It would be really cool if it only rained over lakes and reservoirs. When I go and see Kate Winslet movies I like to get a big bucket of popcorn and cut a hole in the bottom. The hole is so I can masturbate without anyone noticing. Don’t you nevah evah pull my levah, ’cause I exploooode. And my nine is easy to load. Don’t sue us over anything. We really didn’t mean it, Jen. Sometimes we just get so crazy because we love you so much.
Damn you, Jimmy Carter
by Matt Holohan

Many people enjoy putting nuts into their mouths. If I did it, it would kill me. I, like an increasing number of Americans and people from other important countries, am deathly allergic to peanuts. While most non-peanut allergies consider this immune dysfunction to be just another food allergy, like being allergic to kale or vegemite, peanut allergy is much, much more. Living with peanut allergy means a life of isolation, depression, and living in a world that wants you to die.

Most victims first encounter the horror of peanut allergy during elementary school, where the practice of bringing treats for your fellow classmates on your birthday is as common as pedophilic P.E. teachers (many of whom are proud recipients of prestigious Human Biodynamics degrees). Inevitably, one well-meaning youngster brings in a tray of peanut butter cups, peanut butter pies, or a giant peanut casserole. While most students are delighted with these legume goodies, one or two children may begin to fall victim to their very first attack of anaphylactic shock. As the deadly airborne allergens invade their tender little bodies, these hapless kiddies begin to experience wooziness, watery eyes, swelling of the tongue, constricted breathing, and bizarre hallucinations of things like dancing dalmatians and other weird shit. Seeking help from the teacher, that great bastion of adult wisdom and superiority, the victim is generally met with even further disaster as the teacher’s nut-filled mouth sprays more peanut particles into the child’s face, which is typically enough to cause the child to pass out.

Even if peanut allergies are fortunate enough to survive this first attack, they soon learn that the horror has only just begin. Once word gets around school that there’s a peanut allergic on campus, the vicious band of peanut allergic students (there’s a group at every school), seeks this person out and attempts to destroy him with sinister torture techniques like smearing peanut butter in his eyes and shoving Snickers bars into his colon. The only way to retrieve these Snickers bars, of course, is to have a long-muzzled dog go in after them, which is just embarrassing for everyone involved. Especially the Snickers bar.

And does this humiliation end once the immaturity of elementary school has been outgrown? You’d think so, wouldn’t you? But no, for almost everyone, at some point in his life, will have to fly in an airplane, and that, good people, is where the true misery of peanut allergy begins. Many a peanut allergic knows the dread of airline snack time, when merciless stewardesses (yes, I still call them stewardesses instead of flight attendants, and I still say Oriental instead of Asian, too) distribute tiny yet deadly packets of roasted peanuts for the enjoyment of non-peanut allergic passengers. Ever since the Supreme Court banned dust masks on domestic flights (due mainly to the fact that, as Chief Justice William Rehnquist wrote in his decision, “People wearing dust masks look like Goddamn freaks!”), peanut allergies have no choice but to hold their breath during snack time, often resulting in unconsciousness and even more dancing dalmatian hallucinations. If a victim were to be so audacious as to complain to a stewardess, he would be promptly tossed out the exit hatch with nothing but a parachute and a Snickers bar up his ass, praying that there would be a friendly long-muzzled dog on the ground to meet him.

Of course, civil rights advocates tried in vain to end this discrimination a few years ago by demanding that peanuts be banned from domestic flights, but this legislation was killed in Congress by evil Republicans backed by the powerful Southern peanut lobby and religious fundamentalists who decrri the behavior of what they called “Nut hating fags.” That’s America.

