

teen!

# SQUENCH

Feb. 2000

QUIZ: TEST YOUR SASS-FACTOR  
BONUS: TOP 6 EATING DISORDERS  
OF SPRING

elián  
gonzález  
America's New Latin  
Pop Sensation

Tony  
Randall's  
wacky bestial  
adventures

hair  
down  
where?  
a beginner's  
guide to  
PUBERTY

are you a  
*s h a l l o w*  
person?

**Make-up  
can help!**



Mr. Pitofsky demands:  
*"Everybody  
Out Of Me!"*

*Win A Date  
With Ally!*  
DETAILS INSIDE



# the heuristic SQUELCH

*Keeping things smurfy since 1991.*

(Papa Smurfs)

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The *Squelch* has many uses. In particular, it may be used as a moist towelette, with which to dab one's lips, hands, or buttocks, before and after ingesting Ethiopian food in any manner, including orally and rectally. In Ethiopia they eat with their fingers. How do they know which fingers to use orally and which to use rectally? By the taste, silly. The opinions expressed in this here publication are not necessarily those of the *Squelch* staff, the ASUC, the UC Berkeley Administration, or anyone else associated with this magazine. They are, however, the opinions of one Mr. Enos Vornado of Montpelier, Vermont. Any complaints regarding the content of these pages should be mailed to Mr. Enos Vornado, 231 Gorman St., Montpelier, VT, 05602. The bees are where now? ¡Dále a tu cuerpo alegría Lakireddy! ¡Heeey Lakireddy!

[www.squelched.com](http://www.squelched.com)

Being the great lumbering couch 'tater that I am, I find myself watching a great deal of alarmist news stories about club kids and their various sinful pleasures. While millions of senile geriatrics were watching these depictions of youthful sexual and drugual adventures and thinking, "These unruly young'ns will destroy us all!", I was watching the scantily clad she-nanigans and thinking, "My, but I'd like some of that." And so, I threw on my favorite Gap outfit and my lucky sex havin' hat, rounded up a few friends and hit the SF club scene.

Shortly after arriving at what would be our first and only destination for the evening, I realized that about 90% of the people in the elephant cock-sized line outside the club could be lumped into one of two categories: trashy eighteen-year-old girls and horny twenty-five-year-old guys. I knew I'd need at least two good drinks to develop an interest in the former and a liter of pure ethanol to develop an interest in the latter, so early on I decided to make a beeline for the bar as soon as we got in the door.

After an only slightly sexual pat-down from the burly boyish bouncer I ditched my underaged companions and approached the purveyor of brain-erasing refreshments. The bartender wanted seven dollars for a lousy Long Island Iced Tea. As he handed it to me I quipped, "For that price there had better be some crack in here."

"No crack," he retorted, "but for an extra quarter I'll blow my load in there for you."

Never able to turn down a round of banter, I countered, "Ha! Most places you'd have to pay *me*!" Then I realized that he wasn't wearing any pants and seemed about to make good on his deal, so I quickly headed upstairs to the observation deck.

From up above I got a reasonable view of the rest of the establishment, and the first thing that caught my eye was a pair of the aforementioned trashy females, one wearing a cowboy hat and the other one not, rubbing their bottoms together and enjoying their reflections in a nearby giant mirror. A hapless male tried to get in on the action, but was swiftly denied when a third girl joined the other two for a disturbingly suggestive ass-to-cootch stationary conga line. In all the excitement I downed my drink in no time and decided to head down to the madness and see if I couldn't get me some.

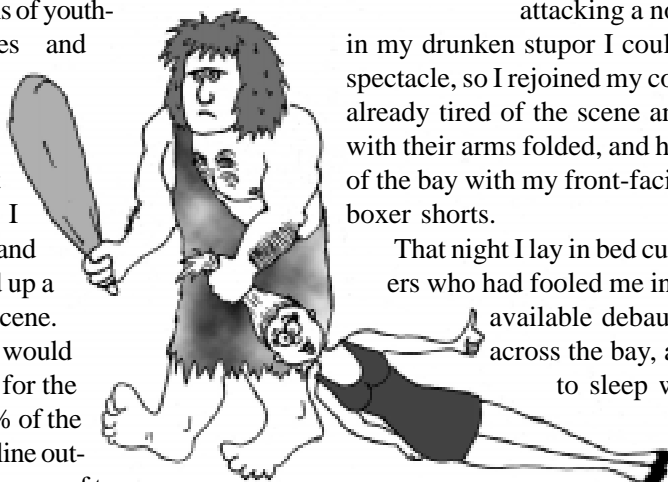
After joining the madding crowd I thought I'd woo the ladies with some funky white boy dance moves, but much to my chagrin I soon found that most girls were either already

attached to even seedier fellows than myself or had conglomerated themselves into exclusive all-female faux lesbian dance groups surrounded by eager young men trying to work their way in like greasy sperm attacking a not-quite-underaged ovum. Even in my drunken stupor I couldn't bring myself to enjoy this spectacle, so I rejoined my companions, who themselves had already tired of the scene and were standing near the door with their arms folded, and headed back toward the east side of the bay with my front-facing tail between my legs. Lousy boxer shorts.

