

the heuristic

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This Month's Cover: A stirring depiction of the lost youth which once seemed to stretch out into eternity, much like the colored balls disappearing into the horizon. Our chosen boy holds the sole purple ball, as do we all, deep inside, and no belligerent ogre can take that away from him. Or us. It's also in color. Did you notice?

Boback wants his manhood back from the lovely girl that didn't read the small text last time. Now that ATMs have color and sound they really ought to get cable. I think the reason Charles Dickens is my favorite author is the subtlety he demonstrates in his naming of characters. Whenever Mr. M'Choakumchild berates one of his students, or Mr. Honeythunder raises his voice, or Sally Heroinesque faints in a girlish manner, I realize that wading through 950 fucking pages of bird metaphors in *Bleak House* was absolutely and completely worth it. I wonder if there are a bunch of stoners somewhere who have taken a water pipe, and dubbed it the "Tall-bong." And, if so, if they allow women to take hits from it.

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored 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 at the angle of incidence. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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Welcome to the Future

There comes a time in the life of every young magazine when that magazine must learn to grow and change, when that magazine must embark upon certain rites of passage. You may have noticed certain ... changes in the *Squelch* of late. Better paper stock, different fonts, an awkward cracking of the voice at the most embarrassing times. Such is life. This month the *Squelch* bursts forth upon the scene with the most startling of changes: a full-color glossy cover. Right now you may find this change tough to deal with, but remember, it's natural. You'll soon get used to it, you'll get some great presents at the bar mitzvah, and don't worry, the tenderness and odd firmness in your nipples will soon go away.

Yes, the *Squelch* is coming of age. With that age comes responsibility, but also opportunity. Jokes which were out of our reach before are out of reach no longer. Jokes about butterflies, pinwheels, and crayons, yes, but also jokes about flowers, and tropical frogs, and the Photoshop color selection tool. How many times have we found ourselves on the cusp of brilliance, only to be thwarted by merciless black, indifferent white, and a legion of irate, screaming gray whores of Babylon? Oh, sure, some are light gray, and some are dark gray, and some are a middling, indecisive gray, but whores the lot of them. Well, no more!

Okay, I'm not sure where I was going with that whores thing. But now that the whores have been put to rest, the *Squelch* stands brimming in a sleek, suave suit, ready to sweep the unsuspecting reader off her feet! Certain uppity readers who might have thought themselves too good to give the *Squelch* a second look will find themselves charmed into a daze, at last falling under the spell of the raw, instinctive, animal attraction that is the *Heuristic Squelch*. Damn it. Can't we as a staff escape our own sexual frustration for just one short moment to cherish and enjoy our sweet, hard-won accomplishments?!

Stop. Don't look desperate. Don't look desperate. Just flip your hair back and play it cool. You own these people. You're better than them. Let them feel you and your color cover.

Hi.

Many people deserve thanks for helping us get to this important milestone. Probably past editors, most likely our advertisers, a select few ASUC senators. One thing, however, is certain: there are many, many more who deserve no thanks at all. These include the Chancellor's Grant Committee, Sandy from Futura, Wally Adeyemo's resource-draining One Campus initiative, the fucker who stole our mouse with the scroll wheel, and the bigger fucker that stole our digital camera without even taking the battery pack and serial cable that are vital for its use.

I hope this color glossy thing looks good. We haven't seen any samples.

Squelch Comedy Show

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newsflashes

Holmoe: "I Have Nothing Left to Prove"

by Dylan Saloner, Pac Rat



Cal football coach and all around nice guy Tom Holmoe announced his resignation recently at an emotional press conference. "Basically, I've accomplished all the goals I had coming into this position. There is nothing left for me to prove here," said the coaching legend. "I'm a personable, lovable, nice guy. And I'm blonde!"

Athletic director Steve Gladstone, one of many visibly shaken by the sudden decision lamented, "For the last five years, Tom has consistently proven to be one of the nicest guys in college football. Right now, it's hard to even contemplate finding a coaching candidate as nice as Tom." However, according to sources close to the athletic department, a list of possible replacements is being made and includes

Christopher Reeve, Jimmy Carter, Santa Claus, and Pillsbury Doughboy.

When asked about his retirement plans, Holmoe replied, "Frankly, being a nice guy is a fucking grueling job. Right now I just gotta get as far away from that shit as possible. Tomorrow, I'll probably beat up some puppies or something. It's hard to say exactly what I'll do. Honestly, who knows where nice guys finish?"

Boy Goes to Jupiter, Gets More Stupider

by Matt Holohan, Double Dutchman

A recent trip to the Shattuck Avenue bar "Jupiter" resulted in a significant decrease in the judgement, lucidity, and overall intelligence of a local frat boy, according to UC Berkeley psychologists.

"He was definitely more stupider coming out than he had been going in," said Psychology Ph.D. candidate Laura Silver, who examined the student after his ordeal. Silver is part of a group studying the apparent correlation between Jupiter and stupiderness.

Student Really Creeped Out by Olsen Twins Poster

by David Duman, Pedal File

UC Berkeley sophomore Daniel Johnson described himself as being "really creeped out" after happening to run across a recent poster of popular teenage actresses Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen. The poster featuring the two pixies who costarred with funnyman Bob Saget on the ABC sitcom "Full House" was seen by Johnson at Berkeley poster shop "Beyond the Wall."

"I mean, I was just looking through the posters, trying to find that awesome Victoria Silverstedt, when I saw this one," Johnson told reporters. "I almost bought it, because I thought they looked cute and I have a thing for twins, but then, like, I took a closer look and realized it was those two girls from 'Full House' and I got really freaked out. I mean, I watched that show when I was 10 and now they're like grown up, you know, they have 'thingies,' man."

When asked to clarify what he meant by "thingies," Johnson continued, "But, it's okay, right? I mean, aren't they 16 now? That's almost legal. Dude, what am I saying? I'm fucked up."

Neither the Olson twins nor their thingies were available for comment.

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newsflashes

Olympic Hopes Dashed

by Nadia Bonacci, XY Female

Citizens of Kabul, Afghanistan were disheartened, yet again, upon learning they are not contenders to host the 2012 Olympics. The Olympic committee determined the facilities and citizens of Kabul could not possibly accommodate the needs of the summer games.

"We are officially forsaken. The Olympic games were the last glimmer of hope in the hearts of the Afghan people. God willing, we hoped to host the games," said local mayor Khalilur Rahman.

"The conditions of Kabul do not reflect what the Olympic committee requires for successful summer games. Look at this, we can't bring the world's finest athletes to this," said Olympic Chairman Ross Williams while waving his hand in a indiscreet manner towards the reminisce of mud-brick house or the perhaps the one-legged native resting himself on a mound of rubble. Williams then added, "In selecting a city to host the Olympics, we generally err towards those with top-notch sporting facilities, preferably those which have not doubled as public execution arenas. We also prefer cities with ample tourist accomodations, relatively crater-free paved roads, and water."

Wifebeater Wifebeaten

by Son Nguyen, Sweat Stained

Police officers were baffled this week upon responding to a report of a domestic dispute at an Oakland home. They arrived to find a man who had been beaten by his wife despite the fact that the man was wearing his favorite large Fruit of the Loom "wifebeater."

"The classic Fruit of the Loom wifebeater, a favorite among lower-income men with troubled marriages, is the optimal garment for favorite pastimes such as wifebeating," commented Oakland police officer Lt. Marsh, also a wifebeater historian. "It's light, thin, and the ingenious sleeveless design

does not hamper free movement of the arms while raining down blows. Pure brilliance. I wish I had invented it."

Widespread confusion over the wife-beater's ironic failure to deliver were resolved when a "standard" strip search of the woman involved revealed that she was secretly wearing a "husbandbeater" underneath her T-shirt. Hers, unlike her husband's, was an extra-large. She confirmed that she had purchased the novelty item from an ad in Oprah's *O* magazine. Oprah was unavailable to comment, but has pulled the ad from future issues.

Mayfield Cougars Locke Down Victory

by Boback Ziaecian, Traveling Man

High School sophomore Chester Locke (5'2" 173 lbs) made an appearance for the Mayfield Cougars in the final 27 seconds of the fourth quarter of Sunday's basketball game. With a 24 point cushion, Coach George Elders substituted the chubby Chester at power forward.

