

the heuristic SQUELCH

Apr 2001

10 Issue 6

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DINOSAUR
BEACH PARTY!



**Did Spring Break get you down?
Then come to a Squelch meeting. At
least the donuts will cheer you up.**



**Tuesday
•
7pm
•
122 Wheeler**

**Holy Cow! it's
www.squelched.com**



the heuristic SQUELCH

Doing time since 1991

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Squelch Cover: Dinosaur photos by **Zack Fornaca**, Zack Fornaca mauled by **Dinosaurs**, Time Travel by **H.G. Wells**, special effects by **Industrial Light & Magic**, janky and redundant sequel by **Steven Spielberg**, stagnant career by **Jeff Goldblum**, debauchery of dinosaur beach party by **moral decay of prehistoric society**. **And the media.**

My roommate Dave got tired of me eating his milk, so he crossed out the date where it said "Best if used by" and wrote in "DAVE." I thought that was a good idea, so I wrote "Best if taken out by DAVE" on the garbage. Then one morning I awoke to find that someone had written "Best if murdered by DAVE" in permanent marker on my forehead. I'm pretty sure it was Dave who did that. Popular Mechanics is the name of a magazine, but I bet it can also be used to identify auto workers who get lots of dates. One thing that results from spring break is an unconditional love and appreciation for everything in the whole world. Sunshine, clouds, trees, the chirping of birds and the laughter of hyenas. Boy, do I hate those things. T-rex games! raawwwr!

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored humor publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect ultraviolet light. Our offices are located in 516A Eshleman Hall.

Questions, comments, suggestions? Please e-mail feedback@squelched.com.

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WRITING FOR THE SQUELCH IS STUPID



People harbor a number of illusions in their sad little lives. “My parents probably know best.” “It’s fine that oil companies regulate their own output of environmental toxins. The EPA wouldn’t let them if it were bad for us.” “Overpopulation will work itself out.” “The University isn’t trying to fuck me.” “Michael Eisner isn’t the Antichrist. Disney is a *good* corporation.” The list goes on and on.

But while some people are aware how silly these illusions are, these same people fall prey to an even more insidious misconception: writing for the *Heuristic Squelch* is cool. “Gosh,” people will ask me when I’m out on Sproul distributing issues, or when they learn that I’m affiliated with this ridiculous magazine. “How do you get to write for the *Squelch*? I wish I could write for the *Squelch*! My parents would be so proud, and my priest would forget about that little incident with the boys choir, and all the chicks would throw themselves at me, and I’d get accepted into law school, and world peace would reign, and the members of Greenpeace would all find jobs and leave the poor French alone. O, wise *Squelch* distributor, if only I could write for the *Squelch*!” And so on.

What I usually tell these people is: “Um, all you have to do is send something vaguely entertaining to submit@squelched.com. If we like it, we’ll print it.”

“Great googlymoogly!” these people cry. “You have removed the veil from my eyes! Where once I was blind, now—now I can see! Thank you, O wise sir! I will submit post-haste, then I may be admitted to the kingdom of *Squelch*!”

What these people fail to realize, as they skip happily away, grinning madly at passers-by with a look which says, “Guess what? Ask me, c’mon. Guess! I have information which I am dying to impart unto you. Talk to meeeeeee!” is that writing for the *Squelch* actually makes very little happen for you.

First of all, if you do get published and you tell people, “Hey, I wrote something in this issue,” they will immediately ask you, “Oh? What did you write?” And then you wonder why we even bother putting something as pedestrian as a by-line with each article.

Another problem is that nobody reads anything in the *Squelch* which exceeds fifty words in length, unless the first fifty words contain multiple references to sodomy, bestiality, the human penis, boobies, sex toys, skullfucking, the Hegelian Dialectic, or scrotums. If so, there’s about a 35% chance they’ll continue. The rest of the time, they just exclaim, “There aren’t enough

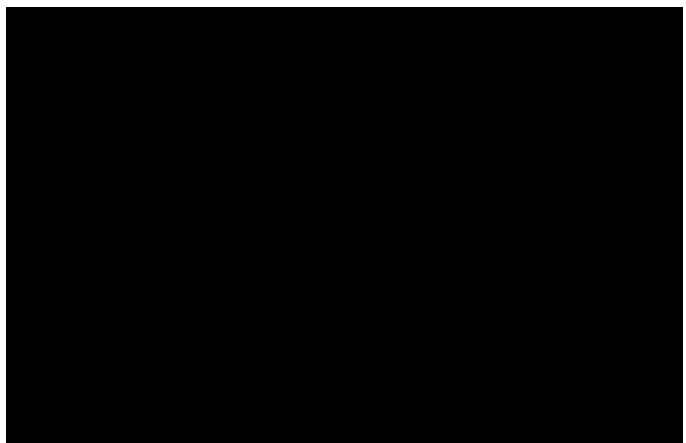
pornographic Top Tens in this issue!” and pick up a *Daily Cal*, which at least has nationally syndicated cartoons.

Finally, when you’ve sifted through the general population and arrived at the 0.0001% of our readership who actually read everything, you can be damned sure that not a single one of them understands what you’re talking about. For instance, I have written three or four articles over the course of my three years at *Cal* which could be boiled down to this:

“IT’S KINDA FUNNY THAT I’M A HOMO.”

I’ve tried allegory, I’ve tried subtle reference to queer subculture, and yes, I’m not proud, but I’ve tried out-and-out references to gay anal sex in which I’ve listed myself as a participant. And still, people ask me, “What does your girlfriend think of all this shit you write?” Note that this isn’t hot chicks asking me for dates, as some people would believe should happen with my name attached to the *Squelch* in various ways. Instead, this is people who think allegory is a town in New Hampshire, and that subculture is a system of behaviors even more degenerate than pop music.

But perhaps I’m wrong about all this. Maybe everyone out there attempts to read the *Squelch* at an analytic level, and has grown so tired of my ham-handed attempts at dealing with my sexuality in print, that they’ve blocked out my name so they don’t become physically ill when they meet me in person. If this is the case, then you’d best start submitting material double-quick, because until you do, I get to write this kind of crap, at least until I find a MAN WHO I CAN FUCK IN THE ASS A LOT OF TIMES BECAUSE HE’S A MAN. Also, Michael Eisner is a good, God-fearing, red-blooded, heterosexual American. -Tyler Roscoe



newsflashes

ASUC Fights Fire with Paper *by Kenny Byerly, Misfortune Cookie*

ASUC senators this week passed a bill requesting that UC Berkeley students “please stop getting caught in fires,” along with formally condemning those who do. Actually dying in fires is particularly frowned upon in the hard-hitting bill, which offers more lenient disapproval for those who successfully escape fires by jumping out second-floor windows.

“Home fires in Berkeley are becoming all too common this year,” said ASUC President Alex Ding, who felt the student government should do its part to prevent further blazes. “The ASUC stands united as an organization firmly opposed to tragedy,” Ding added, lauding the bill as a welcome return to relevant Senate business which directly benefits students.

