to Czxywmnrftan
9. But I slowed down after I hit the kid.
8. Your partner's body is in the trunk.
7. Your *mom* was speeding.
6. Sure, the sign said "Stop," but it didn't say *when* to stop. I'm stopped now, so what's the problem?
5. No, dumbass, I was hoping you could tell *me* why you stopped me.
4. I have the sort of diarrhea they make History Channel documentaries about.
3. I had to speed cuz this car is stolen, and I just knocked off a liquor store... Oh, and your partner's body is in the trunk.
2. But Officer, all I want to do is have some fun.
1. Speeding? I didn't even spill my beer!

Top Ten Terms for Getting a Blowjob While Taking a Shit

10. Hershey windstorm
9. Blumpkin
8. Blowjob plus
7. Plop-n-Splodge
6. Head on the head
5. "If you think it tastes bad, wait'll the smell hits you!"
4. 2000 Gushes
3. Helluva coffee break
2. Beat the turd
1. Hazing

Top Ten Terms for Performing Cunnilingus on a Shitting Girl

10. Fish-n-Shits
9. Tongue-n-Turd
8. Lick it up and flush it down
7. Vagina porcelina
6. Defecunnilingus
5. Don't leave the seat up
4. Nasty in my face
3. Muff diving with a snorkel
2. Lickety shit
1. True test of stamina



THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

*The Squelch Fun Kid Funny
Fun-Fun Page!!!*

A: 2:30 (tooth hurty)
-Holohan Matthews, age 6
Holohan, NJ

Q*Why is it good to have sex
*with nine year olds?

A: Your genitals look bigger in the pictures.
—Jason N. Rosenbaum, age 12
Moraga, CA

Q • Why do dogs read the newspaper?

A: Woof, Woof.
-Trevor Clayton, age 43
Brainerd, ND

Q • How many dicks does it take to stuff a platypus?

A: Three.
-Billy Hogan, age 13
Queensland, Aus.

1. FISTNIG

2. PROSELY

3. QUISOBESOU

[illegible]

4. UNRONE

JUMBLE ANSWER

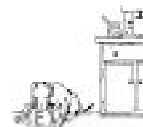
Squelch artists are sticking in a lot of these kinds of bird jokes right now:

It's a rumble in the Jumble! But don't be humble, like Bryant Gumble. Instead, put aside your grumble and try to fumble your way through these bumbles of words. Remember, this is a fun page, so have fun or we'll kill you. With a heavy dumbell.

Gallant always uses a condom.



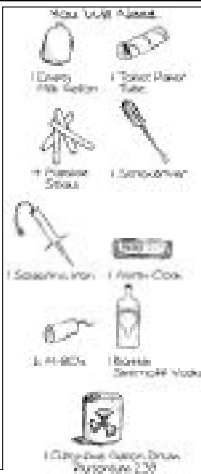
Goofus blows his load all
over the place.



Gallant feeds his dog healthy puppy food.



Goofus feeds his dog
rusty nails soaked in lye.



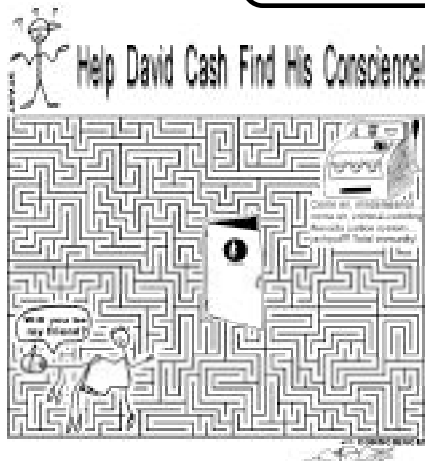
**This week's Squelch Fun Kid
Funny Fun-Fun Page Project:**

**BUILD YOUR OWN
NUCLEAR BOMB!**

1. Using the soldering iron, fuse the popsicle sticks to bottom of the alarm clock.
2. Cut the top off the milk carton about 2 inches from the opening.
3. Take a shot of vodka. Ask an adult to help you with this step.
4. Put the toilet paper tube in the opening of the milk carton.
5. Put the M-80s into the milk carton.
6. Bash the hamster's head against the sidewalk until its brains spill out like oatmeal.



