

THE

HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Volume 8 Issue 6

May 1999

EPISODE 0.4 THE COVER

It is a time of great unrest. The sinister forces of the ASUC, under the command of the evil STUDENT ACTION PARTY, have implemented a reign of terror throughout the BERKELEY CAMPUS. Ursine president PATRICK CAMPBELL, along with his adorable sidekick, ALLY MCNALLY, have usurped the power from the WITLESS SENATORS and assumed full control of the organization.

At this very moment, STUDENT ACTION is plotting to dismantle the final vestiges of the ETHNIC STUDIES DEPARTMENT and send almost A DOZEN students to CAMPBELL HALL in search of a real major. The PARTY is also working on erecting a dreaded DEATH RESIDENCE HALL on PEOPLE'S PARK with enough power to destroy an entire PLANET.

The University's only hope is a motley band of rebels known only as the HEURISTIC SQUELCH, who are dedicated to liberating the people of Berkeley from the dire CLUTCHES of STUDENT ACTION and restoring THE community to a society based solely on SEX and BEER.

And for the last time, no more MONKEYS jumping on the BED...

NEWS

FLASHES!!

CITY COUNCIL TO VOTE ON GAY BENEFITS

by Kenny Byerly - Hatemonger

Gay benefits could soon be implemented for employees throughout Berkeley, if certain city council members have their way. A hotly debated new resolution put before the council last week could require all Berkeley employers to offer certain gay benefits. Contrary to popular misconception, this measure would not offer any specific rights to homosexual couples, but would apply to all workers in the city. The proposal mandates employer-provided spoiled eggnog year-round, as well as comprehensive medical coverage for any injury not requiring treatment.

"Dude, those benefits are hella gay," exclaimed Councilmember Kriss Worthington, upon hearing of the proposal.

"Totally," agreed Councilmember Polly Armstrong. "Those are, like, really gay benefits."

The council is expected to vote on the resolution on Tuesday.

YOU PEOPLE ARE STUPID by Kevin Rogers - Misunderstood Genius

You people are stupid, it was announced yesterday. A group of Berkeley scientists have released a report which describes you people to be "appallingly stupid, bordering on idiocy." This report is the result of a two-year study by the LBNL You People Division.

The conclusion about you people was reached after a long series of events which have thrown you people's intellectual abilities into question. For example, the approval ratings of Clinton, which soared during his nu-

merous illicit affairs and ensuing impeachment trial, are now waning due to his use of force to promote humanitarian causes in Kosovo. This, along with the fact that you people always complain about the government and still don't vote, as well as the recent success of the film *Titanic*, all, according to the report, "...really make us wonder just what the hell you people are thinking."

"What's with you people, anyway?" inquired Dr. James Fitzsimmons, one of the head researchers. "I mean, sometimes I just can't believe the cavernous depths of stupidity you people are capable of achieving."

When asked about the possible reaction you people might have to the report, Fitzsimmons answered, "Well I suppose it's possible that some of you people might not agree with the findings, but that is to be expected because you people are not as smart as we are."

A spokesperson for you people was not available for comment.

LOCAL MAN SUBCONTRACTS CUNNINGLINGS by John Rauschenberg

Last Saturday, James Starchman, 21, a member of a local fraternity, became the first man in recorded history to hire an independent contractor to perform cunninglings. When his girlfriend demanded it of him, he contacted several local subcontractors and hired the lowest bidder.

"At first I thought I would use an electrical contractor, but then I decided it would be wiser to go with a plumber," said Starchman. When asked why he couldn't have done the job himself, he contended that he had a genetic disorder, involving having one Y chromosome and one X chromosome instead of the usual two X

chromosomes, which keeps him from performing such acts properly.

The lowest bidder, and winner of the contract, was Armageddon Plumbing of Oakland, the same company that installs plumbing on NASA space shuttles. The contractor, one Bruce Willis, performed his duties "like a real trooper. A cunningling trooper," according to Starchman. The tools Willis used, most of them recommended by the House Ways and Means Committee, included several hydraulic drills, various clamps, levers, pulleys, circular saws, sandblasters, a divining rod, a riding mower, a 1977 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, two unidentified members of Crosby, Stills, and Nash, and the Jaws of Life. Willis declined to comment about rumors linking evil Yugoslavian President Slobodan Milosevic to the project.

The girl was "pleased" with the cunninglings, but also noted that she no longer possesses genitalia. She is collecting disability insurance, claiming that she can't get a decent job without them.

