

the heuristic

squelch

jan 2004

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STEVE

43

JEFF

35

CHRIS

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LIVE

WEDNESDAY NIGHT HACK ON **ESPN 2**

ACCENTING YOUR HOME SINCE 1991

EDITORS (Zesting cantaloupe)

Editor-in-Chief: David Duman
Creative Editors: Matt Loker
 Kevin Deenihan
Graphics Editor: Rebecca C. Brown
Design Editor: Mark Thomas

Editors Emeritus (Crafting excess fat into homemade candles):

Kenny Byerly, Zack Fornaca, Matt Holohan, Sean Keane, Tommaso Sciortino

Business Manager (Adding nutmeg to everything):

Rose Liu

Art Staff (Hot gluing):

Derek Yu

Publicity Coordinator (Throwing decorative throw):

Dan Freedman

Acquisition & Distribution Specialist (Putting glitter on salad):

Andy Lenigan

Business Staff (Wearing shapeless patchwork applique sweaters):

Andy Lenigan, Ben Narodick

Writing Staff (Carving wooden clowns):

Rebecca C. Brown, Aaron Brownstein, Kevin Deenihan, Eamon Doyle, David Duman, Dan Freedman, Simon Ganz, Matt Loker, Ben Narodick, Monica Padrick, Tommaso Sciortino, Matt Soroky, Mark Thomas

Contributors (Debating between burgundy and maroon):

Erika Bird, Garret Croker, Tamara Flores, Dimas Guardado, Andrew Kubasek, Alan Leong, Daniel Marshall, May Mei, Jessica Morrison, Matt Rosenbrock, Cassie Whitney

Printing (Perjuring yourself):

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This Month's Cover:

January wouldn't be anything more than just another cold month without the Super Bowl of Super Bowls. That would be these three guys playing on such a delicately manicured lawn. The Asian dude totally has the hots for the dude on the left. Back to you, Cliff.

They want to put Reagan on the dime? Yeah, that's a great idea. Let's replace one of our greatest presidents with one of our worst. Okay, third worst. I'll give you Harding and Grant. They both loved their whores. We should only put Reagan on the dime if it's the post-raging-Alzie's Reagan. That way, when you get change, you can say you got two nickels for a spittle.

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 the ethnic makeup of our great nation. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

Spring Fever

There's a lot about this campus that's unique. It's a public institution with a private school pedigree. It's a collection of bright young Californians surrounded by hepatitis-riddled street people and arrogant, ugly, frigid, self-hating, pretentious, quasi-hippie...

...pseudo-intellectual, bad-driving, sarong-wearing, think-they're-worldly-and-spiritual-but-actually-just-obnoxious-and-superficial, frizzy-haired, overweight, 1987 Volvo-driving, make-six-figures-but-think-they're-blue-collar, tempeh-loving Berkeley residents.

But most importantly, UC Berkeley is the only institution of its caliber that offers high school applicants a second chance at admission.

I'm talking about that creepy and unnerving, yet strangely uplifting, Berkeley program known alternatively on the streets as "Spring Admission" or "Fall Extension." It's a program that says "Hey you, yeah you Mr. or Miss High School Senior from Walnut Creek with a 3.8 GPA and 1200 SAT, we kinda want you at Cal. Kinda."

A Fall Extension student once shared during one of those "icebreakers"--things that student groups are wont to do when freshmen too foolish to know that most groups are just massive drains on resources and thus end up getting roped into tutoring for units--that being a spring admit meant that the university wanted him so much that they made special arrangements just so that he would be able to attend.

He then promptly hopped on a magical unicorn that whisked him off to the land of leprechauns, where he spent the day eating sugared almonds and making love to voluptuous wood nymphs beside vernal pools.

But this academic year, the dichotomy of spring admits and regular admits is even more pronounced. In recent years, while their high school records may be drastically different, fall and spring admits at least could rest assured that they were entering what was more or less the same university.

But these spring admits are entering a university with Cal's football team fresh off a bowl win, a basketball team that's well on its way to not making the NCAA tournament, no more of Governor Gray Davis' too-tight shirt collars, and the end of Chancellor Robert "Iron Crotch" Berdahl's reign of terror clearly in sight. What has happened to the Cal that we once knew and loved? What has happened?

I'm comforted by the knowledge that, at the very least, one more spring admit that chooses Cal is one less regularly enrolled undergrad at UCLA.

They smell bad.

-David Duman



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newsflashes

Goth Actually Commits Suicide

by Aaron Brownstein, Octavius the Dark

A community has plunged deep into the despairing nether-regions of its soul today as word spread about the death of seventeen year old Albany resident Ravyn Glyttr, who took her own life yesterday in what police are calling a failed attempted suicide.

Glyttr's mother discovered her daughter lying in a blood-filled bathtub along with a half empty bottle of Children's Dimetapp, and a note proclaiming the infinite black blackness of black. "At first I thought this was just another cry for attention," said Glyttr's mother, "but when I called her for dinner and she didn't tell me to 'call an ambulance I hate you,' I realized there was something wrong."

Investigators are still trying to piece together a coherent picture of exactly how

this routine plea for attention claimed the life of young Ravyn Glyttr. "Best we can figure," says detective Henry Thompson, "the Dimetapp made her mildly drowsy and she forgot about the daylight savings changeover." Thompson believes that as a result, Glyttr's mother got home an hour later than Glyttr expected, giving the horizontal slashes on her wrists just enough time to render her excessive white face makeup unnecessary.

In accordance with Glyttr's wishes, services will be held during a screening of Tim Burton's *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. Donations in her name can be made to Hot Topic.

Bush to Fight Terrorism

by Rebecca C. Brown, Venusian

President George W. Bush has announced that he plans to send American

astronauts to "the most biggest planet of them all: the Sun." This attempted launch, which could occur as soon as 2028, has absorbed consistent criticism from Congressional Democrats, both for its \$967 billion proposed price tag and because of the impossibility of landing any object on the star's nearly 10,000° F surface.

Despite these obstacles, Bush, who delivered Tuesday's press conference from inside a space suit, claims that sending Americans to the sun is the most daring way to show terrorists that democracy will prevail. "The time has come to show those who commit evil acts that we will not be defeated. We will spread democracy to every body in the solar system before the 22nd century," the President said. "Americans invented the car, we invented the spaceship, and we invented democracy. It is only fitting that the first people on the moon should also be the first to conquer the sun. Just let bin Laden try to blow up our sun buildings."

When an audience member shouted out that automobile engines were in fact invented by Germans, his patriotism was questioned and he was then escorted out of the building.



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newsflashes

SARS Makes a Comeback

by David Duman, AIDS

The international world was shocked last week by the surprise return of Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome, or SARS, in the same region of China where the original outbreak took place.

