

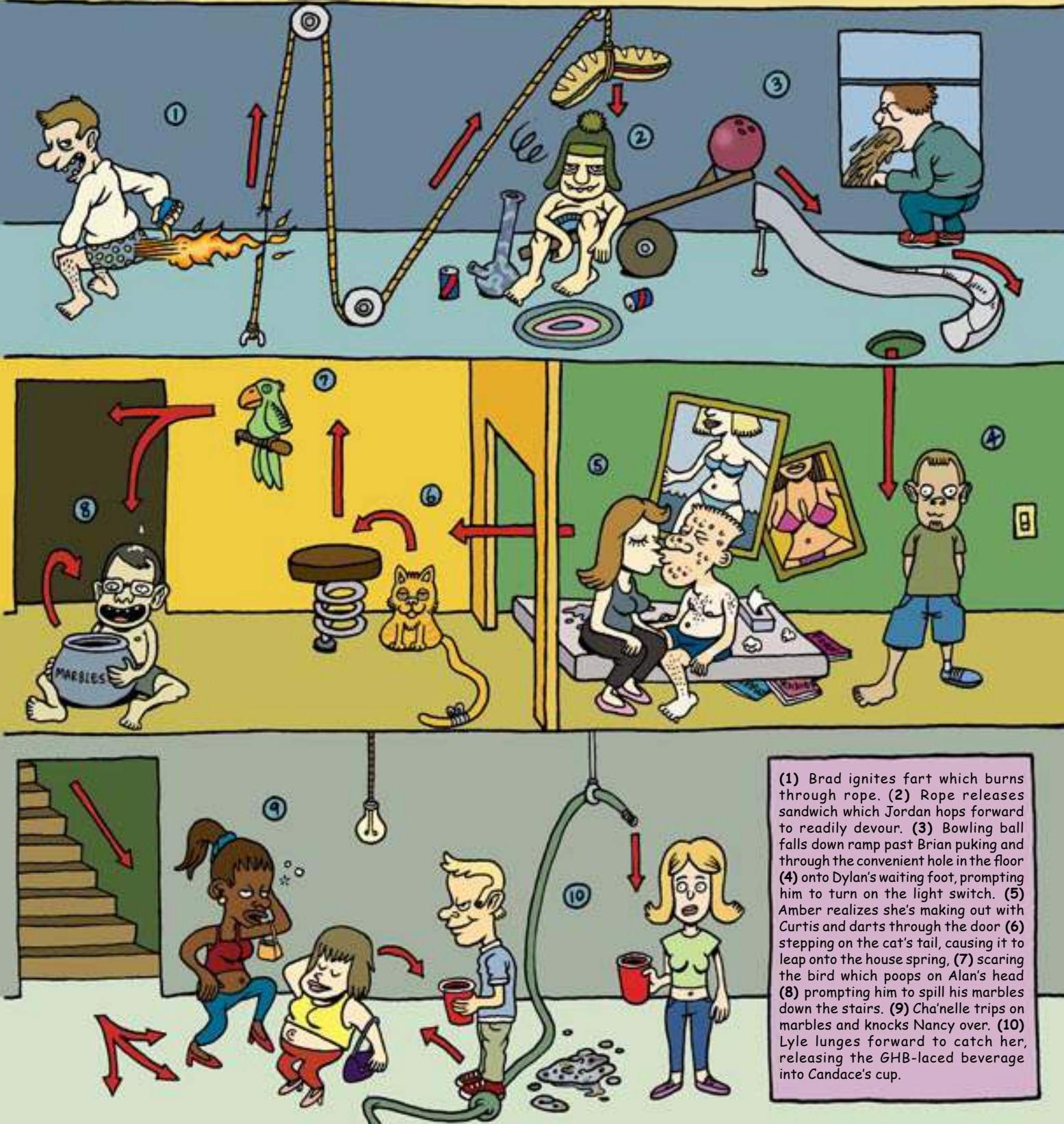
the heuristic

squelch

apr 2004

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(1) Brad ignites fart which burns through rope. (2) Rope releases sandwich which Jordan hops forward to readily devour. (3) Bowling ball falls down ramp past Brian puking and through the convenient hole in the floor (4) onto Dylan's waiting foot, prompting him to turn on the light switch. (5) Amber realizes she's making out with Curtis and darts through the door (6) stepping on the cat's tail, causing it to leap onto the house spring, (7) scaring the bird which poops on Alan's head (8) prompting him to spill his marbles down the stairs. (9) Cha'nelle trips on marbles and knocks Nancy over. (10) Lyle lunges forward to catch her, releasing the GHB-laced beverage into Candace's cup.

EXCELLENT ORAL HYGIENE SINCE 1991

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This Month's Cover:

It's Rube Goldberg's most cantabulous fantraption yet! Actually, it's Derek Yu, who's better than Rube times 100 plus a Jesus.

So yeah, the rapper C-Murder was arrested for murder. You don't say! You'd think he could have chosen a better name, like C-Didn't-Murder or C-Involuntary-Manslaughter-Plea-Bargain. Or better yet, C-walk or C-section. Or C-rack. But honestly, the time has come for our rap stars to no longer get arrested for murder, but instead to get arrested for loving puppies. That's the kind of world that I want to live in.

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

Godspeed

In this, my final Words from the Top as your beloved Editor-in-Chief, I'd like to now take this opportunity to run down a list of as many terms for female genitalia as possible:

Pussy. Vagina. Labia. Murderer's Row. Twat. Pudendum. Pink taco. Bearded clam. The winking sailor. Love slot. Box. Vag. Cooch. Dickbag. Poon. Poonanny. Poonarl. Poontang. Slit. Triangle. Jewel of the Nile. Beaver. Cock cozy. Hitler's gold. Muff. Sperm catcher. Mound. Cunt.

Thank you. Please note that the words above were listed so as to illustrate a political point about the recent crackdown on pornography and free expression by the Justice Department. Apparently, Attorney General John Ashcroft is a very religious man. He does not drink, smoke, consume caffeine, or, get this, *dance*. Because, as we all know, once you start dancing it's only one step away from gay marriage and, following this to its logical conclusion, two steps away from eternal damnation and the degeneration of the United States into a gigantic dispensary for handjobs and fellatio.

But, moving on to the pressing matters of our time...

Let's face it folks, the world as we know it is collapsing. Student groups' funding is being slashed and slashed while the Graduate Assembly's going to get more money to spend on reckless ideological campaigns, food at their meetings, and \$10,000 stipends for their officers. Student fees keep going up, university funding keeps going down, rankings plummet, faculty leave, and Strawberry Creek gets more and more polluted with the tears of Hmong orphans.

Luckily, the University has stepped in to prevent these disastrous events with a little surprise solution: The Principles of Community.

Because when everything seems down and the sun's wearing a frowny face, there's nothing better at preventing the University of California system from having its reputation shat upon in a Schwarzenegger 'roid rage than vaguely worded rhetoric about cordiality and compromise. Especially when that vaguely worded rhetoric intimates upon speech codes and a restriction on free expression. Three cheers to the University for bending over and taking it hard in the face of adversity.

