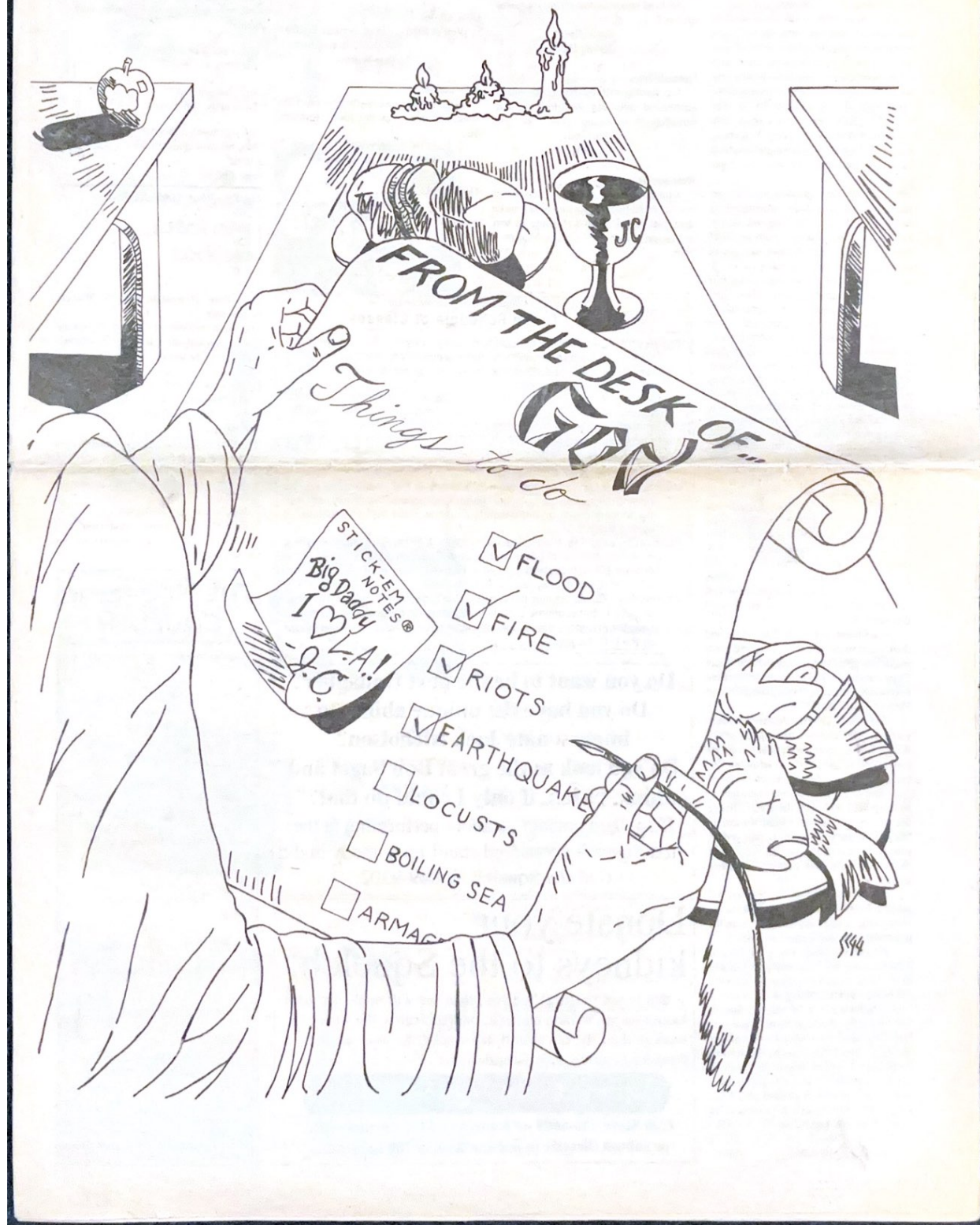


THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Volume 4, Number 4

February, 1994



Wading Through the Stream of Consciousness

Hello, I'm Josh Greenberg. I'm not a columnist, but I play one in the Daily Californian. Perhaps you remember seeing my insightful musings on such important topical issues as "The A-Team" while you lined your birdcage, or as you built a fire to destroy any evidence of that bad thing you did.

But I'm not here to talk about me. I'm here to talk about you. How are you? Are classes going well? How is that rash? Do you still have an overwhelming desire to strip naked, pour scalding zucchini-cheddar fondue all over your body and go running down Telegraph shouting "Wooga Wooga Wooga?" No? Well, that's good. You overcame that urge quite nicely. You know, it was only slowing you down, and you were hurting the people around you, the people who loved you the most.

Well, that's enough about you. Let's get back to me. I'm sitting here, and I'm thinking to myself, "Myself," I'm thinking "what in heckfire are you going to do with your life? You're already over the big two zero, you've got no skills except for that thing you can do with Cool Whip and a hamster, and you're going to be graduating soon. Then what? What do you expect to do with your life?"

Then I have to tell myself that it's not really that bad. "Hey, look on the bright side, personality disorder #2." I say to myself "You're smart, you're creative, and best of all, pretty soon you're going to hold a degree in film from the University of California at Berkeley, the virtual hub of the American entertainment industry!" Then I begin to weep uncontrollably.

You see, my options are limited. I could go to an artsy film school, where I would learn and hone the fine art of weeping black turtle-necks, smoking, and spending two years and all of my parents' money making a short black and white film consisting of a ballerina named Gunther and multiple shots of a mushroom cloud (this film would of course be a statement on the slow crumbling of a society overburdened by the social, political, and psychological ramifications of its own mass technology. Or it could be representative of all the ballerinas of the world named Gunther).

I might also go to journalism school and then begin working as a cub reporter on a major news program, such as the fine "Erect Copy," where I would be doing such incisive newsworthy stories as "Dana Plato: Diff'rent Strokes' Fallen Angel."

Or I could follow the dream of so many young people today by attending law school in an effort to better our troubled world by wearing wing-tip loafers, greasing my hair back, and being an all-around jerkface until I get shot in the head buying cigarettes, at which point I will learn the same valuable life lesson that Harrison Ford learned in "Regarding Henry," which is that getting shot in the head and sustaining major brain damage almost always makes you a better person.

These are my primary choices, though I could always become a famous rock star by convulsing on stage and screaming into the microphone (Joshie Vedder, anybody?).

Who am I kidding? I'm never going to graduate from this place, this Dark Domain of the Great Regent Overlords, if you will. I'll be 40 years old, living alone in one of those apartments over Blondie's, sitting in front of the TV, clutching my remote, simultaneously scratching myself and stuffing HostessTM Sno-Balls down my throat while desperately trying to cling to my youth by saying things like "Dude, I've got so much work to do" to nobody in particular. Basically, I have nothing to live for. Jesus, life sucks. (Gunshot. Loud thump). -JAG

Bob Dole is pathetic.

-SRS

Letters to the Editors

Dear editors,
I pardon you.

Sincerely,
Amon Goethe

Dear editors,
Say you. Say me. Say it together.
Naturally,
Lionel Richie

Dear editors,
So then I says to Lorena, "Um, you gonna eat that?"

Sincerely,
Jeffrey Dahmer

Dear editors,
I'm starting with the boy in the mirror suspended over my double king-size waterbed.

Innocently,
M. Jackson

Dear editors,
Could someone please tell that fucker Axl to get the fuck off my fin? Next time he does that shit, I swear I'm going to barf herring guts all over his Charles Manson t-shirt.