"I thought that we had seen the last of SARS, but it looks like SARS is back and ready to rock," said senior World Health Organization official and E! Entertainment Network host Brooke Burke. "After its monster world tour in early 2003, SARS burned out and dropped off the map. But now, only six short months since its final killer show in Taiwan, SARS is back and, according to industry insiders, stronger than ever."

Respected music critic and radio medical personality Dr. Dean Edell had extensive praise for the hard-hitting disease from southern China. "With its infectious beats, contagious melodies, and sometimes fatal rhythms, I think SARS is clearly going to be with us on the international stage for years to come."

In related news, Chancellor Robert Berdahl promptly ordered the evacuation and forced sterilization of 700 UC Berkeley students of Chinese ancestry, along with 500 Asian-American Studies majors.

"At last, an excuse," cackled Berdahl.

Mars Rover Retrieves Bone

by Dan Freedman, Boner

Oh yes he does, good boy. [*Ruffles Rover's hair.*] Who's a good Mars Rover? Who's the best Mars Rover in all the land? You are! Yes you are, yes you are. Good boy.

Aw, not all over the landscape! And in full color! BAD BOY! BAD!

Mentor Remains Alive

by Kevin Deenihan, *Afraid of Virginia Woolf*

The continued life of Stewart Albey, 86, remains a source of huge frustration to his protégé, Scott Toler, say sources.

Albey, a retired journalist, continues to live despite using his wit and wisdom to turn around the life of Toler, who was having a mid-life crisis. While Toler was at first grateful, Albey's continued health has begun to jeopardize his upcoming memoir, *Weekends with Stewart*.

"On the day he told me that all of life is like a pearl in a river, I was so sure he was going to turn around and say 'Plus I have cancer.'" Said a bitter Toler. "But he's in great shape. When he last went to the doctor's he got a nurse's phone number. Man, half the book is about the importance of letting go. Where's the narrative justice?"

National Stacy Association Blasts Fountains of Wayne

by Eamon Doyle, *Best New Artist*

On Monday morning, the National Stacy Association (NSA) released a formal statement denouncing critically lauded pop group Fountains of Wayne for "gross recklessness and utter lack of consideration."

"As America's largest lobby of girls named Stacy, we knew we had to take this on," said NSA president Stacy Chen. "Fountains of Wayne knew that this song, with its bouncy guitar hooks, catchy chorus, and 3-minute-18-second running time, would become a massive hit. This is about responsibility."

"Do you know how many guys have asked me if my mom got back from her business trip?" added tearful NSA secretary Stacy Thompson. "Jesus."

Reached for comment, Fountains of Wayne lead singer Chris Collingwood asked Thompson whether she remembered when he mowed her lawn (mowed her lawn) and her mom came out with just a towel o-o-o-o (towel on).

Bush's Ouija Board Again Points to Yes

by Kevin Deenihan, *Not Very Likely*

Officials close to President Bush report that his closest advisor, a mystical Ouija Board, has once again pointed to Yes. This is reportedly the 39th straight time the Ouija Board has pointed to Yes.

"Oh, oh, I think it's going to Yes!" Bush reportedly said. "It went to Yes! Get Brazil on the line. Actually, don't. It'll be funnier as a surprise."

President Bush has grown close to the Ouija Board in recent years, counting it among his closest advisors. Bush alone uses the Ouija Board, after National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice was accused of "trying to move it" over the question of steel tariffs. Democrats probably complained about the use of the Ouija Board.

Supposed Straightedge Looks Totally Ripped on ID

by Eamon Doyle, *Takes One to Know One*

An uproar struck Freeborn Hall late Thursday when it was revealed that resident and self-professed "straightedge" Eddie McAllister looks way ripped on his student identification card.

The veracity of McAllister's claim that he lives free from drugs and alcohol was brought into question when his roommate, freshman Daniel Marquez, noticed McAllister's ID sitting atop one of their bookshelves and picked it up to get a closer look.

"You know, I thought Eddie was for real about that straightedge stuff," reported Marquez, "but his unkempt facial hair, semi-grotesque smile, and blank, sunken eyes say it all. When they took this picture, man, Eddie was over."

McAllister, a Cal first-year known to LiveJournal friends as "xxeddiemcxx," denied the allegations. "drug free is the way to be man lol," he wrote in an e-mail response to our inquiry. "now if youll xcuse me i have a kottonmouth kings show to go to (lol)."

Scientists Disappointed

by Simon Ganz, Teenage

Biochemical researchers at Dow Chemical have reportedly been disappointed with the results of their recent turtle mutation experiment. The research group had hoped to create feisty six foot tall ninja turtles through the use of chemical waste.

Head researcher Geoff Trieu explained, "For the most part, the turtles all just sort of sit there, shedding their skin and struggling to breathe. We tried adding more chemical waste, but nothing helped." He continued, "I guess we should've expected this. We got the same results on the human subjects."

Hopes were raised when they observed what they believed to be a tiny hand growing from the back of one of the turtles, but after attempts to place nun chucks in the hand met with only blank stares from the turtle, it was decided that the hand was actually a tumor and not capable of kung-fu gripping action.

Reports that the groups' next project would involve the creation of hypersonic hedgehogs could not be confirmed at this time.

American Studies Majors Beg US to Annex Cancun

by Matthew Arthur Loker, Absent

American Studies majors from across the country gathered in DC yesterday to argue for the US to "liberate Cancun."

"With Cancun in the US we could do so much studying," said Junior Mark Chard, "I can just see myself on the beach, drinking a margarita, studying the newest part of the good old US of A."

Senior Mike Reed concurred, "Cancun begs to be part of the US, so we American Studies majors can do a thorough investigation of where to get the cheapest pitchers and find the best girl-watching spots. That would be so awesome."

Added Reed, "I'm sick of studying boring-ass parts of this country. Like Nebraska. Ooh, my state bird is the Western Meadowlark, and I'm always cold and stupid. Cancun would be so cool."

Man Only Mildly Appreciative of Radiohead

by Aaron Brownstein, Man

Larry Wilson, Bay Area resident, is to be publicly stoned to death by a mob of angry music fans for expressing a less than glowing opinion of the band Radiohead.

"I don't know, they're cool I guess," stated Wilson, "I'm just not all that into them." Upon making this declaration, Wilson was simultaneously asked by no less than forty-six people if he had heard *OK Computer*, because that is, like, such the best album ever.

Wilson was immediately taken into police custody, and was sentenced to death by public stoning. Wilson stated that he had accepted his fate, but couldn't help noticing the irony of the sentence. "The only time I ever actually liked Radiohead was when I was stoned. Go figure."

Night Escorts to Give Piggyback Rides

(Continued on Page 21)



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If Everything in Life Were Like Buying Weed

By Matt Loker and Dan Freedman

Trying On Shoes

Me: Hey, do you have these in nine and a half?

Salesman: Sure, I'll go get them. But it'll take about twenty minutes.

