

the heuristic

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SLEEPING IN SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

We feature a departure from past covers
this month by showcasing a photograph
taken by legendary Bay Area celebrity Gary
Radnich. Thanks to Aaron Brownstein for the
freakishly scrawny arm and thanks to all those
cute kittens who had to die so that this cover
might live and breathe freely.

If I were a building, I would want to have four walls and a roof.
Not like that two-storied shit stack on Channing, just below
Bowditch. Its nothing but a useless wall with two windows and
a few struts buttressing its pathetic existence. Maybe it had once
aspired to become a hallway. Well, ha! Best of luck, buddy, but
you're not getting any sympathy from me. No siree, not a drop of
sympathy from a fellow dreamer. Ah, National Organization for
Women - Cal Chapter, your ability to gather empirical evidence
is trumped only by your collective sense of humor.

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

The Tomato

There are few living things in this world more controversial, and I say this without hyperbole,
than the tomato (*Lycopersicon lycopersicum* and *Lycopersicon esculentum*).

It is interesting to note that the tomato's closest relatives in the plant kingdom are the oft-
poisonous members of the Solanum, or nightshade, family, as well as the poisonously delicious
tobacco plant. The tomato's closest relatives in the animal kingdom are the monarch butterfly and
Earl the One-Balled Ferris Wheel Operator.

While a rich source of the heart-healthy antioxidant lycopene, there are many people who feel
that the tomato, when not served in ketchup or marinara form, should be relegated to the purpose of
being loaded in a time machine and sent back to 1923 so as to be then thrown at hack comedians.

Others like tomatoes because of their sweet yet tart taste and the fact that they look like the
breasts of a pubescent girl.

Regardless of your feelings about tomatoes or pubescent girls, we can all agree that it took
one sick sick bastard to wake up one morning and say, "Hey, you know what'll make this tomato
taste extra-great? WE SHOULD MIX IT WITH CLAM JUICE AND SERVE IT CHILLED IN THE
BEVERAGE SECTION OF THE LOCAL CONVENIENCE STORE."

Why? What the fuck? Clamato? IT'S CLAM JUICE AND TOMATO JUICE. Who was sitting
there in the Q.A. department watching all these bottles go by and asking: "Hey, we sure are making
a swell product. Thank God Randy in the front office WON ALL THAT FUCKING CLAM JUICE
IN THAT POKER GAME!"

Or maybe they never even bothered to ask what it was:

"Hey Curt, what is this shit anyway?"

"I dunno. Didja get your paycheck?"

"Yup."

"Word."

Oh, I know what gave rise to Clamato, it took place after a Jules Verne-esque race around the
world wherein the Duke of Bloomsbury defeated Lord Shipshobbington and then cast him away off
the coast of the Outer Hebrides with nothing but the will to live to keep him afloat.

If only that were true. If only.

And then there's the name. When the SS decided to commit genocide, they didn't call it "The
Kill All the Jews (and other people we don't like) Plan." They came up with "The Final Solution to the
Jewish Question," a subtle and marketable euphemism. Take note, Mott's Corp. The folks at Clamato
did just the opposite. They celebrated this abomination of nature and their first-degree palette assault
by jamming the two words together as if it were just another everyday broccoflower.

What else will grace the beverage market in the coming millenia? Orange Marmalamb
Smoothie? Pork Peppermint Patties (in beverage form), YooHoocestershire Sauce?

Have I ever actually tasted Clamato? Well, no. But you don't need to inhale Zyklon-B to know
that it's bad.

-David Duman

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newsflashes

Women's Sexuality De-Cal Walked in On

by Ben Narodick, Name Says It All

The Women's Sexuality De-Cal class was deeply embarrassed last weekend when its Mother walked in on them, unaware.

The class, both famed and controversial for its explicit exploration of female sexual topics, was in the middle of a hot and heavy discussion of the implications of the clitoris.

"Mom! Get out!" the class reportedly yelled, gathering a blanket around itself.

The Mother, Karen Gronsby, 45, muttered an apology and walked out, cheeks red.

"She totally doesn't respect our privacy," said the De-Cal class, which was suspended two years ago over accusations of inappropriate behavior. "I can't believe she didn't knock or something."

The class then helped the Male Sexuality De-Cal out the back window before going downstairs.

R&B Lyrics Too Implicit for Middle Schoolers

by Eamon Doyle, Doin' It Well

"Pony," the breakthrough hit from R&B star Ginuwine, was barred from all future play at Willard Middle School dances after school officials declared the song's lyrics to be too tame for the student body.

"Send chills up and down your spine/Juices flowing down your thigh?" said Principal Andrew Simmons in an official statement. "Come on. This song reeks of 1996. As educators, we can accept only the freak-nastiest jams for your eleven year-olds."

Student government president Tiffany Moran agreed. "'Pony' might have been the shit for my big sister, but this is, like, the twenty-first century. You take Khia, on the other hand - now she a nasty bitch.

ASUC President Primm Resigns After Arrest

by Kevin Deenihan, With Furrowed Brow

ASUC President Kris Cuaresma-Primm announced yesterday his intention to resign-- in order to devote more time to fighting with cops.

"I increasingly find that being President interviews with my true love-- brawling with four, five policemen at a time. When I could be outside hunting the streets for blue boys to go seven rounds with, I'm stuck inside talking to boring Administrators."

President Primm then kicked into the midsection of Police Spokesman Antonio Roberts, knocking the wind out of him. He also let loose a vicious uppercut and used a nerve pinch on Roberts' upper arm, rendering him helpless.

After EVP Gomez accepted his resignation, Primm tore his shirt off and ran out into the rain. "Come here, pigs!" he reportedly yelled. "My fists have a taste for pork tonight!"

He then fought with more cops.



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newsflashes

Super Mario Has Super Overdose

by Aaron Brownstein, Tanooki Suit

Tragedy struck the Mushroom Kingdom last week when beloved Italian-Japanese-American "Super" Mario Sarducci was found dead in his toadstool estate, the cause of death an apparent mushroom overdose. "There were empty question mark boxes scattered on the floor," said Police Chief Toad. "Some of them had up to ten doses, depending on how quickly Mario hit them." In addition, Mario's body had swollen to sixteen times its normal size.

Police have labeled the death a suicide, but Mario's longtime friend Luigi Castanetti suspects foul play. "Da Mario I knew just-a wouldn't-a done dis," a tearful Luigi told reporters through a comically stereotypical Italian accent. "Whenever he had had too much-a, Mario would always a-switch to a Fire-Flower or Raccoon-Feather to balance things out. My Mario knew when-a to say when-a."