But let’s get to the nuts and potatoes of this column. I can deal with inconsiderate airlines and nutty kids and candy in my bottom, but what really bothers me about my allergy is the fact that, because of it, I’ll never be able to be an international super-spy. Just picture this scenario: International super-spy Matt Holohan has donned a clever disguise and infiltrated a Chinese nuclear/biochemical/mutant hyena weapons project to do some bad-ass sabotage, only to be captured by Chinese soldiers. Immediately they realize that only a genius like Matt Holohan could have broken through their top-notch security system, so they suspect that this stranger might be me in a clever disguise. In order to test their hypothesis, they say to me, “Well, Mr. Hatt Molohan, if that is your real name, if you really aren’t Matt Holohan, international super-spy, then surely you wouldn’t mind taking a nice big bite of this peanut butter and jelly sandwich!!” I’d have no choice but to try my luck and take a bite, and as soon as my tongue started swelling and I started screaming “Where the hell did all these dalmatians come from??” they’d take me off and cut me in half or some such shit. And they probably wouldn’t even have the decency to give me an Epinephrine shot before my execution so I could die with a bit of dignity. Damn Chinese probably don’t even know what Epinephrine is.

And so, in conclusion, the next time you’re chowing down on Thai peanut chicken or a fat peanut-flavored cow turd, stop and think who might be sitting next to you. It might just be me, and if you don’t get those allergen-filled vapors out of my face I’ll sick my long-muzzled dog on you.
Much confusion was generated on the floor of the Senate recently when, after losing a vote on a bill he authored, Majority Leader Trent Lott broke into laughter and triumphantly declared, “Ha! Opposite day!” “Damn,” one senator commented, “that really threw me for a loop. Gets me every time.”

“I really wish we could get some advance notice when opposite day is coming up, like a three-day rule or something,” another senator declared. “I myself thought it was some time around the Jewish festival of Purim, but when the hell is that?”

In related news, United Nations peacekeeping duties in East Timor fell on the Australians because they were the last to shout, “not it”; PLO leader Yasser Arafat has announced plans to retake territory conquered by Israel, declaring “you’re not the boss of East Jerusalem”; and finally, control of the Panama Canal will remain with the United States and not return to the government of Panama as originally agreed, thanks to HR-563, entitled “1-2-3 No Tradebacks.”

Students reported that Parker, formerly known as the introvert who broke curves in her classes, was “totally sassy.” “That shirt proves that she has attitude,” said passerby Sara Elliot. “I’ll consider myself warned.” The oversized Hanes Beefy-T reportedly was worn tucked into tapered jeans, with the sleeves rolled up. Parker had purchased it the day before at a local t-shirt store.

“I was on my way back to the dorms and I decided to stop by the T-shirt Orgy. I was just about to purchase that ‘Hookt on fonix wurked fer me’ shirt with the wacky spelling, but then I saw this one and it just spoke to me.”

Peers took note of the attitude Parker was displaying. Classmate Tom Mills reports, “I wanted to ask Jenny what the O-Chem homework was, but when I saw the warning on her shirt, I just got all intimidated and decided to email my TA instead.” Parker sees other witty slogan tees in her future. Potential sassy slogans include “Slow Thinkers Keep Right” and “Talk To The Hand,” with an accompanying drawing of an actual hand.

In a public statement yesterday, UC Berkeley Chancellor Robert Berdahl addressed the many controversial issues facing the Berkeley campus, calling for students and the community to “just back off for a while and leave me the hell alone.” Added Berdahl, “Every time I turn around, it’s Ethnic Studies this, or housing crisis that. What do you want me to do about it? I have a life too, you know.”

The harsh wording and unusually bitter tone of the chancellor’s statement has left many students surprised, confused, and just a little hurt. “It’s my fault, it’s all my fault,” sobbed sophomore Tim Sloane. “I’m too needy. I didn’t realize what it must have been like for him.”

However, the general mood toward the chancellor is conciliatory. “I guess we never really thought about how many demands we were putting on him,” stated Emily Boartz of the third world Liberation Front. Boartz and others pledged to be more sensitive to the chancellor’s needs, and expressed confidence that the relationship would work out.

“We’ve been through a lot together,” said Berkeley city councilmember Kriss Worthington. “And I’m pretty sure we can get through this, too.”

Members of the campus organization “Viviphagy for Virulence” staged a rally in protest of animal testing in UC Berkeley laboratories last Friday. The group, known for its advocacy of live meat consumption, acted in response to recent revelations of unnecessary usage of animals in research.

“Frankly, knowing that all these animals are being destroyed for no real reason makes me sick to my stomach,” said ViV member Dana Ullman. “Why are we needlessly wasting these succulent mor- sels when we could be devouring their tender yet wildly struggling bodies with a nice Bordeaux? Tell me, where’s the rea-
son in testing hairspray on animal eyes when they could be used as a tasty garnish on my fettuccini?"

