

the heuristic

# squelch

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FASHIONABLE SINCE 1991

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**This Month's Cover:**

Yeah, they look alright now, but just wait a week. Once Mario gets bitch-slapped twice by local pimp Macktastic P. Dazzle due to a misunderstanding of the term "fireballing," he'll end up just another member of Berkeley's famous indigent midget population. When his heart is full of love, however, he's nine feet tall. When his heart is full of love. Love and mushrooms. Also whippets.

Rest in peace, Rick James. You know he went to prison for two years? Yeah, he tied a girl to a chair and burned her with a hot crack pipe. The funny part (well, one of many) about that scenario is that no explanation was needed. Motive? Crack pipe! "Lieutenant, I just don't know why he did it. I mean, a hot crack pipe and something really stupid. I just don't see the connection." I have no idea why anyone would ever get in a situation where they could get tied up by Rick James and get burned with a hot crack pipe in the first place. How did that conversation go: "Hey baby, wanna come back to my place?" "Okay, but you're not gonna tie me up and burn me with a hot crack pipe, are you?" "Uh... naw baby!" "You're that guy from tv, right? Mumbles: "Yeah, but you're gonna be the bitch tonight when I burn you with a hot crack pipe." "What?" "I said I've got an itch tonight to burn you with a hot crack pipe." "Oh. Okay."

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

# Being Smart Is Easy

Stupid people always complain about how hard it is to discover something or invent something or remember what time *Gilmore Girls* is on. And smart people, I'm told, watch PBS and listen to NPR. If they were so smart, they'd like things cool enough to have more than three letters. Like pot.

Now I'm not a smart man, but I'm not dumb either. I'm a fucking genius. It's hard to explain in words exactly how smart I am without spelling those words entirely with tiny equations and graduation caps. You know how Einstein was so smart that he couldn't figure out something as simpleminded as his grocery bill? Yeah, well I'm so smart that I sometimes *forget how to wear pants* (State of California v. Matt Loker, Docket #40560-2).

And like Einstein, I have a lot of hair. I also invent things. What's his greatest invention?  $E = MC^2$ ? That's not an invention, that's just a word. And a shitty word at that. It doesn't even have "e-xual" in it. He also postulated light quanta, which isn't nearly as comprehensive as my explanation of the photoelectric effect: a snowboarding midget with a sign strapped to his helmet that says "learning." Score another Nobel Prize for Berkeley. Also, I'm alive and Albert's not. Couldn't invent a cure for DEAD, could ya?

Since I've just used a rigorous scientific method to prove that I'm better than Einstein, let us now laud some of my inventions and theories.

**The Theory of Making Any Movie Great:** I know this seems simple now, but mind you it was first proposed in 1999, when scientists thought that a great script was the key to a great movie. *Fools*. All you need is a combination of the following things: bikini carwashes, fast cars (possibly talking), Bill Murray, people getting hit in the groin, attendant groin-bonking sound effects, and Jennifer Connelly. Man, she's so hot she makes the sun want to beat off. Oh yeah, and you need monkeys. Lots of monkeys. Did I just write the greatest movie ever? The answer is *yes I did*.

**The Machine that Gives Me Harvey Weinstein's phone number:** I have to pitch him this script I wrote called "Requiem for a Chimp."

**The Theory of Anti-Knowledge:** You know how some things are really stupid? No, I'm not talking about kids with extra chromosomes. I'm talking about how some things are so stupid that once you hear them you actually forget shit you used to know. Well that's what I have termed "anti-knowledge." For example, listening to Bill O'Reilly talk about the state of rap music will cause you to not remember where your car keys are. If you were to watch a Michael Bay movie for ten minutes, then *boom*, there goes long division. And say you're driving in your car, and you have one of those LCD flip-down screens. You turn it on and watch WWE Monday Night Slam! wrestling. You know what happens then? You forget how to drive, soil your pants, and crash into a laboratory filled with cancer researchers. Wrestling takes *that much* intelligence out of the world.

So in conclusion, welcome to a new school year, and more importantly, a new year of the *Squelch*. Stop by our meetings some time and say hi. Look for me. I'll be the one either proving a complex mathematical theorem or making cock jokes.

-Matt Loker



*Shalom! It's a Bar Mitzvah!*

*Please join us as the Squelch turns 13 and ascends into manhood.*

**Tuesday, Sept. 21, 8pm**  
**Blake's on Telegraph**  
**DJ, Dancing, Hilarity**  
**18+, College ID**

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# newsflashes

## President Killed by Useless Jigaboos

by Aaron Brownstein, Still Hasn't Found 'Em

In what is clearly the most important and shocking news event of the modern age, reporter Aaron Brownstein used an eye-catching, inflammatory headline to draw readers to this article, in which he tells you that he lost his keys last night. Call me if you find them.

## New Cola Remedies Human Condition

by Mark Thomas, Future Cocaine Addict

The lasting despair and bittersweet pain that have plagued humankind since its inception have finally been obliterated by the advent of Coca-Cola's newest beverage, C2™, according to spokesman Ken Harper. "With only half the calories of Coca-Cola Classic,

C2 has finally halted the dark and dismal downward spiral of the human spirit and thusly achieved a long-standing goal of the Coca-Cola Corporation," said Harper.

According to commercials for the product, C2 paves the way for a previously unattainable state of nirvanic bliss by enabling consumers to come to terms with all personal faults, shortcomings, and unhappiness in general. "I was stuck in a dead-end job," said C2 enthusiast Maria Digby, "but then I drank C2 and it was if all the emotional and spiritual freedom of my youth came rushing back into me!" Digby, a recovering teenage cocaine addict, then broke a window with her face. "I can see happiness!" yelled Digby.

"We have big plans for C2," said Harper at a later press conference. He went on to confirm the previously publicized rumors that Coca-Cola has finally intended to clean up its reputation with Bushmen of the African plains. "They're an unhappy people," noted Harper.

## Man Successfully Programs VCR

by Aaron Brownstein, Mildly Competent

Home Depot assistant manager Steven Tepper called a press conference yesterday to announce that he had succeeded in programming his VCR to display the correct time instead of blinking "12:00" over and over.

When told by reporters that VCRs have been around for twenty years now, and that by this point anyone who doesn't know how to program them should be legally restrained from members of the opposite sex on the off chance that they might manage to copulate and injure society at large by creating offspring who are as retarded as they are, and that any one of the assembled members of the international press could bitch-slap him without spilling his or her beer, Mr. Tepper asked, "What kind of beer?" and was promptly bitch-slapped by CNN's Paula Zahn, whose King Cobra remained daintily in its 24-ounce can.