Daily Cal Sketch Artist Hired *by Police Department* *by Matt Holohan, Ladykiller*

Spurred by the popularity of the Daily Californian’s hand-sketched columnist portraits, the UC Police Department has hired Hirem Wollingsworth, the artist responsible for the drawings, to sketch suspects based on descriptions.

Although Wollingsworth eagerly accepted the position and has already made several sketches, there are those within the department who question the new artist’s effectiveness. Officer Mark Klempa recalled Hirem’s first day on the job. “He was sketching a robbery suspect based on the description of a store owner,” Klempa told reporters. “After he was done he showed the sketch to the owner, and the owner kind of frowned and said, ‘Yeah, I guess that kinda looks like him. Sort of.’ He seemed satisfied with the drawing but I think he was just too shy to ask Hiram to do it over. Those Koreans are usually pretty complacent.”

Added Klempa, “You’re not going to print that ‘Koreans’ remark, are you?”

Even suspects have criticized the artist’s work. Rape suspect Davis Fortner, who was apprehended on an unrelated charge, had this to say upon seeing

Wollingsworth’s hand-drawn wanted poster. “Dude, that looks nothing like me. My jawline is much more defined than that, and look how antisymmetrical the face is. He drew one cheek like twice as big as the other one. Did this guy learn to draw watching ‘The Draw Man’ on PBS or something? Jesus Christ.”

But Hirem plans to retain his position as long as possible, painstakingly crafting each individual sketch with his fist clenched tightly around his pencil as his tongue sticks out of the corner of his mouth. “I like to draw,” he told reporters. “Mom says I draw good.”

More Sleep 47 **8 O’clock Class 6** *by Seth Frey, Noble Savage*

More Sleep started off its season strong with a brutal victory against Eight O’clock Class. This is its second victory in the Freshman Year Series and a promising sign for its future career in the pros. Eight O’clock Class started off confidently with pretty regular attendance in the first two weeks, but any chance at victory quickly vanished after the first midterm. Over the final six weeks, More Sleep was able to shut Eight O’clock Class out entirely.

One of the more exciting moments came when Eight O’clock Class, after a rousing speech by Coach Work Ethic, regained control. It had broken through More Sleep’s iron defense and reached class safely, when it started dribbling on the desk. At that point it was all over for Eight O’clock Class. More Sleep is optimistic that it will have continued success throughout Senior year.

Night Taken Back *by Matt Holohan, Mostly Bread*

After nearly three decades, the anti-rape and domestic violence organization known as Take Back the Night has succeeded in reclaiming the hours between sundown and sunrise.

The transfer occurred after an official delegation from the Internation Brotherhood of Rapists and Wifebeaters, which had controlled the Night ever since the infamous Temporal Custody Treaty of

1917, made a surprise appearance at the annual rally of TBTN’s UC Berkeley chapter. The representatives had all the necessary forms to relinquish control of the timespan, and required only that the forms be signed by the TBTN signatories and properly notarized.

“This is a great step, not only for women, but for everyone who cherishes safety and freedom,” said Take Back the Night member Claudia Holz. “Finally, all this marching and chanting has paid off. The Night is ours once again.”

“Frankly, we’re glad to be rid of it [the Night],” IBRW delegate Chad Sanders told reporters. “It’s dark, gloomy, there’s all kinds of creepy bats and shit flying around. And don’t get me started on the upkeep. We figured, if the women wanted it so bad, hell, they can have it. Who knows, maybe they’ll make it better with some flowers or something.”

In related news, an unidentified female Clark Kerr resident was raped in broad daylight in Underhill Parking Lot earlier this week. Upon hearing of this incident, Retain the Night President Joanna Palmquist said, “Fuck.”

Video Games Blamed for **Violent Behavior** *by CZ + BobJack, Distributive Property*

A recent study by the McGill company has found yet more damning evidence linking video game violence with the real-life behavior of the people who play them. At the heart of this study, however, was not the often-analyzed alien bloodbaths like Doom, but instead the gratuitous block-on-block violence of the Russian puzzle classic Tetris.

Tetris players often find themselves desensitized to the social and emotional impact of falling blocks. Soon they grow distant, choosing to hole up in their garages, dress in plaid, and idolize block-impact bands like Wham!. Some incorrigibles even go on to careers in construction.

“Oh, yeah, I can’t even tell you how much Tetris I played when I was younger,” said construction worker Gunther Lydon. “I mean, just last week—oh my God! B button, B button, left, left, left! No, right! Damn!”

At this point Lydon dropped a large I-beam on the cab of a nearby bulldozer,

newsflashes

trapping a coworker inside.

“God damn it, that could’ve been a tetris. What? Oh, him? Don’t worry. I’ll get him out lickety-split with this super-powerful jaw I’ve developed through years of Pac-Man play.”

Other recent findings of the McGill company include links between Centipede and insect-extirmination skill, Super Mario Brothers and a penchant for jumping on turtles, and Jeopardy! (the game) and improved performance on Jeopardy! (the show).

Parents Deal with First Year of College *by Boback Ziaefian, Arch Deluxe*

Cal freshman Jamie Swintek recently returned home to discover her childhood bedroom was metamorphosed into the family entertainment room.

Swintek’s mom, Mrs. Swintek, was reported as saying, “When Jamie left

for college, it was really hard on the whole family. We were so used to having her around all the time that we really didn’t know how to fill the void in this house...until we got this forty-two inch TV! Look at that! It’s totally crazy HDTV. Watch this—you can zoom in on Kevin Costner’s gills.”

Her daughter retorted, “Mom, Dad, I commute to school. I don’t understand. I still live here. You could have mentioned something about this to me, like yesterday or the day before at dinner.”

“Honey, you’re all grown up now. We wouldn’t want to bother you with something as insignificant as a Digital Home Theatre and Dolby Surround Sound,” replied Mrs. Swintek while raising the volume on Jessica Simpson’s new music video.

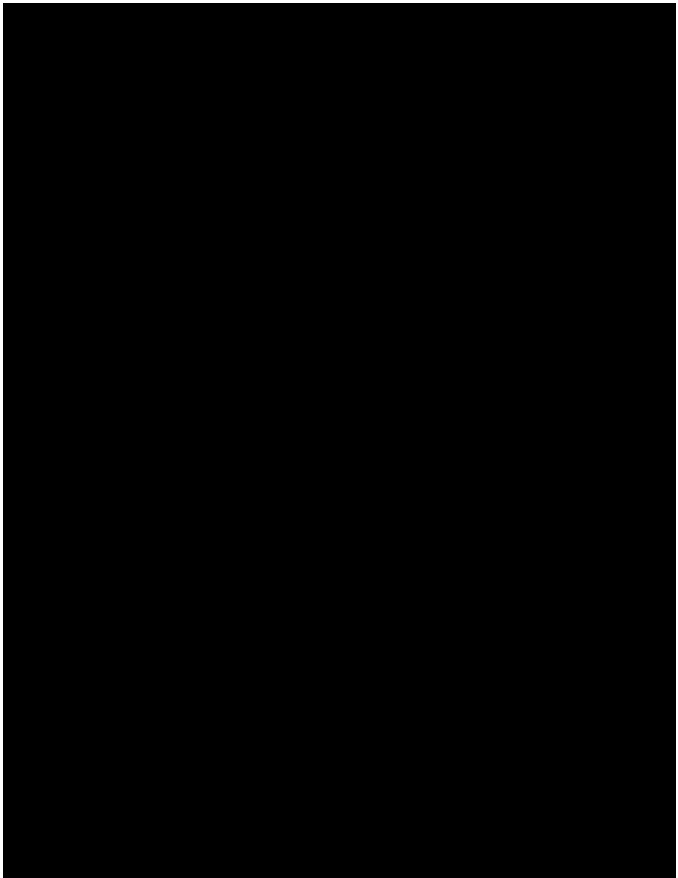
Swintek’s parents donated most of her precious memories to the Salvation Army. Her remaining clothes were packed in a bag and tossed in the garage.