Within the allotted time, Chester darted up and down the length of the court a full two times, during which he dove for a loose ball, drawing a personal foul, and took the final shot of the game to the roar of 35 fans yelling "Shoot, Chester!" The shot rimmed out.

"The kid shows a lot of heart. That's why we put him out there for the final 27 seconds. Even with a 24 point cushion and inevitable success, Chester plays like we were down by two points, diving for balls and playing tough defense," said Elders.

"I didn't mean to foul their team in the final moments," said Locke. "I tripped on my shoe. It was an accident."

According to the assistant coaching staff, it is not uncommon to play Locke in the final moments of the fourth quarter. "Actually, [the Cougars] are 11-0 when Chester plays," said assistant Kraigher O'Keefe. The average margin of victory is also 26.3 points in those games.

"If Chester scores, it's like we've won twice in one night. It's total domination by the team and Chester," said a fellow teammate.

Flag Count Dangerously Low, Warns Pentagon

by Dylan Saloner, Made in China

According to a recent study conducted by the Pentagon, the number of American flags currently displayed in the United States is "dangerously" low. The 42 page report indicated that only 37% of all households and 56% of all businesses have flags displayed. "While the number of flags displayed has risen substantially since the September 11th attacks, the country is still not close to a safe level of flag-preparedness," said Andrew Ogden, the study's author. "The recent tragedies have shown us just how vulnerable our under-flagged nation was to terrorist attacks. We still have a lot of flags to put up before we can be sure that we are safe."

In response to the report, a bill was promptly introduced in Congress to boost the nation's flag count. If passed, the legislation would direct federal funds to the subsidization of flag production and mandate that every U.S. household display an American flag. According to Representative Beaumont Smith (R, New Hampshire), co-author of the proposal, "the passage of this bill will ensure the safety of our nation and the protection of the freedoms that we as Americans cherish."

Ogden is currently conducting another study on whether 'God Bless America' is sung frequently enough.

Afghans Inadvertently Observe Ramadan

by Sean Keane, pseudonym

Clerics in Kabul report that nearly 100% of the citizens of Afghanistan are strictly observing the fast of Ramadan. The ninth month of the Muslim calendar, Ramadan is the time in which Muslims fast during daylight hours. Afghan citizens have embraced the restrictions this year with unusual fervor, some maintaining their fasts even after sundown, some for as long as weeks at a time. Experts are unsure at this time as to the reason for such widespread religious devotion.

The Islamic observation of Ramadan is expected to continue through the month of Shawwal and well into Dhul Qadah.

Teachers Not Artists, Study Finds

by Boback Ziaieian, *Eraserhead*

In a study by the Classroom Health and Safety Board, it was discovered that 99.99% of people in front of chalk boards are not artists. The study was conducted by observing teachers and students attempting to draw various shapes, graphs, and drawing on classroom chalkboards. Without prodding, most subjects apologized for a lack of artistic ability. "As you can see the portion is coming out of the board, and this here should be ... oh, I'm sorry. I'm not an artist, but the picture should be in your textbook," said a typical professor. Sadly, real chalk artists are poverty stricken and beg for change on urban streets.

Amazon.com Wanted for Anthrax Mailing

by Kenny Byerly, *Spored to Tears*

Internet retail giant Amazon.com is wanted for questioning regarding the shipping of Anthrax through the mail, the FBI

reported. Suspicions first arose last week when New York resident Tim Duggins was heard softly singing the lyrics to the thrash metal classic "A.I.R." from the 1985 album *Spreading the Disease*—a textbook symptom of Anthrax exposure. Investigators traced Duggins' exposure to the workplace, where a colleague in the mailroom had reportedly played Anthrax's well-received sophomore effort on his mini-boombox in an attempt to liven up the mailroom atmosphere.

"The most frightening aspect of this case is the fact that this particular form of Anthrax can be transmitted through the air," stated FBI director Robert Mueller. "Mr. Duggins found himself headbanging enthusiastically to both 'Aftershock' and 'Stand and Fall' despite never even having handled the album personally."

FBI investigators discovered an invoice and package from Amazon.com in co-worker John Cassel's garbage, leading them to believe the online retailer may be behind the spread of numerous other Anthrax outbreaks. This includes a recent New Jersey case contracted from the album *Among the Living*. This album—the group's third—is considered by many fans to be the most potent form of

Anthrax, due to Charlie Benante's unparalleled drumming ability, Frank Bello's stylish work on bass, and Joey Belladonna's distinctive opera-metal style vocals.

Bad Dreams Afoot

by Boback Ziaieian, *All Tingly*

A left foot fell asleep after a few minutes resting in an awkward position beneath the right lower thigh. The foot reveled in dreams of being the right foot, kicking soccer balls, taking the first step, and fondling other naked feet, before it nightmarishly appeared sockless in a crowd of angry Nike high-tops.

The shoes carried him to the front of the Taj Mahal and bound his toes and ankles to a bed of pins and needles while a traditional southern shehnai echoed in the background. With every wiggle, the ropes grew tighter and escape seemed unfathomable. Finally, the foot awoke in a bed of cold foot-sweat, comforted by the realization that the ordeal was all just part of the same recurring foot-dream.

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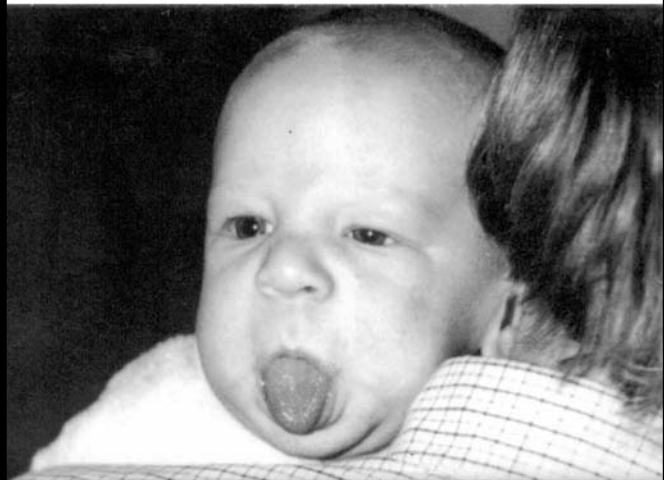


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Top Five Wartime Pick-Up Lines

5. "I never got a chance to tell you I love you, and now you've gone off to fight, and now I'm on the front page of the *Daily Cal*."
4. "Aren't you glad that was only a roofie I put in your drink? And not anthrax?"
3. "You're either sleeping with me or you're with the terrorists."
2. "Are you from Talibanisee? Because you're the only Taliban-I-see."
1. "It's time to rebuild America ... by fucking."

Top Ten Farewell Gifts for Tom Holmoe

10. Foosball table with opposing players missing and one side that's just a giant goal
9. Banishment to Outer Darkness
8. Another chance
7. Jar to hold all his tears
6. Touchdown-throwing mule
5. A bunch of sorority girls to say "Oh, but you're such a nice guy."
4. 30-second video of team highlights (1997-2001)
3. The last five years of his life back
2. Undying hate of Cal football fans
1. Amnesia

Top Ten Ways to Feel Insignificant

10. Piss into the ocean
9. Have sex with a 400 foot vagina
8. Imagine the depressingly small number of mourners at your hypothetical funeral following your hypothetical suicide
7. Vote for Nader
6. Realize you just wasted one billion sperm
5. Give the best speech of your life; realize you're mute
4. Ask out and be rejected by Anne Cooper, this girl in my co-op
3. Appear on cover of *Asianweek*
2. Turn self into pixel
1. Be a daughter born in China

Top Ten Worst Things to Hear During Sex

10. "My diaphragm broke. No, the one I breathe with."
9. "Daddy, stop hurting Mommy."
8. "I'm going back for my Rolex."
7. "This is a lot better than that video I saw in Health class ... today."
6. "It's stuck."
5. "They're both stuck."
4. "It's okay, I can't get pregnant; I'm a man."
3. "Not only am I underage, I'm also a cop."
2. "Perforated condoms really let my dick breathe."
1. "Yeah, this is pretty good. I guess."

sketch comedy

by Kenny Byerly

Man: Excuse me sir?