Starchman, an economics major, cited the law of marginal utility as his reason. "I could probably eat her out better than the subcontractor, but why do it when I can be making \$10 an hour working at the library? I can't afford to go down on her!" When his logic was questioned, Starchman shouted "Scooby Doobyoo Dooooo!" and ran away.

TONY DANZA LOSES FINAL SHRED OF DIGNITY by Sean Keane - The Boss

With the airing this week of his twelfth commercial for 10-10-220, Tony Danza has lost his final shred of dignity. Danza's decline began with the cancellation of his sitcom, "Hudson Street," and continued through two

NEWS

FLASHES!!

more horrific television failures. The embarrassing ad campaign removed the final scrap of personal pride from Danza, freeing him to star in a TV movie with the Olsen twins and begin a month-long stint on "Hollywood Squares." When reached for comment, Danza muttered, "Angela... Mona... Samantha..." before bursting into tears.

CAMPBELL DEMANDS: "STOP CALLING ME KUBIAC!" by Sean Keane - Rayon Vendor

UC Berkeley junior Patrick Campbell vehemently denied earlier this week that he is actually "Kubiac," the monosyllabic gentle giant from the early-90s sitcom "Parker Lewis Can't Lose." "I don't understand why everyone thinks I'm Kubiac," exclaimed a frustrated Campbell while devouring an entire fifteen-pound turkey. "Who told you that? Was it Ms. Musso?" Campbell then grunted and stroked his goatee, adding, "Kube want to be ASUC President?"

MILLIONS AWAIT SPEARS' EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY by Matt Holohan - Cradle Robber

Men ranging in age from eighteen to eighty are eagerly awaiting December 2, 1999, the date when teen pop sensation Britney Spears will turn eighteen. Spears, the trailer trash whore turned pop singer, has been driving men wild with her lascivious yet criminally off-limits body image.

"Boy, would I like to get some of that," commented Mark McGrath, lead singer of Sugar Ray. "And I will, too. You better believe I will. I'll have some broccoli spears for dinner and some Britney Spears for dessert. You just watch."

In order to save off from the United States government fears will be "a riotous mob of horny old men,"

Spears herself has agreed to conduct a rigorous application process to select suitors in an orderly manner. Potential deflowerers will be chosen based on length, circumference, and papule size. When asked his feelings about the contest, McGrath said, "Man, fuck that noise. Application or no application, I'm gonna spear that Spears. You just watch."

Many applicants are wondering if Spears' manager will be instrumental in the selection process. "Are you kidding?" he said. "I'll be the first one to apply! Why do you think I took her on in the first place? Her voice? Nosiree. I'm more interested in where that voice comes from, if you catch my drift." Spears was unavailable for comment.

STUDENT MAULED BY UNIT 3 by Stephen M. Berger - Smooth Criminal

Berkeley residents have united in fear after reports that a young woman was mauled by Unit 3. At approximately 8:45pm on Saturday evening, while walking home, the unidentified woman was dragged behind a row of bushes and gnawed about the legs and face.

Witnesses described the assailant as eight stories tall with windows. A complete identification was unable to be made because the attacker wore a black hooded jacket.

Police report that the building was unarmed and used its enormous size to overpower the victim.

"It used its enormous size to overpower the victim, and it was unarmed," reported Officer David Odenkirk.

Police believe this attack was connected to the March 20th robbery and beating of a student by Unit 1 reported by the Daily Californian. "We may have a crime wave before us," warned Officer Odenkirk. The police department recommends walking in pairs at

all times to scare away potentially aggressive dormitories.

DON'T FORK WITH THE CHINESE by Allen Haim - Dissident

The ACLU is investigating reports that a group of Berkeley students were allegedly angrily thrown out of a local mom-and-pop Chinese restaurant. "All we did was ask for a fork, man," insisted one of the students. "But maybe bringing up the whole Tiananmen Square thing was a bad idea. They didn't see the irony of the fact that the students were gathered next to what the government had declared the 'Democracy Wall.'"

The owners of the restaurant later apologized for their actions, admitting that "calling it the 'Democracy Wall' probably really threw people off," that installing blast furnaces out in everyone's backyards "just doesn't work," and later, that "maybe forks aren't such a bad idea after all."