Luigi has requested that police conduct formal interrogations of all Mario's most deadly enemies, such as Donkey Kong, Wario, Bowser, and Mark Hamill, in hopes that one will crack and confess to murder.

"Coin boxes-a everywhere and yet he didn't have-a enough for an extra life? It just doesn't add-a up."

Funeral services were held today, where, in accordance with Mario's wishes, lovable green dinosaur Yoshi was buried alive with him, in a large green pipe.

Local Man Completes Work on New Super-Weapon

by Tommaso Sciortino, Waxing His Moustache

Berkeley pastry chef and part time quantum scientist Jeff Gable recently completed a new super-powered super weapon which he plans to use either for good, or to make fluffier, more golden brown crème brûlees.

"I have always been interested in quantum mechanics and relativity,"

explained Gable while frosting an anniversary cake. "I though, hey, if matter contains so much energy, why not empty space?" Gable clarified that using his new "vacuum converter" he could melt bars of lead in seconds or sticks of butter much quicker. When asked to elaborate, Gable slyly hinted, "Much, much quicker."

The interview was cut short when a radio bulletin announced both that hoodlums had just robbed the Berkeley city bank, and that a health advisory was issued as to a dangerously undercooked batch of a popular brand of chocolate éclairs.

Muttered Gable as he put on his jacket, "Decisions, decisions."

Class Held Outside

by Kevin Deenihan, No Class at All

English GSI Kristine Broughton decided to hold class outside on the grass yesterday, betraying a complete lack of basic knowledge about meteorology, human physiology, women's studies, and plant biology.

'It's such a nice day out,' Broughton reportedly said, 'lets do this outside.' Broughton, reportedly basing her 'nice day' concept on a blue sky, was unaware that the sun's tilt in wintry months makes days colder despite clear weather.

Upon sitting down in the grass, Broughton was then made aware of 'morning dew,' a common property of grass, where moisture collects on blades overnight and burns off during the day.

Next, the warm bodies of her students gradually chilled, as prolonged inactivity caused their temperatures to drop. This was more pronounced in female students, many of whom were wearing inadequate clothing due to a patriarchal insistence on revealing attire.

Three died.

Hot Women Cause Cancer; Cal Students Unconcerned

(Continued on Page 21)

David Beckham Comes to America; Goes Home

by Matt Soroky, Huge in Denmark

British soccer sensation and international superstar David Beckham traveled to the United States to greet his American fans. Both of them welcomed Beckham as his plane deboarded, but he eventually lost their attention to a nearby dog licking its own genitals.

At a nearby Denny's, Beckham awkwardly hinted to the waitress, "Since my name happens to be David Beckham, I think I'll have a B.L.T." Beckham prepared for the waitress's elation as she answered, "That's strange, you're not that Indian girl from that British soccer movie nobody saw."

Beckham spent most of the week doing publicity work with fans, mostly taking pictures at a sporting goods store in New York City. Anybody who wishes to claim a photo of David Beckham with his arm around air should do so before the recycling community protests over wasted resources.

On his way back to England, the door hit his ass on the way out.

Ostensible Fun Fact Turns Out to Be Terrifying Omen

by Eamon Doyle, Trivial

On Wednesday evening, shortly after consuming his fourth banana of the day, Cal junior Bryan Dempsey opened a bottle of Snapple only to find the short but harrowing factoid "Eating bananas makes you more attractive to mosquitoes" staring up at him from the underside of the cap.

Moments later, a tremendous cloud of mosquitoes descended upon Dempsey and drank three pints of his banana-rich blood.

Snapple Spokesperson Amber Horowitz remarked, "Snapple is not liable when God uses its enjoyable 'fun fact' feature in ironic ways."

"I don't know what was worse – almost being eaten alive by a swarm of mosquitoes, or being slapped in the face seconds beforehand with the inevitability of it," Dempsey told the Squelch from his bed at Alta Bates Medical Center, where he remains in stable condition. "Thanks for the fun fact, Snapple."

Fortress of Solitude Too Solitudinous

by Aaron Brownstein, *Table for One*

Antarctica's population grew by one yesterday when local resident Superman purchased a hamster in order to alleviate the crippling loneliness of living in an ice cave at the South Pole. Along with cage, wheel, and hamster ball, the icy Fortress of Solitude is now equipped with a portable area heater because, according to Superman, "no one wants a repeat of the goldfish incident."

Superman told reporters that he just couldn't take the Fortress' solitude anymore. "I've been feeling pretty depressed lately," said Superman, "but last week, I finally hit rock bottom." The Man of Steel admitted to taking an entire bottle of Xanax last Thursday, in an attempt to end his life. "But since it wasn't Kryptonite Xanax, I was pretty okay."

The Last Son of Krypton's special friend came in the form of a brown and white dwarf hamster. "His name is Mr. Huggles," Superman told reporters, "and he's my bestest friend." Superman then tenderly put a small cape around Mr. Huggles' tiny neck.

Gotham City's Batman, once believed to be Superman's best friend, was unavailable for comment.

In unrelated news, billionaire playboy Bruce Wayne spent the day alone on a park bench, eating a pint of Häagen-Dazs and casting wistful gazes at Gotham's empty skyline.

Daily Cal Announces New Advertising Policy

by Andy Ratto, *Forty Bucks a Week*

In response to the constant littering by Berkeley students, The Daily Californian has announced a new advertising policy.

"In the future, instead of placing advertising inserts within the Daily Cal, now we're just going to dump a big pile of ads on the ground in front of where the Daily Cals are," said Eric Schewe, Editor in Chief.

The new ad policy was instituted to save the effort of the students who must take the time to remove an ad insert and dump it on the ground before continuing to where they were going.

"In fact, just fuck it. We're just gonna print out all the ads and dump them on the ground. Root through them like the fucking pigs you are," said Managing Editor Paul Thornton.

Bum Saves Woman from CIA

by Simon Ganz, *Handling Pan (the Goat God)*

At 7:00 PM exactly, Berkeley student Amy Delacruz was walking down Telegraph Avenue when she narrowly missed being incinerated by an orbiting satellite. She was saved by local street person Amos Terwuggen, who was nearby and dove on her just as, in his own words, "beams made all out of lasers" were about to strike her down. The beam disintegrated half the street and a storefront before mysteriously disappearing.

Ms. Delacruz shrieked at Mr. Terwuggen and beat him senseless, walking away without looking behind to view the utter destruction.

Mr. Terwuggen explained that the beam was fired from a CIA satellite being controlled by "Rick the Smick."

"Smick always doin' stuff for the CIA," said Terwuggen. "They're mad because I keep the air from moving too quickly. Look, Rick got his CIA remote control out now!"

