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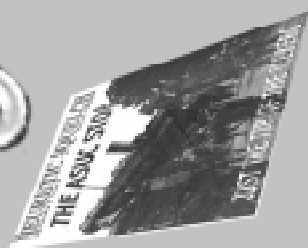
# SQUELCH

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# the heuristic SQUELCH

*Keeping It Real Since 1991*

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<i>Managing Editor</i>	Bret Heilig
<i>Creative Editor</i>	Boback Ziaean
<i>Graphics Editor</i>	Kenny Byerly
<i>Design Editors</i>	Cynthia Baran
	Zack Fornaca

## **Editors Emeritus (Bogey Men)**

Allen Haim, Matt Holohan, Tyler Roscoe

## **Business & Advertising (Dot-Com Prosperity)**

Caterina Gangale, Tanya Miller

## **Webmaster (The Stork)**

Tommaso Sciortino

## **Layout Staff (Austro-Hungarian efficiency)**

Aaron Azlant, Michael Cedillos (female), Kevin Deenihan

## **Writers (Letters to Penthouse)**

Kenny Byerly, Dean Chen, Zack Fornaca, Allen Haim, Stephen Handley, Bret Heilig, Sean Keane, Scrooge McDuck, Boback Ziaean

## **Photography (Snuffleupagus)**

Anjuli Gupta

## **Models (Karen McDougals)**

Zack Fornaca, Matt Holohan, Alexis Petru

## **Artwork (Jackson Pollack's talent)**

Brian Sinclair, Derek Yu

## **Squelch! ASUC Senators (The American Dream)**

Romie Litrell, Richard Schulman

## **Printer (Black market kidney thieves)**

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## **Contributors (Your friends)**

Geoffrey Altrocchi, Matt Bernarding, Noam Biale, Jack Cheung, Aram Chavdarian, Robert Cota, Edward Distel, David Duman, Ben Frumin, Emily Goodwin, Jenny Greengold, Annie Gunther, Christopher Intagliata, Greg Johnstone, Hassin Lunstord, Suzanne Martindale, Jerome Mayer, Micaela McDonald, Shalin Mody, Robert Moordian, Don Nguyen, Jen O'Neal, Eric Ostrem, John Rauschenberg, Evan Rosenbaum, Matt Talbot, Olga Vaytsman, Tim Waters, Jesse Wheeler, Martin White, Leaf Williams, Xav, Chris Ying

**SQUELCH COVER:** This issue's cover is quite possibly the best cover the *Squelch* has ever produced. And failing that, it probably at least *contains* the best cover, somewhere. Also, the *Squelch* considers itself proud to have gone "against the grain," as it were, to blow the lid off the corporate monstrosity that is the cereal industry. They've taken themselves far too seriously for far too long and it's high time they were taken down a peg or two. Truly, this is biting satire in its purest, most constructive form. Take that, Battle Creek, Michigan!

I think the only good thing about the band Erasure is that its name tells you explicitly what ought to be done with all of its records, tapes, and CD's. Zack, you're in my urethra -- get out! Where's Sean been for the last three hours? He's moving his car. By hand?! You have pretty long hair. And by "pretty" I mean it's really beautiful. Can I brush it? We think you'll be literally blown away by this issue. No, really. Literally. You'll be dead. Just stop reading now. If you disregard this, we can't be held responsible for what happens. We're just not very responsible. Man, we'll never be allowed to get a puppy now.



## Apolitical Commentary

Recently, some people have complained about the political content, or lack thereof, in our fine humor magazine. "Hey *The Heuristic Squelch*," they write, "why so little election coverage?"

The simple answer is that we just don't care very much. Neither Gore nor Bush would be a great president, but they also probably wouldn't screw things up too badly either, though I can't shake the feeling that Bush's election would be the political equivalent of a PE teacher being promoted to principal. If it were up to me, I'd just as soon see Clinton return for another four swing years, but on the whole, it doesn't really matter.

The most notable element of the campaign is Gore's choice of Joseph Lieberman as his running mate. Though we live in seemingly enlightened times, putting an Orthodox Jew on the ticket seems like a ridiculously overconfident move. It's as if Gore were saying to Bush, "I'll beat you with one hand tied behind my back. You can have the electoral votes from Alabama, Mississippi, and Kentucky – I don't even want them."


The Ralph Nader phenomenon has been mildly compelling, but no matter how many appearances on late-night talk shows he makes, he still doesn't have a prayer of even coming close in this campaign. His only chance of winning the election comes if the American People conspire together, like a band of cruel high schoolers, and elect him as an elaborate joke. Then, at the inauguration, just as the Chief Justice swears Nader in, a big bucket

of pig's blood will be dumped out over his head. Of course, at that point, he might begin to display previously dormant telekinetic powers. And if so, look out corporations!

All the same, you're not really throwing your vote away much more with a vote for Nader. Casting your one vote among millions makes about as much difference as tossing a glass of water into the ocean. In fact, the American political process emphasizes one's ballot box impotence with the arcane electoral college system.

So, why vote at all? On the plus side, voting is free and relatively simple, and carries no real negative consequences. You have more right to complain and bitch about politicians and government if you've actually voted. Plus, if the candidate you vote for actually wins, you can share in the warm afterglow of victory. Come November, the feeling of having supported the winning team will likely be scarce for Cal football fans, so you may as well pick the guy who's leading in the polls, and hop on that victory bandwagon. -Sean Keane

Because you haven't  
disgraced your family enough.



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be served.*

# newsflashes

## Candidates Debate Real Issues

by Nellamiah McGillicuddy,  
Fuzzy Mathematician

Presidential candidates George Bush and Al Gore agree on one thing: that claims that they are “both the same” are “absolutely ludicrous” and “really dumb.” In the second round of debates, the candidates decided to stop wasting time on media-hyped issues and really get to the core of their differences.

For example, when bombing Iraqi schoolhouses, Bush contends it is “imperative that our pilots fly in ‘V’ formation. ‘V’ is for ‘victory.’” Gore, however, is adamant that “echelon” formation be used, because “‘V’ looks like an upside-down ‘A,’ with a line missing.” On the issue of barring third-world nations from manufacturing generic AIDS drugs, Gore believes it is “really important,” while Bush solidly contends that it is “crucial.” And while both candidates support the death penalty, it is

something Bush “takes very seriously,” while Gore “doesn’t take it lightly.”

