Abandoned shell of vegetarian restaurant still proudly displays “Best of the East Bay” award.

Chinese Publishing Firm Releases The Tao of Tao

“It’s a fuckin’ religion, people. Remember?”

By Driddy C. Borton

User: Cheater, Six-time Loser

In the wake of the success in the West of several popular-culture books based on the ancient Chinese religion called “Taoism,” such as The Tao of Physics, The Tao of Symbols, and The Tao of Peace, and such light-hearted musings as The Tao of the Pooh and The Tao of Dew, the Chinese division of Harcourt-Brace has just released an emotionally charged book called The Tao of Tao. The author wishes to remind people that “Taoism is a religion, goddammit,” and that “Master Lao wouldn’t be pleased with all this post-modern hippie shit. How would you like it if we started publishing books called, Red is From Marx, Experts Are From Venus or The World According to Mao? That would fix your collective wagon(s).” He added that the teachings of Lao Tzu, the ancient sage of Taoism, are not a “trendy little trifle to glance at over the morning’s wretched smoothie. Especially if it’s got ginseng added to it.”

In related news, the American division is soon to release The Tao of Ginseng Smoothies, certified by the Wisconsin Ginseng Board, with a coupon for a free ginseng smoothie.

S.R.: Oh and I’m not busy, writing prententious stories about how Brit- ain is unlike India, and how India, conversely, is unlike Britain?

A.K.: Wait a minute: is this Salman Rushdie?

S.R.: Who wants to know? Shit, that Ayatollah. I don’t know you sounded familiar. Listen, stop calling me. It’s not funny anymore. A.K.: For the last time, you called me, you freak.

“Holding my breath, stifling an occasional snicker or hiccup, those around me, you freak...” A.K.: Calling me. It’s not funny anymore.

According to the police report which has almost cer- tainly been filed, the victim was walking in a place frightened near where you live, at a sur- prisingly early time of night that you’d think would be safe, when the suspect appeared...

S.R.: This story is inadmissable.

A.K.: Since it seems that the suspect must have actually seen the victim, we can’t exclude a possible motive for the crime.

SAFELITE AUTO GLASS

According to Dusseldorf, wheel design technology has ad- vanced considerably in the past five millennia, but still vocêsted interests in the international wheel lobby have stifled innova- tion. “I’ve received death threats,” he said. “Apparently, someone is making a lot of money on the current wheel and doesn’t appreciate my efforts.” Asked to describe his new wheel design, Dusseldorf was less forthcoming. “It’s not completely unlike a mobius-strip, but then again, if you said ‘Wow! That thing looks like Medusa’s head fucked a Fender Stratocaster,’ I wouldn’t think you were com- pletely nuts either.”

Man Not Comforted by Assurance That “There are Always Other Ayatollahs”

By Lethal C. Williams

Ventriloquist, Communist

Life isn’t as it used to be for 28-year-old Adam Scroggy, who used to get his kicks conference calling two numbers and then staying quiet. Here is a transcript from his glory-days, ten years ago:

Ring, ring [phone rings]

Ayatollah Khomenei: Ayatollahs speaking.

Salman Rushdie: Hello?

A.K.: Yes, how can I help you?

S.R.: What do you mean? You called me.

A.K.: Do you think that’s funny?

Rushdie: I’m a busy man. I’ve got places to go, people to do. What do you want?

S.R.: I’m a busy man. I’ve got places to go, people to do. What do you want?

Abandoned shell of vegetarian restaurant still proudly displays “Best of the East Bay” award.

