

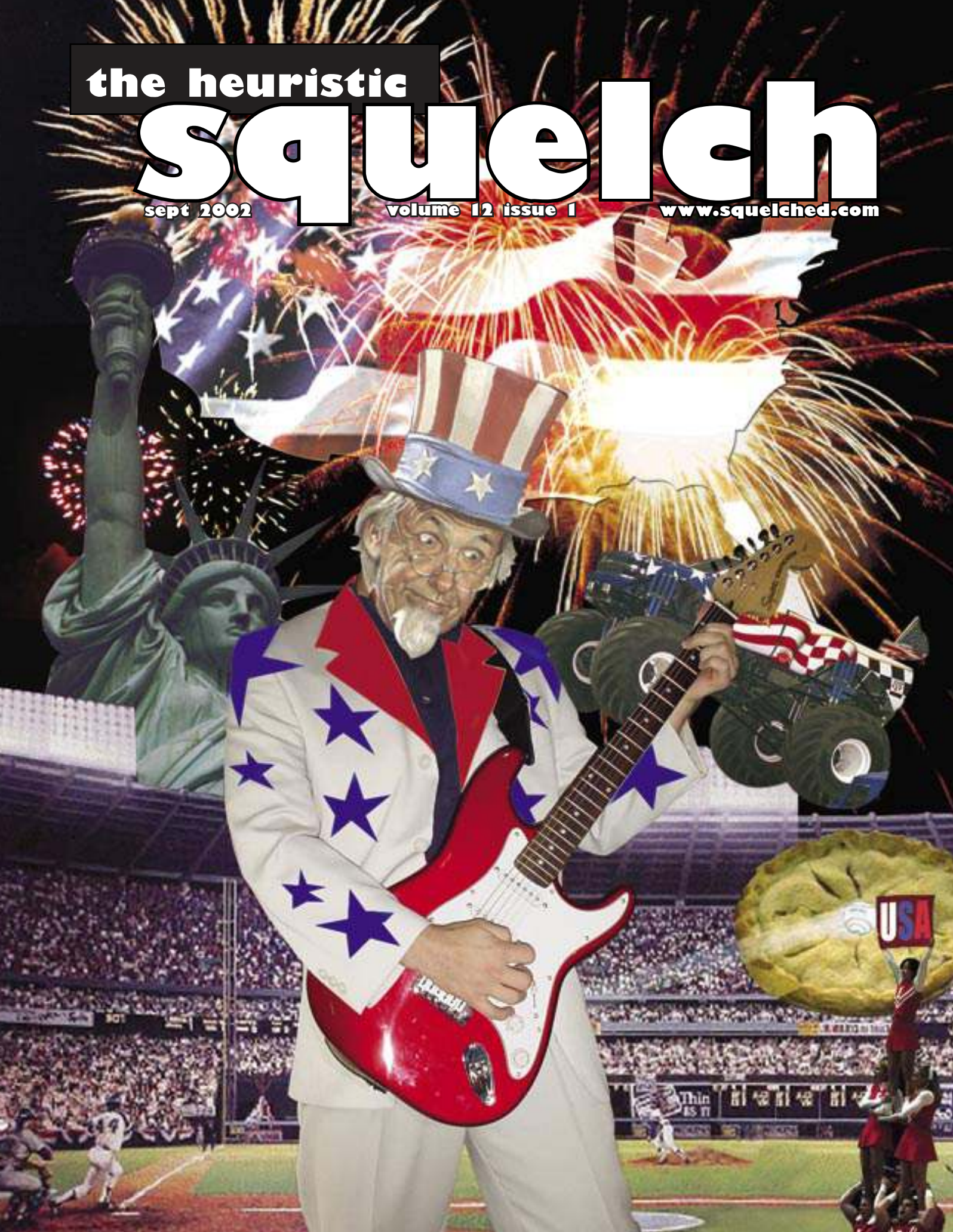
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This Month's Cover:

This issue, the *Squelch* commemorates the spirit of coolness that made this country cool. Say what you want about warmongering capitalist imperialism, but America's still just about the coolest country out there, except for maybe Japan. Only a country this young could make a cover this cool. Seriously, though, Europeans are goofy dorks. Sure, they may smoke more over there, but you don't need tobacco to be cool. Just beer. American beer. Straight edge!

You know the old adage, "It's not rape if she's too limp to resist?" Turns out it doesn't hold up in court, so watch out, fellas and gals. Finally, we're rid of that racist sexist homophobe Boback. Stupid Persian. A true Patriot knows that every day is July 4th, and calendars are really confusing. Oh, I just made some sex. Would you like to have some with me? I was just going to have some anyway. Please take some sex. It'll just go bad if you don't. Time out: We tell a lot of jokes here and have a lot of laughs, but in real life, some things are no laughing matter. Don't rape people, kids. Especially don't rape people and say it's ok because you saw a joke in the *Squelch*. Don't drag us into your moral vacuum. Rape: It's not cool. (Unless she secretly wants it.) We all clear? Okay, back to the jokes.

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 longingly on the past. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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It's All Downhill From Here

No matter how much effusive praise gets heaped upon the staff of the *Squelch*, there remains an contingent of pessimistic naysayers whose critique of our latest issue inevitably consists of a disparaging shrug and the phrase "It's not as funny as it used to be." On the contrary; it's a fact that each and every issue of the *Squelch* has been funnier than the issue that preceded it. A chart of our funniness would appear as a slope of ever ascending quality, like those curves we used to draw in math class. You know the ones, that start out sort of flat but end up so steep they're practically vertical. Those curves. I'm an English major.

The point is that there has never been a legitimate reason to believe that any current issue of the *Squelch* suffers in comparison to the *Squelch*'s own past, rosy as that past may be. Until now. Let's be honest, here. This magazine has peaked. In a single year, we've gone from sixteen pages of cheap newsprint to sixteen pages of slightly-higher quality stock, wrapped in a pretty glossy cover. We've been a comedy hot rod with a snazzy paint job and a rip-roaring engine to match. We've been pouring our hearts into this magazine, but frankly, we're burnt out. We're not funny anymore. Seriously. Some of us even have girlfriends now, and without a steady supply of sexual frustration, you know this magazine's in trouble. Then of course, there are all those people who graduated, and just between you and me, these new recruits aren't all they're cracked up to be.

I'm going to lay it right down on the line for you, now. I'm just here so I can put this on my resume. Editor-in-Chief, that's the title that impresses people. I could care less about "selling ads" or "meeting deadlines" or "quality content," just so long as I can sit down in some fancy Hollywood office this time next year and slide a *Squelch* across the table with my name next to the words "Editor-in-Chief."

"That's the humor magazine from UC Berkeley," I'll say casually. "I was *editor-in-chief*. You can read it if you want."

"Uh huh," Hollywood sitcom-writer-hiring-guy will say, accidentally dropping the issue into his wastebasket while reading *Variety*.

"Whoops, that fell off your desk. Let me get it for you," I'll say, lunging for the wastebasket a moment too late, as the hiring guy quickly douses the wastebasket with gasoline and sets it ablaze.

"I'm sorry, I must have lost it," the hiring guy will say, putting out the fire with a stream of urine. "Do you have another copy on you?" At this point I will hand him a year's supply of issues and watch helplessly as he repeats the process.

"Those are for you. You can just hang on to them," I'll say as I politely excuse myself to go commit suicide.

So here's to a bright new year of increasingly subpar laughs. Enjoy the view while you can, because it's not going to get any nicer. Sooner or later, you've got to stop climbing the mountain and just enjoy the ride down. Think of this as a sleigh ride, or even a ski run. If you enjoy snowboarding, go fuck yourself.

- Kenny Byerly

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newsflashes

Jesus-Themed Bong Remains Unsold

By Kevin Deenihan, Judas Bong

It seems safe to say that none of the toke-addled, black-clad, sore-assed clientele of Pat's Puff Palace are getting high on Jesus. Store owner Patrick Uter's problem is that they won't get high with God-- by buying one of his Christianity-themed bongs.