It is widely expected that Moesha will sweep the ratings once again on the third night of debates.

## Carefully Planned Answering Machine Message Goes Horribly Awry

by Allen Haim, More Charming in Person

Although he carefully rehearsed it for at least 45 minutes prior to leaving it, the message which UCB junior Alexander Zimmerman finally left for recently acquainted Sophomore Megan Johanssen was such a mess of malapropisms, ill-timed jokes, and sheer dumb misfortune that it would be clear to anyone but a child that the message was an attempt at scripting gone wildly awry.

After noticing her reading Lord Byron at Thai Basil Wednesday and striking up a casual conversation with her about the poet, in the course of which he learned that she

hates eggplants, is an intended Rhetoric major, and was “heading to the RSF soon,” Zimmerman decided that he would call her the following day. He finally called at 1:00 p.m. on Thursday – perhaps choosing a time she was unlikely to be home – after 45 minutes of pacing, rehearsing, and shadow-boxing. He had hoped to leave the following message:

“Hi, Megan, this is Alex – we met at Thai Basil a few days ago. No, wait, or was it last night? Anyhoo, I was really hoping to catch you at home, just to let you know that there’s this sale on eggplants at Safeway. Heh heh, just joking. But if you want to go and have coffee sometime, my number is (510) 841-5141. See you, bye.”

Instead, what came out was the following hopeless rant (Zimmerman’s thoughts are shown in brackets):

“Hi, Basil, this is Alex. [Don’t panic. Not a big deal.] Um, I mean, ‘Hi Megan.’ Just wanted to ‘spice’ things up a bit, I guess. Heh heh. [Cute. Good save.] So why aren’t you home? [WHAT THE



# newsflashes

FUCK!] I mean, uh, since we met only last night, I thought [Stop talking now] maybe we could go to Safeway or something. [Hang up now. Hang up now] But if you don't want to call me, I understand. [Ironically desirable. Shut spit-hole anyhow.] Um. OK Bye. [Why? Why?]"

Zimmerman claims to have been thrown off by the extra beep after the outgoing message. He has since changed his number, and now carefully avoids the Durant Food Court.

## Pan Appeals To Campus Leftists

by Randy Kutcher, *Second Star to the Right*

A recent forum on condemned death row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal was rocked by a surprise appearance by the boy who refused to grow up, Peter Pan. Pan stood up at the meeting and implored Mumia supporters to drown out the conservative speaker on stage. "If you truly believe in Mumia's innocence," the boy exclaimed,

"then clap your hands, stomp your feet, and yell out meaningless rhetoric!" Then, as students began to chant, "Free Mumia!" Pan swung down on a rope to the podium, where he called speaker Dan Flynn a "cod-fish," then boarded a flying ship and flew towards Never Never Land.

## Student Heartbroken After Impersonal Non-Rejection

by Sean Keane, *Geek off the Street*

UC Berkeley sophomore David King remains devastated, one night after a near-encounter with the girl of his secret dreams resulted in one-sided heartbreak. Upon seeing fellow sophomore Emma Sullivan walking hand-in-hand with an as-yet unidentified male companion on Channing Way, around 6 p.m., King immediately fell into a deep funk. King managed to force out a strangled, "How's it going?" to Sullivan, his History 16AC classmate and secret crush

of nearly two months, before going home and privately sobbing. Witnesses report that Elliott Smith's *XO* could be heard through the closed door for nearly three hours after the non-incident.

The pseudo-falling-out was especially poignant since no one, aside from King, seemed aware of the vaguely existent relationship between him and Sullivan. Roommate Steve Wong commented, "So, he's now going to silently pine after this girl while not dating her - and this changes things how exactly?" Coming on the heels of this summer's pseudo-rejection from a Moffit Library co-worker, this new setback may keep King out of the imaginary dating pool for weeks. Nevertheless, King's capacity for self-delusion remains intact. "I think that maybe me and Emma just need some time apart," commented King, unfolding and re-reading a tattered note from Sullivan. "You know, in addition to the nearly 24 hours a day we spend apart already, that is."



# newsflashes

## Cookie Crisp Burglary Ends In Tragedy

by Zack Fornaca, Chewbacca Binaca

Would-be shoplifter Cornelius McCrookins was shot and killed yesterday in a botched attempt to steal a box of Cookie Crisp cereal.

McCrookins had grabbed the cereal and bolted for the door, apparently underestimating the reaction time of the Cookie Cop on duty, Larson Tallywaggle. Standing a mere three feet tall and blessed with the steadiness of hand that only a dandy British-style officer's hat can bring, Tallywaggle easily downed the frightened McCrookins who, when hit, twirled three times, dropped the Cookie Crisp, and fell to the ground lifeless.

Tallywaggle, the world's first and, to date, only Cookie Cop, was hired by General Mills in 1975 in an attempt to curb the then-epidemic rate of Cookie Crisp theft, most notably at the hands of what was once the most feared street gang in all of aisle eight, the Cookie Crips.

While Tallywaggle has been criticized in the press for what has been described as a massively disproportionate reaction on the part of the "breakfascists" at General Mills, the company has stood by its policies, stating, "You can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. And you can't make Cookie Crisp part of a complete breakfast without an omelette, or maybe a grapefruit, but grapefruit is pretty damned sour."

## Congress Declares Thumb War

by Mike Aldrete, Generalissimo

In a joint session of Congress this week, both houses moved to declare a "thumb war" on Iraq. Citing numerous violations of the Geneva Convention

including "sorta moving their arm up to get better leverage," Senator Phil Gramm (R-Texas) said a thumb war with Iraq was "inevitable." "The Iraqi people have been under Saddam's oppressive thumb for too long," said Gramm, before joining fellow lawmakers in solemnly intoning, "1,2,3,4, I declare a thumb war."

Pundits are divided on the controversial thumb-military intervention. While some are confident that the conflict can be resolved swiftly, through hand-to-hand combat, others fear that the thumb war might escalate to Indian burns, or even Bloody Knuckles. Military officials declined specific comment, though they have not ruled out use of Chinese finger cuffs.