NATIONAL NEWS

- Felonious Monk Bops Brother
- Duck Hunt Remains Least Popular Nesticle Download
- Phone Calls Ghostbusters.com
- Battered Women’s Support Site Gets 5 Million Hits
- Government Requires Monitoring of Nocturnal Emissions

LOCAL NEWS

- Justin Vedder #1 Pick in Alternate Dimension Bizarro NFL Draft
- “Man” Pronounced “Dead” by Illiterate Paramedic
- Skateboarding Now a Crime
- Stanford Fan Chased from Cheese ‘N Stuff for Knife-Chasing, Spitting
- White Student Only Vaguely Understands His Chinese Tattoo
- Local Idiots Stumble Upon Printing Press
- Skating Now a Crime
- “Man” Pronounced “Dead” by Illiterate Paramedic
- Justin Vedder #1 Pick in Alternate Dimension Bizarro NFL Draft
- Battered Women’s Support Site Gets 5 Million Hits
- Government Requires Monitoring of Nocturnal Emissions

By Brett Heilig

Students tittered briefly last month as The California Patriot, making its official publishing de- but, but delivered a wallop of dose of healthy conservative thought to the UC campus. Featuring several correctly spelled words and dis- playing a keen sense of how to operate Microsoft Paint, the soon-to-be-famous first issue left a last- ing impression on the minds of at least eighteen parents who, al- though they could not be reached for comment, are almost undoubt- edly bursting with pride at the ac- complishments of their offspring. The Patriot edition outside of the peri- odical varied widely, with at least one journalism major noting, “Top ten lists! Jokes written in teeny tiny print underneath the credits? Mountains of unsold ad space? These are the kinds of things we expect from Junior High School publications.” Satisfied readers, as well, could be heard express- ing their feelings: “I hate fags too! Have you seen the Patriot?!”

“Haw Haw!” exclaimed one un- factionalist. “It’s a fuckin’ religion, people. Remember?” The voter then began saying, “There are only so many sour candies.”

“wait a minute: is this Salman Rushdie? Oh and I’m not busy, writing pretentious stories about how Britain is unlike India, and how India, conversely, is unlike Britain!”

A.K.: Wait a minute: is this Salman Rushdie?

S.R.: Who wants to know? Shit, that Ayatollah. I don’t know you sounded familiar. Listen, stop calling me. It’s not funny anymore. A.K.: For the last time, you called me, you freak.

“Holding my breath, stifling an occasional snicker or hiccup, those around me, you freak...” A.K.: Calling me. It’s not funny anymore.

According to the police report which has almost cer- tainly been filed, the victim was walking in a place frightened near where you live, at a sur- prisingly early time of night that you’d think would be safe, when the suspect appeared, probably brandishing a pretty scary weapon of some sort. At this point, the suspect no doubt assaulted the victim and de- manded something desirable, presumably money.

“I haven’t really looked at any numbers yet,” UC Ber- keley police captain Bobby Miller, “But I think that’s a pretty safe bet, don’t you?”
Top Ten Signs that a Conversation is Turning from Bad to Worse
9. "I have a friend. She had cancer..."
8. "How many dicks have you sucked?"
7. "I’ve been here for twelve of what you would call ‘years.’"
6. "It’s amazing, the things that get caught in your pubic hair..."
5. "So the Grand Wizard says to me..."
4. "The court’s definition of rape is really broad these days..."
3. "I get $35 every time I fill this cup..."
2. "Ross Clipping made a poignant comment today..."
1. "This conversation is about to go from bad to worse..."

Top Ten Children’s Toys Based on Diseases
10. Cancer Patch Kids
9. G.I. Genital Herpes
8. Tickle Me Monro
7. My Buddy Who Has Sickle-Cell
6. Voltronnerone
5. Plague Doh
4. Leprosy Logs
3. Erection Dysfunction Set
2. Hungry Hungry Flesh-Eating Bacteria
1. Polioıklımon

Top Ten Things That Are Better When Wrapped In Bacon
10. Christmas presents
9. Fermat’s Theorem
8. Makeup
7. Daily Cal
6. Inductive reasoning
5. Feminist theory
4. Kevin
3. This list
2. Matzoh
1. Bacon