When reached for comment, Berkeley researcher Donald Glaser expressed some sympathy for the activists’ cause. “Look, I like to eat live animals as much as the next guy. I think we’ve all nibbled on the family dog’s ear or bitten the head off of a vainly squawking chicken at one point or another. But sometimes we’ve just got to make sacrifices in the name of science.” Glaser then stooped to capture a scurrying cockroach, place it in his mouth and chew thoughtfully.

VfV is rumored to be planning further demonstrations against animal testing, including a joint rally with “Cal Man-Goat Lovers” next month.

Debating the Millennium

Debate within the intellectual community took a turn for the personal last week with the publication of a new book by D.P. Blakely titled, Why Only Stupid People Will Be Celebrating The Millennium This Year. In between getting blowjobs from shrieking groupies at his last book signing, Blakely managed to comment: “You see,” Blakely explained, “there was no year zero. Therefore, all calendars are off by a year. God damn I’m a genius! You’re next, honey.”

Blakely’s book drew criticism from a group of Berkeley sociology graduate students, who collaborated to produce the scholarly article, “D.P. Blakely Eats Poop.” Stephanie Jameson, a co-author of the paper, said, “I mean, it’s like the Prince song says. ‘Tonight we’re gonna party like it’s 1999!’ Not 2000! 1999! So, like, what the hell?”

Additional barbs came from Stanford researcher J.M. Leeblezinsky, who angrily bellowed at a press conference last week, “You know, the Roman calendar had thirteen months, and throughout Europe until Copernicus, various groups believed that the week consisted of anything from five to nine days. I have completed extensive research, proving that the millennium was actually last Tuesday at four in the afternoon. I had a huge party and YOU ALL MISSED IT!”

None of this had any impact whatsoever on anyone’s plans for what laypersons refer to as “Dec. 31, 1999”. Those plans include, according to one informant, “Getting fucking sloshed, and going ape shit.”

Magnitude 2.1 Earthquake Rocks Bay Area

An earthquake measuring 2.1 on the Richter Scale struck at approximately 2:27 a.m. yesterday morning, causing twenty-two Bay Area residents to wake up. Damage was limited to an empty beer bottle falling on its side in the home of Alameda resident Todd Carson. “It’s a good thing [the bottle] didn’t break when it tipped over. I could have accidentally stepped on it in the morning and wound up with a nasty cut,” he stated.

No injuries were reported, but 2,047 people were killed in a subsequent aftershock that measured 8.3 in magnitude.
The year 2000 is approaching. And I’ve realized a few things: 1) I need to start looking for a party now if I don’t want to end up at home. 2) I most likely won’t find a party and I’ll be at home. 3) I live a pathetic and miserable life 4) It’s hip to zip. Anyway, if I’m going to end up at home again for New Year’s, I’m going to make the most of it.

So here is my Year 2000 Emergency Backup Plan. I’ve always wanted to hold some sort of record that would make me famous. I could try to be the world’s fastest man, but there’s always the chance that someone will come along later on and break my record. So, that’s why I’m currently not training to be the world’s fastest man. Also, I get tired when I’m running. But if I could be the first person to do something inconceivable in the year 2000, I’d own the record for it for eternity. That’s why I’m planning to be (drum roll, please) the First Man to Wash his Dog in the Year 2000!

Think about it. While everyone is out getting drunk and having a good time, I’ll be the only guy at home washing his dog. I already have it all worked out. At around 11:30 I’ll set up three cameras to capture every angle of the event. People will be able to log on to www.dogwash-2000.com and witness the event. At 11:45 I’ll be grabbing Buster, soon to be known as The First Clean Canine of the Year 2000, and placing him in the tub. I will then put on the official Year 2000 Dog Wash Wet Suit. Between 11:58 and 12:02, I will maintain deep lather with the official Year 2000 Dog Wash Flea/Tick Shampoo. At 12:02 I will rinse and dry Buster with the official Year 2000 Dog Wash Old Fluffy Towel, resulting in my second and third titles as the First Man to Rinse His Dog in the Year 2000 and the First Man To Dry His Dog in the Year 2000. Although I only really care about the dog washing title, I’m mentally and physically prepared to carry all three titles. I recently informed my parents of their future title as the Parents of the First Man to Wash his Dog in the Year 2000. They were so excited they hung up.