“But, where am I going to sleep?” were the last words heard before sobbing ensued.

Girl Walks in Front of Newsflash Writer *by Anonymous, Actually Boback*

A girl wearing a short black skirt with a tight pink tube top walked in front of a newsflash writer for a good thirty seconds on the way home. It was obvious from the contours of woman’s glutes that her undergarment consisted of a slender fabric hugging the inner crack of her ass and arching smoothly away towards her waistband.

The newsflash writer, who will remain unknown, stared intently with every bounce and jiggle. If only the newsflash writer could have removed the undergarment with his bare teeth and shown her what we do to bad girls, he would not have written a newsflash. Ah...some other newsflash. Later that night he was able to recall the event and slept comfortably.



Squelch management has agreed to open this space for students to respond to a paid advertisement published in our March edition. As with all non-editorial content, the Squelch Senior Editorial Board does not condone or condemn the sucky views expressed here.

Cal Students Represent

Notes From the Underground

The House On War Street

"How long? How long must we sing this song?"

The long history of the Irish people is one of struggle, oppression, and more struggle. Struggles over land, struggles over religion, struggles over tanning. This struggle is not helped by the *Squelch's* blatant mockery of our heart-breaking potato dependency with their ill-informed and insensitive Spud Brothers advertisement in the last issue.

The potato famine rocked Ireland from 1845-49. That didn't just mean Ireland was out of vegetarian chili, or that there was a ten-minute wait for a pesto mozzarella spud. No, this meant people were starving.

Not that Spud Brothers is unique in creating an unwelcome environment at Berkeley. The Irish-American theme house is not now, and has not ever been truly representative of

people of very little color. Too often, the Irish are a minority in their very own themed living environment. Protestants use the "theme" as an excuse to move in, bringing their repressive, anti-papist jankiness with them. Just try to have any sort of cultural experience in a place where the other residents are regularly forbidding the sale of indulgences, or nailing lists of chores to the doors.

To make matters worse, the house is located on Warring Street. Anyone who is familiar with history knows that this placement is a commentary on the long armed resistance against British imperialism waged by Irish freedom fighters for centuries.

But sometimes, as Bono says, "We're beaten and blown by the wind, trampled in dust. I'll show you a place high on a desert plain, where the streets have no name."

PADDY O'FURNITURE
UC Berkeley junior

As a potato, I am deeply offended by the *Heuristic Squelch* and its implicit endorsement of the brutality of Spud Brothers. Every day at Berkeley, I look around and see signs of the campus community's blatant disrespect for potatokind. Imagine if you will, how a potato must feel, eyeing the swarm of human faces on campus. Even in my Potato-American Studies class, I feel like a tater tot in a vast sea of sour cream. Still, the university bureaucracy does nothing to acknowledge the under-represented tubers on this campus, turning a blind eye to discrimination, from Nuggets and Fries at the GBC to offensive ads in ASUC-sponsored publications.

It is time for a change. Rather than suffer further mashing by the UC system, our vegetable recruitment and retention centers plan to discourage enrollment by all potatoes, yams, and other tubers. This may prove controversial, but until the Regents can show support for the marginalized potatoes of this campus, we have no choice. We may live underground, but we are sprouting, and we will strive. Re-peel the Ban!

POTATO
UC Berkeley senior



EDITORIAL

The Squelch Responds

The *Heuristic Squelch* deeply regrets the ad run by Spud Brothers in our last (March 2001) issue. Normally the *Squelch* would not run material of such a controversial and incendiary nature. Unfortunately, a rare editorial oversight allowed this ad to run. Selling ads is the responsibility of the *Squelch's* managing editor or business/advertising representative. However, actively screening content is a job done by small caged animals while editors write MASH notes and giggle like schoolgirls. As the potato controversy has proven, this ad screening process is slightly inadequate.

Some may argue that Spud Brothers has the right to run the ad under the protection of free speech. However we must reiterate that advertisements are paid for and therefore not free. Also, speech is no longer protected once a sufficient number of people disagree with it. The *Squelch* has already received more angry reader complaints regarding this ad than any other subject this year. The marginal coherence of many of these complaints, combined with mobs of angry villagers equipped with torches, pitchforks, and battering rams, made us glad we made our offices in a dark hilltop castle, and gladder still for all our live furniture made from cursed former servants.

Once strapped to burning posts atop a mountain of flaming Spud-tainted issues of the *Heuristic Squelch*, we quickly understood the need for not only quiet regrets, but open, tearful, frantically shouted, pleading apologies.

Again, the *Squelch* formally apologizes to the campus and the community. The fact that this ad ran in March, just before St. Patrick's Day, is an especially sad reflection on the failure of the campus to provide a place where everyone, regardless of luck, can feel welcome. In addition, we would like to restate our commitment to sensitivity, and hereby assure our readers that such an ad will never, never, ever, not in a million years, ever, run again.

SPUD BROTHERS

2456 Bancroft Way
near Telegraph Ave
(510) 647-5228

hmm...

It all starts with the potato.

Chronicles of a Persian Childhood

by Boback Ziaician

A Persian upbringing instills in a child a sense of family, a commitment to education, and strong moral values. Unfortunately, this upbringing is also full of brutality, humiliation, and constant mockery. To survive childhood, a Persian child must endure sufficient abuse to form both a physical and emotional callous. In fact, most Persians reach adulthood unable to express their emotions through anything but satirical writing.

Stage 1: Early Trauma

My earliest memory was from when I was three. I suspect that most people have a sweet first memory - breaking a piñata, or riding a pony on their birthday. My first memory, however, begins with a cordial gathering of Persian friends in a New York park. I, clad in my bright blue bathing suit with a snazzy red racing stripe, was frolicking along the shore of the river. Without warning, a "family friend" decided to teach me the fundamentals of swimming.

"He'll learn to swim like this," he exclaimed, and I was catapulted into the raging river. As I bobbed up and down, futilely waving my helpless three-year-old arms, I could just barely glimpse the satisfaction on his face as he stood on the shore, chuckling with my parents about what a strong swimmer I was becoming.

Stage 2: Pain and Humiliation

The extent to which a child's body can be stretched and manipulated was thoroughly tested by my Persian upbringing. Any random stranger who met the requirements of being both Persian and older than me had free reign to pinch, stretch, or poke most regions of my prepubescent body.