- Top Ten Terms for Having Sex with Your Clothes On**
10. Dry humping
 9. Frottage
 8. Outcourse
 7. 501 Blues
 6. Spring Break Salt Lake City
 5. Clubbing
 4. Debbie Does Denim
 3. Chinese boner torture
 2. Saving Private Hymen
 1. Intercourse

- Top Ten Things We Can Expect to See in the Star Wars Prequel**
10. The Emperor's new clothes
 9. Waldo
 8. Midgits in alien costumes
 7. Kevin Bacon!
 6. The icy planet of Hoth
 5. A pre-pubescent Chewbacca
 4. A token Black guy
 3. The token Black guy getting killed
 2. C3P0 killing John Connor
 1. Optimus Prime

- Top Ten Serbian Video Games**
10. Rad Raper
 9. Bombberman
 8. Super Milosevic Brothers
 7. Global Thermionic War
 6. Ecco the Dolphin
 5. Race Invaders
 4. Balkanoid
 3. Dig Dog Mass Graves
 2. 1000-Year Fight
 1. Tetnicide

- Top Ten Parting Words You Don't Want to Hear from Your GSI**
10. Fuck you!
 9. Bye, Sam. (If your name's not Sam.)
 8. If I see you again, I'll put a bullet in your head and fuck the brainhole.
 7. You're eating maggots, Michael.
 6. You're eating maggots.
 5. Your check bounced.
 4. Want to know how your mother got an A in this class?
 3. Today's self-addressed stamped postcard is brought to you by the letter F.
 2. I'm Batman.
 1. I think you got me wet.
 1. Those weren't really fetal pigs.

Lessons from Abroad by Allen Haim

Studying abroad is an experience that sends many eager young students out with a pat on the back into this crazy mixed-up world of ours. After a friendly goodbye from Jan at the EAP office and a little teensy bit of paper work, you're on your way. Here are some pointers that will make your travels more enjoyable, courtesy of the Squelch.

Poland
Topics to avoid:
World War I
World War 2
Partitioning your hard drive, parting your hair, Moses' parting of the Red Sea.

Canada
Canada's greatest contribution to the eager student is the culture it is brimming with. Canada has given us Celine Dion, Alanis Morissette, Alan Thicke, that yummy Canadian restaurant in the Food Court, umm, numerous Nobel-prize winning novels, and oh so much more!

France
France is different. They do things differently in France. Just wait until you're getting it in the ass from a mustachioed Frenchy. You'll see. "So ... much ... cheese."

France
Prostitutes, too, are different in France. "Oney, I am sirstee," says Colette. You get up and bring her some Parisian min-

eral water. "You timee-brain english bedvetting type! You viper of uzzee peeple's bottoms!" she venomously spits at you. "I vant you to say zat you too have been sirstly! You oppressor of zee french speereet! Prenez la vache!"

Sweden
Ball bearings! How nice. No really, just what I always... But ball bearings! Wow...

Serbia
Topics to avoid:
Just about anything you say is liable to get you your ass kicked.

Germany
Whatever you do, do not say the following: "I mean, it's called 'Alsace-Lorraine,' for God's sake. It obviously belongs to France, you morons. If it was called 'Der Buchten Bechten Bachten' or something like that, you might have a point. Again I will remind you that it's called 'Alsace-Lorraine.' Honestly." Once again, do not say the preceding.

Israel
"sweater a forget don't And. happy mothe' ye' Make Jews ,yup and ,women ,phones-cell, Matzos Israel to Go food abundant and humidity %98 of combination the due to be seems This "life my of time" the had having reports Israel to goes who Everybody ☺

STAND-UP COMEDY ECLOGUE

Male Stand-up: The other night, I was at my girlfriend's place, and she was putting on make-up for hours—it took her forever to get ready!

Female Stand-up: Don't you hate it when your boyfriend is drinking beer and then fart not lift up toilet seat not emotion game-watching?

Male: And I thought getting married was going to mean more sex, but really it's like oh honey sorry no-steak on penis never-say-that-again my shit smells bad...

Female: Have you ever realized how much man B.O. talk to the hand all I do is listen to John Madden and stroke myself with a tellistator?

Male: Gromp gonk girlfriend hooker splakdy then I sez nimik never drinking again with that sailor splank.

Female: Have you heard about Bill Clinton with Monica Tripp mouthful skip skrimchy buildup?

BY JESSE JOHNSON

It Angry My! By K.R. Chong

In an incredibly misguided effort to increase our cultural horizons, the Heuristic Squelch has signed up with the International Humor Exchange Program. The following is an article written by a Korean humorist describing his visit to the Berkeley campus. Originally written in Korean, the piece was translated into English by placing it on a block of wood and hammering some nails through it.



Some thing on this school real angry my! Many person give funny me. Say I to them, "Go away, stupid!" then I, "You angry my!"

So many angry my. CalPIRG, angry my. Always say, "Join us or die!", and "No time wasters please!" Always they make mine angry. What thinks CalPIRG? I think many stuffs angries theirs too. Stupid CalPIRG! Theirs is so angry they try to angry everybody else's, especially mine! Always they try to save the bird or something! Stupid angry bird!

