

the heuristic

SQUELCH

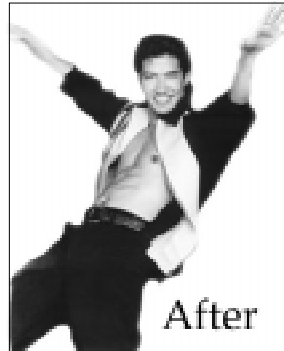
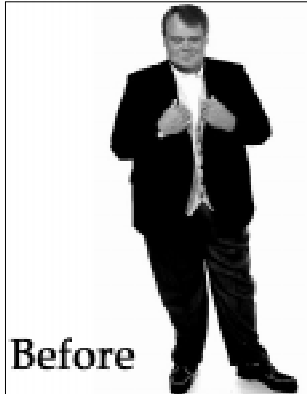
April 2000

Vol. 9 Issue 4



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the heuristic
SQUELCH
Accomplishing nothing since 1991.

(Rolling boulders up hills)

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Photography (Polaroids at a vampire convention)
Jigar Mehta, Tyler Roscoe

ABOUT THE COVER: Unlike previous Squelches, the cover of this issue does not contain a funny joke or silly pun. The message is put forth in earnest. To be frank, we're sick and tired of putting up with your shit. It was funny for a while, but now you're just getting mean. I mean, really. It gets to a point, you know? And it's a male sheep, by the way, so fuck ewe and your horrible puns. I guess that's why we can't have nice things. Fie! Fie on thee, I say! Fie!!!

Models (Paraguay)
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Squelch! ASUC Senators (ASUC Senators)
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If you think you're so good at Rush'n Attack, how come I never see you in any of the Rush 'N' Attack IRC chat rooms, websites, or newsgroups? Thought so. Face! My favorite thing about Y. Peter Kang is that his name is onomatopoeic—it's the sound it would make if you threw him into a steel door. ONES WHO DOES NOT HAVE TRIFORCE CAN'T GO IN. I wonder what it would be like to get railed by Ganon. You'd have to use the silver condom to prevent him from coming inside you. The Red Sphincter Ring would be helpful too, as you'd only take 1/4 damage from the onslaught. Felating a moose is hard work.

A Place of Many Evils

by Matt Holdhan



There are many abortions of environmental design on the Berkeley campus. It's common to hear people complain of the labyrinthine halls of Dwinelle, the threateningly phallic Campanile, the strange dog-shape of Wurster, and Evans Hall's general funk ugliness. While all these structures are architectural abominations of their own right, there's one blasphemous mound of brick and mortar that often goes unnoticed by structural kvetchers. I speak, of course, of Tolman Hall: Berkeley's forgotten epicenter of sinistry.

To begin with, there's its location. No matter where you are on campus, Tolman is far away. Nestled in the wilderness of the unexplored Northwest Territory, any trip to Tolman necessarily involves an adventurous journey through uncharted regions and a means of eluding the predatorial forest gnomes that haunt its environs. One never finds one's self at Tolman Hall by mere happenstance; if you're there, you're there for a reason, and it's usually a damned good one. This, incidentally, is why so few actual classes are held in this beast, since precious few of even the most dedicated students are willing to jackass up to Tolman on a regular basis.

The true evil, however, does not make itself apparent until you step inside the building through one of its many outside doors. The confusing interior layout of the building makes navigation difficult, but this struggle is further augmented by the many mind games that the building plays on its visitors. Sloping, darkening hallways, mysterious glass walls, and five-legged rats are only a few of the anomalies one might

find while wandering the Tolman halls. Take a ride in the Tolman elevator and you'll see what I mean. Go on, get in there. Good. Now take a look around, and look at the floor. The walls are carpeted, yet the floor is bare! What's that all about?

So why such mystery? Simple. Tolman Hall is the home of the UC Berkeley Department of Psychology, where students earn their pitiful little degrees by experimenting on others. Since few people can be willingly coaxed into participating in these bizarre tests, the department administrators decided to turn the building into one big psychological laboratory. My suspicions on this matter were confirmed one day when I found myself in the Tolman Hall ladies' room investigating a wooden chair that someone had placed in front of the stalls. When I began to move away, a booming voice from an unseen source shouted, "Please continue with the experiment!"

After this unexpected exclamation I heard a second, hushed voice say, "Quiet, you fool!" followed by a strange buzzing and the sound of a body hitting the floor. Needless to say I forgot about my toilet cams and hi-tailed it right on out of there.

Others, I'm sure, have not been so lucky. Take heed, my loyal minions. Tolman Hall is not a place for the weak or the righteous. It is a festering den of terror where demonic hordes of psychology students exact their sinister machinations so that one day they'll be able to sit in comfy chairs, doodle in notebooks, and say "Mm-hmm" over and over again for \$150 per hour.

newsflashes

Student Ass-Raped by Midterm

by *Kenny Byerly, In Through the Out Door*

A UC Berkeley engineering student was totally ass-raped by a recent midterm in Lewis Hall, Berkeley and UC police said yesterday. The victim, Daniel Chang, reported that he was coerced into entering the lecture hall where the assault took place when his professor insisted that the midterm was a "mandatory part of the course."

Once Chang was seated, the midterm allegedly proceeded to brutally ass-rape him. Chang described the suspect as "8 1/2 by 11 inches, white, and six pages long."

"I spent twenty minutes just trying to figure out one problem," said Chang, describing the incident. "That bastard didn't even have the courtesy to use lubricant."

Another Engineering student, Anthony Lowell, recently came forward with a similar account, suggesting that the alleged suspect may have a history of this type of offense. "Yeah, I was in that class last semester," Lowell told police. "That midterm ass-raped me too, but I ended up with a C-. So at least it didn't come on my back."

CDC Issues Warning For Infectious Melody

by *Sean Keane, Airborne Pathogen*

Agents at the Center for Disease control in Atlanta have issued a warning concerning a potentially dangerous new melody. Dubbed *The Song That*

Will Drive You Insane, by Center authorities, the tune reportedly attaches itself to the language centers of the brain and proceeds to grow rapidly. "The first victims began singing it, not knowing what it was," reports Dr. Dan Forth of the CDC. "Unless a cure is found soon, these people may well continue singing it forever, just because." The public is cautioned to avoid any mutant strains of the song as well, including *The Song That Never Ends* and *Tom's Diner*.

UC Berkeley Doles Out Justice

by *Bret Heilig, Pineapple Salesman*

Looking to respond simultaneously to student complaints about the horrible lack of variety in campus dining facilities, and to concerns about the lack of justice in official UC policies, the UC Berkeley administration has announced the creation and implementation of a new menu item, called "Justice," which debuted yesterday at the Golden Bear Cafe. There has been some discord among students regarding the addition, with one student commenting, "Ah, the sweet taste of justice, which my soul has longed for!" and another angrily shouting at a nearby chef, "You call *this* justice?"