Me: What? All you have to do is go back to that little room and get them.

Salesman: Listen -- why don't you just kick back here and play Mario Kart for a while, and I'll put on some reggae.

Me: *[To self]* Every time.

Enrolling for Classes

Me: Hey, how can I get enrolled in this new class?

Telebears: I don't know man.

Me: But you hooked up James with that Poli Sci class last semester, so I know you can hook it up.

Telebears: I didn't do it, I referred him to someone who I know through a friend. Just a guy, really.

Me: Dude, I'm cool. I swear, I've been scheduling classes for years now.

Telebears: I can give you the guy's pager number, but that's it.

Buying a Computer

Me: So umm, how much memory does this gadget have?

Salesman: Does it really matter man? It will get the job done, I assure you.

Me: It seems like something I should know.

Salesman: All you need to know is that I got it from the biggest distributor in town.

Me: Who's that?

Salesman: Some small house in Oakland, the whole house reeks of the information age.

Buying a New Car

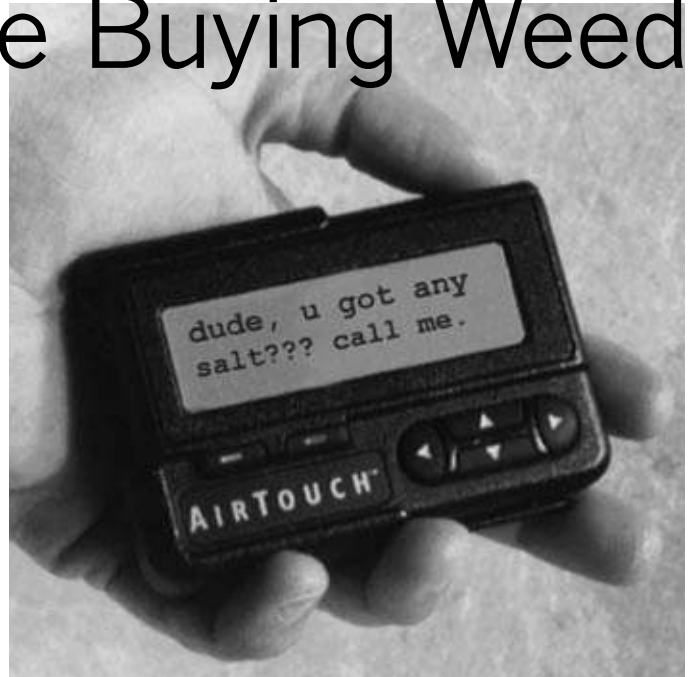
Car Dealer: Now, I know I told you I was only gonna charge you forty-five thousand dollars for this car, but I'm gonna have to charge you fifty thousand.

Me: Why?

Car Dealer: Well, my other cars were made in Mexico, which is totally decent.

Me: Where was this one made?

Car Dealer: Humboldt County.



Panhandling For Money

Homeless Man: Hey hey, young fellow, I see you have a big sack of change, hook me up with a pinch.

Me: Hey man, I don't even know you.

Homeless Man: I'm not asking for a million dollars man, I just need something that can get me through the next few hours, you know so I can buy some salt. Salt makes my food taste so much better.

Breaking Up with your Girlfriend

Me: I just can't do this anymore. Our relationship has gotten so plain and boring.

Girlfriend: So what are you trying to say?

Me: When we first started dating, you gave me such a buzz, but I've lost that feeling of commitment toward you and I think I'm ready to move on to a more serious relationship.

Girlfriend: But I'm only a small fine! Anyone more serious will get you a misdemeanor!

Buying Weed

Me: Hey, can I buy some weed?

Pot Dealer: That is so cliché!

From the Desk of George Washington Carver

Whomever it May Concern:

Now, I know what you're thinking: "I, George Washington Carver, didn't commit suicide." Well I did. Life is full of surprises.

I decided to end my life because I foresaw being known as "the Peanut Guy," sometimes as "the Black Peanut Guy," but usually as just "Black." Do you have any idea how much that hurts? Everyone will remember the peanut barium and the peanut-iron alloy, but I also made stuff out of pecans and sweet potatoes. I guess these aren't as sexy as peanuts, but that isn't for me to decide. You invent one peanut helicopter and nobody cares about the sweet potato lightning rod. I enjoyed my soybean work the most. It turned out you could make soy from it.

The world won't remember that I was the first person to call manatees "sea cows." I also came up with the idea for brims on hats. You know what people wore before their hats had brims? Shoes! Shoes on their heads and barrels for short pants. Tetris was also my idea, along with the genetic code for most birds.

You might be wondering how I killed myself. Well, I'll have you know that I won't be the only one to suffer: I'm bringing the whole peanut-obsessed world down with me. You see, besides the hundreds of useful products I invented, I also created the lethal peanut allergy. I did this out of spite. Records should indicate that I died of swollen glands and hate.

From now on you'll have to check labels: "May contain peanuts" they'll say. Does it or doesn't it? Feel lucky, asshole? Want some mixed nuts? What're they mixed with? Could be peanuts. Want some Girl Scout Cookies? May contain death! Thanks to my genius, you now take your life in your hands every snack break or trip to the peanut museum, which is both fascinating and deadly. Like shark tanks.

So Long,
GWC



-MLP

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George W. Bush: 007

By Tommaso Scortino

Although our president's exploits in the Texas Air National Guard are well documented, Mr. Bush has done even more to help the world as a member of the Her Majesty's Secret Service.

(The Briefing)

AGENT: Your mission, Agent Bush, should you choose to accept it, is to break into the Oil Refinery Compound and locate certain documents.

The director of the compound—

BUSH: Steve Harrison.

AGENT: Right. He's been funneling money to the junta in—

BUSH: Man, I haven't seen old Stevie in YEARS! Steverino! GREAT golfer!

AGENT: Yeah, so you'll need to slip this into his favorite drink.

BUSH: Tom Collins. Steverino loves a good Tom Collins.

AGENT: We'll be working with the local government's secret service.

RICO: Hello sir. I am Enrico Gonzalez and I—

BUSH: (*Noticing agent.*) No kidding. Hey Rico Suave, could you go in the back and pick us up a Tom Collins. Oh! And a margarita. Andale.

AGENT: Huh? Bush, this is the head of the foreign service. You should—

BUSH: Yeah, make it two.

(The Gadget Laboratory)

Q: Pay attention, Agent Bush. We have a variety of gadgets for you to work with.

BUSH: Wonderbar.

Q: First we have a special SUV, with ejector seats, missiles, the whole bit.

BUSH: What mileage does it get?

Q: 6.5 per gallon.

BUSH: Awesome. That's really, really awesome.

Q: We also have a watch that—

BUSH: What mileage does that SUV get again?

Q: 6.5

BUSH: Ha ha! That's so great!

(Debriefing)

BUSH: So the papers detailed their plan to buy up all the water in California and hold the state hostage.