Some of my close friends have been inspired by my message. One has plans to be the First Man to Change his Goldfish Water in the Year 2000. Another is trying to be the First Man to Clean the Cat Box in the Year 2000. We should all make the record books, unless some Australians have the same idea and beat us to the record by 18 hours or so. In that case, I think I’ll just have to become the First Man to Cry Himself To Sleep in the Year 2000.

Top Ten Hackneyed Social Science GSI Phrases
10. Vis-à-vis
9. Punctuated equilibrium
8. Well, it’s like, um... Yeah.
7. Why don’t we break up into groups?
6. What is Marx trying to say about this subset of civil society?
5. I don’t know, what do you think?
4. Mmmm, aren’t we a little deterministic today?
3. Yes, you could argue that, but, you’d be wrong!
2. It’s not the grade that matters, it’s how much you improve.
1. Hugest erection this side of Donner Pass, nearly broke my jaw it did.

Top Ten Kafkaesque Beatles Lyrics
10. “Have you seen the little bears, burrowing in the dirt?”
9. “I turned into a bug today, oh boy”
8. “Take these sunken eyes and stay blind”
7. “Why don’t we do it on the medieval torture device?”
6. “No one loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah”
5. “Happiness is a warm hole in the ground”
4. “And in the end, you die”
3. “I’m sooo hungry, I haven’t eaten a bite”
2. “Desmond says to Molly, girl, I’m afraid of death”
1. “The cockroach was Paul”

Top Ten Pornographic Dairy Products
10. Frottage cheese
9. Country Crotch
8. Mount-her-rey Jack
7. Bestiality cheese
6. Jizz Whiz
5. Whip n’ cream
4. Land O’ Ass
3. I Can’t Believe It’s Not a Pornographic Dairy Product
2. Non-Dairy creamer
1. Head cheese
Attractive girl #1: What the hell is Fred all about? He’s such an enigmatic and fascinating character.

Attractive girl #2: I just wish I could talk to him more, after I’m done talking to him and he’s not there anymore.

Attractive girl #1: I just can’t get him out of my mind.

Attractive girl #2: I totally know what you mean. I just wish he had written a manifesto.

I’m really cool in private. It’s just that I have to somehow transfer this coolness to the public sphere. Around people I’m a little slow on my feet and nervous, especially around women whom I’m trying hard to impress. By myself, I’m the funniest motherfucker alive.

When I watch TV I’m the best. I can make all sorts of witty comments that make the people on TV look so stupid. Stupid compared to me. The reason why is, I’m so fucking funny. I’ve seen some other people make fun of TV and it’s not half as good. They just make fun of the commercials, which are easy topics anyway, basically just repeating what the commercials say in a sarcastic voice, as if that somehow made it funny. Needless to say, I have a better time watching TV by myself.

I should be the one writing those TV comedies. I’ve got better stuff than those corporate no-talent hacks. I mean, come on. It’d be easy to write a fucking TV comedy because it’s all tired jokes anyway. I just don’t want to because I value my artistic integrity above all else. Why would I want to lower myself just for material gain? I’d never write in 8 minute increments.

Occasionally, I’ll privy myself to some spontaneous improvisation. I’ll just let loose, and pretend like I’m two people and come up with all sorts of crazy situations. I took an improv class in high school once but it didn’t work out well. Like I said, I have a hard time speaking in public. But alone, I’m just about the best improviser this side of Drew Carey. I have a plumber meets Batman bit that would have the ladies creaming in their pants.

Sometimes, after a long hard day of studying I’ll smoke weed. Then I’ll sit by myself and watch TV around midnight. Barring a physical impediment I’ll probably jerk off later that evening. Man, I’m a lonely guy, but that’s the price you have to pay to be a serious artist. Now that’s comedy.