On the whole, however, reaction to the change has been energetic, with long lines of students seeking justice running all the way out the east door at times. Towards the back of the line, conditions can be harsh. "There has been no justice for my people," remarked one junior, after he and his friends joined the back of the line, just

barely able to hear justice being served inside the restaurant.

In related news, one student, who accidentally spilled his portion, jokingly referred to the gaffe as, "A miscarriage of justice." Fellow GBC patrons quickly beat him to death.

Mourning Families Comforted by Prying Media

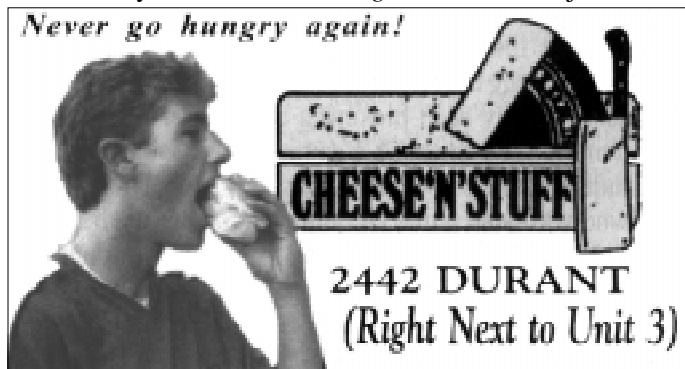
by *Kenny Byerly, Lachrymologist*

Families of the numerous victims killed in a recent horrible tragedy were relieved this week to find that the media would not be ignoring their plight. Rather, a series of close-up photos of crying relatives, as well as frequent taking of sound bites expounding on loss, ensured that the grief-stricken families will remain in the spotlight for as long as the tragedy remains newsworthy.

"It's so gratifying to be recognized," said Louise Gordon, whose husband was torn limb from limb and burned to death before his body was discovered by rescue workers 36 hours later. "I was afraid I might be forced to grieve in peace and solitude. Fortunately, I'll have photographers hounding me nonstop, making sure to see me through this difficult time in my life."

Reporter Dave Hernandez shrugged off the praise, chalking it up to a journalist's duty. "These are stories that need to be told. The public should know how the victims' families responded to this tragedy. Now we know—they're saddened by it."

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Teeny Tiny Man Abuses Sprout Circle Privileges

by Matt Holohan, Teeny Tiny Editor-in-Chief

Symbolic defiance collapsed into harsh reality this week when a 10-inch-tall anomaly of science began using UC Berkeley's famous Circle of Freedom as his own personal terrorist epicenter. The man in question, Modesto native Jim Vandross, has been shouting threats and throwing very small rocks at passersby while enjoying the impunity provided by the circle's official lack of government.

While local authorities are unable to arrest Vandross as long as he remains in the circle, UCPD officials have considered alternative methods of correcting the situation, such as the placement of a large bowl over the circle with Vandross imprisoned inside of it. The ACLU has objected to this particular course of action, however, since it violates the freedom of the air above the circle.

When asked how long he plans to stay in the circle and how he became filled with such insatiable rage, Vandross shouted, "I'll kill you, motherfuckers!" and began throwing pebbles in an aggressive yet adorable manner.

Federal Government Works On Math Problems

by Tyler Roscoe, Norman Conquerer

A government report published Monday described in grim detail a new epidemic sweeping through the suburbs of America. Latchkey adolescents, faced with numerous unstructured hours at home after returning

from school, are increasingly experimenting with recreational math.

"At first I wasn't worried," a typical parent told government officials. "It started off with Ben and his friends just doing a little long division after school on Fridays. They weren't hurting anyone."

The report, however, painted a disturbingly different picture. Statistics have shown that kids who experiment with math while still in junior high school show a much higher chance of getting caught up in it later in life. Furthermore, since peer pressure is cited by teens as the number one reason they try math for the first time, kids who start early tend to tempt their friends into what users describe as, "the glamorous m a t h e m a t i c a l lifestyle."

One such sad tale is that of Dale A., a fourteen year-old who started using L'Hopital's Rule because his friends

were into it. Two months later, Dale's mother found him in his room in a cataleptic state with "Fermat is a fucking liar!" written all over his limbs. Dale had been working on Fermat's Last Theorem for three days straight.

Treatment programs are springing up all over the nation to combat this new problem. These programs usually consist of three weeks of intensive television watching, coupled with aversion therapy sessions where patients are repeatedly reminded, "Newton invented The Calculus, and he died a virgin."

The report concluded with an exhortation for increased criminal penalties for math peddlers, federal funding of a bureaucratic, ineffective, billion-dollar war against math, and the exile of John Saxon to a distant archipelago.



VANDROSS flips his wee little lid.

Japanese Frat Boys "Sake Bomb" Pearl Harbor

by Hidoki Tada, Hajimemashute

Tourists at Hawaii's Pearl Harbor were taken by surprise this week by the sudden sake bombing of several local bars by an unruly band of visiting Japanese fraternity members. Witnesses report that the drunken lads hopped from bar to bar, dropping shots of hot sake into mugs of beer, yelling "SAKE BOMB!" and pounding the beers.

"This is certainly a day that will live on in infamy," said retired Navy Commander Patrick LaForge, who witnessed the behavior first hand. "I mean, who ever heard of hot wine, for God's sake? What the hell is wrong with these people?" U.S. drinkers have vowed swift and immediate retaliation against the unwarranted attack, even if it means travelling to Japan and pounding the biggest, most powerful alcoholic beverages the world has ever seen.

In related news, several of the Japanese frat boys in question are wanted in connection with the alleged sexual assault earlier this week of University of Hawaii sophomore Nancy King.

Rivers of Slime Discovered Beneath Berkeley Campus

by Kenny Byerly, Sather Gatekeeper

While digging trenches last week as part of UC Berkeley's infrastructure replacement project, workers discovered massive rivers of slime flowing through the sewer lines under the UC campus. After accidentally falling into the river, two workers emerged covered in slime and arguing with each other over extremely petty things.

"I don't know what came over me," said workman Jim Ratcliff, who was involved in the incident. "One minute, Ben [the other worker] was my friend, and the next minute, I was yelling at him over

see VIGO page 6

VIGO continued from page 5

his lack of diversity. And he was unable to respond in any way that wasn't arrogant, callous, and alienating."

Based on such mysterious events, paranormal experts have concluded that the slime is in fact an ectoplasmic manifestation of human emotion. "The ectoplasm has definitely been feeding off the idiotic sentiments of the Berkeley campus and community," stated Dr. Raymond Stantz, who has been studying the phenomenon since the slime was discovered. "It, in turn, is intensifying those feelings and feeding them back to the people."