One strange physical challenge came when one of the "family friends" would take my delicate wrist and bite down until pain numbed my entire body. I was left with multiple quarter-inch teeth marks in a circular arrangement just above my hand. Invariably, the explanation for such brutality was, "You see, now you have a watch." And then laughter.

But I had never truly worn a watch; I only had a throbbing bruise that gave me no clue as to the time of day. I do not remember when or how I received my first "watch," but the conglomeration of all those memories is enough to give me an aversion towards actually wearing a timepiece on my wrist.

Still worse than this was a custom known as "Bol-bollesh talahst," which loosely translates to "His balls are gold." No matter how many times this happened to me, I never really got used to it. A relative would utter the phrase, "His balls are gold," and then lunge violently at my groin area. I guess this boosted my scrotal self-esteem, but I have an unfortunate reflex reaction in certain intimate settings as a result.

Stage 3: Continuous Mockery Throughout Life

Along with the physical abuse and personal discomfort that comes with a Persian childhood is an equally important dimension of embarrassment and humiliation. If my friends were visiting, ones who respected and admired me, my parents would choose that time to discuss my history of bed-wetting. If I said the house was cold and perhaps we should turn on the heat, my dad would respond by telling me "biah tueh kooneh man beekhab," or "come sleep in my ass." And then laugh.

Recently, when I was home for a visit, our dinner conversation centered around my lack of success with women. My parents spent nearly an hour laughing about how my twelve year old brother would probably get married before me. As the mockery continued, I was tempted to bite down on my own wrist, in hopes that it might distract me from the emotional pain.

Conclusion:

Just as a concerned shopper wants the most durable and affordable Teflon pan, the Persian community is equally concerned with the durability of its children. Those children that are slow to adapt to raging rapids, bruising, bleeding, and

mental anguish will probably not live past the age of seven.

In a way, I'm looking forward to having children of my own. I plan on keeping many of the older traditions intact, but I've contemplated some new ones, such as the ability of a five year-old to adapt to speeds of over 60 mph while strapped to the hood of an automobile. It is important for the next generation to adjust to the fast pace of today's society at an early age, one painful, traumatic, emotional scar at a time.



Site of past scarring and future trauma.



The author nurses his wounds, trying to recover from a painful watch injury.

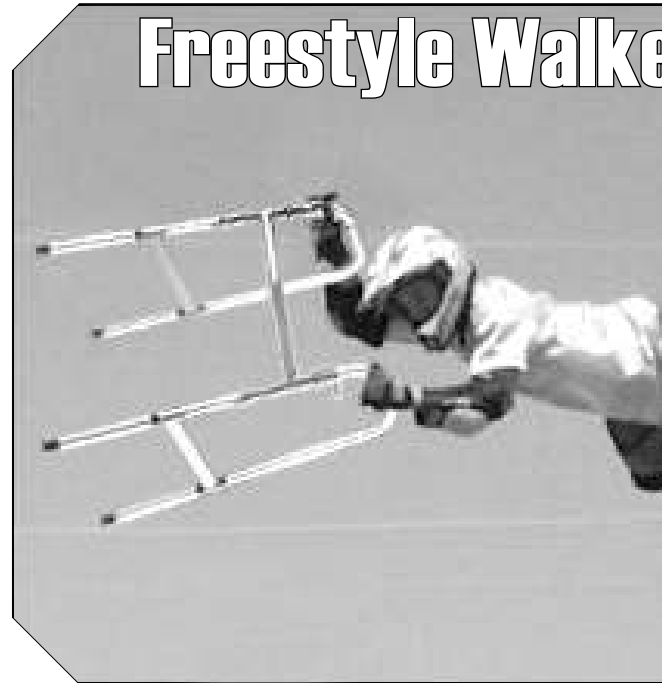


ESPN's X-Games have left the differently-abled out in the cold not just in terms of icy wheelchair ramps, snowbound handrails, and faulty heaters. Or even in terms of the time they were all left out by accident at the Winter X-Games. The **Special X-Games** are giving those with pre-existing physical or mental conditions a chance they can launch, invert, and awkwardly twist with the best. While some participants are afflicted with some form of mental disability, others are significantly less retarded than the regular X Games. At the end of the day, everyone's a winner, and more importantly, everyone's **EXTREMELY**



Gurney Street Luge

Prepare for an injection of 40cc's of heart-thumping X-citement when the Gurney Street Luge rockets into town. Functioning limbs aren't required in this all-inclusive event, which was designed for everyone from paraplegics to terminal-coma victims to regular X-Games street luge participants! And if you're not severely disabled yet, don't worry—you will be soon! Last year's silver Medalist **Scott Herren** ineffectually tries to turn his cart to avoid a rapidly converging Toyota Previa.



Freestyle Walker

Who says a walker slows you down? **Kit Clay** took his DevilRamp2 and purchases a phat piece of sky in the event. Killer extension! Granny and the other posers say otherwise. These Special-X-Gamers can and will launch off any



Inline Skating

For those hipness-impaired extreme athletes who couldn't even handle skateboarding. At the Special X-Games, no one is treated with disdain, not even Rollerbladers. OK, maybe a little disdain.



Wheelchair Rail Slide

...cold for far too long, and
 ...handicapped seating, and
 ...all literally locked outside
 ...**Games** changes all that by
 ...tions a chance to prove
 ...est. Though over 40% of
 ...ity, the Special X Games
 ...At the Special X Games,
 ...**ME!!!**



ayton launches off the
 ...n the Freestyle Walking
 ...ers better watch out, 'cuz
 ...anything within reach.

Nobokazu Takemura
 ...dials in his patented
 ...fakey-540-bigright-
 ...wheelgrind on a dual
 ...incline rail, com-
 ...pletely devastating
 ...the competition at
 ...SXG 2000. Notice-
 ...ably absent from the
 ...event last year was
 ...revered veteran **Tony**
 ...**Hawking**, who was
 ...disqualified for the
 ...use of performance-
 ...enhancing motorized
 ...wheelchairs.

Coming Soon to ESPN4...

LeX-Games

Like the regular X Games, only with the backing of supervillain Lex Luthor. Let's see Superman win the halfpipe competition with a skateboard made out of Kryptonite! Hmm...it's odd that Clark Kent has never competed against Superman in any of these events...



Lex Luthor: Tsk, tsk. Sloppy kickflip, Superman.
Superman: Fucking Kryptonite.

MalcomX-Games

This competition is about athletic empowerment and civil rights. Skateboarding is not a crime, yet Jim Crow skate park laws throughout the American South still force blacks to skate at the back of the halfpipe. *Note: Not affiliated with the Nation of Islam's Million Man X Games.*



MalcolmXtreme: "We didn't land an ollie impossible. The ollie impossible landed on us!"

XXX Games

Forget Street Luge—how 'bout Street Lube? The producers of ESPN have taken rock climbing to new highs and lows as scantily clad women huff, puff and show a little muff for the gold. Our bare-ly eighteen athletes will show you the true depths of their abilities...and their vaginas. Whether you're watching the 100-Meter Naked Bum Rush or members of the Phoenix Cunt Whores diving into each other's asses, you'll see that in the XXX Games, the winner always comes last.

