



Dear UC Berkeley Chancellor Robert Birgeneau and Academic Senate Chairman William Drummond,

Maddon! The stugots on you guys. Whoa! We, uncle Anthony Soprano and me, thought Berkeley leftist wackos, fanooks and other degenerates went daughter Meadow received a letter of acceptance long ago, her mother (my cousin) Carmela tossed it. said. But maddon! You ain't about that principled turns out. Who fuckin' knew?

And by the way, before I go any further, this confidential, alright? You'll realize it's in everyone's a low profile on this stuff. That way, I can speak family and our friends. We'll be most appreciative for

Where was I? Oh yeah. While I was out on having meetings about my new screenplay, some friends of mine gave me the heads-up about what's been happenin' at your school. When we heard that BP, or whatever the fuck joke-of-a-name they are going by now, offered your ~~erew~~ school 500 mega-large, we never thought that shit would ever fly. Now it looks like it just might. Fuckin-A!

I mean c'mon, Berkeley's liberal Madigans historically would be expected to make a big fuckin' moral issue out of laundering BP's eco-challenged dough, right? Your pinko college, with all due respect, used to have this huge rep for standing up for all kinds of social justice shit and what not. But no more it seems. Go figure. You fellas declared you couldn't care less who gave you money; that you'd take it from anybody, no matter what. When I repeated this to Tony, plus Silvio, Paulie and the other ~~captains~~ fellas, all I heard was "get the fuck outta here." No shit. They just wouldn't believe it.

But since then, we been reading everywhere that the whole Berkeley-BP deal is "on the up-and-up," as they say, and that you guys don't give a shit where "financial contributions" come from because you're "all about academic freedom," or whatever. Cool, I can dig that. So we started brainstormin' that we, meaning Berkeley and this thing of ours, could be good for each other. In fact, we also put some calls into some friends who have "similar problems" placing their money, you know, from legitimate business interests. I'll come back to them a little later.

We, ourselves, are waste management consultants and would love for the feds to get off our backs. BP and you guys showed us how to do it. Our profits are legitimately derived, especially by our big earners, from the valuable advice we give to our clients. Back in the Golden Age, this all worked without a hitch. But now the government keeps trying to set us up on RICO indictments so we can all be Guests of the state. We got federal marshals so far up our asses, we can all taste Brylcreem. What a bunch of fuckin' giamopes! But don't sweat these spostatas, we got it under control. If we could make "financial contributions" to Berkeley, you know, like BP wants to do, and work out a deal where the school would "work with our experts in developing advanced waste management techniques," we could so solve our problem.

So here's the deal, we want to have a sit-down, ASAP, with the likes of you to discuss a mutually beneficial arrangement to, you know, support "academic freedom." (That fuckin' shit still cracks me up.) We have significant receipts which can help Berkeley professors who want to do some



meaning my ~~capo-regio~~ was this place where to school. When Tony's from Berkeley not too Good fuckin' riddance I bullshit anymore it

letter is strictly interests that we keep frankly on behalf of the this accommodation. the West Coast recently

research. And hey, if there's others who bring it like Professors Jay "Baccalà" Keasling or Chris "Schifosa Sfacime" Somerville (and, despite what other people say, these two are no jamooks), you know, people who have compatible business interests that could benefit us all, well there should be somethin' in this for everyone. No need to eat alone, right?

And here's where our other acquaintances come into the picture.

We have this friend who has a significant business enterprise in Europe. His name is Adolf. (In fact, fuckin' coincidence, Adolf is a chancellor too. Birgeneau, the two of you probably have lots of other shit in common. I put his corporate logo at the top of this letter to attract your interest. You mighta seen it before.) Unfortunately, a bunch of lowlifes keep giving his business operations a bad name in the press. Che peccato. What are you gonna do? After we conferred with one of his ~~captains~~ administration officials, a dude named Joseph (who REALLY knows his shit about P.R., I gotta tell ya, and who I think can turnaround the bad press they're getting), we agreed to front his interests to you guys. Of course, we'll get a piece of the action.

Another friend, who is suffering the misfortune of having a lot of dudes (mainly and once again, the feds) wanting to crawl up his ass, is on the lam just over the border of Afghanistan in mountains of Pakistan. Maddon! He must freeze his fuckin' ugartz off in the winter! You all probably heard of him already. He goes by Osama. Yeah, more bad press coverage for him too, poor bastard. Because of the bullshit rap he's getting', his legitimate business interests are having a really difficult time moving their dough around. Again, that's where you guys can come in. You'll take anyone's money! It's so fuckin' beautiful!! Everybody's a winner here. Osama really, really is excited about establishin a win-win "grant proposal" system with Berkeley where some of the school's professors can experience the "academic freedom" they want. Osama says he's all about that. He's actually a pretty nice guy when you get to know him. (I don't mind sayin', by way of a tangent, that this whole idea, which was mostly mine and is why I'm the one who's pitchin' it, is a stroke of fuckin' genius.)

You mighta heard that Tony Soprano has had his reservations about groups like Osama's. People were saying that Tony had called Osama a "fuckin' mortadella." I don't mean to be overstatin' things, but that was all just a big misunderstanding. Once a sit-down was arranged with his administration, we all realized that everyone was just representin' their own legitimate business interests. Once again, bad press (courtesy of the feds) had been interfering. So now it's all good.

We recommend you come in to New Jersey for the meeting. Our friend, Artie Bucco, owns this killer restaurant called Nuovo Vesuvio. That's where we'll hold the sit-down. And trust me, you won't have to worry about any cannoli withdrawals. Artie makes a mean baked ziti too, which Tony's deceased mother Livia, buon' amina, perfected. Feel free to bring your goomahs, but don't bring no empty suits. We'll meet separately from the comares afterwards. No need to come heavy. We'll provide security.

Oh, I almost forgot the other thing the fellas wanted me to run by you. We'd like to set up a Bada Bing franchise out your way, you know, right on your campus. Since you guys have no problem with prostitution (let's be real here, that's what this BP deal is, but that's cool), we want to set up Bada Bing Berkeley (Catchy, huh? I thought up the name myself.) right next door to the proposed BP facility you plan to have on the main campus. It'll be a win-win situation for everybody. I'll even bet there's a bunch of cute co-eds who'll appreciate the local business opportunity to help defray some of their college costs. (Girls in our current club make upwards of a G, and sometimes more, a night. I shit you not. If I'm born a chick in my next life, I swear to god, I'll totally become an exotic dancer.) And your end? Fuhgeddaboutit! We'll take care of you, don't worry. You're stand up guys, right?

If things go as planned, of which I have no doubt, we'll recommend additional arrangements to The Commission later. But first things first. As they say in the old country, "Col tempo la foglia di gelso diventa seta."

Buona fortuna on the Berkeley-BP deal. We're in line right behind it. End of story.

Ciao,

Christopher Moltisanti - Filmmaker