[He is ignored.]

Man: Excuse me? Sir? Sir?

John Cleese: AAAGH!

Man: AGH!

John Cleese: Right, right. What can I do for you then?

Man: Yes, well, I was wondering if I could buy a box of cigars.

John Cleese: Cigars! Of course, of course, sir. What kind would you like?

Man: Well, I'm not sure, exactly, but I was looking for—

John Cleese: Cigars, yes! I know. But what kind, sir?

Man: I'm trying to tell you—

John Cleese: That you'd like some cigars, yes! I'm trying to help you!

Man: And I'm trying to—

John Cleese: CLOD!!!

Man: Are you calling me a clod, sir?

Will Ferrell: Hold it, hold it. I'm the manager here. What's going on?

Man: He just called me a clod.

[Chris Kattan runs through the set, climbs on the counter, flails wildly.]

Chris Kattan: EEEEEEEEEK!!!

Will Ferrell: I'm sorry, *that's* Clod, you see.

Man: His name is Clod?

Will Ferrell: *[looks at camera, affects ironic delivery]* His name is Clod?!

[Chris Kattan runs through set, bangs head on counter, attacks Will Ferrell with hideous teeth.]

Chris Kattan: EEEEEEEEEK!!!

John Cleese: Sorry about that sir.

Man: Now wait just a minute. What's going on here?

John Cleese: I'm quite sure I don't know what you're—

[John Cleese is suddenly splattered with falling green slime.]

Man: I've had just about enough of this. Is this a cigar store or not?

John Cleese: Without a doubt. We've got red cigars, blue cigars, yellow cigars, any cigar you please. Would you like some party cigars?

Man: Come to think of it, this store is full of balloons, not cigars.

John Cleese: Quite right, sir. Cigars, not balloons.

Man: No, I said—

Will Ferrell: *[clinging to counter, bleeding]* CLOOOOOD!!!

[Chris Kattan runs through set, flails about drooling, falls on floor and masturbates all over self.]

Chris Kattan: EEK!!

Man: I've had it with you people! Well, I won't play your straight man any longer, I—
[Kevin McDonald, in drag, enters the store and punches Man in the stomach, then drags him out.]

Kevin McDonald: *[incoherent high-pitched mumbling]*

Damon Wayans: Homey don't play dat!
[Fly girls crushed by giant foot, cast waves goodbye.]

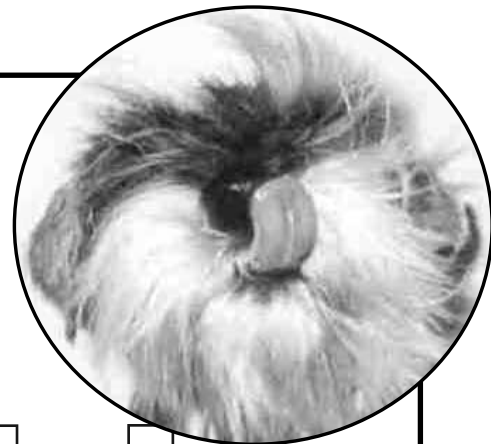
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HOW TO DIE

by Kevin Deenihan

How many of us—when dying—convulse with thoughts such as “I wish my life wasn’t ending with me staring helplessly at my wife’s 78 year old ass”? Consider all the unfortunate souls suffering heart attacks or sudden losses of soul while watching *E: True Hollywood Story* or the fourth quarter of any Cal football game. These fools haven’t prepared for the grim reality that is Cal football or “real-life” television. To them—and to those of us who haven’t given proper thought to How to Die—I dedicate this guide.

PREPARING FOR SUDDEN DEATH:

The purpose of preparing for Sudden Death is to avoid Dying Suddenly. Even if it means stealing a liver from a passerby and using it to prolong your life by 10-20 minutes, do what it takes to postpone collapse. Keep a handy “Not Immediately Dying” fanny pack with you at all times. This fanny pack should contain the following:

- Vendetta: Keeping the banked coals of burning hate in your heart can prolong your last gasps by up to five minutes. Sean Connery tested, Kevin approved!
- Copy of the “How to Keep From Dying for Up to Five Hours” manual, by Jesus
- Mighty Mouse
- Background orchestra: Melodramatic music = slow death.
- Adrenaline injection: At best, it may keep your blood pumping a bit longer when you shoot it directly into your heart. Failing that, it’ll be a good rush.

OTHER USEFUL STRATEGIES FOR PROLONGING DEATH:

1. Harbor a mutually unspoken love for a secret soul mate. As you die, you’ll be guaranteed enough gasping moments in your tearful lover’s arms to choke out a confession of your love before the life passes from your lips just as you share your first, and last, kiss.

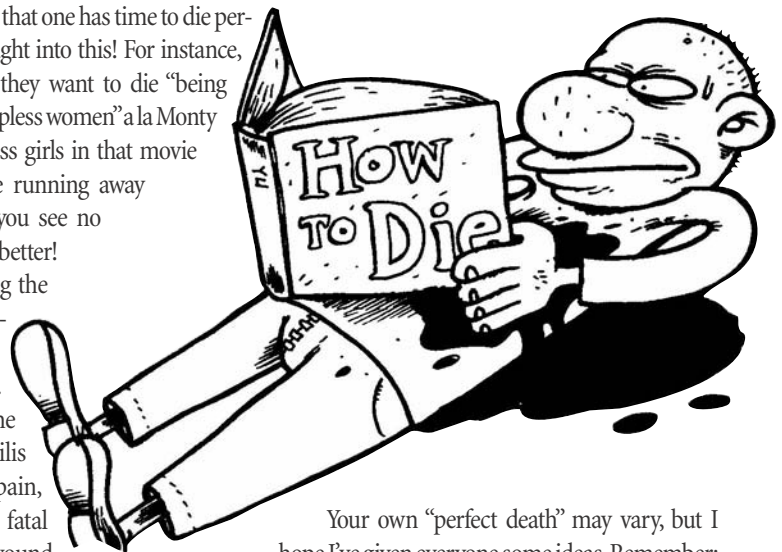
2. As you die, continually guess at your exact moment of death (i.e. “I’m going to die ... now.”). Chances are, most guesses will be wrong.

READYING THE PERFECT DEATH:

The most important reason to avoid dying suddenly is to ensure that one has time to die perfectly. Put some thought into this! For instance, smartass nerds say they want to die “being chased off a cliff by topless women” a la Monty Python. A: The topless girls in that movie are British. B: You’re running away from them. Hence, you see no boobs. C: You can do better!

When preparing the perfect death, remember that you won’t have much time. Unless you can feel the cold grasp of syphilis finally ending your pain, or are suffering a fatal but slow-killing gut wound, chances are that whatever is killing you off is going about it quickly and efficiently.

To prepare for that, I’ve built a “Death Chamber” in the spare room of my apartment. (Bathroom.) If I feel a death coming on, all I need to do is sit down on my Death Chair (toilet) and pull the lever. Automatically, two syringes of pure Canadian heroin jab into my buttocks, and a hidden catapult and chute flings the unsuspecting girl next door through the door and onto my naked crotch. Video monitors begin playing my favorite scenes from *The Simpsons* and *The Tick*, while a speakerphone lets me call gang hits on the rat bastards who’ve just killed me. Then, as I expire, another catapult shoots my lifeless body into Newman Hall, where the honest priests will give me a decent Catholic burial.



Your own “perfect death” may vary, but I hope I’ve given everyone some ideas. Remember: if you can’t look forward to your own death, then you’ll just die disappointed.

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Frustrating Moments in the life of: Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo

The First Day of School

Teacher: Yi?

Yi: Here!

Teacher: Chang?

Chang: Here!

Teacher: Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo?

Tikki: Um, I go by Tikki, thanks.

The Answering Machine

Mark: Ready to record our new outgoing message, guys?

Tikki: Let's do it!

Mark: [*presses "record"*] Howdy, pardner. We're probably out on the range somewhere, but if y'all leave your name and number at the tone, Mark ...