7. After shoving the screwdriver up your ass, add the plutonium to the components, and allow the atoms to split at room temperature until your family, house, and city are destroyed.
8. Clean up and put away remaining supplies.



Top Ten Other Things to Sue the University Over

10. Post-graduate ignorance
9. Stealing the look and feel of MacOS
8. Period three days late
7. Botulism
6. Hiring a Mormon as the head football coach
5. The asbestos that may, at times, be present in the Res Halls
4. Chancellor Berdahl's Purple Probe (Ford, that is)
3. Aiding and abetting the Prince of Norway
2. Courtney's dirty whoredom
1. I skinned my knee!

Top Ten Things Said by the Voices in Your Head

10. Meow, meow, meow, meow...
9. I pity the fool that don't eat my cereal.
8. Hey, I wonder what my best friend is doing in the restroom with that little girl. Ah, it's probably none of my business.
7. It will hurt if I swallow... *cough, cough*... Mommy!
6. I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and doggone it, people want my cock.
5. Goddamn cat.
4. Bite the leg, bite the leg...
3. Now where'd I put my crack?
2. Thunder... Thunder... THUNDER... THUNDERCATS, HO!
1. I wonder what it would feel like to rub sandpaper on my eyeballs.

Top Ten Alternative Birth Control Methods

10. Stop, drop, and roll
9. Cement
8. Ninja Death Cage
7. Melted Mentos molded into a cervical plug
6. I Can't Believe It's Not A Diaphragm!
5. Yoshua sandwiched between you and your partner
4. Mountain Dew
3. Not having sex
2. Smoothie with a free nonoxynol-9 supplement
1. Non-alcoholic beer



VIEWPOINTS

What would you like to see more of in the Squelch?

"I don't want your magazine... you guys make fun of vegetarians. Fuck that noise!"



Leif Magnuson, second year, Celtic Studies

"Just cuz a girl takes off her jeans don't mean she wants sex. She might just want to air out her cootch."



Briana Maelstrom, first year, Italian Studies



George Lucas, Jawa slave and droid trader

"See the *Star Wars* prequel six times. Then see it three more times, and buy all the merchandise. Then see it again."

John C. Calhoun, fourth year, Military History



"More discussion of the rights of the states to determine the resolution of the Negro Problem."

Chancellor Berdahl's Nifty Quote of the Month

This Month's Topic:
Mrs. B's Homestyle Cookin'

66 The secret's in my old lady's sauce. When she brushes the meat with it, boy, it's a real Texas barbecue! And it makes me crap out a rose bush. 55



NEW AND IMPROVED! Mixed by Sean Keane

CAL DRINKING GAMES



Although UC Berkeley is known worldwide as a leader in excellence in education, there is one area in which Cal students are distressingly mediocre. Students get drunk in the same dull way that students get drunk at any major university. Nowhere in the nightly parade of alcohol, fornication, and vomit is there an indication of the uniqueness of Berkeley. The bacchanal experience is so generic, we may as well be at UC Davis listening to Hootie and the Blowfish with a bunch of agricultural economics majors. With that in mind, we present a series of drinking games, designed specifically to represent the Berkeley experience, as well as get you totally hammered.

Watching a Cal Basketball game: Every time Geno Carlisle misses a fall-away jumper, take a shot of whiskey. Whenever a Golden Bear goes to the free throw line and misses both of his shots, do two shots of vodka. And if Cal blows a lead to Stanford in the final two minutes and takes a terrible shot at the end that had absolutely no chance at all of going in and loses by two measly points and the obnoxious fucking tree starts dancing on the court, just chug tequila until you're unconscious.

At a Jesse Jackson Affirmative Action Rally on Sproul: Do a shot of the alcoholic beverage of your choice every time Jesse says: "Keep hope alive!" (Warning: You will almost certainly become either very drunk or a member of BAMN before the end of the rally.)