Good luck to all y'all. I'm out of here and not a moment too soon. I'll be sure not to let the Chancellor's jowls hit me on the way out. Godspeed UC Berkeley, godspeed.

-David Duman



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newsflashes

Frat Boy Makes Discovery During Spring Cleaning

by Danny Marshall, Swept Away

Spring cleaning brings up all sorts of hidden treasures, but none were as surprising as one found in Phi Kappa Tau's hallway.

During the cleaning, frat boy Tim Shook found a single-handed broom. The broom, which was described as being wooden, hard, and useful, was found beneath three feet of crushed beer cans, half-eaten Cup-o-Noodles, racial intolerance, overly-repeated Dave Chappelle jokes, and a passed-out sorority girl. The broom was apparently lost two years prior during a spring-cleaning turned keg-party.

In light of the find, Shook proposed celebration in the form of a spring-cleaning keg party, saying, "Yeah, I'm Rick James bitch." While drunkenly standing atop a Bud Light keg, Shook nominated the broom for the prestigious king of the keg position, saying "Yeah, I'm Rick James bitch." The broom was lost during the party.

Experimental Album Has No Hidden Track

by Eamon Doyle, Track 666

The popular Chapel Hill-based prog-rock outfit Octopod Blue created a stir on Tuesday with the release of its latest album, *Mustachio Tapdance*. The highly experimental recording contains no hidden track.

"The first time I heard it," said Pitchfork editor-in-chief Ryan Schreiber, "I was like, 'Wait, where's the hidden track?' But then it hit me: there isn't one. Not one hidden track, or skit, or interlude, or bonus DVD. Since then, man, I've just had it on repeat nonstop."

Amoeba Music clerk Geoffrey Caruso offered similar acclaim. "We've had a lot of people coming in and returning the CD, saying it's a ripoff and what have you. But, you know, that's just the price of art. I think it's gonna take five or ten years for the mainstream audience to really be ready for this record."

Octopod Blue singer/lutist Damien Alvarez remains unfazed by the controversy.

In a statement posted yesterday on the band's website, he wrote: "We are about growth. And if that spirit of growth takes us to a place where we include only eleven songs on a CD that claims to have eleven songs, then so be it."

Egg Donor Ad Way Too Specific

by Simon Ganz, Omelette-maker

Berkeley women interested in giving the gift of life to a childless couple in exchange for cold hard cash were upset Friday to find the *Daily Californian's* latest egg donor ad impossible to satisfy. The ad read as follows:

"Loving couple seeks egg of double-jointed half-Indian/half-Irish woman able to ovulate on command. Must have SAT score between 1491 and 1499. ACT scores not accepted.

"Must be in my History 7b discussion group and must share a first name with a famous brand of fruit. Should not eat parsley or enjoy water sports during ovulation."

When asked if she would respond to the ad, Chiquita "Blackfoot" O'Leary cracked one of her many joints and then remarked, "Nah, they'd never pick me."

Blakes

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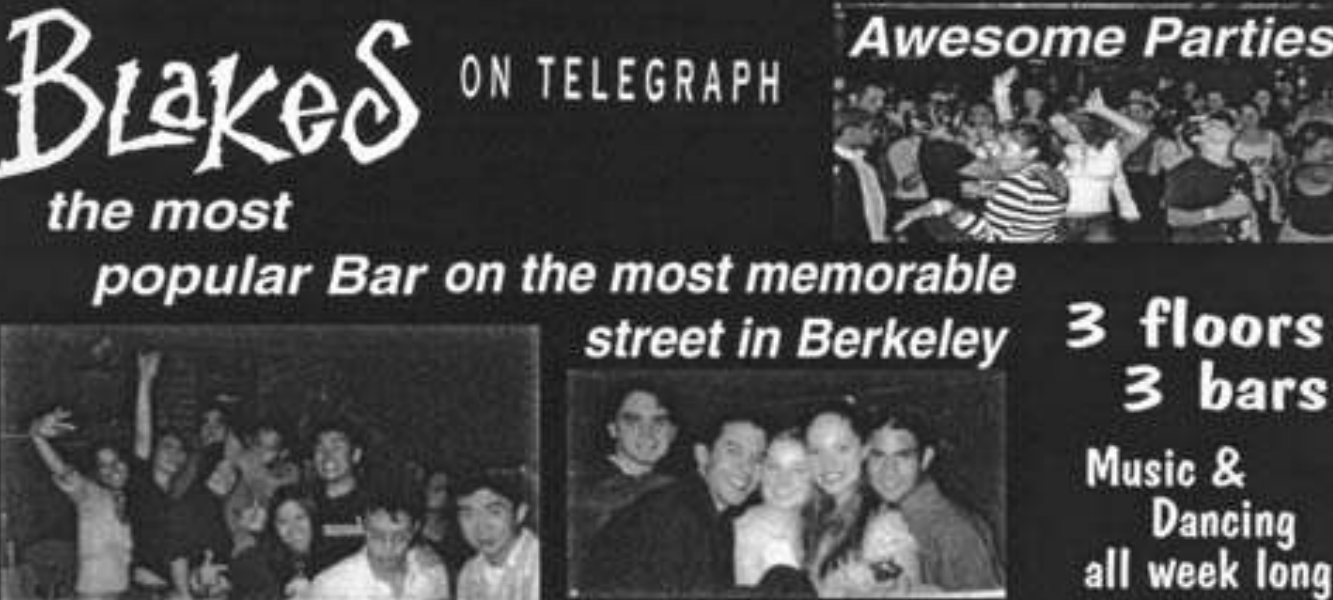
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newsflashes

Freshman Carefully Crafts “Male Slut” Reputation

by Matt A. Loker, *Two in the Pink*

According to the floormates of Kole Tammar, the Unit 2 freshman has been dropping increasingly obvious hints into casual conversation that he is, in actuality, a male slut that is willing to engage in no-strings-attached, sport-fucking type sex with female co-eds.

“I figure, what the heck, it’s college and girls just want to have some fun,” explained Tammar. “And don’t relationships suck? Way too much work,” he awkwardly segued.

Friends have noticed the change in recent months. “He used to be kinda quiet at parties, but now it’s totally different,” noted roommate Dan Ford. “Now he cruises up to girls and he’s all, ‘Hey, my name’s Kole. Maybe you’ve heard of me. From your girlfriends. Whom I might have had casual sex with.’ I even saw him purposely drop a condom at a party one time. He’s all, ‘Oops.’ What a tard.”

Tammar plans to continue on his path

to creating a reputation for fun, purely sexual relationships. He mused, “If that doesn’t work, maybe I’ll just write a thinly-veiled allusion in the guise of a news report in the campus humor publication.”

William Hung’s Fifteen Minutes Up

by Danny Marshall, *Egg Timer*

Berkeley student, singer, and professional hip gyrator William Hung’s fifteen minutes are officially up. The announcement came from Professor Serena Chen during a Social Psychology midterm on April 5th. At 11:45 am, Prof. Chen announced, “You have fifteen minutes remaining.” Time was called at 12:00 pm, thus ending the fifteen minutes Hung had to finish the test.

When asked about his performance on the test, Hung said, “I banged, I banged, I banged it.” Hung then started laughing, sending four students to the hospital. Hung is still incredibly popular and talented.