### WHAT'S HAPPENING IN SEPTEMBER @

[www.blakesontelegraph.com](http://www.blakesontelegraph.com)

## Blakes

ON TELEGRAPH

### FISHBONE



9/11 with  
**AUDIO AGENCY**



Film - Art - Music

### THRIVING IVORY

3 floors  
3 bars



9/18 with **SCRIBE,  
BLAMMOS & REDLINE**

**EAST BAY express**  
every Wednesday  
Local art, musicians & indie film

### the KGB



9/25 with  
**DEXTER DANGER**

2367 Telegraph Ave., 848-0886  
food served  
'til midnight

## Voting Deemed “Out” by Cosmo

by Ben Narodick, *The New Green*

Voter registration groups are reeling following a declaration in the September 2004 issue of *Cosmopolitan* that the act of voting is officially out of style.

“Not only have young women stopped registering to vote in our precinct,” stated Judith Miller, a volunteer in California’s Ninth District, “but they have actually requested that our officials un-register them, and take their names off of the voter rolls. *Cosmopolitan* has single-handedly created a scenario that will produce the lowest voter turnout ever seen.”

Writers responsible for the “In and Out” column said that the inconsistencies in voting machine standards and the dreary cardboard voting booths led to the controversial announcement. Karen McNamara, a representative of the *Cosmopolitan* editorial board, justified the claim in a separate interview, stating, “If women are reading our magazines, then they probably shouldn’t be voting anyway.”

Replacing the act of voting in the “In Style” column are wide-flare jeans, which have seen a sudden resurgence in popularity.

## Report: Aaron Sorkin Always Talks That Way

by Matt Loker, *Always Writes This Way*

Friends, family and acquaintances reported yesterday that award-winning writer Aaron Sorkin always talks like that. The creator of such series as *The West Wing* and *Sports Night* has built a reputation around the witty, rapid-fire dialogue that permeates his shows.

Sorkin’s penchant for quick, semi-nonsensical locution has earned him scorn from close friends. Fellow writer John Wells said, “He once talked at me for two minutes, and during that time, he must have used the word ‘persnickety’ like twelve times. I get it. It’s a funny-sounding word. Now stop.”

Albertson’s clerk Inez Morales also

recalled a recent encounter with the television scribe. “At first, he asked me where he could find some paper, so I asked him, ‘What kind of paper?’ He said, ‘Paper paper,’ and I assumed he meant printer paper. Aisle seven. No big deal. But he kept saying things like ‘You know, *paper* paper’ and ‘Paper? Paper.’ So I told him to stop.”

Asked for comment, Sorkin repeated the word “comment” sixteen times with slightly different emphases. Several minutes later, he excitedly stated, “Why did you just punch me? You punched me. Punchy punch punch. Punch?”

## Kerry Went to Vietnam to Kill Babies

by Dan Freedman, *Funniest Thing Since SIDS*

According to a group of Vietnam veterans who claim to have served with John Kerry, Kerry’s initial motivation for joining the military was to kill defenseless babies. While none of the veterans have accused Kerry of killing any babies, most agree that they suspect that he would have if given the opportunity.

“I don’t think he ever saw any Communist babies to kill, but I think if he did, he would have stabbed them,” said one member of the group “Veterans for Truth.”

While there is no clear evidence that baby-stabbing was Kerry’s intent for going to Vietnam, the veterans are standing firm.

Said one, “He was gonna kill babies, I’m sure of it! Bush wouldn’t have. That’s all that really matters. If he becomes president, he may stab your baby!”

## Student Literally Has Mind Blown

by Rebecca C. Brown, *Socks Knocked Off*

In a stunning turn of events, Cal political science student David Lee literally had his mind blown on Friday by a live Radiohead performance that his roommate downloaded from Kazaa.

When asked whether he actually meant that his mind had only figuratively been blown, Lee responded, “No.”

## Students Rewarded for Showing Up

by Laura Seiden, *Achiever*

After much deliberation, the California Department of Education has announced that it will administer the first High School Exit Exam in 2006. If a student fails to pass the test, he or she will not receive a diploma, but will instead receive a “Certificate of Attendance,” a Datsun, two ounces of methamphetamine, and a triple beam scale. “They’re going to need it,” remarked State Secretary of Education Richard Riordan.

Through implementation of this test, the Board of Education hopes to further reward stupid, dirty students so that they can continue working at Starbucks. Students who receive the Certificate of Attendance need not worry, though, as such respected universities as DeVry and ITT Tech will still consider them for admission.

DeVry-Turlock campus administrators confirmed that they will be scheduling a Fall 2006 course entitled “Putting Your Pants On Before Your Shoes.”

Those who fail the test will also be given the option of a menial job as an assembly-line worker in a windowless factory in Bakersfield. Ironically, this factory builds nothing but machines that score standardized tests. Asked about the cosmic turn of events, factory night shift manager Josh DeSigly mused, “Want to buy some meth?”

## Michael Moore Decides to Run

by Danny Marshall, *Declining*

In a move that will certainly shake things up a bit in the upcoming presidential election, documentary filmmaker and left-wing activist Michael Moore has finally decided to go for a much-needed jog.

The incident comes as a surprise to many of the nation’s top Democrats. Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-CA) commented, “Shit, I didn’t even know Michael Moore had legs.”

Republicans such as Hell’s very own Bill O’Reilly applauded the event, hilariously noting, “It will be nice to have less of Moore.” A man in Feldspar, Ohio then laughed.

## New Chancellor Not Yet Hardened

by Simon Ganz, *Respecting the Game*

Incoming Chancellor Robert J. Birgeneau has made little progress so far in his efforts to adapt to his new post. The gifted Canadian researcher has yet to shed his native people's love and compassion for their fellow man, a trait which Berkeley officials fear may prevent him from ever navigating the local streets efficiently.

Last Thursday, the Chancellor was being taken on a tour of Telegraph Avenue when he stopped suddenly in front of a homeless veteran. Birgeneau stared thoughtfully at the man, a single tear rolling down his face as he watched the hobo play with a malnourished pit bull. This process was repeated seven more times as the Chancellor ventured down the street.

Other reports that Birgeneau's Canadian small-town outlook was being taken advantage of by Berkeley's big-city hoodlums could not be confirmed at press time, as the Chancellor's office reported that he was busy meeting with several "wallet inspectors."