Man, I really hate women, but at the same time I want to sleep with them. But no deal, ladies. There’s no way I’ll sacrifice my comedic art to base physical passions. I have a higher calling than that.
City of Berkeley submerged in lava; Jen Price writes about soup

At approximately 12:02 AM, a massive wave of liquid magma rolled through downtown Berkeley, laying waste to apartments and stores along Shattuck Avenue. Meanwhile, on the 6th floor of Eshleman Hall, Daily Californian columnist Jen Price put the finishing touches on an essay describing her love-hate relationship with minestrone soup.

Wrote Price, “When I was a freshman at Cal, I never realized the importance that soup would have for me, my family, and my Jewish boyfriend, Herschel. But I especially didn’t anticipate the impact of [minestrone].”

IDENTITY POLITICS A4

Seven-headed dragon emerges from basement of Evans

After a massive fund-raising drive by CAL-PIRG and the sudden collapse of organized society, the endangered seven-headed dragon has awakened from its centuries-long slumber beneath the basement of Evans Hall. Although the enormous bloodthirsty beast is expected to wreak havoc over most of the campus area for most of the foreseeable future, observers take some comfort that the serpent saw its shadow upon emerging, indicating that Judgment Day will come six weeks early this year.

LEFT-WING PSYCHOSIS A7
OBITUARIES:
Everybody died today. Or maybe yesterday. I don’t know. Services will be held, but no one will attend (‘cuz everyone else is dead too).

***

Millions of atheists shit pants

A wave of panic overtook the world’s nonreligious community this morning when the Apocalypse occurred, proving once and for all that the Bible is right.

“Everyone told me it was bullshit!” moaned Franklin Monroe, leader of a campus atheistic society at a prestigious university. “And now I’m going to burn in Hell for all eternity. God damn it.”

An even greater blow to the atheist community came when Bishop Desmond Tutu announced that an extra-special brand of perdition is in store for members of the Campus Freethinkers Alliance. The Bishop has also stated that members of religious cults have little if anything to worry about, with the obvious exception of the Berkeley-based Cult-456, who are just a bunch of dirty low-down swindlers.

Four Horsemen kick ass in hotly contested Belmont Stakes

Racing fans and bookies alike were shocked by an upset victory in the Belmont Stakes yesterday when the little-known jockey Pestilence nosed out fellow horsemen Famine and Seafoam Surprise. War galloped to a fourth-place position, though Death placed a disappointing seventh.

The Four Horsemen underscored their victorious day by smiting all the gamblers at the packed fairgrounds and turning renowned bugle player Billy Jo Armstrong into a pillar of salt.

When reached for comment on his unremarkable performance, Death seemed upbeat and optimistic about his role in the coming Apocalypse.

“Well, you can’t really have Death come in before the others. Otherwise, there’d be no one to fight the wars, get sick, and starve. It’s all science, you know.”

Trinidad and Tobago Dominate Winter Olympics

The Caribbean nation of Trinidad and Tobago dominated the most recent Winter Olympic Games, taking home an unprecedented 21 gold medals, well exceeding their former record of zero. These Games, the warmest in history, also featured a sweep of the men’s bobsledding events by the Jamaican team. “Some say the weather conditions, including the total absence of snow or ice, favored our team of mostly surfers and rollerbladers. But I felt it was our teamwork and most importantly, our ganas,” said coach Jaime Escalante.

Gretel: Uncle Max, why am I always last?
Max: Because you, my dear, are the most important.
Gretel: Don’t dick me around, Max.

Brigitta: Father, are you a Nazi?
Captain: Yes, Brigitta, I am.

Lisel: Oh, Rolfe, write me a telegram!
Rolfe: What the hell are you talking about, woman?

Brigitta: Father, who is our new governess going to be?
Captain: You’re not going to have a governess anymore.
Brigitta: Fascist pig.
Captain: Would you cut that out already?

Maria: Do, re, mi and so on are the notes you use to build any song you like!
Kids: [Break off into well-rehearsed song.]
Maria: You know, you kids are awfully good for just having learned to sing.
Kids: [Now revealed as aliens] She knows. [Mutilate Maria].

Martha: Martha, why aren’t you eating?
Martha: Because Kurt bit my finger, and then he beat me.
Maria: Did singing help?