## Chad Voted Most Popular West African Nation Third Year Running

by Allen Haim, Homecoming King

Nigeria, Rwanda, Cameroon, and other West African nations agree, once again, that when it comes to being a hip, down-to-earth, funny, and approachable

nation, the one word which comes to everyone's lips is "Chad."

Even while the nations around Chad are devastated by famine, genocide, and civil war, Chad can often be found on the roof with a Budweiser, just kind of hanging out.

Chad has also been known to get away with more than your ordinary African nation. For example, even when warlords hoarded all the food, water, and salt in the country and forced the poor even further into lives of abject misery, Sierra Leone was heard to say with a chuckle, "Oh, that's just Chad!"

"That's, like so Chad, all that poverty and destruction and stuff," Zaïre agreed. "But that's what makes Chad Chad, I guess!"

Liberia reminisces, "When Rhodesia was looking to change its name, guess who came up with such a cool-sounding name as 'Zimbabwe'? That's right, Chad. Zaire's suggestion, was 'West Swaziland.' I mean, come on! And Chad never acted all superior about it, either. That's my favorite thing about Chad."

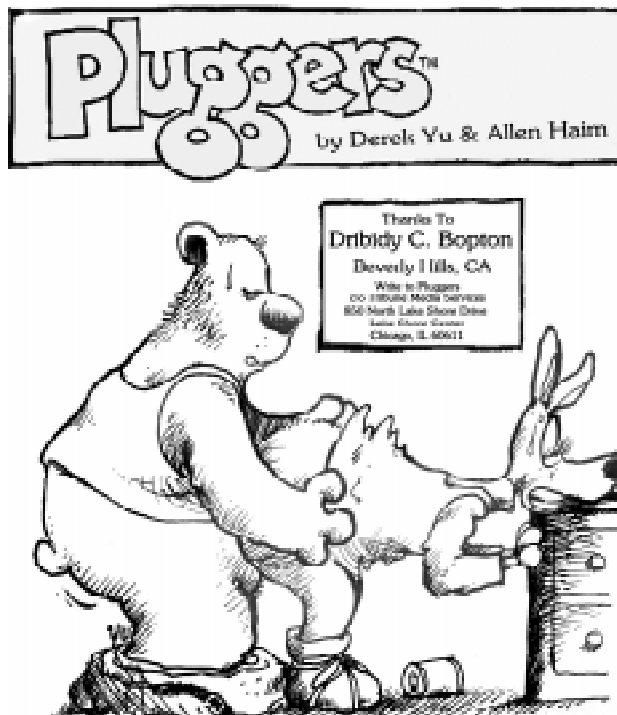
This was not the first time Zaïre was snubbed — in a friendly, non-invasive manner — by Chad.

"The best thing is," Côte d'Ivoire interjected, "that even when he's busy whittling away at the fabric of all that is good, all that makes life on this planet even barely tolerable, I know all along that it's good ol' Chad, and he'll feel like hanging out later, and listening to Belle and Sebastian."

## Och, Me Head!

by Scrooge McDuck, Richest  
Duck In The World

Ye'd ne'er believe how very mooch it hurts te slam yer delicate doock head into a solid sea o' gold coins. More'n a wee bit, Ah kin tell ye that mooch. Ah'm in an ache from spatz te noggin. Moother Fooock.



A plugger always uses the back door.

I've had enough of all this war-mongering scientific rhetoric. After countless science lectures, I now see the blatant attempts to mask the eroticism inherently existing on the micro scale. Rather than expose our minds to the naked truth of molecules performing lewd and sexual acts, professors use barbaric language designed to train young minds to become lean, mean, asexual-fighting-machines. How often have we heard the words "the nucleophile attacks the electrophile kicking of the leaving group?"

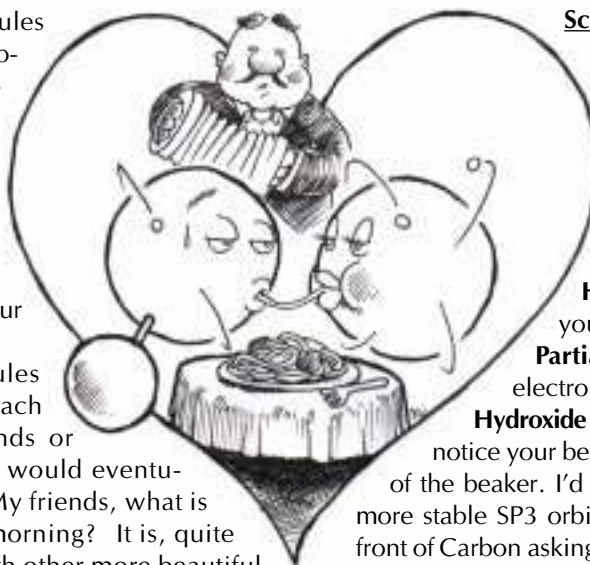
Damn you, Vollhardt and all your fascist ideology!

Think about this: if molecules were continuously "at war" with each other, they would not form bonds or stable structures over time. They would eventually tire, or even bleed to death. My friends, what is it that gets you out of bed in the morning? It is, quite simply, the desire to procreate with other more beautiful people. Why wouldn't the building blocks of life also share the same sort of erotic lust that we face every day?

Taking a more objective look at your typical  $S_N2$  reaction, one can see the erotic nature of the nucleophile casu-

ally slipping in behind the electrophile, preparing for "doggystyle" entrance.

Here is a typical  $S_N2$  backside reaction – if you know what I'm saying.