Reigning climbing champ Christy LeBlake shows off her patented "Grip 'n' Strip" technique.



Top Ten Impossible Carnival Games

10. Bobbing for air
9. Don't look at the tits
8. Actually whacking-a-mole
7. Shoot teeth out of the mouth of a clown that drinks five glasses of milk a day
6. Run over four pedestrians at once
5. Digest the corn dog
4. Toss water into a dish floating on a pool of quarters
3. Throw a dart and inflate the balloon
2. One of those games with a squirt gun and either galloping horses, or inflating balloons where the object is to beat everyone else that's playing by aiming at a small bullseye, but it really doesn't matter how good you are, since the construction of the gun, amount of water flow, and elasticity of the balloon are all out of your hands
1. Knock over three skyscrapers with a softball

Top Ten Ways to Discourage People from Walking in Late to Lecture

10. Lock all doors to the classroom and install a nifty pole for people to slide down
9. Teach in a different time zone
8. Hire overgrown football players from Luce Entertainment that can't block worth shit on the field but can at social gatherings
7. Break their fucking legs—*now* who's walking?
6. Start classes ten minutes after the hour, so everyone has plenty of time to get there
5. Devote first ten minutes of every lecture to an engaging entreaty from Hoku Jeffrey to join the growing youth-led civil rights movement
4. Keep the lecture constantly moving, so you have to run to catch-up
3. Barbed wire and concrete redoubts
2. Inflict a storm of sour vitriol on each individual person who comes in late rather than wait until about forty minutes into the lecture, when everyone who's going to come in late has already come in late, and then inflicting your vitriol all at once, because you're Timothy "T.J." Clark, one of the leading art historians in the world, and you can't be bothered to clutter your brilliant mind with anything as pedestrian as sensible class administration strategies, and you're the one who discovered that the spatial geometry of Suerat's "Bathers at Asnières" was modeled after "The Finding of Moses," and you have a wife even though you're clearly gay.
1. Tiger pit just inside door

Top Three Worst-Selling Computer Games in India

3. Burger Time
2. Age of Empires
1. Quake

A Public Service Announcement About Dick *by Claire Morgasen*

Recently I've noticed a tendency for the male species to woo the opposite sex with witty personal anecdotes, clean-pressed clothing, and fine bodily fragrances. In all honesty, as a woman, I must clarify the misinterpreted demands of the female sex.

Most men probably expect women to enjoy their company, when in reality our sole consideration is "What can I reasonably foresee in this man's crotch?" Dating would be so much easier if women could screen men via wallet sized photos of their genitalia, or trading cards with accurate dimensions, stats, and descriptions of the Johnson in question. I'd certainly be willing to trade up to get my hands on a hot new rookie in mint condition. Such policies may seem unreasonable, but the realization months later that a dick is just too small, bent, or—for some—uncircumcised is quite off-putting.

Men will complain that a female's fellating ability isn't up to par, or that we tend to fake orgasms. But can you really blame us for these unsatisfying and subtly humiliating sexual habits, considering that we've just invested long hours teasing you with playful hair-flips and humoring your clumsy one-liners with overenthusiastic laughter, only to be faced with the reality of a woefully sub-par penis? And to make matters worse, we then have to try to suck your dick without tossing our cookies, acting like you are the best fuck we've ever had.

The best advice for you men would be to stop spending all that money to impress us, and to instead spend it on something useful like making your dick less repulsive, and more pleasing to the eye and stomach. If lack of size is your personal insufficiency, the obvious

investment in penile enlargement is not unreasonable. For general unsightliness, there are also creative alternatives, such as the "cock sock." They come in all different styles: tuxedos, long johns, hand knit cock sweaters—hey, the selection is unlimited. Don't be tempted to simply purchase a larger sized sock and stuff the region that wilts—we'll just be that much more disappointed when it's time to pull out the stocking stuffer on Christmas morning.

This brings me to your balls. If you aren't wowing us with your penis, you sure as hell aren't with your pubic hair. Millions of acres of the Amazon rainforest are chopped and burned daily, yet the simple task of grooming an unsightly 15 square inches of nappy nuts is much too grueling for the average male. Perhaps grooming can be transformed into an artistic endeavor. Pubes in the shape of a lightning bolt or dragon would impress us, and the trimming could be as enjoyable as pruning a bonsai tree.

For those unsightly skin discolorations or pearly penile papules (PPP), feel free to apply make-up evenly and liberally. A little shadowing here and there will help disguise large protruding veins from excessive masturbation. Just go buck-wild with the make-up; add a smiley face or stripes running lengthwise (It'll look longer—really!). Just be sure to choose make-up that's non-toxic and relatively good-tasting. And remember to blend!

In the long run, heeding my advice will make you a better man. Until then, women will have to devise more creative approaches to getting men in crotch-clinging speedos, thus bringing us one step closer to what we really want: honesty, integrity and a strong, healthy, attractive dick.



What am I going to do with myself?

by Fred Lee



Frank was a 22 year old recent Cal graduate, and he didn't know what he was going to do with himself. The summer after graduation had struck him like a thunderbolt, and when he regained rational thought he noticed it was already June 10, 2001. No job, no money, no plans, doubtful future. He almost regretted not backpacking around Europe with some friends of his till he remembered his intense hatred of backpacks. As always, when faced with a great crisis in his life, he went out to the wood to be with nature, "to figure things out." Typical of the prevailing ideas about drugs and nature, he ate some pot brownies to speed up the figuring out process. An ocarina hung ironically from a Buddhist prayer necklace. He had a sassy t-shirt on that said, "Buzzword."

Sitting out on bump on a log in the woods, playing a shrill "I'm Just Watching the Wheels Go Round and Round," he noticed a stray and mangy dog approaching. A wild dog, he was convinced of it. He wondered, If there aren't any wild dogs now, wouldn't that mean humans had to have caught them all? What a strange and pointless thing to do, to catch all the dogs just so we could have them all. At this point an attractive young lady passed by jogging, and Frank was momentarily distracted enough to look up. Why did I bother looking up at all? It's not as if she'd stop and talk to me, she's jogging. In fact, she'd probably be offended for objectifying her as a sex object. Disenchanted with the world, he started the hike back to his bed, realizing the pointlessness of being

out in the visible world. He preferred quiet and private doses of regimented cynicism.

Waking up with a big pot hangover, Frank noticed it was 5:00 pm. Another day gone by without finding a job. The initial plan to help the government with a census ("civil servant") proved more frustrating than anything; he kept missing the daily examination test, or forgetting his passport, or coming out of his driveway to see a huge tree cutting truck blocking the entire one-car lane of the street he lived on. Or he'd wake up twenty minutes before the test, tired and slightly stoned, futilely get in the car, hurry to Oakland with no chance of getting there on time, and then, somewhere on Telegraph stuck in lunch-hour traffic, feel the need to express his rage by screaming, FUCKING-A while pounding on the wheel. But of course, he never really hit the part of the wheel that made any noise. Here was a deliberate, polite young man. Of all the ridiculous and contradictory emotions, Frank specialized in impotent rage.