Unfortunately, Rick had apparently hidden his remote before this reporter could look at him.



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Relationship Advice!

Ask Farmer Steve

By Dan Freedman



Dear Farmer Steve,

My girlfriend is constantly bugging me about my social life. She keeps bitching that I never spend any time with her and that I'm always out drinking with my friends! What can I do to get her to stop harassing me? Have any advice?

– Los Angeles Braden

Howdy Braden. Well, as an accredited and certified farmer, my best advice to you is to cut out the salt licks from her diet and focus her grazing on lush and healthy pastures. She most likely is getting dehydrated from sitting out in the sun all day doing nothing; this makes her irritable. Lastly, she may just need a bit more of your attention. Don't forget to pet her in that way she likes. Remember to stroke with the grain! Good luck Braden!

-Steve

Dear Farmer Steve,

Ever since my boyfriend left me, I've been feeling extremely unmotivated and depressed. It has been 3 weeks now and I can't seem to kick it; all I do is lay around in the sun all day doing nothing, and it makes me miserable! Help Farmer Steve!

– New York Sarah

Well Sarah, it seems to me that you know exactly what you need to do to feel better, and it's exactly what I do when I'm feeling low. You need to get outside, jump in your tractor and start plowing! You've got crops to plant and pesticides to apply, so don't let some city slicker ruin you life. Take control of your future and spray that DDT. Those migrant farm workers won't mind.

-Steve

Dear Farmer Steve,

Hey Steve! My wife is totally pissed at me for buying an expensive new Porsche and she won't stop bitching. She keeps yelling that the money should have been saved for my son's college savings, but I earned that damn money so I can spend it! I've tried everything to get her to shut up. What am I missing?

- San Francisco Mike

Actually Mike, I run into this exact problem all the time, and boy is it a pain. Still though, after trying everything, I found that there is really only one solution, and that is to lock that whining bitch up in the stable till she whines herself to sleep. Other options that sometimes work less successfully include getting her a new knowing stick, or possibly letting her roll in the mud for a few hours. Whatever works best for you, I feel your pain.

-Steve

Dear Farmer Steve,

My boyfriend has started drinking soy milk and attending yoga classes. These seem like very homosexual activities, and it has me wondering if he has been switch-hitting at spring training. Is this type of behavior normal? How can I get him to pay more attention to me and not his fitness instructor?

– Chicago Andrea

Andrea, one option you have is to try and tempt his libido. Maybe try rubbing peanut butter all over your body before he gets home. If that doesn't work, leave a pile of granola on your bed right near your crotch every night. This is what we call positive reinforcement. All of these are viable options. So good lick Andrea. Oh wait, good luck I meant of course.

- Steve

Top Ten Reasons to Go to Bonfire:

10. Largest legal bonfire in California
9. Best place to stay warm on a chilly November night
8. Appearances by your 2003 Golden Bears
7. Sound off of our war cry The Cal Hakka
6. Talking Bears
5. Performances by the Cal Band and Dance Team
4. The California Spirit
3. FIRE
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A Real Pro

By David Duman

Now I know that you're going to say that it's impossible to win at slots, that each machine is programmed to retain a certain percentage and that each pull of the machine still gives you the exact same odds whether the machine has just had a pay out of \$10,000 or has just raped an old woman for \$500. That's a common conception. It's also a true one.

But I've found the secret to winning at slot machines. I've cracked Nevada's diamond-plated cash cow. Here's how:

What you'll need:

- \$100-\$200 in cash
- 1 large novelty casino coin bucket
- 2 extremely large duffel bags
- 1 pair of tennis shoes (New Balance, preferably)
- 1 pair of socks
- 1 medium-sized hammer
- 1 Casino Sales Senior Gambling Junket Brochure
- 2 granola bars, Nature Valley Trail Mix style



What you'll do:

- 1.) Upon arrival at your gambling destination of choice (I recommend Reno because of the general elderliness and trashiness of its visitors) enjoy one of your granola bars. You've earned it.
 - 2.) Duck into the bathroom. Drain bladder and evacuate bowels. Remember, a successful evacuation requires multiple life rafts.
 - 3.) After exiting the bathroom, throw one of your duffel bags on the floor and leave it. You only needed one, dumbass.
 - 4.) Since you've already consulted your Senior Gambling Junket Brochure to know when the big shipments of old people are coming to blow their fixed incomes, track down a row of them and set up base right next to someone with a cane and/or walker: talking loudly about his or her glaucoma.
 - 5.) Deposit your cash into machine. Press the CASH OUT button and collect your coins into your casino coin bucket.
 - 6.) Eat second granola bar. For energy.
 - 7.) Pour quarters into one of your socks. If sock seems flimsy double-layer your socks by inserting the first one into the second. Thanks to Mary Ann from Biloxi, MS for this tip!
 - 8.) When one of the senior junket gamblers hits big and has put his or her winnings into their own coin bucket, toss the duffel bag over his or her head spilling their coins all over the floor.
 - 9.) In the ensuing confusion, dart out the door (this is where those firmly treaded New Balance tennis shoes come in handy!)
 - 10.) Run back in and grab the money because you forgot it the first time. *How could you forget the money?*
 - 11.) Dart *back* out the door.
 - 12.) If you face any security, fend them off by wielding the sock full of quarters and the hammer, using elaborate Asian-style ninja moves. If you don't know any Asian-style ninja moves, just improvise.
 - 13.) Jump into the boxcar of a passing freight train and go wherever the wind (and the train tracks) take you.
 - 14.) Eat another granola bar. In celebration.
- Congratulations, you've just beat the casino and won at slots!

Top Ten Films/TV Shows About the Taint

10. Taint Your Wagon
9. Taint Is Enough
8. Citizen Taint
7. The Accidental Taintist
6. Throw Momma from the Taint
5. That's Entertainment!
4. The Royal Taintenbaums
3. How Stella Got Her Taint Back
2. Taintanic
1. A Low Down Dirty Taint

Top Ten Saddest Things

10. Boy in Wheelchair being hit by Ice Cream truck
9. A dying clown trying to laugh
8. Walking in on your parents, as their love dies
7. A puppy mauling a kitten mauling an orphan
6. Didn't know she was pregnant until you pulled that trigger
5. Having to tell Santa that you're Jewish now
4. A Pre-schooler sitting in the corner, forever
3. Having to tell Bambi about the... incident
2. Making sure Grandma doesn't look behind her
1. Make-a-Wish Foundation won't give you that gun

Top Ten Worst Ways to Signal to Your Roommate That You're in the Room Having Sex

10. Come back in 2.45 minutes.
9. Used condom on the doorknob
8. Write "I am utt-bay ucking-fay"
7. Elaborate Birds/Bees metaphors
6. Message on answering machine
5. Leaving door open
4. Bouncer
3. Write "Virgin-ville. Population: only you, Dave"
2. Soldering iron on door, a la Home Alone
1. Picture of an eye, a yam, f + four-leaf clover + ing

Top Five -ations

5. Perturb-
4. Masturb-
3. Lacer-
2. N-
1. Jackie Chan

9-11

The Lost Journals

by David Duman

Recently uncovered and collected by the National Archives are personal journals kept by everyday citizens in the days following September 11, 2001. It is an attempt to preserve for all time these raw, incisive, and emotional accounts of what people went through to make it home safe to their families. In this recurring feature we'll share a new, touching story of real Americans and their real lives.