Stantz also noted that the underground rivers of slime seem to be converging on Sproul Hall. When asked what this might mean, Stantz could only guess. "There's something weird," he shrugged. "And it don't look good."

Guess What?

by Steven Handley

I don't eat enough corn.

Epidemic Sweeps Nation

by Tim Waters, Knight-Errant

When John Ottoman woke up two weeks ago, he felt a sharp pain in his side. Two days later, his wife Martha felt similar symptoms. When the couple went to the family doctor, he was unable to help them. Their condition was permanent. John and Martha had been damaged by gay marriage. The Ottomans are not special cases. According to Lee Johnson, first-year medical student and head surgeon at the Tang Health Center, hundreds of married couples are feeling the effects of homosexual matrimony. "People come in with headaches, lower back pain, rectal bleeding, and various types of cancer," he said, "and half the time we can trace the disease directly back to same-sex wedlock."

"We've been warning people for years that gay marriage was going to hurt normal, healthy married couples," said one doctor, "and now we have an

epidemic on our hands. You just can't have a loving, committed relationship between two men or two women and expect good things to come of it."

Northern Barbarians Invade

Mandarin House

by Sean Keane, Ass On A Pike

In a move that threatens the already volatile political climate in the Durant Food Court, northern barbarians have taken control of the Mandarin House and established a provincial government. The popular Chinese restaurant was seen as ripe for potential takeover due to its internal dissension, the growing power of eunuchs in the kitchen, and the new "Frothy Tea" machine.

The barbarian takeover is expected to result in stronger relations with Japanese Snacks, as well as increase the visibility of Mongolian Lamb on the restaurant menu. When reached for comment, a Mandarin House employee responded, "Fork or chopsticks?"

The Squelch Wry Technologist: News & Analysis from the Silicon Valley

by Luke Filose

Grab Your Cock & Eat at Two!

Hey cyber-wizards! Have you heard the one about the single shopper that buys groceries online? Me neither, and everyone's saying it ain't gonna happen, because no unhitched shopper with half a melon - male or female, gay or straight - is gonna pass up a chance to score buns in the bakery, white tuna in canned goods, or a little tongue in the deli.

A recent study from Rust & Mulligan shows that over 48% of all non-profit sexual relations begin in the grocery store, which, as you might have guessed, leaves 52% for chat rooms. Finally, a company is putting two and two together, and friends, this combination equals FIVE! MeetMarket.com, a

startup out of Emeryville, CA is aiming to provide chat-room services for the up and coming e-commerce food marketeers.

"What are you wearing, SissterPhatty?" MeetMarket CEO Robert Fjordson types in a product demonstration that has me hard as a cucumber. "Why don't you come over to baking supplies and find out, mlkE889?" a distant party responds. "And bring a turkey baster." Robert blushes as wetness spreads across his crotch. "I'm coming. LOL."

Shoppers can set up an online profile with the patented "Mate-Match" system which links up customers with similar food and lifestyle tastes. This is important, at least for the Wry Technologist. If I bring home another moody



vegetarian from Yahoo! chat I swear I'll rape myself with a frozen kielbasa.

The business plan is half-cooked, and the management team is green, but I think some ideas are sexy enough to sell themselves. Will that be latex or lambskin?

The Forgotten Foulers: The Cold Reality of Hockey Penalty Boxes

--by Patrick Trembley

With several high-profile cases drawing attention to the conditions in America's prisons, more citizens than ever are turning out to support Prisoners' Rights legislation. But one group of convicts has been consistently neglected by even the most vocal prison activists—professional hockey players.

A quick glance at the vital statistics reveals some alarming trends in hockey incarceration rates. There's the racial issue: 98% of all penalty box inmates are white, and over 50% are Canadian. Then there's the fouls: 43% are in for high-sticking, 27% for icing, 22% for prostitution, 5% for embezzlement, and 2% for grand theft Zamboni. But statistics can only say so much.



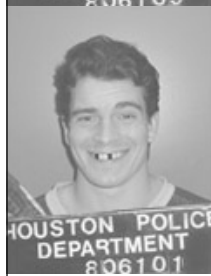
"I was sent down to do hard time in 'the Box' for selling some coke to the Sharks' goalie during a power play, second period," describes John Sanders, a wing for the LA Kings. "Little did I know, those three minutes would be the longest of my life." While in the penalty box, Sanders claims that he was bending over to tie his skate's laces when three brutish men flipped his jersey over his head and proceeded to assault him sexually. "They took turns, pulling off this demoralizing hat trick on me," he recalls. Other players have rallied behind Sanders, holding that this type of "man-on-man offense" has become commonplace in the joint.

Other player factions protest the lack of working toilets, overcrowding, and the rampant abuse they claim to suffer at the hands of referees. During a box-riot sparked by overcrowding in



1996, referees shot and killed three players as they attempted to escape through a tunnel dug underneath the rink. Indeed, penalty box overcrowding has become a major political issue in California, with its "Three Checks and You're Out" law putting scores of hockey's most aggressive players behind Plexiglas for life. "Overcrowding is the key issue in penalty boxes," said one veteran player who insisted on anonymity, "One time, when our whole team was incarcerated, we were packed in so tight that I accidentally butt-raped an inmate without even knowing it."

Most hockey pros blame deteriorating conditions on the powerful referee lobby in Congress. According to pros, the profit-grubbing associated with the building of new hockey rinks has made builders neglect the size and conditions of penalty boxes. "You see, it's all part of the hegemony of the expanding Hockey-Industrial Complex, which disempowers players by means of a ruthless Referee State," explains Sanders. "No justice, no peace."



Sanders (top) and his three attackers

Y. Peter Kang: Too much man for Mondays



Y. Peter,

(Can I call you Y. Peter?) I've been waiting a long time to open up about these feelings I'm having. Now is the time for me to declare my undying love for you. Y. Peter, I love you, I want you, I need you.

I joined the Y. Peter Kang gang after I read your column for the first time. You were bitching in your usual sarcastic tone about something or other when I had my first glimpse of you in your column picture. The first question that popped into my head was, to be quite honest, "Is he wearing pants?" I think that you're naked from the waist down, like most news anchors. That makes me feel dirty. But it makes me feel dirty in a way I like.

You try to look so hard and tough in your picture, Y. But I bet you like to cuddle just as much as the next guy. I'll cuddle with you, YPK. We can noozle.

What does the "Y" stand for in Y. Peter Kang? I bet it stands for sexYYYYY.

Sometimes when I read your column I feel like you're talking directly to me. Like in the column about twLF, you said, "Spank me because I've been a bad, bad boy." Admit it, Y. You wrote that for me. Well, Y. Peter, I'll spank you all right, I'll spank you until your Y. Peter Buns are as red as cherry tomatoes.

I thought that might have been a fluke column but you started right up again in your UC Berkeleymon column. That whole column was a veiled plea begging me to dress you up in a yellow felt costume and treat you like the little Oriental toy you are.