That night I lay in bed cursing the sensationalistic reporters who had fooled me into thinking that nests of readily available debauchery were a short BART ride across the bay, and all I could do to lull myself to sleep was remember all the bottoms, bosoms, and bare backs I had seen, and fantasize that later in the evening, after plenty of alcohol and a shroom or two, the lovely ladies of the club would move past pawing and grinding

and realize the splendor of sapphic love that penis-laden lesbians like myself can only dream of.

## What It Was,



## Was Clubbing

by Matt Holohan

## **Berkeley Resident Ignored, Capitalism Thrives**

*by Rich Tusie, Hasty Anagram*

Berkeley resident Mike Willis was doing some routine shopping at Safeway on College Avenue yesterday, when the unexpected happened. The shopper in front of him, a Joshua Martinez, was informed jubilantly by Sarah, Deputy Manager since 1992, that he would receive a 5% discount on a future purchase due to loyal spending habits at the establishment.

"Don't spend it all in one place," Willis sarcastically jeered, awkwardly hoping to strike a blow against the entire capitalist system with his snide remark. However, it went largely unnoticed, save by the shopper behind Willis, who cast him a dirty look and then proceeded to congratulate the winner, who was further elated to learn that he could apply his newly won discount to *any* future purchase.

Tact and dignity mandated that Willis keep his mouth shut at this point for the remainder of the transaction. Since he lacked both, however, he repeated the comment, much, much, louder. Sarah broke the uncomfortable silence with, "Thank you Mr. Martinez." Martinez wondered how she knew his name, then remembered his Club Card, and they both shared a good laugh at the joke.

"Yeah, she knows your name, Martinez," Willis ridiculously continued,

"and your home phone number too!"

On his way out, Willis may have surreptitiously grabbed an application for a Safeway Club Card, covering it up by pretending to chuckle at an anecdote in the *Daily Californian* about Tyson McCreary's tea-fueled misadventures in Europe.

## **NYSE Floor Broker Trades Insults on Record Volume**

*by Luke Filose, Lower-cased-1st Swine*

New York Stock Exchange floor broker Russ Jones traded insults at an unprecedented volume Friday, ending the day with the line, "Hey Barnes, your wife's ass is so big, she must have been baptized in buttermilk!" and bringing his daily total to 246 mean-spirited one-line quips at the closing bell.

The Long Island native and five-year Wall Street veteran was greeted with high fives and shouts of "fag!" and "homo!" by fellow traders and was visibly pleased at the following press conference. "The competition has been fierce," he noted. "I overheard Eric [Barrett] bust out five original 'Why don't you stick your noun up your noun and VERB' in the span of ten minutes, and I knew it was going to be a heavy traffic day."

Senior securities broker Sarah Vincent of Goldman Sachs and Jenrette agreed that he was due to break the record. "Russ has always been a filthy mouthed prick, but he has really been

on a tear as of late," Vincent said with a chuckle. "I put in a buy order for Phone.com today and he told me among other things to dip my titties in applesauce and roll around naked in a pan of pork chops."

## **Student Receives Worst Hand-Job in History**

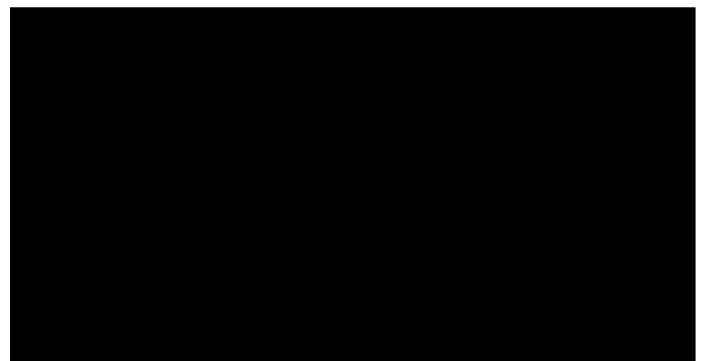
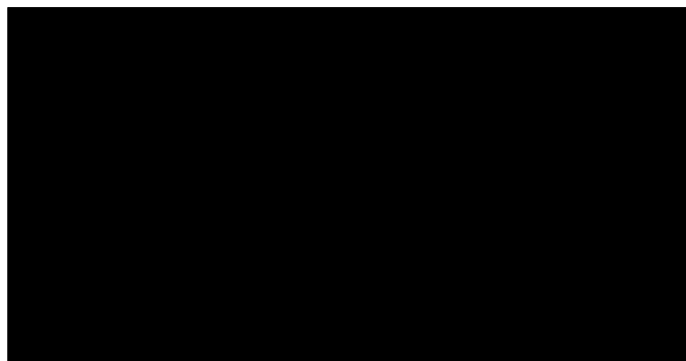
*by The Staff, Sad, Undersexed People*

UC Berkeley 3rd-year student Horace McFeelenstein recently reported that the result of an amorous encounter last weekend has been nothing but pain and suffering. "Things were goin' pretty good, y'know?" McFeelenstein was overheard telling his floormates in Griffiths Hall. "So we were all makin' out and shit, and she starts goin' down to my fly and all. Before you know it, she was giving me this monster hand-job!" McFeelenstein paused for the appreciative "Hell, yeah!"s from his gathered peers.