Jared: ... Jared ...

Tikki: ... or Tikki tikki tembo-no sa—[BEEP]

The Traffic Stop

Officer Tejada: Can I see your ID, son?

Tikki: Here you go.

Officer Tejada: Hmm ... Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo ... is that a Japanese name?

Tikki: Actually, I'm Chinese.

Officer Tejada: Really? Don't Chinese people usually have short names?

Tikki: That's true now, but it wasn't the case when I was younger. You see, when I was a kid, I fell into a well, and my brother had to get this fisherman, and ... basically, Chinese kids now have short names, as a result of my misfortune.

Officer Tejada: Very interesting. So, you got a license for that bike?

The SAT

Test instructions: Please bubble in the letters of your first name, using the 16 spaces provided.

Tikki: [*puts down pencil, walks out of classroom*]

The Well

Chang: [*spots well*] Oh, no, Tikki tikki tembo-no sa rembo-chari bari ruchi-pip peri pembo, look out!

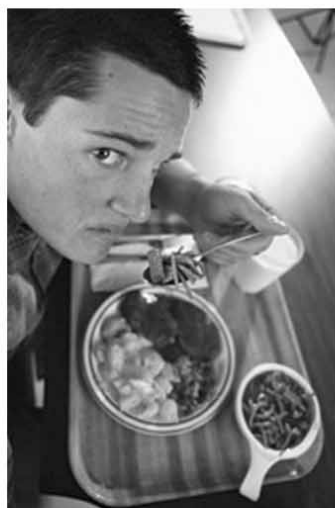
Tikki: [*already fallen into well*] Crap, not again.

Chang: You'd think they'd put up a warning sign or something.

Tikki: You'd think. Well, go get the fisherman, I guess.

現在很晚。我們想睡覺。

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Hair Down Where?

by Tyler "Ocelot" Roscoe



As I took a shower this morning and began washing under my arms, I regarded my armpit hair in a way that I had not done when I was an eight year-old. This is because I did not have any armpit hair when I was an eight year-old. With this realization, I sat down in the shower and began to cry, my bitter tears mixing with the salty Pert Plus in my hair to make a sort of bitter-salty mixture. I cried not because I knew I could no longer be that happy eight year-old boy, not because I knew that I would never again feel the heady drunkenness of dandelion wine, not because I could never be satisfied seducing middle-aged men for merely a shiny Go-Bot or tasty sixer of Chicken McNuggets. No. I cried because I had a renewed understanding of puberty, and how it is but a taste of the pain that awaits humankind as they leave the cocoon of youth and travel into the prickly world of adulthood.

Puberty, like everything that comes after, is a process of, "Little more... little more... liiiiiiittle more... TOO MUCH! TOO MUCH!" As a thirteen year-old boy who was already a late bloomer, I watched impatiently as my pubic hairs started to appear. Slowly. "Come on!" I urged my sad little pubes. They appeared to need encouragement—some hadn't even mustered the strength to darken yet, and remained an anemic blonde. But by the time the first specters of facial hair started to appear several months later, I was starting to grow wary.

Suddenly, all my follicles were in full revolt: my legs, formerly coated in the downy softness of a newborn duckling, now resembled barbecue scrub-brushes. My chest produced a dark, asymmetrical fan that served only to accentuate how infrequently my chest saw the sun. My eyebrows threatened to grow together into the dreaded Unibrow, which would subsequently limit my career options to substitute P.E. teacher or rape crisis center receptionist. TOO MUCH!

To see how this applies to other facets of life, one needn't move far away from puberty to reach: sex. By the time a boy reaches fourteen, he has surely discovered the simple pleasures of masturbation. The most difficult problems when

faced with one-on-none sex are "Is Mom home?" or, "Where are the kleenex?" or, "I hope there's no one in the stall next to me." Luckier boys may have the convenience of a jerk-off buddy, for those times when flying solo gets a little stale.

But by the time a boy reaches his later teens, when actual intercourse moves from the distant reaches of his imagination to a shimmering mirage just achingly out of his grasp, his jerk-off buddy starts calling him a fag, his friends don't think it's cool anymore that he can come six times in one hour, and he's *forced* into the complex world of real sex. No longer can he just have a little fun whenever he wants. Instead, he must invest in a full-fledged relationship¹. Time and money are wasted on dating just to achieve the same level of pleasure that first came easily from a firm grasp and perhaps something slippery. And later comes the enormous overhead of marriage, which may virtually guarantee the prospect of sex for a while, but later on guarantees it either won't happen at all, can only happen illegally (as with the babysitter), or will happen all the time, which leads to premature death in penises. And men. TOO MUCH!

The lessons here are myriad. They include "Taking Showers will Only Make You Maudlin", which is certainly wise but is only tangential to this discussion. The real lesson is, to quote the great mind John "Cougar" Mellencamp, "Hold onto sixteen as long as you can / Changes comin' 'round real soon make us women and men"². For those in the audience too busy trying to get laid or too stupid to understand this, I'll spell it out for you: pathetic losers who choose wild American carnivorous cats as "nicknames" like to talk about puberty. Why, what did you think the moral was gonna be?

¹ Keane, Sean. "Meat and Greet." *Heuristic Squelch*, Vol. X, Issue 5.

² Mellencamp, John "Cougar". "Jack and Diane." *American Fool*. Mercury, 1982.

Top Ten Ways to Annoy People in an Elevator

10. Stop showering a month before riding elevator
9. Make cash register noises when pressing buttons
8. Personally weigh over 500 lbs.
7. Have a torrent of blood ready to spill out whenever doors open
6. Set up a chair and desk; complain about how many people come into your office
5. Wedge open doors with liquid metal arms
4. Masturbate
3. Press every button, get off, then blow the cable
2. Take elevator from first to second floor, you lazy, non-stair-walking ASUC fuck
1. Explain that if your randomly-chosen floor matches the floor chosen by your potential lover in the other elevator, you were meant to be together

Top Ten Poorly Conceived Superhero Duos

10. Peanut Butter Man & Gum Man
9. Sharkman & Cap'n Chum
8. Riddler & "See Answer on Page 9" Man
7. Chalkman & White Board
6. Daredevil & DareJesus
5. BAMN-Man & Bam-Bam
4. Superman & Lousyman
3. Love Man & Friend Girl
2. Stand-Man & Can't-Stand-Stand-Man-Man
1. Etch-a-Sketch Man & Mr. Jitters

Top Ten Catholic TV Shows

10. Who's the Pope?
9. She's the Pope
8. Who's on the Cross?
7. Full Mass
6. Calvary Hillbillies
5. Golden Grails
4. Cardinals of Hazzard
3. Growing Pains in My Side After Being Speared
2. Really Big Family Ties
1. X-communication Files

Top Ten Emergencies at the Elementary School Health Office

10. Third-degree wedgies
9. Tether elbow
8. Mouth glued shut
7. Poké-mania!
6. PLTDs (Puppy Love Transmitted Diseases)
5. Miscarriage
4. Too-realistic earthquake drill
3. Chronic wussiness
2. A really painful splinter under the thumbnail that no one can help you with because there's not even really a nurse working in the so-called "health office," and everyone's too frightened of lawsuits to pick up a lousy pair of tweezers to help a suffering child, even when it's his second time back after being sent back to class in unbearable pain
1. Poorly funded school system

osama bin laden: making the

An Al-Jazeera Exclusive

Friday, 4:30 AM

Carson Sabarmati: What's up, privileged elites of the Arab world? We're coming to you from Detroit, Michigan, site of the shoot of Osama Bin Laden's new video, a video that will premiere on Al Jazeera in just 30 minutes.

Osama Bin Laden: When Al Jazeera approached me, I knew we had to shoot this video in Detroit, you know what I'm saying? Detroit is where the true fans are at, and I hope a lot of the militant fundamentalist Muslims in the Lower Michigan area come out to the shoot. *[sped up film of Bin Laden climbing into jeep, shaking hands with film crew, spitting on the American flag, shooting a rifle, and kicking a puppy]*

Wardrobe

7:15 AM

OBL: *[picks up a green jilbob from the clothing rack]* Now, this looks pretty fly. But I'm not sure if it'll seem too decadent, you know what I'm saying? *[selects new item]* This dishdasha is from Versace, and it kinda says, Saturday night, hitting the club in downtown Kabul. Saudi Arabia will love this look. *[picks uphooded white cloak]* This jalabiyah really says

Right: Carson Sabarmati and Osama Bin Laden take time out to talk to two "fanatics" in Al Jazeera MTV's 'TRL' studio as Osama announces the top five R&B new chart-toppers.