"I saw them in this catalog I had and I figured, hey, Jesus is like the original hippie, right? I thought it'd make a good gag joke, like you can light up with the Lord," he remarked, gazing wistfully at the smiling visage of the Lord's son on the decorative bong. Uter blamed the bong's refusal to sell on a high price and the utter lack of sarcasm in the design.

"I would've thought it'd be ironic, like with Jesus winking and giving a thumbs up or something. But instead he's just smiling at you like, I don't know, he loves everybody or something. It's more creepy than funny."

Customer Jennifer Neton agreed, "His face is painted right where you take the hit. I

don't want to be having a religious experience and start thinking 'Fuck, what if this is a real religious experience?' I don't want to be worrying about that when pot is fucking expensive."

Gag Gift Leads to Queer Consequences

By Kenny Byerly, Fruit Basket

UC Berkeley students Jeff Conway and Tad Johaneston were shocked last week when they discovered that a gag birthday gift had backfired in a most unexpected fashion. Earlier in the week the friends had purchased a pair of jeans from Out of the Closet, a thrift store specializing in fashions popular with homosexual men. The jeans were intended as a gag birthday gift for their mutual friend Leroy Sparks.

"The store is painted purple and everything," said Conway, explaining the hilariousness of the gift. "We thought it would be great if he went and tried on the pants and then we could tell him we got them at a gay store."

The plan backfired when, immediately

upon donning the pants, an odd change came over Sparks, who suddenly announced that he was celebrating his birthday by outing himself as a homosexual. Sparks followed up the announcement by hitting on a gay party guest and initiating a heated gay make-out session.

"It was weird," said Johaneston, describing the event. "He came out of his bedroom with the pants on, and they were giving off this weird pink electric glow. Leroy looked like he was in a trance. Then suddenly he got this funny look in his eye and totally hit on some guy. He was even talking gay and everything. It was so gay."

Added Conway, "The pants were pretty tight on him, too."

Sparks was questioned about the mysterious occurrence the following day, by which time he had changed into one of his usual heterosexual pairs of jeans, and professed no memory of the events in question. "You're crazy. I like girls," he told Conway and Johaneston indignantly.

At this point, Conway and Johaneston exchanged an unsettled look. They hastily excused themselves and raced back to the strange purple store where it had all begun, but found only a vacant white storefront and a sign that said "For Lease." Cobwebs crisscrossed the doorway, and it was clear no business had been there for years.

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Guy With Allergy Has Trouble Selling Allergy Movie Idea

by Matt Holohan, Nutty Aggressor

Bay Area paralegal and nut allergic Nathan Tholom continues to be frustrated by the lack of interest in his idea for a movie centering around nut allergies.

"It would be about this guy, who's allergic to nuts," explained Tholom to a group of coworkers during a recent break. "And he's this insane chemical engineer, and he develops a chemical that kills only nut-bearing plants. So it's like the nut plants are *allergic* to it. He sees it as poetic justice."

The handful of Tholom's colleagues who didn't walk away immediately upon realizing he was talking about allergies again began exchanging amused yet troubled glances as the would-be screenwriter continued. "So he embarks on this world-wide crusade to rid the world of all nut-bearing plants. He wants to make them all extinct."

As if that weren't a retarded enough premise, Tholom's friends would later comment, the allergic madman wouldn't be alone in his crusade. "He'd have this whole group of followers, all allergic to nuts, who follow him like some sort of civil rights leader. There'd be this dramatic moment when he's giving a speech to a rally of his supporters, and he thrusts like a Snicker's bar or something in the air and yells, 'How can we ever be safe in a world where poison is sold as candy on every street corner?' And then the crowd would cheer and, like, shake spears or something."

Tholom went on to explain that candy companies would form elite paramilitary groups to oppose the madman's goal, armed with nut-based weapons like firehoses filled with peanut oil and nut cluster bombs. He then embarked on a detailed account of one planned scene in which pro-nut militants torture an allergic P.O.W. by smearing peanut butter in his nostrils with a Q-Tip.

"Not many people realize this," Tholom explained, "But people with nut allergies have skin reactions if they even touch peanuts. The insides of the nostrils are really sensitive, so it would burn a lot, and then the vapors would make the guy sick to his stomach and lead to

breathing difficulties." Nathan then interjected a personal anecdote about this one time, when he was in the cafeteria, and he grabbed a handful of what he thought were sugar cookies. They turned out to be peanut butter cookies, and by the time he got back to his table his hand was "on fire."

Those who had still not returned to work by this point were finally treated to the working title of the cinematic masterpiece, which seemed to make Tholom more giddy than anything he had previously described. The tentative title is *In the Nuts*.

While the legal administrator seems to have the plot solidly worked out, he says the ending is still "up in the air."

I was thinking maybe, I could have him succeed. He would wipe out nuts forever, and be able to eat anything he wants. Only then, he suddenly develops an allergy to eggs, but he really likes chicken, so he can't make chickens extinct. There's really a lot of room for irony in this thing."

Sadly, Tholom has had trouble gaining support for his endeavor. "I'm really glad he's going to be a lawyer," commented Connie Jackson, a file clerk in the office where Tholom works. "And I hope he never makes enough money to back that stupid movie."

Investigation Unearths Denim Underground

By Mark Thomas, Buttoned and Fly

Levi Strauss & Co., in conjunction with other denim manufacturers, has concocted a diabolical secret network with ultimate long-term goals set on world domination, investigators found Tuesday. The plot, the likes of which the world has never before seen, calls for the gradual breakdown of resistance through global popularization of blue jeans.

According to authorities, the denim industry has used its international marketing influence to popularize tighter, form-fitting fashions for males, mostly outside the U.S. By promoting and facilitating "testicular asphyxiation," the denim industry planned to ultimately bring about a mass sterilization epidemic overseas, thus assuring the future prevalence of American seed worldwide.

"The knees of resistance quiver more by

the moment! Soon all six useful continents will yield to Straussania, capital of the world," said Cecil Von Dement, CEO of Wrangler jeans. "Real. Comfortable. Total submission!" he added before twisting a well-waxed handlebar mustache and dramatically fleeing reporters as ominous organ music played.

"I think the idea is that every man will be too emasculated to notice the takeover," the organist later commented when questioned.

The baggy styles so long popular in the states have allegedly been a conscious move to preserve a strong, fertile population of Americans, whose natural cultural imperialism would eradicate any remnants of other culture after the supply of foreign offspring dwindles.

Diff'rent Strokes Diff'cult to Watch

By Tommaso Sciortino, Diff'rent Folk

Bay area resident and confessed *Diff'rent Strokes* memorabilia collector Darrin Chameny finds watching episodes of the the show "very tiring". "I own every D' Strokes shirt from the original 1978 marketing campaign," remarks Chameny, who grew up avidly watching the show during its original 1978-1986 run. "I love everything about the show," Chameny enthused. "I have every episode on tape, and every episode post-1981 is taped from its original broadcast appearance. Now if I could only bring myself to watch them."

"Sometimes I see people wearing nuevo-kitsch reproduction 'Different Strokes'(sic) shirts like they own the place," said Chaemeny. "When this happens, instead of getting mad, I just feel sorry for them." In addition to his shirt collection Chameny also owns a complete set of an original *Diff'rent Strokes* lunch boxes with "What'choo talkin' 'bout Willis?" thermos.

Although a frequent poster to the rec.arts.tv.dffstrk newsgroup, Chameny admits to having difficulty sitting through a single episode. "The show's conceptual and rhetorical framework were modeled for a diff'rent era. Such episodes may be difficult to watch today but is this not true of many of the early works of Cicero? Their lack of present day viewability means that these episodes are reaching out, straining across the immeasurable expanse of time which lie between us and the mid 1980's." When asked what modern day TV shows he does watch, Mr. Chameny blankly replied, "*Will & Grace*."

