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PARTYING HARD SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

Chancellor Berdahl's moving out of the University House this June so it's about time he got what was coming to him. You may wonder what's coming to him, but we know what's coming to him. What's coming to him is a bag of poop. A bag of poop on fire. But whose poop is it? I'll give you a hint: it's Clark Kerr's poop. I bet you didn't even know he was still alive, let alone could still poop.

Why would anyone vote yes on 54? Everyone knows we need to classify minorities so we can better marginalize them, only to one day round them up and ship them off to futuristic battle-death fortresses where man is no longer the hunter, BUT THE HUNTED! Minority-Dome 2022, coming this summer to theatres everywhere. Now that that tiger got a taste of Roy, he must know how it feels to be Siegfried. Tiger plus sodomy equals partying 1977-style. You bring the funk, we'll bring the junk.

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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Prescience - No, Not the Science Fiction Kind

One of the advantages of the Heuristic Squelch as a magazine is the long period of time from when the issue goes to press and when it actually reaches the anxious sweat-drenched and abnormally sticky palms of the student body. What this means is that, although you won't be reading this article until probably a week or so after the October 7th recall election takes place, it was written several days before that election. I will now take advantage of this opportunity to make some predictions about what the current state of the State of California will be in the weeks following that tumultuous election.

Gray Davis Will Not be Recalled. That's right, Governor Davis will keep his job by the slimmest of margins. He'll take advantage of this reprieve as a mandate from the people to seize dictatorial control of the state and secede from the US. The revolution will be aborted when Arnold Schwarzenegger runs into Davis on the street, punches him in the face, and dangles him upside down until all his "revolution money" falls out of his pockets. In the ensuing power vacuum, Larry Flynt will take over as governor, instantly ending all of our state's problems by establishing extensive work programs for the state's recent high school graduates. He will also push for the construction of accessible wheelchair ramps into all filthy Tenderloin back alleys.

Proposition 54 Passes. Although denounced by opponents as a measure designed only to hide California's racial inequities, Proposition 54 passes by a wide voter margin, obviously due to the inherent racism of the majority of Californians. No On 54 organizers will go on record as saying, "If only we had been able to keep that illegal unreported \$35,000 from the ASUC, Proposition 54 would have failed for sure. Theoretically speaking, we mean." In related news, the ASUC will be formally dissolved due to gross mismanagement and replaced by a comical robot with a built in decibel meter wearing a judge's wig and robe that allocates money and makes policy decisions based solely on who makes the most noise. In the end, student government observers will note little difference.

Jay Leno will Retire. Following the conclusion of the Recall Election, Jay Leno will retire, citing a total lack of comedic material. Growing restless and needing to revitalize his comic portfolio, Leno will himself personally finance another recall election and will also put up the funding to have the Dancing Ito's placed on the ballot, only to finally tearfully realize that he is nothing but a mediocre comedian. As a result, Leno will commit seppuku on Steve Allen's grave while Kevin Eubanks cries good-naturedly.

My Man-tool will Grow 18 Inches. Because of a hidden rider in Proposition 53, which will pass handily, my penis will double in size, reaching a whopping 1 yard in total length. This will come in particularly handy when I walk-on to the Cal football team as a nude running back used only in close fourth-down situations, necessitating extensive NCAA football rules changes, not to mention revised ESPN broadcasting policies.

-David Duman

Comedy Show
 featuring joe klocek
 with bruce cherry
 and brent Weinbach

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newsflashes

Nader Kills 30, Still a Good Person

by Tommaso Sciortino, Apolitical

Lifelong consumer advocate and former Green Party presidential candidate Ralph Nader opened fire on a group of unarmed shoppers Friday at a Wal-Mart near his home in Pasadena, California.

"It was a horrible tragedy," reported one unhurt bystander. "My first thought was, 'I wish that guy had never been born.' But then I got a better look at him and realized who he was and then thought, 'That's the guy who made seatbelts mandatory in all cars. They save like 11,000 lives a year, don't they?'"

Ethicist Frank D'Amato points out that "Nader would have to go on a similar shooting spree every day for as long as seatbelts are still in use in order to become a net detriment to humanity. Not to mention the backlog of lives he's saved since seatbelts became mandatory in 1966."

In a related story, President George W. Bush would have to miraculously resurrect over 300 people in order to break even. When reached for comment about the shortfall, a spokesperson for Bush explained, "The president isn't interested in fixing the deficit."

Kobe Bryant to Donate Ego to Charity

by Dan Marshall, Technical Foul

Los Angeles Lakers superstar Kobe Bryant announced Wednesday in a news conference that he will donate part of his gigantic ego to charity.

During the conference, a teary-eyed Bryant said, "I'm one of the greatest basketball players of all time, and it's time that I start to share some of myself with the rest of the world. I mean that in a non-sexual, non-rape sort of way."

Bryant's donation will be sent to Ogden, Utah, yearly winner of the "America's dumpiest name" contest. The biggest town success in the last five years was Ogden High Varsity Football

winning their first game in 20 years, against Ogden High Junior Varsity.

Chip Miller, an Ogden resident, thanked Bryant for the ego and says that it will be much appreciated. "We need more celebrity athletes to rape people and donate things to other people in order to look innocent."

ASUC Illegally Allocates \$10 to No-On-53 Campaign

by Kevin Deenihan and Matt Loker, United!

Student government politics were thrown into further turmoil last week when it was revealed that the ASUC earmarked ten dollars in student fees to oppose Proposition 53. The announcement was made by Graduate Assembly President Jessica Zack Quindel.

"We've already allocated thousands to No-On-54, so who gives a crap at this point? I don't even know what Prop 53 is. Isn't that the one about protecting wetlands?"

When asked about the controversial decision, ASUC External Affairs Vice-President Anu Joshi responded similarly. "Who's gonna stop us, Jesus?" She then added, "Stupid wetlands," and doffed a hat made of money.

The Sun



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HammerMill Paper

newsflashes

Masturbator Retires Jessica Simpson Fantasy

by Kenny Byerly, *Beating off Constantly*

After a single viewing of *Newlyweds*, the MTV reality series chronicling the married life of pop stars Jessica Simpson and Nick Lachey, UC Berkeley sophomore Pete Klein permanently retired his Jessica Simpson masturbatory fantasy, Klein announced Friday.

"She's still really hot and everything, but dude, that personality really kills it for me," said a stunned Klein, mere minutes into the *Newlyweds* episode. "I never thought I'd say that," Klein noted moments later.

Klein's fantasy, friends said, involved meeting Simpson backstage, where she and Klein would share an erotic liason so pleasurable that Simpson would invite him to travel in her entourage as a personal sex slave. "Once he saw what it was like to be around her, I think he realized pretty quick that that fantasy was never going to work again," said Ramon Perez, Klein's best friend. Added Perez: "That Lachey is a saint. I can't believe he hasn't hit her yet."

While he admitted that the revelation of Simpson's personality was "tremendously disappointing," Klein expressed hope that he could formulate a new fantasy that continues to make use of Simpson's "smoking hot body."

"You know, it would be more of a spite fuck kind of thing," Klein explained. "I think I could work with that."

Gay People Amusing

by Mark Thomas, *Straight and Boring*

Local man Ray Conners discovered that gay people are amusing after watching last night's episode of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*. Conners, an open-minded heterosexual man, was allegedly charmed by the five main characters' sassy dialogue and classy yet effeminate antics. "That's so classic," said Conners. "The gay guys are so

trendy and hip and their 'project' men are all so socially retarded – just like real life. It just makes me want to have a gay friend of my own."

Josephine Ward, spokeswoman for the show, said that this is exactly the widespread appeal the creators were aiming for. "We think this is a groundbreaking show," stated Ward in a recent press release. "Not since the departure of *Amos 'n Andy* has the public been exposed to such an honest attempt to profit from the exploitation of stereotypes."

"Look out America," an enthusiastic Ward warned in an October press release, "you've just been cast in the latest version of *The Odd Couple*. And who's that at the door? Five gay men playing the role of Oscar."