Louisa: Father, how is it that you are a naval officer in a land-locked country?
Captain: Mental note: kill the girl.

Larry's anecdote fails to impress his girlfriend's Hindu family.
I was in my room reading The Enquirer today—yeah, you heard me, wanna make somethin’ of it?—and I came upon a startling article that Mickey Spillane, author of the best-selling Mike Hammer books, is now a Jehovah’s Witness. Apparently, rather than poisoning the world of literature, he now enjoys walking along his “beat” and harassing people with the word of God. He hasn’t gone crazy, he’s just begun indulging in one of our two great American pastimes, religion and football, which I like to refer to simply as “God-ball.”

Missionary work is like football in so many ways. I mean this from my rather uninformed female perspective, but there are the guys on the field, right? Big, luggish, generally frightening in every way. These are the messengers of God. And then God is like the coach, screaming at his players what they should do, go to Bath-Sheba, no Beer-Sheba, don’t look back at your friends burning in Sodom, etc. and also to smash the other side. Bash ‘em because they grab your balls. Which is just like religion!

I mean, just like religion, but in a really homoerotic way. A really, really homoerotic way. Think of all the connotations: balls, submissive obedience, butt slapping, group showers, tight ends. Religion’s not much better on this end: altar boys, church organs, “take of my body.” The two main social institutions in this country are really just thinly disguised methods of releasing sexual tension based on an arbitrary, strict ideology. The Ten Commandments or the wishbone offense, penalties or sins, it’s all really just one big gay porn flick, isn’t it? Of course, only a society founded with these kind of secret urges with such a complicated, stupid system, so maybe I’m wrong.

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Top Ten Reasons to Support Affirmative Action
10. The NBA has under-represented Whites, Asians and Hispanics for too long.
9. School children enjoy being bused to other districts - it’s more like a trip to grandma’s.
8. It’s the only way you’ll ever get two A’s on your résumé.
7. You’re tired of being the only White male enrolled in your Chicano Studies class.
5. You’d like to see a Korean Backstreet Boy.
4. It’d be neat to have sex with a foreign chick.
3. This A.A. involves less sharing of your feelings with complete strangers.
2. It’s the only kind of action you can get, if you know what I’m sayin’.
1. When it comes down to it, you would really rather have a stupid minority doing a job than a stupid White guy.

Top Ten Pornos Starring Jesus Christ
10. Deep Soul
9. Christ Bangs Bethlehem
8. Who Would Jesus Do?
7. Who’s Your Savior?
6. Carpenter of Love
5. Divine Staff
4. Tie Me Up, Nail Me Down
3. Second Cumming
2. Jesus Nympho Cum Sluts XII
1. Semen on the Mount

Top Ten Rock Music UNIX Commands
10. Ironman
9. Test For echo
8. Stray cat Strut
7. D’yer gmaker
6. Behind Blue xeyes
5. < stdin The> stdout Door
4. ...& Justice for *
3. /etc/rc.d/init.d/me-up start
2. The Battle For Ever | more
1. ls -a Loeb and kill -9 Stories
Top Ten Reasons to Marry a Dog
10. Will lick peanut butter off of anything
9. You already know she's a bitch
8. You can wear a t-shirt that says, “I’m not into bestiality but my spouse is”
7. You have an excuse to sniff spouse’s butt in public
6. Two words: Doggy Style
5. You can win any argument by rubbing her tummy
4. If you think he’s having an affair, you can lock him in the yard
3. ‘Cause you knocked her up
2. How ‘bout all those nipples?
1. Likes chasing pussy as much as you do.

Top Ten Pornographic UC Berkeley Building Names
10. Le Cunt
9. Twatimer
8. VLSBDSM
7. Poon Tang Center
6. Muffit
5. Zellercock
4. Aass School of Business
3. The Seize Her Shove It Center
2. Mammorial Stadium
1. Sproul Hall (because they fuck you in the ass)

Top Ten Quantum Mechanical They Might Be Giants Songs
10. Particle-in-a-Box Man
9. Whistling in the Quark
8. The Statue Got Me Heisenberg
7. Square Well Potential in Your Soul
6. She’s Actual Size, But We Can’t Know Her Momentum if We Know That Size
5. Number e
4. Electron Diffraction Killed My Dog
3. Your Newtonian Friend
2. Everything Right is Wrong Again because of the Ultraviolet Catastrophe
1. Spiraling Schrödinger

What do you plan to do for Y2K?