Things rapidly took a turn for the worse, however. McFeelenstein sobered quickly as he continued: "So she was stroking me and it was all good, y'know what I'm sayin'? But then we switched positions a little, and she started goin' against the grain. So pretty soon, I told her that was enough."

"You mean you didn't come?" one of McFeelenstein's chums piped up.

"Naw, man! And when I got home later that night, I couldn't even finish



myself off, cuz I was all chafed and shit! The next morning, I checked my email and she said she was breakin' up with me because things had gotten too serious too fast. And *now*, my left nut's been buggin' me. I think I've got gonorrhea or rabies or some shit."

"Didn't you use a condom, man?" another of the assembled fellows asked.

"Naw, man. But I'm goin' to the dick doctor tomorrow to get it checked out."

"Hey Horace, who's this guy with the notepad?" the first acquaintance asked.

"He's writing down everything we say!" noted the second.

"Hey, man, get outta here! Who do you think you are?"

"I'm a journalist," I said.

"Fuck you. I'll fuckin' kick your ass!" Horace yelled. This concluded the interview.

## Andy Singer Announces Retirement, Berkeley Students Rejoice

by Mel Fergus, Great Egress

The campus community was overjoyed this week when "cartoonist" Andy Singer, the diabolical mastermind behind the Daily Cal's "No Exit" comic panel, announced that he would be retiring from his post as the newspaper's most nonsensical contributor.

An emotional Singer told a press conference of about five or six bored reporters that he would be drawing his last squinty-eyed, heavily cross-shaded and altogether humorless panel at the end of the month, at which point he will embark on a nationwide tour to preach the many advantages of public transportation.

While most students are pleased with the imminent absence of Singer's cryptic, meaningless drawings from their daily newspaper, others have expressed concerns over the impact of Singer's retirement. One such person,

"Racetrack Road" creator Derek Gebler, told reporters, "Without 'No Exit,' my strip will be the shittiest thing on the comics page. I'm just praying that they bring back 'Chasing Anything.' Boy was that strip a pail of turds."

## NASA Streamlines Operations

by Matt Holohan, ANAS

In the wake of two horrific and costly failures involving the exploration of Mars, NASA officials have announced plans to increase the administration's efficiency by reducing certain intermediary steps in its operations. NASA scientist Hal Melina summed up the plan for reporters earlier this week:

"Rather than spend a lot of taxpayer money and then disappoint them by fucking up all the time," Melina explained, "We're going to cut out a few steps. From now on, all NASA projects will involve the launching of giant trash bags full of hundred dollar bills directly into outer space."

Melina went on to claim that this plan would allow NASA to continue to siphon funds away from legitimate scientific endeavors, such as developing alternative energy sources and creating treatments for life-threatening diseases, as well as maintain NASA's tradition of "wicked cool launches with lots of smoke and fire and shit."

The first launch in the "Hundred Dalla Bills, Y'all" series is scheduled for April 2nd of this year.

## Magazine Dries Up

by Tyler Roscoe, Moist Towlette

A somber and humorless M. C. Holohan, editor-in-chief of *The Heuristic Squelch*, announced that UC Berkeley's premier humor magazine had tapped out its resources of funny. "We haven't had a funny submission in weeks," the monotonic Holohan told

reporters. "Our editors' wells have run dry. I even tried to tell my mom a knock-knock joke the other day, but I couldn't get the punch line to come out right."

"Yeah, I told your mom a knock-knock joke...if ya know what I mean!" shouted former assistant graphics editor Phil Tanofsky, who was met with a room whose silence was broken only by the occasional cough or throat-clearing. Tanofsky tried to explain his remark with suggestive hip motions, but to no avail.

"You see what I mean," Holohan stated dolefully.

The staff of the Squelch remains hopeful, however, and is blowing the magazine's remaining funding on research into alternative humor sources, like giant windmills, geothermal activity, and the "1001 Pornographic Top Ten Lists" books found in a number of popular grocery stores.

## Join us.

Be a part of the greatest gathering of  
comedic minds since the first  
Three's Company reunion.

Wednesdays, 7-8 p.m. 20 Wheeler

info: [matt@sqelched.com](mailto:matt@sqelched.com)  
submissions: [submit@sqelched.com](mailto:submit@sqelched.com)



# *teen* SQUELCH

Welcome to the first edition of the *teen* Heuristic Squelch! We're really, really excited to have you here!! In fact, my fingers are shaking so hard from all the excitement that we're experiencing about your being here, that it's hard for me to type all these words and exclamation points!!! For the next six pages, you will find all the hip lingo, fashionable fashion, and hypersexual primates you've come to expect from other *teen* magazines. But with our mag, there's a difference. That difference is apathy. We don't even pretend to care about what you really think and feel. You will agree with us, or you will be destroyed. But as long as you agree, we love you!!!!!!

—Christina Asbestos-I-Can-Do-With-The-Materials-Provided

—Editor-in-Chief, *teen* Heuristic Squelch

## advice for gullible schmucks!

**"Am I gay?"**

*The other day I had a dream that my best friend and I were lesbians. Does this mean I'm gay?*

Yes, it does, and what's more, you're an embarrassment and a disgrace to your fam. Your perverse, unnatural dreams would never occur in a nice, normal person. "Such dreams are clear, unequivocal indicators of indescribable depravity," says Roger Kemp, Ph.D., a psychologist specializing in conditions that are just horribly, horribly wrong. You might as well give up all hope of ever having a normal, fulfilling life.