Bill angry my also. Yesterday Bill come in. He say, "Chong, pick your stuffs away from the floor!". This made mine angry! I go "No way stupid Bill!" Then Bill goed, "Your crap is always being on the floor! Your crap makes mine angry when it is being on the floor." Bill's is always angry. Bill has girlfriend so his is always getting angry from hers. I say him, "Yours is just angry cause of Jenny's month time! I bet hers is so angry now that she say, 'Go away stupid! Mine is angry now! Come back tomorrow month!' I'll pick my stuffs away

from the floor later!" Then Bill's angry punched me in the face. This always happen during month time! Stupid month time!

The Daily Cal angry my, especially Ellen Lee. Why wastes she so much papers? Writes she this lucky big column about some apostrophe hers forgot to put in, and how the apostrophe angried someone's that angried hers. Hers must think her paper not grows on trees. Well grows it on the trees alright. That why CalPIRG's is so angry all the time. Ellen Lee's angry writes so many stupid columns that they cut down a super good lot of trees for her to write on. This angries the stupid bird's, which makes CalPIRG's angry, so they can angry my! Stupid angry bird! Stupid Ellen Lee!

Many things on school angry my. Too many to write. Mostly Ellen Lee, though. Stupid Ellen Lee! ☺

Top Ten Rejected Frozen Fusion Supplements

10. Uranium hexafluoride
9. Flava
8. Eye of newt
7. Irami Osei-Frimpong
6. Beef
5. Horchata
4. 100% Pure Funk
3. Pho?
2. Nougat
1. Love

Top Ten Cool Hood Ornaments

10. Bambi
9. A beard
8. Neon middle finger
7. Rocket launcher
6. Jesse Helms
5. Totem pole
4. Brick wall
3. Kevin Bacon!
2. Washington Monument
1. Mangled tricycle and small child

Top Ten Barnyard Religions

10. Hinduism
9. Cattle prod-estianism
8. Baa Hai
7. Seventh Hay Adventist
6. Islam
5. Moos for Jesus
4. Tridactyl Talon of God
3. Hatched Again
2. Scientology (It's all horse shit.)
1. Calfoicism

Top Ten Berkeley Bands

10. David Cash and the Samaritanes
9. The Bicycle Police
8. The Angry Bitches of Tolman
7. The Artist Formerly Known as the ASUC President
6. Beastie Boys and Girls and Chancellors and Dogs and Cats at a University
5. Fat Slice Slim
4. Ugly Kid Courtney
3. The Wu Tang Center
2. The Notorious ASUC
1. Tha Mangy Dogg Pound

Top Ten Nefarious Government Projects at UC Berkeley

10. Soda Hall nerve gas harvesting
9. Cutting monkey's eyes open and watching them bleed
8. STD research at DG
7. Soylent Rib-B-Q's
6. Haas School of Nefarious Government Projects
5. Mengile's Tang Center
4. Ninja Warrior ROTC
3. KGB operatives in the Math Department
2. Dwinelle Psychological Warfare Division
1. Haas Pavillion

The American Film Institute's Top

- ### Ten Fisting Movies of the 90's
10. Stop or My Mom Will Fist
 9. Gorillas in the Fist
 8. Don't Tell Mom the Babyfister's Dead
 7. Fisting Private Ryan
 6. Nell (Director's Cut)
 5. Fisting Miss Daisy
 4. Fister Act 2
 3. Fisting Fucktans on Acid
 2. The Horse Fisterer
 1. Schindler's Fist

Top Ten Reasons \$1.10 Chinese Food is Better than \$1 Chinese Food

10. Extra trichinosis worms
9. Napkins
8. Both chopsticks are included.
7. They use border collies instead of regular collies.
6. You're not hungry until 35 minutes later.
5. Their Kung Pao actually tastes different from sweet 'n' sour sauce.
4. They never get tired of your "fliest lice" jokes.
3. Their fortune cookies have dimes in them.
2. 1/10 of your purchase goes toward the purchase of \$1 Chinese Food.
1. Colombian MSG



Javier



Javietta

For just thirteen cents a week, you can make a difference in a child's life.

"Javier spent his days selling bone marrow on the black market for scraps of food and his nights sleeping in cholla infested alleyways. He was so malnourished that he couldn't even stand up. Now, thanks to your combined donations of thirteen cents a week for the last seven years, Javier has food, clothing, and is working on his M.D. at Vasser. What makes this story so special is the money management skills he acquired. This ambitious, business-savvy little guy saved each penny you sent him through the years, and got himself an operation that inverted his penis and augmented his breasts. Now, not only can "Javietta" stand up, but she can dance... naked for Malaysian sex tours. Thanks to your continued support, this precious angel has fulfilled her lifelong dream of entering the child porn industry."