Top Ten Things to Use to Poke Your Eye Out
10. Red Rider BB gun
9. Lauren Bausch’s breasts
8. Circle jerk gone horri-bly wrong
7. Heimlich maneuver by Mr. T
6. Contact lens
5. Cement on walkway outside Evans
4. Your other eye
3. Mrs. Roper
2. Janet Reno’s penis
1. An eye-poke-out

Later On, Bitches
For the past year, I have had the illustrious privilege of manning the helm of the Heuristic Squelch, Berkeley’s premiere cultural arts publication. And now, in my final act of irrevocable defiance, I’d like to provide you with a brief list of reasons why being Editor-in-Chief of the Squelch is similar to having your soul slowly devoured by manna-wielding demonic forces.

1. Infrequent publication caused by layout staff doing lines and teabagging each other during meetings.
2. Sorority girls (ADPi) being nice to (ADPi) you in the hopes that you’ll (ADPi) mention their house (ADPi) in the hallowed pages of the Squelch (ADPi).
3. ASUC Policing feigning friendship in the hopes that their names will remain absent from the Squelch.
4. The length of your penis decreasing by one half inch with every missed deadline.

#2 Pencil Not Included
As part of its program to review and rate all of UC Berkeley’s offered courses so that nobody in the Greek System actually gets an education, the ASUC announced last week that it will be providing excerpts from the final exams of various popular courses. Allegedly, this will aid the student body in selecting more accurately those courses for which they already know the answers, and will, in the words of ASUC President Patrick Campbell, “Allow me to recruit the entire Freshman class into government internships, thereby perpetuating the legacy of my largely directionless administration.”
The Squelch has obtained a copy of these excerpts, and provides them here for the purposes of, in the words of one staffer, “becoming popular and getting laid! Please!”

Course: Statistics 124 Professor: Sometimes
1) If the Jets are 5 point underdogs on the road against Denver, is what the probability that they’ll cover the spread.

Course: Middle Eastern Studies 110 (also listed under Geology 5) Professor: A Rah
What is the most effective type of stone with which to maim or seriously injure an adulterous woman? Remember to consider the effects of the shape, size, and density of the stone, and the possible damping effects due to its clothing. Consider also the effects of evolution on the stone. You may ignore its effects on society.

Course: Zoology 5 (also listed under Business Management 30) Professor: O. MacDonald
1) Assume a (be-deaked, de-feathered, adult) chicken to measure 5 in. X 5 in. X 5 in. How many chickens
2) Measure to the nearest cable of dimensions 3
3) If 3 ft. X 3 ft. X 3 ft. without a loss in meat quality? You may assume they never spread their wings, nor move, nor attempt to peck out each others’ eyes with their beak-stamps.
3) You must give me the recipe for your roast chicken. It’s simply divine. How do you avoid it getting dry and stringy?

Course: Computer Science 13 Professor: A Pentium III with a Really Large Monitor
Within the two hours allotted, establish a congenial rapport with the person sitting next to you, without discussing programming, the Asian American Association, Landa Phi Epsilon, your parents, or Acua Integras.

Course: Anything in Environmental Design Professor: It Doesn’t Matter. All any of them ever say is, “you have to figure that out on your own.”

Course: Nutrition Science 10 Professor J. Craig
Discuss the “five-second rule” for food that has fallen onto the floor, utilizing the phrase, “God made dirt, and dirt don’t hurt.”

Course: Political Science 104 Professor: Staff
Copy the following sentence into the blank space provided:
1) The only way democracy can work is with a two-party system.

Course: Geography 120 Professor: Staff
(field assignment) Beginning at the base camp, proceed ten paces north, twelve paces east, climb over the large rock, dig beneath the crossed palm trees and that be your treasure, matey.

Course: Mass Communications 190 Professor: J. Johnson
1) What do you have for breakfast this morning? Explain?
2) (Alternatively, you may list common breakfast foods.)