Donald Robinson, Businessman

I was in Washington, D.C. at the time and being the really fucking rich businessmen that I am, I'm entitled to everything going right. I knew I couldn't get a flight so I headed to the rental car lot but all the cars were booked. Even the U-Hauls and Ryder truck lots had waitlists. It seemed that the only way to get back to California was in a pine box. That was when I spotted it, a gleaming yellow, black, and white chariot of freedom. I hailed the cab and climbed in...

Cabbie: Where to?

Me: Pacific Palisades

Cabbie: Excuse me?

Me: You heard me. California. Let's get cozy.

Cabbie: But....

Me: Drive. There's \$50,000 and a handy from one of my many mistresses in it for you.

We were cruising through the Appalachians when the tedium began to hit.

Me: Slug bug! You owe me a Coke.

Cabbie: Hey, I wasn't even playing!

By the time we reached Nebraska you could cut the tension with a knife.

Cabbie: So, uh.... How 'bout all those people who died?

Me: Yeah, that's a bummer.

Cabbie: Say, is that an out-of-state license plate?

Me: If you even think about hitting me on the shoulder I'll cut your head off and fuck your esophagus.

Our toughest challenge was when we crossed the Rocky Mountains. His 1984 Crown Victoria was having troubles.

Me: Look, you're giving it too much! You're going to burn the transmission! Downshift!

Cabbie: You're not being very helpful. I know how to drive my cab!

Me: Look, who's the cabbie and who's the passenger here?

Cabbie: You're this close to getting thrown out of this cab.

Me: Hey look, we're crossing the Great Divide!

Cabbie: Hmm, this should prove metaphorical.

*But a brighter future was ahead.
For you see, we took a detour...*

Me: Hey, pull over.

Cabbie: But this is the MGM Grand. I thought you wanted to get home to your family.

Me: Look, I'll bankroll your gambling and you'll get two handys from two of my many mistresses and a blowjob from my 20-year old Laotian sex-boy if you stop.

Cabbie: Agreed.

We shared a bed together in the casino that night, just the cabbie and me huddled against the dark forces of terrorism together in the warm darkness of that casino hotel. It was there that I decided that I would leave my family and together the cabbie and I would open a small roadhouse on the outskirts of Vegas where we'd serve warm home cooking and a hot cup of coffee to anyone who walked through our door with a smile. Then we'd steal their wallets.

Orange County to Berkeley

Not a Straight Path

by Ben Narodick



Coming from a comfortable home in Orange County, I caught a lot of flak from my family and friends when I decided to attend Berkeley. They were concerned about the “urban environment,” the sub-par buildings, and the other common reservations. But there was always one recurring theme...

Talking With My Mom

Mom: Ben, are you sure you want to go to Berkeley? I've heard a lot of ... stories... about Berkeley. REALLY BAD stories. About what happens to young, impressionable boys like you.

Ben: I've made my decision, Mom. I'll be fine.

Mom: Well, then take this, and be careful.

Ben: A condom? But Mom... you don't need to give me this...

Mom: Make sure he uses it.

Ben: Huh?

Mom: I want to be able to kiss you when you come back.

Talking with Dad

Dad: Son, I want you to smoke all 50 of these marijuana cigarettes, so that you'll never want to smoke one in Berkeley.

Ben: Uh... alright.

[Smokes all 50]

Friend: [Later] How was it?

Ben: I was throwing up and constantly hungry at the same time. It was the single worst moment of my life.

Friend: Want to smoke a bowl?

Ben: After we finish this one.

Meeting Minorities

Dad: Ben, you're going to meet many of the other races in Berkeley, so I thought I'd walk you through it. This is Edward, our gardener.

Edward: Hi.

[Dad pokes him in ribs]

Edward: Hola.

Dad: I'll leave you two to inform yourselves.

Edward: So, have you ever read Brideshead Revisited?

Ben: No, I always meant to, but I never got around to it.

Edward: Yeah.

Ben: Yeah... yeah.

Talking With My Girlfriend

GF: Ben, I hope you don't mind, but I have to ask since you're going to Berkeley. You're not... you know... curious, are you?

Ben: Sure I am!

GF: Are you joking?

Ben: How could I go to Berkeley and not be curious? The area is a hub for curious people, and I think I'm going to fit right in.

GF: Have you always been curious?

Ben: As long as I can remember! My curiosity is what got through high school. How do you think I got along so well with all my teachers?

GF: That's it! I can't take it anymore! Not only are you a liar, but I've turned you, too! We're through!

Ben: Turned me? What are you talking about? Wait, don't walk away! I'm just curious! Curious!

Top Ten Euphemisms for Sex with a Horse

10. Seabiscuitting
9. Trigger Happy
8. Playing Stud
7. Underjockey
6. Shafting the Shetland
5. Getting Neigh'd
4. Red Bulling
3. Horse Whispering
2. Making Glue
1. Doing a Horse

Top Ten Least Effective Study Strategies

10. Highlight all words longer than 4 letters
9. Kaplan
8. Turn on the History Channel, hope it's what your class is about
7. Eat books, call it brain food
6. Take Grampa's advice to "wisen up" to heart
5. Watch Billy Madison 12 times
4. Scrape ink off books, snort ink
3. Pull the Fire Alarm of Knowledge
2. Write an equal sign, take a shot
1. Run the book over your naked body

Top Ten Nice Things to Say to Someone with a Terminal Disease

10. I've never known a MISS Baldy before.
9. It's so funny, your name is Luke and you have leukemia
8. Hey, Lou Gehrig is my favorite baseball player!
7. Just think, in two years you can drive yourself to the hospital
6. No ovaries means no need for uncomfortable contraception.
5. Don't be sad! Hey, give me a high three.
4. Now you won't have to see your hamster eventually die
3. Don't worry. We'll bury it with you eventually.
2. Not many people get to make TWO wishes.
1. Don't worry... you're gonna be just... f-f-fine! [Sob]

Top Three Responses to "Have You Pledged CalPIRG?"