Bitter,
Willy

Dear editors,
But look, I'm still really cute when I say the word "ma'am." Please, give me another chance! Jesus, don't let it end like this! Soon to be joining Tattoo, Emmanuel Lewis

Dear editors,
Does anybody else feel that?
Collectively,
Los Angeles

Dear editors,
You're fired. ... Well, because I said so. With everlasting love,
Pete Wilson

Dear editors,
I don't really have anything to say, I just wanted to make sure you hadn't forgotten me.

Sincerely,
Rosebud

Dear editors,
So how exactly am I supposed to be a wizard at this stupid game if I can't see a damn thing?

Confused,
Tommy

A Squelch Public Service Announcement

Update to the Schedule of Classes

Physics 10N: Descriptive Introduction to Nuclear Physics. Students will learn the basics of nuclear physics and the most commonly used thermonuclear fission and fusion reactions. Hands-on learning will include detonation of a real tactical nuclear device.

CompLit 152B: The Collected Works of Dr. Seuss. The famous "children's" volumes of Dr. Seuss will be rediscovered in depth as Freudian psychoanalysis reveals the true meanings behind all of the inane rhymes.

English 1B, section 15: Reading and Composition using the Where's Waldo series. Students will verbalize what the author of these books has not, while getting in touch with their inner child. Entry restricted to students in the Athletics Scholars Program.

Womyn's Studies 182X: Men-Womyn relations in the Post-Bobbitt era. An incisive discussion featuring the sharpest opinions on the deeply penetrating consequences on male-female relations of the trial and acquittal of Lorena Bobbitt.

Political Science 155: Political Maneuvering for a Better Reputation. Practical lessons in the use of taking undue credit and displacing blame to inflate one's public approval will be taught, along with a brief introduction to the do's and don'ts of spin control. Special guest lectures by B. Clinton.

Economics 173: Maintaining the imbalance of wealth and power in American Society. Using economic tools to prevent the redistribution of wealth and keep the masses in their proper place. With real life case studies provided by the U.C. Regents.

Do you want to be the next Gallagher?

Do you have the unique ability to impersonate Jack Nicholson?

Do you look at the great Bob Saget and think, "Man, if only I could do that?"

If so, then contact us about performing at the first Squelch-sponsored stand-up comedy night.

Call the Squelch @ 849-9302.

Donate your kidneys to the Squelch.

If this is not practical for you, then we will settle for your humorous art, written material, or credit cards. We want your work in the silly, the absurd, the wacky, the non-sequiter, or Spandex G-string underwear design.

Meetings Tuesdays 7 pm 146 Dwinelle

Call Steve 540-6608 or Keith 883-1855 for more info or submit directly to our mailbox in 700 Eshleman.

SHORT CONVERSATIONS

"Have you seen Schindler's List?"
"Nein."

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."
"Yes, you have, and Jesus wants me to give you a spanking."

"Spare change?"
"Lou Campanelli?"

"Are you going to do laundry?"
"No, I'm lugging around a basket of dirty clothes because the RSF weight room is closed."

"Can I use your computer?"
"No."

"Are you going up?"
"Look at the damn arrow."

"Do you have a condom?"
"No, but you can trust me—I don't have AIDS."
"Oh. OK."

Top Five Jason Kidd SAT Scores:

5. 200
4. 210
3. 220
2. 230
1. 710

Top Five Reasons Not to Watch "Baywatch":

5. Boycott this show to protest the sexual exploitation and objectification of women.
4. Neither of the blonde babes will be on this week.
3. This week's guest star: KITT.
2. Also featured: Roseanne Arnold.
1. David Hasselhoff sings on this week's episode.

Top Five Reasons to kill your roommate's girlfriend/boyfriend:

5. Used to be your girlfriend/boyfriend
4. The two pretend they're married and make you the dog, Spot
3. They're too loud during sex
2. Doesn't bring any cute friends over
1. Is too quick to point out the last time you had anyone over

THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH

Violating your sense of common decency Since 1991.

Editors
Josh Greenberg
Keith Hertzner
Mark Seifert
Steven Slatten

Writers
Karen Ahn, Jed Davidow, Irad Eyal,
Josh Frankel, Mike Hodgson, Leon Lin,
Terra Morais, Marco Pulisci,
Jonathan Seff, Matthew Thomas,
Saba Waheed

Cover
Sean P.L.S. Cardinalli

Artists
Kali Pappas, Victor Rossi

Business Manager
Josh Switzky

Advertising Manager
Julie Sadigursky

Undying gratitude to
Miguel Bravo, as usual
Mack Knopf

This is not an official publication of the ASUC. The views expressed herein are the views of the writers only. They are not necessarily the views of the Associated Students of the University of California, the UC Regents, or your mama.

Q: Where in Berkeley can you



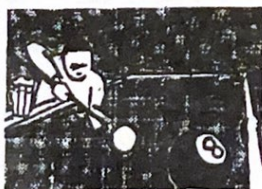
study over a pleasantly strong cappuccino

discuss scathing socio-political issues over cocktails



enjoy a sumptuous meal on a student's budget

dance to prince or ponder the musical musings of "lawsuit"



shoot some pool while drinking ice cool beer

All at the same place?

A: Blake's

2367 Telegraph Ave. Berkeley CA 94704 Ph. 848-0886

Top Ten Things I'd Do if I Could Go Back in Time:

10. Beat up Abraham Lincoln when he was eight.
9. Visit myself when I was young and tell myself to work out a lot and eat right
8. Kill Pythagoras and put an end to trigonometry
7. Save John Connor
6. Hang out with Genghis Khan and annihilate a race
5. Stop the evolution of poodles
4. Return to the good ol' days of love and sex, the '70s
3. Bring back aluminum cans used before recycling was invented and get rich (Yahoo!)
2. Watch Seinfeld reruns when they were new
1. Write a goofy book about the future, but make everything vague

Top Ten Most Annoying Commercial Characters:

10. The Taco Bell Piano Guy
9. The Magnavox Smart Guy
8. The old lady who pronounces "Denny's" as "Lenny's"
7. Russ from the Lake Edna KFC
6. The Pizza Hut Bigfoot delivery dork
5. Sally Struthers trying to persuade people to feed the children
4. The Magnavox dog
3. Larry H. Parker
2. The Energizer Bunny
1. Any girl who is "not feeling fresh today"

Top Ten New Releases at Tower Records:

10. Prince - "Nuthin' But a G-String"
9. Nine Inch Nails - "Gospel Favorites"
8. Paula Abdul - "Baby Got Thighs"
7. Hammer - "I Can't Sell This"
6. Techno Rave Masters - "Unplugged"
5. Michael Jackson - "This One's for the Children"
4. Garth Brooks - "Garth Garth Baby"
3. Madonna - "Dancing In, Eating Out"
2. Snoop Doggy Dog - "Hooked on Phonics"
1. Nirvana - "Smells Like Teen Spirit" Remixes

Top Five Items Mistaken for Toothpaste:

5. Clearasil
4. KY Jelly
3. Preparation H
2. Ben-Gay
1. Gyne-Lotrimin

Top Five Ways to Be Cool Without Physiological Damage:

5. Dye your hair yellow/orange
4. Clip on bellybutton ring
3. Make smoking gestures and blow in the cool night air
2. Wear a really ugly hat
1. Sit on the ASUC steps during school time and mope

Top Ten Signs that a New National Crime Bill is Needed:

10. NRA starts to send out free memberships to children.
9. Erik and Lyle Menendez get off scot-free.
8. LA freeway traffic moving so slow that highway shootings can't miss.
7. Mortal Kombat III is released, with 20 new Authentic Insta-Death moves.
6. Carjacks are being carjacked.
5. Disneyworld attendance in Florida drops .01% due to attacks on foreign tourists.
4. New Kids on the Block concerts sell out due to guns-for-tickets swap.
3. Kindergartners outgun their teachers in New York public schools.
2. Olympic figure skaters wear full body armor to practice.
1. Bob Dole says so.