Everybody was so hard on you after you wrote that column about obesity. They yelled at you for being insensitive, they ridiculed you for picking on chubby people, and they even called you fat. You know what? I don't care if you're fat. I would love to snuggle with your big flabby rolls. I want to lay my head down on your saggy man boobs and slap that chubby ass of yours. Y? Because I like you.

When you're typing your column, do you ever touch yourself? I like to think you do because when I'm reading your column, I touch myself.

Even if you don't ever contact me, I am perfectly content to keep living this fantasy through your columns. Keep on writing your secret messages to me and I'll keep on dreaming of you writing your column with no pants on. Y Pedro, te quiero.

--by Stephen Handley



INDOOR SPIRIT

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JUSTICE NEWS & HOME BLUES IN THE BAY AREA

Police Crackdown on the Homeful

by Miles Zajackowski & Matt Holohan

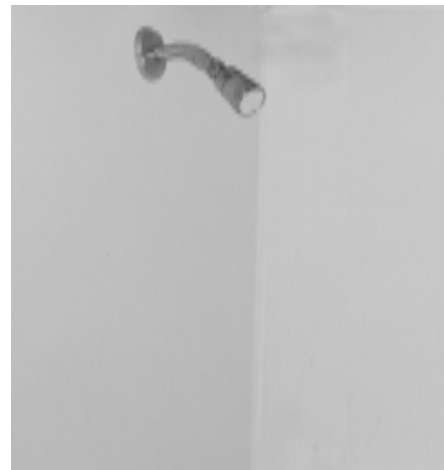
In an attempt to thwart the growing problem of rampant homefulness in the city of Berkeley, mayor Shirley Dean has declared a "War on the Homeful." "I realized that though my approval rating is high among the schizophrenic homeless, it is low among winos, crack-heads, 14 year old prostitutes, and the smelly-ugly-standing-on-park-benches-screaming-about-the-government contingency," said Dean during a press conference held in her dank lair filled with whores and bounty hunters. The program authorizes Berkeley PD officers to exact "swift and fearless judgement" against any person suspected of owning or renting a brick-and-mortar structure for the purpose of shelter. The main points of the program will be inscribed on the surfaces of police batons to allow officers to review proper protocols mid-thwack.

Homeless throughout the bay are

Warm Showers Extremely Refreshing

by Sean Keane

An independent scientific study has confirmed what many observers have suspected for years: Taking a warm shower is one of the most refreshing and pleasurable sensations that human beings can experience. In a series of tests, a team of neurologists and psychiatric experts closely monitored brain activity in volunteers when exposed to vari-



Faulty Heaters Frustrate Residents

by Jake Schumann

Problems with the most widely used apartment heater model in Berkeley have left many renters temporarily without heat, at least until the heater is relit. The pilot light on the Cozy 4800 natural gas heater has a tendency to go out unexpectedly, leading to countless hours of sub-65° temperatures. Widespread chilly floors have sent residents scurrying for slippers and wool socks.

"Lighting the pilot light alone requires lighter or match, and, well, just the lighter or match. But then you have

to hold in the gas valve for nearly a full minute!" remarked resident Jeff Hilliard. "It got so cold last week that I had to start sleeping with the window shut." Such renters have had to re-light the heaters up to four separate times in one week, nearly half an hour's work over the course of a month.

Some Berkeleyites have refused to take the heater problem lying down. Andrea Rudiak vowed, "Unless the landlord does something about the pilot light soon, I'm totally asking for 4% interest on my security deposit."



Ode to My TV

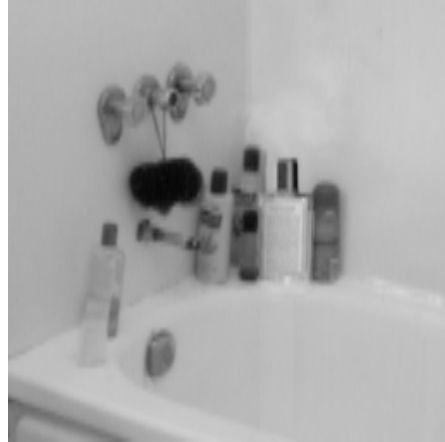
by Brian Sinclair

*I thought that I would never see,
A poem as beautiful as my TV.
God's gift to watching naughty kissing,
Last Thursday it was gone and missing.
Nice cops searched through broken glass,
Arrested some kid and whomped his ass,
Found my TV and gave it back,
Beat the kid harder with every whack.
Wait a minute, my TV doesn't say "Zenith!"
Those wacky policemen!*

already expressing support for Mayor Dean's decision. "The less homes with families living in them, the more abandoned houses for me to urinate and sleep in," said Berkeley transient Saul Gurgentstaul. "I like when I aim for the ceiling and then urine runs down the wall. That's the best." Another homeless individual identified only as "Crazy Bearded Sunburned Guy" also expressed pleasure at the prospect of no longer having to wash his genitals in the basement restroom of Dwinelle Hall.

But there are also those who have criticized Dean's sudden assault on Berkeley's homeful population. Said Councilmember Kriss Worthington, "This is obviously just the newest element of Dean's long-plotted conspiracy to fill the city's newspapers with oppositional quotes from me. Don't buy it, people." Reaction on campus has been lukewarm at best. When asked her opinion of Shirley Dean, UC Berkeley sophomore Jessica Mack said, "Shirley who?"

The greatest amount of support for Dean's decision, however, comes from Chancellor Robert Berdahl, who is using the city's renewed animosity toward the homeful to justify the University's scarce housing resources for students. Vowing that "UC Berkeley will no longer contribute to the



ous stimuli. Warm showers provoked extremely high levels of activity in the pleasure center of the brain, exceeded only by sexual intercourse and consumption of Ben and Jerry's Chunky Monkey ice cream. Scientists caution the public that these wonderful showers lose much of their pleasurable nature when taken in communal environments. Public showers, including those at YMCAs or homeless shelters, are over 70% less enjoyable, on average.

growing plague of homefulness within the city limits," Berdahl plans to tear down existing residence halls and replace them with more People's Park-style facilities to give the city's heroin dealers and crackheads more open space to romp and play.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Indoor Spirit,

My coffee maker can connect to the internet. Thank God for unionized labor.

—Sheltered in Martinez

Dear Indoor Spirit,

Homes are great! Why more people haven't caught on to the trend, I have no idea.

—"Central Heating", Richmond

Dear Indoor Spirit,

I hate that racist faggot George W. Bush.

—Juan McCain

✂

Aggressive Panhandling: Know Your Rights!

☞ Fact: A panhandler must maintain a distance of at least 15 feet while you are using an ATM machine!

☞ Fact: You are not required to give money to anyone simply because they say, "God bless you" or "Have a blessed day!"