M. Night Shyamalan Reveals Plot Twist

By Tommaso Sciortino, *Autistic*

In a special sneak preview for selected media outlets, M. Night Shyamalan, hit director of such films as *The Sixth Sense*, *Unbreakable* and *Signs*, issued top secret information about his next project. "It's going to be really slow-paced ... almost glacial, and have a real big plot twist at the end," said the director. "It's about a regular guy who's having problems connecting with his wife, you see. He has to look after a child ... who is insightful and ... umm ... very vulnerable."

With a bead of sweat visibly forming on his brow he added, "He will hold a secret of which he is unaware ... only to discover it at the end of the film ... just in time to save a family in distress." Visibly flustered, he continued, "I will also have a cameo, a bit bigger than the one in my last film, in which I clumsily interact with the film's star." At this point the conference took a short recess during which M. Night Shyamalan was seen desperately tried to hold back tears while muttering, "I'm a hack." and "Don't vomit, hack." When he returned he announced that the leading role would be

played by a fortysomething actor who had once been a young action star but had since gone on to perform more serious roles.

Low-Rise Thong Not Low Enough

By Cassie Wu, *Panty-Line-Free*

Claire Mitchell, a graphic designer in Newport Beach, California, has stated that she regrets spending \$8.50 on a low-rise thong that was still visible above the waistline of her new Superlow Levi's. "I was so excited to be able to sit down without worrying about my underwear peeking out, but this thong behaved just like the rest of 'em."

In a recent attempt to combat frequent underwear visibility, lingerie companies have introduced what they call "low-rise" thongs. Mitchell purchased one from Victoria's Secret, the nation's leading undergarment retailer. This particular thong sits five inches below the waist but is not adequately low enough for the general populace.

Mitchell claims to have tried many different brands of low-rise thongs without finding a single one that successfully hides below the waistband of her jeans. Frustrated, she defended herself against criticism for wearing thongs that are "too high."

"It's not my fault that corporate America is bombarding me with sexy low-rise jeans without offering the right kind of underwear. Do you think I *enjoy* being called a ho?!"

Pants-Related News Stories Skyrocket

By Kenny Byerly, *Irregular*

A spate of high-profile news stories related to pants has many wondering if the phenomenon is not indicative of a larger trend. From difficulties coordinating undergarments with fashionable pants to worldwide pants conspiracies to eerie supernatural incidents, pants have dominated the headlines in recent weeks.

"Throughout history, the rise of pants-related events has always indicated troubling times to come," said Dr. Clive Trainor, professor of pantsology at Yale.

Dr. Trainor is not alone. Colleagues in Harvard's department of garment studies agree. "The invention of pants was immediately followed by an unparalleled string of disasters," said garment studies graduate student Marietta Stark. "I'd give an example, but we study garments here, not history."

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Top Ten Pornographic Summer Movies (About Cereal)

10. xXx Flakes
9. Austin Plow-her in Goldmember
Grahams
8. The Scorpion Cheeri-O-Ring
7. Divine Secretions of the Mueslix
Sisterhood
6. Special K-19: The Widowfucker
5. My Big Fat-Free Greek Orgy
4. The Cum of All Nutritional Fears
3. Halloween Resur-erection Crunch
2. Monsoon Gangbang Chex
1. Road to Nutrition (director's cut)

Top Ten Reasons You're Hanging Upside Down

10. You stole a horse in Australia.
9. So you can ask other people "how's it standing?"
8. You're a crucifix in hell
7. You're an American flag in Berkeley
6. You're a dyslexic bat in bizarro land
5. To protect yourself from that one serial killer who only kills right-side-uppies.
4. You just invented a new language in which "upside down" means "curtains."
3. Hiccups
2. Y'ain't got no neck
1. Turning frown upside down

Top Ten Tang Center Pamphlets

10. Laughter, the Best Medicine
9. So You're Living in Cloyne
8. It's Herpes, Not Hispes
7. Fellatio: How to Do It Like Steve Likes It
6. So You Lost Another Fucking Gold Card
5. What to Do With Pamphlets When You Come in With a Broken Arm
4. Jesus Christ, Not Chlamydia Again
3. Motherfuck Your Regular Insurance: \$79.99 for a month of Claritin
2. Making Sex Dangerouser
1. Love Shouldn't Suck

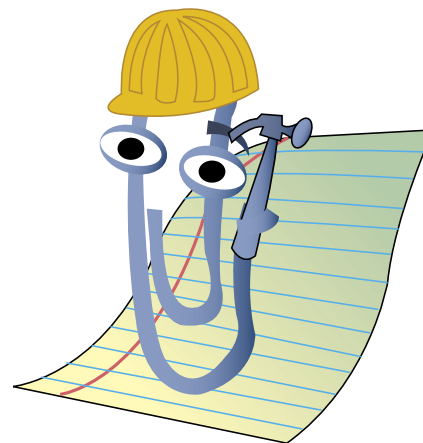
Top Five Movies Featuring Internet Constructions

5. feardotcom.com
4. swimfan85@aol.com
3. feardotorg.net
2. swimfan69IMmefordirtpre
teenlolitasexrapebondage
fisting@aol.com
1. www.geocities.comSunsetStrip/
Bedroom/9029/

CLIPPIT GOES TO WORK

Boback Ziaeian

In a small office on the 42nd floor of the Chrysler Building, a paper clip standing 3 feet 7 inches walks in. He has two round googly eyes and floating eyebrows. He's walking on a piece of magical floating paper. I'm not even sure if we can call it walking. He's a paper clip and has no legs. A bald man with glasses, a bead of sweat on the side of his head, wearing a gentleman's shirt, tie, and suspenders meticulously shuffles through papers while sitting at his desk.



Stanley: Are you Clippit?

Clippit: Yes. May I be of service?

Stanley: It says here you've come about the job. [*light bulb appears over Clippit's head*] You want to be a tax accountant?

Clippit: [*light bulb bursts*] I'd like to be of assistance.

Stanley: I like your attitude, kid. Have a seat? [*Clippit flies across room, bounces off the wall, spins, does a somersault, hovers above the chair, probes the chair with the end of his wire frame, and gently settles into the seat*] Marvelous! You've got spunk my friend.

Clippit: What would you like to do?

Stanley: Well, what we do here at Jacob & Johnson Tax Services is other people's taxes.

Clippit: I could show you how to perform calculations on a table ... Or reference cells in a table ... Or delete tables or cells...

Stanley: Terrific! That's exactly what we want.

Clippit: Would you like me to show you how?

Stanley: Well, why not? [*Clippit flies outside the building, demolishes the wall to the office with a heavy duty jackhammer sending it crashing to the ground below killing 3 bystanders, carries an enormous heavy steel plate and squeezes the remainder of the office to 3/5 its original size*]

Clippit: [*in the isolated 2/5 of the office*] Making tables is easy, here's how...

Stanley: [*outraged*] Wha, wha, wha, what are you doing?!

Clippit: I'm going to show you how easy it is to make a table using Microsoft Excel.

Stanley: You've completely ruined my office! Look at this mess! There's plaster and steel everywhere. I can't work in here! What sort of Satanic devil machine are you?!

Clippit: To make a table. Go to the **Table and Borders** toolbar, click **Draw Table** [*the*

pointer changes to a pencil.] To define the outer...

Stanley: Stop!!! Stop what you're doing! [*Clippit hovers up a few feet. Acts like he's about to go to sleep on his big floating piece of paper*] You need to leave this minute or I'll have you removed. [*Clippit smiles, doesn't understand a word coming out of Stanley's mouth. Stanley, irate, lunges to throw him out. Clippit slides over. The process continues until Clippit is finally in the upper corner of the shrunk office. Stanley lies on the floor in disgust after his failed attempts.*]

Clippit: What would you like to do?

Stanley: Please leave! You've done enough damage.

Clippit: Here's today's tip. To automate a task, go to...