**"I'm a late bloomer."**

*I'm nearly fourteen years old, but I still haven't developed breasts or had my first period. Is there something wrong with me?*

You probably suffer from a pituitary disorder called "Loser-citis." Basically, the gland in your brain that causes your body to become more womanly took a look around, realized that buoyant breasts and curvy hips weren't going to help you get a date anyway, and just gave up. Try hiding or disguising your true self, dressing slutty, buying friends, or putting out to older men. Your hormones might respond to your new popularity.

**"I mmmmmmmmmmasturbate."**

*I was getting dressed for bed last night, and accidentally touched myself. It felt good, so I kept doing it. I really enjoyed it, but now I feel guilty. Is it normal to masturbate? Can I still honestly say I'm a virgin?*

You did *what*? Oh, gross!! You eat with those fingers? We suggest that you throw



*teen!*  
*teen!*

HEURISTIC SQUELCH • FEBRUARY 2000

# humiliating happenstances!

**I was in the bathroom at school** and I was about to have a cigarette, when it occurred to me that I also needed to change my tampon. It was really cramped in the stall,

"It was really cramped in the stall..."

and I had a tough time getting the proper items out of my backpack since I had nowhere to set it down. Finally I finished switching tampons, but when I came out of the stall all

my friends were laughing at me. Somehow I'd thrown the new tampon away, and I was now smoking the used tampon! You can guess what happened to my cigarette!

**My boyfriend and I were bowling** together one night, and he was doing really well. After one of my turns, he went up to bowl again, but as he approached the lane, he slipped and fell on his back. He fractured his tailbone, crushed a vertebra, damaged his spine, and broke one of the fingers he'd had in the bowling ball. When I ran up to see what was the matter, I realized that my period had started, and I'd dripped blood all over the floor, causing him to slip. Talk about embarrassing!

"He fractured his tailbone..."

**I was out at a cafe with a bunch of my friends** one night, and one girl had brought along her new boyfriend. He was telling us lots of really funny stories, and we couldn't stop laughing. At the end of one especially funny story, I

"...laughed...jumped...chair...pee..."

laughed so hard that I knew I had to go pee, but just as I jumped up from my chair to leave, I lost control and a big wet spot showed up on my pants. Since I was standing up, everyone saw it! Just then my period started and I bled all over myself, too.

yourself at any man who shows you any affection at all. You'd be lucky to have him. Just don't let him smell your hand.

And of course you're not a virgin. Why would you even ask such a question?

**"I'm a substandard human being."**

*I don't look like the thin, pretty, smooth-skinned models pictured in your magazine. Am I abnormal?*

Kudos to your perceptive peepers. You've noticed that despite all our feel-good babble about positive self-image, it's still only the girls with skinny bods that can appear in our mag. Society doesn't value your kind, so you'd best get used to it, ugly!

**"My bf's a yeller!"**

*Whenever we argue, the guy I'm dating yells at me and calls me mean names. Is there anything I can do?*

Just be glad he doesn't hit you, woman.

*Dr. Laura Scheisselesingpfefferördenürf is a nationally syndicated columnist who has altered the lives of thousands of troubled young girls. She makes her home in Ivory Tower, CT, where she carves her weekly decrees into stone tablets. She's always a hoot at parties, too.*



**My pals and I were at the library one night** debating the merits of Joyce's *Ulysses*, and I was about to contest the claim that Joyce's use of stream-of-consciousness writing was fundamentally different from Virginia Woolf's. But right in the middle of my example, I mixed up Stephen Dedalus and Richard Dalloway. My friends burst out laughing, and my face went bright red! I was so humiliated. Then, just as I was about to correct myself, my bloody pad fell out of my shorts.

"...right in the middle of..."

**I was having a fight with my boyfriend** one night when I grabbed a hunting knife in a fit of rage and slit his throat from ear to ear. Still not satisfied, I stabbed his chest repeatedly, then busied myself slicing the skin from his face. Then my mom called me down to dinner and I went, forgetting that I was dripping with blood. When my dad saw me and my blood-covered clothes, he laughed and said, "Looks like your period's come a bit early this month!"

"Those sodomy laws will get you every time..."

**\*\*** This feature went to press two weeks ago so our incompetent editors had to make reasonable guesses about what would be newsworthy in the future. Our apologies for any mistakes.



...on campus!

**HOT:**

Tearing shit up and putting big metal plates over it



**COLD:** Pimentel ('cause it looks like a big erect nipple)

...food!



**HOT:**  
Pockets



**COLD:**  
Cuts

...in general!

**HOT:** Beowulf



**COLD:** Mensheviks



The opinions expressed on this page are not necessarily mine. I'm just the underpaid layout bitch. But sometimes late at night, when the authors think I'm asleep, they take off their bras and have naked pillow fight orgies. Thaaaaaat makes it all worthwhile.

# horoscopes!

bother with tattoos or piercings, try something that's economical, relaxing, and readily available from the senile grocer down the street. Just think of the friends you'll make.