☞ Fact: Many panhandlers will ask for money for bus or BART fare, and then later spend the money on something entirely different, often alcohol!

Don't be a victim of aggressive panhandling!

Brought to you by Students Against Panhandlers.

Please cut out and carry with you at all times.

An Ode to the Units

by Nadine Dabby

I live in a box way up in the sky
 The people around me love to get high
 They cruise around in their slick towelèd thighs
 And shower together from noon until five
 The bed in my room is comfy and neat
 With sheets and soft pillows perfect for sleep
 (Or other things)
 The absence of pedestrians and flies
 Is enough to make us water our eyes
 Oh the phone which so loves to ring, ring, ring
 The messages from friends, the greetings it brings
 Hastily constructed, still full of glee
 My dorm will survive an earthquake or three

Oh dorm-life is as surreal as can be
 With roomies that play *Street Fighter Three*
 And sleep all day to stay up all night long
 So they can revel in the social bong
 Would you ever leave our humble abode?
 To see sunlight?--The answer is NO!
 No, I don't care to abandon my sheets,
 my Jimmy Buffet and R&B treats
 No, I do not care to look at a tree
 Not when I can watch my soap on TV
 No, I don't care to stare at the concrete streets
 Since I have a carpeted floor and seats
 Not to mention linoleum downstairs
 Enough to make me cry out in despair
 (or other things)
 No, I will never ever ever leave
 Catch me at graduation in '13.

I am a Princess
 by Baron von Cynthia

I am a princess
 I sit on a throne of kitten powder
 I am not a poodle named Princess
 It is made from real kittens.

Contest

Win a free *Indoor Spirit* welcome mat!

see A7

Got Help?

Tips on finding the right domestic engineer

see A4

Smart Money

Choosing the right recliner

see A3

Cleaning House

Get Rid of the Clutter of Extra Pennies and Nickels

see A7



Honesty: An Evolutionary Perspective

Honesty is to be revered, deception is to be used as a last resort. This is perhaps pop-secular situational ethics at its worst. Through these helpful examples, I find support for a radically different proposal, one that challenges the foundations of all previous ethical conjectures, one that puts the old paradigm in reverse, by literally switching around the words honesty and deception, if you will. Deception is to be revered, honesty is to be used as a last resort.



Example 1. *Female friend of yours looks at another girl and describes how unattractive girl is, despite manifest attractiveness of girl in question.*

Honesty will only do you wrong here, my friend. To engage the female sex in its petty and hostile competition for socio-economic-biological reproductive rights is simply trouble, and I mean trouble for you.

Female friend: (*crossing arms*) She's so unattractive.

Fred: What are you talking about? This girl is obviously attractive.

Female friend: Are you kidding? Look how boxy her shoulders are.

Fred: She's beautiful.

Female friend: And she doesn't even know how to wear makeup. She looks so ridiculous when she gets dressed up.

Fred: Obviously your evolutionary competitive jealousy is clouding your objective perception here. This female's full shoulders are perfectly primed for cooking, cleaning and beer-fetching. Furthermore, this female's wide child bearing hips and ample bosom make her a prime candidate for mother of my children.

This is the point in the conversation when things take a downturn. The correct way to deal with the situation:

Female friend: (*crossing arms*) She's so unattractive.

Fred: Oh, maybe.

Female friend: Maybe? Look how boxy her shoulders are.

Fred: Well... I have noticed that.

Female friend: And she doesn't even know how to wear makeup. She looks so ridiculous when she gets dressed up.

Fred: You're right. She's a walking fashion nightmare.

Later that night.

Fred: Man, that girl was ugly. You were so right. What was I thinking.

Female friend: Why did you ever date her?

Fred: I don't know. Why does anyone date anyone. Loneliness, I guess. I'm just so lonely sometimes it hurts.

Female friend: Oh, you poor sensitive man, come here.

Fred: (*crying*) You're right, you're always right.

Through this subtle deception, you can do no wrong. Ready to please in the realm of "just friends" adds up, sirs.

Later that year.

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**The
Princeton
Review**

Better Schools, Better Scores

by Fred Lee

Fred: Wow, thanks for having sex with me. It was great.

Female friend: It's like you spend your whole life looking for that right guy and then you realize he's right under your nose. It's like we just click, on just about everything.

Fred: I agree completely.

I think this scene is quite self-explanatory. Deception is the only way to get sex for most men. Therefore, I tell unto you: Follow your heart, and lie, lie, and lie. The evolutionary process is on your side.

Example 2. *Male friend of yours writes poorly conceived, pretentious and offensive humor pieces, haphazardly published in a low-grade campus magazine.*



The male sex is very touchy about its ability to produce, or procure results. In fact, the very evolution of his species has always depended on this production in all realms: economic, sexual, artistic, cave-man pointy-stick hunting. The vague and constant fear of being unable to procure offspring in his lifetime makes him extra sensitive to any sort of criticism.

Fred: Did you get a chance to read my piece?

Male friend: Um, I'm not sure. Which one?

Fred: Oh, any of them. The power of analysis of the judiciary process.

Male friend: Oh right. Didn't make sense, wasn't funny. In fact I usually turn the page or throw the magazine away upon seeing your byline. Haven't you got anything better to do with your time?

Once again, we have a downturn in the dialogue. And for what? Egoism? Pride? Competitive advantage in the process of natural selection? Let's look at the correct way to deal with the situation:

Fred: Did you get a chance to read my piece?

Male friend: Oh, I don't know. They're all so funny and inventive. How do you think up this stuff?

Fred: You remember the power of analysis of the judiciary process bit...

Male friend: Good lord, yes! You make Foucault look so ridiculous! In fact, even Arendt looks whimsical under your cynical, bad-boy of academia post-post-modern analysis.

Fred: That's what I said!

Later that night.

Fred: Wow, I'm so glad that you appreciate my work and my productive capacities, man.

Male friend: Hey, no problem, man.

Fred: You're great, buddy. I love you, man.

Male friend: Right back at you, man. (Awkward, back-patting man embrace.)

This touching scene is brought to you by deception, not honesty. Any encounters with honesty should be touch-and-go at best.

Later that year.

Fred: Wow, thanks for having sex with me. It was great.

Male friend: Don't mention it. Really.

Fred: I'm so glad I found a likewise cynical and interesting person to spend my life with.

Male friend: Likewise.

I think this scene is quite self-explanatory. Deception is the only way to get sex for most men. So I tell unto you: Achieve your full potential, and lie, lie, lie. When someone makes a joke, just be polite and laugh. There you go, you can do it.