“Pity more fools.”
– Mr. T, 5th year, Human Biodynamics & History

“Catch up on Silk Stalkings re-runs on USA.”
– Chang Ga-Bang, Village Idiot

“Collect nuts.”
– Stacy Duhastmich, 2nd year, Mass Communications

“I will be urging the Supreme Court to re-examine Plessy v. Ferguson. Curse the incompetent lawyers of the Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas!”
– Parking Meter, Parking Meter

“Get pregnant so my boyfriend will marry me.”
– Marcia Chynoweth, 3rd year, Elementary School

“Look the other way.”
– Freecell Guy, 3rd year, Political Science & French
Economic oppression against ______________________________________ has been perpetuated through the deceit of the ______________________ _______________________________. It is clear that until these _________ ________________________ ______________________________________ are ___________________ irradicated by any means necessary, there can be no ______________ justice and truth for we, the ________________________, _________________________, ______________________ oppressed.

The mind-body problem is best understood through _____________________________________, although not all agree with this approach. For instance, ____________________. Also, ____________________________. All of this leads us to a truly interdisciplinary approach to the study of __________________. Now go ask Carol Snow for your adviser code.

Who can forget the whimsical days of MAD-LIBS?

Nouns, adjectives, and verbs conspired to create hours of zany fun. Now you can use this time-honored tool to learn more about the various academic disciplines on campus. Try it yourself, motherfucker!

Compiled by Tyler Roscoe

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I have a __________. His name is __________. I like to watch __________. Will you mix me a _______________?

CAT RALPH TV MARGARITA

DEC 1999 • THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH 13
Top Ten Totalitarian Restaurants
10. Fascist Slice
9. Steve’s North Korean BBQ
8. Schlotsky’s East Bloc Russian Restaurant
7. Totalitarian Akbar’s Totalitarian Bar and Grill
6. Burger Absolute Monarch
5. Karl’s Jr.
4. Che Panisse
3. Benito Burger
2. Worker Unit Food Distribution Vestibule
1. T.G.I.F. (Thank God It’s Fascist)

Top Ten Signs of the Apocalypse
10. Cal actually wins Big Game
9. Blue Heaven staying in business; not holding a sale
8. Ethnic Studies student finds job
7. No line at financial aid office
6. The Heuristic Squelch does an Apocalypse-themed issue
5. Re-release of Francis Ford Coppola’s Apocalypse Now
4. Three headed griffon emerges from depths of Dwinelle to wreak God’s holy vengeance on Berkeley
3. Communal shower in Soda
2. Hebrew text of evil
1. Yoshua fights Jesus; wins in twelve rounds by unanimous decision.

Top Ten North Vietnamese Pick-up Lines
10. “I was criticizing myself a few days ago,...”
8. “I know this quiet little place, the natives call it Dien Bien Phu.”
7. “Hey! Weren’t we in the shit together?”
6. “Is that a Viet Cong in your trousers? Wait, how can you afford trousers?”
5. “You want me to beat your American ass?”
4. “I know something that needs to be airlifted right now...”
3. “Oh, I thought you said phở...”
2. “I’ll show you a Tet offensive, baby.”
1. “Here’s my Gulf of Tonkin resolution: Without the approval of Congress, I am declaring ‘romance’ on you.”

On a recent lonely Saturday night, I found myself watching an episode of CBS’s prime-time action-drama, “Walker: Texas Ranger.” As I watched Chuck Norris use his feet of fury to preserve liberty and justice for white Texans, I was struck by a revelation about Chuck Norris’ career; namely, how has America overlooked this great talent for so many years? A karate champion and a student of Bruce Lee, Chuck has never gained the mainstream acceptance that other stars have. How is it that he receives projects like Top Dog and Forest Warrior while a no-talent hack like Jeff Speakman gets plum roles in films like The Perfect Weapon? To answer this, we need look no further than Chuck’s most defining characteristic: the beard.