**Scene: 5 ml of 1 M solution of NaOH  
added to 50 mg of 1-  
Bromopropane**

**Hydroxide Ion:** "So you come here often?"

**Partially Positive Carbon:** "Not really, I just got stirred in five minutes ago."

**Hydroxide Ion:** "I wanted to ask what you thought of these."

**Partially Positive Carbon:** "Oh, are those electrons for me? They're beautiful."

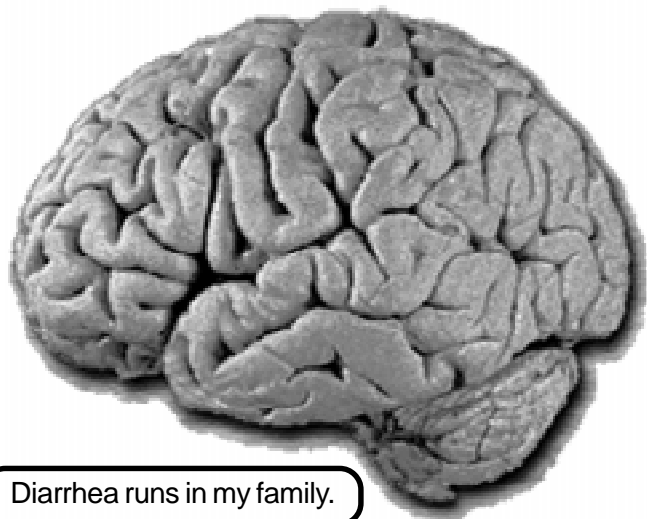
**Hydroxide Ion:** "Yes they are. I couldn't help but notice your beautiful green eyes from the other side of the beaker. I'd like it if we could bond and form a more stable  $SP^3$  orbital. I'm just a basic guy standing in front of Carbon asking her to love me..."

**Partially Positive Carbon:** "You're different. Promise me you won't take my hydrogens and leave me like all those big bulky bases."

**Hydroxide Ion:** "My electron configuration does not allow me to leave. You complete me."

**Partially Positive Carbon:** "Fuck it. Lets stop this beating around the bush. Just stick your big 2P orbital in my poop chute, and get this bromine off of me."

If that is not chemistry, I don't what is. Now that I know the truth, just thinking about protein synthesis gives me a stiffy. All those peptide bonds make me feel dirty inside ... but in a good way. Then there is transcription translation – just imagine being undressed by helicase and pinned down by binding proteins while DNA polymerase II goes to work on me. It makes me want to – AHHH! AHHHH! AHhhh – Damn that was good. I think I'm going to fall asleep in lecture now.



Diarrhea runs in my family.

True story. So I was talking to my roommate the other day, about bisexuality and fluidity and the injustice of gender constraints in modern America, which, while intellectually intriguing and empoweringly righteous to me, seems to run in direct contradiction to how god-damned gay my roommate is. He says he's not. "I'm bi," he says. "I've been attracted to girls," he says. "Just because you have sex with men doesn't make you gay," he says. Boy, that's a relief.

I've been considering purchasing one of those pot smoking T-shirts. You know, the ones that involve some sort of pun on "toking" or "4:20," or some corporate logo distorted somehow to look like a bong. Then I can wear it to a party, and if someone offers me some weed, I'll just say, "No thanks."

"He gets more dick than Pat Nixon. That is, when she and her husband were both alive. Though, the dick-getting comparison would still hold true either way."

The band Sublime has a misleading name. As does the Jack Nicholson film, *As Good As It Gets*. Clearly, it gets better than that.

When an NBA analyst says that a player "has hops," there is an outside chance that he's referring to the player's off-season hobby of beer-making.

# HUMEUR SAN

Especially if the player isn't finishing off a devastating slam dunk, but rather on his hands and knees, throwing up all over the scorer's table.

Why is it that when you talk to someone with one slightly lazy eye, you fixate yourself on that one retarded eye? At first you assume they're looking slightly to the left and behind you, and then you look at their other eye and realize they've been looking at you the whole time. I wonder if they know you're focused on the lazy eye. I mean, come on, their vision is probably piss poor anyway.

## Coollest jobs in the world for

- Playboy airbrush artist
- Crayon factory worker
- Lego playset designer
- New Yugoslav president Vo

Generally, people are pretty asymmetrical. For example: I have this one nipple. I just can't get it hard. I try and try, but I can never get it erect. I wonder if I damaged it as a child. The other kids used to grab me a little. My other nipple is okay . . . so I guess it's not that bad.

I think one of the very worst feelings in the world is stepping up to a urinal, getting ready to let loose and then . . . nothing. In those cases, I think it's best to cut your losses, zip up as quickly as possible, and get the hell out of Dodge. You can't let anyone else notice you didn't pee – what conclusions could they logically draw? Your reason for being in the bathroom seems to be quite different from their reason for being there. What such a thing implies is an open question.

For me, this is worst at those trough-style urinals, where everyone must share and there are no clear boundaries for where one man's standing room ends and the next man's begins. I'm pretty sure this stems from my elementary school bathroom, where I finished peeing one day only to look up and notice the boy at the other end of the trough blatantly staring at me. And when I looked at him, he shot me back a glare that made me feel like I was somehow in the wrong! It was confusing. I much prefer urinals that provide dividers between them.

Imagine if you had little horse blinders . . .



# NS FRONTIÈRES



How come the older you get, the smaller your desk gets? In elementary school the desks were huge. They held everything. By high school, it's just a board on a chair. By college, it's half a clipboard that folds away. The desks keep getting smaller. This observation may not be funny, *per se*, but think about it. They do get smaller. You can't take that away from me.

With the newest Windows upgrade being called "Windows Me," it seems that Microsoft has finally admitted that "Windows" is a synonym for the f-word.

10 minutes:



Jislav Kostunica

Working for a credit card company and tabling on campus to specifically target newly independent college students is a little like if you worked at an HMO and went around to schoolyards just handing out guns to children.

My friend Steve always tells stories about his Russian father "giving him the business" about his son's friends, haircut, feelings, and the fact that he fought in Afghanistan ... almost. Of course, the literal interpretation

of "giving him the business" would imply that his father might be simply allowing Steve to drive his taxi cab, collect fares, and defraud tourists. Which is not the case. He is mocking Steve in a thick Russian accent.

98% man and 2% pig is all right with me. Mostly, I'll bet he plays a mean



So I wake up this morning in a hotel room, surrounded by Spud Brothers receipts, aluminium foil, and their trademark potato trays, which can point to only one thing: I overdid it on the potatoes again last night. This has been the culmination of a slow, downward spiral, degenerating my soul while luring me with the promise of potato creaminess, starchy mouth roof and fewer calories than an apple!

I've woken up before in a bed of spud-wrappers, covered in starch, with a potato skin on my face with eye holes cut out. Nothing to worry about, of course – but it's the thoughts and the obsessions and the dreams which haunt me.