"mujahadeeni," but I don't know... let's just go with the same camouflage thing I always wear. Give me that white cap, too.

Radio Interview

8:43 AM

DJ: We're here on KMSM here in Detroit, talking with famed terrorist Osama Bin Laden. Osama, thanks for coming out.

OBL: Well, I don't usually visit pop stations, but I'm making a video for Al Jazeera, so it's all good, you know what I'm sayin?

DJ: We appreciate it. So, the new single is a 45 minute speech about Israeli human rights abuses in the occupied territories, and the scores of civilian casualties from

the US bombing of Iraq.

OBL: Yes, it's a cause I feel very strongly about.

DJ: So, what made you choose Dr. Dre to produce it?

OBL: Ever since his N.W.A. days, Dr. Dre's slick beats and anti-authority attitude have been an inspiration to all oppressed peoples. Plus, he said Nate Dogg might be willing to do a guest vocal. He's got such such a sweet voice, you know what I'm saying?

DJ: I hear that, Osama. We'll be back in a minute with Osama Bin Laden, but first, here's Cat Stevens with "Peace Train."

[Bin Laden slaps forehead]



Left: Osama Bin Laden gives the viewers an intimate view of the "real" Osama as he shows off his dazzlingly stylish dance-wear.



Right: Osama Bin Laden and director Hype Williams disagree on the artistic vision of the next scene. Osama wins the argument, insisting, "Look, if we don't film the waterfall scene the way I said, I'll talk to some people and we'll feed your family to the wolves."



The Vision 11:52 AM

Director Hype Williams: Osama had a vision for this video. First, he was going to preach into the camera in High Arabic for an unbroken 40 minutes. Then, he was going to fire his rifle at a target a few times. Then, a little more preaching. That was all cool, but I had an idea to switch it up a little.

OBL: Look, I've showed off political Osama, I gave y'all militant Osama, and now it's time to show off the playful side of Bin Laden.

[clip of OBL and Mase on a speedboat, with four girls]

Hype Williams: Underneath those birkas, and chadors are some fineass honeys. Just take my word for it.

12:48 PM

OBL: We shall continue until we win this battle, or die in the cause and meet our maker.

[Camera explodes, killing camera operator, key grip, Best Boy, and Al Qaeda cofounder Muhammad Atef]

Hype Williams: Cut!

OBL: OK, who's working security? Cut off their hands.

been wrapped in a carpet and driven in the back of a jeep, flown blindfolded in a cargo hold of a prop plane, and then spun around ten times so he won't be able to remember the way back. So now, Bin Laden fans, and Al Qaeda operatives looking for coded messages, enjoy the new OBL video world premiere. Peace out.

Below: Holy shit, it's another picture of Bin Laden acting like a pop star! There he is again; not one picture, not two, but five! It gets funnier every time.

The Studio

Carson Sabarmati: The video has just been delivered to Al Jazeera's office by a blindfolded courier. He's



Left: Osama gets ready to shoot a "blue-screened" scene from his newest terror video, with special effects to be added later.



Top Ten Signs You're in the Wrong Neighborhood

10. Skin color outside car opposite of skin color inside car
9. You're Mr. Rogers but you're in Mr. Ferguson's neighborhood
8. Sign that says "Welcome to Kabul"
7. You're a purple puppet on yellow side of Sesame Street
6. You walked for more than ten minutes down Telegraph
5. Street gangs fight it out in dance
4. You're a Who, and you ended up in Whatville
3. You have a star on your sleeve, but everyone else has no star
2. You're in Tomorrowland, but you were looking for Superman: The Ride
1. You're smiling all the time in Frownytown

Top Ten Alternate Names for Urinal Splashback

10. Sierra Mist
9. Blowback
8. Acid Rain
7. Priest's Blessing
6. Handwashing Justifier
5. Conservation of Momentum
4. Porcelain Wrath
3. More Successful Than Usual
2. Urinal Cake's Sweet Revenge
1. Freaking Miracle (if you're a girl)

Top Ten Ways to Avoid Getting Flyered on Sproul

10. Yell, "You can't flyer me; I quit!"
9. Go around with crutches, then hit flyer-distributors with crutches
8. Prominently display copy of *California Patriot*
7. Hold grenade in one hand, a bomb in other, and say "Sorry, my hands are full."
6. Walk on your hands
5. Say "No thanks."
4. Be non-Asian / non-Greek material
3. Pretend you're blind
2. Light self on fire
1. Matrix-style slo-mo moves around flyers

Top Ten Wild Animals

10. Cowboy Bear
9. Buckaroo Duck
8. Wilde-B33\$t
7. Free-Range Chicken
6. Kamikaze Calimari
5. Gay Bunny
4. Safari Hamster
3. Hoopla-potamus
2. Rabid Christmas Puppy
1. Spring Break Stegosaur

I am the Brass Ring

by Some Girl

Why does no one want to have sex with me? I don't get it. I'm not ugly. I'm in a sorority. I've even turned a gay guy straight—twice. Each time I've had to remind him, "Honey-bunny, you like boys, remember?" Yet despite this startling power of mine, no one here at Cal seems to want to have sex with me. Or, at least, no one I want to have sex with wants to have sex with me.

I've been thinking about this for a while now, mind you, and I've decided that maybe it's because my circle of male interaction is generally limited to (a) frat boys (not exactly known for their charming conversation, though some of them have been wonderful, or at least forgivable people), or (b) Squelch boys (ditto). This is why I've decided to go to Chile.

Next semester, I will be immersed in foreign language and foreign men. I will be especially attractive there for many reasons: not only will I be exotic as the foreign girl, but I will also be bearing the ultimate trump card in looking for a man: US Citizenship.

See, most men I meet here already have this. They don't need me or my body. They can stay in this country for as long as they like without liking me, buying me dinner, or giving me endless pleasure for hours at a time. If I want to receive a phone call more than twice a month, they can always move on to some other girl. But not Chilean men. They will have to bend over backwards (and in any other position I want) in order to make me happy.

They will have to listen to my desires and not come too quick. They will have to kiss me like I want to be kissed, and they will have to engage in charming conversation, and open doors, and be perfect gentlemen, even when they don't

want to. They'll spit-shine my shoes on demand; they'll offer their coats for ineffectual puddle-bridges; they'll serenade my window whenever I feel like having some background music, even if it's cold and raining. And they'll have stamina even if it kills them.

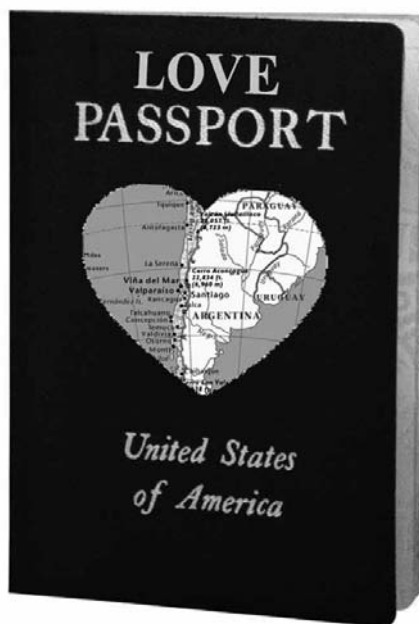
"But, *m'ija*, I'm tired..." he'll say. And then I'll pick up my passport, caress it slowly, and remind him that his friend Julio up the block is looking for a Green Card, too, "And do you really want to pass that up, *Caballero*?" I'll say with big green doe eyes and round, perky breasts peeking out from beneath my stars-and-stripes patterned sheets. "Didn't think so," I'll respond, flinging the passport onto the nightstand before demanding that he mount me again. And he'll have to comply. All this, my friends, for US Citizenship.