AGENT: Incredible. How did you stop them?

BUSH: Huh? Oh, well when I realized the nature of the problem I called up the California authorities right away.

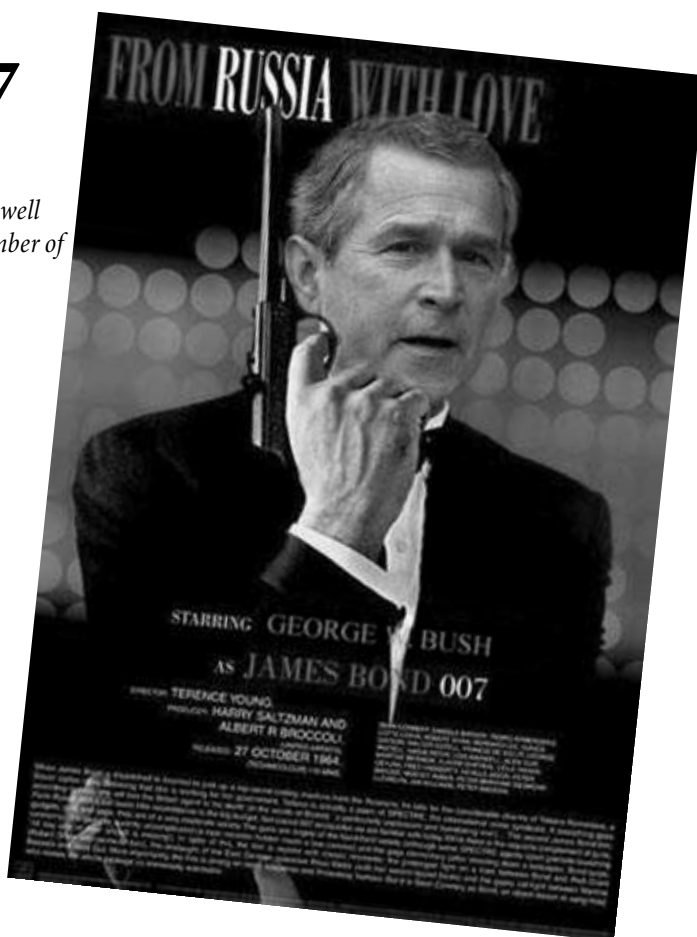
AGENT: And then?

BUSH: I explained that it wasn't the federal government's job to bail them out and that they should probably just let the free market run its course.

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(In Kucinich's Sequoia Treetop Lair)

KUCINICH: So, Agent Bush, at last you are in my foul clutches. I think a nice injection of sodium pentothal will loosen your tongue.

BUSH: You're mad, Kucinich! You and your army of woodland creatures will never triumph.

KUCINICH: Hmm. Can't seem to find a vein...

BUSH: Oh, you have to shoot it between my toes. (*Pause.*) Huh, thought I had a vein left there.

KUCINICH: Damn you Bush!

(Undercover)

LIBERAL: And we'd like to welcome another member to our Liberals for World Domination Group!

BUSH: Hola! I love all kinds of animals and trees, and uh, taxes...

LIBERAL: Are you really a liberal, Comrade Ushbay? Something about you seems... familiar.

BUSH: What? Sure I'm a liberal! Look, my hair is mussed up. I haven't showered. (*Awkward silence.*)

BUSH: So, when do we go give hand jobs to homeless people?

(Escaping Burning Lair)

BLONDE: Quickly, Agent Bush! There isn't much time! Start the plane!

BUSH: Yeah. I'll, uh... I'll...

BLONDE: Hurry! Can't you fly??

BUSH: (*In tears.*) I can't! I CAAAANN'T

• Ode to Inoffensive Humor •

By Dan Freedman

So two men walk into a bar, one guy is Jewish, and the other guy is Palestinian. The Jewish man turns to the Palestinian and offers him a drink. The Palestinian agrees and offers to then buy the Jewish man one in return. Two hours later they finish their third pint and go home.

A blonde, a brunette, and a redhead are all sitting on a bench. A good-looking black man goes up to the group of girls. He looks at the redhead and says, "Did you know you have beautiful eyes?" She blushes. He then turns to the brunette and says, "You are sexy!" She blushes. Then he turns to the blonde and says, "Your eyes are sexy." She blushes. Then they all blush. The black man blushes in response and then walks away.

You know what I hate about those fucking Asians? Nothing! And don't get me started on the Mexicans, 'cause if you do I'll be praising their virtues all night.

Why is pavement black? What's the fucking deal?

I put crackers in my soup, Damn crackers! They taste so good when soaked in clam chowder.

Q: What happens when a Jewish guy with an erection walks into a wall?

A: He breaks his nose... said Hitler, who was entirely evil.

Q: What do you call 100,000 Muslims at the bottom of the sea?

A: A massive genocidal tragedy! Why oh why must such evil exist in the world?

Q: What do you call a guy with no arms and no legs floating in the pool?

A: Robert!



Q: George Bush, the Pope, and an 8-year-old boy are all trapped on a desert island and there are only two life-rafts! What do they do?

A: They all share one raft and leave behind the other one just in case someone else gets stranded. Who would've thought they'd all fit in one raft? Cooperation rocks!



New State Law Strengthens Tenant Rights

Rent Stabilization Board

Habitability

State law (Civil Code 1942.4) now provides that a landlord may not demand or increase rent, or issue a three-day notice to pay or quit if all of the following are true:

1. The unit has serious code violations that breach habitability standards; and
2. The City Housing Department has cited the violations; and
3. The violations are not repaired within 35 days of the citation; and
4. The tenant did not cause the code violations or block their correction.

A landlord who violates this law is liable to the tenant for the actual damages sustained by the tenant and special damages of not less than \$100 and not more than \$5,000.

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

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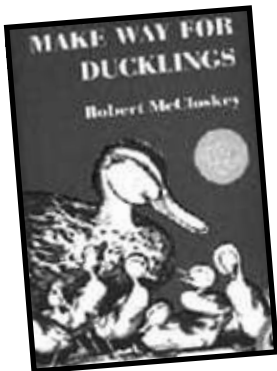
Children's Book Characters:

One of the things I remember most fondly from my youth is the literature of childhood—specifically, the characters that I grew up with, and came to regard as my friends. Well, now I miss my boyhood chums, so, in an effort to recapture the halcyon days of my youth (i.e. August 1988 through mid-February 1994), I caught up with a few of my old friends. Enjoy the nostalgia.

The Mouse from *If You Give a Mouse a Cookie*

“The boy was given fair warning that if you give a mouse a cookie, he’ll probably want a glass of milk to go with it. Contained within that warning is the tacit assumption that the request for further favors will follow. Your honor, the evidence has shown that in making further requests of the boy, my client was simply acting in accordance with his nature as a mouse, and he therefore cannot be held accountable for this boy’s actions. Is it my client’s fault that the boy spent his allowance on cookies, milk, and second-hand syringes? No. Can my client be blamed for the Jello-mould hernia incident? Of course not! Is my client responsible for the boy being a registered sex offender? Maybe, but that’s not the point. If the teeny tiny overalls don’t fit, you must acquit. Your honor, the defense rests.”