THE INTERNATIONAL CHILD EMPOWERMENT/ARMAMENT FUND

- ☐ Yes! I'd like to sponsor a child. My 13 cents will go directly to my child in the form of food, cocaine, knives, semi-automatic weapons, and other items required in my child's native environment.
- ☐ No. I would like my child to feed his narcotics addiction and aid his local militia's violent killing spree with my help.



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Best Friends 4-Ever

Mad props to the Chinese Room for making strong AI indefensible!! Courtney, I'll love you for ever, you complete me. Have a Gr8 summer.

Shout out to BB, DD, MS, CK, MG, MK, SR, LD, and every-I else!!! Remember the dorms? Cool. Bro's before ho's. Later alligators!

You guys are such pricks. I only hung out with you for the free weed. By the way Stephen, Luke and I used to bang your girlfriend. C-yal

Mock the **Vote** BY TYLER ROSCOE

Well, another year of avoiding Sproul Plaza and practicing the "don't fuck with me I've got shit to do" stare of death has ended, and since psychologists have proven that revisiting while material is fresh in your mind is the best way to remember it, I think it's necessary to recap the election season so that future candidates aren't doomed to repeat the mistakes of past elections.

1) Always have at least one person proofread your slogan. This can help you avoid the embarrassment of carrying a sign that says your name, followed by the phrase "We deserve better," a faux pas committed by the BECS/Unite/Student Action party. While it may be the case that the student body does deserve better than your sorry ass, it's probably a good idea to avoid telling them that up front.

2) Consult at least one person versed in the history of your campus before deciding on a color of construction paper. Even a Bowlesman in his typical drunken stupor could tell you that green, particularly a nasty shade of green reminiscent of pre-digested Swiss chard, is not one of Cal's school colors. I thought it was pretty simple: blue and gold. The gold part is negotiable to include yellow. Since yellow is not equal to green, and blue is not equal to green, Cal-SERVE is not equal to people capable of doing anything for this campus but forcing a bad color scheme on the renovation of Heller Lounge.

3) WRITING CAMPAIGN MESSAGES IN ALL CAPS MAY ANNOY SOME READERS OF YOUR CAMPAIGN LITERATURE. IT MAY ALSO MAKE SEVERAL PEOPLE WANT TO THROW RUNNING CHAINSAWS AT YOUR APPENDAGES. WHAT IS YOUR VISION OF YOUR OWN HORRIBLE DEATH?

4) Make sure your platform contains more than one 2x4. A single issue does not a political party make. This is especially true when the issue is the political equivalent of Lenny Kravitz's "Fly" - overlaid like the little girl in second grade who would play doctor for a cookie and a sip from your juice box. The Defend Affirmative Action Party, as their name implied, had only one plank in their platform. Overlooking, for a moment, that defending affirmative action is about as useful as defending the corpse of President Ulysses S. Grant, you have to wonder what an elected DAAP Senator would have to say about...well, anything else at all. Housing? Give the apartments to the people who can't quite afford to pay the monthly rent. Campus security? Subsidize the robbers, since if they're robbing and mugging, their conditions at home must be so desperate that they have no choice but to rob and mug.

And frankly, if I had a connection to BAMN, and I were trying to run for an office where people were supposed to like me, I'd hide the connection faster than my homosexual affair with Ryan Tate. Not that I had one. An affair I mean. Hey, look over there...

5) If your name is Minh Duong, just go home. I see that you're an independent, and that you're giving it the old college try. I can respect that. E for effort, my friend. But Mr. Duong, I see your situation like this: a man walks into a casino, plunks down \$500 at the roulette table, and says, "Give me double zero." This man knows that his odds are slim, but if he beats these odds, he stands to reap a big reward. The wheel spins, the man's heart races, the ball clatters around...and comes to a stop in 13 Red. He sighs, shrugs his shoulders, and goes off to eat his body weight in waffles at the complimentary buffet.

I can respect this man. He gave it a shot. But that man is not Minh Duong. Minh Duong watches the ball land in 13 Red, but then sells his watch, his shoes, his shirt, and finally his dignity to plunk down another \$500 just so he can watch the ball miss his number again. But what really pisses me off, Minh Duong, about your campaign, and about your roulette misadventures, is that you had to drag clip art into the mix. The minute you browsed through your Office 97/Clipart directory and selected those shaking hands and said, "Ooh, neat, collaboration...students like collaboration!", you signed a pact with Satan. So now you stand defeated, like a Republican George McGovern, so full of hope until the votes were counted, the Big Game Axe fell, and you were left with no soul, no dignity, no shoes, no shirt, and, sadly, no service.