Stanley: [*visibly shaken, glasses askew on head*] Shut up! You worthless, nonfunctional piece of monkey trash. Damn you! I hate you and everything you stand for. If I ever see a paper clip with fucking beady eyes like yours, I'll snap it in two!

Clippit: Would you like to choose a new assistant?

Stanley: Yes!!!!!! [*enter talking dolphin, genius that looks eerily like Albert Einstein, a bouncing red dot with Clippit's eyes, and a cartoon cat*] Go Awaaaaay!!!!!!

Clippit: What would you like to do? [*Stanley reaches out with right hand. His right hand hits a small panel on Clippit. The panel pops up; it reads "hide assistant." Stanley flips the switch. All the assistants dart out of the office. An overjoyed Stanley cries himself to sleep. The office remains in a catastrophic state.*]

Virginia: Land of Dreams

by David Duman

Prologue:

The sun was barely peeking over our rugged eastern foothills when I left this fair state, bound for a land where the lush green countryside collides with the glimmering ocean and the bourbon flows like wine. That land is Virginia.

Day 1:

My arrival in Norfolk was smooth as can be. Only one person from my plane was arrested upon arrival and my aunt and cousins were right there at the baggage claim to pick me up. Since I didn't have any baggage checked, however, I was waiting outside by the curb. We eventually found each other and I tossed my meager possessions into our country's finest automobile: a 1994 Chevy Blazer with 200,000 miles on it. While being driven from the bustling port city of Norfolk to the cotton-farms of Suffolk, I passed a factory who's name will be forever etched on my psyche: FAG Precision Bearings. I moved to comment, but thought better of it. Instead, I wondered why all my Jewish relatives lived in Virginia, a state perhaps known best for its ham.



Day 2:

Eastern Daylight Time gently nuzzled me awake at 11:30AM. It was time for a trip to Colonial Williamsburg, to see what our fair republic was like in its nascent stages. My aunt, two cousins, and I piled into the Blazer and screeched out of town like so many screech owls screeching loudly into the screeching night. While in Williamsburg, I saw some people dressed in tri-corner hats lynch a straw effigy of an Englishman while denouncing the tax on tea. And I laughed.

Day 3:

I was up at dawn to visit Busch Gardens, the only chain of amusement parks where they sell beer from carts and smoking is permitted anywhere. Virginia law prohibits carrying alcoholic beverages into the lines for rides, even though this would be the best place to enjoy them. I passed on the Anheuser-Busch Brewer's Training seminar to go on a 3-D adventure ride in which I was turned into a leprechaun via faerie magick. It made me seasick. Cotton candy is not pink when it comes back up.

Day 4:

In Virginia, the women are beautiful and the men are goofy-looking. Sometimes, I would see these beautiful women accompanied by goofy-looking men, and I would weep. After that, I test-drove Jeeps at my uncle's used car lot. And then I wept. Then more test-driving, followed by additional weeping. Later that day I hopped on the interstate to drive to Virginia Beach, setting the cruise control to 62 MPH in this land where they all drive 55. While in Virginia Beach I took solace in the company of a fellow Berkeleyan trapped in this strange but wonderful land. Of course, she had a 3000 square foot house whereas I had nothing but a borrowed Toyota Avalon and a wallet full of dreams. We visited bars and tried to avoid the Navy men on shore leave. One bar served Natural Light on draft for \$1.25. I had Wild Turkey on the rocks.

Day 5:

It is strange the paths on which we travel. When I drove out to the beach, I entered no tunnels, but on my return trip I drove through two. This portended sex in the near future, but instead I just got lost and ended up in Yorktown, just like General Cornwallis so many years before. That night I had a grilled seafood platter of two fish fillets, oysters, scallops, shrimp, and a crabcake. I could've gotten all of that fried.



Day 6:

With a heavy heart and lungs full of tar I waved goodbye to fair Virginia and I asked myself how many months would pass before I would see that land again. Five, I answered back. On the plane ride the movie *Spider-man* was screened. The scene with Kirsten Dunst soaking wet in her sheer blouse was edited out. And I wept.

Epilogue:

Back in Oakland the sun was shining though it was 9:00PM by my clock. I had traveled back in time and back to the chilly upwellings of the Pacific Ocean just in time for a heat-wave. Perhaps it was Virginia, punishing me for leaving her behind and turning my back on that lush and sensuous land of dreams.

Proclamation T-Shirts

Explained

"Hottie"	"Confident"
"Gorgeous"	"Gangrenous"
"99% Angel"	"Engaging in conversation yet ultimately devoid of a conscience"
"Bootylicious"	"My daily caloric intake exceeds the FDA recommended allowance and I don't care who knows it."
"Old Navy"	"I oppose cuts in military spending."
"Myrtle Beach, SC"	"I have stayed in a transient hotel."
"Porn Star"	"I am a middle schooler who disguises my sexual insecurity by claiming power in the role of a cartoonish representation of adult sexuality."
"Princess"	"I believe in the tenets of government through constitutional monarchy. Also, Prince William is a total fox."
"I Like Your Boyfriend"	"Last week I made out with my cousin and, well, my self esteem is really low right now and I'd probably sleep with just about anyone. Including your boyfriend."
"God Bless America"	"When the apocalypse comes, I will be spared."
"Spoiled"	"Do not eat."
"I do whatever the voices in my head tell me to do."	"I am self-consciously weird but lack the wit to express it without the aid of a mass-produced T-shirt."
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Awkward Situations

By David Duman

A Man Trying to Learn His Partner's Sexual History While in the Heat of Passion

"Oh yeah, right there. That feels really good. Have you done this before? What? No, I'm not insinuating anything, I just wanted to know if you have experience. Why do I want to know? No, no I don't think you're a slut. Sorry, I didn't mean to phrase it like that. Just keep going. Oh wow, that feels so good, keep doing that. Is this what you did with your other boyfriends? Wait, where are you going? I just wanted to know, I don't care. I mean, you were always safe, right? What do I mean by always? No, I don't think you're a slut. Wait, don't leave! Can I at least have my Altoids back?"

A Guy Telling His Frat Brothers That He's Gay

"I want to announce something to you, since you are all very important to me and truly are my brothers. I've realized some things over the last couple years, and I've decided that I need to come out to everyone that I am gay. Um, well.... I can tell by the looks on your faces that you're confused. Have I ever what? No, no of course not. Why would you even think that? You guys are like brothers to me. Did I do what? I can't believe you're asking me this. You don't really think that about people like me, do you?"

A Woman Explaining Her Bondage Equipment to Airport Security

"Sure I can open that up for you, no problem. What's that? No that's not a gun, it's just a pistol-grip. You know, you put a, ahem, toy on the end so you can handle it easier. What about those? Those are harmless, they can't restrain a person who doesn't want to be tied down. What? Oh, I didn't think handcuffs were banned from airplanes. Do I have any metal objects in my pockets? No, not me. Is what pierced? Oh that. Yes, yes it is. Yeah, that too. And that. That? No, it's not. Wait, nevermind, yes it is. And that. What? I have to check that in my luggage? Are you sure? Honestly, how would I hijack a plane with a riding crop anyway?"

A Man Whose Wife Has Caught Him Having Sex with the Family Dog

"Honey, no no, it's not what it seems. It's just, well, it's just.... See, I was giving her a bath when I slipped and she just started licking.... And, and.... No no, of course I love you! Wait, don't look at me like that! It's not like I do this all the time! I was just curious. Why am I wearing a condom? Well...."

A Woman Who Has Just Broken a Tiffany Lampshade at a Fancy New York Antique Store

"Ah, fuck."