## New Chancellor Cares via Mass E-Mail

by Rebecca C. Brown, *Taking the Elevator*

Recently-appointed UC Berkeley Chancellor Birgeneau is planning to start his tenure on a personal note by using the university's mass e-mailing system to warn students about the dangers of underage drinking, depression, and lack of ethnic diversity. He is continuing a legacy set forth by previous Chancellor Robert Berdahl, who won the hearts of students with his honest yet touching mass mailings on these and other issues most pressing to young adults.

"I've got big shoes to fill," said Birgeneau. "Bobby was highly respected in Chancelling circles because of those genuine e-mails. He really knew how to tackle the issues via electronic mass communication. They broke the mold when they made Bob, lemme tell you."

Said Paul Chiu, a graduate student in the College of Environmental Design, "Chancellor Berdahl's messages were absolutely inspiring. Without them, I

might have fallen victim to an unsupervised college party drinking game, or I might not have known that May 5th was 'Take the Stairs Day.' What a legacy."

When asked what other plans he has for his first weeks in the position, Birgeneau swiftly darted into the Eucalyptus Grove.

## Birgeneau Straight Burns Hissself with Crack Pizzo

by Matt Loker, *Superfly*

That crazy fool Bobby Birgeneau cold burned his dumb ass with a hot crackalack pizzzo, it was reported yesterday. The new chancellor fell asleep on his sofabled after cooking hell of sweet yellow rocks.

"Fuck! Hrumfuck!" Birgeneau yelled after scalding his cheek. After recovering from a hot alarm clock, Birgeneau described the experience as heck of janky. "Heck of janky," he added. He then heated up some more crissies and straight chilled.

Reports that he was thinking of funding BAMN were unconfirmed as of press time.

Oh sweet Jesus save us now!  
The **Heuristic Squelch** is for sale!  
(on the internet)  
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Buy mugs, mousepads, lunchboxes, posters, buttons, frisbees, apparel for men and women, and more! Many items made in the USA! Take that we-love-America-but-aren't-willing-to-protect-its-workers-conservatives! Many items made overseas! Take that anti-business-protectionist-hippie-liberals! Be the coolest hipster on your block! Pretend you write for us and get chicks as a result! We even have thongs! You'd be a fool not to put Jesus on your mons! Our Lord and Savior will make the perfect cover for your naughty bits!

**Buy our stuff now!**



### Top Ten Porno Movies Starring Celebrities and Secretly Sponsored by Car Companies

10. Bea M. Double-Team-You Arthur's Magical Threesome
9. Harrison Ford: Explorer...of Rectums
8. Oh Jesus Christler I'm Coming!
7. Oprah's Big Black Volva
6. Robert Gouchevolay Me
5. Mercedes Ruehl Benz Over
4. Minnie Driver and the Mini Driver
3. George Michael's Coming in His GMC
2. There's No Dodging Eric Gagne's Pitcher of Cum
1. Susan Sarandon Takes a Dump on This Guy in the Back of a Fiat

### Top Ten Things to Do to Piss Off Anti-Semites

10. Register "lilhitler@gmail.com" first
9. Say very quickly, "Someone who recognizes the forgery of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion says what?"
8. Vote for someone who isn't Buchanan
7. Bank
6. Make yarmulkes out of Nazi flags
5. Be a pro-Semite, whatever that is
4. Read something
3. Become international celebrity, get cancer, make baldness trendy
2. Get him a job in Hollywood
1. Stand on him and urinate

### Top Ten Signs You Aren't in Oscar Contention

10. Your production company is named "Miramaxish"
9. Reviews describe you as "acne-scarred"
8. Your last name ends in "-ayans"
7. Any films in which you've appeared have been recorded by convenience store surveillance cameras
6. There is more than one X in the title of your movie
5. Despite the widespread popularity of your movie, you're still R. Kelly
4. "Man's Head Exploding" flipbook not technically a movie
3. The title of your movie replaces a word that sounds like "monkey" with the word "monkey"
2. Your credit: "Assistant to Mr. Top"
1. You played a retarded guy, but it was a documentary

### Top One Way An Amputee Puts On Pants

1. One leg at a time

# A Guide to University Speech Codes

*Concordant with the rise of political correctness in academia, many universities around the country are starting to implement "speech codes" to educate any ignorant peoples that attend such institutions. This seems a perfect fit for Berkeley, as our new "Principles of Community" are a learning tool for all the retards out there.*

*Following is a list of phrases considered incorrect under the new Principles of Community, complete with suggestions to improve them.*

**Example:** "Boy, those Mexicans sure like there cockfights."

**What's Wrong With This:** This is very inappropriate. The correct spelling of the word is "their," not "there."

**Example:** "I can't get a student loan because of those scheming Jew-bankers."

**What's Wrong With This:** The phrase "Jew-bankers" should not include a hyphen, as it implies that the transnational cabal of Jewish usurers is indeed a discrete group of people. This is untrue—they are not people.

**Example:** "I'm really lucky that black guy didn't break into my car and steal my radio."

**What's Wrong With This:** This is based on the common stereotype that black people steal car radios, when in fact, they are busy fucking your girlfriend with their giant penises. Collectively speaking.

**Example:** "Dirty Persian just looked at me funny, Ed."

**What's Wrong With This:** Whoa, hold on a second: that black guy actually did steal your radio. Sorry to tell you.

### Example Conversation Between 2 Professors:

"My TA told me that women still earn 25% less than men."

"So did you give her a university-mandated raise?"

"I told her to suck my cock or I'd fire her."

"So what happened?"

"Oh, she sucked my cock. Then I fired her."

**What's Wrong With This:** Women earn 27% less than men, not 25%. Keep dreaming, ladies.

**Example:** "There are so many Asians here that when I see people wearing vintage '70s clothing, I feel like blowing up some goddamn Charlie schoolchildren."

**What's Wrong With This:** The majority of Asian-American students at Cal don't come from Vietnam, and it is therefore inappropriate to call them "Charlie." They are gooks.

**Example:** "After humans, they say dolphins are the smartest animals. Or is it Italians? No, it's probably dolphins."

**What's Wrong With This:** Nothing. Note the proper use of "it's." This sentence is 100% correct.



# Welcome Week

by Sean Keane

As I write these words, it is Sunday night. Move-in Weekend is coming to a close, and the Berkeley campus is overrun with freshmen. There's lots of them, disproportionately lots of them, since other undergrads don't really need to be here until next week. But instead of simply mocking their gawky clothes, or lusting after their hot, nubile near-jailbaitness, let us ponder the significant events happening in the dorms tonight:

**A lonely freshman** from Massachusetts begins a lifelong cigarette addiction simply because he wants an excuse to stand outside and talk to the guy across the hall he spotted wearing a System of a Down T-shirt.