Top Five Things to Look For After an Earthquake:

5. Your house
4. Your parents
3. Loot
2. Your cat
1. Insurance policy

Top Ten New LA Commute Tactics:

10. Wake up at 3 am to drive 95 miles over surface streets at 15 mph
9. Fake critical injuries to get ambulance ride to hospital close to work
8. Take the Metrolink and relax in comfort and style
7. Take the Red Line subway (all 3 miles of it!)
6. Telecommute
5. Commute once a week instead of daily
4. Personal helicopter
3. Transporter beam
2. Ride RTD buses (who are we kidding?).
1. Stay home

Top Five Ways They Will Write Shannen Doherty out of "90210":

5. She spontaneously combusts.
4. Death, disguised as suicide, at the hand of a California University student persuaded to kill all bitchy, popular girls named Brenda. (Special guest stars Winona Ryder and Christian Slater)
3. While on an important rescue mission, she encounters a malevolent, vengeful tar pit that zaps her.
2. It is revealed that Brenda is a genius with an IQ of 210 after performing surgery on Dylan who was accidentally run over by David who was out on the town with Donna and Kelly but had "a few too many" despite Brandon's warnings, and she transfers to Harvard, completes school in 3 years, and goes on to write for "Beavis and Butt-Head."
1. Death by embarrassment from so many "90210" fans laughing at her.

Top 5 Reasons We Beat UCLA:

5. The Coach threatened to move team to Unit I.
4. Unwavering support of Chancellor Tien behind the bench.
3. It involves a goat, some table wine, and a pact with Satan.
2. Natural Law.
1. Superiority of semester system.

Top Ten Good Things About Being on the Buffalo Bills:

10. Get to watch the Cowboys kick their asses without being interrupted by lengthy commercials
9. Win consolation Super Bowl Peppermint Patties
8. Big, gawdy Super Bowl rings make it hard to bowl
7. Live in cultural epicenter of Buffalo, NY
6. Feel warm kinship with Olympic silver medalists
5. Touching thank you notes from Mafia for covering spread
4. Get to hear the coach's inspirational "Let's come from way behind" speech every year
3. \$5 off shrimp platter on "Loser Nights" at participating Red Lobsters
2. Off-seasons not interrupted by Wheaties endorsement and White House visit
1. Two words: groin pulls

Top Five Shocking Revelations in Pac-Man's Autobiography:

5. Once had an affair with Chun-Li of "Street Fighter II"
4. Lost millions playing golf against a San Diego businessman.
3. In Betty Ford clinic for "dot dependency."
2. Thought the Space Invaders were "a bunch of pussy-foot weenies."
1. Ms. Pac-Man was really him in drag.

Top Five Things Overheard on TeleBEARS:

5. "Your registration fee balance has been completely paid for this semester...but just wait until next semester's fee hikes!!!"
4. "Aquarius: You will enter into a long-term commitment today. Assess your strengths and weaknesses and decide appropriately. At night: Relax."
3. "No. You really don't want that class. Oh, no!"
2. "Would you like to go to Bible study?"
1. "Mmmm...ohhh...mmm...do it baby..."

THE ICEMAN COMETH: *The Vanilla Ice Rockumentary*

By Josh Frankel

The Statue of Liberty stands majestically on her island, a beacon of freedom, shining out to all in her domain. She holds up her torch up defiantly in the night, welcoming all to the land of the free. Engraved in green bronze at her base is the verse which has inspired countless teeming masses to make the arduous journey to America.

"Cruising,
In my five-point-oh.
Ragtop down
So my hair can blow."

The poet, Vanilla Ice (1989-1990), barnstormed the nation with his lyrical mastery, opening portals to new dimensions, and leaving us mortals to rejoice in his howling wake. Ice Ice Baby knocked the music world to the mat, picked it up, shook its hand, knocked it down again, hit it with a cream pie, picked it up again and shook its hand, this time like a man. By introducing such breathtaking new concepts as "waxing chumps like candles" and "a very silly haircut", Vanilla Ice forced us all to look inward, to contemplate our own place in the universe, and to search for the Ice within our souls.

Having already conquered the world of music (as well as Pluto), the sprightly young Ice moved on to the realm of film. Not wanting to enrage his Hollywood brethren by sweeping the Oscars, he chose a fairly unassuming role for his cinema debut. *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze*, though dismissed by the philistine media as a children's foam-suit adventure for the sole purpose of toy merchandising, probed the caverns of our collective subconscious. Leading the way was Vanilla Ice. His spastic gyrating dance moves amidst assorted stumbling Ninja "dudes" satirized

the tortured creative psyche, fighting to be free from the shackles of society, often with nunchucks. Freedom is a recurring theme in Ice's art, always represented in one form or another. The freedom to dance. The freedom to engage in philosophical debate with "girls wearing less than bikinis". The freedom to ask what a "five-point-oh" is without receiving a charley horse from all of your friends.

Now thoroughly entrenched in the film industry, as well as the hearts of critical America, Vanilla Ice moved on to a more expressive work. Not holding anything back, he gave the world the gift of *Cool As Ice*. It is the saga of an angry young man and his bright, yellow motorcycle. He's a rebel, hardened against society, because it makes fun of his bike. When Ice's aura of badness comes to town James Dean makes tracks for Tijuana. George Thorogood wets his pants. Flint, Lady Jaye, Destro and Cobra Commander all hide in a pickle barrel. Even Satan goes back to Hell, whipped by the scowling Iceman. There is one, however, who does not flinch at Ice's omnibadmotherfuckerence. And she must be his. The slogan from the brilliant advertising campaign for *Cool As Ice* describes it best: when a girl has a heart of stone, just add ice.

The career of Vanilla Ice had become a beefy, unstoppable juggernaut, chewing up yesterday's celebrities and spitting them out like a cube of Jell-o that you just horribly

realized has a hairy roach suspended in it. At his chump-waxingest best the world was his playpen, and everyone in it his toys, to teethe on at his own leisure.

Then suddenly the magic stopped. Vanilla Ice vanished from our world, memorialized only on the covers of Trapper Keepers in the bargain bin at Target. Where did the Ice go? Did denizens of darkness descend upon him, hired by jealous musicians eager to recover their shattered popularity? Were multiple assassins involved or was it only a single gun? The CIA? The

country was devastated. Millions of people were left snapping their heels together, repeating, "There's no place like home," only to realize that their ruby slippers had turned to meat slippers and were encrusted in writhing, fat maggots. Media coverage of the disappearance was minimal, presumably

to keep peoples' minds off of the enormous void in their lives.

I was determined to find out what had happened to our last best hope for entertainment. I took to the streets (Vanilla Ice's self-proclaimed home) in my quest for Ice. I visited all of the lower forty-eight states on my odyssey, asking questions and poking suspicion wherever it lurked. I was slapped over seventy times, presumably for stirring up such painful memories.irate gun-owners chased me off their property sixteen times. Countless people confessed to having secretly hated Vanilla Ice. Some used sweep-

ing hand gestures and pointy objects to demonstrate this. I informed numerous local police departments of this, where I was shocked to learn that it is in fact not a crime to dislike Vanilla Ice. At least thirty-five people actually confessed to killing Vanilla Ice, in a variety of creative and gruesome ways. To my dismay, I discovered that in many states it is not a crime to kill Vanilla Ice either. Dejected and unwashed, I wandered into a Texas convenience store to drown my sorrows in sugar and artificial colors before ending it all. Gathering up an armload of Sweet Tarts and Dr. Pepper, I ambled up to the counter, intoxicating sweetness on my mind. And there he was. Sure, the scars and the goatee were new, but shining out from behind the convenience store cashier's eyes was pure ice.