The mouse is serving twenty-five to life in San Quentin. He has been given many, many cookies.



The Ducklings from *Make Way for Ducklings*

During principal photography for a sequel entitled *Make Way for Slightly Larger, Less Adorable Ducklings*, a Mack truck refused to make way, and all of the ducklings died instantly. Except one. He convulsed for a few minutes and coughed up some blood. Then he died too. His name was Petey.

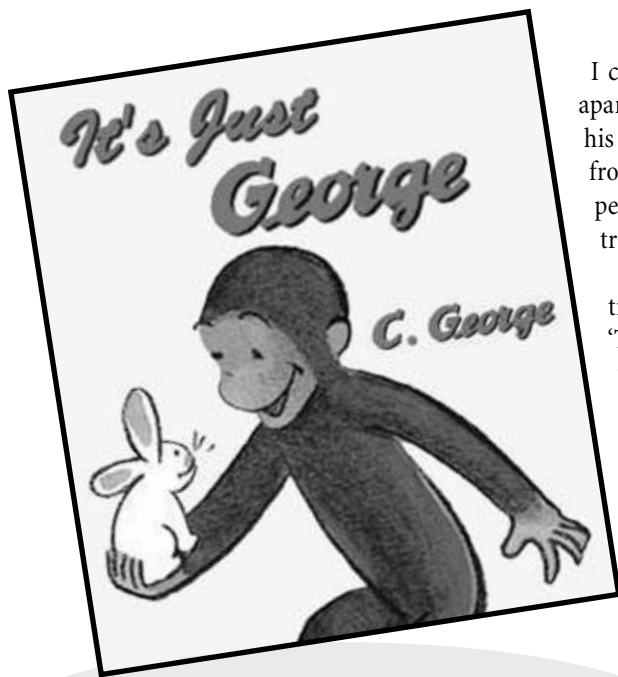


The Wild Things from *Where the Wild Things Are*

The Wild Things all got MBAs from the University of Iowa and worked their way into comfortable middle management positions with various investment brokerage firms. Every third Tuesday of the month they rent out the rec room at their local Y, and from 7:30 to 10:30 they play canasta. Every night, each Wild Thing goes home to his studio apartment, feeds his goldfish, microwaves a TV dinner, watches Conan O’Brian, and weeps gently to himself. Last year, someone gave one of the Wild Things an orange tabby kitten for his birthday, but it got sick and he had to put it to sleep.

Where Are They Now?

Curious George



I caught up with Curious George at his sparsely decorated one bedroom apartment in Westwood. George told me that he's been spending the majority of his time in litigation over illegal use of his likeness. "Yeah, I've never seen a dime from those shirts. I consider myself lucky though—my friend Calvin gets to see people pissing his rightful royalty money away on the back of every goddamn truck going to a Raider game."

"After the books, everyone was looking for me to do curious roles. I'd be trying to put some life into some character, and the director would always say 'That's great, George. Really great. But now in this next scene you fall into a well.' I mean, the Man in the Yellow Hat gets to diversify his roles. When he takes his hat off at the end of the day he's a whole different person. He played Edmund in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* and I can't even get a job as an extra in a David Lynch flick."

George is in the process of writing an autobiography entitled, *It's Just George*, and has optioned his story to Miramax.

The Wicked Witch from *Hansel and Gretel* Who Likes to Cook Little Children in Her Oven and Eat Them

Swept into Congress during the '94 "Conservative Revolution" by narrowly beating out the Giving Tree, after the latter allowed what remained of its stump to be cleared away so as to build houses for low-income families. Later, she had a falling out with House Republicans in 1996 over her extreme position on the abortion question. While the party approved of her pro-life politics, they were divided over her rationale. "More abortions," she often said, "means fewer delicious babies."

While in Congress, she was often criticized for strongly supporting the candy industry, leading many pundits to label her "The Representative from Hershey."

The Wicked Witch retired from politics in 2000 after an unsuccessful Senate run against Senator Big Red Dog, whom she unsuccessfully tarred as a "Big Red Liberal."



Wilbur, the Pig from *Charlotte's Web*



Ever had a Bacon, Egg & Cheese McGriddle? Wilbur invented it. He's the fourth most successful swine in the United States. He has a yacht called Charlotte II and his castle in Scotland is right next door to Mel Gibson's, whom he sometimes plays Ultimate Frisbee with on weekends. Wilbur donates heavily to web-related charities such as The Make a Web Foundation, The Web Cross, and The Spiderman Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy and Webs.

He still wallows in his own feces, but now he fucks supermodels while he does it. Yet sometimes Wilbur will let the Discovery Channel hit his eye right before bed, and he'll watch "The World of Arachnids" in silence. As the credits roll, his head will drop and his eyes will close, but pigs cannot cry. Pigs cannot cry.

Top Ten Bumper Stickers of the Future

10. Free Mumia Jr
9. It'd be great if schools got all the money they wanted and the military had to hold a bake sale to buy Death Cyborgs
8. Stop US Aid to what's left of Israel
7. US out of Eurochinaustralia
6. Save the Whale
5. Stop the Dolphins
4. We're here, we're queer, we're 50% of the US Population
3. Keep your nanomachines out of my Uterus!
2. Free China, Stop Tibet
1. My fetus is an honor student at prenatal academy

Top Ten Ways to Know that Ninjas are Following you

10. You are walking slightly ahead of ninja friends
9. You are the Pied Piper of Ninjas
8. Ninja police are signaling for you to pull over
7. Someone taped a "BLOW DART ME" sign to your back
6. You got your cans of ninja repellent and ninja attractant confused this morning
5. You just robbed the Bank of Ninja
4. You drive the truck that delivers the new issues of *Silent Ass-Ass-Ins* magazine
3. People walking behind you have suspiciously high number of nunchucks
2. You're ahead in first leg of Run-Jump-Kill Silently Competition
1. It's a Wednesday

Top Ten Rejected Nickelodeon Shows

10. Contraceptive Spongebob Squarepants
9. Clarissa Explains It All but Leaves Out the Time She Got Really Drunk and Let Ferguson Feel Her Up
8. Wild and Crazy but Medicated Kids
7. Pepe and Pepe
6. The Fairly Obvious World of Alex Mack
5. Super Duper Triple Quarduple Dare
4. What Would You Do, NAKED?!
3. You're Doing That on Television
2. Hey Dude, Yeah You, Fucker
1. Baby GUTS

Top Three Buddhist Snoop Dogg Lyrics

3. When you dis Dre fool, you dis yourself
2. He is I and I am him
1. Knick knack paddy whack, I still got the biggest sack

THE GAMEPLAN

By Kevin Deenihan

Okay, gentlemen. And ladies. And Stevina. Team huddle. We all know what our objective is and what we'll need to do to meet it. Turn your attention to the diagram on the board, and put on your 3-D glasses. I know that several of you are colorblind; this is all in accordance with the plan. People, we're at Code Grey here.