Top Ten Least Successful ASUC Parties

10. BYOB
9. The Bring Dave Coulier To Campus Party
8. Bull Moose
7. HARDBOILED!
6. National Socialist
5. A bunch of guys named Roger
4. Whigs
3. Safeway Club
2. Defenders of the Silver Standard
1. Berkeley Engineers, Conductors, and Brakemen

Top Ten Ways For the ASUC to Improve Its Image

10. Choose an acronym that doesn't involve the word "suck."
9. Convert the seventh floor of Eshleman into a sinful garden of delight
8. Declare war on Laney College
7. Send a never-ending stream of self-congratulatory letters to the Daily Cal
6. Give students excursion passes to the Land of Chocolate
5. Take down the Confederate flag from atop Eshleman Hall
4. More school dances that remind us of our awkward teenage years
3. Airlift supplies to Berlin
2. Return the Lindbergh baby
1. Cyborgs!

Top Ten Songs About Legislation

10. Riders on the Budget
9. Filibusta Move
8. Conjunction Junction, Radical Reconstruction
7. Chapel of Love, Where Love Is Defined Explicitly as Being Between One Man and One Woman
6. One Hand In My Pocket Veto
5. Majority Whip It
4. I Just Called To Say I.O.U.
3. Smells Like The Contract With America
2. Johnny B. Partisan
1. Play That Funky Music Al Gore



Top Ten Least Popular Campus Group Events

10. Take Back the Knight Chess Tournament
9. Society For Creative Anachronism Ceremonial Witch-Burning
8. Cal-PIRG 48 Hours of Papier-Mâché
7. Muslim Student Union's Age-Old Simmering Border Conflict with Hillel
6. 300 Ear-splitting Minutes with the Golden Overtones
5. Unitary transformation
4. American Culture Night of Watching TV and Eating Salty Food
3. twLF Smackdown!
2. Break the Cycle's Bicycle Repair Workshop
1. Vegans on Ice

Top Ten Greatest Armwrestling Movies of All Time

- 10.
- 9.
- 8.
- 7.
- 6.
- 5.
4. Over the Top
- 3.
- 2.
- 1.

Top Ten Worst Phrases To End With "Motherfucker"

10. What did you learn in school today?
9. Is that your final answer?
8. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.
7. You may kiss the bride.
6. Just come in off the ledge.
5. To add or drop a class, press "2".
4. It's a boy!
3. Why is it so hard to think of a name for Jack's bistro?
2. Uno!
1. I can't believe you had sex with my mother!

Top Ten Children's Metallica Songs

10. One + One = Two
9. Milk and Cookies for All
8. For Whom the Recess Bell Tolls
7. Ride the Carousel
6. Trapped Under Father O'Malley (Catholic Children Only)
5. Don't Tread on the Tulips
4. Puppeteer of Puppets
3. Battery Not Included
2. Fight Fire With The Fire Extinguisher
1. Kill 'Em All

features

Warning: Big Thunder Mountain is a turbulent train ride through the Old West. It is not recommended for people with back problems, heart disease, or pregnant women. You may get wet.

Reading the title of this article you may be thinking to yourself, "Oh brother, another guy talking about how large his penis is supposed to be. Yeah, right." Let me assure you, I hold no delusions of grandeur about my member. I would like at this time to take a firm stand on my penis. Though I have done no formal research on the subject, in my travels through life, I have picked up enough general information that I can draw certain conclusions. Conclusions like: My penis is fairly mediocre.

Measuring a reasonable five and a half inches, my penis, according to the statistics, averages out at about the 1 to 2.5 against. That is to say, in a group of two and a half men, one of them is probably more impressive than me. I'd like to say I'm O.K. with that.

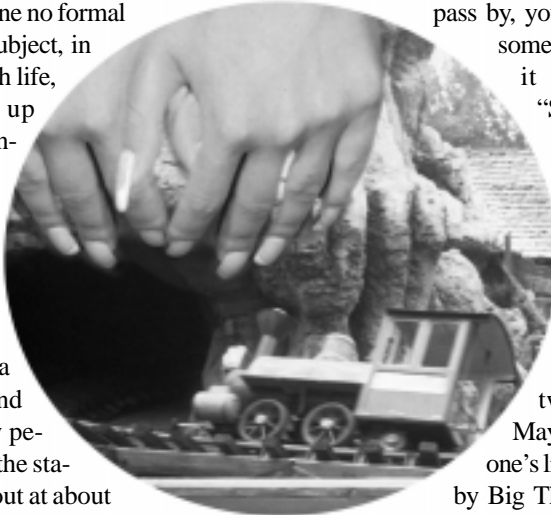
You see, whereas some men might want a large apparatus to counterbalance inner insecurities, I am just fine with mine as it is. Some day, I will be able to look a

woman in eye and say, "Look. I'm physically incapable of driving you to the ecstatic limits of sexual euphoria, but at least I don't have abandonment issues with my parents". The way I see it, it's not the Matterhorn, but it's not "It's A Small World" either. My penis is comparable to Big Thunder Mountain.

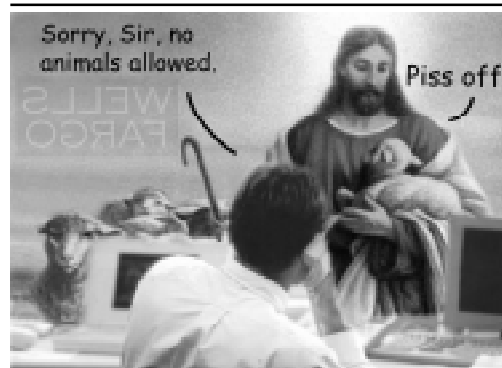
Sure, you'll go to Disneyland. Sure, you'll ride Big Thunder Mountain. But you won't go to Disneyland just to ride Big Thunder Mountain. No matter what time of day, the line never stretches too far past the opening. If you pass by, you might ride it. If someone asks you how it was you'd say, "Sure... yeah. I liked it. It was fun." Maybe you'll slurp on a tasty beverage while you're there, if you're into that sort of thing. Maybe you'll go twice in one day. Maybe you won't. No one's life will be changed by Big Thunder Mountain, but certainly everyone enjoys it while they're there.

My Penis is Comparable to Big Thunder Mountain

by Tommaso Sciortino



I look forward to my sexual performance being described as "competent." I will be just fine with competent. Hopefully, I will be able to raise my rating to "adept" with practice, but it's not that big a deal. In fact, it's only a reasonably sized deal.



Jesus Saves. Shouldn't you?



The Adventures of Ishi, Last of His Tribe
by Sean Keane

Buying Books

Clerk: OK, Ishi, this comes to \$54.35.

Ishi: Can I write you a check?

Clerk: Sure, I just need to see your Cal ID or driver's license.

Ishi: My Yahi ancestors believe that when a person is photographed, the camera captures their soul. And without a soul, a brave Yahi must forever wander the Great Forest, unable to join the spirits of his ancestors in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Clerk: Um, so are you gonna pay cash, or what?

The Holiday

Roommate: Ishi, wake up! You're late for class!