The Heuristic Squelch
Coming aboriginal since 1997.
(We have our own damn continent)
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Kenny Byerly
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Hair curlers at 2 am, drink tea, eat ham, do the staff box at 5 am. don’t own your own reality, avoid the worst demise. You’re going to want a baggie you might as well get lost, it was a bad idea to let Bob Dylan in this staff box. Could you various “Ode to a Van” from the playlist please? And the 47-second incom- plete version of “The Big Four” “Smoof” is actually a pretty easy game if you comp- are the game of chess and the melodies it makes. Life is much the same way.

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH
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I Know Eric Gamonal

I have met Eric Gamonal. He holds no office yet most senators like him. He does few women but many find him irresistible. Friends he has many, as well as an ever-expanding pool of acquaintances. Often times I think of ways to make myself a well-liked and popular guy. Inevitably, I end up trying to emulate Eric Gamonal.

Eric Gamonal and I actually share much in common. He has read many American authors. He has the ability to sleep for literally dozens of hours at a time. I can sleep a good twelve or thirteen. He is very funny in public, I am funnier in private. He has connections to the illustrious Conor Moore. I have second and third hand connections to the illustrious Conor Moore. He’s white, I’m Asian. In fact, what I’ve realized is that I’m simply a downscaled model of Eric Gamonal. Call me the Conor Moore. He’s white, I’m Asian. In fact, if I were in his shoes, I’d like to talk about your personality. This makes him all the more admirable: he is truly a man of his own Platonic self-image.

What Gamonal has that I lack: confidence. Confidence, properly defined, is the ability to act like nothing is your fault in any given situation whilst maintaining absolute authority. Gamonal will do anything, but the blame slips right off, and in fact, somehow he’s come out ahead in the end. Properly defined, Gamonal is the archetypal pesky, mischievous yet irresistibly likable rogue-thief.

Ex a m p l e — Once, Gamonal tried to poison me. We were having some Cap’n Crunch, and I tasted something bitter in my mouth. FREE! What kind of poison are you trying to feed me? ERIC: (taking a deliberate, Gamonal-like turn of the head) Oh, that’s a thong.

That’s poisonberry. I really tried to hate him after that, but that poisonberry joke was flawless, especially since I got really sick. He even came to visit at the hospital, which I thanked him profusely for.

Another Gamonal story: There was this other time, when I happened to be walking nearly dropped my lunch money, and I was crying and humiliated and because I hadn’t even thought of doing that to anyone much less had the guts to pull it off. But that’s Eric. He’s got the confidence to have that sort of imagination. I’m mostly just glad I get to hang around with him, even if he does go a little crazy every once in a while. I just wish he’d share this crazy side with others.

Let Me See Those Want Ads: An Interview with Sisqo by Bret Heilig

Squeulch: Hi Sisqo, thanks for coming down to the office on such short notice.
Sisqo: No problem. What would you like to talk about?
Squeulch: Guys: What, what, what?
Sisqo: Uh, what’s the deal with these guys?
Sisqo: Oh, they’re always like, “what, what, what,” I can’t really explain it.
Sisqo: It has to must have quite an influence on your songwriting.
Squeulch: I can’t help it, really; I write what I know.
Sisqo: I’d like to talk about your famous hit song.
Squeulch: You mean “The Thong Song”?
Sisqo: Yes, that one. Just for the record, could you give us the actual title of the song?
Sisqo: That is the name of the song.
Squeulch: “The Thong Song”?
Sisqo: Yep.

Squeulch: Your record label doesn’t give you a bonus for effort, do they?
Sisqo: Honesty is pivotal in the music industry.
Squeulch: Of course.
Sisqo: Like that one Britney Spears song. Of course it isn’t about sex with older men.
Squeulch: Right.
Sisqo: She said so in that interview with USA Weekend.
Squeulch: I love USA Weekend. There’s just something beautifully ironic about any publication that features exercise tips from George Ornstein. I have read some American authors. It’s not like Gamonal is the best-looking guy. Inevitably, I end up trying to emulate Eric Gamonal.