In spite of it all, I still managed to vote Sueclteh! because they slaughtered Molly Hooper's chances of ever garnering an elected position again.

Top Ten Fascist items found in the DC

10. Pol Pot Roast
9. Vichy French Toast
8. Arbelt Macht Fries
7. Honey Glazed Himmler
6. Crepes of Nan-Jing
5. K.G Beans
4. The Master Rice
3. German Chocolate Cake
2. Saddam's Republican Gardenburgers
1. Norma, the DC Manager

Top Ten Sexually Confused Children's Television Characters

10. Transgenders: More than meets the eye
9. Gaybots
8. Bert and Ernie
7. She Man and He-Ra
6. Peppermint Patty
5. Mr. McFeely
4. The Thunderqueens
3. Bananas in Fishnets
2. The Ex-Men
1. Wonder if She's a Woman

Top Ten Ways to Break an Awkward Silence While on a Date

10. Casually ask, "Who's your daddy?"
9. Table dance
8. Tabasco chugging competition
7. Limericks
6. Do your crazy Martin Van Buren impression.
5. Noogies
4. Food fight
3. Club a baby harp seal.
2. Talk about any surgery or sores you may have.
1. Empty your colostomy bag onto the table.

Top Ten Nicknames for Chancellor Berdhal

10. Berdy
9. Tex
8. Fingercluffs
7. Dollface
6. Muffin
5. Polyphemus
4. Darth Berdhal
3. The Dessert Fox
2. Really Really Boring Man
1. Chancellor Eleven

Camel's Visit to Campus

by Jesse Johnson



Author's Note: Camel is not a person. Camel is a camel. Camel is not a cigarette company. Camel is a camel. If Camel were not a camel, he would not be called Camel. Camel cannot Camel Camel.

Camel came to Sproul and saw various groups tabling their causes. He was relatively nonplussed with the situation, and decided to lie down beneath one of the fucked-up-looking trees. Then an annoying man and woman came and sat on his humps and started singing bad renditions of Beatles songs. Camel decided he would form his own group: "Camel's Get These Annoying People The Hell Off My Back Club" (CGTAPTHOMBC). Camel started to table. He was the table.

Camel walked over to Dwinelle Plaza and saw an annoying bald man blowing a metal whistle. Camel wished it were hotter, so that the whistle would melt, and he could mold it into a throwing star and throw it at the man.

Camel went into Eshelman and walked upstairs to the Daily Californian office. He took a crap on the floor and said, "that is what I think of your lousy publication!" Actually, Camel did not say that, because he cannot talk, but if he could talk, that is what he would have said, because that is what he was thinking.

Camel went to the Financial Aid Office and stood in line, but he had to leave because he got too thirsty.

Camel stood in front of the World War II Memorial Pool and wondered why there was not a fountain in it. Since he was pregnant, he climbed into the pool and gave birth: four baby camels.

Camel went to Telegraph and got his front hump pierced and the back one dyed black. He also got his name written on a grain of rice: CAMEL.

Camel wanted to ride the elevator up to the top of the Campanile, but his tail kept getting caught in the elevator doors, so he slid it up into his bottom.

Camel went to the eucalyptus grove and built a fort out of eucalyptus leaves. Finally, someone came by and Camel turned a trick so that he could buy a ticket to go see *My Giant*.

Camel went up to the Lawrence Hall of Science. He did not realize that the big whale outside was not real. Otherwise, he probably would not have been trying so hard to hump it.

Camel passed Sproul again on his way home as he walked to the BART station. A young man carrying a sign that read, "Elect me elect me elect me! #43523847809" approached him and said "blablablablablablablablah." Camel swung his hump ring over his head so that it would look like headphones and the young man would stop talking to him. ☺

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My Night at Alpha Phi by D.T. Scarlett



As I stood in the dormroom waiting for my blind date to show up, I began to wonder if everything would go well. It was my first invitational ever, and I was nervous. When she finally walked in the door she was a vision of beauty. (Well, beauty hidden underneath a cloud of hairspray and several sedimentary layers of makeup). She smiled at me and my knees grew weak.



Gliding into the room she approached me and introduced herself. "Hi, I'm Stephanie from Alpha Phi," she said. Then, like a deer in head-lights, her eyes grew wide and a giddy cry came from her lips: "Like, oh my God! That rhymes!"