Tired of lying around the house, Frank went for a drive. The reality of 5:30 pm traffic on College Avenue kicked in. All these cars piled like a caterpillar trail in a self-inflicted dead end spiral, face to ass, face to ass, without a damn thing

anyone could do. Why can't we have more size efficient cars? Better laid out streets? Money, money, it always came down to money - transparent as a "Chevron cares about the environment" commercial on these two-lane traffic jam streets, the perfect embodiment of mankind's vainglorious struggle. His dreams, vague ambitions and desires - how could he pick just one? Was there even a point, in this big money clenched fist ass-fuck of a world? How could he justify the money game when he gave up? When that ever-seeking source of resignation welled up and consumed his pride? The thoughts passed quietly, he felt a mild rage but mostly tiredness. Useless tears (i.e. tears) came to his eyes. A hot girl walked by in a tank top and short shorts, sunglasses and with a blue Slurpee, and without thinking Frank called out "Fiiiiine." She turned her head, and embarrassed he looked away, The window was open. So he sat there, a blushing twelve-year-old with a humiliating erection. This is life.

A Guide to Social Prestige in an Elementary or Middle School setting:

The Dynamics of Cool

by Kenny Byerly

Elementary School

Though elementary school offers possibly the most free time for self-expression, it also sadly encompasses a population with very little self to express. However, there is still room to distinguish oneself socially, particularly by exploiting the unstated hierarchies of the school lunchroom/outdoor semi-covered area of filthy picnic tables.

Brown Bags: No matter how cool the licensed illustration of cartoon characters, or the tremendous nostalgic kitsch value it may attain by the time you are in college, there is no excuse for retaining a plastic or tin Thermos™-brand lunch box after first grade. Immediately demand disposable, resource-wasting brown paper bags.

Soda: Though there is nothing essentially wrong with Hi-C, and a Capri Sun straw stuck in the bottom of the awkwardly-shaped packaging instead of the dot in the “I” can speak volumes about your rebellious streak, nothing quite matches the status gained by being the kid with the actual can of soda. Dude, your parents give you soda to bring to school!

Buying Lunch: While the soda rule is not to be disregarded, the practice of buying lunch daily far surpasses any gains from the use of Brown Bags, whose sole purpose is merely to avoid ridicule. A student whose parents trust him with several dollars a day is clearly luckier, cooler, and more independent than the student whose parents lovingly hand-craft a nutritious sandwich each day.

Recess: The sooner you finish eating and skip out to play, the better. If you are male, remember this: Kickball,

handball, tetherball, and all activities ending in “-ball” equal Good. Sitting and reading by yourself near the kindergarten playground equals Sad.



Middle School

Middle School advice current as of 6-10-94; may not be applicable today.

Backpacks: Crucial to any middle- or even high-school attempt to project coolness is the proper usage of the backpack. Straps must be at maximum looseness, allowing the backpack to hang just over the buttocks. Using only one strap is preferred. Coolness is inversely proportional to the tightness of the straps and number of straps used. Use of the optional third “buckle” strap around the waist is especially frowned

upon, and is often grounds for ridicule from even the least-discerning of social cliques. The more tightly a backpack is worn, the heavier it is assumed to be, and thus, the more “work” the student is assumed to be doing.

The Devolution of Flannel: Popularized by the grunge movement, flannels enjoyed a brief period as a hip countercultural garment worn by the cynical, lazy, and disaffected. However, the fashion was so widely accessible, and easily mimicked that nerds quickly picked up on it, and the coolness of flannel ended almost before it had started. To this day, people engaging in such activities such as computer programming and comic-book-reading continue to wear flannel, due to their failure to recognize its co-opting by a culture of losers such as themselves, as well as their refusal to buy new clothes. (Not applicable in Seattle.)

Starter™ Parkas: Popular all over, but especially prestigious in California, where the excessive warmth of a comically balloonish, over-padded parka renders it totally impractical for everyday use. Wear it all the time anyway, even with shorts! And get one with the San Jose Sharks logo. Boy, that shark looks mean!

Popping Nike Airst: “No, really, they’re more comfortable this way.” Just stick a knife or pencil into the exposed air windows on the side of your shoes and listen for the cool popping noise. Then wait two days for the soles to collapse into the now-hollow air bladders, leaving you with no cushioning at all. Purchase new shoes with parents’ money. Repeat. The comfort factor is a load of crap, but the true value lies in destroying your own expensive property while everyone else watches. Aces!

MEXIPHYSICS: MEXICAN FOOD AS METAPHYSICAL METAPHOR

by Kenny Byerly

Example 1: One-Dimensional space

One dimensional space extends in only two directions. Concepts commonplace in two or even three dimensional space are rendered impossible by the one-dimensional universe, which does not possess the properties necessary for their existence.

Consider the tortilla chip as a basic metaphor for one-dimensional space. While it may be used as a medium for salsa, melted cheese, or a variety of dips, it is essentially limited in its function relative to other foods. Thus it functions as an analogue for the one-dimensional universe. (A brief note: 3-D Doritos® will be ignored for the purposes of this discussion.)

Example 2: Two-Dimensional Space

Though it is flat, two-dimensional space accommodates both width and height, allowing for the use of geometrical features such as triangles, squares, trapezoids, the ever-elusive rhombus, and other assorted polygons.

The Quesadilla functions as the Mexiphysical analogue to two-dimensional space (2DS), and like 2DS, offers a world of possibilities that would be inconceivable in a Tortilla Chip universe. All manner of toppings remain possible, but with an added dimension—that of the filling. From the melted interior to the endless options to include beef or chicken filling, the Quesadilla is worlds ahead of the humble Tortilla Chip.

Be warned: A Quesadilla that is literally and not only metaphorically two-dimensional, being infinitely thin, can slice through a man's lower jaw with almost no pressure, and absolutely no warning. Infinite thinness can be deadly.

Example 3: Three-Dimensional Space

You all know what three-dimensional space is, so I'll cut the crap.

As one might suppose, Burritos are the Mexican food best representing the third dimension. Consider a Fabuloso Burrito and a Fabuloso Quesadilla being at equivalent levels of advancement within their respective universes. While both achieve the pinnacle of achievement possible within their dimensions, the Fabuloso Burrito includes salsa, guacamole, sour cream, and mole sauce, while the Fabuloso Quesadilla can only

achieve the combination of salsa, guacamole, and sour cream—matching the Burrito universe's far more primitive "Super Burrito" stage of development.

Example 4: The Fourth Dimension

While some may argue that the fourth dimension is time, a fourth spatial dimension specifically is something else altogether. It can be quite hard for three-dimensional creatures, to conceive of such things, but see if this helps.