Hung-over Jesus Tries New Trick

by Antwan Fong, *Transubstantiated*

A grossly hung-over and dangerously dehydrated Jesus woke up last weekend at a friend’s apartment and then attempted to rehydrate himself by transforming the party’s leftover wine back into water. Jesus had transformed the water into wine to impress chicks just the night before, but then realized his folly when he had no water to drink the next morning.

While lumbering through his friend’s house, Jesus also tried to turn the leftover pizza into pancakes, the puke on the floor into syrup, a couch cushion into a TV remote, and the fat, naked chick he woke up next to into Christy Turlington. He was only successful in transforming the puke.

He spent the rest of the morning eating slices of leftover pizza dipped in syrup.

Day-Old Bag of Donuts Declared *Rad!*

(Continued on Page 21)

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Above: Gas prices on the rise.

Radio Host Reveals Loneliness on Air

by Mark Thomas, *Frequently modulated*

Hought Smith, radio host for 90.7 classical FM, exposed his social destitution on air early Monday morning when speaking about an upcoming promotional soiree. "It's always so fun to have that party every year," Smith mentioned whimsically, "Lots of people, lots of fun...." Smith then trailed off leaving only dead air tainted with the soft tapping of a nervous foot permeating through the airwaves.

Study: Cup-Shaking Not Marketable Skill

by Rebecca C. Brown, *Practicable*

An extensive study released Thursday by the UC Berkeley Business Administration Graduate Research Division reveals that cup shaking is in fact not a marketable skill.

Further, the researchers concluded, as a non-marketable skill, cup shaking thus does not warrant financial compensation. Other non-marketable skills delineated in the study include sitting on the sidewalk, writing on cardboard with a black Sharpee™, or repeating, "spare change" at passersby.

"Nowhere in the history of man has a person been given a wage or salary for merely shaking a cup or owning a diseased pit bull," said professor Martin Wiley, director of the study. "Additionally, although selling *Street Spirit* does provide an alternative news source, we have concluded that providing a vehicle for disseminating People's Park Peter's poetry also is not a marketable skill, being only slightly more useful than dropping copies of USA Today off in front of the rooms at the Tuscaloosa Motel 6."

Further analysis revealed that drawing on concrete with colored chalk, holding a stack of outdated newspapers, and blowing my mind, do not constitute desirable goods or services.



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check superb.berkeley.edu for more info on these and other events.

CHILD ABUSE

FOR THE

NEW MILLENNIUM

By Matt Loker and Serra Bozeman

Let's face facts: Children today are dumb, ugly, and fat. Some blame television, single parents, or fast food, but the real reason is much simpler: we can't beat our children anymore. Sure, you want to lay into little Junior with a flashlight, but it's now verboten. No sir. Straight to prison. That's why the future of child abuse isn't physical, it's psychological.

TECHNIQUE #1

Constantly inflate and crush their hopes.

Dad: Merry Christmas, Suzy! [*Gives present*]

Suzy: I love you daddy!

Suzy: [*Opens present to reveal dead possum*] AHHHHH!

Dad: What? I thought you *wanted* a Playstation!

TECHNIQUE #2

Give them compliments that aren't really compliments; this will confuse them in lieu of building self-esteem.

Mom: [*Affectionately*] Oh Suzy, you're looking so ironic today.

Suzy: Thanks. I think.

Mom: And little Timmy! Don't you look just like a little Prussian?

Timmy: Um... yes?

TECHNIQUE #3

Give them patently false information.

Timmy: Mom, what's a homosexual?

Mom: Where in the world did you hear that word?

Timmy: In Sunday school, Pastor said being homosexual is a sin.

Mom: Well Timmy, a homosexual is someone who's under 10 years old.

Timmy: But I'm only 9! Does that mean—

Mom: I'm afraid so.

Timmy: [*Starts to cry*]

Mom: You know, crying is like punching Jesus.

TECHNIQUE #4

Expose them to emotionally scarring situations.

Timmy: Daddy, where are we driving?

Dad: Well son, we're going to a really magical place.

Timmy: Is it a teddy bear picnic?

Dad: Kind of.

Timmy: Are the teletubbies—

Dad: It's a porno theatre.

[*Silence*]

Timmy: Why are we driving through the woods to get there?

Dad: So we can hit some animals on the way.

[*Thu-thump*]

Timmy: [*crying*] So...many... Playstations.

TECHNIQUE #5

Make subtle references to horrible fates that may befall them.

Suzy: Dad, can I have a dollar for ice cream?

Dad: No, I think you should work for that dollar. That way, the ice cream will taste even sweeter!

Suzy: OK. Maybe I could... sell lemonade?

Dad: Lemonade? I was going to say white slavery, but no, your idea's good too.

Suzy: White slavery?

Dad: Yeah... lemonade works.



TECHNIQUE #6

Puncture their cheery worldview with shards of your broken dreams.

Mom: And then they returned to the castle and lived happily ever after.

Timmy: And then what?

Mom: And then the princess made off with the prince's stereo, which she traded for some maaagical fairy dust.

Timmy: I don't get it.

Mom: You know the princess spent six months upstate after that? Six months.

Timmy: ...

Mom: Well, mommy's going to go and pick up her medicine at the 24-hour pharmacy.

The 1944 Olympics

by Kevin Deenihan

DANFORTH: Welcome to the 1944 Olympics! We're coming to you live from the Olympics that no one thought would ever happen. While most of the World's more impressive athletes are currently vaulting over landmines, kayaking past enemy positions, and Greco-Roman wrestling Fascism, we've managed to bring together the best of the rest.

CLARK: That's right, Danforth. We'll never know where the idea of a worldwide battle for the glory of country got started, but it hasn't stopped the Olympics.

DANFORTH: Well-said, Clark. And now the athletes are marching into the arena under their flags. The Americans, British, and Canadians are storming the field.

CLARK: Interesting fact, Danforth: in fifty years no one in America will remember that the Canadians were involved, despite the vital role they played in defending the left flank.

DANFORTH: Of the athletes.

CLARK: Of the athletes, right.

DANFORTH: Now the Germans are entering the field. Oh, and the first bit of drama has erupted as the Polish team members have slipped away from the Germans and united under their own flag! They're cheering and... oh... looks like the Russian team has just absorbed them.

CLARK: Definitely a moment to remember. Bringing up the rear is the Israeli team, marching proudly into the stands where they'll be for the next four years until they get their own country.

DANFORTH: Coming up is our first event, the 400 meter relay. They're lining up... and they're off. It's the German team with an early lead, followed by the Italians on a leash, and the British team badly trailing

despite the Americans giving PowerBars to them. The Americans are trying to stick to the outside but OHHHHHH... the Japanese have come out from nowhere and clotheslined them!

CLARK: The Japanese were pretty clearly on the move. You have to wonder if the American coach saw that one coming, Danforth.

DANFORTH: Well, it's really motivated the Americans, as they're moving up to first.. neck and neck with the Germans... and the Russian team is a steady third despite having only one leg between them and wearing turnips for shoes... we're approaching the finish line... it's going to be close.. and YES! THE COSTA RICAN TEAM HAS COME OUT OF NOWHERE TO WIN!