What, what, what?
Sisqo: Yes, that one. Just for the record, could you give us the actual title of the song?
Sisqo: Thong thong, that thong thong thong.
Squeulch: “I like it.”
Sisqo: I love that part.
Squeulch: It has an almost sing-song quality to it.
Sisqo: Originally, I wanted it to go, “Let me see that thong, that thong thong thong thong thong thong thong thong thong.”
I felt that gave it a certain postmodern bitterness, which I wanted to avoid.
Squeulch: I see what you mean.
Sisqo: I decided the simplified version is much truer to its inspiration.
Squeulch: Would you say you’re unsatisfied with any aspect of the recording?
Sisqo: Although I felt validated by the fact that many artists to-day have made the same mistake as me, I have to admit that, unfortunately, I forgot about Dry.
Squeulch and Sisqo (together): Whoa!
Sisqo: Nonetheless, you seem to have done well for yourself.
Sisque: I don’t have to go to the ass to use anyone’s cell phone, that’s for sure.
Squeulch: Moving along, I understand you did your own backup vocals on this track.
Sisqo: Yep.
Squeulch: [reading from notes] “I like it when the booty goes dun-dun-dun-mun.”
Sisqo: Well, I do.
Squeulch: When does the booty go dun-dun-dun-mun, exactly?
Sisqo: Oh, you couldn’t say for certain.
Squeulch: But it has been known to happen?
Sisqo: Oh, yes.
Squeulch: And you like it?
Sisqo: It’s awesome, man.
Squeulch: Sisqo, Sisqo, there’s been some talk about you doing an endorsement for a certain Internet-infrastructure company. We’ve also heard all sorts of rumors about the competing offer from a certain processed-food manufacturer. Care to comment?
Sisqo: Only if you let me see that thong.

By Fred Lee

Eric: Hey, are you hungry? So we went to Top Dog. He did end up buying me a Kielbasa though. I know he didn’t mean to. This other time, Gamonal just kept kicking me in the ass for no reason. And of course, he got away with it. I was so mad, no so much because I caused my ass hurt and I was crying and humiliated and because I hadn’t even thought of doing that to anyone much less had the guts to pull it off. But that’s Eric. He’s got the confidence to have that sort of imagination. I’m mostly just glad I get to hang around with him, even if he does go a little crazy every once in a while. I just wish he’d share this crazy side with others.

Top Ten Things to Do During Your Death Plunge from Evans

10. Turn in math homework
9. Secure your Bataran, descend safely
8. Comment on poor Evans architecture
7. Minor in Econ
6. Wildly overestimate air resistance
5. Hack boogie
4. Get some
3. Enjoy tasty beverage
2. Catch a Frisbee
1. Put a tennis ball in your ass to confuse the coroner

Top Ten Ways to Be in a Movie Dream Sequence

10. Repeat your actions until they develop an eerie significance
9. Wear gauzy white dress
8. Associate with dwarves and Encantresses for twin self, fight ballistic duel to the musical accompaniment of Corey Hart’s “Sunglasses at Night”
7. Meet Freddy Kreuger, die in sleep
6. Foreshadow
5. Subconsciously learn identity of Colonel Marchard’s killer through complex nursery rhyme anagram
4. Become obliterated by nuclear blast while staring helplessly at innocent children through chain-link fence
3. At conclusion of dream, sit straight up in bed and breathe heavily, while sweating profusely
2. Wake up into another dream, shake fist and curse self-referential film-making

Top Ten Christopher Reeve Pet Peeves

10. How Stephen Hawking hogs all the quadrupedal media attention
9. Lukewarm critical reception for Superman V: The Quest for a Wider Bathroom Stall
8. An itch in that hard-to-reach spot on your back
7. An itch... well, anywhere
6. Cryptonite respirators
5. Didn’t even get a call back after his audition for Dead Man Walking
4. Can no longer go zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom
3. When legs fall asleep from sitting in wheelchair too long
2. All the good men are either married or gay
1. Ineptissive top ten lists
Why does Nobody Ever Want to Watch the Video of Me Beating Rush’n Attack?