Drinking in the Dorms: Take a shot every time someone mentions how drunk they're becoming. Take another shot if anyone mentions a time in high school when they got "so-o-o-o wasted." If there's a knock on the door, or any vaguely threatening sound within fifteen feet of the door, frantically hide all bottles and turn music way down while muttering: "Ohmygodohmygodohmygod." Once the danger has passed, take another shot, while making fun of everyone else for being such a bunch of pussies.

At a Heuristic Squelch Party: One shot for each Monty Python reference you overhear. One shot for every South Park reference. One shot for every detailed description of a scene from a Simpsons episode. And one shot every time someone bemoans the fact that no girls ever write for the Squelch, so no girls come to our parties, and none of us ever get laid.

Walking Down Telegraph: Start at Sproul Plaza, and begin walking south on Telegraph. One player must take a drink whenever asked for spare change. Another must take a drink for each dog passed on the street. A third drinks after passing a store selling crappy overpriced Cal merchandise. The last must drink once for every piece of excrement encountered along the way (not counting Fabuloso's burritos). If your group isn't hammered before reaching Cody's, you may want to put yourself on a liver transplant waiting list right now.

In Soda Hall: While watching anime, take one shot for every guilty sexual thought you have about anatomically unrealistic cartoons of little Japanese girls with Caucasian eyes. Then, take another shot when you realize that the loneliness and social isolation you feel now will continue to plague you for the rest of your life.

During a Production of Moliere's Tartuffe: Down a glass of sherry each time Tartuffe makes a ribald sexual advance. Whenever Moliere's witty dialogue lampoons the laissez-faire moral attitude of the bourgeoisie, enjoy a chuckle, along with a glass of the light Chardonnay of your choice. And at every point where Tartuffe's delightfully evil machinations seem near exposure, and Tartuffe himself is poised on the edge of disgrace, be quick to enjoy a liqueur before Tartuffe exploits the idiosyncratic French manners of his hosts and again escapes punishment.

I hope that this plethora of alcoholic pastimes will help complete Berkeley's image as a true bastion of excellence and diversity. Or, at the very least, we'll stay just as boring as we always were but everyone will be too drunk to notice.



Looking through the Port Hole



By Tyler Roscoe

I'm tired of living a lie. I simply can't take it anymore. I have labored under the weight of this burden for too long, and I feel that it is crushing me. I simply have to free my soul from the fetters of this false life.

I'm left handed.

"You're left handed?" says someone who has just been struck with the many inconsistencies of my character, and has pieced them together into a cohesive whole.

"Well...yeah." I reply, my eyes making contact with theirs, attempting to relay my sincerity, my openness, my fragile nature.

"Seriously?" That eye contact trick never works.

"Yup."

"Oh.... I'm totally okay with that. I have lots of friends who are left handed." This type of tacit but pat rejection may sting, but at least it assures me that I'm not hiding anything. The psychological torture is far worse when I travel home for the holidays and am forced to take up residence with my hopelessly conservative parents. An act as simple as sitting down to the dinner table, which no right-hander would think twice about, becomes a test of my mental fortitude. First off, I must be sure to remember to pick up my fork and spoon with my right hand, relegating my traitorously dominant left to the use of the knife only. If we happen to be eating something that doesn't require utensils, like hamburgers or chicken nuggets with fries, I can breathe a little easier, and hold my burger with both hands, or hold a nugget with one hand and grasp fries with the other. However, if I must gesticulate in some fashion, I again need to be on my guard, and make sure to use only the right hand, which is to say the left hand in this case, as my right hand is too busy clutching my food.

And then, of course, I must meekly tolerate the dinnertime conversation when it turns to how the damned "Southpaws in Hillcrest" are destroying the country from the inside out, and how "Southies" are all over TV, and have their own sitcoms, and how it makes my parents sick. I must stifle the urge to shout, "They're called 'Left handers,' Dad," in a too-loud, too-anx-

ious voice. Although I doubt my Mom would accuse me of being a "Southy-lover," suspicion is anathema to a life of secrecy.