CLARK: That really reminds you that this is a contest of individual athletes, and not an elaborate metaphor for world events.

DANFORTH: Next up is the 200 meter dash. It's Jesse Owens versus yet another batch of big blonde Aryan guys.... and Owens has utterly left them in the dust.

CLARK: Having already made his point about racial stereotypes in the 1936 Olympics, it's hard to deny that Owens is just rubbing it in at this point.

DANFORTH: That's it for today. Come back tomorrow for men's gymnastics, which will be performed by women for the duration of the war.

CLARK: I'm sure they're looking forward to baking pot roasts again instead of baking powerful symbols for women's empowerment, eh Danforth?

DANFORTH: You've got that right Clark. See you tomorrow, world!

Top Eleven Lethal Mixed Drinks

11. Rum and Choke
10. Smirnoff Ice Pick in the Heart
9. Unprotected Sex on the Beach
8. Drive-by Shooter
7. Manhattan Project
6. White Russian Roulette
5. Shirley Temple (see her career)
4. Three Mile Island Iced Tea
3. Schnapps Your Neck
2. Anything from Pike
1. Margarita: the Tijuana Hooker with AIDS

Top Ten Ways Golf is Like Sex

10. Lots of clubs involved
9. Both introduced to you by your creepy Uncle Eric
8. Alice Cooper has sponsored tournaments in both
7. If sand is involved, you're doing something wrong
6. Really unusual to hit the hole in one try
5. Both were invented by the Scottish
4. First time uncomfortable, takes too long
3. The fewer poor people involved, the better
2. Gophers make it more interesting
1. Hard to find a foursome, but if you do, it's really worth it

Top Ten Other Obstacles Like the Glass Ceiling

10. Sticky Floor
9. Broken Elevator
8. Hard to Walk in Heels
7. Out-of-Fuel Jet Pack
6. Greasy Wall
5. Giant Rotating Fan Blade
4. Chutes & Ladders... but mostly just chutes
3. Unwillingness to Get Feet Wet... with semen
2. Unwillingness to Put Nose to the Grindstone... of semen
1. Men More Capable

Top Five Soft Drink Sponsored Pickup Lines

5. Are you in pain? Because it must have hurt to fall from heaven... which is where they make Mr. Pibb.
4. Your sex appeal is like the New Coke: it will never go away.
3. You've got me so hot that I've got to call a doctor. And that doctor is Dr. Pepper... which tastes good.
2. Damn girl, you got value. Just like Safeway Select cola.
1. Hey, can I mug your jugs while we enjoy jugs of Mug?

THE SEVERAL LOST DIARIES OF KAISER WILHELM II: KING OF PRUSSIA AND EMPEROR OF THE FEDERATED GERMAN STATES

Translated by David Duman



JANUARY 19, 1871

Grandpa Wilhelm was crowned Emperor yesterday. I've spent the last fourteen hours crossing "Prussia" off his royal letterhead and replacing it with "Germany." He told me it builds character. Unified German character.

NOVEMBER 18, 1890

After firing Chancellor Bismarck, I went through his desk. He left behind some pretty cool stuff: the parts of Germany still unaccounted for, a jar full of Napoleon III's tears, several large pheasants, and a five-page pamphlet on how to beat France.

DECEMBER 18, 1895

I was chastised by my cabinet today for not setting a strong enough example of German virtue for my people, so today I've vowed to cease defecating.

MARCH 15, 1897

Argued over telegram today with my cousin-grandmother Victoria as to who was more anemic. Turns out it's me. As a result, my doctor has me eating ten nails a day.

JANUARY 1, 1900

Fired my "Commission on the Y1.9K Mechanical Counting-Machine Bug" after their predictions that dirigible-balloons would fall out of the sky and millions would spontaneously die of consumption upon the Turn of the Century proved false.

JUNE 28, 1914

Well I've finally done it this time. You make one drunken promise of mutual military defense to the emperor of Austria-Hungary and it blows up in your face. Or it blows up Archduke Franz Ferdinand's face. Oh snap!

AUGUST 22, 1915

Thank God the Jews are funding the Great War. In exchange, I've promised them Germany's undying gratitude. Hopefully, I won't be forced to abdicate by victorious Allied Powers. Not that that's going to happen or anything. Just sayin'.

JANUARY 16, 1917

Ordered Foreign Secretary Zimmerman to send a telegram to the Mexican head of state asking him for his killer menudo recipe. I do hope Zimmerman got the updated Imperial Army codebook.

NOVEMBER 9, 1918

Little do they know, the Netherlands have a lower tax rate anyway. Score one for Wilhelm!

NOVEMBER 11, 1918

Not much happened today. Nope, not a thing

JULY 11, 1933

Wrote a missive to Chancellor Hitler today:

"Dear Adolf-

I've come to understand your desires to restore the monarchy. I would just like to assure you that I've kept the Hohenzollern family jewels and regalia well maintained. Each morning I rise at 5:00 and polish the Crown of Brandenburg. The next seven hours are spent standing in front of a mirror dressed in the Imperial Robes and sobbing gently. I then break for tea and take my anemia medication. I then resume sobbing until Amos 'n' Andy comes on the radio.

*Yours sincerely,
Wilhelm"*

JULY 1, 1934

Turns out I was way off on the whole "restore the monarchy thing." Hitler actually meant "seize total control of Germany and murder all political opposition." Exiled to the Netherlands? More like protected from that nut job wacko in the Netherlands. Score two for Wilhelm!

JUNE 4, 1941

Today I plan to die quietly in my sleep.

STOP QUOTING DAVE CHAPPELLE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO LIL JON IS.

By Matt Loker

Oh, that's hilarious! You really are Rick James, bitch. What? OKAY! Nothing irks me more than people who refer to the "Little John" sketch. First of all, he's LIL JON, not Little John. Little John was one of Robin Hood's Merry Men. Lil Jon is a dirrrty southern rapper who likes to get crunked. Other differences of note:

Little John first became friends with Robin Hood, says the legend, when Robin tried to cross a bridge and was challenged by John to a battle of quarterstaves. Lil Jon once said "All skeet skeet motherfuckers. All skeet skeet god damn."

According to folklore, Little John was famous for being seven feet tall. Lil Jon often feels seven feet tall when he's high on PCP.

Little John was buried at Hathersage in Derbyshire, England. Lil Jon doesn't know where England is located, how to spell it, or what a map is.

Just as Eskimos have 30 different words for snow, Lil Jon knows many more synonyms for "vagina" and "intoxicated" than Little John.

Little John is written of as being a skilled player of the lute, a stringed medieval musical instrument. Lil Jon's songs often feature whistles, which are musical instruments in the same way that a crying baby is a musical instrument.

Little John, along with Robin of Loxley and his merry band, carried the hopes of the blighted rural peasantry of England upon their noble shoulders. Lil Jon makes songs about banging strippers.

Little John's secretary was named Kennedy, and Lil Jon's secretary was named Lincoln. Weird, huh?



Moving Out of Your Apartment?