**A chemistry major** from Orange County desperately tries to think of a way to casually work his SAT score into conversation.

**Three different girls** in three different dorm rooms simultaneously hang identical black-and-white prints of "Kiss by the Hotel De Ville."

**In Ida Sproul Hall** three guys named Dave are all assigned the same triple room. Down the hall, two other Daves share a double room. At no point in the upcoming year will any of them switch to "David." In the Housing office, the administrators do another bong hit.

**Four weeks of anxious anticipation** end in disappointment when a freshman from Fresno learns that the girl he met at CalSO has decided she just really likes being single right now.

**After five minutes of soul-searching** and internal struggle outside the Sweetheart Cafe, a young man decides that ordering a honeydew boba tea would indeed make him gay. He gets a Pepsi.

**An EECS major's heart** leaps when he mentions *Akira* to his roommates, and nobody laughs or even says "What's that?" - they just nod knowingly.

**While her roommate listens unaware**, a girl plays the first of what will eventually be 324 renditions of Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes" over the course of the year on her Winamp player.

**A future medical career** is derailed when an intended biology major is forced to sign up for two separate 8 a.m. lab sections. He will drop both classes, and enroll in the Haas School of Business two years later.

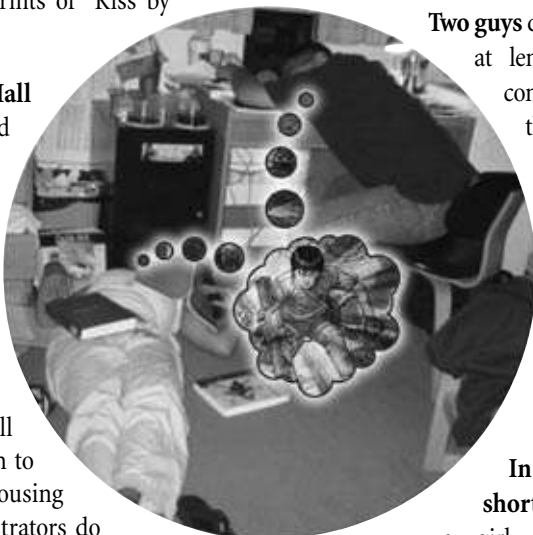
**Two guys** discuss the situation at length and reach a consensus that, yeah, there are probably a lot of hot girls at Cal that they just haven't met yet, probably because they just live on another floor or something.

**In a horribly shortsighted decision**, a girl from San Diego chooses "blinkfan@berkeley.edu" as her e-mail address. She will type it in with shame for her final five semesters.

**A nervous freshman boy** leans against the wall of the first stall of his co-ed bathroom, going through prime numbers in his head in an attempt to relax enough to urinate. In a nearby shower stall, a different boy whistles as he pees directly into the drain.

**A 19-year-old virgin** grabs two condoms from the bowl outside the Health Worker's room, just in case.

**A hike to the Big C** begins, inevitably doomed to suck ass.



## Short Conversations

**Guy 1:** Hey, looks like we ordered the same omelette.

**Guy 2:** Good taste! *[laughter]*

**Guy 1:** Mind if I join you?

**Guy 2:** Not at all!

*[eating]*

**Guy 2:** My parents were murdered when I was sixteen.

**Guy 1:** Sh—*[drops fork]* fuck, you mean like—

**Guy 2:** Yeah, like Batman.

**Girl:** Hey, why are the ice cubes in your drink bigger than mine?

**Guy:** Read *Dianetics*.

**Girl:** No.

**Law Student:** I want to be a lawyer, but a contract lawyer, not a criminal lawyer. I'd rather deal with money than moral ambiguities.

**Med Student:** I want to be a veterinarian, but a teacher, not a practitioner. I'd rather deal with money than horse pussy.

Come check out the **Squelch DeCal**, tentatively scheduled for Mondays 5:30-7 p.m. (room TBD)!

Check out the handsome coordinators at [www.squelched.com/decal](http://www.squelched.com/decal)

Hmnaaaaaahhh!



**Birgeneau:**  
Things They Never Said

# Health Care for the Streets

By Monica Padrick

If you're like most poor people, you're probably having some problems finding decent health coverage, but you probably aren't having any problems finding diseases. When shopping for back-alley physicians, always remember the back-alley Hippocratic Oath: "If it's an unlimited supply of tainted needles you're looking for, come and talk to my buddy over here."

## How to Choose

When approaching your back-alley physician, *make sure he is accredited*. Signs of accreditation usually include more than one kind of blood type in some jars and a thick, lustrous mustache. *Make sure the jars have labels*.

## Know the Basics

Don't let him trick you into fancy procedures you don't need like tumor removal or antibiotics. Always take note of whether or not his scalpels are clean; if they are, then he's obviously inexperienced and hasn't used them yet that day. You should come back later when he's gotten into a good rhythm.

## Understanding Your Diagnosis

Years of back-alley coursework and bloody urban turf wars have altered your physician's lingo to fit his more streetwise clientele. If he says you have leprosy, you really have hepatitis C. Head wound? Hep C. And if he says you have consumption, then part of your leg is stuck in the jaws of a giant sewer-dwelling alligator, who is likewise afflicted with hepatitis.

## Referrals to Specialists

Need a specialist? There's one on every corner. Always remember, though, that when your physician refers you to a common street pimp billing himself as "the Doctor of Desire" he can cure only one ailment: a broken heart.

## Paying the Bill

Most starting physicians will accept "thrills" as appropriate compensation. Others accept food stamps. Most will be content with a quid pro quo arrangement, provided you're a back-alley medical school professor.



## Tenants: Why Should You Care About Rent Control?

### Rent Stabilization Board

**Because you have more rights than if there weren't any rent control, such as:**

- You cannot be evicted or asked to leave without "good cause."
- You can expect your rent to stay about the same each year.
- If your landlord doesn't fix something in a timely fashion, you can get a rent reduction.
- You get interest on your deposit every year.

**And because if you have any questions or problems with your rental situation, there is always someone to call:**

The Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board, 644-6128.

**For more information about security deposits...**

**Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board**

**Open 9-4:45 M, T, Th, F and 12-6:30 Weds.**

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# The Mailman Doesn't Deliver on Sunday

by Sean Keane

Karl Malone spent his entire career with the Utah Jazz, but never won a championship. In the biggest game of Karl Malone's career, Michael Jordan stole the ball from him, and then hit the game-winning shot. Karl Malone sucks. Last year, Karl Malone decided he wanted to finally win a title before retiring, so he signed with the Lakers. Coached by former Bulls coach and Karl Malone nemesis Phil Jackson, the Lakers made it to the NBA Finals, where they of course lost. Man, does Karl Malone suck. Malone's failure embarrassed him and the great sport of basketball, but his desperate team-switching and unsuccessful quest for a title is not without precedent.