Now, to be an action star, it’s necessary to have some unique quality, some defining characteristic that sets you apart from the rest of the multitude of other muscular monosyllabic martial artists. Schwarzenegger has the Austrian accent, and is great with one-liners. Bruce Willis’ talent is to constantly look incredibly beat-up. Steven Seagal has cornered the market on spooky, soft-spoken badass environmentalists. Jackie Chan does all of his own stunts. Even Jean-Claude Van Damme has carved out a niche for himself as Hollywood’s favorite coke-addicted Eurostrash playa kickboxer. Chuck Norris needs no such gimmicks. He has his beard.

The beard. That proud, bushy beard which he plays a character named Sean Kane. This was inspirational. When I, Sean Keane, quit shaving in the next few weeks, I don’t want to hear, “Hey, why don’t you shave, hippie?” or, “Could you please just trim your scraggly beard for your sister’s wedding?!” What I’d like to hear instead is just a little bit of fucking respect. I think Chuck and the beard have earned it.
Do you feel left out of the millennium madness? Not quite sure how the world is going to end? Well, I’ve compiled all the prophecies you’ll ever need for the year 2000. (But not for you Jews. You had your second millennium 3,760 years ago and you blew it. Same thing for you Imperial Han Chinese.)

Let’s begin with the most famous person ever: Nostradamus. He predicted the end of the world several times, as well as the clock, the calculator, the dog, and sliced bread. Kindergarten teachers across the nation consider his cryptic quatrains to be the most accurate misinterpretations of poetry ever written. For example, he predicted the Crimean War in the famous quatrain:

*The bird of prey flies to the window, When old trends become popular anew, Evil before conflict with France makes preparations, Something will happen and it will be bad.*

In a more obscure quatrain, Nostradamus discusses the 20th century:

*The Lion shall lie with the Eagle, The Great Bear walks with four dukes, Up from the ground came a bubbling crude, JFK will be shot in Dallas in 1962.*

We know this prediction is false because the date is inaccurate. It states that the Soviet Union will collapse after the Gulf War, which any non-American high-school student knows is wrong. Fortunately, Nostradamus wasn’t the only senile white male to see the future.

Affectionately referred to as “the Beast of the Apocalypse” by his mother, the renowned psychic Aleister Crowley wrote several journals full of prophecies using a Ouija Board and some pigeon blood. His most famous collections are *Waiting for Godot until September Thirteenth, Nineteen Ninety-Seven, Gray’s Sports Almanac, Green Eggs and Your Imminent Demise and The Complete Idiot’s Guide to Cunnilingus.* These chilling excerpts deal with the end of the millennium:

“It will be the best of times, it will be the worst of times, but specifically it will be 1998. There is probably going to be a war somewhere. People will be starving and there will possibly be an alliance of nations. Due to cultural changes, comedy will only be funny when it is about sex or it is animated. Ellen will be gay, and the last episode of *Seinfeld* will suck. So will *Star Wars: Episode One.* Millions upon millions will prepare to celebrate the end of the millennium one year early, and nobody will give a damn. And that discoloration on your thigh is just a rash, Nathan.”

Respected Berkeley bullshit artist Professor Ken Jowitt has also made some startling revelations about the future: “In the next decade, sociopolitical boundaries will become clouded, unclear and unattenuated resulting in the isolation, consolidation and transformation of various states, regimes and—Sit down! No, just sit down and shut up, got it? I’m talking up here... None of you will ever amount to anything.”

As for me, I’ll continue to follow my personal favorite prognosticator, L. Ron Hubbard. In one of my favorite passages in *Dianetics* he writes, “Life energy is the center of awareness. The mind is coating a thetan, and the thetan is the person himself. Give all your money to the Church of Scientology, and maybe your computer won’t break in 2000. What, you’re too good for Tom Cruise and John Travolta?” Preach on, L. Ron, preach on.
the GAP presents...
fashions for the new millennium

everybody in bee costumes
everybody in bees
everybody in chain mail
everybody in tar & feathers
everybody in burlap

everybody in napalm.
everybody in pubes.
everybody in lenin.
everybody in cork.

...and coming next fall...

everybody in lenin.
everybody in napalm.