Rent Stabilization Board

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- Turn in your keys on your last day. Rent may be deducted from your deposit for each day you retain the keys.
- Give the landlord your forwarding address where your deposit can be sent.
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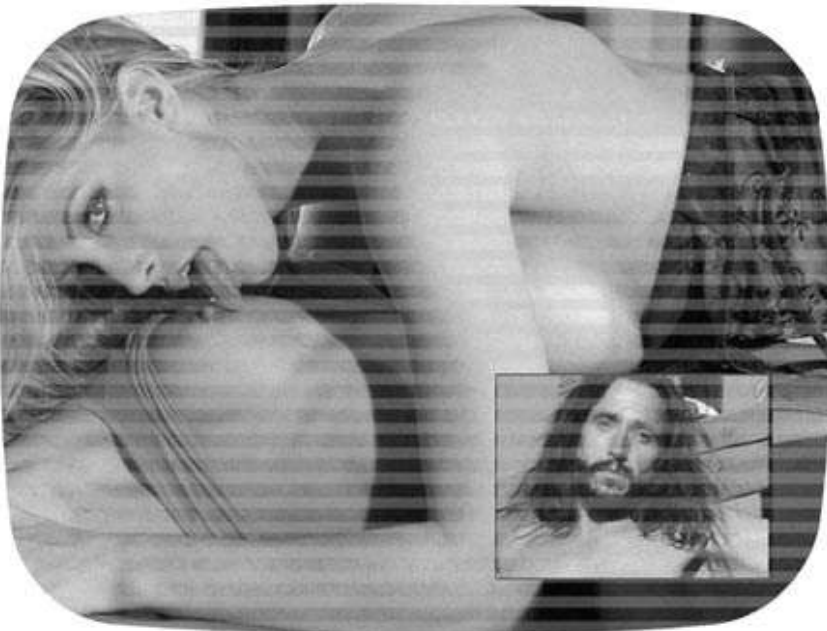
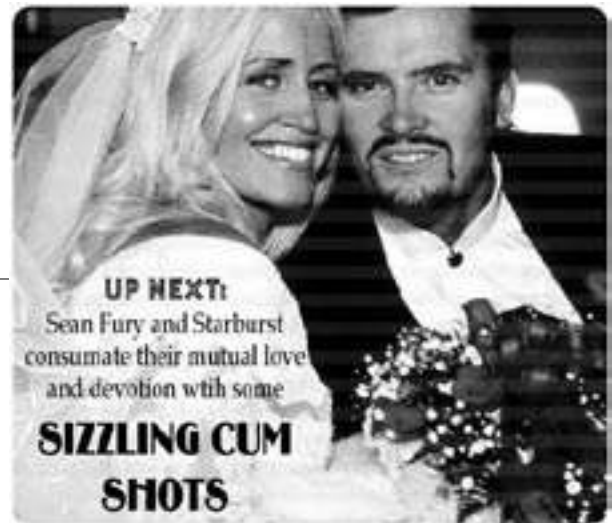
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John Ashcroft's Pornography Crackdown: The Aftermath



Every Sex Scene Preceded by a Wedding

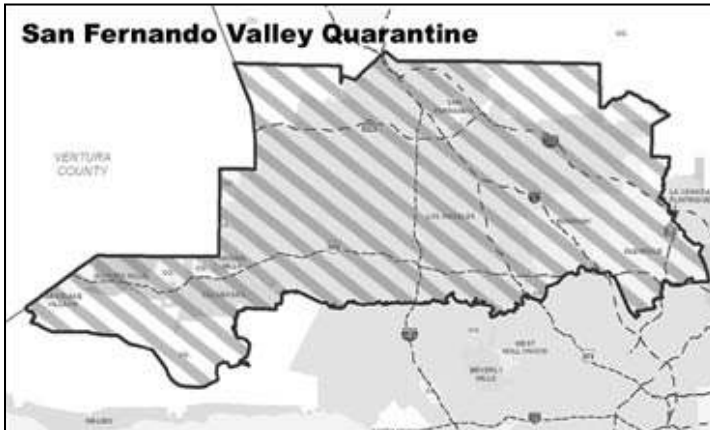
As per a Justice Department mandate, every adult film now must depict the on-screen wedding of each couple that will subsequently be getting it on. This is to reaffirm the American values that anything goes, so long as you're married. Remember the age-old aphorism: "Don't Touch His Thing 'Til He Gives You A Ring."



The Frowning Jesus

To prevent further restrictions, the adult film industry has adopted a voluntary standard of including a picture-in-picture of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ frowning in the corner of every scene depicting hardcore sex acts. So go ahead and enjoy your six-way all-male orgy or lesbian face-sitting, but remember that Jesus isn't mad... just very disappointed in you.

In a long anticipated move to extricate the unbearable burden of vestigial freedoms from the general public, John Ashcroft recently launched a crusade against the pornography industry. Since then, many steps have been taken towards irradiating the unending stream of vile filth poisoning our society through the various forms of electronic reality available today. The Squelch has compiled the most prominent changes scheduled to hit the industry in the coming months. Please, do not masturbate to the erotic photo.



San Fernando Valley Cordoned Off

With eight porn studios per city block, the San Fernando Valley produces a whopping 99.7% of America's hardcore pornography. The quarantine zone will consist of 680 miles of razor wire tipped chain link fences, 400 miles of open ditches, and 450 thirty-foot-high watch towers, each manned by machine gun-toting ATF agents. All porn stars will be held in futuristic labor camps, where ironically they have little sex due to malnourishment. Should one try to escape, the ankle tracking collar will activate and their head will explode. And not in that money shot way.

Porn Directors Detained at Camp XXX-Ray

In a further attempt to curtail the production of smut, Ashcroft has ordered the creation of an internment-camp complex in Inyo County where adult film auteurs would be deported and detained indefinitely. All their assets will be liquidated and their porn starlets sent to Cosmetology School for reeducation.



Justice Department Revises All Internet Search Engines

Have you ever searched for "teenage girls" on Google? If you had, then you'd know that very few of the pages found pertain to kittens, cute boys, or Gilmore Girls fan pages. It's more along the lines of hardcore slut fucking. Thanks to the DOJ, anyone who searches for a variety of sex-related terms will be redirected to informative diagrams of the reproductive system (illustrated), courtesy of the Encyclopedia Britannica website.



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Adventures in Laundry:

Quarters, Detergent, and Crazies—The True Story

by Laura Seiden

On a lonely and mildly pathetic Saturday in Berkeley, I decided to embark on a mini-adventure to the local laundromat. The following is a true recounting of my experience that night, a tale that I offer with a warning label: “do not insert into ear canal.” In other words, “Beware the laundromat at night. Only the strong survive.”

8 P.M. Armed with my unwieldy pink hamper, a box of powder detergent, quarters, and reading materials, I enter the laundromat. I successfully load the clothes and send them on their way to the Land of Undirty. I sit down on one of a dozen empty benches and begin reading.

8:12 P.M. Homeless man on crazy drugs staggers into the laundromat and, despite the fact that there are at least ten empty benches in the place, plants himself as close to me as humanly possible. He proceeds to turn and stare at me. For no apparent reason, he begins laughing uncontrollably. I become slightly uncomfortable. And slightly offended.

8:13 P.M. Not amused, I opt to get away from Mr. Chuckles and proceed to stand next to the washing machine for the remainder of the wash.