## *The Buffalo Bills and the Dallas Cowboys*

In the summer before the 1994 NFL season, the entire Buffalo Bills team signs with the Dallas Cowboys. Bruce Smith teams up with Charles Haley and Leon Lett to terrorize opposing quarterbacks, while Thurman Thomas provides a lift to the Cowboys' already-potent offense. Still, the 49ers' midseason acquisition of "Neon" Deion Sanders proves too much to overcome, and the reconfigured Cowboys fall in the NFC Championship Game. The Bills struggle to field a team, but still finish ahead of the Arizona Cardinals.

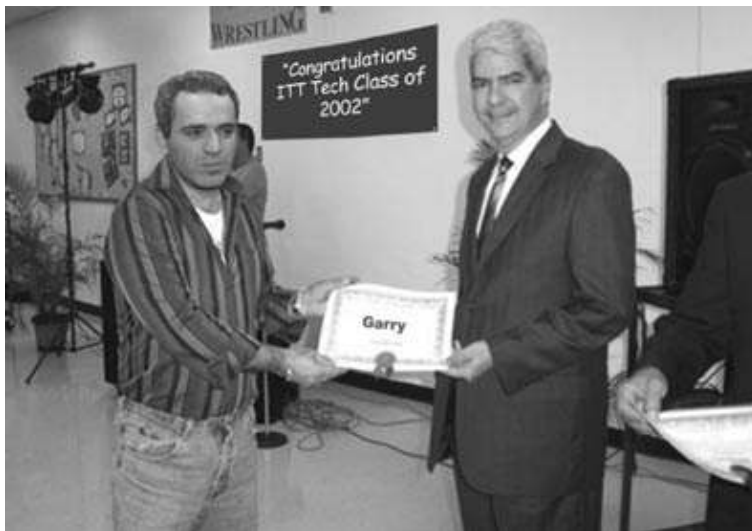
## *Garry Kasparov and Deep Blue*

Growing increasingly depressed about his repeated defeats to IBM supercomputer Deep Blue, chessmaster Garry Kasparov decides to enroll in adult education classes to learn computer programming skills. His logical mind, honed by decades of rigorous chess play and study, takes to Visual Basic immediately. Soon, Kasparov is offered an entry-level programming job at IBM. He works hard, and after his two-month probationary period, Kasparov is in line for a 75-cent/hour raise. However, just days before his performance evaluation, Kasparov spills an entire 20-ounce Mountain Dew onto his workstation keyboard, ruining it. He does not receive the raise.

## *Gargamel and the Smurfs*

Gargamel camps out next to Smurf Village for an entire year, in order to remain eligible for their intramural basketball team. He repeatedly stresses that his intentions are not to capture and destroy the Smurfs, but to come together to win a championship. Initially, the Smurfs have their doubts. It is not until the halfway point in the season that the Gargamel joins the starting lineup, at power forward. At first, it appears that Papa Smurf has found his elusive post presence. Gargamel is a diligent rebounder and an active defensive player. While not a good ballhandler, Gargamel presents a difficult matchup against most opposing forwards. The Smurfs win their final three games to advance to the playoffs.

Then it all falls apart. In the playoffs, Gargamel's physical style of play comes under closer scrutiny from the officials. He picks up three



early fouls, and is forced to the bench early in the second quarter. By halftime, the Smurfs are down fifteen points and spectators are openly criticizing the Gargamel acquisition, suggesting that the team could have used the clutch outside shooting of Vanity Smurf instead. Gargamel returns for the second half, but is ineffective in limited minutes.

## *Todd Helton and the Colofraudo Suckies*

Frustrated by his position on last-place fantasy team Grady Little's Boners, Todd Helton engineers a trade with the help of his agent. Even though the Colofraudo Suckies, the first baseman's new team, are run by avowed Helton-hater Wade Barnett, they can't resist acquiring the slugger in exchange for Johan Santana and Joe Borowski. Helton is excited to help pursue a fantasy baseball title, with his own real team again out of contention again. The Suckies flirt briefly with first place, but can't stay on top as Helton picks up only 32 RBIs in the final two months of the year. Meanwhile, Borowski is a solid closer, and Santana wins his last eight decisions of the year. Wade Barnett burns third baseman Chris Stynes in effigy in his backyard.

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# If Every Problem at Cal Could

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Berkeley, CA 94720



September 24, 2004

Dear UC Regents:

Thank you for your interest in receiving the money we owe you. We are always pleased to hear from school departments that wish to collect payment for services rendered.

Although we welcome your invoices, we are obliged to inform you that you will not be seeing a red cent from us at any point in the foreseeable future. The reasons for this are various, and include the fact that we are permanently broke and that those laundry machines are a total rip, but please rest assured that we wish you success in your endeavors, however futile.

Sincerely,

Eamon Doyle  
Bill Avoidance Division

P.S. It is our policy that late fees are bullshit. Please retain the enclosed photograph of us giving you the finger for your records.

Ball-hogging Guys  
c/o Recreational Sporting Facility  
2301 Bancroft Way  
Berkeley, CA 94720

Dear Ball-hogging Guys,

It has recently come to our attention that we at afternoon's basketball competition. We believe of point guard to us was a wise one; however, we taken advantage of the numerous opportunities opportunities for scoring and competitive dem

We recognize that we at Sean Keane are neither addition to your portfolio.

PS: We remain currently, as before, open. Please g business today.

Guy Sitting Behind Us  
100 Latimer Hall  
Berkeley, CA 94720



September 28, 2004

Dear Guy Sitting Behind Us,

It has recently come to our attention that you have been tapping your foot on the back of our chair for the last forty-seven minutes of this fifty-minute astronomy lecture. Given that it is currently nine o'clock in the morning, and we at Mark Thomas only stopped binge drinking four hours ago when we lost consciousness in a puddle of our own vomit and urine, the incessant tap-tap-tapping of your foot on our chair is evocative of Gilbert Gottfried jackhammering a colicky baby into our face.

As we have already made two cease-and-desist requests regarding this issue, this will be our final correspondence before we follow you out of class and into the restroom, where we will give you a swirlie.