3. Yes
2. No
1. Perhaps... perhaps...

Welsh Speak'n Spell

Finally, Fisher Price has made a toy that can be enjoyed by dirty Welshmen. This new Speak-n-Spell is a great way for Welsh kids and their no doubt illiterate parents to learn the most insane language ever that's not spoken by an alien race on Star Trek. Just listen:

- “K” is for “kyw.” The kyw goes myyw.
- “D” is for “Dywe.” Dywges are for eating.
- “P” is for “Pywr.” Your parents are pywr because they are filthy welshmen.



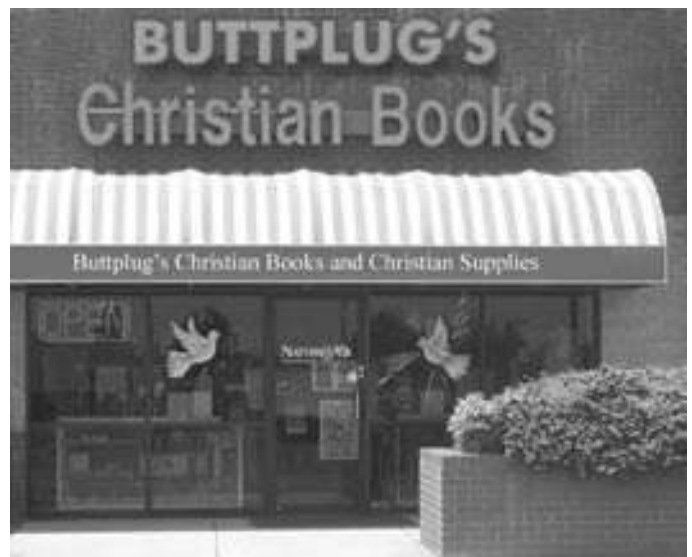
Glenn S. Buttplug's Chain of Christian Bookstores

Glenn Buttplug, pious son of a Baptist preacher from the Deep South, chose to praise the Lord this year by opening a sixteen-store chain of Christian bookstores. The only problem is, nobody seems to know what to make of a store called “Buttplug’s.”

“Oh, I’ll stay out of that one altogether. No sir,” replied Doris, an elderly parishioner in Omaha, Nebraska. When

asked about the bookstore, her husband Gerry responded similarly. “It goes where now? No, that sounds like a whole lot of no good.”

Glenn remains confused by the attitude Christians seem to hold toward his establishments. “They would love our store! We’ve got discount bibles, and songbooks about God, and oh! Look! I’ve got these great new prayer beads!”





Guinness Book of Non-World Record Improbabilities

How do you further capitalize on the definitive collection of world records? For Guinness, the answer is simple: assemble a follow-up collection of not quite world records. You'll witness such amazing acts of coincidence that you just might exclaim, "That's not very likely!"

- Read about the man who flipped a quarter and it came up tails... EIGHT TIMES IN A ROW!
- See the medicine man from West Africa whose fingernails were so long, his friends TOLD HIM HE SHOULD CUT THEM!
- Check out this time that Eric totally killed that beer bong! That was awesome.

Mr. Tacos to expand into American Southwest

Mr. Tacos, a chain of 12 Mexican restaurants based out of Minnesota, recently announced their plan to expand into the Nogales and San Ysidro areas.

"We think the Nogales area is bound to love our authentic Mexican flavor," said expansion manager Steve Lindholm. "From our Mexi-fries to our

brand-new extra-spicy Taco Burrito with extra pepper, there's something for everyone at Mr. Tacos."

Other Mr. Tacos menu items include their sausage burritos, served with either nachos or Doritos.

"We just know that San Ysidro will go 'loco' for our restaurants," said Lindholm.



Women's Sports League

Women's sports fans cheered recently as four major Women's sports split off from their male counterparts to form a separate sports league.

The sports are National Women's Soccer, the WNBA, LPGA, and Women's Bowling Association.

New Commissioner Kendrick Liu announced the changes as "a way for women to band together. When the WNBA is struggling, the LPGA can help out. And vice versa. We women work together."

The new League negotiated low prices from the prior owners, sometimes as low as several dollars.

"Darn, we're sure going to miss funding -- I mean running -- the WNBA," said Commissioner Daniel Stern.

For Liu, the next step is to get down to the books.

"It might be rough for a few years, but so long as at least one of these leagues is profitable, I know we'll be okay."

When approached by the Women's Sports League about joining, the Women's Tennis Association and Pro Beach Volleyball League declined the offer and went off to get tans and try on even shorter skirts.



God, MIDDLE SCHOOL TEACHER

By Lia Kramer and Kevin Deenihan

Coach God

Teammates: Job, Coach God has kept you on the bench all year! You're never going to get to play!

Job: Hey, I have faith in Coach God. He'll play me if I keep faith.

GOD: JOB.

Job: [Excited] Yes, Coach God?

GOD: JOB I KILLED YOUR DOG.

[Awkward silence]

GOD: JESUS, YOU'RE IN.

Teammates: Wish I was the Coach's kid.

Sex Ed Teacher

GOD: SO THEN SHE KNEW JUDAH, IN A WAY THAT ALL WOMEN KNEW MEN.

Sophie: Mr. God, when you say "knew," are you saying that they had sex?

GOD: I'M BEING PURPOSEFULLY VAGUE.

Hey Class of 2004!



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Chaperoning the School Dance

GOD: HEY, BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO. WE WON'T BE HAVING ACTIVITY LIKE THAT HERE.

Brian: [Confused] But... why God? We were just doing a swing dance.

Sophie: We were barely even touching.

GOD: Sophie IS HAVING HER PERIOD.

[Awkward silence]

GOD: SHE IS UNCLEAN AND IS NOT TO BE TOUCHED.

Sophie: But I...

GOD: YOU'RE BLEEDING.

Home Economics

GOD: VERY NICE, SUZIE. THOSE MUFFINS ARE LOOKING GOOD, ERICA. OH, SOPHIE, YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG!

Sophie: What? I thought...

GOD: THAT FISH ONLY HAD FINS, NOT SCALES. SCALES, SOPHIE.

SOPHIE: But...

GOD: LOOK SOPHIE, THIS IS NOT HARD. AND ANOTHER THING, CHEWS ITS CUD, DON'T TOUCH ITS' BLOOD. VERY EASY TO REMEMBER.

Deloris: Mr. God, let me—

GOD: YOU'RE HAVING YOUR PERIOD.