Once my *Chileno* is here, he'll have to treat

me just as well. Because the INS will be coming by periodically and checking in on us to make sure that we're actually happily married and that this whole arrangement isn't a sham. As my husband ever-so-helpfully does the dishes and mops the kitchen floor, the INS will take me aside and ask, "What kind of deodorant does he wear?" and "What side of the bed does he sleep on?" And the answer to every question will be "Whatever I want him to wear" and "Whatever side I want him to sleep on."

So once I get to Chile, it will be nothing but sex for hours. I will wear my passport on my sleeve, and a low-cut T-shirt with the slogan "Land of Opportunity" on my chest. Forget classes—I'll be learning Spanish the old fashioned way: through marriage.

Because I, along with my citizenship, am the proverbial brass ring for which Chilean men must reach. And boy, will I make sure to shine.





The Happiest Day on Earth in the Happiest Place on Earth

by Tommaso Sciortino

"Pardon me. Is this the Disneyland help desk?"

"Yes. Can I help you?"

"Yeah ... I'm looking for my friend. She's supposed to meet me here. Has anyone come here asking for me?"

"No."

"I haven't even told you my name yet."

"No."

"But I—"

"Look sir, this may be the Happiest Place on Earth, but I can't change reality for you."

"I'm just—"

"Hey, look, I'm Reality Changing Man, there's your friend!"

"Where?"

"Go away."

.....

"How many people you got?"

"Just me. I'll take a whole 'doom buggy' for myself."

"What? No, seriously."

"Seriously. It's just me."

"Um ... I'm going to have to call the Haunted Mansion manager."

"What? I'll just get on one of the doom buggies myself."

"Sorry, it's not me. The manager is a real

stickler. We've got a seating chart here ... even numbered groups break into twos, and odd numbered groups break into twos and threes ... Please wait here."

.....

"What? Why are you calling me about this?"

"Well, there's a seating problem..."

"Didn't you read the chart? If there's an odd number put him in a booth with two of his friends."

"He's here at Disneyland alone."

"..."

"Sir?"

"Let me handle this."

.....

"Hello, Michael Eisner here."

"We have a code Alpha-6-Bravo situation developing at the Haunted Mansion."

"He's alone? Poor bastard. Well, I guess it's up to me..."

"But sir, just what are you planning to do?"

"Whatever I have to."

.....

"I can't believe I'm in the Haunted Mansion with Michael Eisner!!"

"Last year we hired a guy to be the new character of the 'Haunted Mansion Knight.' That was my idea, you know: mixing live actors with animatronics."

"Wow! Michael Eisner, you're the coolest."

"Oh hey! Watch out, there's a hitchhiking ghost sitting between us."

"Dude, that's awesome!"

.....

"Turn that frown upside-down, sad clown. I'm sure your pal just got caught in traffic..."

"Michael, you're a real friend."

"Ah c'mon. Don't be blue. Say ... who wants to be a rascally pirate on Tom Sawyer Island?"

"Me?"

"Yes!"

"All right!"

.....

"Mike ... thanks for hanging out with me today."

"No problem. Just remember to keep reaching for the stars and always believe in magic."

"Mike, I made you something while you were wrestling the hippos on the jungle tour."

"What? You shouldn't have."

"No, really. It's a collage. So we can remember that we'll be bestest friends forever."

"Oh, and you even remembered how I like peanut brittle."

"I cut it out of the Disneyland in-park magazine ... I love you, Mike."

"Well, gee, Tom. I think you're really swell too."

"Kiss me, Mike."

"Okay."



Viewpoints:

How do you reconcile belief in a benevolent God with a world that permits the suffering of innocents?



"What do you mean, reconcile?"

Karla Sarandia
Retail Sales



"Most people like to eat things that are crunchy on the outside and chewy in the middle. So the benevolent God is like the chewy middle, and the suffering of innocents is like the crunchy outer shell."

Miguel Santiago
Singer



"After the Jihad, all will be clear."

Harry Figeroid
Sandwich Maker



"Innocent, schminocent. If they don't have change they deserve what they get."

Parking Meter
Civil Servant



"I try not to think about it. Shopping helps."

Becky Robinson
Mallrat



"My dolly says I'm a benemonent god."

Katie Ferra
Future Ballerina

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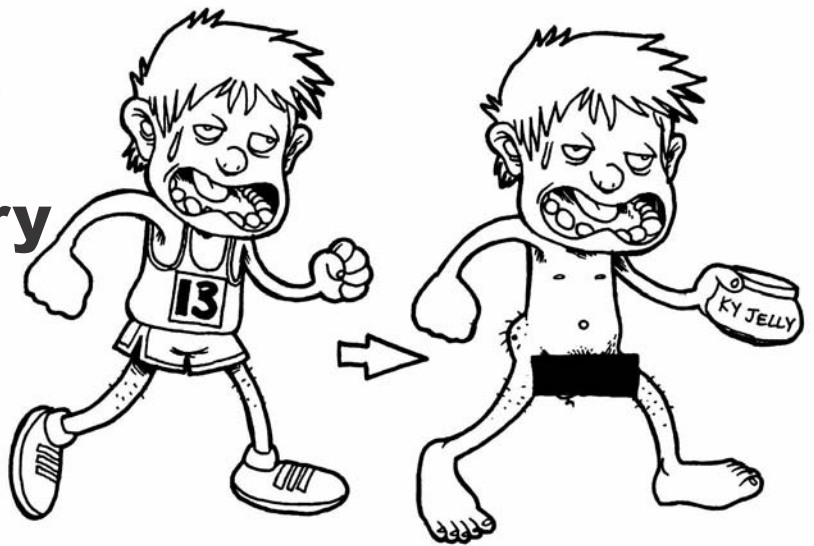
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Why Cross-Country Is Not a Sport

By Evan Rosenbaum



Throughout my young life, I have been confused while reading the sports sections of many newspapers and periodicals. I get confused a lot, but in this case, it's different. Cross-country is not a sport and should no longer be recognized as one in the news. It is just plain running.

Running should only be used in three cases: (1) when you are being punished, (2) when you are being chased, and (3) to get in shape. The second can often be avoided with some cunning darts into alleyways. Being that the third is inconsequential to my argument, it will be ignored.

Some people argue that it's the competition that makes cross-country fun. Running does not become a sport just because you are good at it; it is still a punishment, and might I say, a stupid one. If we gave championships to the best circus, circus would not become a sport; it would still be terrifying and traumatic. If cross-country runners think they deserve commendation when they win a race, perhaps they should be awarded Best Masochists for punishing themselves for fun.

To get a little more technical with my support, *Webster's New World Dictionary* says that sport is "any **recreational** activity; specif., a game, competition, etc. requiring bodily exertion."

At first glance, it seems that Webster, the authority on the English vocabulary, opposes my argument. There is no mention of fun or skill, but when we delve into the true meaning of these words, we will look up the definition of the word I have so helpfully typed in bold. "Recreation" is defined as "any **play, amusement**, etc. used to relax or refresh the body or mind." One does not *play* cross-country; one *runs* cross-country. That fact alone proves my argument, but Webster goes on and uses the word "amusement." Here is where it gets confusing.

I concede that cross-country *is* amusing. It is amusing that people will run for no reason at all. I laugh just thinking about it. However, because I have run, I know that it is not fun for the participant. Because I have watched people run, I know it is even worse for the viewers.

If physical exertion is the stance that my opposition takes, I suppose they would say that sex is a sport (if only this were true). Sex is similar to cross-country in many ways. Having never participated in either, I am judging based on hearsay and hours and hours of videotape. This convenient list will clarify the similarities between sex and running:

1. They both require practice to become perfect
2. The more you do either one, the longer you last
3. You should always stretch before partaking in either one
4. There is usually very little covering the crotch

5. Men usually have faster times than women
6. When you're done you usually talk about it in the locker room, and someone says, "Congratulations," while patting you on the ass.

So, cross-country is clearly not a sport, but in fact a form of lurid, disgusting, masochistic pornography. So it doesn't sound so bad anymore, but that still doesn't make it a sport.