Have a nice day,

Mark Thomas  
Executive in Charge of Giving You a Swirlie

Ms. XXXX Doyle  
23XX XXXX Avenue  
XXXX, CA 94XXX



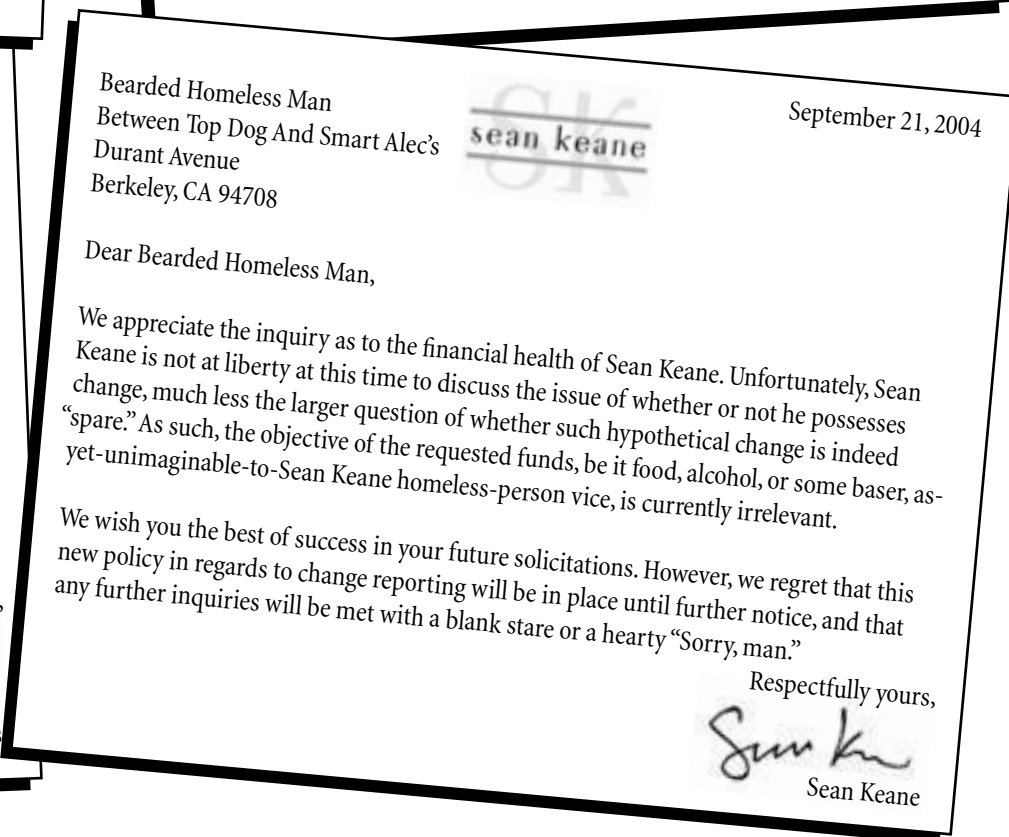
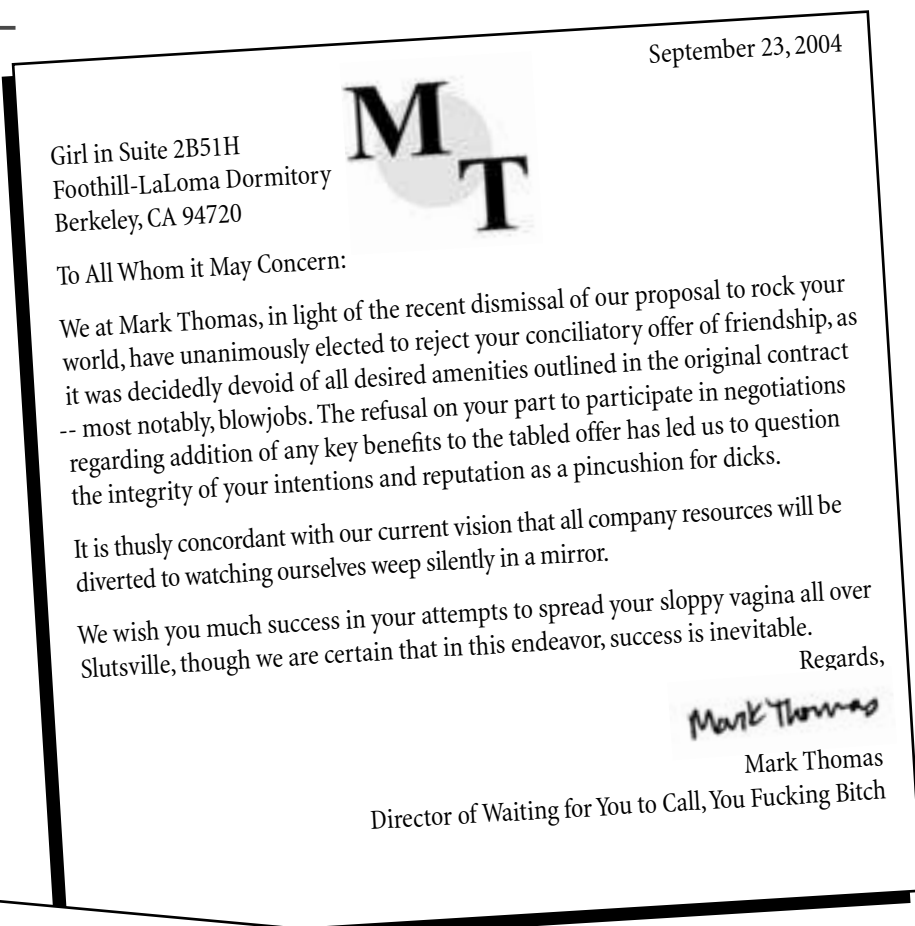
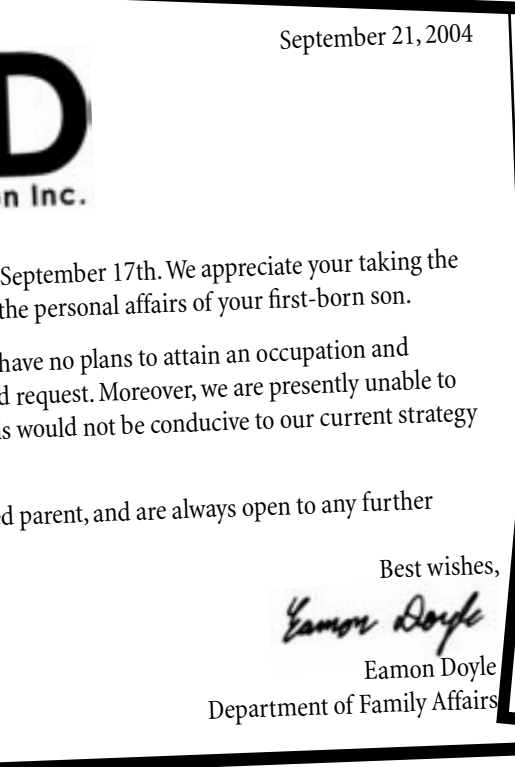
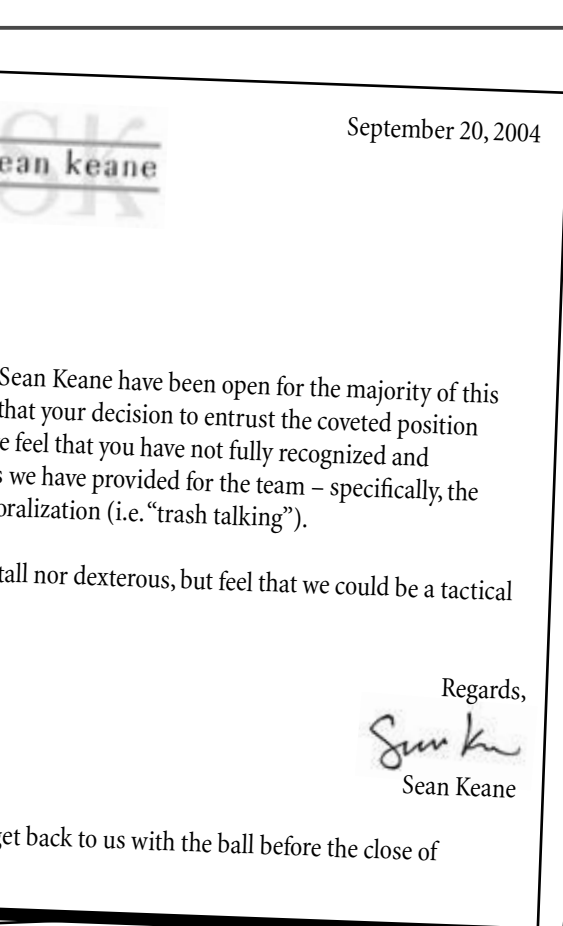
Dear Ms. Doyle:

Thank you for your recent communication of Friday, time to share your opinions and concerns regarding

Regretfully, we must inform you that at this time we support ourselves a little for a change, per your state apply more effort to our political science class, as thi of going to that one concert with our friend Steve-o.

Ms. Doyle, please know that we consider you a value comments or suggestions you may have.

# Be Solved with a Form Letter





by Kevin Deenihan

Jupiter, Pete, and Bob were walking down a busy city street.

"It sure is great to be here visiting scenic Rome," said Pete breezily, as the three entered the heart of the Vatican. "And it's great that your grand-uncle got us tickets to see the Pope."

Bob's grand-uncle was a famous Cardinal, which is a special helper for the Pope. The Pope is the head of the Roman Catholic Church, directly appointed by God to be in charge of everything.

As the three entered the Basilica, Pete noticed something was amiss. "The Pope is dead!" he said noisily. The Pope was lying on the floor in front of his Pope Throne, covered in his own blood.

"He's not dead," said Jupe wisely. "He's been murdered."

Just then, Cardinal Thompson came in. "Oh no!" he said nervously. "The Pope has been killed! And he was just about to sign an important treaty with the Protestants!"

"Do you have any idea who did it?" asked Jupe carefully.

"Well, John Mormon, Michael Goldsteinlevi, and Redrum Hindoo were visiting earlier. I was just showing them the Vatican Gun Collection, then left them alone in different rooms."

"Did all of them have reason to hate the Pope?" asked Jupe craftily.

"Yes," said Cardinal Thompson.

"Now boys, I don't want you to get involved in this," the Cardinal continued. "It's far too dangerous for three young boys between the ages of 6 and 11 to get involved in."

"Don't worry...we won't," said Jupe

with his eyes twinkling mysteriously and determinedly.

Outside, Bob and Peter cornered Jupe. The svelte solver had already tugged on his mystery hat and taken out his magnifying glass.

"The Pope murdered! This sounds like a mystery!" Pete and Bob said excitedly. "We have to find out who did it."

"You know that bumbling Uncle Thompson won't be able to solve this one without our help," said Bob interjectingly. "If we don't help, you just know that they won't be able to sign that treaty at midnight tonight!"

They checked their mystery watches. It was half-past four p.m.

"I think it's that Redrum fellow," said Pete quasi-racistly. "You'll note that if you spell his name backwards, it spells Murder! It's very suspicious."

"But I already have a clue," said Jupe determinedly. "On the floor there was a copy of the Book of Mormon!"

"Then it's John Mormon!" said Pete surmisingly.

"Bu the Book of Mormon had the initials MG on the cover...a sure sign that Michael Goldsteinlevi was trying to plant the book to FRAME John Mormon!" said Jupe solvingly.

The three young investigators rounded a corner, when suddenly they were set upon by three shadowy figures, who pressed rags to each of their faces.

"Choloform!" said Bob drowsily, before falling asleep.

NEXT CHAPTER: TWELVE TRIBES OF MURDER!



# O! The Perils of Bureaucracy...Throughout Time.

## by Rebecca C. Brown

Bureaucracy. Though we may have trouble spelling the word, the features that embody the concept are all too familiar: paperwork, red tape, waiting periods, committees, paperwork. But this condition is not unique to tax and spend commies or those fast-talking Washington fat cats of the post-industrial period. No, bureaucracy has been plaguing civilization since long before Father of Sociology Max Weber first delineated its characteristics in his devastating book *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft*, published posthumously in 1924. Observe:

### Modern-day Dusseldorf, Germany. 205,000 B.C.E.

*Chief Blorg:* Vice Chief Thog, I instruct you to spear that hoofed creature and prepare his flesh for the feast.

*Vice Chief Thog:* Why do I always have to do it? Why can't you do it?

*Chief Blorg:* Because I'm the Chief. I tell you what to do.

*Vice Chief Thog:* But you're closer.

*Chief Blorg:* [Spears Thog]

*Vice Chief Thog:* Only now, with my death, do I realize that an automatic compliance with all rules would best ensure my career advancement and securityarghghgh.

*Chief Blorg:* Let this be a lesson to all Germans!

### Cairo. 1998 B.C.E.

*King Mentuhotep III:* Here are the plans for the pyramid tomb of my immortal soul for submission to the Bureau of Planning.

*Secretary:* Looks good, except you filled out the wrong form. Tomb of immortal soul plans need to be submitted on papyrus 12-B. You used stone tablet 12-B, which is used to reserve sarcophagus cleanings. Sorry.