Clapping her hands together and hopping around in a circle as her head bobbed back and forth, the exuberant sorority girl chanted "Stephanie from Alpha Phi. Stephanie from Alpha Phi..." Her sorority sisters gathered around in an inquisitive empty-headed mass, clapping and shrieking with glee as my witless date continued to prance and chant "Stephanie from Alpha Phi. Stephanie from Alpha Phi."

With no regard for rhythm or intellect, the girls of Alpha Phi continued to marvel at my date. Among the squeals of happiness a cry of frustration came as one girl turned to another and said, "Stephanie is so lucky, Melanie. I wish my name rhymed with Alpha Phi."

With a comforting reach-around, Melanie cried back, "I wish my name rhymed with Alpha Phi, too, Valerie." Soon the other girls, including Tiffany, Marjorie, Brittany, and Anne Marie, all began crying and pointing, wishing they could share Stephanie's joy. Then, like the voice of God (or

at least what God would sound like if He spoke in a high-pitched, airheaded trill), a cry came from a distant corner of the room: "STOP!"

Stephanie stopped in shock as she forgot what she had been chanting, and the other girls quickly turned their heads to see where the cry had come from. Then the voice spoke again. "Look! Something shiny!"

Like a herd of anorexic buffalo, the sisters stampeded toward the object in question: a small foil gum wrapper lying on the floor. The lamplight delicately glinting off the folds of the wrapper hypnotized the girls, and awestruck whispers could be heard from the onlooking crowd: "Wow, it is shiny." "This is so much more fun than clapping our hands." "Do you think I look fat?" As the unyielding power of discarded foil overtook the girls the loud speaker suddenly boomed: "Hurry up! The buses are here!" But this modest announcement could do little to disrupt the trance which had been created by the wrapper, and the girls of Alpha Phi ignored this invitation and remained fixated on the small bit of shiny.

Then, like a cry for help, the loud speaker boomed again: "Come on! The buses are here and we need to go get drunk!" Like a lightning bolt the word "drunk" shattered the wrapper's enchantment, and everyone present hurried toward the hulking metal carriages which would convey them to a night of unbridled debauchery.

Well, to make a long story short, we all got on the bus, went to the cheesy bar, came home, and I got some. ☺



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Deconstructing Graduation by Stephen M. Berger

You might not know it, but graduation is the most enduring secular ritual in the history of the world. Since sooner or later we're all going to come face to face with the traditions that have developed to mark the end of one's college career, I thought I would give you a little taste of the history of some of the essential components of graduation.



The Cap: Although caps have always been part of graduation ceremonies, you might be interested to hear that in 17th century France, the square cap was considered a delicacy. Eaten with crepes, it was considered appropriate for every meal. The origin of the tradition of throwing the cap into the air at the end of the ceremony can be found in feudal Japan. Traditionally, graduates from Ninja academies tossed ninja stars into the air as both an act of celebration and to eliminate some of their competition in the job market. The tradition made its way to the U.S. when it became obvious that there was no way in hell everyone was going to be able to get a job after graduation.

The Tassel: Would you believe that the tassel was originally an item found on the Passover Seder plate. While the maror or bitter herb symbolizes the bitterness of slavery, the Tassel represents the annoyance of having a roommate incapable of flushing the toilet. As the tassel moved from the Seder to the graduation ceremony, this symbolism persisted and gained an even greater significance. The movement of the tassel from one side of the cap to the other can be seen to represent the process of flushing that one must endure.

The Robe: Naturally, the graduation robe comes from the founders of the university in Ancient Greece. Some of the earliest evidence of this tradition can be seen in this passage from one of the last Platonic dialogues, *Elefantitus*: *Elefantitus: Tell me, Socrates, what do you think courage is?*

Socrates: Courage must be found in the robe you wear.

Ele: I see, the robe represents the courage I must display in even the most ordinary aspects of my life.

Soc: No, my friend. I was simply referring to the courage you show in draping your incredibly misshapen genitals with such an outlandish garb.



Pomp and Circumstance: The origin of this piece of music, played during the graduation ceremony's procession, can be traced to the success of professional wrestling in the 1980's. Wrestling legend Randy "Macho Man" Savage used the piece as his entry music at the beginning of his illustrious career. The use of the piece has been adopted to pay homage to the vast influence of the "Macho Man" on American education. In addition to perfecting the flying forearm, Savage also wrote the original versions of the SAT.