Tension piled into the air as thick as Hormel chili.

"Are you buying that, or what?" he asked with an unmistakably defiant Vanilla Ice edge. I casually dropped all of the candy on the floor.

"Y-y-you're Vanilla Ice." I couldn't be wrong. Yet something was different. Peace and harmony surrounded the man, like playful forest creatures.

"Awright, STOP!" he said, grinning wearily and setting aside his battered copy of *On The Road*. "Let me tell you a little story that may perhaps alleviate your confusion. A Zen master and his student are meditating in the forest primeval. The master says, 'Young one, now you must eat a carrot.'"

"But Master, I cannot, for I am afraid of carrots."

"Little friend, is it the carrot which you are afraid of, or the very nature of salad?"

And so it goes. Vanilla Ice: from poet to Zen master. I am learning the ways of Vanilla Ice. Soon I will be at peace.



COFFEE BEANS
\$ 4.25 lb.
with this coupon

COFFEE SOURCE
FRESH ORANGE JUICE
With Pastry or Bagel Cream Cheese
\$ 2.25

...
LARGE COFFEE OR TEA
With Pastry or Bagel Cream Cheese
\$ 1.39

...
3 EGGS AND BACON
With Pastry or Bagel Cream Cheese
\$ 2.99

NOW SERVING
HALF PORTION
GOURMET SANDWICHES
FROM \$ 2.50

WE SERVE ALL ITEMS ON THE MENU ALL DAY
*FROM 7:30AM TO 10:00PM

2404 Telegraph Avenue Berkeley 94704 644 3045

Now we serve variety of

NEW SALADS

\$ 1.00 OFF
ANY SALAD
FROM 7PM TO 10PM
(not valid on combination)

- CAESAR SALAD
- SPINACH SALAD
- CHICKEN GARDEN SALAD
- TUNA GARDEN SALAD
- PASTA GARDEN SALAD
- GREEN SALAD
- HOUSE SPECIAL SALAD
- CHEF'S SALAD
- PASTA SALAD
- FRUIT SALAD

HALF SANDWICH From **\$ 2.50**
any time

Milk Duds™ and the Decline of Western Civilization

by Jed Davidow

It is 1:45 in the morning, and I have just come to the conclusion that the human race is becoming very stupid.

I suppose you would like to know why I have just stated that you, personally, are losing IQ points at an increasing rate? Well it is simple. The answer is: Milk Duds. Don't get me wrong, eating Milk Duds will not make you stupid. In fact, I finished an entire box of them today while I sat in my math lecture. Actually, I finished them as I waited for the lecture to start. The professor was twenty minutes late, so I had time to finish my MD's and drink the juice that I had bought before the lecture started. It just now occurred to me that I too must be getting mind-bogglingly stupid because I actually waited for twenty minutes to listen to an incredibly stupid lecture. Actually, the lecture wasn't so stupid, it was just that the lecturer had already given this lecture. My theory is that Elvis was so intrigued by Friday's

lecture, that the King pulled my professor out of space and time, erased the contents of the weekend out of his brain back to 2:10 on Friday and then released him back into Evans a little late, but in time to repeat the entire lecture. I hope Elvis gets a "D" on the final.

Anyway, back to the Milk Duds. Yesterday, I had to go to a video store. Not that I usually go to video stores. I mean, I hate TV. I never watch it. Never. Just because I have 13 video memberships in my wallet doesn't mean that all I do is watch videos. I don't watch TV. (Well, except for Murphy Brown. And Cheers. And the Simpsons. LA Law and an occasional Wide World of Animals, but only if marsupials are being featured in the act of reproduction. I don't get out much). The reason that I had to go to the store was that I needed to rent a Japanese film to write a paper on. But it couldn't be just any film, it had to be a certain one. Get this-

I, for the first time in my life, phoned first. Can you believe that? I mean, how many of you actually do this? I mean, live on the edge, YEAH! So I call and ask if they have this certain film in and the nice young man on the phone tells me that they have a copy. So I reserve it and walk to the store.

When I get there, the movie is not there. I am PO'd. So I walk up to the counter and demand an explanation. Actually, I asked them if someone had rented it in the six and a half minutes that it took to walk down there. So the guy types something into his computer, and it tells him that the copy is in fact, still in the store. The guy tells me that if I really need it, I am going to have to play a game of "find the subtitled copy of the Japanese film that I have to write a paper about that is due at least three weeks ahead of the time that it will take me to find it among the 756,342 titles that the currently have in

stock, not counting the entire "foreign films" section that I already scoured on my first trip."

So that is when I saw the Milk Duds. First, before you come to believe that I have a deep-rooted hatred for Milk Duds, let me explain something. I love Milk Duds. No, I really love them. They are Nectar of the Gods. There is nothing else like them. I have probably ingested several metric tons of the little boogers. I have fond memories of the times, at least three weeks ago, that I would chew a MD until it was of the perfect consistency, and then project it at the movie screen in the United Artists theater of my choice. Those puppies cling to that screen like a ASUC candidate to someone moronic enough to make eye-contact. If you place one just perfectly, you can create the illusion that your favorite muppet has just had an accident.

Anyway, I saw the Milk Duds. They were on sale. That's what they do. Milk

Duds have three main occupations:

- 1) They are for sale
 - 2) They get eaten
 - 3) They are a fun source of entertainment for the weak-minded (see above anecdote)
- (There are more uses for them, but space limitations, good taste, and zoning laws prevent me from listing them here.) The only problem with the sale of the Milk Duds was the price. \$2.50 for an eight ounce box. Hello? The advertisement explained that to truly enjoy the experience of viewing a movie at home, one must purchase over priced candy that comes in a box that is 14 times the size required to house it. Personally, if I really wanted to enjoy the full movie experience at home, I would plug my 13-inch (television) into my stereo, crank it up so

loud that the words become distorted, pour sticky, foul-smelling substances over all my furniture and invite my neighbors over to have sex in the seats behind me so I could yell at them to be quiet in the part of "Universal Soldier" where Van Damme locks himself in an ice filled trunk to revive his sweat-soaked body. (Trust me, if you haven't seen this one yet, rent Fantasia- it's more realistic.)

That's why I feel that western civilization is falling faster than a toilet seat in a Shell station in southwest Texas. You could probably mass-produce MD's cheaper from scrap aluminum siding than what you pay in a video store. Anyway, I have to get going, the episode where the Beav gets grounded for drilling out Wally's pituitary gland is on.

ASK BIFF

A fresh, hip, decidedly MALE perspective on teen issues

DEAR BIFF: I'm a 15 year-old guy. I went to this party the other night, and I kind of got together with two different girls. I really like Katie but getting together with Jean was just physical. Now I feel torn between the two. What should I do?

Undecided,
Ted

DEAR TED: You got together with two girls? Score!

DEAR BIFF: This is very embarrassing, but sometimes I feel myself getting an erection in the middle of class for no reason. Am I like a sex pervert or something? Please help!

Worried,
Aaron

DEAR AARON: My guess is that your teacher is hot or something, because I've never heard of anything like that before. Whatever.

DEAR BIFF: I just started getting my period last week. I guess I'm pretty late, because most of my friends started getting their periods like a year ago? Is there something wrong with me?