Top Ten Things to Be Buried In

10. A suitcase
9. Multiple suitcases
8. The body of a slightly larger, equally dead man
7. Bacon
6. Plaid
5. Styyyyle
4. Spite of your dying wishes.
3. Woolly mammoth's belly
2. Cognito
1. Na Gadda Da Vida

Top Ten Pirate Pickup Lines

10. "I must be huntin' treasure, 'cause I'm diggin' yer chest."
9. "Hey, sexy -- how about a Jolly Rogerin'?"
8. "Ya certainly put the shiver in me timber."
7. "Me skull and crossbones arn't the only thing I plan on raisin' tonight."
6. "Do ya mind if the parrot watches?"
5. "Avast, me pretty! Strike your panties and prepare to be boarded."
4. "Do you have the latest copy of Windows XP with cracked product activation?" (software pirates only)
3. "Yo, ho! Bottle of rum?"
2. "Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrre you free on Saturday?"
1. "Is there an 'X' on the seat of your pants? Because there's wond'rous booty buried underneath!"

Top Ten Orientation Sessions

5. The Uterus, Your New Home
4. So You've Joined the Space Program Ice Cream Social
3. This is a Pain Stick: Getting Along With Orderlies at Your Mental Institution
2. Sexual Orientation Orientation
1. When Helping Hurts: Learning to Love Your Cactus Plants

Top Ten Forgotten Pop Songs About Child Abduction

10. Baby Got Back to His Parents. Eventually.
9. Smells Like Kidnapped Teen Spirit
8. Sexy and Seventeen
7. I Want Candy
6. Burning Down The House to Cover My Tracks
5. Lucy in the Sky with a Gag and Tied Wrists
4. Leaving On a Jet Plane (Against My Will)
3. Help!
2. Teacher's Hot For Me
1. I'm So Angry, I Take Your Baby

FEAR: Are You Scared Enough?

It's a Slow News Cycle:
Do You Know
Where Your Child Is?
By MORTON M. ISCIORTI

Luis Carter, child molester, takes time out of his busy schedule to enjoy the finer points of his pastime.

Joanna Thompson, media-reading baby boomer, is walking down a dark alley with her toddler. Her attention is momentarily diverted by an HBO special. The moment she looks back, her child is twenty miles away being renamed _Sugah: by a barren Texan woman. Welcome to Today's America.

Although this scenario may seem like science fiction, it is a reality for a growing number of Americans. With the recent spate of child abductions, CNN watching parents everywhere are wondering what steps can they take to save their child from shift-eyed perverts and other dangers. Experts

agree that the rise in child abduction is worse than the Holocaust raised to the Holocaust power. Unlike abductors in the 1970s' often considered the golden age of child abduction, child abductors today can make themselves invisible, tracking children through heat signatures. They also have access to high-tech candy like Bar-Nones and Symphonies.

But as a concerned and overbearing mother, what can I do?:

asks Minnesotan Tia Farrow.

No doubt, it's a question many Americans are asking. We spoke to Minnesota child expert and

schizophrenic

Tia Farrow, who says

Most mothers have no idea how many ways their child's life is endangered every day. Yet this is only one way

in which your comfortable

middle-class existence can shift from an idyllic paradise to a living hell in a matter of minutes. Children are susceptible not only to abduction,

but also West Nile Virus, shark attacks, and getting locked in an old-timey refrigerator like Cherie did in that one episode of _Punky Brewster.:

Threats Galore

The West Nile Virus poses severe risks. Of the ten or so people who have died of the disease, none of them have been children, but this is only more worrisome for parents. It is clear that the virus is saving up its infect little kid: points. A good parent knows to avoid having their child play in areas where mosquitoes may be present. Parents of children in Florida are bad people.

Shark attacks, like the West Nile Virus, can strike any time in any state in the Union. This danger is

_Child
abductors
today
can make
themselves
invisible.:

'Tia Farrow



Children retreat into the wilderness to hide from molesters

compounded by children's cartoons like Jabberjaw which deceptively feature friendly, non-threatening sharks. This desensitizes children to the dangers of sharks whose diet consists mostly of unattended children of parents who do not watch Dateline.

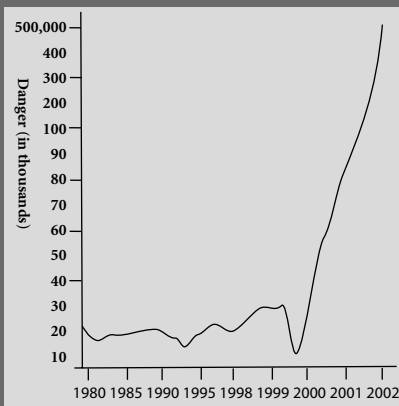
Run and Hide

To protect your child from the many

dangers present in every home, all children should be kept cryogenically frozen until a day comes where everything can be made out of Nerf material. As for Joanna Thompson, she's still hoping, praying, and fearing. We didn't tell her we tracked down that barren Texan woman hiding out in Minnesota.

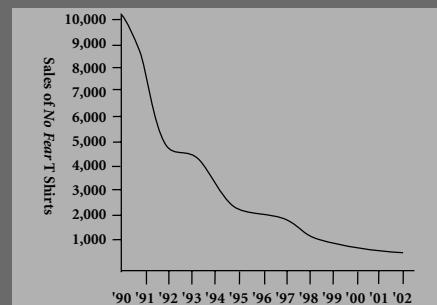
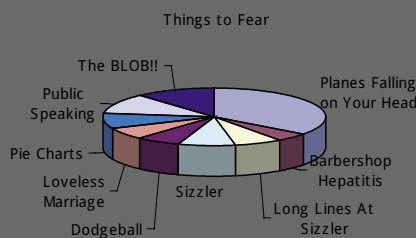
Tips For Avoiding Child Abductions

- Encourage your child to make friends with sexier, slower children more inclined to help strangers find their lost puppy.
- Outfit your child in diamond rings and gold bracelets. This will encourage abductors to ransom your child instead of molesting them.
- Sew a large "This Child has Syphilis" patch onto the back of your child's jeans.
- Encourage your child to take up smoking; most abductors will avoid having to support an expensive nicotine habit.
- Teach your child to suck a mean dick; a satisfied molester is less likely to rush to killing.
- Molest your child once. Abductors don't like damaged goods. Slut.
- If your child is an infant, confuse abductors by placing your child among seven or six decoy babies.
- Teach children valuable phrases like "Please let me go" and "The Thompsons have adorable 6 year old twins."
- Instruct them on the Golden Rule of Strangers: "Stranger has candy, you know he is randy. Stranger is foreign-y, you know he is horny."
- Remember to hit them until they get the goddamn message.



What Are You Afraid Of?

With each passing moment, the world is getting scarier and people are less prepared than ever.



Bob's Fun Corner of Fun Time!

Q. Why couldn't Adam and Eve play monopoly?

A. They lost their *pair-a-dice*.

Q. What scared the chocolate moose?

A. *Carob-boo*.

Q: How did the lonely woman dull the pain of her broken heart on February 14th?

A: With a special *Valium-time*.

Q: Why did James Brown's jacket smell bad?

A: Because it was made of *soul-fur*.

Q: What do you buy for a person who has too many sweaters?

A: Just get them a *card again*.

A Monologue by Mark Thomas

You know that feeling you get when you're driving your respectably chic automobile down an endless two-lane spring road, champion of the wheel, generalissimo of your own destiny, with one arm soaking in the casual radiance of the early afternoon, the other arm guiding the swaying steel and flexing glass which, dancing contentedly to the liberating groove of pure classic rock, applauds your self-proclaimed odyssey while the approaching specimen of vibrant feminine youth is instantly shelved in your local library just long enough to be properly checked out, read, studied, and appreciated a moment before the momentum of your wanderlust brings you close enough to realize that she's, like, twelve and that the last quivering shreds of salvageable dignity have already evaporated as you catch a glance - that Hello Kitty(tm) "do you have candy?" glance - and reach over to the recently-purchased five-pound bag of assorted joy, courtesy of Mr. Willy Wonka, while you have a moment of bittersweet reflection mulling over the fact that this...this is the good life because its 2:30pm and there are more elementary schools in this town than police stations?

I certainly hope not.