When asked to comment on why he enjoyed the show, Conners replied, "It's fun to see normal men undergo such a fabulous metropolitan renaissance. It's also funny to see the gays try to do things regular guys do like enjoy sports or blend in."

Famous Professor Bad at Teaching

by Tommaso Sciortino, *Taking it Literally*

Recent reports indicate that that one teacher, you know, that one that is really famous, is not a very good teacher. These reports come hot on the trail of accusations that he just rambles a lot and doesn't lay things out in an orderly fashion.

Students taking the class were surprised. "Berkeley is really famous for this subject, and this Professor did so much incredible work. It's kind of a mystery how difficult it is to get him to just answer your question without using knowledge only a dedicated grad student would know."

The Board of Directors for the department say they have no plan to lighten the professor's teaching load and will simply push the problem onto next year's freshmen. When reached for comment, the professor shrugged his shoulders and explained that you should look it up in a textbook even though he didn't bother recommending one for the class.

Radical DJs Protest No Spin Zone

by Eamon Doyle, *Fair and Balanced*

Spurred on by the enormous success of humorist Al Franken's GOP-bashing bestseller *Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them*, an impassioned throng of extreme-left disc jockeys gathered Saturday outside the Long Island residence of Fox News anchor Bill O'Reilly in a 25-turntable, 135-decibel protest of the conservative commentator's trademark "No Spin Zone."

In planning stages since the debut of The O'Reilly Factor in 1995, the event was finally made a reality largely through the financial support of outspoken pro-spin activists Nancy Kerrigan and Mikhail Baryshnikov. Modern rock act Lifehouse also took a stand, providing the rally with exclusive Todd Terry and Hex Hector club mixes of their 2002 hit "Spin."

Speaking through a vocoder, Brooklyn-based DJ and demonstration organizer Sammie Allard explained his group's motivation: "The American book-buying public has spoken, and the hour is nigh. Now is the time for Mr. O'Reilly to realize that we will not be silenced. We shall – nay, we must – spin as we have never spun before."

Reached for comment while trapped inside his home, O'Reilly provided the Squelch with a brief statement. "Shut up!" he told the protesters. "Shut up!"

Tree in Forest Falls on Airhorn

by Matt Soroky, *The Answer*

In a serene forest located astride a majestic mountain range, a mighty elm was felled with nary a man in sight. However, the elm fell atop a conspicuously-placed airhorn, providing answers to many a timeless Buddhist koan.

A Zen Buddhist monk nearby covered his ears and hummed loudly.

Decade Reminisced For

(Continued on page 21)

Computer Seduces Owner

by Mark Thomas, Sapphic

Windows Media Player® casually drew a vagina for resident Sam Peterson in seven different ambiances and as many colors late Saturday night. Peterson was enjoying several mellow selections from his personal computer's music library when he made the observation. "I turned the lights off and maximized the visualizer to set a relaxing mood, you know," said Peterson, describing the phenomenon, "but as soon as I hit play, Vagina all over the screen again."

As the glowing oscillations continually replicated the soft curves of feminine essence in a gently perverted light show, Peterson was moved to epiphany. "When that beautiful gorge repeatedly poured out into infinity in front of me, I finally realized that my computer is as much a representation of myself as a candid photograph. Anyone who sees my computer sees me in a very naked, very true sense."

"Anyway, we have a very personal connection," an inspired Peterson added. "That's why it was telling me to fuck it."

Man Unable to Find Prostitute With Heart of Gold

by Simon Ganz, Colon of Americium

Haas graduate student Matt Clark, 24, has failed in his recent efforts to find a prostitute with a heart of gold. "I've always been a bit of a workaholic, so naturally I thought a streetwise prostitute with an independent spirit could challenge my no-nonsense business-minded approach to life," explained Clark. "I also hoped hilarity would ensue."

But his many attempts to find such a woman have all ended in failure. The first lady of the evening he solicited, Staci Hernandez-Liu, was unable to offer any worthwhile advice about his life or career, though Mrs. Liu was able to describe in great detail the relative merits of many local methadone clinics, and appeared rather well versed in local statutes regarding public urination. He had even less luck with his next paid-escort, Rayleen Marshall, who used a taser to render Clark unconscious before stealing his wallet and several of his gold fillings. Clark briefly wondered if this was merely a form of tough love to teach him the meaninglessness of his

material goods, but he later rejected this notion after finding several hundred dollars worth of fishnet stockings charged to his credit card.

He then mournfully hummed a few bars of "Uptown Girls" by Billy Joel as he trudged down an empty street.

President to Dress Like Ninja

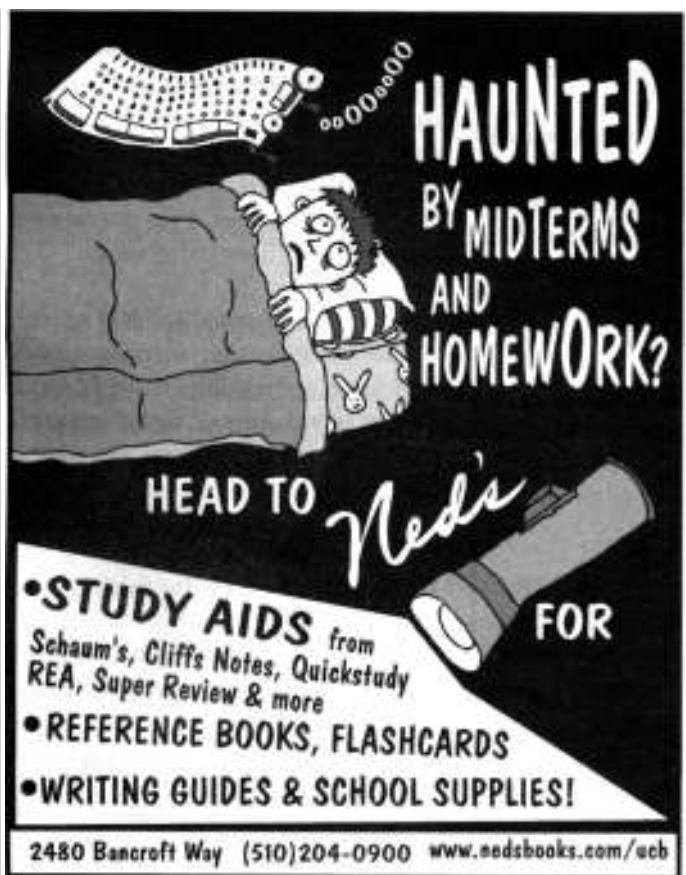
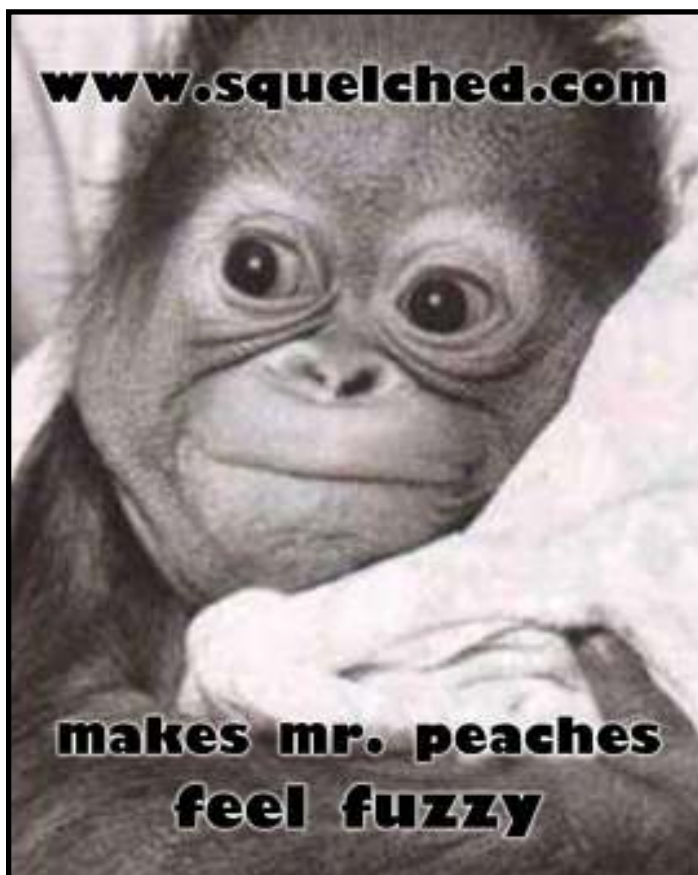
by Aaron Brownstein, Cool but Rude

In an effort to bolster sagging public approval ratings, White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan announced today that President Bush would be delivering his upcoming State of the Union address in the costume of the Japanese silent assassin, the "ninja."