Agent Johnston, you are in charge of the Distraction. I have marked the positions you'll need to be in at exactly 3:30 here, here, and way over here. I don't know, clone yourself or something. I've supplied 50,000 of the multicolored balloons you'll need; the other half will have to come out of your own resources. Similarly, these will be the monkeys you'll have at your disposal. Sir Chimps-ahoy, meet Eric. Eric, likewise. At my signal, which will be clearly visible over most of the peninsula, you will release the flares in such a way that they spell out the worst insult imaginable in our opponent's language. I'm aware that it has no written form.

Bianca, you will be infiltrating the compound using your feminine wiles. As you can see here, you'll be first seducing these two guards simultaneously. Then you'll have to flirt your way through this checkpoint, over this fence, and past these guard dogs. We have the utmost confidence in you. Here is the clown suit you'll be wearing, and these drugged pork chops may come in handy. You can't use them on the dogs, however. I'm not sure exactly how seduction works, so I'm also including this ballerina tutu.

Louis, you'll be coordinating our main assault. As we can't risk harming the target, you will be using a wide array of non-lethal weaponry. That includes the almost-nuke, not-so-silly string, day-old Mexican food, and our extensive selection of gummy tanks. We also have water balloons with slightly basic water. Everyone always expects acids; they'll never expect bases!

Once Louis' assault has succeeded, Ronny, you will have to disarm the bomb.

Cut the one of the four wires that has exactly two others on each side. It'll be a reddish color, with purplish overtones. More of a Cardinal Red than a Fire Engine Red. I have some swatches here. This will open up the case to disarm the second bomb. At this point you'll want to play the audio tape I've provided for you. It's a message from your wife announcing that she's divorcing you for a well-hung Guatemalan several years your junior. She will, however, be leaving your son with you, who has just become both gay and a Wiccan. Why would I tell you all this at the moment when you need incredible, nay, absolute, concentration? Let's just say that the fifth bomb has an *emotion* sensor. Also, you'll be working in complete darkness.

Horst, as our resident ninja, we'll need you to stay here back at HQ and clean the microwave. Hey, you should have thought of that before you made soup.

And finally, Stevina, your role is the linch-pin to this entire operation. You will secretly parachute in, using this parachute painted to look like a group of slowly falling crows. Quietly cut your way through the ceiling, then scatter these Skittles on the floor. When the guards bend over to pick them up, let them. What they don't know is this: *you've got some Skittles too*. Then, sneak by the snacking guards with the sheer silence and precision of a silence machine. Not the Taiwanese-made ones; those are pretty loud. At this point, you're really going to wonder why I've equipped you with several dollars' worth of loose change in your cargo pants pocket. Moving on. You will have to guess the code to the vault. I recommend starting at "11111" and working your way up. Once in, you'll have only a short amount of time before the poison anthrax nuke is unleashed. Stuff the dossier into the bags, go back the way you came, and parachute back to the plane.

I know it'll be difficult men and ladies and whatever. But that's why I hired you.

Lies Parents Tell

by Monica Padrick

Lying to children is fun and easy. Observe the following commonplace lies, and then find a small life to ruin.

Lie: With hard work you can be anything you want to be.

Truth: Try as you might, kid, but you'll never be Harlem Globetrotter Legend William "Pop" Gates. That train's passed, and you weren't on it.

Lie: If your hand is bigger than your face then you have cancer.

Truth: If your hand is bigger than your face then you have cancer of the hand.

Lie: Every time a bell rings an angel gets its wings.

Truth: Every time a dog is shot an angel gets a high five.

Lie: Your father left to get cigarettes. He'll be back in 20 minutes.

Truth: You're genetically inclined to get hand cancer. Your father will be back in more like an hour.

Lie: It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game.

Truth: Your father isn't getting cigarettes; he's "sorting some things out." And sure it's cute now, but by the time you're 15 that bump will be a full scale deformity.

Lie: It's not your fault we're getting divorced.

Truth: It's our fault for losing ourselves in one moment of passion in an IHOP parking lot off of I-5. It's your fault we're getting divorced.

Lie: Someday you can grow up to be President!

Truth: You are an ethnic minority. And a woman. It is genetically probable you are gay.

Lie: You could even be a Firefighter!

Truth: It is genetically probable you are gay, so yes, you can be a firefighter. Indian or Police Chief would also be acceptable answers.

Lie: If you keep making that face, it'll freeze like that.

Truth: Your face cannot freeze like that because it is in a happy expression, and soon you will want to cry.

Top Ten Reasons You'll Never be a Supermodel

10. Have no Supermodel Superpowers
9. Only the right breast is Supermodel quality
8. Lost title bout with Jennifer Prettytymonger
7. Won't do partial nudity; only total nudity
6. More penises than generally usual
5. Clothes you model keep bursting into flames
4. Your finger isn't long enough to activate gag reflex
3. Keep accidentally wearing your thongs backwards
2. Your measurements are 36-24-36-2
1. Have more than a passing resemblance to Ed Asner

Top Ten Least Likely Solutions to World Hunger

10. McDonald's Free Food Fridays
9. A caring and compassionate God
8. Buying rifles for all the poor people in the world
7. Electing more Austrian weight lifters to public office
6. Setting up food donation bins in the dorms even though you know everyone's just gonna put fucking 20 cent top ramen cups in them
5. Creating much more innovative and delicious ways to "control" the pet population
4. Eat all the rhinos
3. Smoke yourself full
2. Try having 80% of people control 80% of wealth, for a change
1. River Nile becomes River Wendy's Chilli

Top Ten Ineffective Ways to Hide Evidence

10. Under the judge's robe
9. Hide it among other evidence
8. Sprinkled nonchalantly over the crime scene
7. Try to burn it, if the evidence is fire
6. Craigslist
5. Throw it at the sun
4. Pocket of cargo pants
3. Wear it as a non-evidence hat
2. Put it in the Lost and Found
1. If it has "Evidence" written on it in English, hide it in Mexico

Top Five Real Words Closest to "Brumble"

5. broomball
4. bramble
3. broomballs
2. balmoral
1. broomballer

The Diary of Sarah "Lefty Mondale" Spruce

ENEMY OF THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

Edited by the Rev. David Duman

As a proud proponent of morality, heterosexuality, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, the Holy Virgin Mother, and flossing, it is my duty as a God-fearing American to release for publication this diary. A diary written by a woman so diabolical that reading it would make Mephistopheles himself cut off his thirty eyes and cease his endless and evil masturbation. It would make Satan himself, deep in his Infernal Den, perched on his Throne of Corpses high atop the Mountain of Pope Skulls, in the Deepest Pits of Hell, where the only sounds are The Infinite Wailing of Infinite Souls, where the only light is cast by Elliot Smith's Still Brilliant Genius, where the only smell is the Torturous Sulfur of Perpetual Sin, crap his pants in terror. And that evil crap would grow evil legs and run, run from this diary.