Dreams Throughout History

Tommaso Sciortino



Caveman times

U'tuck and I are out deer hunting but there's no deer and it's late at night. U'tuck tells me that he has an idea but he can't tell me until I push this big heavy rock over a hill. I do it, but then he says that he told me already and I feel embarrassed. Also, I realize I'm naked but that's OK because I'm always naked anyways. I get very confused and try to drink a fish.



Roman times

I'm in the temple of Venus trying to get a date for the solstice festival but it's really crowded. I realize that everything everyone says is rhyming and no matter what I say people act like what I'm saying rhymes too. I run into the coliseum and my mom is there battling a tiny dog. Someone explains that she has to do this because she didn't rhyme her words and then I spend the rest of the dream avoiding conversation and just trying to use gestures a lot.

Middle ages

I'm at the blacksmith shop and everything's normal except it's not really the blacksmith's shop, it's the chapel. Father Simone is there and he's the blacksmith but he's eating fruit. I'm trying to get my knife sharpened but Father Simone keeps on talking about how much he loves mutton tips. I try to find my knife in the back room and though I expect Father Simone to try to stop me, he just stares out the window licking his lips and muttering "Barcelona."



Industrial revolution

My shift is over and I'm trying to find my way back home. Somehow I understand that it's Christmas even though it's not snowing and so I go to the company store to purchase fancy apples. The general store is on fire but the clerk insists that it's normal and that the apples are OK because they're going to be baked anyways. I buy the apples but on the way home I realize I'm on fire too. My wife tries to put me out but we can't and we decide to just not celebrate Christmas. We sit down and play hopscotch but I get two tries since I only have one arm.

Modern Day

I'm in a breakfast store so mostly, they just sell cereal. The store is run by my mom's Chicano friends and they offer me pizza. I'm looking through all the cereals and I find one called "Pips and Dops". I inquire as to what's in it and the clerk says that it's made from the food that two separate varieties of ants bring back to their nest. I ask him what the ants eat since their food is in the cereal. He says he doesn't know so I thank Ernesto and leave the store.



Future

I'm taking a hover over to my brother's girlfriend's house to drop off some new cleaning nanos. I get there and discover that the nanos have escaped from their canister. This really old guy who reminds me of my friend's boss is there and he tells me that I should have paid more attention and that the bots have gone down a recyc-pit. I get really really afraid because apparently these nanos were very expensive and my brother meant them to be a present. I decide to spend all my credits on a transport but I take the wrong one and end up in a marching band. I find I have a flute that I haven't played since I was a kid and so I try to fake my way through a Chopin nocturne arranged by John Philip Sousa.

Frequently Asked Questions: Berkeley

*As a new student at Berkeley, you no doubt have a lot of questions.
But exactly what questions should you have? These questions.*

Q: What does Berkeley have to offer me?

A: A top notch education, Hot Tubs at University and MLK, social anxiety disorder, gonorrhea, creative facial hair, gratuitous genital piercings, and the finest cooperative employee-owned sex shop in the West.

Q: Sweet. How will I find my way around?

A: Maps are readily available on campus. Also, ask your local homeless guy for the routes that take you down the best poopin' streets.

Q: What if I don't like my roommate?

A: Most roommate tiffs can be settled over quiet conversation and a cup of coffee. If this doesn't work, you're fucked. Knife him/her in the gut.

This may not solve all your problems, but it will kill your roommate.

Q: So how do you pronounce "Oski"?

A: Oh that's easy, just like this: *Oski*.

Q: How do I decide on a future that is both financially rewarding and personally fulfilling?

A: First, decide on a major that you enjoy. Then use it to get a good job and make a bunch of money. Then blow it on snuff, smack, and blow. Yes, I said "blow" twice.

Q: How do I get to Zellerbach Hall?

A: *Practice*.

Q: So what's your major?

A: Celtic Studies.

Q: So you're a Mick.

A: That wasn't even a question.

Q: So?

A: Um ...

Q: You gonna cry, Mick?

A: [sob] No.

Q: Fine, here's a question: What's the atomic weight of Berkelium?

A: 247.

Q: No way. Really?

A: Yeah.

Q: What's that over there?

A: I can't see what you're pointing at.

Q: Well then, that's all I have to ask.

A: Really? Are you sure?

Q: Yeah, I think so. Those are all my questions.

A: There's nothing else you want to ask? Nothing at all?

Q: Nope.

A: Maybe something about finding parking? Getting housing? Dealing with campus bureaucracy?

Q: No, I'm pretty much all set.

A: But I'm so lonely.

What's the most widespread problem among renters in California?*

Illegal Withholding of Tenants' Security Deposits

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*according to CA Dept. of Consumer Affairs

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fax: (510) 644-7723
email: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us
www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent/

Road Trip? ...More like RAD trip!

By Kenny Byerly

I couldn't believe it when my friend Josh told me that a greedy developer had bought his parents' shopping center and was about to tear it down to build lavish new low-income housing. We needed to raise a bunch of money, but fast. And we're not talking chump change, like that time I robbed Fort Knox last week. Luckily, Josh's uncle had an "in" with the state lottery in Minnesota, where the jackpot had ballooned to over seventy-eight thousand dollars. Still, even that wouldn't do us much good unless we could buy a Minnesota lottery ticket before they selected the numbers at the end of the week. It was time to hit the road.

Saturday

We're taking my brand new sports car, because Josh doesn't have a car, just a lot of useless frequent flyer miles. So far we're making good time. But gas mileage is poor. I don't really understand. I expected better from a car made entirely of solid gold.

Sunday

Turns out we weren't making such good time after all. We've actually been stuck in a ditch for the last twelve hours just spinning our wheels. I blame the solid gold tires, because traction is poor. Josh says the problem is that we can't see anything because the windshield is made of gold and is thus totally opaque. I hate him sometimes.

Monday

We ran off the road again and hit a fence because smarty-pants Josh likes to talk too much and distract me while I'm driving. Fortunately the air bags deployed and knocked out some teeth and gave me a concussion (because they're made of gold). Other than that we're fine. On a side note, this car dents too easily.

Tuesday

Today Josh asked me why my car is made of gold. I suppose he has a better way of hiding stolen gold bars than by melting them down and molding them into a fully functional automobile? Unlikely. Also, we tried to play a CD but we weren't getting any sound from the speakers. You get the idea.



Wednesday

The guy at the motel wouldn't give us a room, no matter how many times Josh flashed him. For some reason that just made him call the police. The next motel wasn't any better. I wish we had some money. We ended up sleeping in the car, which was uncomfortable because the seats are really hard.

Thursday

I can't believe it. I let Josh drive for just two minutes, just so I can take a rest, and he totals my car. No way it's going anywhere now, and we're still in Nebraska. We needed a new ride, so we spent the afternoon burglarizing houses for good silverware until I had enough to melt down and make another car. This time I made a station wagon so we could have some extra storage space. We've been buying lots of souvenirs.

Friday

Made it! Just in the nick of time, too. We got the last ticket in the first 7-Eleven across the Minnesota border, just minutes before they picked the numbers. Josh lost.

Afterwards

The station wagon broke down, so we sold it for the price of two bus tickets home. Then the mechanic in Nebraska called and said he couldn't fix the sports car, so I just told him to keep it. Josh called me today to tell me his family lost the shopping center, but I couldn't hear him very well because my phone is made of rubies.

Minor Hells

by Kevin Deenihan

Everyone knows that Gluttons are torn apart by 'Cerberus's bloody teeth,' and the Violent boil in a River of Blood while being stabbed by centaurs. But what is Hell for the Barely Evil? Like people who think about putting in a new toilet roll and still don't do it. Or Hitler's Grandchildren. Or someone walking towards you while you're handing out *Squelches*, and makes eye contact while walking right towards you, but then blows by without taking his hand out of his pocket even though his non-verbal communication was shouting 'YES! I want a *Squelch*! Outstretch your white hand so that I may take one!'

These people go to Minor Hells, such as...