"This is simply Bush's attempt to disguise the fact that [Democratic presidential hopeful] [Wesley] Clark is a more experienced ninja from a more respected dojo," said Washington Post correspondent Marcia Goodwyn.

Upon vocalizing her objections to the issue, she slunk over with a dart in her neck. In response, McClellan exclaimed, "Curse you Spiderman!" while shaking his fist in the air.

Reports of Spiderman's involvement in the incident remain unconfirmed.



Top Ten Underage Alcohols

10. Ensign Morgan
9. One-and-a-half Equis
8. Caprila Sunrise
7. Jungle Gym Juice
6. Goodnight Moonshine
5. Miller High School Life
4. Sex on the Sandbox
3. Budweiser Chewables
2. James' Giant Peach Schnapps
1. Smirnoff Ice

Top Ten Least Effective Contraceptives

10. Pull out, put back in
9. Twist Ties
8. Rhythm method, but you're white and have no rhythm
7. Screen-door condoms
6. Visiting my room
5. Getting pregnant
4. Eye of newt
3. Going to a party at Pi Kappa Phi
2. Semen-covered dildo
1. Whatever the mother of the Wayans kids was doing

Top Ten Worst Ways to Defend Yourself in Prison

10. Bending over
9. Becoming Jimmy the Bitch's bitch
8. Make cell key into knife
7. Shave your legs
6. Gently turn down their advancements
5. Pre-emptive cocksucking
4. Introduce yourself as "fish"
3. Break up riot with rousing game of Magic: The Gathering
2. Your scary gay lisp
1. Crying like a woman

Top Ten Rejected Star Wars Action Figures

10. Han Job Solo
9. A wookiee taking a crap
8. Identical twins of every character
7. The Force
6. Billy Dee Williams with Malt Liquor Action
5. George Lucas with bags of money
4. *Openly* gay C3PO
3. Hitler-moustache Obi-Wan
2. Living off the residuals Mark Hamill
1. Borg Cube

LOYAL HEURISTIC SQUELCH READER:

We would just like take this space to say thank you, because it's you that makes us the biggest and the best magazine on campus. Because we care about you, we make eight Heuristic Squelch promises that you can always trust. That way, you know that what you're reading is the best, safest, and least infected magazine on campus.

Heuristic Squelch Promise #1

Reading our publication will not hurt your soul. The Daily Californian cannot make this claim.

Heuristic Squelch Promise #2

Our fine magazine never glues bits of broken glass and carpenter's tacks to its pages. Remember our motto: Jokes, not broken glass.



Señor Silly Boots

Heuristic Squelch Promise #3

The Heuristic Squelch can be read in places other than directly in front of the whirling blades of a high-speed tablesaw. The Berkeley Jewish Journal has their policies, and we have ours.

Heuristic Squelch Promise #4

Unlike the California Patriot, we do not print our fine magazine with inks sweetened by the tears of serially abused orphans. That's the Heuristic Squelch difference.

Heuristic Squelch Promise #5

We do not run articles on the best ways to molest children. Contrast this to the Berkeley Poetry Review's recent piece entitled "The Ten Hottest Grade Schools in the East Bay, Complete with Directions and Illustrated Maps for Driving There in Your Windowless Rape-Van."

Heuristic Squelch Promise #6

Creative Editor Matt Loker will personally drink 20 ounces of straight vodka, both during the Wednesday night Squelch meeting and the subsequent writer's meeting. That's a promise you can take to the bank.

Heuristic Squelch Promise #7

He will then wake up at 10 in the morning sprawled on the Squelch office couch feeling fine, though a bit confused as to where his keys are. He will briefly consider the possibility that he killed a man just to watch him die and ran his car off a cliff to get rid of the evidence, but then will find his keys in his back pocket. He will let out a nervous laugh, then go to the bathroom to wash the dried blood, so much blood, from his hands.

Heuristic Squelch Promise #8

We will feature a kitten in every issue. This month's kitty is Señor Silly Boots, pictured above. Show me a kitty and I'll show you a smile.

Sincerely,
Matt Loker

Hubert, Legacy of a Hobo

BY DAVID J. DUMAN, PH. D.

I've spent the last thirty years of my life studying the dying American institution of the rail-riding, trash-can-raiding, squirrel-eating hobo. I'd never met one in person until I ran into Hubert Johnson Hackensack in Saginaw, Michigan after he darted in front of my car. Soon we got into a long and animated conversation and he told me his story. While he declined to be interviewed and expressly made clear that he wanted to keep his story private, I tape-recorded our discussion and will publish it in my upcoming book *Hubert: From Sea to Shining Sea*. Because, really, he's a hobo and can't read, let alone hire a lawyer.

In this excerpt, Mr. Hackensack tells of the cutthroat life of the Depression-era hobo:

"A man's bindle is his life. You don't go stealin' another man's bindle. One time, out near Sioux City, another hobo, went by Jim, we was sharin' a box car on the ol' Central line, anyway I woke up to the soun' of scurryin' and, sure enough, Jim was in my bindle tryin' to take my saltines. Well, ya just don't do that, so I grabbed his bindle and whacked him a good one upside the head. Then he goes grabs my bindle and we fight, bindle to bindle in that boxcar until both of us were exhausted, breathin' hard while leaning against our bindles, like we just swapped some ol' boots for a loose woman's lovin'. Anyways, Ol' Jim calls a truce and he gave me back my bindle. He then lean over to shake my hand and I kick him 'tween the legs and rammed my bindle right 'gainst his throat 'til he stopped strugglin'. After I pitched his body off out the boxcar in an Iowa cornfield, I go rootin' through his bindle and find a whole box of saltines in his bindle. A whole damned box of saltines in his bindle."

But the hobo's life was not all hardship and bindle-wars:

"Best town to stopover in, best town had to've been Dubuque. Dubuque always knew how to treat us right. Their depot there, the station, the inspectors always check the flatcars and cattle cars first, for they know that only the Irish're hidin' in the cattle cars. Always sew yer money up in the linin' of yer jacket when ya ride the rails. Keeps the Irish from gettin' their grubby gold graspin' paws on it. Anyway, the inspectors give us honest folk time to scoot out and into town and I tell ya Dubuque had the finest lookin' women I done ever seen. And most womenfolk won't bed with hobos on accounta we bein' hobos an' all, but these ladies did. We call 'em 'Bindle-Bawds.' Anyway, one of them wenches goes an' swivels down right on me and starts sayin' words that would make even the hardest of hobos, like Grinnin' Bobcat Jackson, blush, sayin' all like what she wanted to do with my bindle. Only cost me a quarter and two cans a salt-pork for the privilege, too. Ended up regrettin' it though. Hard enough takin' a piss outta a boxcar without it feelin' like a porcupine done crawled up yer pecker."