Scared and needing advice,
Lisa

DEAR LISA: I just don't like hearing about that sort of thing. Let's move on.

DEAR BIFF: I'm 16. My boyfriend and I have been going out for 2 months, and he says if I really loved him, I'd have sex with him. But I'm kind of scared. I don't think I want to do it yet, but I don't want to lose him. What should I do?

Confused,
Sally

DEAR SALLY: There are some who might suggest that you explain your hesitance to your boyfriend, and that if he truly loves you, then he will understand. Sally, it is important for you to know that this is a crock of shit. I want you to ask yourself: do you really love your boyfriend? Then what's your fucking problem? Are you frigid or something?

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

All I Ever Wanted Was To Be Loved

by Marco A. Pulisci

I guess that all I ever wanted was to be loved. Yes, I was the kid who ate the Play-doh in the first grade; I was the kid that stuck his tongue to the flagpole for attention. Ever since my dear mother stopped breast feeding me far too early, I had a compulsive desire to be cared for. That's why I spread my name all over campus last Spring for the Presidency, that's why I inundate everyone with "Marco." It's because I care. I care about students. And I want students to care about me, about Marco. If you want a job in the ASUC, or a kickback for a club, I'll do it, because I care, because I care for you. I do it to be loved, loved by you.

I suffer from what I call the "Brenda" syndrome. The "I want to be loved, but I am misunderstood" disease that haunts the few misunderstood martyrs of our time: Jimmy Carter, the Regents, Shannen "Brenda"/"Heather" Doherty, and me. If only I could be like Morrissey. Yeah, like Morrissey, only after the Smiths. Misunderstood, but supremely loved. If I just were not misunderstood, life would be great. If someone could just pronounce my name correctly just once—"PoohLeeShie," instead of "PoohLisky," I would be in ecstasy.

What I want is simple and pure: to be held in the arms of the loving, caring Cal student body and cuddled into oblivion. Is that really wrong? I don't want power, I don't need to see pain and anguish inflicted upon my enemies, I don't wish to see my party crush all others... all I want is affection. I want the Squelch to print a big picture of me in every issue. I want the statue of the Golden Bear in lower Sproul to be a statue of me. I want the MLK Jr. Student Union renamed to the MAP Stu-

dent Union. I really don't think these things are too much to ask. I want all these things not for myself, but for you. Because for me, caring for me is caring for you. Making the ASUC work for me is making the ASUC work for you. That's what all my Poli. Sci. classes have taught me—self-serving is the same as self-sacrificing.

I have major plans for next semester. I want big kewpie dolls of Marco with little pullstrings that say, "I love Marco." I want cardboard cutouts of Marco in many different styles, including the rarely seen turtle neck and exotic underwear versions. I want a whole line of Marco Action Figures, encompassing everything from Teddy Marco to Overlord Marco. I want Marco trading cards and a whole line of Marco candy, including the nutritious "melt-in-your-mouth-not-in-your-hands" Gummi Marcos. I want Poli. Sci. to be renamed Poli. Sci., with courses in "Medieval Marco," "Postmodern Marco," and the required though ever popular "Introduction to Marco." All of this will of course be capped off by a Marco Awareness Week, which sports several parades and giant floating Marco balloons tied to the Campanile. All of these plans that I do for me are really for you.

So when you see me walking through Sproul Plaza, say, "Hey Mr. Pulisci, I love you, man" or "Hey Mr. Marco, I care for you, man!" and I might just be able to squelch the unloved angst in my heart for just a few more moments.

Editor's note: the above is a paid political advertisement detailing ASUC President Marco Pulisci's innermost thoughts and fears by the man himself



\$3 OFF
Any Lunch For Two

Our lunch prices range from \$9.90 to \$11.90 per person. Enjoy a wide range of delicious fondue creations from one of the oldest fondue houses in Berkeley. Please - one coupon per party of two. Not valid with other offers or discounts. Expires 3/4/94.

ALL YOU CAN EAT & DRINK

\$12.90 Per Person

Excludes Champagne & Chocolates. Choose from any six Basic Fondue Dishes, Soft drinks, house wines, and BEER (BEER would be \$4 extra per person on Fri & Sat). Or for \$14.90 choose from Twelve Fondue Dishes. Other good for Six or More Persons Only.

Fondue fred
2556 Telegraph Avenue • Berkeley
Inside The Village Mall • 549-0850 • 1 Block South of Dwight
Open Mon 5-10pm, Tu-Th 12noon-10pm, Fri & Sat 12noon-12pm

WEEKNIGHT SPECIAL

ALL THE BEER YOU CAN DRINK!
(INCLUDED IN THE DINNER PRICE)
(AND ON FRI & SAT FOR A MERE \$4 ADDITIONAL PRICE TO THE DINNER PRICE YOU GET UNLIMITED BEER!)



RocketFuel is our house coffee made with five different coffee beans.

Soy Milk can be used in all our coffee drinks.

Morning Special \$2.25 for a latte and bagel with cream cheese.

Winter Special Mocha Mint Kiss \$1.95.

We also serve Thai Iced Tea and Thai Iced Coffee.

Free Rocket Fuel
with any purchase with this ad



2517 Durant Avenue

540-8449

Open 8:00 AM to 1:00 AM

How To Write The Ultimate Love Letter

Advice for the romantically declined

By Karen Ahn

Hey, Kids! It's February, and as we all know, it's that time when traditionally a young person's fancy and tons of corporate advertising turn to love! But instead of buying your twice wuv artery-clogging candy, wilted flowers, or an insipid, hackneyed diabetes-inducing greeting card made by some company that bases itself in Cuba, why not give your special, significant one something ORIGINAL, something that's part of you? (No Bobbitt jokes, please. We're talking love, not psychotic impulse) Give him/her something that they'll treasure and can use to forever remember and blackmail you with! Something that says, "this was made JUST FOR YOU!!!" If you want to be that hip, unique kind of lover, just grab a writing utensil (pen, crayon, lipstick, spraypaint, penknife) and fill out the Squelch Do-It-Yourself Custom Made Epistle O' Emotion!

My Darling (Your SWEETHEART'S/PET'S/COMPUTER'S/PARENT'S NAME HERE),

My (NOUN) is (VERB) by/with you. I think of you (ADVERB). You are all that is (GOOEY ADJECTIVE) and (EVEN MORE GOOEY ADJECTIVE).

My love, your (PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTE DESCRIBED POETICALLY) is beyond compare. I mean, your (SAME PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTE) is really (COMPLIMENTARY AND/OR QUANTITATIVE DESCRIPTION). Every time I see/think about you (PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTE DESCRIBED GRAPHICALLY) I get (VAGUELY SALACIOUS, SLIGHTLY ICKY EMOTIONAL PHRASE THAT COULD BE MISCONSTRUED AS A SEXUAL EUPHEMISM). You make my (PERSONAL BODY PART) curl/tingle in excitement.

Oh, my (DISGUSTING, STOMACH-TURNING PRIVATE NICKNAME ONLY THE TWO OF YOU CAN STAND OR MAKE SENSE OF), you are (NOUN, PREFERABLY LIGHT-GIVING OBJECT) in my (SPIRITUAL ADJECTIVE).

I simply can't (VERB) without you and your (ALTERNATE PHYSICAL AND/OR MENTAL ATTRIBUTE DESCRIBED; IN A PINCH, DESCRIPTIONS OF APPLIANCES WILL ALSO SUFFICE). They are the only thing that adds (GERUND OR NOUN) to my (NOUN).