Ishi: Is this not the second Monday in October? Is this not a holiday?

Roommate: Yes, but Berkeley doesn't celebrate Columbus Day, dude.

Ishi: Curse the white man's treachery!

Thanksgiving

Roommate: Ishi, would you like to come over to my house for Thanksgiving?

Ishi: (pause) No.

The Housing Crisis

RA: Let me get this straight, Ishi. You sold your housing contract for \$24 worth of beads?

Ishi: It is the truth.

RA: Why did you do such a thing?

Ishi: Can anyone truly own the sky? The earth? The sun shining down from overhead? The green grass? The cool water? All things belong to the Great Spirit, not mortal men.

RA: So, where are you going to live next year?

Ishi: Perhaps I can lay my moccasins beside a friend's couch. What a fool I have been!

The Relationship

Ishi: Squaw, if you are not busy Saturday night, would you like to walk hand in hand with me through the forest? And, perhaps later, lie beside me in my wigwam?

Girl: First of all, don't call me squaw. Second, I wouldn't go out with you if you were the last Yahi Indian on the face of the Earth!

Ishi: But I...never mind. (silently weeps)

The Smokeout

Roommate: Thanks for smoking us out, Ishi, but I think this bowl is cashed.

Ishi: I will try to smoke it.

Roommate: Seriously, it's just ash.

Ishi: My Yahi ancestors taught me not to waste any part of Mother Nature's bounty. I will use every part of the marijuana.

Roommate: It's your funeral, dude. Aw, don't drink the bong water!

Ishi: (burp) Every part.

April Fool's Day

Roommate: Ishi, I got you a new blanket.
Ishi: What a kindness this is! Why such a kindness?

Roommate: It's infected with smallpox. April Fool!

The Football Game

Roommate: Hooray! Go Titans! What a game!

Ishi: Once again, the White Man has continued his legacy of deception. Just as he eradicated the buffalo from the Great Plains, he has callously removed the Buffalo Bills from the NFL playoffs.

Top Ten Breakfast Cereal Killers

10. Cheerios
9. Honey Bundys of Oats
8. Rice Kaczkys
7. Cunanan Toast Crunch
6. Grape Psychos
5. Jeffrey Dahmer's Frosted Flakes of Human Skin
4. Apple Jack the Ripper
3. Honey Tomb
2. Vons Value Brand Night Stalker Cereal
1. Cocoa Puff Daddy

Top Ten Uses For A Vacuum

10. Dust bunnies
9. Clean out ear wax
8. Steal atmosphere from rival planet
7. Reverse circumcision
6. Give self hickey; watch popularity skyrocket
5. Save money on shampoo
4. Climb up side of building (requires two vacuums)
3. In-home angioplasties
2. Turn innie into outie (for a brief period of time)
1. Spay dog (you can suck the uterus right out of there)

Top Five Travis Tritt Songs for The New Millenium

5. Here's A Quarter, No, Wait, Here's a Quarter and a Dime, Call Someone Who Cares
4. I Don't Especially Care To Hear Your Problems, But I Just Have A Twenty - If You Can Get Change, You're Welcome To Call Someone Who Cares
3. If You Keep It Brief, You Can Just Use My Cell Phone
2. Here's Two Quarters, Call Someone Who Cares
1. Use 1-800-COLLECT And Save A Buck Or Two On All Your Calls To Someone Who Cares

Top Three Things Most Commonly Heard While Exiting High-Tech Burrito

3. I'd hate to see a low-tech burrito.
2. Huh?
1. What just happened?

Hey you!

Do you like money?

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For info contact matt@squelched.com



Top Ten Catholic April Fool's Pranks

10. Altar candles that light up again after being blown out
9. Exploding school bus in Ulster
8. Whoopee cushions in confessional booths
7. Apology for two thousand years of church misdeeds
6. A dildo in your ass instead of the priest's cock
5. Recommend the rhythm method as a viable birth control option
4. Non-transsubstantiating wafers
3. Last rites read in comical Yiddish accent
2. Replace communal wine with Franzia "Party-in-a-Box"
1. Teach evolution in Kansas

Top Three John McCain 80s Television Shows or Board Games or Rudyard Kipling Stories

3. The Gooks of Hazzard
2. Gooks and Ladders
1. The Jungle Gook

Top Ten Worst Ways To End Your Senior Thesis

10. "Ta-da!"
9. "I know where you live, bitch!"
8. "But all that will change after the operation."
7. ".)"
6. "Sieg hiel!"
5. "Roads? Where we're going, we don't need roads."
4. "This thesis will self-destruct in five seconds."
3. "Or not."
2. "Donkey donkey donkey donkey donkey."
1. "...until the handle breaks off, and you have to go to the doctor to pull it out again!"

features

How many people do you know who think that "Every Breath You Take," a song about stalking, is a romantic classic? Or miss the LSD reference in the Beatles' "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds." Or believe that "We Are The World" is a tender ballad promoting world harmony and economic aid to drought-stricken African nations, not realizing that the song foretells the rise in power and influence of the imperialistic New World Order? With education in mind, we present some popular songs and their hidden meanings. You may be surprised or even shocked, but you will no longer be uninformed. Isn't that better, dummy?

the Heuristic Squelch goes... BEHIND THE LYRICS

Divinyls, I Touch Myself:

"I enjoy masturbation."

Hidden meaning: "I move myself emotionally."

Bee Gees, Stayin' Alive:

"I'm a woman's man; no time to talk."

Hidden meaning: "If you look closer at the way I use my walk, you'll see that I'm scared and timid."

Eric Clapton, Layla (1970): "This passion has consumed me, driving me nearly mad with unrequited desire - I must have this woman or die."

Eric Clapton, Layla (1992): "Hey, remember when my music had relevance, and I actually cared about something? Hmm... wonder what Babyface is doing."

Simon and Garfunkel, Scarborough Fair:

"Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme / She once was a true love of mine."

Hidden meaning: "Fuck that bitch; I'm making soup."

Rage Against the Machine, Vietnow:

"Turn on the radio."

Hidden meaning: "Turn off the radio."

Beastie Boys, Paul Revere:

A tale of the Boys' decadent adventure with guns, champagne, and a horse named Paul Revere.

Hidden meaning: An elaborate Revolu-

tionary War allegory, with Mike D representing French General Marquis de Lafayette.

Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles:

Hidden meaning: "Vote Buchanan."

Lenny Kravitz, Fly:

Hidden meaning: "I bet I could sell the advertising rights to this song within a month of its release..."

Various artists, Happy Birthday:

"Joy to you on this, the anniversary of your birth."

Hidden meaning: "You look like a monkey, and smell like one, too."

Billie Holiday, Any song:

"Why was I ever born?"

Hidden meaning: "Why, oh why, was I ever born?"