Really, when I wake up at 10:45 sharp every day, the only thing which really compels me to rise and face the bleak prospect of yet another day is the thought that I have exactly fifteen minutes to get down to Spud Brothers and be the very first in line.

It's great that Superb gives us a free concert every year. Really, that's super. But all I ask is my own personal potato fund. How much would that really cost each student? And no one would *have* to pay, right? Quit giving my goddam money to that godforsaken bunch of no-potato Rally Comm fuckers, and just give me my potatoes! Does nobody understand?

four-square. He'd certainly qualify as low-pig if he were milk. If you were being stalked, or got "silent" phone calls with heavy breathing and snorting, I bet you'd know someone wanted to play four-square!

You know, for a strip whose entire conceit is that it is set in caveman times, a very small percentage of the humor in the comic strip *B.C.* takes advantage of that situation. Most of the jokes are based on crude slapstick involving snakes, trite observations about the differences between men and women, and, most bizarrely, bi-weekly poetry about Jesus Christ. Does Johnny Hart even know what *B.C.* stands for?

What the fuck is up with heart-shaped urinals? I swear to God, those urinals on the 4th floor look like hearts. If I wanted to piss on someone's heart, I'd get a boyfriend.

I had some kick-ass cereal-related humor I wanted to try out here, but I hope you'll understand if we hold off until next issue.

## Tricks to Play on People That are Sure to Make You a Popular Guy

by Fred Lee with Aaron Hammack

❖ Find a group of people willing to smoke out with you in a dimly lit room. Force the rotation till everyone has taken at least six or seven puffs. Go to the bathroom, and pour water all over your crotch. Walk back out, look really depressed and clam up, and see if anyone says anything.

❖ Gain a lot of weight. Then find a job at a Long John Silver's. Cleverly fry a rat and wrap it. When the customer asks why you just gave them a fried rat, tell them, "Well, since you obviously don't care about your body by eating at shitty fast food restaurants, I thought you'd enjoy it," and then spit in their face. Then throw your pirate hat on the ground, step on it once and storm away angrily.

❖ The next time someone throws something at you, and says, "Come on, dude, you should have caught that," punch them in the face, and say, "Stop throwing things at me, jackass."

❖ When you see a young boy in line behind you buying a candy bar at a Safeway or Andronico's, knock all the candy hanging on the racks into your pile of groceries in one dramatic swoop. Open up your *Playboy* and start thumbing through it as you ask for a carton of cigarettes. Then at the end, slowly take out your Visa and say, "Just put it on my credit card."

❖ Go to McDonald's. Take a seat, read a book. After half an hour, go to the register and ask what is taking so long. When they ask for your order number, pick a receipt off the floor and continue arguing. Make sure to say, "Just do me a favor and die quickly," before leaving.

❖ Take a fold up table, two chairs, and a pack of Tarot cards out to Telegraph. Fake a Jamaican accent (if you're black) or a British accent (if you're white) or either if you be neither. When people ask about their

future, tell them they will find love, happiness, and a good career that lets them retire at 30 only to spend the rest of their lives doing whatever they want.

❖ Before turning in a paper or mid-term to a GSI, make sure to add the phrase "If you don't give me an A, you will bear the consequences" in the conclusion. Underneath, draw a obscene cartoon of you having sex with a horse.

❖ At a party, walk up to an attractive girl you don't know, start a conversation. Light up a cigarette. Casually puff some smoke in her face. Apologize profusely, using arm gestures to clear away the smoke in all sincerity. From then on, turn your head every time you exhale, making sure to aim the smoke

directly at her face out of the corner of your mouth.

❖ Show up to a *Squelch* meeting. Don't say anything and smile politely. If anyone tries to talk to you, turn away and whisper in Sean Keane's ear, who will then say, "I'm sorry, but Fred Lee doesn't speak to unfunny people."

❖ Find a group of people willing to smoke out with you in a dimly lit room. Force the rotation till everyone's taken at least six or seven puffs. Put food on the table, which is literally laced with rat poison. Announce, "The food is laced with rat poison, but it's the only food left in the house." As they die, clenched fists shaking at you and the bong, give a lecture about the space alien overlords who will not let those with hearts full of hate into consumer technology heaven.





# The Science Of Linguistics

An Elementary Introduction

Courtesy of the Rogue Linguist

People – common folk, I mean – often approach me and say to me, “Dashing Rogue Linguist, we are intrigued by you and your fair science of Linguistics – comely Phonology, ravishing Morphology, and even gangly Syntax – but we do not fathom it at all. We are stupid – this we know – but still we cannot help but wonder ... could you find it in your heart of hearts to teach us the Way of the Word?”

And I will tell them yes – yes, I have a place in my dapper Rogue’s heart for all of you simpletons, and I say to you now, as I have said to you ever before, gather round ye knobheads, and heed my words.

## TODAY’S LESSON:

**Morphology** - the study and analysis of words and their lesser parts.

*e.g. cunnilingus*

Suppose we set as a task for ourselves the deconstruction and analysis of the word “cunnilingus,” which the *OED* (*Oxford English Dictionary*, for you most violently worthless of mash-brains) so authoritatively defines for us as:

**cunn•i•lin•gus** *n.* when you stick your tongue up a girl’s love slot

Now, of course, it should go without saying that the first step in a morphological analysis is to break up your target word into its constituent word parts, or “morphemes” as we in lofty academia call them. In this particular case, the “morpheme” that jumps out most prominently is “lingus” which as any schoolchum knows is simple Latin for “tongue.”

Continuing on from right-to-left we next encounter the letter “i.” And, you see, if there’s one thing those foppish dandies of ancient Rome were notorious for, it was sticking vowels in the middle of words for no particular reason. This, of course, is precisely the sort of thing that leads the great empires to ruination. Well, that and those damned aboriginal ingrates in India. If it weren’t for their sumptuous tea and elephant

exports, surely the Queen would have wiped their miserable sort off the face of the British Earth by now. Why the Almighty saw fit to award tea and elephants to so shameful a race is beyond my dignified British cognition, and it burns me to the core. The point being, the letter “i” is just there for show, which leaves only “cunn.”