And the dinner table isn't the only time at home when I must keep my left-handedness in check. Even masturbation, an act already fraught with some degree of worry, is twice as nerve-racking for lefties. No one wants to be discovered in the throes of autoerotic ecstasy, but imagine the horror if my mom were to walk in on me and discover her baby boy not just whacking it, but whacking it with his left hand! Of all the scenarios I can think of where I tell my mom the truth about myself, the image of her standing in the doorway, looking down at me with my jeans around my ankles, my ankles over my head, and my hideous left hand where it should under no circumstances be, is probably the worst.

I also have to hide all my left-hander magazines when I'm at home, lest they incriminate me. Really, the tribulations of being a left-hander at home are endless, and remind me why I'm so glad I decided to move away to college, where people are slightly more tolerant of those with different manual orientations.

Unfortunately, even in academia, there are a hundred little things every day that remind me that I don't quite fit the mold of what "normal" is supposed to be. Every time I go into lecture, I must figure out how I'm going to contort myself to get my renegade left hand to write notes way the hell over on the little table-thing on my right. If, for some odd reason, I choose to go watch or participate in some kind of sport, I'm forced to listen to the unknowing jocks taunt each other and simultaneously bash my identity with cries of: "You throw/bat/kick/highstick/dribble/fight like a lefty!"

And God forbid I should want to cut a piece of paper. It seems that every single right handed person I know has a pair of scissors, and has had that pair for a long time. This leads to one of the most damaging stereotypes of left-handers: that we can't hold monogamous, long-term relationships with our scissors. The truth is that though we want lasting bonds as much as any "normal righty," right-hander society is so bent on keeping left handers from owning scissors we can actually use that they have passed legislature against it in 48 states and at the federal level.

I don't feel like I'm asking for very much. All I want is a chance to be myself without having to worry about being insulted, dismissed, or threatened with physical violence. I didn't choose this; I was born this way, and I've grown to accept and even like who I am. So screw you for judging me, you Northy bastard. Someday we, the militant ten percent of your society, will rise up, and you will know the pain of trying to explain a watch tan on the wrong arm. I only pray we of the Left will be more tolerant than you have been.

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

AN AFTERNOON WITH A MASTER

By Luke Filose

WE SAT DOWN AT A CORNER TABLE at a local coffee shop. It was late afternoon, and a ficus tree cast a ghostly shadow on his gaunt figure. He was unshaven, and clumps of dirt and grass clung to his clothing. I held out a cigarette and he immediately took it; as he inhaled, the wrinkles on his face seemed to fade and his gaze turned from anxious to reflective.

"I start with an idea, you see," he explained, his Parisian upbringing obvious yet elegant in his inflection. "I take this idea, perfect and pure, and mold it in meaning. It's like the crystallization of beauty."

I nodded, indicating my understanding, yet felt slightly confused. This was, after all, Henri Leconte, the famous French artist recently turned Berkeley experimentalist. It was his first interview in over twenty years, and I was lucky enough to be allowed several hours with him. I asked him to classify his artistic philosophy.

"Well, I guess you could say that I started as a minimalist." He motioned with his hand on every syllable, cigarette painting circles of smoke in front of him. "Images, notions, really nothing more than wisps of imagination. But in time, I outgrew this, and I became a maximalist. Now, I'm somewhere in between—a mediamalist, if you will." He looked deeply dissatisfied with his response.

Yet it seemed perfectly consistent with Leconte's mysterious history. He has been something of an enigma ever since he started practicing his craft. In 1976 he first shocked the world with his piece "Fallopian tubes over a bed of cous-cous," which was a

plate of cous-cous topped with the fallopian tubes of a recently deceased French woman. He was soon run out of Paris, and he alternated between homes in Amsterdam and Florence for the next ten years. In 1985 he released his "Ballet of Appliances," featuring dancing dishwashers, twisting toasters, and skipping stereos backed by electronic music. He returned to a hero's welcome in France, where he performed this production to packed houses in Paris for the next three years.

He was able to invest the money he saved and move on to more extreme forms without worrying about subsistence. "I moved to Berkeley, naturally," he continued. "Where else can an accomplished artist live in obscurity and still be inspired day after day?"