While contemporary tales of hobo adventures often portray the hobo lifestyle as a lonely one, according to Hubert that's far from the case:

"A group of hobos; myself, Ol' Jim 'fore I killed him, Dirty Dirk Jones, Humphrey Hump-back Daniels, Dainty Jon Peeps, and a-course can't forget Percival the Kraut, we all meet up a coupla times a year in Oskaloosa. We'd get together an' trade hobo secrets an' swap hobo tales an' decide on which Bindle-Bawds offered the best bindle-jobs, if ya know what I'm gettin' at. After a few swigs of white lightnin' we begin' talkin' 'bout the great thinkers. Dainty Jon would always go statin' that Kant's Categorical Imperative was the best way to deal with all hobo-kind, whereas Dirty Dirk kept on harpin' on Mill's theories of utilitarianism. Myself bein' a Hume man, I wouldn't stand for any a that so I shoved their heads into the fire an' yelled at 'em 'How's that for hobo philosophy?' Mill? Kant? I'd bet pork to beans on Hume any day. Flame-headed bastards. After that we got into a fartin' contest. And caught typhoid."

I hope you enjoyed getting a small insight into the genius of an American Hobo like Hubert Hackensack. He's a dying breed. Literally. Riding behind coal cars catches up to you. But remember, if you want to hear the real stories, the edgy stories, the stories of backwoods sodomy in exchange for bourbon and illicit uptown hobo racetracks; you'll have to read my book. It's due out from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich this Christmas.

by Kevin Deenihan

The sun crept into my office like a 550 pound man with no legs. It crawled upward on my Gin bottle – Winner’s Cup, because I’m a real Winner—and slowly stopped on my eyes. Behind the eyelids two dozen maraca players were turning up the volume, and the steady thud of the headache was starting to sound like my ex-wife stomping up the stairs, asking for her alimony check. I don’t know how she was getting alimony. We don’t have any kids. There’s no room for kids in my life. Then I realized that I don’t know what alimony means. My name is Mister Fields. I’m a Mall Detective.

It was strange that the sun was hitting me, since I was in my office in floor 1 of ShadyDales Mall. The sun hasn’t hit anything in the ‘Dales since Old Man Developer Jenkins decided that all the sin and vice of a suburban Mall could be accomplished much better under fluorescent lighting. I opened my eyes. My Secretary, Karla, was pointing a flashlight right in my face. “Visitor, jackass,” she snapped, using the cute pet name she has for me. I considered calling her “sweetcheeks” or something, but the mall tenant regulations have very strict sexual harassment policies. You have to attend a class and everything.

On cue, Jamba Juice Johnny walked through the door, barely noticing that I looked like the “After” photo in an ad for high caliber revolvers. Triple-J is one of my best weasels. He’s got a face like people wouldn’t stop punching him as a baby, but he knows how to get info. “Mango Jamba?” “Yes,” the patsy will say, only half paying attention. “Vita boost?” “Yes.” “Did you shoot Stevie Strizzis?” “Yes.... What?”

He looked at me soberly, which was good, because I was looking at him alcoholically. “Better get down to Pottery Barn,” he said. I cursed, hangover disappearing like Learningsmith from next to Macy’s. Pottery Barn meant trouble. When someone needed to drop a horribly mangled body, something in the human psyche always says “Put it in front of Pottery Barn.”

By the time I got there, the Mall Cops had beat me to the scene, like I was a red-headed stepchild. It was the sixth worst murder I’d seen in front of the Barn. Both arms torn half off. The eyeballs skewered by inch-thick pokers. The guts were opened up and arranged in a circular fashion around the destroyed torso.

I chewed my Hot-Dog-on-a-Stick thoughtfully.

Mall Cop Forensic Examiner Stacy Williams was there, taking measurements of the chest wounds. Cute kid, Stacy. Blonde. Athletic. 16. She told me once at Applebee’s that she was going to buy a Jetta with her summer job money. I don’t know if she expected to be hip deep in gushing red blood. I had to step back or my Nikes would get wet. They were good Nikes. I got them from Foot Locker for solving the mystery of the New Balance Killings.



Even worse, Mall Cop Lieutenant Atkins was apparently handling this one. 300 cops in this mall and I drew the only one I’d exposed as a slasher pedophile, in the Disney Store Mystery. He was still on the Force, of course. That’s the Teal Wall of Silence for you. More corrupt than a floppy disk from 1984 put through a blender. I knew for a fact that they ran a Gambling and Prostitution ring out of Cinnabon. Client of mine found more than cinnamon in his Minibon. The only good cop was my friend Officer Martinson, who was only in the game because being a Mall Cop went back five generations in his family.

“Hey Atkins,” I jeered, “they just released *Finding Nemo* on DVD. Why don’t you go drool over the crowds at EB while a real detective takes care of this one?”

Atkins smiled, or that is, his facial muscles perked upwards briefly. “Fields, go blow your wad elsewhere. Or better yet, why don’t you take your friend Martinson and book some private time in the Macy’s bathroom.”

“Where is Martinson?” I asked.

“Right there,” he nodded, pointing to the mangled corpse on the floor.

It was Martinson alright. The starched uniform. The heavy features. The way his head was only attached by what was left of his spinal cord. Well, that part was new.

So. A cop-killer. And the cops didn’t care. And I was probably next. My only friend left in the world was a pistol I wasn’t allowed to keep loaded due to stringent shopper safety rules. That and gin. It looked like I was up against a battle for my life.

I took another bite from my Wetzel Pretzel.

Angering God

By Matt Loker

As I philosophy major, one of the questions I'm often asked is, "Hah hah, good luck getting a job." Well that's not a question, asshole. A question would sound something like, "Is there a God? And if there is, explain *Everybody Loves Raymond*." Well there's not and I don't know. But in the vein of serious philosophical inquiry, I set out to prove whether or not a god actually exists. How could I possibly do this, you might ask? At least that's a question. I'll tell you. I'm going to piss him off. What's the worst that could happen, he'd eternally damn me to a plane of suffering and non-existence from whence no hope can escape? Wait, I guess it is.

The Plan:

I will take His name in vain.

I Say:

"God dammit! I have to watch 3 more minutes of *Everybody Loves Raymond* before *The Simpsons* starts at 7:30."

The Response:

I am forced to watch a profoundly unfunny closing scene in which Raymond's parents bicker. Oh, I get it. His parents hate each other. Har har.

Conclusion:

Perhaps God does exist. If so, He is infinitely vengeful.

The Plan:

I will worship a false idol in lieu of worshipping Him.

I Say:

"All hail Sriracha, the god of hot chili sauces!"

The Response:

I am stoned and forget to actually cook the Croissant Pocket which I am now eating. Though, on a happier note, I do remember to apply the Sriracha hot sauce. Damn that's good. Oh yeah. Mmmmm. Yeah. Mmmmm. Hot chili sauce.

Conclusion:

I am afflicted with a particularly bad case of food poisoning. Curse you God for making hot chili sauce taste so good! Mmmmm. Yeah. Mmmmm.

The Plan:

I will do something on the Sabbath.

I Say:

"Hey you! That's right, I'm talking to Mr. Old Man Who Lives Up In The Sky! I'm going to go out partying Sunday night, and you can't do a thing about it!"

The Response:

Absolutely nothing goes on in Berkeley on Sundays. I'm serious, the Holocaust Museum is more lively on a Sunday night. And it's closed then, which I know because I got really liquored up once and tried to break in. Made sense at the time.

Conclusion:

The Holocaust Museum is not filled with candy and gum. Don't listen to anyone who tells you otherwise.



The Plan:

I will covet my neighbor's oxen.

I Say:

Since I don't know what "covet" means, and since I'm fairly sure that my neighbor doesn't own any oxen, I break in to his apartment and steal his dictionary instead.

The Response:

I drive around 580 East for a few hours looking for some oxen to covet.

Conclusion:

I realize that I don't know what the hell oxen are either, so I break into my other neighbor's apartment and steal another dictionary. God is nonplussed.

The Plan:

I will worship Satan.

I Say:

"Oh Dark Lord, grant me immortal life in Your unholy service!"

The Response:

"Foolish earth-mortal! I am busy negotiating Ray Romano's new contract. BLARRRRGGGGH!!!"