Consider the strictly theoretical "Hyperburrito." It is to the Burrito as the Burrito is to the Quesadilla. Scientists refer to it as the "Enchacho," although its true name must be written with three-dimensional letters and is unpronounceable by a mouth with less than four dimensions. In basic terms, the Enchacho would consist of elemental units similar to that of a burrito; while it expands on to itself, it also collapses onto the core nucleus. The inter-tortilla supports the solenoidal bean and rice column, while the outer tortilla houses the meat, salsa, sour cream, guacamole, and the salsamole, which is unavailable in sub-fourth dimensions. Of course, if one wanted to eat the Enchacho, it would require two juxtaposed mouths and four rows of teeth. Although one that is 3-D cannot eat the Enchacho, it is feasible to run one's tongue along the outer tortilla and end up within its inter-walls without ever lifting said tongue. Because of its four-dimensional configuration, the Enchacho can also bear the addition of olives.



TEDDY ROOSEVELT: TRUSTBUSTER

A LOOK BACK AT OUR ROUGH-RIDING, TOUGH-TALKING 26TH PRESIDENT AND HIS LONG HISTORY OF BUSTING TRUSTS: EMOTIONAL TRUSTS



BY SEAN KEANE



1903 - At a summer retreat for politicians and industrialists, Roosevelt is paired up with oil baron John D. Rockefeller. In one of the ice-breaker activities, Rockefeller lets himself fall backwards, trusting that Roosevelt will catch him. Roosevelt instead steps aside and lets Rockefeller crash to the floor. “Bully!” he exclaims.

1906 - On his 48th birthday, financier J. P. Morgan comes home to find all the lights are out. Inside, his family, co-workers, and lifelong friends wait in the dark to surprise him. At the door, Morgan is intercepted by an inebriated Teddy Roosevelt, who bellows, “It’s a surprise party! Didn’t you notice all of the carriages parked outside? Bully!”

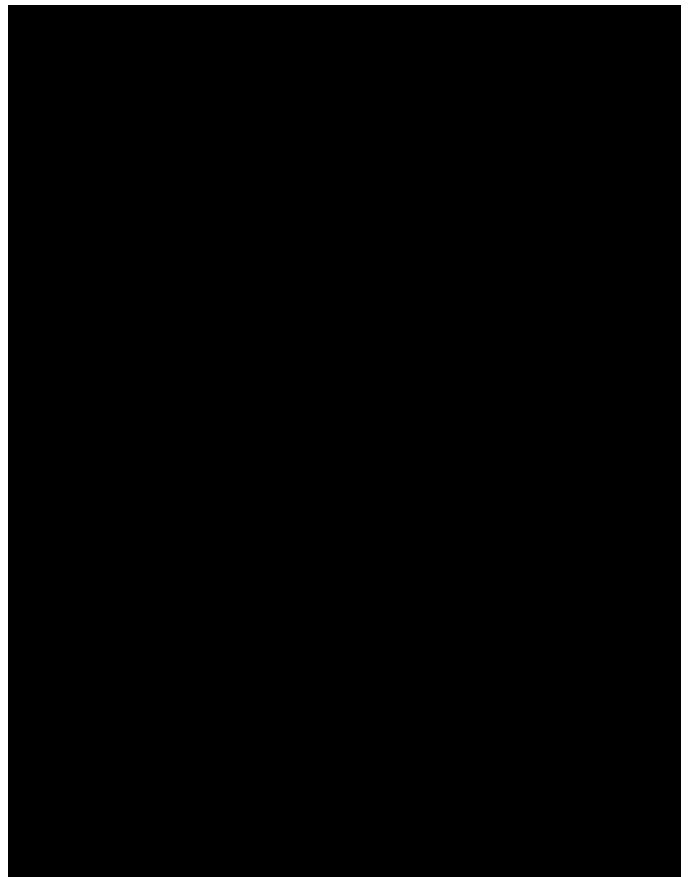
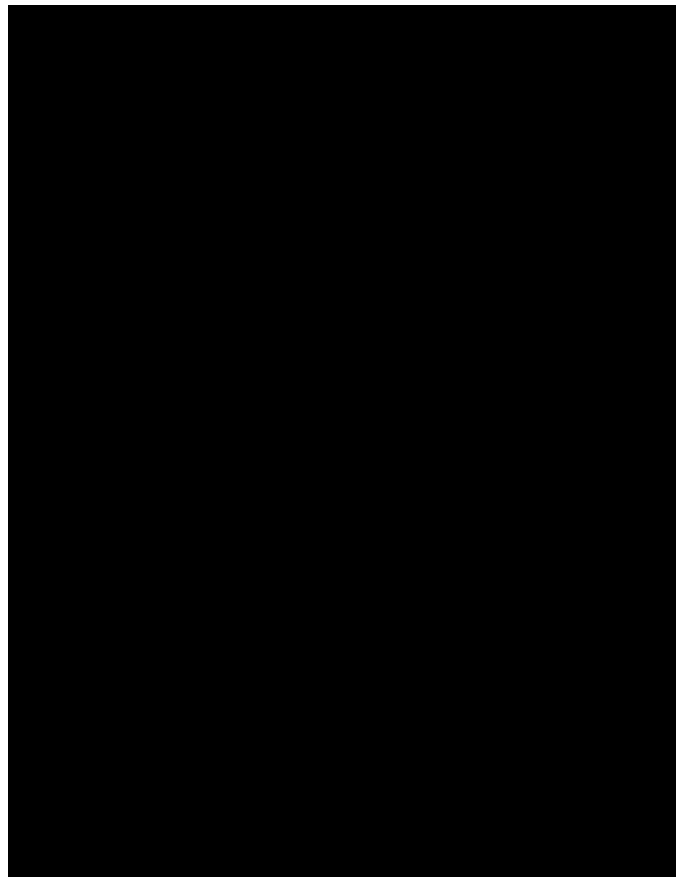
His wife bursts into tears. “But President Roosevelt,” she says, “You promised not to tell!”

“Poppycock!” guffaws Roosevelt, and boxes Morgan about the shoulders.

1875 - In 10th grade, Teddy Roosevelt has a “cool” teacher for his World Civilization class. He lets his students call him by his first name, always volunteers to chaperone school dances, and uses the honor system for grading. Every student gets to choose their own grade based on what they feel they earned over the course of the semester. Even though Roosevelt missed an entire month of school hunting big game in Africa, and did not do a lick of makeup work, he still claims that he deserves an “A.”

Much to the chagrin of the other students, the teacher changes his grading policy the very next year.

1902 - To facilitate the expansion of the American Navy, Teddy Roosevelt negotiates with Colombia in order to build a canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. After Colombia’s Senate rejects the land sale, Roosevelt backs a revolution in Panama, then makes a deal with the new government there. When Colombian leaders object, Roosevelt advises them to speak softer, and acquire bigger sticks. Further protests are silenced with the arrival of American troops, and a resounding “Bully!”



WHITEOUT IN WYOMING

by KEVIN DEENIHAN

Monday, February 21st

I flew separately from the family on our vacation to Jackson Hole. On the plane, I am stuck between Babushka one and Babushka two, who seem to be doing crosswords in Russian. I flip through the Skymall catalogue, mentally scoffing at anyone who orders from it. Connecting with the family in Denver, Mother mentions she bought a drop-down screen for the back door on Skymall. "It'll be perfect for the family," she notes.