All of this background information I got from Leconte himself, as I could find no information on his life anywhere. But I trusted him completely, as he was Henri Leconte, and I was merely a young photojournalist.

I wanted to know what projects he was currently working on, or planning for the future. His eyes widened, as though he had been waiting for this question. "I have many things planned—there is so much to be accomplished. For example, I plan to drop a mountain

goat from an airplane and photograph the impact. Depending on the success of this endeavor, I will then move to other creatures—bears, camels, perhaps a gnu. Whatever I can find that interests me."

I had a faint sense that he was pulling my leg, but I didn't dare doubt him. His previous utterance led seamlessly into the next. "Have you ever looked at a rose, I mean really, really looked at one?" he leaned forward, and with his face only inches from mine, waited for an answer. I responded tentatively in the negative, and he backed away and put his hands behind his head, letting out an apathetic sigh. "Hideous things, roses, don't ever do it."

He then responded to the recent accusations made by critics that he merely hides behind his art, too afraid to speak for himself. "It is no shame, hiding behind one's art. Artists try to do it all the time. The problem is," he pursed his lips together and then smiled slightly, "they don't know how to do it correctly. You see, you cannot hide behind a painting—it is far too small. Now a mural, or a statue, one or two hundred meters high, this is something you can get behind, and no one can really see you."

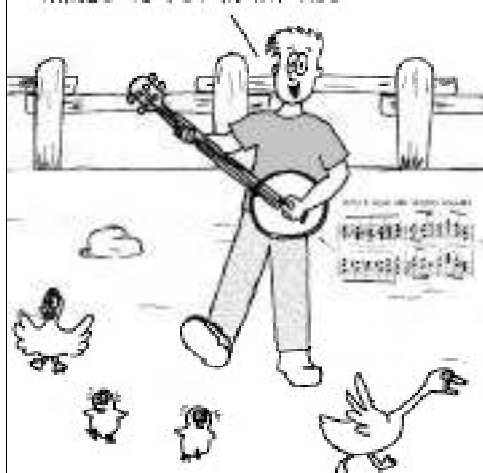


The profundity of this statement hit me full in the face, and I felt as though my entire reality had changed. Everyone else in the cafe, without even hearing our conversation or recognizing the genius in their presence, seemed affected by it as well. Postures straightened, conversations jumped to new levels, and the ivy on the walls crept up at a slightly quicker pace.

Henri soon tired of our surroundings, and he led me on a tour of his favorite artistic spots in Berkeley. Among them were the botanical gardens of Strawberry Canyon, where he sketches on dewy mornings, and Eshlman hall, on the south edge of the University of California campus.

"This is a building that is so misunderstood," he said, holding his hands high in the air. "Just look at it. The lines, the shapes-it's vertices nearly scream out in anguish." I nodded, paying my respects without fully understanding. He struck me as an intellect difficult to comprehend, and even more difficult to relate to describe. The interview was clearly over-I shook his hand, trying to feel and memorize the contours of every bone, tendon and ligament. He began to walk slowly down Bancroft Avenue, confronting the steady onset of the evening fog. Stopping by a trash receptacle, he peered in, and extracted a half-eaten sandwich. He analyzed it carefully and took a bite-perhaps the subject of his next piece of art. As he continued down the street, I shook my head, smiled, and wondered what amazing thing Henri Leconte would do next.