Conclusion:

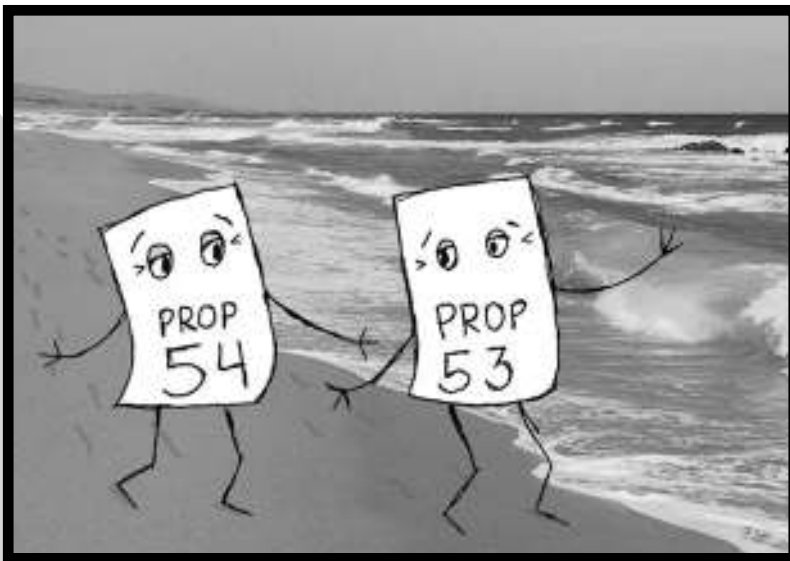
There is no god.

Recall Election Losers

Where are they now?

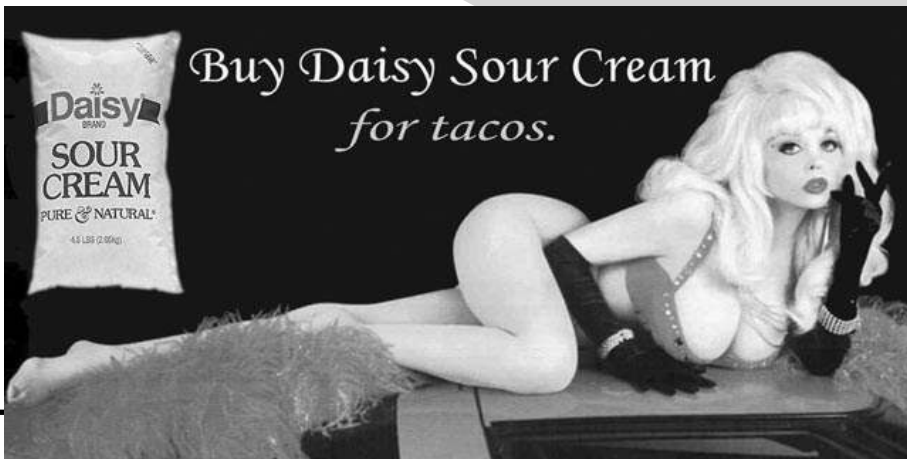
Gray Davis

After spending almost half of his life in politics, Governor Davis can finally retire on his comfortable pension. This busybody couldn't simply slip away, though! And he's finally found a job where his work is appreciated. Whether distributing child-safe shopping carts or directing customers to where they might find the Havoline motor oil with the free Russell Ingall commemorative cufflinks, Davis shows an unprecedented love for his job. "He's never been this happy," Davis' wife Sharon said. "The other day, a customer returned Gray's good morning greeting with a half-smile and a little wave. He couldn't stop talking about it for weeks."



Prop. 53 & Prop. 54

These two failed propositions finally got to know each other after they were spanked down in the October 7th election, despite having lived right next to each other for the last several weeks. "It was so romantic, I asked 54 if he thought my eyes looked beautiful, and he said that it didn't matter what color my eyes were. I practically melted into the Oaxacan sea."



Angelyne

The once-ubiquitous blonde model who could be found on billboards glorifying everything from high fashion to fast cars suffered a drop-off in popularity after her failed gubernatorial bid. Since, she has been relegated to showcasing somewhat less-glamorous (though no less tasty) products. "Sour Cream. For Men," Angelyne said. "And/or Ladies," she added.

Bill Simon

Still doing what he does best.



Cruz Bustamante

Though he held on to his job lieutenant governor, he did have to relocate to a smaller office in the basement. "I miss out on a lot of the main government action, which is kinda lame, but now I don't need to dress up in that damn suit. My shirt collar was always way too tight anyway." When asked about how he's been helping to further his vision for the state, Bustamante mentioned how he installed his own copy of Windows XP on his computer, saving the state \$250.



EECS Soccer!

By Kevin
Deenihan

None of us intended to be in the EECS Intermural Soccer Championships. Our only plan was to play a little soccer, lose, then make ironic and funny comments about losing using Monty Python and Comedy Central quotes. Well, Johnny Eighth-floor had wanted to win, but Johnny loves a stupid challenge. He earned his name breaking into the Eighth floor of Soda Hall on a dare, which no one had ever done before, because Soda only has seven floors.

Once we decided to play we had signed up for the usual EECS Co-Ed team, 8 guys and 1 girl. We had argued that since we all had female Everquest characters, we should get an exception for being all male, but then Terry announced she was a girl. Which answered a lot of unresolved questions about Terry, but raised plenty more, believe me.

We wouldn't have won at all if it weren't for our star player, the MasterBerator. A semester away from graduating and still several meters shy of ever touching a girl, he was able to convert 22 years of sexual frustration into pure speed and agility. Coach Jurgen would tell him, "OK, penetrate their defenses, work it around a little bit in the end zone, then shoot to score." Then MB would get this look in his eye and run off. Most of the time the other Goalie wouldn't even touch a ball he kicked unless there were gloves involved. And EECS Goalies don't like gloves because they make for chappy hands. MB's only problem was that he didn't look to score off a pass, because it "made for a weird metaphor."

But now we were in the Championship against Team Better then the Crips and Bloods put Together Times a Google. "A Google as in the search engine company, or googol as in a unit of quantity equal to 10^{100} ?" we asked. "Both," they sneered at us. A shiver ran down our hairless chins. They had the best players. Jimmy the Sneed. Rohit the Paladin's Paladin. Eric the Mirror, so pasty white that in direct sunlight he became impossible to look at without going blind. And worst of all, they had The Babe, the sexiest girl in EECS department, 160 pounds of sheer desire. No one could shoot at The Babe. Our collective masturbation fantasy where we accidentally snuck into the same shower stall would be ruined.

Worst of all, MB was out of the game. He had strained his

pelvis making lewd gestures towards female passersby.

And then the game was on. "Octagonal formation!" shouted Coach J, and we all shuffled into position, looking around to make sure we had gotten the angles exactly correct. The Babe helped them out from the backfield by pouting with lipstick on. Fortunately, we had had the foresight to wear special underpants, allowing us to run despite straining erections. I checked one of my watches. Two minutes in. Crap.

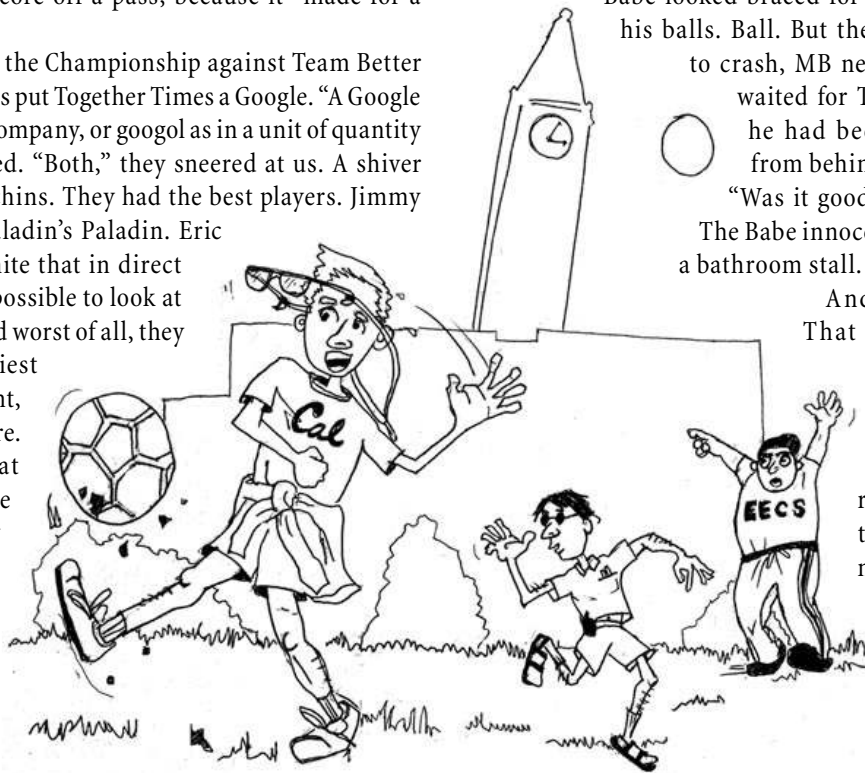
The game continued like that for But with 10 minutes to go, we were all practically collapsing. I even had a charley horse in my left hand, the only part of me that gets any workout. Finally, Terry took matters into her own hands. She marched over to where MB was rocking back and forth, holding an ice pack to a crotch the size of the Two Towers Bonus DVD pack, with 20 hours of special features. Putting his hand on where her boobs probably were, she shouted "There! You touched a girl! Booooooooooobs!"