Union Negotiator

Principal: Look, I'm sorry, God, but the District just doesn't have the money for a ten percent raise. We're in a crunch.

GOD: PRINCIPAL WORTHES, LET MY PEOPLE GO TO TAHOE.

Principal: The retreat will just have to be local this year. And why have all the teachers put goat's blood on their doors?

GOD: NO REASON. INCIDENTALLY, HOW'S YOUR FIRST BORN SON STEVEN?

Principal: My first born son? He's fine, I guess. Why?

GOD: RING RING.

[Phone rings]

GOD: BE SEEING YOU SOON, WORTHES. REAL SOON.

Take off that fucking trucker hat.

Dear posers,

Take off that fucking trucker hat.

I hate all of you wannabe skater punks who think it's cool to get paid \$16K a year to drive across country with only your CB radio and a half gallon of hand moisturizer, but don't wear our fucking hats! I'll tell you this much, you won't see us truckers wearing your girly Hurley T-shirts or your Abercrombie gear. We don't pretend to look like Ashton Kutcher, so maybe you should stop pretending to look like us! Trucker hats are for truckers and faded jeans are for homos and that's just how it is.

You wouldn't wear O.R. scrubs to class, nor would you wear one of those silly British police caps, so why a trucker hat? That hat is our uniform. It's like a badge that only us truckers are given the honor to wear! It's the law! I'm serious! Ever since congress voted to pass the Trucker Hat Act in 1948 (HB 1037), truckers have been given, "sole authority to sport all trucker wear and paraphernalia; especially the hat. Take away our hats and we have nothing! Just a truck and that hitchhiker who performs oral!

In addition to breaking the law, you law breakers, your wearing a trucker hat creates national security problems. Think about this, suppose you are walking down a street when a trucker blows a tire. The driver gets out with his *authentic* trucker hat on and asks you (a trucker hat-wearing civilian) for help. Will you know how to replace his tire? You could be putting an entire nation at risk! What if the truck is carrying nuclear bombs and then another truck carrying fireworks plows into it and then another truck full of cigar-smoking Cuban immigrants crashes into that! An entire state could be nuked because some stupid poser on the street couldn't help the driver change a fucking tire!

So, in summary, take off the Trucker Hat and deliver them immediately to any local truck stop for redistribution among the trucking community. Cute girls wearing trucker hats can keep them on cause they look hot in them. Stupid, but hot. Everyone else relinquish your caps immediately.

Trucker Dan "No Fat Chicks" Jackson



Is your apartment safe and habitable?

Rent Stabilization Board

Under California Law, renters are entitled to...

- A roof, windows, and walls that don't leak
- Plumbing and gas facilities that work well
- Adequate heating
- Maintained building grounds and clean common areas, including adequate garbage receptacles
- Floors, stairways and railings in good repair
- Operable smoke detectors in every bedroom and fire extinguishers on every floor of apartment buildings and rooming houses
- Deadbolts on external doors and at least two exits in each unit.

If you're a tenant in Berkeley and your apartment needs repairs, take the following steps:

- Make a written request to your landlord for repairs
- If necessary, call for a housing inspection: 981-5444
- If necessary, file a petition at the Rent Board for a possible rent reduction.
- If your landlord does not respond for your request for repairs, use the Repair and Deduct Method as a remedy. For more information on how to do this properly, call the Self-Help Hotline (800) 806-8111.

For more information:

Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board

Open 9-4:45 M, T, Th, F and 12-6:30 Weds.
2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704
EMAIL: rent@www.ci.berkeley.ca.us
WEBSITE: www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent

TEL: (510) 644-6128
TDD: (510) 981-6903
FAX: (510) 644-7723



I'm Supposed to be on TV

by Wesley T. Hedges

Most of us are not regularly on television, but if you are anything like me, you've often pretended that you are. Like you, I got pretty fed up with the whole Television monopoly that corporations have against me. "Dang blame it," I said, "I'm going to make my own TV show." Well, that didn't work out, so I've resorted to writing reviews about recurring events in my personal life as if they were T.V. shows. I've got a great mix of newcomers this week so check out Wesley T.'s Do's and Don'ts for next season. And remember, if it happens to me, its good enough for TV!

Stop Your Goddamned Smacking!

Synopsis:

A rotating cast of guest stars sit in the near vicinity of a supping Wesley T. and chew with their mouths open.

Review:

Job has nothing on the saint-like composure of Wesley T. as he withstands the endless stream of moist concussive blasts continually defecating in his ear every weekday at noon. Our heroic role model plays a no-nonsense man-at-lunch constantly tried by the pathetic social infancy of his fellow diners. This captivating show engulfs the viewer in the imaginative world of W.T. where only the slackened labia of a whore doing jumping jacks can be heard. Fascinating.



2^{1/2} W.T.S

Choices

Synopsis:

Wesley T. plays Scrabble with a group of elderly women while struggling to come to terms with a carcass in the trunk of his Geo Metro.

Review:

This show doesn't make much sense. Geo Metros tend to be hatchbacks with windows. This W.T. is probably going to jail!



2 W.T.S

HAPPY FRIENDS

Synopsis:

A co-ed group of friends barrel into various public areas and fill the air with scandalous stories and raucous laughter. Wesley T. sits nearby. Thursdays 6pm.

Review:

I think this show sucks balls. A stoic W.T. plays the happenstance observer, caught in the cacophony the group of "friends" produces. The saving grace of the show, Wesley T.'s intellectual superiority is evident as he silently judges their superficial discussions and reflects on how stupid and useless the honeyed bond of friendship is.



1^{1/2} W.T.S

Wesley T. Eats a Bowl of Total®

Synopsis:

Watch Wesley T. enjoy a 10 oz. Bowl of Total® at 6:52am every weekday morning by himself, often with a grapefruit spoon.

Review:

One of the classics. While trite morning talk shows assault the viewer with sensationalism and sound bytes, *Bowl of Total®* delivers with 100% DV of 12 essential vitamins. Wesley T.'s amazing routine readies his mind for the day and his colon for a turbulent blast later in the afternoon. *Bowl of Total®* wallops the competition with just the right mix of tragedy and cereal



3 W.T.S

A Berkeley Homecoming

By Matt Loker

What if all of Berkeley's heroes came to visit their adoring campus? Well, they'd probably like Top Dog, for starters.

Prologue

STEVE: Hey, you know what'd be awesome? If we got all of our heroes to come to Berkeley.

JOSH: You mean, like, Gandhi? Or Marx?

STEVE: Or Che Guevara! I saw him on a shirt once.

JOSH: Wow, a shirt?