CHICKS AND DUCKS AND
GEESE BETTER SCURRY
WHEN I START LOOKING FOR
THINGS TO PUT IN MY ASS



Hobo Holohan

<p>A SEDUCTIVE GUIDE TO CINEMAP</p> <p>THIRD OF SMALL, OUT-OF-CONTROL FOR THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD CRAP! DISTRACTED BY FILM CRITICS AND THEIR FRIVOLOUS PREDICATIONS, NEED A LITTLE HELP TO DECODE THE COMMERCIALIST CRAZY THAT IS MODERN CINEMA?</p>	<p>CHICK FLICK</p> <p>WHY I LOVE YOU, FUTURE POP YOUR DRAINAGE!</p> <p>SHAGGY.</p> <p>WHY I LOVE YOU, FUTURE POP YOUR DRAINAGE!</p>	<p>DUCK FLICK</p> <p>WHERE'S THE MICROFILM?</p> <p>IT'S NEVER TELL!</p> <p>SHAGGY.</p> <p>WHY I LOVE YOU, FUTURE POP YOUR DRAINAGE!</p>
<p>WELL, SEARCH NO FURTHER, DEAR CHARADE. THE ANSWERS ARE ALL HERE.</p> <p>CHARLIE PADDO</p>	<p>SCIENTIFIC NAME: TEARS JERREUS</p> <p>STORY: DRUGDRAHA</p> <p>CHARACTERS: TERRIBLY ILL LOVED ONE, STAR CRASHED LOVERS</p> <p>DIALOGUE: MELODRAMATIC</p> <p>NOT UNLIKE AFTER-SCHOOL SPECIALS</p> <p>TARGET AUDIENCE: HEARTY WOMEN, GAYS TRYING TO SCORE BY SHOWING THEIR SENSITIVE SIDE.</p>	<p>SCIENTIFIC NAME: SEROT TESTOSTERONIS</p> <p>STORY: CONTAINS MORE HOLES THAN A BLACK OF SUSS CHICKS.</p> <p>CHARACTERS: LIPSIC CARBON MAKING, RACIST ARAB TERRORIST STEREOTYPE, WHITE MODEL/LOVE INTEREST</p> <p>DIALOGUE: MISPELLED</p> <p>NOT UNLIKE A VIDEO GAME</p> <p>TARGET AUDIENCE: DUCKS.</p>
<p>DISNEY CRAP (AND ITS DERIVATIVES)</p> <p>THESE NEAR FORTYTHINGS THEY BOASTED OUT BECAUSE KING LET'S STAY A KING A KING IT...</p> <p>CHARLIE PADDO</p>	<p>TEEN GLASHER</p> <p>WHY I LOVE YOU, FUTURE POP YOUR DRAINAGE!</p> <p>SHAGGY.</p> <p>WHY I LOVE YOU, FUTURE POP YOUR DRAINAGE!</p>	<p>ART HOUSE</p> <p>IT'S A KING A KING IT...</p> <p>CHARLIE PADDO</p>
<p>SCIENTIFIC NAME: FLIPPING ALPHABET</p> <p>STORY: REVOLUNT HISTORIC OR AMERICANIZED FOLKLORE</p> <p>CHARACTERS: MORAL ASSOCIATES OF GOOD AND BUILT, COMIC RELIEF</p> <p>ANIMAL SIDERICKS</p> <p>DIALOGUE: MUSICAL</p> <p>NOT UNLIKE A VIDEO TO THE TONIGHT</p> <p>TARGET AUDIENCE: LITTLE KIDS, THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.</p>	<p>SCIENTIFIC NAME: NEVIN WILLIAM GAVE</p> <p>POSTMODERNISM RECYCLED BULLSHIT</p> <p>STORY: TEENS GETTING SLASHED</p> <p>CHARACTERS: OUT OF WORK AARON</p> <p>SPELLING: TV STARS</p> <p>DIALOGUE: HIP POP-CULTURE, REFERENCING, OTHER CONTINUOUS CONSIDERING</p> <p>SATIRIC: IN: WALL SCHWARTZ BELIEVE</p> <p>NOT UNLIKE EVERY OTHER MORRIS FLICK.</p> <p>TARGET AUDIENCE: TEENS, BANGORIAN TANS</p>	<p>THE PRIMA LINDOROUGH LIFE</p> <p>SCIENTIFIC NAME: PROTESTANTISM</p> <p>FLICKS: STORY: EXPERIMENTAL ALLEGORY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION</p> <p>CHARACTERS: HOLLYWOOD STARS WORKING FOR FREE FOR PRESTIGES SAKE</p> <p>DIALOGUE: SUBTITLED</p> <p>NOT UNLIKE A BAD ACID TRIP</p> <p>TARGET AUDIENCE: PROTESTANT COLLEGE KIDS, FILM PROFESSORS</p>



Tele-BEARS, A Love Story

University of California, Berkeley
Office of Gettin' It On

<http://registrar.berkeley.edu:4202>

Student ID No.