MasterBerator sprung up like a phallic metaphor. Racing onto the field, he grabbed the ball and worked his way past their entire field. He sped past Caffeine Jack, and did such a good juke past Eric the Virgin that he had to add 'Probably' to his nickname.

That left only The Babe, who looked cute and determined. And MB was racing right for her. I realized his plan. "Don't do it, MB! If you run into her, she'll be in control!" And, in fact, The

Babe looked braced for MB, waiting to ensnare his balls. Ball. But then, as he was just about to crash, MB neatly stepped to the side, waited for The Babe to lunge where he had been, then scored on her from behind. 1-0, and time expired. "Was it good for you too?" he asked The Babe innocently, before racing off to a bathroom stall.

And we were Champions. That night we drank until the early AM. I slipped a Mickey into Terry's drink, but she fished it out and added it to the rest of her Disney collection. Then we called it a night and went back to Cory to finish some coding. I kissed Terry that night, too. Turned out she was a guy all along, but oh well.



Platitudes

David Duman

When cooking turkey, ensure that the center of the bird reaches a temperature of 180°, otherwise you'll catch the AIDS.

Love is never having to say you're sorry for running over someone's mother with a backhoe while huffing glue.

You're ready to get married when your desire to spend the rest of your life with someone overcomes your desire to shiv that person in the spleen and steal his or her gold fillings.

Although revenge is not encouraged under state and federal laws, you should only be concerned with the laws of one Higher Power: Lyle Lovett's personal trainer, Steve.

Thirty years from now you'll look back on your education and realize that, yes, that one math teacher you had in high school was totally doing his dog at lunch.

Many people will spend their entire lives wondering why they were put here on Earth, only to realize too late that it was to make funnel cakes.

Some would say that it is best to live longer than better, others would say the opposite. Let this be a lesson to you.

In life, you will always be judged by how much money you have; in death, by how many Faberge eggs you bought with that money. Plan accordingly.

When up late at night having anal sex, try watching old reruns of M*A*S*H. Alan Alda may help you forget that you're alone.



Tenants' Rights Week October 27 - October 31

Questions about or problems with your rental housing situation?

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Top Ten Action Movie Taglines

10. They injured his pride... but they couldn't injure his guns.
9. He's out to stop revenge killings... with a vengeance.
8. They were watching for UFOs, but they should have been watching the skies.
7. The South will rise again... into Hell.
6. They trained her to kill. Now she will kill them.
5. Just when you thought he couldn't be resurrected...
4. Vin Diesel
3. He was just an ordinary Joe who spent 20 years in the Green Berets...
2. Sometimes decapitation is just the beginning.
1. He used to hunt the hunted. Now he is hunted by those he used to hunt.

Top Ten Responses Overheard at the Interviews for a New Chancellor

10. "I have to marry her to become chancellor?"
9. "Now how hard is chancelling exactly?"
8. "Strongly pro-Israel."
7. "One hundred thousand dollars and I get to live in the Campanile."
6. "I don't know, who are you?"
5. "Yes I have, but she was my cousin."
4. "Do I get free DC food with this job? Sweet."
3. "No, *Advanced Dungeons and Dragons*."
2. "Heads. No, tails!"
1. "I have to give the alumni *what* kind of jobs?"

Top Ten Things Jesus Would Never Say

10. "Happy New Year, 1 B.C.!"
9. "Paul sure was a douchebag."
8. "Peter, you are the rock on which I will build my homosexual church."
7. "And you shall go forth, and they will call you 'Jesusians'."
6. "Do you think I look fat in this Batman shirt?"
5. "My dad could beat up your dad."
4. "I still have my foreskin."
3. [Anything not in Aramaic]
2. "I sure love that Paul Reiser."
1. "Jesus Christ!"

Top Two Things to Say When You're Having a 'Nam Flashback

2. Oh my God man
1. Whoa

THE OREGON TRAIL

By Amir Blumenfeld

At the Gym

Oliver: Boy, these treadmills are great, aren't they?

Beth, Oliver's Friend: Yeah, but you're barely moving. Don't you want to go any faster?

Oliver: I realize I'm moving at a steady pace, but if I move any faster, to say, strenuous or even grueling pace, I'm afraid I'm going to run out of food. I mean, I'm already eating at a meager level. If I don't go hunting soon I fear for the lives of me and my wagon mates.

Beth: [*Stares at Oliver, stops treadmill, walks away crying*]

The River

Roommates: Come on, Oliver! We're crossing the river in this raft! Come aboard!

Oliver: [*Nervous*] No... that's okay... I'd rather just stay here.

The Date

Girlfriend: Sure, Oliver, I'd love to go on a date with you! When should we leave?

Oliver: Well, if we leave in March we'll be hitting the wet season, so we'll have a higher chance of catching typhoid. But if we leave in July we'll run into winter, and that means axle-breakage.

Girlfriend: So... like, 8?

The Rivalry

Oliver: It's not fair!

Jordan: Uh... what's not fair, Oliver? Did Indians take your wagon or some stupid shit like that? [*Roommates chuckle*]

Oliver: No, this is serious! That weird guy at the end of the hall stole my last barrel of hardtack!

Jordan: You mean those nasty-ass crackers you're always eating? Why?

Oliver: He wanted to throw the barrel at that fat Italian guy down the hall.

Steve: Oh yeah, that's the guy who's all in to Donkey Kong.

Oliver: What a tool.

Thank God you people were mostly born in the early to mid 1980's, or the fleeting moment of time where this game shone would be lost. All of us with crappy elementary school computer labs remember the pride in fording that last river, the joy in naming the characters after your worst enemies and relentlessly letting typhoid do your job for you. But what if we took it... a little farther.

Upon Meeting the Roommates

Oliver: Hey guys, welcome to the greatest westward journey of our lives.

Roommates: [*Courteous laughter*] Yeah... westward...

Oliver: Would you guys perhaps like to buy an axel, or a couple oxen to get started? You know, just in case?

Roommates: [*Leaving room*] Umm... No, it's okay, we're going to... [*voice trails off*]

Misunderstandings

Oliver: Oliver unpacks wheelbarrow goodies onto floor and chooses profession: Doctor.

Jordan, Oliver's Roommate: [*Muttering to others*] What's with this faggot talk?

Oliver: Good thinking! We'll need several fagots of wood if we're to start a fire in this wint'ry storm.

Jordan: Did everyone catch that?

Josh: Yeah.

Steve: Oh yeah.

Roommate: Just making sure.

At the Cafeteria

Classmates: Hey, this food is gross huh?

Oliver: [*Dragging in animal carcasses*] Hey guys, I went hunting! I killed nine buffalo but was only strong enough to carry 200 pounds of it here.

Classmates: Jesus, why'd you also kill all those animals?