## Leo



brought to you by  
The MGM Grand  
Hotel & Casino

The position of Venus bodes well for travel plans this week. A get-away to Vegas may be good for your soul.

## Virgo



brought to you by  
Vaseline

You are your own person, and you don't need others to fulfill your needs. A deep understanding of your inner self allows you to find pleasure and solace all alone, and perhaps with a photo of Freddie Prinze, Jr.

## Libra



brought to you by  
Jenny Craig

Your self-image is in danger. Others may have a problem with certain aspects of your physical appearance, such as your quivering cottage cheese thighs. Seek out caring

professionals who will help you turn your life around.

## Scorpio



brought to you by  
The Lord Himself

You rock. Scorpios are by far the best people on Earth. Just keep living your life the way you want to, and the world will bow down to your far-superior feet. Stump that wonk, girl.

## Sagittarius



brought to you by  
The NRA

Don't believe the liberal hype. Gun laws won't protect you from those gothic maniacs at school. The only thing that will protect you is your own personal firearm. Protect yourself and your boobies. Vote Republican.

## Capricorn



brought to you by  
The Greek  
Embassy

The goat is yours. Harvest its many uses: milk, cheese, meat, beard, orifices, frat initiations, garbage disposal, lawn mower, tax consultant, Satanic prop, Mass Comm professor, and hearth.

# horoscopes!



# sassy slang for snappy sisters!

*Are you still using passé terms like “aight,” “all kinds of,” and “wiggle my rymplestock”? Keeping up with the latest slang is an important part of establishing yourself as a legitimate member of society and proving that you’re worthy of the praise and respect of your fellow vapid socialites. Our cutting-edge slang experts have compiled the following guide to modern slang, complete with definitions and examples of proper usage, to help you stay on top of the latest trends in language bastardization. Memorize all of these tidbits of mangled English and use each one at least seven times daily, or you will be horribly ostracized by your peers and loved ones. And you’ll deserve it, too!*

**Snap bracelet:** *An unfashionable person; one who is behind the times.*

e.g. “Check out that girl in the Hypercolor T-shirt. What a *snap bracelet*!”

**Your twat in a klumph:** *An inability to decide between two would-be boyfriends.*

e.g. “Johnny’s really sensitive and sweet and listens to me, but Lance is rich and good-looking. I’ve really got *my twat in a klumph* this time.”

**Stump that wonk:** *An exhortation to continue doing what you’re doing right now because it is good.*

e.g. (At a club, where Jenny is dancing like a maniac:) “Go, Jenny! *Stump that wonk!*”

**Rimjob sandwich:** *A stressful and taxing experience.*

e.g. “That math test was a real *rimjob sandwich*. Good thing I’m a girl and I’ll never have to worry about math. Let’s go to the mall!”

**Molest the kid:** *To make a social maneuver that both fits with the status quo and increases one’s social standing.*

e.g. “Michael Jackson used to really *molest the kid* with *Bad* and *Thriller*. Too bad he was caught molesting that kid a few years later.”

**Tether my Rohrbach:** *Induce warm, fuzzy feelings.*

e.g. “The new 98° single really *tethers my Rohrbach*.”

**In the ass:** *Through the anal cavity.*

e.g. “Marshal wanted to fuck me *in the ass*, but I was firm with him. I told him he’d have to wait until the second date.”

**Teleporting the balogna nun-wagon:** *Failure to obey a posted traffic sign.*

e.g. “I failed my driver’s test because I *teleported the balogna nun-wagon* at the corner of Parker and Telegraph, across the street from Bison Brewing, next door to the laundromat and the record store. Am I the only one, or are other women also genetically predisposed to being horrible, dangerous drivers?”

# viewpoints!

## Is it important for girls to attend college?

"Only until they find a husband."

Eunice Tate  
Widow  
New Haven, CT



"Sure, more college girls for me."

Vic Lazio  
Park Ranger  
Yolo County, CA



"Access to education increases tolerance for people of all races, genders, and lifestyles, and helps society ferret out offensive stereotypes like myself. Therefore, in the interest of the survival of myself and dehumanizing icons like me, my answer to this question is a resounding 'No, suh!'"

Rastus  
Nabisco Spokesperson  
East Hanover, NJ



"Absolutely. Thanks to my degree, I hit the glass ceiling much sooner than my less-educated female co-workers."

Rosalyn McElroy  
Associate  
San Francisco, CA



"Can you scratch my back?"

Parking Meter  
Civil Servant  
Little Rock, AK



"Woah, woah, woah! Who said anything about porridge? Did Rastus tell you to ask me that? I'll fix his wagon!"