8:20 P.M. I move clothes to the dryer. Woman with dreadlocks next to me blows her nose into a t-shirt she just washed. I stifle gag reflex.

8:25 P.M. I watch the laundromat worker pull a huge wad of lint out of a massive lint trap. I consider the possibility of a sweater made of lint. Assuming that such a sweater would be possible to produce, I contemplate the fate of said sweater if washed and then placed into a dryer.

8:45 P.M. Aforementioned worker decides to mop the floor with sewage water. But only in front of the dryer I’m using. But, of course.



9:00 P.M. Clothes dry. En route from the dryer to my laundry hamper, socks and underwear fall in sewage water.

9:15 P.M. I arrive home, only to discover that my detergent has spilled all over my clothes and the inside of my trunk. I frantically shake every article of clothing to remove the white powder. I proceed to get detergent all over the floor of the apartment parking lot.

9:30 P.M. I roll up my jeans and carry water in a mixing bowl down to the parking lot so that I can clean the floor. I spill water all over my shirt. Still trying to de-powderize the trunk of my car, I lift up the flap of material that covers the spare tire in my trunk. Detergent flies from the trunk into my face and my mouth. I foam at the mouth.

9:45 P.M. I return to my apartment, disheartened and flustered. With my sudsy mouth, wet shirt, and rolled pants, I look like a rabid, lactating pirate.

The outcome: my clothes are not as clean as I would like them to be, my “clean” underwear feel like a bathing suit after a day at the beach when the sand rides up your buttcrack, and I have lost all dignity. The moral: do your laundry during the day, use liquid detergent, and eat your vegetables. That’s all I ask of you.

Road Trip to Hades

By Simon Ganz

For spring break, my roommate spent a week in Cancun. My best friend went to Cabo. My dog Max just stayed home, but at least he can fellate himself regularly. Alas, I'm not so lucky. I went to Hades. That's right, the fucking land of the fucking dead. I meant to go to San Diego, but Southwest was running a deal.

Crossing the River Styx

Everyone knows that you need Charon the Ferryman of the Dead to get you into Hades. What I didn't know was that he had no sense of humor.

Me: So, how much?

Charon: One silver coin. No Susan B. Anthonys allowed.

Me: Oh. [*pays him*] Oh hey, Charon?

Charon: Yes?

Me: Aren't you going to say "domo arigato."

Charon: If it weren't for the fact that it'd mean I'd just have to talk to you again, I really would fucking kill you.

Tartarus

My first stop on my trip through Hades was Tartarus, that place reserved for the lowest of the low. With this reputation in mind, I was surprised to enter it and find Hitler and Johnny-Five, America's favorite 80's robot, playing a rousing game of miniature golf.

Me: Hey, what are you doing playing miniature golf in Hades?

Hitler: I am working for Herr Goldfarb, fishing balls out of the fake moat.

Me: Yeah, but what sort of punishment is that for you? You killed millions!

Hitler: The moat, it is pretty cold.

Johnny-Five: Johnny-Five putts...FOR THE WIN!

Me: Don't you know how annoying and stupid it is to refer to yourself in the third-person? No wonder you're in hell.

Johnny-Five: The colorful miniature windmill blades! They spin so fast that it's impossible for Johnny-Five to make par.

Me: [*Dramatic Pause*] This truly is Hell!

The Elysian Fields, Eternal Home of History's Greatest

The lustrous and majestic Elysian Fields stretched out in front of me for miles, blanketed with enough AstroTurf to content even the greatest warriors and athletes of all time.

Me: Wow! Lou Gehrig! Is it true that you had 184 RBIs in a single year?

Lou Gehrig: [*Drooling and lying on the ground.*] Harumph bluh. Grrr.

Me: Really? DiMaggio was gay too? But he had so many women!

Lou Gehrig: [*Soils self.*]

Hades, Home of Hades

After poking Lou with a stick for a while, I descended further and got to meet the main man himself.

Lord Hades: Tremble, puny mortal, for you are in the presence of the all-powerful Lord of the Underworld!

Me: That's cool. So...how are letters to you addressed?

Hades: What?

Me: I mean, your name is Hades, and your address is Hades, so do people write "Hades Hades" on the envelopes?

Hades: We use a PO Box.

Me: Oh.

The 5.1st Circle of Hell

I know I was in Hades, but I took the wrong train and ended up in Dante's Judeo-Christian conception of Hell. Here's what happened:

Me: What's the difference between the 5.1st Circle of Hell and the 5.2nd?

Bureaucratic Demon: The differences are many and complex: The 5.1st Circle of Hell uses a progressive income tax system, while the 5.2nd uses a flat-tax. 5.1 has better wheelchair access, but 5.2 is closer to the theater district.

Me: Yeah, but who cares about wheelchair access in--

Babe Ruth: Who wants to go get some whores? If the brothel's got a wheelchair ramp maybe we can even get one for Gehrig.



Anthropological Evolution of a Screen Name

by Ben Narodick

Throughout the history of my life, my Internet habits have changed, and as such, so has my screen name. I've seen some crazy ones out there, though I can't say that mine haven't been bad either. Here's a brief history of my various assumed Internet aliases.

BenFV: (1993 - September 1998) Why would I have this simple, non-sensical name? Even eight-year olds have more originality than this. Well, I didn't pick it, and I didn't like it. It's too plain and no fun. My dad picked it for me. In fact, everyone in my whole family had the same one. It was (name)FV. FV, of course, stood for Fountain Valley, my hometown. So, there we were, so cute, with the choreographed names like some cute little picture perfect family.

CuriousG111: (September 1998 – October 1998) As soon as I figured out how to make new screen names I picked this one. It made sense to me because I was a big Curious George fan. Somehow, though, this screen name attracted the wrong type of attention. Although I did receive some pretty cool gifts from my newly-discovered “uncles.”


4StarGeneral: (October 1998 – May 2001) Then, there was the computer-gaming phase. So, I took a term from my favorite game, Axis & Allies, and came up with this. This screen name took me through my Starcraft playing days, the depression of middle school, and the lowest lows of puberty. And, since this involves the Internet, I'm sure you all know what that means: cybersex with overwhelmingly disgusting people.

M1st3r l33t: (May 2001 – June 2002) The general name was getting too childish, especially around the rapidly evolving cybersex arena. I had to change with the times. I went from childish, albeit high-ranking, to smooth and fluent in l33t. Yeah, I pwned.

XxX_f*Ckauth*rity_XxX: (June 2002 – September 2003) Then, I went from the computer phase to the rebellious high school student phase. Oh yeah, I was a punk, you could tell from all the Xs in my screen name. Rock on! Fight the power! Slam Poetry! AP English! And have cybersex with other punks on the Internet!

BenUCB: (September 2003 – present) Finally, I arrived at UC Berkeley, and decided my name was just a little too “high school”. So, I picked my name, and put it in front of the place where I am living. I really like the new name. It's pleasantly simple, with some controlled originality. All the people I'm cybering with seem to like it. I just tell them it stands for BenUnCircumsizedBoner.

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Hobbit Losers

Aaron Brownstein

We all know the tale of the valiant hobbit Frodo, who saved all of Middle Earth by destroying the One Ring of Power. There were, however, many other hobbits who were not chosen to be the ring-bearer. This was a good decision. Here is why.