Warren G. and Nate Dogg, Regulate:

"The rhythm is the bass, and the bass is the treble."

Hidden meaning: "By the transitive property, the rhythm is the treble, and if yo' ass is a busta', 213 will regulate."

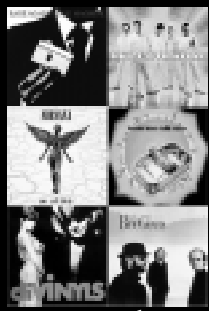
Nirvana, I Hate Myself and Want to Die:

Um, OK, this one is pretty straightforward, actually.

Ice Cube, Check Yo'Self:

"Shotgun bullets are bad for your health."

Hidden meaning: "Hey! We're sampling 'The Message'! Again!"



This is a closed letter to the students of the University of California.

Oh! The graceful Wit and chocolatey Goodness contained within this envelope really are beyond expression. If you could only look inside!



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A Beginner's Guide To Innuendo

*not affiliated with any of the volumes of the "For Savants" series

by **Evan Rose and Bill Sykes** (bestselling authors of "Starting off Smutty" and "Who's Your Daddy? Yes, I am...")
Both available in paperback)

Lesson #1: *Tone vs. Content*



How you say something is more important than what you say, especially when dealing with innuendo. An emphasis on certain words, a suggestive tone, a raised eyebrow, and even a little drool on the corner of your lip can convey your implied sexual reference, regardless of your meaningless content. One basic construction for an innuendo-filled sentence is as follows:

- ✓ "I'd like to <verb> his/her <noun>."

This is a very versatile construction that does not require that your sentence include advanced techniques (such as actual insinuating content). Try reading some of the following sentences aloud, putting extra emphasis on the "his/her" and punctuating the sentence with a wink of your eye.

- ✓ "I'd like to rotate her tires."
- ✓ "I'd sure like to walk his dog."
- ✓ "I'd like to mow her lawn."
- ✓ "I'd like to snort his crack."



More advanced users can replace the first person pronoun "I" with the second person possessive pronoun phrase "Your mom."

Lesson #2: *The Witty Rejoinder*

A sure-fire way to add innuendo to any commonplace situation is to respond to another's comment with an innuendo-laden rejoinder. Such a technique places the burden of innuendo on a conversational associate, as well as passing for wit in most polite society. An ideal phrase for these purposes is:

- ✓ "That's what he/she said!"

Accompany this phrase with slight nodding of the head and rapid raising and lowering of the eyebrows. Elbowing

another's ribs is optional, and best reserved for more advanced innuendo users.

Example:

- ✓ **Lab partner:** I need that beaker. Give it to me.
You: That's what he/she said!
- ✓ **Lunch companion:** Boy, what a large and satisfying meal. I'm stuffed.
You: That's what he/she said!
- ✓ **Professor Koziol, History Department:** The importance of shamanism in the pre-Christian civilizations of Northern Europe is greatly misunderstood by modern historians.
You: That's what he/she said!
- ✓ **Roommate:** Then she said, "I want you to have sex with me."
You: That's what he/she said!

Lesson #3: *Rhetorical Conditional Innuendo*



Occasionally, observers may be unaware that sexual innuendo has been introduced into the conversation. In these cases, the prepared innuendo artist must follow up the innuendo with a well-timed rhetorical question, ensuring that the innuendo can not and will not be ignored. Practice reading these phrases in lowered tones, while miming riding a horse, tracing the shape of a desirable torso in mid-air with both hands, or "raising the roof":

- ✓ "If you know what I'm saying."
- ✓ "If you catch my drift."
- ✓ "If you're hip to the scene."

Once experienced in the art of innuendo, users can attempt adding "and I think you do" to the end of any of these phrases for maximum innuendo effect. These three lessons are the building blocks of innuendo. After mastering these three simple lessons, you'll be stumping that wonk in no time, if you know what I'm saying. At least, that's what he/she said!

We've dug up some of the most intimate (and embarrassing!) details of what *your* favorite dictators did ...

BEFORE THEY WERE DICTATORS

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS
More

FACTOID! When he was a small boy, Benito had an inferiority complex because he was Italian. And he was right. Italians are inferior.

KNAFORD STATION

Roger the Abyssinian

Benito Mussolini: When the March on Rome was imminent, Great Britain invited Mussolini to be a regular on what in due time would become one of its most popular children's television shows, *Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends*. Children everywhere were instructed to treat "our new Fascist friends" like one of us. Benito ensured that all his friends ran on time -- even Bertie the Bus and Terence the Tractor! We're sure you'll find all of your favorite friends here, and maybe even a few surprises! (Sorry for the embarrassment, Benito, but your fans demand the truth!)

Thomas the Tank Engine

Percy the Small Engine

James the Red Engine

Terence the Tractor

Bertie the Bus

Roger the Abyssinian

Cecil Der Führer

Joseph Stalin: A young starry-eyed Georgian named Joseph Vissarionovich Djughashvili liked to wear a cape and try to look tough, calling himself "The Man of Steel." However, no one took him seriously, because of his ridiculous Georgian accent, foolishly mis-applied Marxism, and goofy smile. So, he stopped smiling, changed his name to "Joseph Stalin," and, much like Mussolini, made himself a name in children's entertainment. The popularity of *Stalin Says* skyrocketed in the early years of the century in eastern Latvia, Lithuania, and Tennessee.

The "Man of Steel"

"To the Gulag!"

"Ah! I didn't say 'Stalin says!' To the Gulag anyway!"

Pol Pot: Relatives of Pol Pot were pleasantly shocked during his recent funeral and cremation, when the Cambodian government unveiled this rare clip of the former mass-murderer accepting a prize on Ed McMahon's *Star Search* for his rendition of "Greatest Love of All." The looks on their faces were almost as priceless as the footage! But Pol, what *was* the deal with that outfit?

FACTOID! Pol Pot is responsible for the deaths of some 2 million Cambodians! This included all members of the intelligentsia, because, as Pol said, "they're not so smart" and "they're not the boss of him."

AUGUSTO PINOCHET'S DAY OFF

Augusto Pinochet: Before becoming the military dictator of Chile in the brutal U.S.-backed coup of 1973, Augusto had many years to perfect his greatest skill: playing hookey. Augusto learned early on that he could do whatever he liked, and escape the consequences, if he just pretended he was sick! We're on to you, Augusto! Here's a movie poster from Augusto's early career, when he starred in the hit cult-dictator classic, "Augusto Pinochet's Day Off." What a character!

FACTOID! Pinochet has long since given up being menacing, and now sports the adorable smile thousands of Chileans celebrated some months ago. He now spends his time producing coins from little boys' ears. And then kidnapping them.

Uncle Sam: What color is the momentum of the Earth? How do poodles fly? When do teenage girls transmogrify into toothless old Asian men who play single-stringed instruments? How do poodles do all that flying?!