Sure, to be successful, running takes practice, but that is true in everything. A chess player, a lawyer, a teacher, and a cock-smoking, cum-guzzling, poop-shoot-taking porn star all need to practice. But cross-country isn't about being successful; it is about being capable. Just about anyone could finish a race with a little willpower. Those same people could just as easily, and a lot more happily, have sex with three or four people at one time. But could they hit a curve ball as easily they could hit a curved dick? I think not.

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My Secret Romance With Stephen Hawking

by Mark Thomas

My leg trembled as I neared the summit of the ramp. This was the culmination of months of awkward conversations, stale pickup lines, and decreasingly subtle hints. I didn't want to become just another "personal assistant" like all the rest. There was something different about this one...something special.

As I hit the doorbell/opening button, anxious doubt engulfed my mind. Sure, he said he would like to have dinner with me, but what if that was just his computer talking?

But my worrying was cut short; a familiar electric hum from inside focused my thoughts as The Moment steadily approached at 3-4 mph.

The door opened slowly, noiselessly.

"Stephen..." My heart went on an exotic vacation with my breath as I gazed upon the four and a half feet of solid man in front of me.

"Good Evening," the last syllable dropping in pitch like the end of a sparrow's song. "I have been waiting for you."

"Oh, if only this evening, like so many of your sentences, could end in two becoming one, heaven will I have reached!" I exclaimed to myself.

I crossed the threshold and took his chair by the arm. We stood in silence for a moment as I pinched myself and he wiped a trickle of glistening drool from his face. He led me, then, to the elevator explaining that we would be dining on the third floor balcony.

Suddenly, a spark flew through me and ignited an idea.

"I'll race you to the top!" I exclaimed as I headed for the stairs.

A thin smile spread across his face as he began to struggle with the button and I began my ascent.

Victory that evening, however, was not nearly as sweet as the sumptuous grilled salmon and gourmet vegetables we had for dinner; he intravenously, I through a large novelty Tropicana straw.

We fell to light conversation when our hunger was satiated, discussing such pleasantries as the weather and advanced String Theory. But something inside me was yet to be satisfied: a deep, primal passion rebelled against my futile efforts to disguise my growing arousal.

Entangled in foreboding, when I could bear it no longer, I cried out in exasperation, "Stephen, I must have you. Here. Tonight! I must know you, not in the way you know the laws of quantum mechanics, but in the way Adam knew Eve! But ... I fear it is ... physically impossible ... I"

Consumed by desire, I broke down, but he, he remained steel-faced, unflinching. After a minute-hour of gentle clicking, his one open eye met my tear-drenched counterparts.

"Nothing is impossible," he replied as he showed me the equation to back it up.

Though the last word was unrecognizably slurred ruining most of the romantic effect, he recovered gracefully by sliding to the floor into a perfect fetal position.

And so the night was spent...

Dawn broke, but noon fixed it and woke me gently in the process. I reached for him, but his sleeping dent was long since cold. Instead, I grasped a thin paper, a note. It read:



I looked up and saw him, a mirage perhaps, still in the process of getting out of bed merely inches from my fingertips. But this only intensified the tears that stung my eyes for a forgotten past. I realized then that, though the physics between us may have been right, the chemistry simply was not.



To: sex@dailycal.org

Dear Rachael Klein,

First off, kudos for returning Sex on Tuesday to its former dirty self, a column which at its best makes you feel like you should shower after reading it, and even on an off day still makes you want to masturbate while reading it.

Second, would you like to have sex with me? You're obviously very knowledgeable on the subject, and come off as reasonably experienced, as well as possessing attributes generally considered to be physically attractive, and therefore seem like an ideal candidate for a sexual partner.

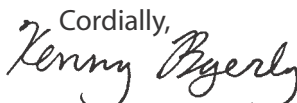
As for me, I consider myself fairly handsome, and though a bit on the lanky side, overall I'm good-looking. I could definitely be considered "cute." I am an editor for the *Heuristic Squelch*, which proves that I have a good sense of humor, which girls supposedly believe is important. To be perfectly honest, I am not very sexually experienced and have not had any significant contact with a girl for just over a year now. However, I am willing to put in plenty of effort and am totally open to any advice you might want to offer. Since you seek to alleviate the painful "sexual void" on campus ("Bring the Drive Back," Oct. 9), you might consider sex with me a major step toward solving that problem.

I realize an e-mailed solicitation for sex may be a weird and slightly creepy thing to receive. I hope you will take my offer in the casual and nonthreatening spirit in which it is intended. I also realize that you will almost certainly not want to make a decision about having sex with me, sight unseen and having never met. Therefore, I have included an example of what I would look like with my arm around you.

That said, I wouldn't be surprised if you simply deleted this e-mail and called the *Daily Cal* editors to request greater personal security. However, I hope you won't do that and that you will at least grace me with a reply. Perhaps we can meet over pizza sometime, get to know each other, and decide if we want to have sex.

How about it?

No, seriously.

Cordially,

 Kenny Byerly

Top Ten Alternative Names for Military Campaign

10. Muslim Hunt 2001
9. Smackdown!
8. Iran's Warning Shot
7. Operation Last Crusade
6. Operation Towel Whip
5. Operation Noble But Conflicted Eagle
4. Fruit Bars & Cluster Bombs
3. Great American Smoke-Out
2. Operation I Slam, You Slam, We All Slam Islam
1. Operation Let's Not Hit Another God-damn Embassy

Top Ten Lifetime Original Movies

10. *Only For My Baby*
9. *You Can't Have My Baby*
8. *I Can't Have This Baby*
7. *My Ex-Husband Kidnapped My Baby*
6. *Ex-Husband Killer Stalker Man*
5. *Estranged Boyfriend Abortion Doctor Rape Incest*
4. *So Many Tears*
3. *Hold On For One More Day: The Carnie Wilson Story*
2. *Some Dumb Movie For Women*
1. *The Making of a Lifetime Original Movie: A Lifetime Original Movie*

Top Ten Ways to Organize a Group Hug

10. End long-running sitcom
9. Get drunk and break down in front of your friends (based on a true story)
8. Cast Robin Williams
7. Flail arms on crowded BART train
6. eVite
5. Join a sorority
4. Alphabetically
3. Spend \$300,000 on One Campus initiative
2. Poison people, tell them only antidote is hugging
1. Misinterpret the huddle

Top Ten Changes in Post-Taliban Kabul

10. Hard Rock Cafe: Kabul
9. Everyone happy, content, free
8. Sun blocked out by kite-filled sky
7. Upswing in Nancy Drew book sales as little girls learn to read
6. Bin Laden posters half-price
5. Women still treated like idiots, but get to wear tank tops
4. Deposed President gets un-hanged
3. New spring break destination
2. Kabul-3's new armored buildings retract underground when attacked
1. Everything no longer different now