Name: Hobo

Problem: Homelessness

GANDALF: Hurry Hobo, the Ringwraiths are coming! You must leave the Shire at once! Take the ring and go to the town of Bree. I will meet you there.

HOBBO: Ring? Man, I done traded it to some darkies for these woolly mittens.

GANDALF: [*Despairingly.*] Then all is lost.

Name: Chôdo

Problem: Penis is shorter than it is wide

ELROND: The purpose of this council is to choose a ring-bearer who will carry the One Ring of Power into Mordor and destroy it in the fires of Mount Doom. What man among us is courageous enough to bear this heavy burden, which will most likely claim his life and the lives of everyone he loves?

CHÔDO: My wiener looks like the top of a muffin.

Name: Rainbo

Problem: Slightly "odd."

GANDALF: [*Bursting in.*] The ring! Is it safe?! Is it secrete—say, are those vinyl chaps?

Name: Hippo

Problem: Hunger

SAM: We're almost at Mount Doom, Mister Hippo.

[*A Nazgûl flies overhead.*]

NAZGÛL: Curses! I've just dropped all of Sauron's Amazingly Evil Small White Plastic Balls of Doom. Whatever shall I do?

[*Balls begin falling near Hippo and Sam.*]

HIPPO: Don't worry Sam! I will lie down on the ground, remove the lower half of my jaw, and have a child between the ages of three and six jam his hand repeatedly into the small of my back so that I can consume more of these little white balls than anyone else . . . although it means my doom.

SAM: [*Tearfully.*] From Milton Bradley.

Name: Shlomo

Problem: He's a fucking Jew

SHLOMO: Sam, I'm so hungry. What do we have to eat?

SAM: Well, we have lembas bread. Lots and lots of lembas bread. Flat, tasteless lembas bread.

SHLOMO: God I hate Passover.



The Ultimate Guide To Cal—All the Rules You'll Ever Need Here

By Dan Freedman

2004 is here, and my graduation is near. As I look back at my four fantastical years here at Cal, I think about all the important li'l bits of knowledge I've picked up that served me so well in my last couple of years. So, as a service to all of you who still have years to come, here're some gems that will help y'all in the future.

DON'T TELL ANYONE YOUR BEARFACTS PASSWORD! If you do people might look at your grades. Don't even think about losing your Telebears pin number, cause I'll clear out your bank account and steal your girlfriend.

Buy multiple Cal-related hooded sweatshirts. You want to fit in, don't you? Why bother getting "dressed up" for class when you can just "get up" for class. Nobody will know you slept in that same outfit.

Do not throw parties in your dorm room; all your shit will get fucked up. Throw them in your hallways instead. Just remember: the garbage chute is not a toy.

Accept suspicious drinks from strange dudes at frat parties, and then quickly bring them to me for consumption. *Mystery drinks are my favorite.*

Get your class pass. Why walk around Telegraph with all the homeless and beggars when you can drive around with them in close quarters.

Become a poli sci major. Feel important but remain unemployed.

Bring a blue book to your finals. Without it, you'll have to "break glass in case of emergency." (Like the idiot who pulled the fire alarm for a fucking Nutri-Sci 10 midterm last year, you motherfucking dumb shit. I could have passed that midterm with my eyes gouged out.)

You will not "find yourself," Although you may find me, naked on the 3rd floor of Eshleman.

You will at first like the Squelch, then turn bitter with old age and complain that it was better when you were a freshman.

Fill bottle with two parts vodka, one part orange juice, and one part Sprite. Conceal near genitals and proceed to Cal football game.

Pre-heat oven to 350 degrees, mix pot and butter in a bowl and fold in brownie mix. Place good times into oven.

If you're an Asian, prepare to be called a racist. If you're black, prepare to be called a racist. If you're white, you're probably already prepared.

maybe not now...

... but someday you may want to have a child.

imagine if you couldn't.

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Top Ten Signs You're in a Bad Ninja School

10. Large class size
9. They're busing in minority ninjas from other districts
8. School colors are hot pink and fluorescent yellow
7. Classes mostly involve watching *The Karate Kid* on Laserdisc
6. Mascot = goose with penis stuck in a mousetrap
5. Other ninja schools consider you a ninja party school
4. Professor of Stealth: Jimmy Cymbal-Shoes
3. Chuck Norris gives commencement speech EVERY YEAR
2. Teachers predominantly Dutch
1. Newsweek ranked it #153 based on AP "Silently Assassinating Lord Toranaga of the Ponzu Province" Scores

Top Ten Things That Would Be Different if Jesus Had Never Been Born

10. Wise Men just kept walking
9. Bush never quit drinkin'
8. Before orgasm, people scream, "Oh Carl!"
7. The Pope just looks really silly
6. If you're Jewish, not a whole lot
5. WWJD commonly understood as "Who Wants Jack Daniels?"; provides little moral direction
4. It's just "The Testament" now
3. Science gets a tally in the "win" column
2. Really confusing as to who Gandalf symbolizes
1. Good Friday just Casual Friday

Top Ten Tobacco Products Marketed Toward Children

10. Caramelboro
9. Virjunior Slim-mints
8. Skoal-Aid
7. Merit Badges
6. Lucky Strike n' Ikes
5. Uncle Colonel's Old Timey Smooth Carolina Tobaffy: the Tobacco-Taffy
4. Kohibaz 4 Kidz
3. Mr. Goodbarliament
2. Good n' Plenty n' Benson n' Hedges
1. Licorice Ropenhagen

Top Five Pornographic Birds

5. Black-and-larger-than-average-bird
4. Uncircumcised Cockatoo
3. Barely Legal Fledglings
2. Cummingbird
1. Totally Shaved Eagle

SUICIDE DOG!

THE DOG THAT WANTS TO DIE

BY KEVIN DEENIRNON



Something tells me my dog wants to kill himself. Recently his behavior has been getting worse and worse.

I got home one day and he had slit his doggie wrists. "Bad dog!" I yelled at him. "It's down the road, not across the street." Then I bandaged his wrists, but not before rubbing his nose in the pool he left on the couch. Luckily, it's a red couch. I guess I should be pretty impressed that he found any wrists at all, him being a dog.

Another time I caught him on the 10th floor of Evans, weakly pawing at the new Plexiglass barriers. I would've let him out, but he'd been outside all night, barking at the edge of the Golden Gate bridge.

He also likes to bury things. Stuff like his inhaler. I once caught him burying his Cure albums, which is strange because he listens to them all the time.

Just yesterday he was chewing on a bottle of aspirin when I came back. It was a childproof bottle so he never really had a chance at it. It's even more pathetic when he tries to turn the oven on.

I caught him going out at night and having unprotected humping with all sorts of beagles. That's not really suicidal, I guess, because there is no Doggie AIDS or anything, but it's a sure sign of low self-esteem.

I've also been finding a lot of really bad doggy poetry all over the place. "Arf arf... arf arf? Woof woof arf bark bark." I know it sounds really cute to you and me but I'll bet it means "Here is the knife that'll end my life" in dog.