July 17th

Early this morning I headed to my Planned Parenthood office for an abortion. That bastard of a doctor kept telling me I wasn't pregnant. I told him I didn't care if I was pregnant, I just wanted an abortion. If time was a problem for him, I told him he could just womp on my womb with a 2x4 for a while.

July 18th

Broke into the pharmacy and stole fertility drugs. I'll set the record for most fetuses aborted in a single procedure, just like I promised my mom I would, before I aborted her!

July 19th

Impregnated myself with the stolen sperm of Jerry Falwell, taken from the discarded condom of his evil succubus mistress sent by me to discredit the moral leaders of America by driving them into acts of depravity against their will. I then had an abortion, or as I like to say, I willfully murdered a little living baby.

August 4th

Secured grants from the ACLU, National Endowment for the Arts, and the gay wing of the Episcopalians to fund an army of homosexuals with the sole purpose of infiltrat-

ing families, seducing Christian men and women, performing unspeakably erotic acts with them, and then causing divorces. Goddess bless the Gay Anti-Family Agenda. Thank you GAFA!

September 25th

I preach the importance of abortion as contraception to middle school students in Biloxi, Mississippi.

October 25th

Appeared live on Oxygen and Lifetime, commanding all women to cast down their vacuums and stop cleaning their many ovens. They will march into the street and "hook up" with whatever single men may be available there, abort any resulting pregnancies, and then fall into the arms of the many lesbians in my homosexual army.

November 10th

Tricked women into getting abortions by replacing communion wafers with RU-486.

December 25th

In a poorly thought out statement of religious irony, I crucify Bill O'Reilly on Christmas Day. On a cross of aborted fetuses, no less.

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Chronicles of a Seasonal Employee

By Mandy Chang

So it's one of the first days at my new job, and I am still in that precarious, delicate, virginal, stage when the world is full of possibilities and I'm nervous but simply can't wait for a chance to prove myself. I show up early in the morning and I'm beautiful; my hair is shiny and curled, my makeup impeccable, and I have on a frilly, stark white work shirt. My boss leads me into the backroom, and I close my eyes in anticipation. What is behind the big back door of Victoria's Secret?

The first thing that hits me is the cold, which is not at all like the frilly, lacy cold I would expect from the country's largest lingerie retailer. The floors are concrete. I can see my breath. A morose-looking Mexican man is at a table, wordlessly folding obscenely colored cotton panties into neat squares and sorting them by style. She leads me still further into the darkness, until we come to huge shelves. Her fat arms gesticulate as she tells me which sizes are in which boxes and tells me to bring all of them to the front cash registers.

The weight of the first box surprises me and I hug it to my chest. When I drop the box onto the front desk, I look down at my shirt to see that black dust covers the entire front. Black! Dust! Apparently only coalminers and Victoria's Secret employees get the Black Lung these days. As I get the second box down from the shelf, I stumble and knock over two huge, long shelves. There is a big crash. I put the box of extra large things back on the shelf and I want to die, although not from the Black Lung.

I inspect the first box that fell on the ground and I'm relieved. It was full of metal pipes, undoubtedly for Victoria's Secret Plumbing. My heart breaks as I read the description of the second box: "FRAGILE GLASS." As I prop it back up, I hear the ironically soothing sound of a rainmaker as the shards of broken glass cascade to the bottom of the box. My boss comes in shouting and swearing. I see in her eyes the frustration of a busy career woman: "I majored in business at Sonoma State and this is what I have to put up with?!"

So the store hasn't even opened yet and I look ravaged with my disheveled hair, dirty shirt, and all around perspiration. I either look like I just had sex or I was just beaten with a rock.

I don't know what I was expecting. I guess I thought I'd be surrounded by gorgeous Italian youths whose only function was to give me massages and flutes of champagne and compliment me to death. I also thought there would be sashaying. Call me crazy, but that's what the brand Victoria's Secret whispers to me.

But there is nothing at all glamorous about measuring a morbidly obese woman and lying to her about her band size. We don't even have a 44-E! You want to hit up the Humongo-Tit Store down the street. So I squeeze her into a 38-C and call it a sale.

What made me shudder the most is having to assist a walking raisin as she peruses the sequined negligees, waxing on about her anniversary tomorrow night and estimating how long it'll take for the slip that she's buying to be torn to shreds on the floor.

Someone asks about our return policy, showing me a pair of obviously worn panties, and I stifle an urge to tell her that, unfortunately, our policy is to not take back any underwear that's been purchased and since been covered in cooch juice.

I think my worst mess-up of the night is when I'm trying to help a twelve-year old choose an outfit for a lingerie party next weekend. I bring her slip after thong after garter after corset, until I can stand it no longer. "Does your mom know about this?" I ask, and out walks an impressionable young client with Daddy's credit card. I'm sure one of the senior associates would have made a killing, but since I'm the new girl, I still haven't learned how to stifle those annoying little pangs of conscience.

My boss grips my shoulder hard, her tarantula eyes wide and her wrinkled dugs popping out of her blouse. "Sell. Sell! SELL!! And don't forget to suggest our Hot Holiday Colors!" she huffs. My nose wrinkles at her hoary corpse breath. Maybe they're hiring at Top Dog.



Solving the Problem of Awkwardness

By Tommaso Sciortino

You meet a nice girl at a party; she tells you about her trip to Mexico; you tell her about your parents' divorce and your father's eventual cohabitation with Carlos, a Mexican national. You've just found yourself in an awkward situation. Don't break down and cry about it (like I did that one time). Just by following a few simple steps, you can rescue any embarrassing happenstance with grace and ease.

Back Flip

The human animal is both intellectual and instinctual. Our two halves juxtapose and compliment each other while maintaining their separateness. Gaffs usually manifest entirely in one Ying or the corresponding Yang. Accordingly, a factual mistake can usually be covered by performing a back-flip. This act is surprisingly easy to learn and is quite impressive to those not in the know.

Joe: I'm just glad that the Tom Daschle, Republican Speaker of the House is looking out for my interests.

Jack: Don't you mean Tom Delay? Tom Daschle is the Democratic Senate Minority Leader.

Joe: *flip*

Jack: Oh... oh, I guess that makes it okay.



The Magic Explanation

Did something jerky? No problem! Just explain that you had a really good reason at the time and you couldn't tell why until just now.