Last night when you (VERB) my (NOUN) with your (NOUN), it took me beyond (CHOOSE ONE: ANYTHING I HAD EVER KNOWN, THE MERELY PHYSICAL, THINKING ABOUT MY UPCOMING MIDTERM). Something truly (CHOOSE ONE: SPIRITUAL, LIQUID, BEAUTIFUL, GROSS-N-HUMILIATING YET STRANGELY APPEALING, UNMEMORABLE BUT NONETHELESS BEARABLE BECAUSE OF YOUR PATHETIC VULNERABILITY) happened and it has forever changed my (NOUN WITH POSSESSIVE). I can't wait to see (GROSS BABY NICKNAME FOR YOUR SWEETHEART'S GENITALIA) again tonight...when I think that you may (VERB) my (NOUN) with your (NOUN), it's impossible for me to not (SEXUAL TERMINOLOGY DESCRIBED IN HACKNEYED FLOWER METAPHORS).

(GENERIC AFFECTIONATE NAME), I think about you ceaselessly. I think I would (VERB) myself if you ever (VERB) me. It would be as if a (NOUN) were ripped from my (NOUN). If we ever parted, I may just (SLIGHTLY THREATENING, POSSESSIVE SOUNDING DESCRIPTION OF SOME MELODRAMATIC AND MILDLY PSYCHOTIC ACT) or (MORE ROMANTIC MELODRAMATIC AND MILDLY DERANGED ACT) to myself.

Oh, (DUMB NICKNAME), I can't believe that you and I are (ADJECTIVE, ADVERB). Looking forward to tonight! Hope you'll be there.



(CHOOSE ONE: CAUTIOUS, DEEPLY AFFECTIONATE AND/OR LUSTFUL SIGN-OFF THAT EITHER MENTIONS LOVE IN VEILED TERMS, OR SLOBBERINGLY COMMITTS YOU TO TOTAL SUBJUGATION UNDER THE OTHER PERSON'S EMOTIONAL NEEDS),

(YOUR NAME HERE)

The Flip Side of Love

As we all know (except those of us that are deeply insecure and won't admit it), love turns ugly. Or it turns to your best friend. Or your roommate. It's hard to know how to end it quickly, cleanly and painlessly with the least amount of animosity possible. And shit, what fun is that? So here's a helpful guide on how to full express the most scathing, hurtful phrases that'll pinpoint the exact emotional areas that will hurt your ex-significant other the most. For really easy targeting, we've separated it into two categories: MEN and WOMEN. If you can't figure out which one you should choose, you need a better urologist.

For Women:

Dear (Your EX-SIGNIFICANT OTHER'S NAME HERE),

Fuck off.

(YOUR FULL NAME HERE)

P.S. I faked and/or lied about every (CHOOSE ONE OR ALL: ORGASM; TIME I WENT OUT WITH MY GIRLFRIENDS AND SAID I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOU; TIME I SAID I WAS GOING TO THE LIBRARY - I WAS REALLY SCREWING YOUR BEST FRIEND/PET/ FATHER/BROTHER/SISTER /COMPUTER)

For Men:

Dear (Your EX-SIGNIFICANT OTHER'S NAME HERE),

Fuck off.

(YOUR FULL NAME HERE)

P.S. I lied - (CHOOSE ONE OR ALL: YOU'RE GETTING FAT; YOUR BEST FRIEND/MOTHER/PET/FATHER/ SISTER/BROTHER/MAJOR APPLIANCE IS EXPONENTIALLY MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN YOU; I NEVER REALLY LOVED YOU; YOU ARE TURNING OUT JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER)

And a final zinger for either sex:

P.P.S.: My lawyer will be calling soon.

It's All Lies

by Terra Morais

Far from being idealistic, energetic people of love, we college students are cynical and lethargic. Why? Because we were malinformed, misled, and lied to! Here I present a brief list of some of the most blatant lies and misconceptions one is subjected to before entering the gates of "higher education."

1) You will have stimulating conversations with fascinating people: This holds true only if you are completely stoned and think comments about your tongue are ex-

tremely deep. Otherwise, you must settle for the mundane ("I have 14 tests next week and want to tell you about all of them..."), the mindless ("Oh my God. I got so wasted last night. Can you believe the semester's almost over?") or the esoterically pointless and arcane ("While I think that view has some merit, no comprehensive survey of the subject should overlook the cultural importance of carlobe size in Mid-Victorian lapdogs, don't you agree?").

2) Faculty-to-student ratio: 1 to 13: Actually, this is not a lie if you count the RSF laundry people, Unit III security monitors and all the bear statues on campus.

Just a Few Reasons You Should Be Glad You Go to Cal and Not Some Wanna-Be U.C.

By Julie & Steve

Let's face it: all Universities of California are not created equal. Berkeley is the best, and that is the end of the story. We're smart and weird here, for better or worse. Most of us were dorks in high school who finally found a place to fit in with other dorks once we got to college. But now, we're all dorks at one of the best schools in the world. Doesn't that just give you a feeling of empowerment?

However, those who have met students from other U.C. schools know that any comparison of the campuses can be a touchy subject. We have to play down the superiority of our school, at the expense of our own integrity. Many times, we've heard the phrase "A U.C. is a U.C.," and bitten our tongue, to save another person's sense of self. But no more. In a time of budget cuts, we cannot sit idly by and let mere mortal schools steal our thunder. The time has come to reclaim the glory that is rightfully ours.

What follows is an inter-campus comparison of all U.C. schools that will serve as an ego boost for any disgruntled Cal student.

U.C. Davis... Hick town. About the only good college entertainment available there is cow tipping at midnight, but the nationally acclaimed veterinary animal-testing school might be opposed, so be careful. For bonus fun, you can visit nearby Sacramento! At this great city, you can pay dear old Pete Wilson a visit. Imagine it now...cows, fields, hicks, cows, fields, hicks, and Pete. Valuable networking opportunities with local farmers maximize post-graduate employment potential—they might be the only hope for employment when you graduate from this school.

U.C. Santa Cruz... Land of the zealot vegetarian feminists and the I'll-really-get-back-at-my-parents-by-being-a-hippie-Democrat-pot-smoker spoiled brats. If you went to this U.C., you'd be stuck on a hill, surrounded by trees, and go to class with a pack of squirrels. And Regent forbid you should leave this school not having declared Jerry Garcia as your personal savior. What's more, escaping this campus will take some effort, as it's over 10 miles to town along desolate mountain roads. If you do manage to escape, your choice of local excitement is rivaled only by that of students attending Cal State Barstow. There is Gilroy, garlic capital of the world, and if you still have time at the end of your evening, there is artichoke capital of the world too. But you like garlic and artichokes because now you're a really cool vegan.

U.C. San Francisco... Med school = stress = weird sex with a nerd. Who needs it?

U.C. San Diego... Here, you may marvel in the ostentatious SoCal wealth near the posh town of La Jolla, swim and frolic in contaminated ocean waters, exploit the cheap beer and numerous thrills generously provided by neighboring Mexico. NAFTA rules! Social and economic disparity is good to exploit with your nice little college education. And if you go to school at U.C. San

3) While campus is located in a dangerous urban area, measures insuring your safety are constantly in effect: Some of these measures include: late-night viewing of Media Resource materials by UCPD's security, so you can be sure they are safe for your use the next day, and a highly sophisticated system of rapist identification located, for your convenience, on bathroom walls (this service for female students only).

4) You will have access to the most advanced facilities and resources academia offers, and can explore a multitude of exciting viewpoints through special programs offered only to students: Unlimited free rides up the Campanile.