THE HELL WHERE HAIR WILL NOT DRY

MIKE: Darn, my hair is still wet! I can't put headphones on!

SARAH: What, did you just get out of the shower?

MIKE: I did ... THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

THE HELL WHERE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER ANYONE'S NAME

MIKE: (*on phone*) Hi, we met at..um... this guy's party... and I got your phone number... I'm not sure who you are... if you remember me, I'm the red-haired guy with glasses... my name is... uh....crap.

THE HELL WHERE EVERYONE KNOWS YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND

MIKE: So then I say to myself, 'Mike'...

LARA: Wait, you're Mike? Stacy's Mike?

MIKE: ... Yes.

LARA: Oh, then you're the guy with the... (*giggles*) Wow. It's so weird that I'm actually meeting 'The Mike.'

MIKE: We're in Hell! No it's not!

THE HELL WHERE JESUS IS ALWAYS SECOND-GUESSING YOU

JESUS: So you know you're going to the ATM, but still don't bring those checks you have to get cashed. And then once you're at the bank, you find a check for \$45 in your wallet, and decide to cash it even though it takes 20 minutes and you'll have to come back tomorrow with another check to cash....

MIKE: Jesus, stop it!

JESUS: Hey Mike, it's called 'Hell,' not 'Jesus shuts up Land.'

THE HELL WHERE YOU'RE COVERED IN OILS

MIKE: (*sobbing*) I mean, I know she didn't mean it like that, but still...

JESSICA: (*tenderly*) You poor guy, I think you need a hug.... Oh, GOD! You're covered in OIL!

MIKE: Yeah, well, I...

JESSICA: Now my clothes are ruined! Thanks a lot!

MIKE: (*sobs*)

Bob's Fun Corner of Fun Time!

Q. What did the prostitute koala say?

A. For \$5 *you-can-lick-this*.

Q. Why did the tree wipe down the table?

A. Because he *saw-dust*.

Q. Why did the pie maker stop making pies?

A. Because his *ma-rang*.

Q. What's the new slogan for Whirlpool's juicy new dryer?

A. We *suck-you-lint*.

Q. What's the new fad diet that all the artists are doing?

A. *Paint thinner*.

Q. Where did the peach's baby brother sleep in the Spring?

A. *April-cot*.

Q. Why couldn't the dough boy find his medicine?

A. 'Cos his *pills were buried*.

Q. What did the dog give his dog girlfriend a bouquet of?

A. *Collie-flowers*.

Q. What did the cheese chef say after serving dinner?

A. "*It's good-ah?*"

Q. Where do all the shakers come from?

A. The *pepper-mint*.

Q. Where do new arrowheads come from?

A. The *spear-mint*.

Q. How do you get off the internet?

A. *Net-escape*.

Q. What did the doped-up runner have on his arms?

A. *Track marks*.

Q. Why couldn't the Native Americans get to their fruit?

A. Because they lost their *cherry-key*.

Why English is the Best Language Ever!

By Sean Keane

Look, I'm sure you don't need a whole lot of convincing. We all know English is the linguistic top dog (not to be confused with the Linguica Top Dog). But just in case there's any confusion, here's how English stacks up against a few challengers.

English vs. Spanish

The reason why English is superior to Spanish is the element of surprise. In English, an exclamation point can sneak up on you; it is a dramatic, often unexpected ending to a sentence. In Spanish, that exciting conclusion is telegraphed. One sees the upside-down punctuation, and automatically, one anticipates the exciting conclusion at hand. When the right-side-up exclamation point arrives, it is but anticlimax.

English vs. French

Look, Frenchies, without us, you'd all be speaking German, OK?

English vs. Hawaiian

Hawaiian is ostensibly a very functional, useful language. In fact, the word "aloha" means both "hello" and "goodbye"! How magical that the same word can mean two totally opposite things! Of course, historically, that led to a few problems:

December, 1941 - Oahu

Lookout #1: Man, we sure lucked out being stationed here in Hawaii.

Lookout #2: You said it, mister. Hang on, we're getting a message. It says ma'iuauaua'liau'au.

Lookout #1: Ma'iuauaua'liau'au? What does that mean?

Lookout #2: According to my Hawaiian dictionary, it means "skies clear, no danger..."

Lookout #1: Great!

Lookout #2: ...or, "imminent Japanese sneak attack."

Lookout #1: That's bad. How do we know what they meant?

Lookout #2: Beats me. Don't worry about it - I'll get you another mai tai.

Lookout #1: Mahalo.

English vs. German:

Look, Krauts, without us, you'd all be speaking French. Well, you'd probably still be speaking German, but in France or England maybe. But, without the Romans and Visigoths, you'd all be speaking Hunnish, OK?

English vs. Old English:

When I was a freshman, my roommate's name was Yi. We didn't really get along. One day, when I was bitching to my friend about him, I said something like "Yi annoys the hell out of me." My witty friend shot back, "I understand you're annoyed, but why are you speaking in Old English?"

Anyway, choosing between English and Old English is kind of like choosing between accessing the internet through a cable modem or by yelling into a Dixie cup attaching to a string. Plus, when you're yelling into the Dixie cup, you have to pronounce every single consonant, since there are no silent letters. Also, it's the 11th century, so most of the online content is just Beowulf fan fiction anyway.

Final score: English, 5; Non-English, 0. USA! USA!

Meetings:
7-8pm Wednesday, 122
Wheeler

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SARAH: Okay, everybody, Erin is back from Wine and Cheese Palace so we can start the meeting. Ryan, please read the minutes from the last meeting.

RYAN: Okay, discussion of old business, 5 minutes spent assigning articles. Break to discuss Indie Rock in approving terms, although fearing for its musical soul in the face of increasing commercialism. Remaining three hours spent putting little jokes into the headline.

SARAH: Thank you, Ryan. New business: assigning articles. I understand Susan here wants to write about her first Lesbian experience with an Indian woman, so she'll be reviewing *The Country Bears*.

SUSAN: Is it okay if I write it entirely in first-person Confessional style?

SARAH: Sure. How was the sex?

SUSAN: Poor.

SARAH: Then we'll go with 'Bears fails to satisfy' as the headline. Mike, can you handle Music Reviews this week?

MIKE: Fuck popular music! Fuck popular music! Fuck popular music!

SARAH: Perfect. Also, here's the Obscure Words Bingo list this month. Fit five in a row into a sentence, and you win a badly copied bootleg tape of Thom Yorke humming 'Like a Virgin' ironically. Scott wins last month's prize of a Transformers robot with Bjork's head for fitting 'Prurient, Lachrymose, Proletariat,' and 'jejune' in.

SCOTT: Thanks Sarah, but I gotta go. I'm interviewing an old but bright-

eyed artist making an obscure comeback after several small mid-70's successes.

RYAN: (*mutters*) Lucky.

SCOTT: (*teasing*) Besides, Erin brought a '97 LaTour when everyone knows that the only '97 Merlots worth drinking came from Australia.

SARAH: And those were Shirazs! (*general laughter*)

ERIN: (*defensively, angrily*) Well, at least I'm not wearing Calvin Klein multi-weave white socks! You... POSEUR!

(*shocked silence*)

SARAH: (*softly*) Lets not say things we can't take back.

ERIN: (*sobbing*) I'm sorry.. I've just been under so much stress... my new boyfriend keeps taking me to these wide-release movies and asking me if I like them. I tell him they're great, but inside I'm just crying. I'm just crying.

SARAH: (*hugs*) I think we need to take a break. Good meeting, everybody.

SCOTT: Hey, we all wore Atari t-shirts again. That's so weird.



American Anecdotes

Now I'm sure you're thinking "Here I am. America: Land of Opportunity." And that's fine. Go on thinking that, in your flashy Atlantic City sharkskin suits, with your pearly white teeth and shiny Pontiac Sunfires. But say you're thinking that, and you're walking down the street whistling and smiling about America and a gang of street toughs come by and kick you in the shins and punch you in the face 'til you're nothing but a bloodied, smiling idiot on the sidewalk. Well buddy, I bet you won't be thinking that anymore!