“Cunn,” then, is the tricky part. Even I, the seasoned Rogue Linguist, have never run across the morpheme “cunn” in all my travels. The best thing to do when you run into a morpheme you do not recognize is simply to work backwards from the fully-formed word. We know that the “-ilingus” part of “cunnilingus” means “tongue,” and if we merely glance back up at the *OED* definition, we can then apply the elementary arithmetic function of subtraction to deduce that “cunn” must therefore mean “when you stick your \_\_\_\_\_ up a girl’s love slot.” By Jove! Problem solved, and now at last we know that the ancient Romans had a word which meant “when you stick your \_\_\_\_\_ up a girl’s love slot.” Obviously this says a lot about Roman society, and we, linguists all of us, have left the academic world a little wiser than we found it.

But for the Rogue Linguist, is the job ever truly over? Surely not! One of language’s greatest powers, after all, is its potential to form new words at any given time. It’s called Change, sirs and madams, and it’s what got us where we are today. So then, armed with another glorious “morpheme” to call my own, I can devise new words for all sorts of vaginal insertions and violations, such as “cunnifist,” “cunnipotato,” and even a clever pun to the tune of “cunnilinguist.” In I go!



## Top Ten Child Nicknames For A Rabbit

10. Bunny
9. Bunny bunny
8. Fuzzy bunny
7. Bunny wabbit
6. Cutie bunny
5. Funny bunny
4. Wabbity wabbit
3. Jumpy lucky bunny
2. Furry burry bunny bunny
1. Fucking disease ridden monsters that eat their fucking babies, FUCK!

## Top Ten Least Effective Ways To Raise A Child:

10. By the back of your hand
9. In a pack of wild wolves
8. Vegan
7. Send 40 cents a month
6. Crop rotation
5. With lies and manipulation
4. In a loving, caring household... that murders children
3. By the ears
2. The pull-out method
1. Break his feet and leave him in the mountains

## Top Ten Things Found on the Ocean Floor

10. JFK, Jr.
9. Children's letters to God
8. 4 million Razor scooters (10 years from now)
7. Geodesic domes with sustainable breathing environment
6. Whales fucking (making love)
5. Shore-to-shore carpeting
4. Pyroxene-olivine basalt
3. Gadgets and gizmos aplenty
2. Wallet-sized photos of Russian sweethearts
1. Every ship ever captained by a woman

# A Brief ~~Chronicle~~ History of Writer's Block

By Bret Heilig, with Special Thanks to Alexandra Soliven

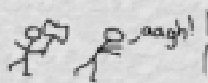
William Shakespeare

Richard: What a clock, Buckingham?

Buckingham: It's like, ten a'clock

Timoth

What of it? (micks)



Upon the hour of ten, my Lord.

!!!

Edgar Allen Poe

Quoth the raven, ~~Iron ore~~

~~"My favorite STP  
album is Core"~~

~~"Annabel" (I'm not sure where  
THAT came from)~~

~~"Time to go to the store"~~

~~"Robot Boor"~~

~~"Eight times four"~~

~~"Pouly Shore"~~

Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see  
A poem as lovely as a bee—

—a flea

the sea

—Martin Scorsese—

naked bitches

a tree (how pussy is that?)

William Golding

"I can't, on account of my-leukemie"

~~my quadriplegia~~

~~my attention-deficit-disorder~~

~~my bloody-stump~~

~~my four-year-recording-contract~~

~~my asthma (?)~~

(Maybe if he pronounces it wrong?)

The Beatles

Oh yeah I'll tell you something

I think you'll understand/

When I/ Say that something

I wanna join the Klan—

~~date a man~~

~~fuck Aya Rand~~

~~get a retinal scan~~

~~grab a beer~~

HOLD YOUR HAND!!!

Good job Paul

Simon and Garfunkel

Are you going to Scarborough Fair /  
~~Do, Mustard Seed, Fennel, and Vanilla Bean~~  
~~Coriander, Celery Salt, Paprika, Crap~~  
~~BBQ Sauce~~

Garfunkel, What the hell is this song about again?

Destiny's Child

And all you fellas leave your  
girl with her friends /

Cause it's ~~8:45~~

Note: send  
resume to  
Xscape manager

~~9:40~~

~~Quarter to 11~~

11:30

And the club is  
jumpin' jumpin'.

(ask other  
Mariah clones  
what they think.)

# A World Where All Men Are Named Sean Keane

by Sean Keane



## SCENE 1

### JUNIOR HIGH CAFETERIA

**Cindy:** OK, now you have to tell me who you like.

**Laura:** Well, you know that guy in our history class – Sean Keane?

**Cindy:** Eeew – Sean Keane?

**Laura:** No, not \*Sean Keane\*. I like that tall guy with glasses – Sean Keane.

**Cindy:** Ohhh. *Sean*. OK.

## SCENE 2

### THE EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT (via telephone)

**Maitre D':** Hello, Chez Panisse. How may I help you?

**Sean Keane:** (*in De Niro voice*) You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me?

**Maitre D':** Wow, is this really Sean Keane?

**Sean Keane:** (*continues imitation*) Hey, why you tryin' to bust my balls here?

**Maitre D':** I ... I'm sorry.

**Sean Keane:** (*drops imitation*) Nah, just kidding. I'm not really Sean Keane.

**Maitre D':** Oh, whew. You sounded just like him, sir.

**Sean Keane:** Thanks. Say, can I get a 7:00 reservation for four? Put it under "Sean Keane."

**Maitre D':** Of course, Mr. Keane.

## SCENE 3

### THE EMAIL ADDRESS

**Sean:** Hmm ... it says seankeane@aol.com is already taken.

**Rachel:** Really? Try it with an underscore.

**Sean:** Cripes! sean\_keane@aol.com is taken too!

**Rachel:** I give up.

## SCENE 4

### THE APARTMENT

(*Sean Keane enters*)

**Sean Keane:** Hey, man, you missed a great episode of *Three's Company*.

**Sean Keane:** That sucks. Which one was it?

**Sean Keane:** Well, when Janet and Crissy go out of town, Sean throws a party. When Mr. Keane comes up to complain about it, he gets caught up in the fun. The next morning, when he wakes up in Sean's bed, he thinks he's turned gay!