Diego, you get to be near San Diego State, recently rated the sixth worst school in the country. You can get chummy with the poor lost souls and academically deprived masses from State...who knows, maybe stage some sort of proletariat surf-student revolution! Go Tritons!

U.C. Riverside... Cough, cough. If you can survive the foul air and smog soup of the overpopulated and culturally sterile lower middle class Inland Empire, the education is yours for the taking. Besides, some day they may prove carbon dioxide and lead exhaust is good for the brain and enhances one's studying capacities. Until then we'll be happily inhaling those fresh Bay Breezes here at Cal. If you chose this U.C. or if admissions officers chose it for you, week-ends will provide you with the chance to fulfill all of your mini mall fantasies. You have a choice of mini mall A, B, or C, all with the same exciting variety of fine merchants; Blockbuster video, Carl's Junior, K Mart, and Little Caesar's. Lower middle class suburban culture at its height! Go Zots!

UCLA... A Bruin is a baby Bear. You are a satellite school—deal with it. We're so sorry you lost the Rose Bowl, maybe our basketball team can teach yours a thing or two, if they don't get shot at or choke on the Los Angeles air first. While in this pit of a city, one must remember to retain patience when driving along traffic clogged freeways and wear a air filter when walking the streets. Gray soot in one's lungs is no fun, but gray soot on one's wardrobe may elicit comments on your fashion statement. Maybe us elitists from Cal shouldn't knock UCLA, though; at least it is better than that sorry excuse for a real school, USC aka. University of Spoiled Children. Or, maybe not. After all, UCLA is ranked second best U.C. next to yours truly. Go full sized Bears!

U.C. Irvine... "Hi! I'm a Republican asshole who likes being stuck in a place where everyone is exactly the same. I'm a FINANCE major and UC Irvine has the 17th best FINANCE department in the country. I'm always going to think I'm hot shit, but actually, I'll never make more than seventy-five thousand dollars a year. At least I'll never be one of those Berkeley liberals that Rush always talks about. I transferred from Orange Coast College. Go ant eaters!"

U.C. Santa Barbara... Surfs up dude! Throw on your wet suit and head to the beach bro, cuz pussies who actually study should not EVEN apply to this ocean resort. Ah, this school is the sunny land of the pretty frat boy and the giggling drunk blonde girlz. It can be hard to attend school in bungalows when the beach is so close! If you can manage to make it to class without being enticed by kegs or repelled by cologne, more power to you. And the statutory rape laws for high schoolers are pretty lax come Hal-loween. Yah score. And the mascot is a pretty cool lookin' Mexican guy who probably makes good fish tacos or bean n' cheese burritos. With the gaucha mascot you and your white friends can relish in the glory days when the master race ran the Spaniards off the land and then glorified their cowboys. Beautiful Santa Barbara, home of a soap opera and lovely Isla Vista El Colegio. Decent, affordable housing is not easily found here, but that's okay when you go to a school that is the University's answer to Club Med. Besides, Reagan lives somewhere around there. Fuck yeah! Maybe he'll drop by your kegger sometime if you're a good student or something.

Feel better yet? Cal really is better than all those other joke UCs. It's virtually indisputable, Cal is the best U.C. Now you know. GO BEARS!

Travel Tips

by Irad Eyal

Over Christmas break, I had the pleasure of traveling on that beautiful continent, Europe. I spent a lovely two weeks, mostly in airports, standing around with a big backpack full of underwear. If I learned one thing on that trip that I'd like to pass along, one thing that you can't find in any *Charlie's Cheapie Travel Tome* or *American Airlines Magazine*, it is this: the only people who treat Americans with the dignity, fear, and respect they deserve are other Americans.

Let me illustrate my point: I'm in Heathrow Airport, London. They speak English there, for god's sake. So I go to buy an ice cream (Haagen-Dazs, the only brand available thanks to that EC crap). It costs \$3 but I figure, what the hell, I'll buy it anyway. So I go to the lady and ask if I can pay in dollars. She says yes. So I give her a ten dollar bill and she takes it and starts to give me change in pounds. So I say, "I'm sorry, but I thought I would get change in dollars," and she starts yelling "You cannot do that," again and again and rants on about how she can't cancel the sale and the manager will have to hear about this.

Anyway, this is the point: if you take anything out of this article let it be this specule of wisdom. People like you more if they think you are from someplace weird. Somewhere their cousin visited in '83. Someplace where they make chocolate. Someplace where they wear cool shoes. With this realization, things went a lot smoother. See, I spoke English right (because English is the universal language), but with an accent.

It's best to choose an accent people don't hear very often. Try Swedish (except in Sweden) or Polish. Now the keys to speaking another language in English and hiding your Americanness are listed below:

1. Never try to on someone who knows that language.
2. Speak slow, broken English but do not

3. talk louder when people don't understand.
4. Avoid words like "dude," "chillin'," and "how 'bout that."
5. Never say the letter "r" like you would at home. Do something unusual with your r's. Have fun with it.
6. Pick a couple of vowels and use them exclusively: try "oo" as in "cool dude" and "eu" as in "eu, what's that shit on your shoe" for faking French. Really, it works.
7. Use a lot of sign language-type hand-wavy gesticulations. This serves two purposes:
 - i. distraction
 - ii. focus your energies and build you confidence

Remember, the point of this is that you aren't some uneducated, ethnocentric monolingual from the colonies. You are from Greece or Bosnia and you worked damn hard to learn English so that you could travel with ease and work for a successful Japanese company. And your fellow Europeans will understand that. You will form instant bonds. They won't even card you for beer.

Top Five Things Stanford Fans Did during Bowl Week:

1. Drank selves silly and muttered curses at TV.
2. Made out next semester's schedule, making sure to mark the classes to drop after finals.
3. Rooted for Iowa.
4. Watched the Rose Bowl, pretending that UCLA was Cal and Washington was Stanford.
5. Cried.

UCPD Find New Movie House

After being caught watching the Rodney King Video (Now on LaserDisk) and several pornographic videos in the Moffit Library Media Resource Center, UCPD officers have reportedly moved to the Pacific Film Archive. Said an anonymous officer, "We were just watching the [porn] videos for training. And as for the King video, what's wrong with a little entertainment? I mean, being a cop is hard work; I cited fourteen bicycles today alone. But I don't mind PFA it's more comfortable, and it's closer to Kingpin."

Grades by Phone Big Joke at Registrar

An anonymous employee in the Office of the Registrar admitted last week that the controversial cost-saving measure of making grades available only by telephone instead of by mail originally was conceived of as a big joke. "We wanted to see if we could set a new record for incoming call traffic," the tipster confessed, noting that although the volume of calls surpassed the record set by the first semester of Tele-BEARS, it did not result in the total Northern California Pac Bell network outage some staffers were hoping for.

Violence Averted in Elementary School Showdown

A 12-hour standoff at Aaron Burr Elementary came to a peaceful conclusion Thursday with the arrest of several youngsters. The day-long siege began when 4 students of Mrs. Johnson's 5th grade class corralled their teacher and classmates into the school cafeteria, releasing a list of demands including longer recess time and a new tether ball pole. School principal Rudolph Doohickey immediately responded by calling the police. Richmond authorities, fearing themselves outgunned, sought the assistance of the tri-county SWAT team. After hours of intense negotiations, the students released their hostages and surrendered.

According to SWAT Captain David Loverdo, the settlement was reached by repeated threats to take away the Nintendo set of the mob's leader.

"It was drastic, but we were getting scared," said Loverdo. The youngsters were subsequently taken into custody. If convicted, they could face up to three days of detention.