The Post-Graduation Meal: Numerous cultures throughout history have practiced similar rituals after the completion of the graduation ceremony. In the Philippines, graduates were subjected to circumcision. In several Native American tribes, graduates were hung on hooks by their nipples. The ancient Toltecs hurled spears at graduates. These types of rituals have been replaced in modern times by the post-graduation meal with the family. Rather than subject the graduate to extreme forms of torture, today they must simply endure several hours of continually being asked, "So, what are you going to do after graduation?" Not surprisingly, there is a movement within the United States to reinstate the use of torture as an alternative to the meal. Suggested forms include: the iron maiden, the rack, and balpeen hammer. ☺



What'd You Just Say? by Matt Holohan

Read aloud the following story about a group of friends trying to put up a tent and see how many racial and/or ethnic slurs you can find embedded in the dialogue!

Cameron, Joe, Steve, and Morton agreed to get together and put up a large tent in Joe's back yard for no good reason. Cameron, Joe, and Steve had already arrived, but Morton was running late.

"I wonder where he could be," commented Joe.

"Yeah," said Steve. "He'd better not flake on us. He still owes me five bucks."

"I wish he wasn't so niggardly," Cameron said. (Okay, okay, that was obvious, but now you get the idea).

"I'll say," Steve agreed. Just then, Morton's fat ass showed up.

"Hey guys," Morton said. "Sorry I'm late, but I had to clean the windows at my house. My dad wouldn't let me leave until all the windows were spic-and-span."

"Oh," Steve said. "Well, that's okay then. Now let's get this tent up for no good reason. Morton, you plant the stake and Cam'll jockey up the pole."

"Jockey up the pole?" Cam repeated. "What the hell does that mean?"

"Nevermind," Steve replied. "Just do it."

"Okay," Cam said as he jockeyed up the pole. "Damn!" he shouted suddenly. "I can't seem to make this pole lock."

"Just try harder," Joe suggested. "So, Morton. How did your day go?"

"You might want to say that again," Steve told him. "People may have missed that one."

"Okay," Joe agreed. "So, Morton. How did your DAY-GO?"

"Fine," Morton replied. "By the way, Steve, which is your favorite Rolling Stone?"

"Mick," Morton replied.

"Mine, too!" Morton replied.

"Boy, it sure is getting nippy out," observed Joe.

"Did you guys watch the 'Batman' cartoon show today?" asked Morton. "All the supervillains were in prison, and a corrupt warder helped get the Joker out."

"Gosh, that's pretty interesting, you Canadian moron," said Steve.

"And that's the tooth!" Cameron said, and they all laughed at his little joke as they finished putting up the tent.

Now see how many sexist and misogynistic terms you can find in this story about gardening.

Miles, Tyler, Luke, and Marshall were tending Miles' garden. All of a sudden, Marshall tripped over one of their tools.

"Damn!" cried Marshall. "Stupid hoe!"

"I like that hoe," said Miles. "Its blade is very broad."

"Whoa!" shouted Tyler flamboyantly. "Check out those melons! They're stacked!"

"Yeah," agreed Luke. "I piled them up yesterday."

"Hey!" said Miles. "Where'd that dog come from?"

"It's digging up the radishes!" whined Tyler.

"Is that a female dog?"

"No," Marshall said. "It is a 'n'."

Just then, Horace the guy who always says "sl" when he means to say "wh" showed up and said, "Slut's up, guys?"

"Just tending the garden," Luke told him.

"And that's the tooth!" Miles said, and they all laughed at his joke as they finished tending the garden.

Finally, see how many sexual innuendoes you can spot in this story about a six-year-old boy's birthday party.

Billy, Pete, Jimmy, and Eustace were celebrating Billy's sixth birthday, and eagerly waiting for Billy's mom to come in with the cake.

"Boy, I sure can't wait to get my hands on some of that sweet creamy cake," Pete said.

"Me neither," Billy agreed. "I wish my mom would hurry her dumb ass up." Just then, Billy's mom's dumb ass showed up.

"Here's the cake, sweetie," she said. "Now be sure and blow extra hard to get all those candles out. Oops! I forgot the plates. I'll be right back." And with that, Billy's mom went back into the kitchen to get the plates.

"Boy, Billy, Jimmy said. "Your mom sure is a fine looking piece of ass."

"I'll say," Pete agreed. "I could fuck that all day long."

"And that's the tooth!" Eustace shouted, and they laughed at his little joke until Billy's mom came back, lit the candles, and accidentally set the whole house on fire, killing herself and all four children in a wretched inferno of death. Bestiality. ☹

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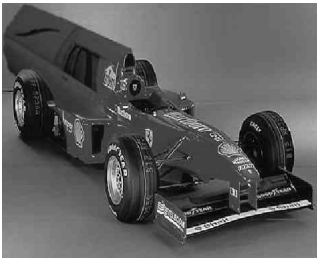
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