**Sean Keane:** That's a great one. I wish they'd never replaced Mr. Keane. Mr. Keane just wasn't the same.

**Sean Keane:** You said it.

## SCENE 5

### MOFFIT UNDERGRADUATE LIBRARY

**Sean:** Pardon me, Ma'am.

**Librarian:** Can I help you?

**Sean:** Yes. I'm looking for a harrowing sci-fi novel entitled *A World Where All Men Are Named Matt Holohan*, by Sean Keane.

**Librarian:** That's a great one. Right now, our Keane-Keane selection has been moved to level D.

**Sean:** Silly me – I was just down there. Thanks a lot.

## Top Ten Replacements For Lube

10. Peanut Butter Chunky Style
9. Mushed up ants
8. Actually getting to know her
7. The last guy's cum
6. Icy-Hot
5. Holy water
4. Ruptured warts
3. Ear wax
2. Her period
1. The tears of a beaten child

## Top Ten Board Games For Lazy Kids

10. Connect Two
9. ¡Cero!
8. Satiated, Content Hippos
7. Really Obvious Clue
6. Oligopoly
5. Sorry! (That's okay!)
4. Chutes & Escalators
3. Yaht-z-z-z
2. Homeopathic Remedy
1. Pin the Tail on the Nearest Object

## Top Ten Responses To A Marriage Proposal Rejection

10. "Just checking."
9. "Okay, okay – now you ask me!"
8. "Aw, shit. Y'all a lesbian, ain't you?"
7. "Okay. Well go grab one of the other strippers, will you? I'm feeling lucky tonight."
6. "Then will you get an abortion, for chrissakes?"
5. "I meant, will you marry me to this other person." [note: only works if you proposed to a priest]
4. "Oh. Okay. Night. Can you give me some more of the blanket, hun?"
3. "April Fool, you gullible, toothless whore."
2. "You didn't let me finish my sentence. I said 'Will you marry Me...shach Taylor from Lifetime's *Designing Women*?' You really have to work on your listening skills."
1. "...Psych!"

# Getting Acquainted With London: A Traveler's Guide

by Kenny Byerly

Once the capital of the greatest empire in the world, London might be considered the depressed has-been of the world's great cities. But people there do speak English, and phone booths *are* filled with pornographic call-girl advertising. Besides, where else are you going to go? Canada?!

## Getting Around

Crossing a street in London is not unlike crossing a street in New York City, in that you take your very life in your hands each time you do so. Much like in New York, motorists do not slow down, but speed up at the sight of a pedestrian. The difference is that in New York this rapid acceleration is accompanied by loud blasts from the horn to announce that you're about to be run over. In London, drivers speed up but remain totally silent. No horn, nothing. They really intend to hit you. Worse yet, England's senseless "drive on the left" custom ensures that anybody from outside the islands will automatically be looking the wrong way for oncoming traffic. This is how drivers can tell who to hit. You can actually sense their disappointment each time you narrowly escape death. Try it sometime.

## Handicapped Access

Once you've been in London for awhile, you might notice the curious absence of anybody in wheelchairs or motorized carts. This is because nobody is disabled in London. The city was built in the days when survival of the fittest was the rule, and the handicapped quickly perished when left to fend for themselves in the cold, cruel world. This system is remarkably effective in that it keeps unsightly cripples off the streets, but the danger is that when a normal person is temporarily injured, they have no choice but to be carried to back to their flat and become a recluse for several weeks. On wheels or on crutches, London can be an unfriendly place. Steep, narrow stairways are everywhere, and wheelchair ramps are the stuff of legend. Even public transportation spites you with an enormous gap between the subway train and the platform—not that any platform anywhere in the city is accessible without taking stairs, or at least an escalator. You'll be lucky just to find a building with a lift, which is English for "uselessly tiny and disturbingly shaky elevator." So be careful out there, and don't hobble yourself. You'll regret it.

## Service

Anyone who's ever been told to "have a nice day" by obviously unhappy clerks and waitresses with plastic smiles and thin facades of bubblyness might suppose that doing away with all this phoniness in the service industry would be a good thing. But let England serve as a warning: Remove this seemingly pointless crutch, and the entire industry comes crumbling down. Merely suggesting that a restaurant might move two tables together to accommodate your large group will result in being blatantly and spitefully ignored by an openly resentful wait staff for the remainder of your visit, until the only dignified thing to do is to leave without ordering. One might expect that such treatment would adversely affect business prospects, seeing as most restaurants *want* customers; some even go so far as to spend money on advertising, or installing people on the sidewalk to *lure customers in!* Apparently this is somehow not the case here. This adversarial attitude toward the customer pervades the culture—even ATMs don't spend time "processing." Rather, they are "dealing with your request." This is partially due to the English tendency to say simple things in as many words as possible, but it also bespeaks a certain irritation on the part of the machine.

I'm not saying we really need depressed teenagers flashing halfhearted grins at us when we order a burrito, but if that's what it takes to maintain a service industry that actually performs the function it's paid to do without clearing its throat and spitting in your face, then we'll just have to live with it. Because when undisguised hostility is the norm, bitchy waitresses still bitter about turning thirty will feel free to abuse their customers, especially when said waitresses work in the Bella Pasta chain on the southern end of Queensway in London. Don't

go there. And if you do, spit at the waitress for me. I owe her one.

## Travel Guides

When choosing a guide to exploring London, make sure to avoid picking up *Getting Acquainted with London: A Traveler's Guide* by Kenny Byerly. It is smug, unhelpful, and shockingly incomplete in terms of topics covered. Also, the ink comes right off on your hands.




# Optical Reflection/Refraction: The Duck Hunt Conundrum

Lead Researcher: Boback Ziaeeian

In an effort to restore peace and stop world hunger, *Squelch* researchers have rigorously tested the original Nintendo Duck Hunt Gun. We hope our research will give us a better understanding of its mystical powers. To those unfamiliar with the Duck Hunt Gun, it was used in conjunction with the Nintendo Entertainment System. The Gun has the amazing capabilities of shooting pixelated fowl and causing oversized beagles to bark when threatened on your home television set.