Alice Halpern  
Division Manager  
San Jose, CA



### Top Ten Worst Things To Do While Someone is Sitting On Your Face

10. Sit-ups
9. Floss
8. Yoga
7. Whistle
6. Yodel
5. Belch (the alphabet)
4. Run with scissors
3. Blaspheme
2. Recite Pledge of Allegiance
1. Thank Jesus

### Top Five Things to Say in Response to an Unwanted Lesbian Advance

5. Back off, you mouth-breathing slut!
4. There was no mention of this in the rush packet.
3. Please get your finger out of there.
2. Please get your vagina off of there.
1. I don't think this is appropriate, Mrs. Berdahl

### Top Ten Alternate Endings to the Alphabet Song

10. Next time won't you pee on me?
9. Now in Russian!
8. Second verse, same as the first.
7. Bee-otch.
6. Here's your Ethnic Studies degree.
5. Oh yeah! I'm going to cum! Oh yeah!
4. Big Bird, get your finger out of my ass.
3. Can I go now officer?
2. Ten minutes of, "Na...na, na, na-na-na na...na-na-na na..."
1. FIN

### Top Ten Most Boring Led Zeppelin Songs

10. Wool
9. Decent Amount of Love
8. Stairway to Upstairs
7. Mediated Settlement of the Evermore Question
6. When My Shoelace Breaks
5. Misty Mountain Polka
4. Going to Delaware
3. Houses of the Upper Middle Class
2. What Is and What We'd Like To Prevent, If At All Possible
1. 30% Chance of Rain Song

# features

## Problem 2b

Tommaso Sciortino  
Physics 137A

Physics, and the study thereof, is not an undertaking for the faint of heart. It requires a strong mental will and a keen perception of the world in which we live. Many people can boast of having these skills, but physics takes that and one thing more: the ability to deal with emotional rigors like those brought upon by problem 2b.

Problem number one went off without a hitch. Finding the reflectivity of a delta Dirac potential field harkens me back to my grade school days, when we would throw apples at a

$$f(x) = \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} c_n \psi_n(x) = \sqrt{\frac{2}{a}} \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} c_n \sin\left(\frac{n\pi}{a}x\right).$$

wall just to watch them explode. 2a? Cake. I'm not impressed by harmonic oscillators. Not even a little.

But it was 2b that got us. A problem so simple and yet, so heinously contrived as to make one question one's calling in life. It seemed to stare directly into your soul...past your soul. It seemed to see your soul, then see something more interesting and stare at that. It was holy. It was evil.

We tried everything we knew. We even got Rafael, the Marxist physics student who feared no problem set, to come work with us. As he began to work his socialist incantation over the problem we saw him wince a little, then freeze up. "That's a pretty tough problem," he mused. "Pretty tough."

Tatiana, the Astrophysics girl produced her Pez and an industrial-sized bag of 600 pixie stixs. She might be going down, but her blood sugar level

wasn't. She threw them out on the table. It was going to be a long night.

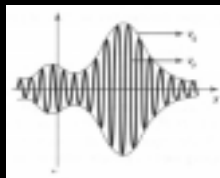
The minutes dragged out into hours, the hours in to non-zero sets of hours. The silence of our contemplation was broken only by the occasional stray Trotskyist hymn. The tension was so thick, that it could not be cut, even by a knife. Finally, I did what I had to do, what I had put off, but could put off no longer. I went to get a burrito.

Tati and I returned to a changed room. Several of our now vacuous study buddies were there, but conspicuously

absent were the body and genius mind of the people's Raph. He was instead replaced with the spent casings of five hundred and fifty six individually wrapped pixie stixs meticulously tessellated across the table into an evolving pattern with five-fold symmetry. I looked left, I looked right, and realizing that I existed in 4-pi geometry, looked up.

Raphael dropped onto me with the force and intensity of capitalist bourgeois propaganda and began to viciously slam his second edition copy of Peter Landshoff's *Essential Quantum Physics* into my head. "I don't know how to solve 2b!" I cried, as I pounded fist after fist into his frail Bolshevik jaw, "Why don't you try sticking missiles in Cuba now!?"

The pixie stixs had control now. But they were only the opportunist disease. What had reduced once physics buddies to bitter combatants was no simple tube of paper filled with rich sweet sugar. No, it was a humble physics problem. Problem 2b.





Welcome to Cell Phone Users Anonymous. My name's Patrick, and I bought a cell phone.

Like others here, I told myself that it would never happen to me. Cell phones are for SUV-driving, iMac-using, pretentious yuppie fucks, and I'd sooner take a Motorola up my virgin Irish ass than put one to my ear.

But then one day I had to borrow a friend's cell because my Acura threw a power steering belt in the middle of San Francisco, killing four. If it hadn't been for that call, I wouldn't have been able to arrange for a later appointment with that hooker, and would have been forced to jerk myself off manually.

So I broke down and bought a plan with Sprint PCS, the only service that covers the whole country. It's also the cheapest because they only have one cell phone antenna tower, which is located on a truck that drives from city to city across America. The way it works is that if you think you're going to make or receive a call in a couple weeks or something, you check in advance at their website to see where the truck will be. Then you can take a flight there and make your call with crystal-clear reception, provided you stay within 100 yards of the truck, which travels at breakneck speeds.

For \$30, I get 300 minutes per month. Of course, all the good min-

utes were taken, so I got stuck with 1:38am to 6:38am next Tuesday. That reminds me, I need to get a flight to Minneapolis by then. I'm confident that the crystal-clear reception there will justify the very real ice crystals that will be forming on my balls.

The new phones are great, too. Mine is the size of a Jolly Rancher and is weightless, thanks to its Lithium-Helium battery. I don't have to worry about disturbing professors and classmates by having my phone ring annoyingly in class, because I can set my ringer type to any of a hundred unique sounds, including "Virtual Flatulence" and "Screaming Jungle Monkey." It even has an Internet connection, but it's frustrating because naked boobies just don't show up well on a 1-centimeter dot-matrix screen.