He never communicates with me anymore. He doesn't want to chase a ball or roll around on the grass. All he ever does is sit in his Dogloo updating his LiveJournal under his user name "Canis Doloris."

There's another sign, too. Playing fetch shouldn't involve that many highway crossings.

Finally, he's really begun hanging out with youngsters I don't like, especially that Harrison boy down the street. His parents just bought him a yellow Trans-Am and he's been nothing but a little hellraiser ever since.



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Disneyland: The **Deadliest** Place on Earth

Guy Falls Off Tom Sawyer Raft and Dies

Chances are, if you fall off a slow-moving simulated raft ride into a shallow mock river and die, you just weren't meant to be here in the first place. The "river" that this human pinnacle drowned in was what, maybe four feet deep? That's a goddamn Koi pond. One can only wonder how this guy took a bath or rode an escalator without meeting any of several humiliating and hilarious demises. Or maybe this:

Commissioner: So Chief, what's the official cause of death?

Chief of Police: Well, the subject was riding his safety tricycle down a hill when he forgot how to pedal.

Commissioner: Right.

Chief: So he crashes right into this large pile of soft, goose-down pillows. And then dies.

Commissioner: But how—

Chief: He tried to see how many pillows he could fit into his mouth at once.

Commissioner: ...

Chief: It was one.

Bee Infestation of Honey Popcorn Stand

You just paid four-fifty to shut your kids the hell up and instead you get a mouthful of insects pissed off that you're trying to eat them. Life couldn't get much worse than that unless you also bought the Disney electric crotch-warmer that was actually an angry bear. Still, putting bees in people's pieholes is better than Disney's first idea: Mexican candy. Tamarindo my ass. That stuff tastes like bees fighting each other with futuristic laser kill rays, all in the battle-death-dome that is your mouth.

Michael Eisner

As CEO, Mr. Eisner has overseen some of the most successful Disney films of all time: let's see, there's *Atlantis*, and *Mulan*, and... uh... *Brother Bear*. It's even rumored that the next film Eisner has greenlighted is called *Forty Straight Minutes of A Guy Shitting Into His Own Hat*. At least it'll make more than *Treasure Planet*.

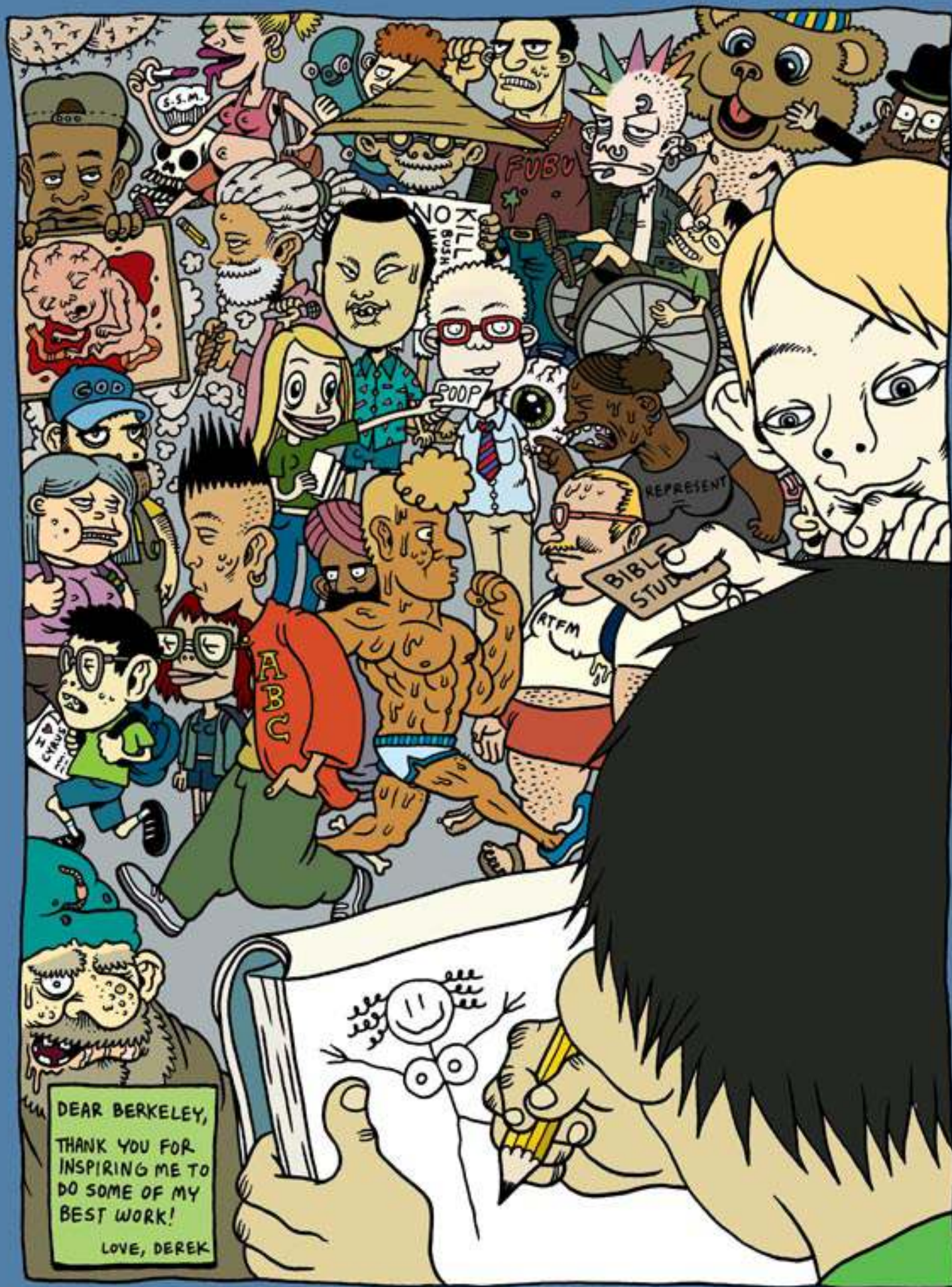
Guy Climbs Out of Splash Mountain and Dies

Most things in life don't come with warning labels. No one ever told me not to have sex with powerlines, but through the magic of my brain, I somehow know it's a bad idea. But what about the times that someone *repeatedly* warns you *not* to do something? How come someone always does it? When you get on Splash Mountain, they tell you many times *not to get out of the ride*. Did this guy think that was a dare? Someone should have dared his pregnant mother *not* to jump down a flight of stairs. Regardless, he climbed out of the ride halfway through and was hit by a log flume. The coroner's report read as follows: "HAHA HAHA HAHA DUMBASS HAHHA. WAY TO SUCK AT LIVING."

Tigger Molestation

As much as human instinct tells you to trust costumed seven-foot tall cartoon characters portrayed by ex-felons, don't. Apparently, people wearing masks *commit crimes*. Recently, a 13 year-old and her mother were fondled by a man in a Tigger costume. Way to break the law, retard. You're bright orange and horizontally striped. Yeah, who's gonna notice a giant traffic cone getting away? You're like a ninja made of mist, you are. You can hear it now: "The wonderful thing about Tiggers is that I'm the only one... in jail."

MAL & LRS



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