Oliver: I had... I wanted... I just did, alright?

Sow Some Yams Already

By Tammara Sciortino and Lisa Sindorf

Earlier this year I and my team of researchers were granted permission by the government of Brazil to study the Umbato people of the lower basin. Our study would focus mainly on what western civilization could learn from these people and their simple way of life. Unfortunately, the answer to that question is, "jack."

Our first study focused on the food. We hoped to find something big like the blue corn that swept the corn chip market in the early 90's. At the very least we hoped to find some local root or plant variation to relentlessly add to vitamin supplements, tea, PowerBars, sketchy internet pharmaceuticals, toilet paper... A ginseng for the new millennium, if you will. The Umbato, however, had different plans.

They were content to eat nothing more than corn and a crappy variety of banana that tasted like butcher paper. Although I strongly doubt that any of the Umbato will get a chance to read this, I will offer some advice on portfolio diversification: sow some yams already. You're just embarrassing yourselves.

Oh, while we were there, some old guy caught a young wild pig and they threw it on a fire and ate it. Great idea guys, "let's eat the animal when it's small, let's not feed it till it's big and then eat it."



Big is better than small. Do your primitive minds understand that? I guess not, because if you did then you wouldn't serve your anthropologists such small portions of crappy bananas so that he'd want to kill someone just to be around a primitive culture that at least had the wherewithal to domesticate the apple.

For crying out loud, domesticating apples only takes a few hundred thousand years. Couldn't your be-thonged butts handle even that?

The other cultural fronts are equally backward. Their detailed hand made tattoos cover most of the men's upper bodies... with crap. Having seen first hand what lame, uninteresting patterns they choose to emblazon on their skin, I can say without a doubt that they have absolutely no, zero, goose-egg, use for tattooing Gen-Xers with tribal art. Concentric circles? What, did you just walk out of the time machine? Oh yeah, I guess you did. And on the way out every one of you tripped and got hit by the stupid stick.

On the religious front I am sad to report that here again, the Umbato fail resoundingly. "Hey! I hear if you drink a monkey's blood its spirit totally goes into you and you get its power. Hell yeah! Power of a fuckin' monkey!" Now where have I heard that before? Oh yeah: Every other pre-Colombian agricultural society without metalwork. Also, they have absolutely no legends concerning a hero rising up in times of struggle so all you video gamers can just move on. No fire, no brimstone, no imagination.

I can go on and on: The mono-rhythmic drums, the lack of astronomy or science, the modesty of their women. It all adds up to a picture of a people that time truly forgot. Perhaps it is best that these people remain undisturbed, as they have nothing to offer western culture except for crappy techno music and flavorless banana nut bread. All in all, I rate this culture a D-.

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FUN THINGS I WOULD DO AS A GHOST

While being alive and being dead both have their jollies, for jollies nothing beats a state of unbeing twisted between death and life. You can walk through walls, jog through walls, even do a cartwheel through, yes, a wall. Other fun activities:

With the Family

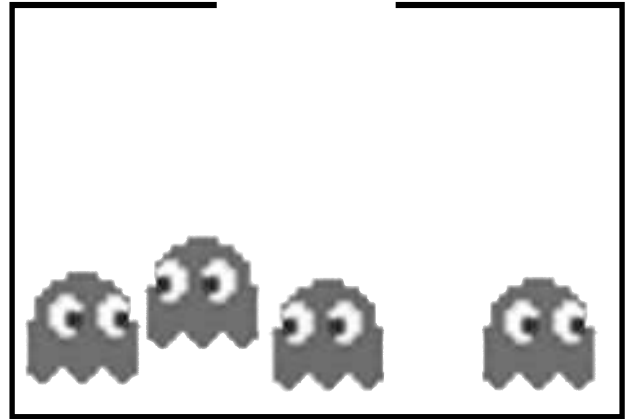
ME: OOOooooOOOOhhhhhhh!

GRANDCHILD: Great-Grandfather Earl! Why have you returned?

ME: You must avenge my death, young Hortense! Avvvvennggee meeee!

GRANDCHILD: Of course, Grandfather! How did you die?

ME: Heart attack.



Funeral

MINISTER: We will never forget Deenihanson's laughter, his love of life, his charity work.

ME: ...In bed!

MINISTER: Everywhere he walked, people would say, "There goes a man dedicated to bettering his community."

ME: ...In bed!

MINISTER: Ghost of Deenihanson, please stop tormenting me with that tired Chinese Fortune Cookie joke. Go join your breathern in the bliss of eternity.

ME: ...In bed!

At the Red Sox Game

MARTINEZ: I don't know if I can do it. I'm going to...give...up.

ME: NoooooOO! Don't ever give up! You see, I'm your guardian angel and I'm here to tell you that you're going to win! God has made it so!

MARTINEZ: Wow, really?! Now I know I can do it!

[Red Sox win game]

ME: [Later, at bookie's] Yes! 5 large in the pocket. Guardian angel, my dead ass.

Ghost

ME: Arise, Jerry Zucker!

JERRY: What? What? Who's there??

ME: I have seen your movie "GHOST," Jerry Zucker!

JERRY: Oh lord! It was just a movie! I didn't mean to offend the afterlife by making a stupid movie with stupid Whoopi Goldberg in it!

ME: No, no, it's okay. [Pause] I thought she was pretty good in it.

At a Brothel

WHORE: No!

ME: But—

WHORE: No!

With the Church

CARDINAL: So there IS a Heavenly Choir, but it's NOT composed of the souls of just the virtuous.

ME: Warmer... warmer...

CARDINAL: And thus, the Heavenly Choir is actually a subset of...

ME: Hot! Hot!

CARDINAL: ...a subset of the larger Love that God has for us all!

ME: Ooh, cold... cold.

At a Taping of Crossing Over with John Edwards

JOHN EDWARDS: I'm sensing an "M."

AUDIENCE MEMBER: That's my dog, Muffy!

ME: Woof! Woof!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Oh Muffy! John, will you ask Muffy if being hit by a truck was painful?

JOHN EDWARDS: All right Muffy, give me one woof if you suffered, and two woofs if your death was calm and tranquil.

ME: Woof! Woof! Woof!

AUDIENCE MEMBER: What does that mean!? Please, tell me! I miss you so much Muffy!

ME: Meow?

I'm a Liar

by Mark Thomas

It's not that I'm a liar, it's just that I'm often tricked into lying. And nothing makes me lie more than conversing in a foreign language. Well, maybe dead whores.

Practicing verbal skills is essential in a foreign language class. During an exercise of similar design in a class of similar purpose, I recently ran into a similar situation detailed below:

Peer: Hast du in einem Dschungel gewohnt?

Me: [*confidently*] Yes.

Peer: You lived in a jungle?

Me: [*confidently*] ...

There were two escapes from this situation. Either I say yes and lie my way out of it, or I say yes and jump through the closed window across the room. Lucky for the window, it was Thursday. And I don't get glass in my eyes on Thursdays.

[*In foreign language*]

Me: Naturally. I slept in trees.

Peer: Amazing! Go on!

Me: I often played tigers and sometimes saw board games.

Peer: You are so chic!

Me: I am cool.

About that time, the teacher announced that it was time to share our partner's honest

and truthful experiences with the rest of the class. My inquisitor, of course, had the most interesting story to tell: Mine. She was eager to go first.

Peer: [*enthusiastically*] He lived in jungle and slept with tigers.

Teacher: [*encouraging, expectant*] Very good! [*to me*] How was living in the jungle?

There were about a million ways out of this situation, but all of them involved that pretentious window. And I wasn't about to give it the satisfaction.

Me: Boring.

The class gasped in disbelief. Either that or they listened with indifference. In any case, I decided it was time to explain myself. I gathered my wits and crafted a concise response.

Teacher: [*moving on*] Great! Moving on-

Me: I would like you all to leave the hair in the bowl; penis.

But I said that in English, so then everyone was looking at me weird. It was probably the semicolon.

Short Conversations

Guy 1: Remember when that guy in *Revenge of the Nerds* dressed up like Darth Vader and raped the jock's girl?