- MP

Why do states have a state bird and stuff like that? It doesn't make any sense, unless one day they were going to have a big free for all where they put all the birds in one aviary and they all have to kill each other. My money's on Florida. You'll see.

- KB

When I was eleven my family decided to take a road trip to Disney World in Florida. We packed up the car and headed down the southeast coast of the glorious U.S. of A. As we cruised down the coast of the Carolinas and through Georgia, I thought, there's one thing to be said for the southeast: cotton.

- MP

The first time I had apple pie, my big sister gave it to me. "I like apple pie," I declared happily after my first taste.

My sister chuckled, and said, "That's not apple pie, that's apple fritter."

"Well then," said I, "I like apple fritter."

"Did I say apple fritter?" said my sister. "I'm sorry. I meant *natural critter*."

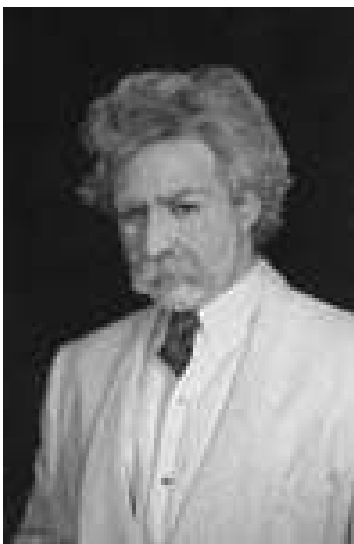
"What?" I said, confused.

"That's a possum," said my sister.

- KB

Nothing's finer than my American-made bored-out Chevrolet 454 big-block with ram-air intake and a Holley supercharger. That baby can power a street-ripping, pavement-tearing, American muscle machine fast enough to make our red, white, and blue blood boil over and tears come to the eyes of John Wayne himself. Now, who stole my fucking wheels?

- DD



My dog recently got a tick. I started tweezing, and eventually the tick let go. I figured I'd make the tick suffer for the distress he caused my dog and me. So I threw him into the sink. The closest thing in sight was some nail polish remover. I dumped a few ounces on him. Watched him squirm as his useless little tick eyes burned, and his comfortable dreams of endless supplies of blood dissipated. But the tick's torture wasn't over; I asked my brother to quickly retrieve a match, remembering how acetone was highly inflammable. The match was lit; the sink erupted in a fireball reaching high above our heads. The tick's itty-bitty legs burned to a crisp as his exoskeleton crackled within the flames. "Take that to your tick friends," I said, and justice was served.

-BZ

One Fourth of July, I decided to celebrate my independence...from my parents' rules!! We got a bunch of illegal fireworks that Troy's uncle got from Mexico, then went up in the hills where it was secluded. That night we camped out under the stars, with no bedtime, no curfew, no limits. That night, on our own, we learned what it really meant to be an American, and accidentally started a wildfire causing millions of dollars in property damage. One person died, but she was only a little girl, so it wasn't too big a deal.

- KB

The great thing about America, and the Americas in general when you get right down to it, is no matter how many trees we cut down, there're still more left.

- KB

Golden Retrievers are by far the most American of all the American dogs and my own Golden Retriever of years past was about as patriotic a dog as they come. Alex embodied all that America is in her golden lasciviousness. She was loveable, overweight, and only sprang into action when she had something to gain. This recalls an anecdote from many years ago when I was but a girl in Virginia. My two brothers had pinned me to the floor and had meticulously placed a chunk of steak—I believe it was rump roast—directly between my eyebrows. Hair and shoulders pinned to the floor, I was unable to wriggle the steak off of my forehead. They then called Alex—our enormous heifer of a dog—out of her languid napping to lumber over and wolf the steak from my head. Imagine if you will that Alex was America, only getting her fat ass up to ruthlessly maul my forehead in order to gain only a bit of sustenance, and I perhaps represented the Native Americans, as I endured the trauma of her gain, and well, I guess my brothers represent the Pilgrims and maybe my neglectful parents are the worthless French or something. Actually I'm not sure how this analogy ends but I still have a scar. God Bless America.

- MP

I never really liked baseball very much until one day my dad took me to see a real baseball game, in person. The seats weren't too bad, and he bought peanuts and ice cream and hot dogs—all sorts of great baseball snacks. I guess what I'm trying to say is, next to the food poisoning I got that day, baseball was pretty good. I'd rather have stayed at the game than gone to the hospital. But then, we would have had to go anyway when Dad got beamed by a foul. That's why he's in that coma, in case you're wondering.

- KB

I don't know what all the fuss is about Amreica. This is pretty much the same crap they pave the streets with everywhere else.

- KB

THE AMERICA CLUB

Thank you for joining the America Club!

Welcome to America! Club of the tired, the yearning to be free, and the faithful drinkers of Uncle Sam Ovaltine! Uncle Sam Ovaltine: it's like drinking 37% of the Earth's total wealth!

Your membership entitles you to: 1 Membership Card, 1 America Club Decoder Wheel, a copy of the Club Rules, and a map to the Official America Clubhouse. (Note: Maps for Puerto Rican members stop 50 feet short of the clubhouse).

As an Official American, you will be expected to uphold the standards and values of the America Club. Those who fail to maintain the American values will be stripped of their Social Security club privileges and chased away from the club treehouse by my dog, Scooter.

See you soon!

Billy Williams

American Member No. #544-02-3223,



Club Rules

1. At the start of all meetings, club members must recite the pledge of allegiance to the America Club flag, as follows: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the America Club and to the elitist club for which it stands, one treehouse, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for boys." Religious objectors may opt to replace "God" with "Captain America."
2. The club president will be addressed as "Captain America."
3. No girls allowed, ever. Unless they pass the America Club Challenge! To eat five bugs, three of which must be gross. Any girl members will be nonvoting and undergo mandatory cootie shots.
4. Members will be required to pay club dues equal to 20% of their weekly aggies, 15% of their immies, and 10% of their shooters. Members with collections greater than 150 marbles will be exempt.
5. No butts, no cuts, no coconuts.



THE AMERICAN HANDSHAKE

How do you tell an American from other people? Simple, shake their hand... Psych! In a true American handshake, the hand is pulled back, signaling to the recipient that they are both full Americans who don't actually touch each other.



figure 1



figure 2

ザンクケブツサヨ

The America Travel Which is Cool

Today!!

We the exploration house of the world are Kenichi and Liddo-chan! We seeing without being keeps accompanying the reader of venture of the wonder which is large to you, to the place you never go. All month we travel to new destination, sample extract local cooking because the avaricious appetite of Liddo-chan is satisfied.



Greeting from west of wildness! We enjoy our stays of heart zone. America enjoys and so is. It should do, there are many exciting things.



Our friends Kenichi love vision and sound of most American stimulus. The fire-works have spread in day-light-saving time, especially here. Liddo-chan to the party like to meeting to the cool people is part! She has possessed ventilation.



We entreat those tasty local American elegance already eat a little. The food here differs with from Japan very. Everything is larger at size. Occasionally, as for Kenichi as for finishing that food everything you think that it is difficult, but, there are no times when problem the shirks that voraciously in Liddo-chan! Her

taste which rises is with anything.



As for Kenichi wide everything in America how is here, it is not possible to believe . The people here the car is greatly larger to the car which Japanese forms is driven. That kind of car is the memo whose feeling of the house is good. As for us therefore it is small, it is, but, self-confidence fully is.



Present we met to the American of the central park and New York. He taught the method of doing the frog of the jump which is American of the taste pasttime to us.



It should visit America, it is the fearful, splendid place. That the good way is greatly cheaper than Japan, however perhaps it is not. The large quantity which you see it should, is, at least or so do to the heart to stop the week when therefore you take thing still. We who do the Liddo-chan and Kenichi up to the following time say, "Sayonara!"