Jane: I can't believe you did that to me. I hate you. [*Turns her back.*]

Bill: [*smiling*] How wonderful! You're right! You're absolutely right!

Jane: Why are you smiling?

Bill: Don't you see? It was a test! A test, Jane. [*Begins to cry with joy.*] And you passed!

Jane: Really?

The Shocking Secret

Make the situation less awkward for you by making it more awkward for them.

Brett: Hey Earl! You used the last of my toothpaste!

Earl: You know when you want to tell someone something really really badly, but you're not sure how they'll react?

Brett: I was saving that toothpaste!

Earl: Brett, I'm gay.

Brett: Oh. Okay.

The Long Term Solution

Of course the ultimate goal is to give you the ability to right any embarrassment, however slight. There is only one sure fire way to do this: build your own time machine. While you're working on it, feel free to be as big a jerk as you want: You can always go back and make everyone love you.

Frank: You've got to be kidding me! Phil, did you eat my ice cream. I specifically labeled it!

Phil: Uhh.

[*Lights dim, lightning crashes, and a burst of smoke fills the corner of the room. Future Phil steps out and is holding a poster showing an ape dressed in full military regalia commanding an attack on Sacramento.*]

Future Phil: Phil! I need you. The fate of humanity may very well rest in your hands.

Phil: Oh my god! [*Gets inside machine with future self.*] Hey, thanks for the save.

Future Phil: No problem.

Phil: Hey, wait a second, it was you who ate that ice cream, wasn't it?

[*Future Future Phil arrives in time machine, knocks Phil out.*]

Future Phil: Thanks, Future Future Phil.

The Day after I Graduate

A Voyage into Adulthood

By Kevin Deenihan

The day after I graduate is a time of rebirth, a time to lock away my childhood-to-young-adult years in the safe deposit box of memory and to open the checking account of adulthood. Here is how that day will go:

5:00 AM:

Wake up sporting full, bushy adult mustache and silvering hair. Put on tie. Go to breakfast: crumpets dunked in coffee. Pour Grape Nuts straight down throat. Swallow.

5:30 AM:

Check e-mail. Begin deleting messages from Chancellor begging alumni for money.

5:50 AM:

Message deletion completed. Begin deleting money-begging messages received since 5:30 AM.

5:55 AM:

Message deletion completed.

6:00 AM:

Remove Reservoir Dogs poster from wall and replace with stock ticker. Throw out old Simpsons and Mr. Show DVDs, replace with Viagra medication and mortgage payment notices. Put on tie. Make dinner reservations at Le Bateau Ivre and Rivoli's for two. Order college diploma, paying an outlandish amount of money for the pleasure.

7:00 AM:

Go outside. Remove homemade Reservoir Dogs bumper sticker from car, which is now magically a Volvo. Sign up for life insurance policy to be paid to eventual wife. Bitch about neighbor's lawn and practice my putting.

9:00 AM:

Arrive at job at brokerage. Put on tie. Have trouble with colon when going to the bathroom. Resolve to eat more roughage. Mentally start calling my pants "slacks" or "trousers" instead of "pants." Look up "roughage" at dictionary.com.

5:00 PM:

Arrive home from work in minivan. Go through wardrobe and throw out the hilarious ties I have, as well as any shirts with words on them, unless those words end with "utual fund." Drinking habit stops being "partying attitude" and "wild college years" and starts being alcoholism. Throw out the non-classy alcohol and replace it with brandy and whiskey that I'll never drink. Begin drinking wine for reasons besides impressing girls with my sophistication.

6:00 PM:

Switch e-mail address from 'funkitup5@live105.com' to 'Kevin.Edward.deenihan.Sr.Esquire@comcast.net'

7:00 PM:

Realize that my life has become an empty collection of half-fulfilled dreams and a growing fear of death, supplemented only by a growing urge to procreate and a need to hoard what's left of my life. Switch voting registration to Republican.

8:00 PM:

Rediscover my fear of death. Search: "church confessions how long do they last" on Google. Novelty clock that supposedly ticks down to my death stops being amusing and starts being ominous.

9:00 PM:

Go play round of golf. On the ninth hole, shoot a deer.

10:00 PM:

Bug eventual wife for sex.

10:10 PM:

Fall asleep, wearing underpants as symbolic of my new adulthood. Tie stays.

1:15 AM:

Chancellor knocks on door and asks for money. Put several dimes in his hat.

Three Years Later:

Diploma arrives in mail.

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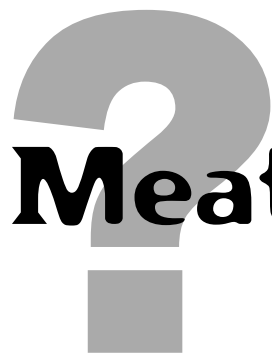
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WHAT IF THERE WAS

a World Without Meat



Stand-up comics rendered confused.

"I just don't get it. Why do hot dog buns come in packages of six, and hot dogs, should they still exist, come in packages of eight?...What would you call a cow, should there still be cows, who only had three legs? Lean Beef! Except there is no beef."



Intellectuals debate.

Emily: So what, no meat exists? Does that mean no fish?

Tom: Fish is meat, yes. No fish.

Emily: What about meat by-products? Eggs and milk, etc.

Tom: That's kind of a grey area.

Emily: Aren't WE meat, though? Couldn't we eat each other?

How can there be a world without meat with humans?

(awkward silence)



McDonalds' menu severely truncated.

Employee: Welcome to McDonalds, can I take your order?

Customer: Yeah, I'd like some fries.

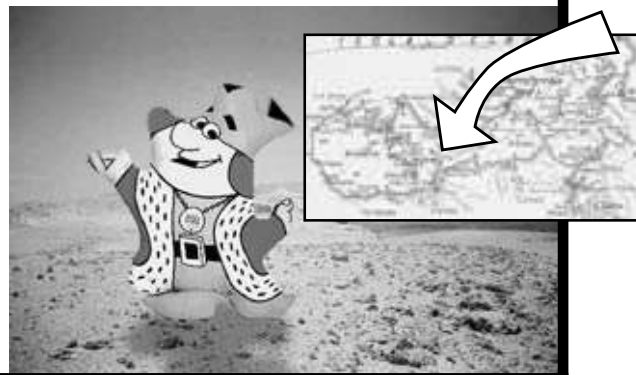
Employee: Sure! Would you like some fries with that?

Customer: A medium fry, yeah. And better supersize that first fry. And can I get a McShake?

Employee: Sorry, turns out there was meat in it.

The Burger King-in-Exile considers his reduced state from the rock of Elba, in the middle of the Mediterranean.

"Day by day I plot my return, to flame-broil my overthrowers on the hot grill of my justice. To flame-kiss my oppressors with a pound of juicy revenge, and no side of mercy. But I realize now it is my fate to rot on this beach, to soak in my own fat between the buns that are Italy and France."





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