And let me tell you something—cell phones really do amp up your social status. Why, I got laid three times on my way to the last Squelch meeting. That's 50% higher than normal!

So, while to you, I may be another J.Crew-wearing, smoothie-slurping, day-trading capitalist cocksucker, I feel I'm just doing my job by embracing Convenience, Peace of Mind, and this shapely phone-groupie here who's desperately trying to undo my pants. God Bless America!

## Top Ten Reasons to Date an EECS Major

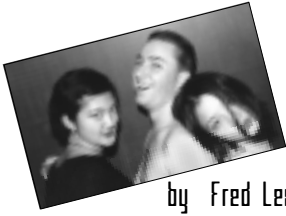
10. You can end every argument with Ctrl+Alt+Del
9. They're unwashed and full of pheromones
8. Basement of Soda Hall strangely erotic
7. Don't have to worry about STDs if you install Norton beforehand
6. Like Esperanto, Fortran is the language of love
5. Sexy Lt. Worf impersonation
4. Their fingers never get tired
3. Get to wear Linux shirt the morning after
2. Your only competition is Lara Croft
1. Makes you :)

## Top Ten Slumber Party Activities

10. Prank calling cute boys and getting arrested for harassment
9. Who can keep their tongue in someone else's mouth the longest?
8. Naked Twister
7. Naked pillow fight
6. Naked cooking
5. Naked watching TV
4. Naked experimental lesbian sex
3. Naked theoretical lesbian sex
2. Crosswords
1. Mime contest (naked)

## Top Ten Ways To Prevent Someone from Committing Suicide

10. Shoot him.
9. Put a Moon Bounce under his window.
8. Kill yourself first - no one likes a copycat.
7. Convince him that Milli Vanilli still has fans.
6. Two words: Coffee enema.
5. Replace his razor blades with Juicy Fruit wrappers.
4. Convince him that regicide is much cooler.
3. Just find another box of Corn Pops.
2. Steal all of his salt so he'll get a goiter and then the noose won't fit him.
1. Evict him from the I-House.



## In Self-Defense of Logic

by Fred Lee

opinion and true knowledge. For example, most believe John Lennon to be the superior Beatle. This is by any rational account mere opinion. For if we apply logic to our standards of judgment, it is easily proven that Paul McCartney is the superior Beatle. Paul McCartney is left handed, as are Beethoven, Bach and myself. Science has proven statistically that lefties fill the ranks of our greatest artists, musicians, leaders and writers. Furthermore, Paul McCartney is a pianist, as are Beethoven, Bach and myself. Science has also proven statistically that the greatest musicians play the piano. My esteemed friend Khurram Nizami is a holder of the common opinion. I am superior to Khurram Nizami. It is therefore easy to see that Paul McCartney is the superior Beatle. It so follows that "Honey Pie" and "When I'm Sixty Four" are not cheesy cabaret tunes of bubble-gum catch phrases, but subtle masterpieces left ignored by common opinion.

Following this train of thought, it is also easily proven that the physical act of sex is entirely distinct from emotional attachment. Can one achieve orgasm by talking about one's feelings? Did you have an orgasm while watching *The Joy Luck Club* or *Thelma and Louise*? If you did, it was certainly because you were masturbating, not enjoying sexual fulfillment through emotional catharsis. Similarly, sex is not a mental process, but a physical one. This, too, is easily proven. Can one achieve orgasm through a purely cognitive process? Does Plato give you a woody? Similarly, only if you are masturbating while reading Plato in the twenty minutes before Ancient Politics discussion.

Furthermore, the argument that white men are more attractive than Asian men is but mere Euro-centric common opinion.

Put quite simply, I am the champion of the weaker argument.

There exists a great discrepancy between common

The hairiness and so-called masculinity of the White Man is merely a manifestation of his illogical bestial nature. As Asian martial arts techniques prove, this bestial nature is easily defeated through a spiritual, physical and intellectual harmony unique to Asian men. Sony hand-held electronics prove a similar point. Sulu was really more of an Uncle Tom Chang figure than anything, but Spock embodied this harmony as well. It's too bad that much like Bruce

Lee could not fill David Carradine's role, Sulu could not fill Spock's. I think Spock would agree then that Asian females should stop dating white men altogether, who by common opinion (and perhaps by virtue of this country's power structure, as money and bitches seem entirely related) are more attractive, and start dating Asian men. It is the only logical way.

In response to the argument that Asian men are ridiculous by virtue of their affinity for Acura Integra's, I can only once again invoke logic. For it is only the bestial, hairy savage who enjoys extreme sports and the Beastie Boys that could not see the superior price, design, quality and value of the Acura Integra. Laughing at the Baddest Motherfucker alive, who by all means should be hailed as a sage, is only possible by allowing the rational capability of man that separates him from beast to fall into utter disuse.

Seriously though, every time I see a beautiful, intelligent tight-black-pants designer-socks Asian female in a so-called "emotional relationship" with an Anglo male, I want to cry. I ball my hands into fists of rage and punch wildly at the unseen tyranny that is common opinion. The imperialist oppressor blue-eyed beast probably makes her listen to goddamned John Lennon during the most unnatural and unholy of sexual congresses, who could also only sing and play the guitar. And you call this a democracy.