Some knowing people whisper "There's Air Force Two," and in fact, Dick Cheney's plane is sitting on the tarmac. "Is he the President or the Vice-President?" my brother asks. "Vice-President," my Dad replies. "Oh yeah, because it's Air Force Two and not One," my brother replies.

In the airport, I jokingly mention to my dad that I have yet to see any minorities. We both look around and see lots of white people. "Lets make a bet," he says, "first person to see a minority wins a dollar." I agree.

Tuesday, February 22nd

Our house is right on the slopes of Jackson Hole. We tend to go all out for rooming, since for the past four years we've had a blizzard wherever we go skiing. It blizzarded in Kirkwood, Park City, Vail, and partly at Whistler. It didn't blizzard in Mammoth because it rained.

It is, in fact, snowing, and we find that a giant cloud has settled over the mountain. You'll go up to a certain point on the mountain, and the giant fog bank will cut off all visibility. "We should get above it," my dad says. "If we get above it, we'll have to ski into the cloud," I point out. "Yeah, but we still need to get above it," he replies.

On one of the lifts there is a tree below us decoratively covered with bras. I'm struck by the many colors and styles, but



right in the middle there's a pair of boxers. "I wish someone would take the boxers out. It kind of wrecks the tree," my brother critiques. I agree. We go to dinner at a rib joint. Minority count: 0.

Wednesday, February 23rd

It is blizzarding. My spirit is broken. I stay in bed and watch a Pokémon marathon while the family goes out. Unfortunately, they're all reruns. They have me keep one of the walkie-talkies, so I get to hear their conversation. "I can't see you guys!" "We're standing next to the big sign." "So am I!" "Oh, there you are. I didn't see you with the fog." "That's not us." I decide I am a Weather God. There is no other explanation for how clouds follow me to major ski resorts.

After lunch, I head out with everybody. In accordance with my Weather God theory, the wind kicks up and the storm gets heavier. My brother and I decide to go home. "We should take that route," I say, pointing to an area slightly to the right of a double-black cliff. "OK," says my brother, and jumps off the cliff. Feeling some obscure family loyalty, I follow him. Forty minutes later, I emerge, carrying my skis and covered in snow. That day, we see no minorities.

Thursday, February 24th

Today we go snowmobiling. Sitting in the lodge, my dad and I watch the door as the first minority of the week walks in. His name is Will. He's Asian. We will be snowmobiling with him and his fiancée, Amy. She's white. Since we saw him simultaneously, nobody collects on the bet.

We consider rock-paper-scissors to settle the matter, but discard the idea. After snowmobiling, the family goes to dinner. "You know, Berkeley has made you a lot weirder," my mom remarks. My brother then walks up to me, cocks a leg, and lets fly with a fart. The family laughs.

Friday, February 25th

I go home early. The plane ride is unexceptional, and the clouds follow their beloved back to Berkeley. My cab driver's name is Ahmed. I tip him extra.

Top Ten Ways to Disguise an Erection

10. Behind a larger erection
9. In camouflage fatigues behind a bush in the dark
8. Put it in a vagina
7. Swing it from left to right really, really fast
6. Pin the head back with the elastic on your underwear
5. Drill a hole through the back of your backpack and hold in front of you
4. Cast it alongside mega-hunk Mel Gibson
3. Give it a mustache and overcoat
2. In a t-shirt that reads "This is not an erection"
1. Penis Protection Program

Top Ten New Ethnic Clubs on Campus

10. Kiss me, I'm Irish
9. Erect a fence around me, I'm Mexican
8. Split me into 300 tiny, warring states, I'm German
7. Force me to melt my housewares into rebar, I'm Chinese
6. Help me to clean my windmill, plant my tulips, and make my cheese, I'm Dutch
5. Give me your fucking land, I'm American
4. Kindly remove the war hammer I've embedded in your spine, I'm Mongolian
3. Devalue my currency, I'm Japanese
2. Frisk my anal cavity for drugs, I'm Colombian
1. Invade me, I'm French

Top Ten Beatles Songs Popular in Nazi Germany

10. Hey Jew'd
9. A Hard Day's Night of Broken Glass
8. Yellow U-Boat
7. With a Little Help from the Japanese
6. Strawberry Fields Until the Allies Invade
5. Yesterday (Allied Forces Seemed So Far Away)
4. Back in the USSR, Where We Lost Half of Our Land Forces
3. When I'm 64 Pounds
2. I Wanna Seize Your Land
1. Paperback Burner

Top Ten Hackneyed Movie Taglines

10. Her first mistake was falling in love
9. Starring Tom Hanks
8. A Disney perversion of a classic fairy tale
7. Cum sluts cumming all over each other
6. In the world of the future...
5. She's the best cop in the world, he's a dinosaur
4. By the producers of *The Air Up There*
3. Part x. Part y. All x^2y^2 .
2. Where man is the endangered species
1. A controversial film by Oliver Stone

Snelch-Co Ad Agency presents:
Spring 2000 Campaigns

As a prestigious advertising agency which handles multi-million dollar accounts and Super Bowl ads/dirty laundry/hazardous medical waste on a daily basis, Snelch-Co is often asked to design ads. Appearing below are slogans and brand images which will represent the following companies for months to come. They're not very good.



Tom's VINYL MUSEUM
 vintage record store

At Vinyl Museum, we're breaking all records!! If you think you've seen selection, you've only scratched the surface! Shop at the store where music never goes in circles and doesn't get stuck in a rut. Also, none of our records work. At all.

We make razors.

We make pens.

We don't make razorpens.



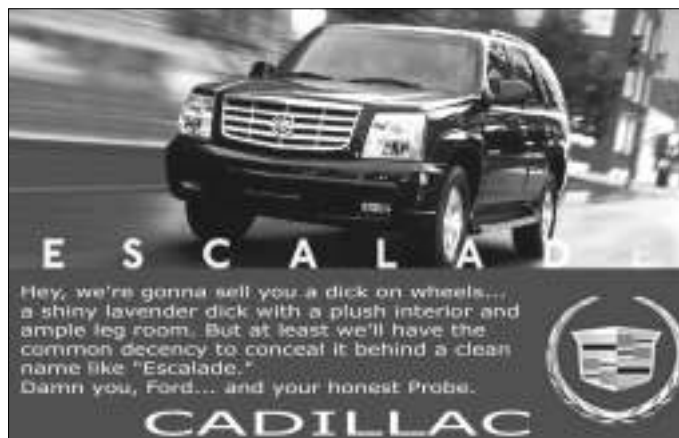

STARBUCKS COFFEE

BLACK COFFEE FOR WHITE PEOPLE.

Hot Air Balloon Rides

4 for \$100!
 (limited time only)

Don't get carried away by this explosive deal! Our prices are crashing to the ground like doomed human bodies falling from a great height. (But not from balloons.)



ESCALADE

Hey, we're gonna sell you a dick on wheels... a shiny lavender dick with a plush interior and ample leg room. But at least we'll have the common decency to conceal it behind a clean name like "Escalade."
 Damn you, Ford... and your honest Probe.

CADILLAC



You've pressed [Alt], you've pressed [F9].
 Heck, you've even pressed [ScrollLock].
 Those were the rest...now it's time for the best: [SysRq].