STEVE: You know, I still have that magic lamp with one wish left on it, and I'm kind of over the idea of a car made of hot women. I wish for all the our heroes to magically--

JORDAN: Dude, Dave Matthews!

STEVE: Goddammit Jordan, you're so high right now.

At the Airport

CHE GUEVARA: Power of Che Guevara!

KARL MARX: Power of Karl Marx!

MAHATMA GANDHI: Power of Mahatma Gandhi!

DAVE MATTHEWS: Power of the Beatles!

KARL MARX: You're not the Beatles.

DAVE MATTHEWS: Part of me knows that.

Friendly Chatting

GANDHI: So Che, how was your flight in?

CHE: You know, coming from hell and all, I flew in on the burning vapor trails of a screeching cacodemon.

DAVE MATTHEWS: Guess you shouldn't have flown Southwest! Zing!!

[Silence]

DAVE MATTHEWS: C'mon, that was totally a zing!

[Silence]

MARX: Oh look, they're selling hemp jewelry.

CHE: Hey, look at all these posters of me!

GANDHI: And me!

DAVE MATTHEWS: And me!

[Pause]

MARX: Yeah, screw you guys. I'm going to the DC to get tacos.

At a City Council Meeting

GANDHI: Leaders of Berkeley, we come here from across time and space to solve all the problems of your fair city! We will bring a new age of civility, and development, and—

KRISS WORTHINGTON: We've got to stop construction of this cell phone antenna!

TOM BATES: What is it about the antenna?

WORTHINGTON: Well, for starters, it's an eyesore—

MARX: Excuse me, we're here to get rid of homelessness, traffic—

BATES: But what of the antenna?

WORTHINGTON: Yes, the antenna!

MARX: Forget the antenna. We've got bigger—

WORTHINGTON: I'm sorry, did you file a speaker card ten minutes prior to the meeting?

MARX: Well, no....

GANDHI: But we've crossed the very fabric of existence to...

BATES: No card, no speak. Now back to this antenna.

Leaving Berkeley

CHE: You know, for having miraculously come back to life to visit a thriving college campus, I feel like we really didn't do much.

DAVE MATTHEWS: Didn't do much... like a poli sci major!

[Silence]


DAVE MATTHEWS: I'm going to go the bathroom.

[Dave Matthews walks away]

MARX: Quick, let's go to the DC... and get more tacos.

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submit@squelched.com
Submission Deadline:
January 9, 2004



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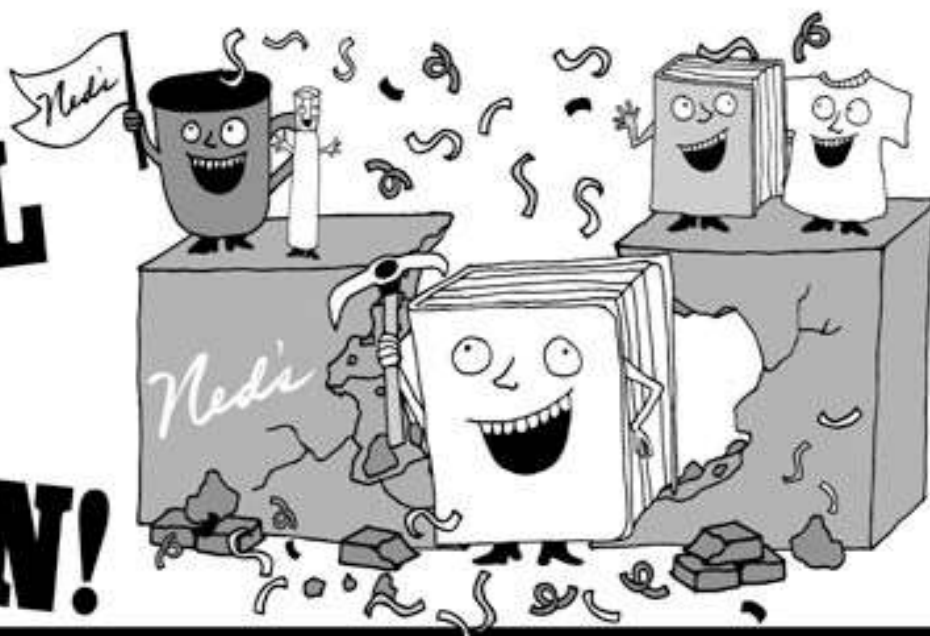


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KING OF BERKELEY

by Kevin Deenihan



Reasons I Should Be Your Ruler:

Divine Right

GOD: Kevin, you rule.

KEVIN: I rule? Wow, I rule the town! I am the King! Thanks, God.

GOD: No, no. That wasn't in the imperative form. I used it in an adjective form, as in "You rule, Smashing Pumpkins."

KEVIN: Oh.

GOD: Sorry.

KEVIN: [Sly] Hey God, what happens if I advance my piece all the way to your side when playing checkers?

GOD: I king you.

KEVIN: Yes! I'm king! Sucker.

GOD: I saw this coming, but chose to fall for it.

King Birthmark

MICHELLE: You really have a birthmark shaped like the Campanile?

KEVIN: Yes, thus proving my claim to the throne.

MICHELLE: Kevin, that's your penis.

KEVIN: It's pointy and tells the time, too.

MICHELLE: Are those herpes?

KEVIN: No! They're bells. [Sadly] Herpes Bells.

Right of Marriage

KEVIN: Okay, I've killed the Great Red Dragon, cleaned the Stables of the Thousand Cows, and slayed the Magic Goat. Now, can I finally have your daughter's hand in marriage?

KING: Certainly, now come...

[Courtier whispers to him]

KING: Sorry, turns out you were supposed to *lay* the Magic Goat.

KEVIN: Lay it wher...

KING: No, lay it. Lay meaning to have sex with the Magic Goat.

[Courtier whispers to him]

KING: Sex with the now-dead Magic Goat.

Right of Succession

KEVIN: Father, please conquer Berkeley for me.

FATHER: Of course, my son.

[He conquers Berkeley]

KEVIN: Ah, now when you pass on, I will rule the town!

FATHER: Oh, you're adopted.

[Pause]

FATHER: And your real father was the previous king.

[Pause]

FATHER: Hey, irony isn't just a river in Egypt.

KEVIN: That's "denial."

FATHER: There's more than one river, you know.

Top Ten Thing a Sorority Girl Would Never Say

10. "I'll just shut up now."
9. "No thanks. I don't know where this beer has been."
8. "I have no problem with all the Asian girls in the Greek system."
7. "Why would I want to shower with another girl?"
6. "I'm so secure about so many things."
5. "Why, this too-tight shirt shows off my beer belly."
4. "Who's up for a rousing game of Scattergories?"
3. "I don't need to have fat friends to feel good about myself."
2. "I got an A!"
1. "You write for the Squelch? I won't have sex with you."