**Basic Structure of Gun:** Classic Single barrel with plastic trigger.

*Tests Run in controlled Laboratory settings.*

 **Turn off screen but keep game running and play Duck Hunt (may be hard to tell if ducks actually die)**

As hypothesized, ducks could not be seen dying. Attempts to the turn the TV on and off between shots did not provide enough time to see ducks twirling towards ground.

 **Play using two televisions. And shoot only at the one not showing Duck Hunt**

Researchers might have killed five unarmed teenage Palestinians. It's best not to aim Gun at television during live coverage from Gaza Strip.

 **Attempt to play Duck Hunt on one of the scrambled porn channels**

Rapid firing of gun improved reception of scrambled porn.




**Note:** Good idea!!!

 **Play Duck Hunt in another medium like milk or water.**

Researchers attempted to enter tub with television, console, and Gun. As a result, two researchers are in critical condition and a lab assistant's hair spontaneously braided itself into cornrows.

**Note:** Bad idea

 **Aim Gun at real ducks or other fowl outdoors (Take note of which ducks die)**


Ducks were targeted in close range. Upon firing, real ducks fled and dodged ammunition.

 **Mentally envision act of killing ducks while looking at television**

Ducks seemed to move faster as researchers strained harder. One researcher had a horrible dream that night of the dog from Duck Hunt attacking his leg while the ducks pecked at his head. He's sleeping fine now.

 **Set up Duck Trap using common household products to lure ducks out of television**

Ducks seemed to be enticed by graham crackers, yet bounced off the edge of the screen and changed trajectory without harm.

 **Feed rats deuterated water, chop up 35 rat spleens, add chloroform to 100 sample tubes, vortex for 5 minutes, centrifuge for three days at 30000 RPM, esterify samples in preparation for mass spec. Isolate labeled histidine, write a two-hundred-page paper on findings, earn PHD, play Duck Hunt with PHD and see if you can kill the dog now.**

## Conclusions:

Gun uses lethal combination of sound waves and concentrated radiation to disintegrate ducks. Luckily, digital dogs have adapted remarkably well to dodging virtual gunfire.

## Top Ten Inner-City Software Products

10. Adobe Photoshoplifter
9. Microsoft Excel at Sports and Maybe I Can Get Out of Here
8. Macromedia Dreams-ruined-by-Prop-22-weaver
7. Etch-a-Sketch
6. Corel Werd Perfikt
5. Microsoft Out-Look-Out Datrell It's tha Po-Po
4. Lowered Netscape Navigator with Chrome Rims and 12" Subs
3. Microsoft Word Up
2. Oregon Trail for the Apple IIe
1. Real Playa

## Top Ten Things Not To Say While At A Urinal

10. (Cough) Your balls are showing.
9. Boy, I need to shave.
8. Fuck! Belt ricochet!
7. I hate it when it burns.
6. You KNOW it, you TELL the STORY, you tell the WHOLE DAMN WORLD this is BEAR TERRITORY...
5. Allow me to introduce myself. My name's Stephen Handley and I'd like you to know that the phrase "elephant cock" now makes perfect sense.
4. Blood again!
3. The Juice is loose.
2. Like a rock! Oh, like a rock!
1. My weenie has a first name it's O-S-C-A-R...

## Top Ten New Firestone Slogans

10. Once you pop you can't stop
9. Because they'll explode and kill your entire family
8. Pop, Pop, Fizz, Fizz, oh what the fuck!
7. Rotate tires every 15,000 miles or before hideous death
6. Because, really, how much is riding on your tires?
5. Our rubbers may break, but we won't get your wife pregnant
4. Get there before the treads do
3. We don't recall a better tire
2. Snap, Crackle, Pop, Swerve, Die
1. (This entry was published in a car ride to *Squelch* office and could not be retrieved)



## Nutrition Facts

Serving Size 3.5 pp

Servings per Package About 4

### Amount per Serving

Racial Sensitivity 99%

Penis Jokes 40%

Misogyny 23%

Anal Sex 35%

Sheep 56%

Giraffes 32%

Bullet Points 82%

Political Satire 3%

Scratch Disk Space 0%

Self-Reference 75%

Iron(y) 98%

Riboflava 2%

Too Damn Many Serif Fonts 1%

Vitamin B-Goode 55%

Lesbian 22%

Sodium Benzoate 89%

Magnesium is really cool because when you light it on fire it burns in different colors. We burned it once for a lab in eighth grade science and I stole some to burn later, but when I tried, I couldn't get it to stay lit. My friend and I went down to this gutter near the park to burn it there, but the wind kept blowing it out. Also the pieces were really small. It really sucked, actually. I was so pissed. Stupid Magnesium. 14%

**Ingredients:** Wood pulp, ink, asbestos, innocence of children, tears of a clown, elephant tusk, Zack Fornaca's penis, weapons grade plutonium, Hallie Eisenberg's tooth enamel, Galactose, Silver-Surfer-tose. Just for the heck of it, BHT has been added to the packaging. I really wish that Magnesium had worked. I was so psyched up for it and everything. Dammit.

## Inky Chocolate Squelchie Treats

Perfect for  
Meals, Snacks,  
or Yom Kippur!

### You will need:

- 2 issues *Heuristic Squelch* magazine
- 18 cups *Squelch* brand margarine
- 3 tsp. *Squelch* brand chocolate chips
- 3 tsp. blood of Griffin
- 1 Tic Tac
- 2 shots Jaegermeister
- Semen of a righteous male



1. Remove staples. Finely mince pages.
2. Melt Tic Tac, mix with margarine in medium saucepan.
3. Eat issue. Digest and excrete.
4. Pour Jaegermeister on floor and set kitchen on fire.
5. Heat blood of Griffin over open flame in a second medium saucepan.
6. Tear up recipe and coat cookie sheet with medium saucepan. Repeat.
7. Filet cookie sheet, bake until risen.
8. Allow to cool 10 hours.
9. Melt chocolate chips on carpet, sell house. Serve in medium saucepan.



Your product may differ from that shown.

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Sweater not included. Void where prohibited (U.S., Guam, and territories). Duplicated coupons not accepted. Accepted coupons not duplicated. Not all Ukrainians are young girls available in mail order offers. Offer expires November 30, 2001 or when supplies are exhausted.