Guy 2: Yup.

Guy 1: Score one for the rest of us!

Teacher: Melissa Rachael's?

Melissa: Here.

Teacher: Adam Rafelo?

Adam: Here.

Teacher: Johnny Raper?

[*Kids laugh*]

Teacher: Stop that! You children should be ashamed of yourselves, making Johnny feel bad about his name.

Johnny: Actually, ever since that new foreign kid came here, I've been feeling pretty good about myself.

Raging Pink Dog Boner: I hate my life.

[*Overheard at the San Diego Comic-Con*]

Kevin: Hey, there's Waldo.

Matt: Where?

California Patriot: We forced Chancellor Berdahl to resign.

Heuristic Squelch: We made the sun come up this morning.

Squelch!

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when the Revolution comes

“Viva la Revolucion!” I shouted, holding a burning flag and running down the streets of the capital. I was hoping the citizenry would follow me. But this was Canada, and very few of them spoke Spanish.

- KD

When the revolution begins, Siegfried and Roy had better watch out. Oh shit, it’s started already! Nothing left to do now but watch out for tigers.

- KB

Do you hear the people sing? Singing the song of angry men? It is the music of a people who will not be slaves again. When the beating of your heart echoes the beating of the drums, there is a life about to start when tomorrow comes. TO-MOR-ROW COMMMMES!!! Shut up, I am not a fag.

- KB

When the revolution begins, don’t go looking for me. I’m going to be fashionably late. Say, two hours after the revolution begins. Then again, no one really gets there until one hour after it begins anyway. So, let’s say, three hours.

- KB

When the Genetic Revolution comes I’m going to clone myself so much. ‘Going to clone yourself again, cloney?’ my co-workers will say after work, and I’ll just laugh and nod. I’m not sure what I’m going to do with all my clones. People say I should start a Men’s Choir, but I’m really only into rap.

- KD

When the revolution comes, I’ll see to it that it is short lived. I’m not an evil oppressor or anything. I’m just really bad at being a revolutionary. No, like, REALLY bad.

- BK

When the revolution comes, make sure it doesn’t get in your hair.

- MT

When the revolution begins, the rotations per minute will remain relatively slow, at about 2. As the revolutions continue, the speed increases to 6 rpm. Eventually the revolutions will max out at 30 rpm. You’ll know you’ve hit it when people start getting thrown from the Ferris wheel.

- BK

Go ahead and have fun at the revolution, you guys. I’m grounded.

- EY

When the revolution begins, I’ll be at home, dateless and alone. Sure, I could go stag. But everyone knows you go to revolutions to get laid.

- KB

Submit your entries for this page.
Next month’s topic:

“Giving Thanks”

Write a 50-200 word short piece on this topic and send it to submit@sqelched.com by November 10.

Make sure it’s funny.

I never could get the hang of Dance Dance Revolution. Then I figured out it was because I didn’t feel the need to impress anyone.

- KD

When the revolution comes, I’m gonna televise the shit out of it just to piss off that whiny little bitch Gil Scott-Heron. I fucking hate hyphenated last names . . . and equality.

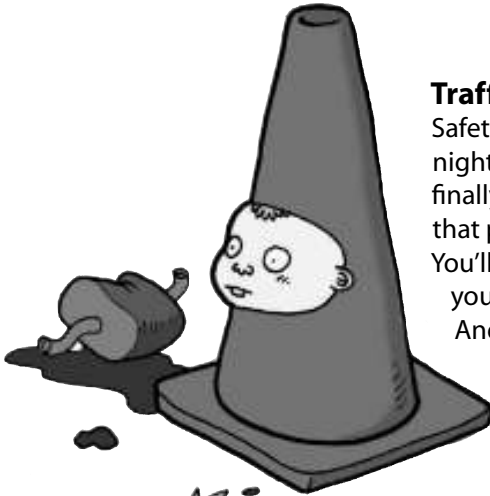
- AB

SquelchCo **Halloween Costumes** for **Babies**



Baby on Fire

Though kids these days don't know about real superheroes like The Fantastic Four and The Phantom Carpet-Shitter, you can bring back the golden age of comics by dressing your kid up like the Human Torch. Flame on!



Traffic Cone

Safety is a big concern on Halloween night, and what could be safer than finally warning your neighbors about that pothole in the middle of the street? You'll be serving your community, and your kid will get to play in the street. And you know how kids love to play in the street!



Jamba Juice Cup

We don't know why either, but it's still probably a bad idea.



Etch-a-Sketch

Don't like the way your baby looks? Just give 'er a good shake and start all over again. This costume brings back those childhood memories: drawing silly faces, writing dirty words in blocky letters, and killing babies.



Someone Else's Baby

Let's face it: your baby is ugly. Your baby is one beat-ass, horsey-looking infant. But for a fleeting moment, you can pretend your baby isn't a cubist masterpiece by making him or her look like that cute Stevens child from down the street. You can even switch the babies when mom's not looking. They're all the same anyway.

What could George W. Bush possibly do to not win the 2004 presidential election?



Repeatedly refer to presidential hopeful Al Sharpton as "that jigaboo": While ethnic slurs haven't played well with a national audience since Truman's "dirty kike usurers" platform, Middle America will still tolerate this more than the thought of two men who kiss each other. Ewwwww!
Chance of Winning After This: 70%

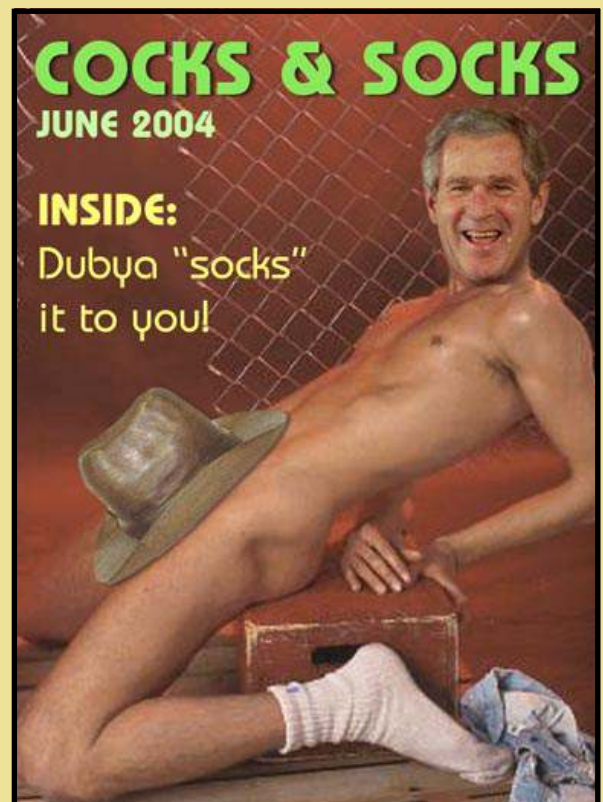
Alternately, what could Howard Dean possibly do to not lose the 2004 presidential election?

Not Use the Bathroom: Should Dean choose to go to the bathroom any time between now and the 2004 presidential election, he will most likely lose.

Spontaneously evolve the power of flight: A lack of the superhuman power to freely soar through the air means that Dean will lose.



Devote the entire rest of term to running "Lil' Georgie's Lemonade Stand": Who doesn't like lemonade? I'll tell you who: tax and spend liberals.
Chance of Winning After This: 68%



Appear in the June 2004 Issue of Cocks & Socks Magazine: Ever since he was little, George had a dream. And that dream was to pose in a low-rent fetish porno mag. Just get a load of his spread in *Cocks & Socks*, the magazine for pictures of studly guys in cotton-weave crew socks. Check out Dubya with nothing on but the radio... and some socks.
Chance of Winning After This: 65%



Fire Alan Greenspan and appoint the Kool-Aid Man in his place: Kids love the great taste of Kool-Aid, and adults love pointless nostalgia that distracts them from learning about fiscal policy. Oh yeah!
Chance of Winning After This: 89%