Top Ten Cutest Things Ever

10. Hello Kitty having an Orgasm
9. Olsen Twins in 1991
8. Puppies (if alive)
7. Panda hugging a unicorn
6. Bambi, smiling
5. Your daughter's first pearl necklace
4. Really, really cuddly lobsters
3. Oscar and Elmo reconciling their feud
2. Kitty riding a Care Bear vomiting rainbows
1. The Second cutest thing, after you kill the cutest thing

Top Ten Jewish Oldies

10. I Got Jew, Babe
9. My Girl (Is Just Like My Mother)
8. Johnny B. Goodstein
7. You Can't Always Get What You Want (For Hanukkah)
6. I Left My Heart in Warsaw
5. Jailhouse Lox
4. Runaround Jew
3. Where the Goys Are
2. Sixteen Candles (Divided By Two)
1. Alef, Bet, Vet (It's Easy as Ahaat, Shtahyeem, Shahlosh)

Top Five Things Rarely Written by Skywriters

5. Look Down
4. The Weather Today Is Cloudy
3. Cindy, If You Love Me, Check This Box
2. A/S/L?
1. Help, My Plane Is On Fire! You See, The Left Aileron Has Failed, But This Comes As Little Surprise At It Has Been Sticking Lately.

Giving Thanks

I give a big hearty thanks to the makers of Infini-Burrito, the burrito that can never be fully eaten because it magically regenerates itself. There, I gave you the idea, now start inventing it... now.

– ML

I would like to give thanks to those carillon players who accomplish the arduous task of ringing the bells on the hour – then gracing the Berkeley community with your crappy carillon playing for another 45 minutes! Thanks for informing me of the time and simultaneously allowing me to hear your obnoxious, poorly rehearsed carillon music. Let's face it, no one ever wants to hear a bad musician practicing their instrument.

– RL

Isn't that America's foreign policy toward Israel? Oh wait, giving thanks. I didn't see the H.

– SN

"Thank you," like "I welcome you" and "I dub thee a knight," is an example of what linguists call "enactors." Merely saying them causes them to occur. Other enactors include "I warn you" and "Dad, you hate me because you secretly know I'm gay."

– TS

Hey you, I'd like to give you a special kind of thanks. This "thanks" is about 6 inches long, 4 inches wide, light blue, and sturdy. You're very gracious to accept my thanks...HA! I just gave you a flyer, sucker! "Thanks" was just a cover so you'd come to our Bible reading on Friday at 6, or Saturday at 2. Pretty clever, eh? Seriously though, Christianity rocks.

– MS

Ironically, being a pilgrim re-enactor is a pretty thankless job.

– XQ



Thank you Google for a search engine algorithm that puts my Carmen Sandiego erotic fan-fiction at the top when anyone searches for my name.

– KD

A couple weeks ago, another guy's Visa card was delivered to my mailbox by mistake. Rupert P. Chen, I give you thanks for my moped.

– AB

It is a relatively little known fact that the Pilgrims had not been living in England before they came to the New World. In fact, they spent 11 years in Holland enjoying the Dutch guarantee of religious freedom. Why did they leave? Thank you for asking!

– TS

I'd like to give thanks to my penis for fucking fine women.

– DF

We are sitting around the table. Everyone is smiling. Dad is carving the turkey. Mom is bringing out last casserole from the kitchen. Aunt Molly and Uncle Herb are dishing up some of grandma's famous yams. Little David is sitting on a phone book and grinning with the pride of his first year at the adult's table. Now Dad is proposing a toast, giving thanks to treasured family moments like these. Everyone is drinking to family. Dad is beginning to serve the turkey. Dad is stopping serving the turkey. Mom isn't smiling. I'm losing feeling in the left side of my body. Little David is foaming at the mouth. Grandpa is cackling maniacally. He put strychnine in the Manischewitz again. Dang. I'm putting that fucker in a home.

– AB

I just want to give thanks to the guy who backed into my car and dented the side panel so the door won't open now. You're pretty awesome. You should call me up some time so I can give you some pot for free. On account of you being cool and all.

– ML

Write!

Next Issue's Topic:

"Letters From Home"

Submit entries to
submit@squelched.com
by January 9, 2004

The Last End Truck Stop

Jackpot, Nevada

Owner: Johnny "19-wheeler" Brunk

"When I started this restaurant in 1979, I dreamed of settling down with my wife Marie and getting a new start on life. I was tired of nights spent on the open road, the only trucker taking potatoes back into Idaho. When Marie died in 1986, her will gave the Last End back to me, despite a divorce settlement that left her with no financial obligations. I've been here ever since, since the expense of moving my dialysis machine would be prohibitive. We here at Last End strive to bring you quality meats and foodstuffs, two to three times a week. Try our famous coffee, our cigarette machine, or our spacious bathrooms. At the Last End, we're just like every other family, only at a restaurant."



Entrees

Chicken McNuggets 4.95

Sauteed in Nugget batter. Bussed in from McDonald's in Vacaville, California.

Beef on Mayonnaise Sandwich 6.95

Served open-face on a slice of white bread.
You get a pickle.

Johnny Brunk's Pizza for One 7.95

With a side of Pringles.

B.L.T. 4.95

A Last End house specialty:
Bacon Layered on Toast.

French Dip 3.95

French fries dipped in ketchup.

Sides

U-8 Soup 1.95

For microwaved, add fifty cents.

Bag of Salad 3.95

Opened fresh at your table. Your choice of dressings: House, Ranch, & House Ranch.

New Haven Ham Chowder 3.95

Chunk Hormel Ham sauteed in reduced fat milk and mixed with Alhambra Spring Water. With oyster cracker.

Beverages

Coffee 0.95

Upcoming Events:

December 5th

Chef Jeff and the Art of the Engine-block Quesadilla

December 16th

New Meat Night (every 3rd Tuesday)

December 25th

Bar Trivia Night

Help Trucker Steve Escape His Dead-End Life!



How Many Trucking Related Words Can You Find?

A J C B R A D I O Z
L O N E L I N E S S
G H O H E R O I N U
D N O F A M I L Y I
I N X O M A Y I E C
E Y C B R C J K P I
S C H K L K F O I D
E A D E S O L A T E
L S O L E M P T Y D
W H Q D E S P A I R

Answers: CB RADIO, JOHNNY CASH, DIESEL, MACK

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ribaldry! Dial "8"

(For foppish lads Dial "7")

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