by Allen Haim

Growing up in Sweden, I realised a great many things about a great many people, including myself. I learned that no matter how tough you think you are, people can always hurt your feelings. For example, although I carry Mark Wilson's Amateur Magic Kit with me everywhere, including the small fuzzy balls, the trick rope, and the marked cards, no one ever wants to see me tie a rope in a knot and then slide the knot off and throw it in the air and catch it in my mouth. That hurts. Especially since it takes me a good fifteen minutes to "set up," magically speaking, every morning, just in case I want to see a trick. But what hurts most of all is the fact that nobody, but nobody, ever wants to see the video I made of me beating the classic Nintendo game from Konami, Rush’n Attack.

In grade school people used to make fun of me for the special container I would port my daily beverage in. You try keeping breast milk fresh until the afternoon! High school and college weren’t much better. And now that I’m a successful assistant executive layout supervisor for ads in the yellow pages, I can’t get a single person to watch my video. I know that people at work notice and appreciate my work, but I have always hoped that someone at the office other than Mrs. Appleby would notice my artistic side, which comes out in the fonts I use (one time I even used the font "Hobal!"). How about the (admittedly automated) drop shadows I add? It is precisely this artistic side which comes out in the video of me playing this, the hardest of NES games, and winning. You know, I’ll bet some people will play Rush’n Attack hundreds of times without noticing the clever pun in the name. Also, some friends have commented that I’m a metaphor for life, the artiste that I am. Sometimes you have to spell things out for people, you know.

At parties, I try to segue into Rush’n Attack-related conversations, with varying degrees of success. The most common segue keywords are "Russians," "video games," "Konami," "war," or any references at all to the Japanese. My transitions are seamless, and I always end with "Can you believe they sent him inside the enemy’s compound with nothing but a knife? A knife! That’s democracy for you!" But people just aren’t appreciative of high-brow wit. And without fail, when I mention that I actually have the video on my person (!) no one wants to watch it. In any case, let me describe it for you.

It starts off with real Cold War footage of FDR, Stalin, and Mao. Then I inserted a clip from Citizen Kane, you know, the stormy shot of Hearst Castle, but just for effect. Then while the armed commando is jumping out of the helicopter, one hears a voiceover of me describing my mission and what I’m about to do. Most of the rest is straightforward. However, during one tense scene where it seems that my invincible star would run out before I reached the boss where the three guys on flying motorcycles throw grenades at our hapless commando, I dubbed in "Staying Alive" by the Bee Gees. I couldn’t help myself; I’m a born entertainer really. (I love to make people laugh too, for example, by exclaiming, "well, you sure smell like one," winking, when they least expect it. But that’s another story.)

One time I was watching the video late at night and my doorbell rang. It was a pizza delivery boy with the wrong address. Naturally, I invited him in. "I’ll even pay for the pizza," I offered. "JUST WATCH THE VIDEO!!!" He didn’t laugh. Am I surprised? Not really. He just didn’t have time, I suppose. While he stood there, I continually glanced nervously at the screen, because I was nearing the secret weapon, and though I have seen it a thousand times, and I know that I do manage to bring Peace at Last to the world, I always get anxious when it seems as though I won’t be able to detonate the secret weapon. (Between you and me, while Rush’n Attack is the hardest game ever created, the so-called “secret-weapon” at the end is frightfully easy to destroy.)

Other than the pizza-delivery debacle, my life really isn’t the wild rollercoaster it may seem. Sometimes, I wish I could just live in obscurity, like the blond-haired, blue-eyed masses. Maybe take an occasional trip to Venice, you know, that sort of thing. Instead, I must take my lot, and struggle as the artiste that I am. The agonising lows of being such are indeed an integral part of my lonely existence. But I do so wish that someone other than the random doorbell ringer in my life would take an interest in my video.

After all, it is a really hard game, you know?