Fifty miles north of Las Vegas, in the heart of the Nevada desert, there's a little known nightspot where the mares are wild and the cowboys riding them are even wilder. This is the Mustang Ranch Whore House, where you can get anything from a handjob to a blowjob to a felch job. But don't forget your condoms and don't forget your Visa™ Card, because at the Mustang Ranch, they'll take it in the shower and they'll take it from behind, but they won't take American Express™.

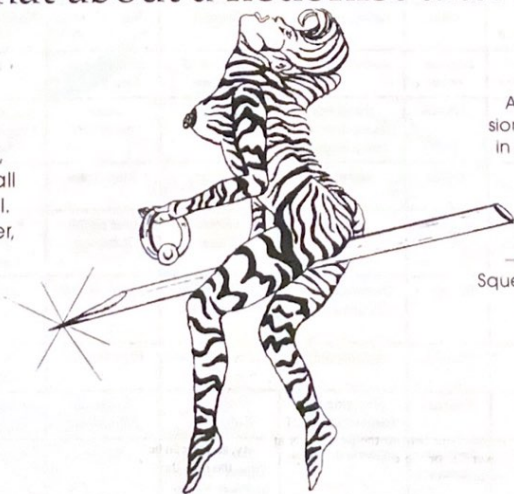


Visa—it's everywhere you want to be.

ZEBRA

Have you ever wanted your
Penis or Clitoris Pierced?
What about a hedonist tattoo?

If not, we still do nipples, navels, noses, etc. (even ears!) And about that tatt, we do custom designs, wall flash, and basic traditional. We also sell jewelry, leather, tobacco accessories, T-shirts, ourselves, etc. All your party needs.

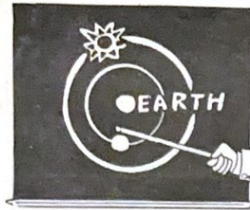


All our work is done by professionals with years of experience in a relaxed sterile atmosphere with the highest quality materials. All kidding aside, we are a very clean professional establishment—especially when you say the Squelch sent you!!! What are you waiting for? Come In Today!

10% off tattoo with student ID... We're serious!

ZEBRA

2467 Telegraph (near Haste)
(510) 649-8002
Hours: 10-8 every day



Holy Man, Jr.'s

The Resurrection of Mr. Conservative Jesus Guy!

Questions from God's Lambs and their logical answers:

Q: Is there a Hell?

A: Just for asking that, you will meet an untimely death and will flail beneath towers of fire, brimstone, and lye forever.

Q: What made America great?

A: God, guns, and *The Good Book*.

Q: Is every single word in the Bible true?

A: Yes. Even the punctuation is.

Q: Do miracles exist?

A: Yes indeedly just as I do.

Q: How can I find out more about them?

A: Send \$3 to Mr. Conservative Jesus Guy, 566 Dwight Pl., Berkeley, CA 94704.

Godly Thoughts

- When we kill those who are wrong, God gives us more love.
- Let's love one another, shall we? But only after marriage, mind you, or the gaping maw of Hell will swallow us!
- Learn about Christ's love for man, or burn for countless eternities.

From the Mailbag of Christ™

Dear Mr. CJG,
Who killed Jesus and why?
-Confused

Dear Confused,

Jews and minorities killed Jesus. If Jesus were alive today, he would support Georgia's flag and be against affirmative action. Let's support the policies Jesus would, shall we... or we shall burn, burn.

-Mr. CJG

Dear Mr. CJG,

Are you married? For God told me to offer my "bleeding palms" and "fragrant coconuts" to you in a dream.

-Love,

Rachel

Dear Rachel,

God has told many women the exact message he commanded upon you. Since I am God's servant, I thrive on the love offered by his earthly emissaries. Please come unto me immediately on angel's wings.

-Mr. CJG

P.S. - Please also send a recent picture and measurements so I may better marvel at the glory of God's bountiful harvest.

Dear Mr. CJG,

Does God love Berkeley professors? They certainly don't seem to embody concepts expressed in *The Good Book*.

-Anonymous UCB Student

Dear Student,

You may be a student of worldly matters, but spiritually you are lacking. Let me meekly suggest that in the Old Testament God rewarded backstabbers and fools - why should He not reward Berkeley professors who attack colleagues in class, ignore undergraduates, recycle lectures year after year, and for the most part, do little to advance Western Civilization but instead choose to examine the crumbs that greater people have left behind? That is religion, Student! We are commanded by God to love it!

-Mr. CJG

Editor's note: Mr. Conservative Jesus Guy recently hired Michael T. Hodgson as Head Marketing Strategist.



Kwik-Faith™ Religion Guide

For the believer on the go!

Are your grades sucking so hard right now that you need some form of faith, but you're not sure what religion to blindly devote the rest of your life to? The Squelch is here to help. We've included this handy religion chart for your convenience. Hopefully we'll offend just about everybody, so don't feel too special.

Religion	Hometown	Guilt Factor (1-10)	No. of Gods	CEO	Noteworthy Rituals	Required Reading	Recommended Reading	Afterlife	Poster Child	Hates
Christianity	Bethlehem	7	1	George Burns	baby dunking	New Testament	Old Testament	Heaven/Hell	Reagan	Whoever killed Christ
Judaism	Jerusalem	32	1	God	"snip snip"	Old Testament	The Chosen	Miami Beach/Bronx	Steven Spielberg	Pharaoh
Catholicism	Vatican City	10	3	Pope	crackers, juice	Bible	The Godfather	paradiso/purgatorio/inferno	Kennedy (John, not Ted)	Protestants
Norse Mythology	Vikingville, Norway	N/A	a shitload	Odin	raping, pillaging	Beowulf	Thor™ Comics	Valhalla/glacier	Thor™	Barbarians
Mormon	Salt Lake City	6	we have no idea	Brigham Young	major polygamy	The Book of Mormon	Seven Brides for a Brother	N/A	Donnie Osmond	Dancing, Caffeine
Jehovah's Nitwits	Your house	5	1	Jehovah	abstinence, ringing doorbells, being annoying	Pamphlets	more pamphlets	nobody listens long enough to find out	Michael Jackson	You
Jews for Jesus	Telegraph & Dwight	5	2	Y'shua	badgering	Wacky pamphlets	Apocrypha	N/A	Y'shua	Jews, Christians
Jews for Cheeses	Wisconsin	depends on fat content	many varieties	Mr. Kraft	fondue	The Book of Cheese	Swiss Family Robinson	Aged sharp cheddar/Limburger	Chuck E. Cheese	Speedy Gonzales
Satanism	Hell	-666	1	Beezlebub	human sacrifice, Cloyne parties	Dr. Seuss' Big Book o' Satan	Dante's Inferno	Hell/Heaven	Josh's ex-roommate	God, everything good
Buddhism	Budapest (?)	2	1	Buddha	attaining prajna	4 Noble Truths	Papa Buddha	life, death, repeat	Prince Siddhartha	Desire
Atheism	Berkeley	0	0	Yourself	preparing for eternal damnation	Man & Superman	Crime & Punishment	In theory: none In reality: Hell	Nietzsche	Naive true believers
Agnosticism	I can't be sure	6	0-1	Richard Lewis	active indecision	When Bad Things Happen to Good People	Hamlet	try back later	Woody Allen	Decisiveness
Paganism	Rome	-14	all	Caligula	crucifixion, orgies	Mythology	Clash of the Titans	a rockin' good time	Beavis, Butt-head	Christians, Jews, civilization
Branch Davidianism	Waco	0	1	David Koresh	shooting Federal officials, self-immolation	Anarchist Cookbook	Lolita	ashes/prison	David Koresh	Janet Reno, tanks