BIZARRO JESUS CHRIST

BY SEAN KEANE

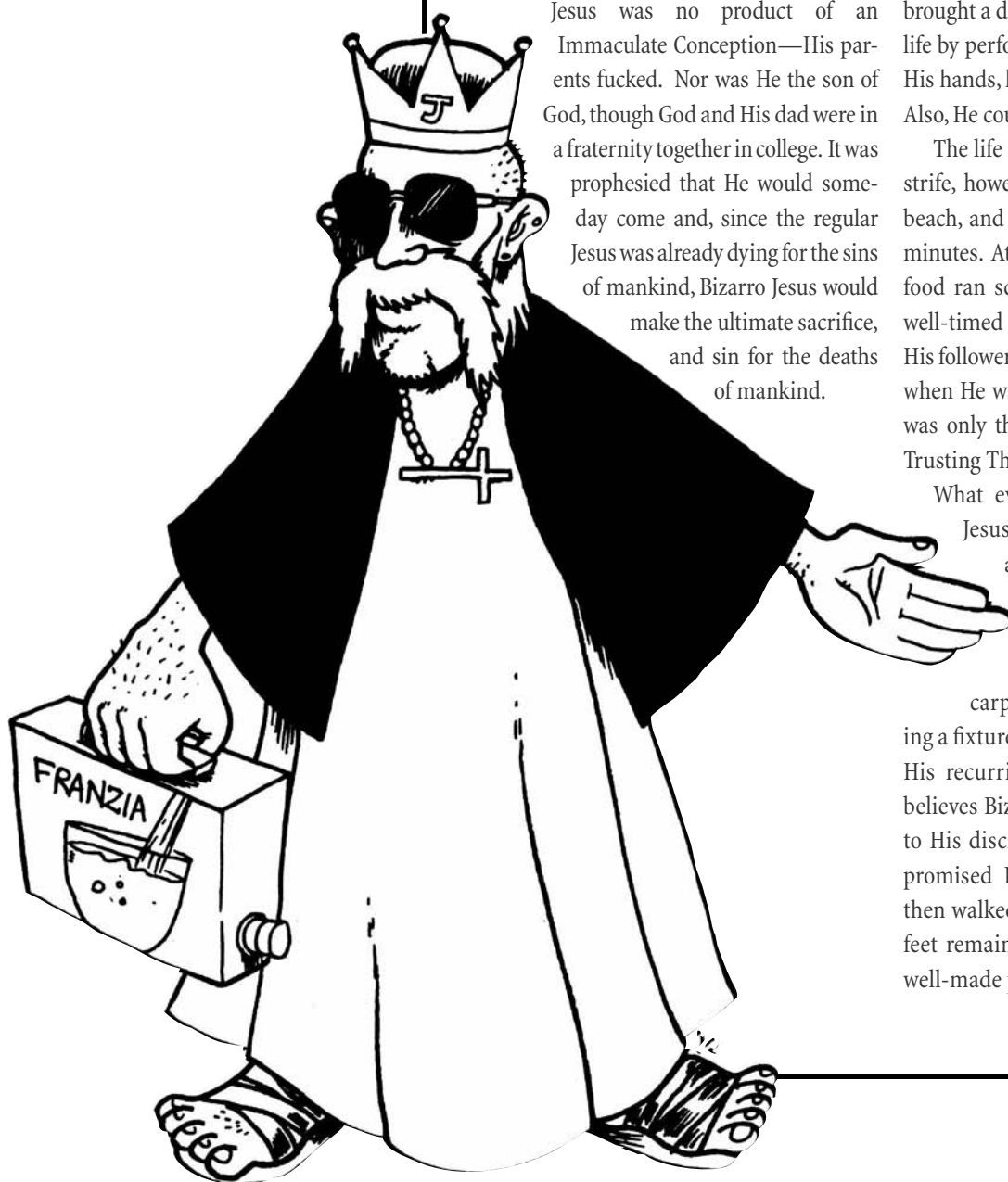
Bizarro Jesus Christ first became known to the world at large around the year 4 B.B.C. (Before Bizarro Christ). To some, He was merely a freak of nature, the product of a futuristic duplicator built by evil genius Pontius Pilate. To others, He was the Bizarro Messiah.

According to Bizarro Scripture, Bizarro Jesus was no product of an Immaculate Conception—His parents fucked. Nor was He the son of God, though God and His dad were in a fraternity together in college. It was prophesied that He would someday come and, since the regular Jesus was already dying for the sins of mankind, Bizarro Jesus would make the ultimate sacrifice, and sin for the deaths of mankind.

Bizarro Jesus attained fame at a fairly young age when, incensed at the behavior of moneylenders in his local temple, He ordered an immediate deregulation of the temple banking industry. As He grew older, it became common to see Bizarro Jesus wandering Judea, handlebar mustache waxed to perfection, performing various miracles. He brought a dead man named Lazarus back to life by performing CPR. With just a wave of His hands, he could change wine into water. Also, He could fly under a yellow sun.

The life of Bizarro Jesus was not without strife, however. He was once taken to the beach, and tempted by Satan for nearly 40 minutes. At a meeting of his disciples, when food ran scarce, it was only Bizarro Jesus' well-timed call to West Coast Pizza that kept His followers from starving. Later in His life, when He was persecuted by the Romans, it was only the actions of His apostle Naive, Trusting Thomas that saved His life.

What eventually happened to Bizarro Jesus is still a mystery. Some scholars say He fell ill, and after three days, crawled into His tomb and died. Others theorize that He retired to become a carpenter, albeit a poor one, becoming a fixture at local emergency rooms with His recurring nail wounds. This author believes Bizarro Jesus simply said goodbye to His disciples, told them not to cry, and promised He'd be back again some day, then walked off through a puddle of water, feet remaining miraculously dry due to a well-made pair of galoshes.



Scouring the pages of the *California Pelican*, our once-proud humoral predecessor which long ruled the roost of Cal's campus comedy magazine scene, the *Squelch* has come to the realization that our own magazine contains far too much space spent on infantile jokery and far too little spent on beautiful women. Therefore, with an eye to tradition and a tip of the cap to the *Pelican's* classic monthly "Pelly Girls," the *Squelch* is proud to introduce:

December's Squelly Girls

Erica Sorosky



Erica's family name may be Sorosky, but you can call her "Soro-rity-sky." This proud member of a Greek house—which must go unnamed lest she be inexplicably expelled due to some weird rule—enjoys nice Jewish boys, soccer, and being high school president. And psst—hey fellas—she's still looking for a "Mr. Right." But seriously, don't call her "Soro-rity-sky." She hates that.

Katie Kaplan



Though Katie may share her surname with a certain test-preparation service, it doesn't take a number two pencil to measure her aptitudes! Katie enjoys people-watching, parties, and being photographed in front of sunsets. If this Kaplan ever SAT near me, I'd ACT right away—you wouldn't want a girl this GREat to get away, toMCAT. If you filled a tote bag with all she has to offer, you'd certainly get a TOTeFuL.



Erica and Katie hope one day to be each other's bridesmaids, and therefore subject each other's dates to rigorous scrutiny. Best friend cross-approval is notoriously difficult to earn, so come prepared with references, medical records, and flowers, in triplicate. Girls love flowers. But be warned: This pair is fed up with all those stupid things boys do, so boys, don't do those stupid things no more, all right?



See you next month?

The annals of superhero-dom are littered with great crime fighting groups: the Justice League, the Fantastic Four, the X-Men. All these groups use their strengths to counter evil in all its various, gaudily-dressed forms. But one group stands apart from the rest. The wonderousness and might of their powers is matched only by the incredible limitations of same. View now...

The Reasonable 5

Professor Ray X. Visorheimer!

This former scientist gained entrance to the Reasonable Five after he used his newly invented X-ray vision visor to defend his home city of Berkeley from the Electric Mambo King. Although the blueprints to his visor were lost, he still retains the prototype that allows him to see through anything except drywall.

Quote: "Because the chemical composition of drywall is fundamentally ... what? Look, if you can think of a way around it I welcome you to it!"

Captain Runs-a-Chusetts!

Endowed with the gift of super-speed, this superhero can swiftly dash to any spot in the globe in under twelve seconds. Regretfully, his clothes cannot.

Quote: "Does anyone have some pants, or a shirt, or a piece of butcher paper, or a five-by-three inch strip of ribbon?"



The Green Apple!

He was just an ordinary middle-aged Italian-American fruit vendor when a run-in with a wayward nuclear reactor gave him the ability to summon green apples at will. Although he plans to return to his home in Bagheria, Sicily some day, he fights evil now with the Reasonable Five. No limitations.

Quote: "Oh ... I can-a make-a da green apple ... but inna-my heart, I-a really prefer-a da red."

Mentalangelo!

This character's missing ears belie his mysterious power: he can mentally communicate with anyone, anywhere, in any time past or present. Because of the severe limitations of space-time paradoxes, his conversations must be limited to small talk.

Quote: "Oh yeah ... In the future, dry cleaning takes, like, a minute. No seriously, it probably takes longer to wait in the dry cleaning line."

The Just Friend!

Given any problem, this well-connected hero knows somebody who can solve it. Need a safe cracked? He's got it. Kitten trapped in a tree? There's a crack firefighter in his Rolodex. Unfortunately for this well-meaning fellow, all of the people he recommends are bitter ex-girlfriends.

Quote: "The dam's about to burst? Hmm... I think I know someone who can help, but I'm going to need money for flowers, and no one mention the name Judy."