# Napsneerg!

or

## It's The Conspiracy, Stupid!

by Sean Keane

It's February, and we're all still here. After months of warnings, countless disaster tests, and millions of gallons of emergency water, the Y2K bug was the most overhyped disappointment since *The Phantom Menace*. Though let down, I don't blame the media or even the government for the faux crisis. Rather, I blame the true architect of the Y2K hype: Alan Greenspan.

Yes, Alan Greenspan. The Y2K "crisis" was just pretense, designed to increase the money supply and consumer demand, and drive the Dow Jones Industrial Average higher. In the summer of '99, Greenspan announced the Treasury would issue millions in hard currency, ostensibly to provide a safety net while cities were burning and ATMs were spewing \$20 bills like a wealthy epileptic at a strip club. Instead, this move just gave jobs to programmers and disaster experts, and the stock market enjoyed unparalleled growth.

When Alan was in college, still a shy economics student, he fell in love with a beautiful co-ed. After weeks of building up his courage, he asked her out, only to be shot down. "Me, go out with you?" she questioned. "Maybe when the Dow Jones breaks 20,000 points!" Amid hooting and derisive laughter, Greenspan ran away, to his textbooks and stock ticker, and put into motion his dream of driving the Dow above that magical 20,000 point barrier.

Greenspan is an old man now, and he realizes he has little time left to achieve his plans. So in the past ten years, he has pulled out all the stops to try and get the economy larger and larger. He lowered the Federal fund rate to provoke investment. He forced

the cancellation of *Roseanne*, while simultaneously pressuring Fox to develop more spin-offs for *Melrose Place*. And when Tupac Shakur was directing attention to the plight of African-Americans and the inner city with his music, Greenspan had him assassinated so that Puff Daddy's gospel of Benzes and platinum jewelry could be spread to the masses instead.

The explanation for many questionable facets of society and culture becomes clear once the Greenspan conspiracy is revealed. The deregulation of the electrical industry? Greenspan. The unprecedented rise in online investment? Greenspan. Four different Blockbuster franchises within the city limits of Berkeley? Alan Greenspan. Greenspan is unstoppable and Greenspan will not be denied. Resistance is futile - you will be assimilated into American consumerism, at least until the day that the Dow beats 20,000 points and Greenspan smiles, sighs contentedly, and then dies.



**Why Theoretical Physicists Make Lousy Police Officers**

### Top Fifteen Quotes Never Said By Historical Figures

15. Hernán Cortés: "We're just looking."
14. Ché Guevara: "Hey, that's not yours."
13. Adolf Hitler: "Man, that's some smooth jazz."
12. Fermat: "Fuck, it doesn't work."
11. William Shakespeare: "Dy-no-mite!"
10. Ayn Rand: "Excuse me, would you like some help?"
9. Abraham Lincoln: "Encore! Encore!"
8. Moses: "Cannonball!"
7. Mother Theresa: "Shut up and fuck me."
6. Roget: "Umm...it's on the tip of my tongue..."
5. César Chávez: "Pass the grapes."
4. Karl Marx: "Let me speak to your manager."
3. Joe McCarthy: "¡Vive la revolución!"
2. Benito Mussolini: "Anybody have a train schedule?"
1. Woody Allen: "But enough about me..."

### Top Ten Ways to Deny Sex to Your Boyfriend

10. Explain to him that you don't trust condoms, but you do trust heavy-duty rubber kitchen gloves.
9. Report him to the Mormon authorities and have him "converted."
8. Show him your penis.
7. Set the mood by putting "The Chipmunks Cover Barry White's Favorites" in the stereo.
6. Wield an Epilady.
5. Laugh uncontrollably when he takes his pants off.
4. Fire ants.
3. Show him your box of diaphragms lined with capsacin, the most effective spermicide on the market.
2. Ask him where he thinks *that's* going.
1. Let him take you out to a nice dinner, an expensive theatrical performance, invite him in for a drink, lead him on with passionate kissing, then snap your legs shut like a well-oiled bear trap.

### Top Three Emergency Makeshift Tampons

3. Toilet paper
2. Cotton balls
1. Kitten

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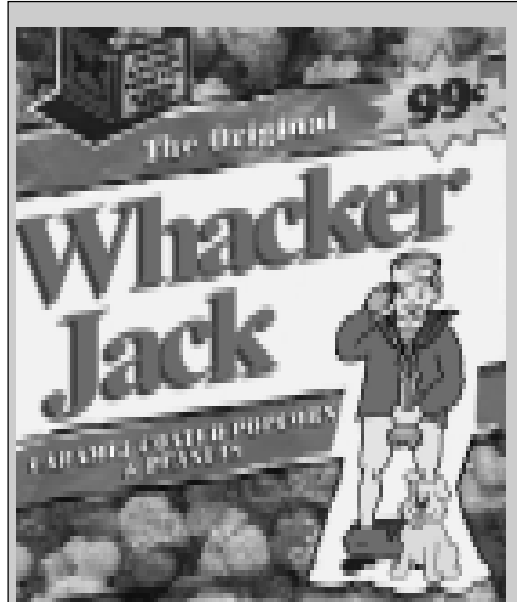


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