Student Name

1 2 8 4 6 2 0 2 0 1

BERGER, STEPHEN MATTHEW

I am in love with the Telebears lady. For four years now, I have enjoyed the alluring sound of her throaty yet delicate voice. It taunts me like a two year old child with an ice cream cone. My love for her has developed like a slowly burning flame, and today it is a raging inferno within my soul.

My love for her was but a spark when I was a freshman. The first time I heard her voice, it made only a slight impression on me because I had a girlfriend. I was not yet ready to feel the passion she was to awaken in me. Despite this indifference, I was oddly comforted by the way she cooed the word "add" into my ear. Even though I couldn't actually get into any of the classes I wanted to take that semester, I still look back fondly on my first session. By my second semester, I was ready to receive her gift. My girlfriend had kicked my ass to the curb and I desperately needed a warm bosom to cling to. In her voice I heard an invitation to a world of love that I could not even begin to imagine. I knew that when she said, "Welcome to Telebears for Spring 1996," she was really saying, "Take me, Stephen Berger. I'm yours." That voice alone gave me the strength to go on when everything else around me seemed meaningless.

By the beginning of my second year, I was completely smitten. I called her as often as I could. Being told that I would have to call back during my appointment time was enough to get me through each day. I would wantonly add and drop classes just to hear her tender loving voice. Searching for open sections for Chem. 3A allowed me to bask in the glow of her voice for the full ten minute time limit (Damn you bureaucrats for separating me from my one true love even for the length of time it took for me to redial!). Those first weeks were bliss, but the third week of classes was rapidly approaching its end and I had a sneaking suspicion that I was not the only man in her life. The voice of the Telebears man seemed way too content as he casually told me which classes I was dropping and adding. I had to find some way to prolong the magic of my relationship with the Telebears lady and ensure that the demonic voice that periodically interrupted my love sessions was destroyed before I was cut off from my love until the next semester.

For the majority of my sophomore and junior years, my friends thought that I had become a hermit. They assumed that I had shut myself off from the world to play Tetris, but they couldn't have been more wrong. Why on

earth would I lower myself by going to parties and clubs with them? Why risk getting dust mites or some other communicable disease at some lame Co-op party when I could sit at home, reveling in the memories of my blissful automated enrollment sessions? What drunken sorority girl had the intonation of my sweet Telebears lady? These things offered me nothing that I hadn't already found in the voice of my verbal love goddess. I found the solution to all of my problems by tape recording my Telebears sessions. I have spent hours discovering the hidden beauty in the intricacies of the phrase "To add a class, press 2." Through careful editing, I was able to create elaborate phone sex scenarios with the Telebears lady simply by piecing together bits of our various conversations. These tapes have brought me more pleasure than human interaction ever could, and as an added bonus they've allowed me to eliminate the evil presence of the Telebears man.

As I approach the end of my senior year, I can look back on my own search for meaning in a meaningless world. I have extensively studied the history of philosophy. I have searched for answers by delving into the great religions of the East and the West as well as the natural and physical sciences. These tombs of knowledge both ancient and contemporary have shown me nothing but lies and empty slogans. Sure, Leibniz was pretty cool. But in the end, the only valuable knowledge I discovered during my education was that I could find love only in the mechanized voice of a woman whose only purpose in life is to help others enroll in courses. I also learned that the Telebears man ran a baby smuggling ring in Indonesia, but that's a tale for another time.

During my final session of Telebears, I came to a sudden realization. When my one true love asked me if I wanted to be added to the degree list, I knew that she was giving me an ultimatum. It was either now or never. The longer I wait to do this, the greater the chance that she will be swept off her feet by the Telebears man. Oh, how I hate that bastard! Kierkegaard said that we have to take a leap of faith and that is why I am using this forum to profess my undying love for the Telebears lady. I ask only that she make me the happiest man in the world by becoming my wife. I know that I don't have much to offer. I have zero job prospects and my grasp on reality is shaky at best, but I know that together we can make anything happen. So here it goes. Will you marry me, Telebears lady? * *