*King Mentuhotep III:* But I'm going to die on Tuesday! What will become of my soul?

*Secretary:* Here's some clay and a stylus; write a hieroglyphic message to someone who cares.

### Rome. 81 C.E.

*Emperor Domitian:* Alright, what's next on the agenda. . . . A lobby group from Gaul is pressuring us to adopt a numerical representation of the concept of zero.

*Senator Marianus:* Hold on. . . zero? I concede that lacking an iconic and conceptual understanding of an empty set is stifling our technological advancement, but do we really have the capital for zero right now?

*Emperor Domitian:* You are wise beyond your years, senator. Developing the infrastructure to accommodate zero would devastate the imperial fund. Jesus, just think of all the façades we'd have to recarve!

*Senator Valerius:* However, Emperor, the zero constituency has been very vocal, and this is an election year.

*Emperor Domitian:* Hmm, also a compelling argument.

*Nubile, rose-lipped Senate intern Cornelius:* If I may speak out of turn, Emperor, my estimates show that we can afford either zero or twelve additional public executions of disobedient Vestal Virgins per anum, but not both.

*Emperor Domitian:* Zero denied.



### Tenochtitlan (modern-day Mexico City). 1519 C.E.

*Doctor Tzitzimime:* Glorious news, Moctezuma the Second, I've fashioned out of available roots and herbs a medicine that can cure all disease, including ones that we have no knowledge of!

*Moctezuma:* That's fantastic! I'll spread the news as soon as. . . Hold on. I forgot.

*Doctor Tzitzimime:* Forgot about what?

*Moctezuma:* Well, we've got the Aztec Drug Administration to contend with. ADA approval can take up to fifteen years. First there's the animal testing, then the Augury Board, then the Medicine Man Union Committee. . . could be decades.

*Doctor Tzitzimime:* But our cities could fall prey to heretofore unknown pale-faced cowards, whom we have no reason to expect.

*Moctezuma:* Never fear. Any white intruders (of which we to date have no knowledge) would never get into our walls. Unless, of course, they have large exploding metal sticks, which, again, we don't know about.

### Washington, D.C. March 4, 1841.

*Anna Harrison:* How will you celebrate your inauguration, my love?

*William Henry Harrison:* All of my life I've wanted a mail-order stereoscope. I hear Charles Wheatstone's newest invention is knocking the Yankee's socks off up north. I just couldn't justify the expense until now. All I need to do is fill out this form and. . . Aw, horseradish. It can take up to 31 days for my order to be processed and mailed to the White House! I can't wait that long.

*Anna Harrison:* Stop your complaining. You'll live.



I'm going to go have sex...with my WIFE!

**Birgeneau:**  
Things They Never Said

### Top Five Morally Ambiguous Acts

5. Aborting Hitler
4. Killing an anti-Pope
3. Reading to deaf people
2. Buying a Toyota Prius and using the gas you saved to burn forests
1. Cheating on your ugly girlfriend

### Top Ten Things Overheard on the Set of a Bad Porno Movie

10. "Maybe a *blowjob* will cure that cancer!"
9. "Would somebody get Mike Ditka some more cock powder?"
8. "Cut! The sound is too low – we need more of that suck-pop suck-pop jiggle-jiggle-jiggle sound!"
7. "Can I have a Jello pudding cup now?"
6. "Don't worry about her ID; the camera adds five years and seven months."
5. "No no, think *softcore* tentacle rape hentai."
4. "Oh God, I'm coming...in your mustache."
3. "Now, twenty-five minutes of cuddling... go!"
2. [Whatever sound a tiger makes]
1. "Don't worry baby, that was the *other* Osama bin Laden. Keep blowing me."

### Top Ten Most Important Questions Answered by the Internet

10. Who would win in a fight between a pirate, Chuck Norris, and a robot Legolas?
9. Can she really fit all those in there?
8. How much peanut butter does it take to get a lesbian dog to blow a moose?
7. When will you finally go out of business, Jeeves?
6. What do ninjas do when they're not cutting off heads or flipping out?
5. How would Sonic's marriage to Princess Toadstool really go?
4. Is "analfisting" one word or two?
3. How can I harness the awesome power of Immortality Cubes?
2. Could somebody really get aroused by this?
1. Where did the last four hours go?

### Top Four Possible Titles for William Hung's Second Album

4. The Yellow Album
3. Still Better than Creed
2. Super Gook 2005
1. Tangerines and Acid Trips, My Battle with Robots

# T.S.M.I.T.W.

By Matt Loker & Simon Ganz

It's hard being the Strongest Man in the World. Most people would brush this assertion off, saying something like "No, it's not." What they don't realize is, I plan to take their wallet and piledrive them into a steam grate for questioning me. So you see--it's so very lonely at the top of Olympus.

One of the worst parts about being T.S.M.I.T.W. (the Strongest Man in the World) is that your friends always expect things from you. Observe:

**They:** Hey, can you help me move?

**Me:** Oh, I get it. Just 'cause I'm the STRONGEST fucking MAN IN THE WORLD you assume that I just \*love\* lifting foosball tables! Jerkass.

**They:** You're juggling five foosball tables right now!

**Me:** No.

**They:** Then what are all those tables doing in your hands?

**Me:** What's your head doing smashed into the floor?

As you can see, I have a tough time keeping friends...out of the hospital! I should have told you that I'm also the second funniest man in the world, the first of course being Slobodan Milosovec. Wait, no; I meant Tim Allen. I always make that mistake. Observe:

**They:** God, that history lecture was so boring.

**Me:** I know! I can't believe they made us watch two straight hours of *Home Improvement*.

**They:** Um, that was a documentary about Bosnian genocide.

**Me:** Huh.

And sometimes I wonder if a lifetime spent earning my degree in Advanced PE Theory has ruined my social skills, like when I'm on the beach flexing my muscles:

**Girl:** Hey there, Hercules. You look pretty strong, but how about you show me ALL your muscles.

**Me:** Are you talking about my penis?

**Girl:** I thought that should've been clear since I was pointing at your groin and emphasized the word "all" while simultaneously winking.

**Me:** Unlike my giant pecs or glutes, my penis is not super strong.

**Girl:** Maybe it just needs some more EXERCISE! [Winks]

**Me:** Okay, I'm gonna explain this again. The penis is not a muscle. It is made up of spongy tissues that fill with blood to produce the hardness known as an erection. No amount of exercise can increase the size of the penis or these spongy materials.

**Girl:** Jeez, what a goddamned pussy. I'm gonna go see if those guys with the funny looking letters on their shirts want to fuck.

**Me:** They're Greek.

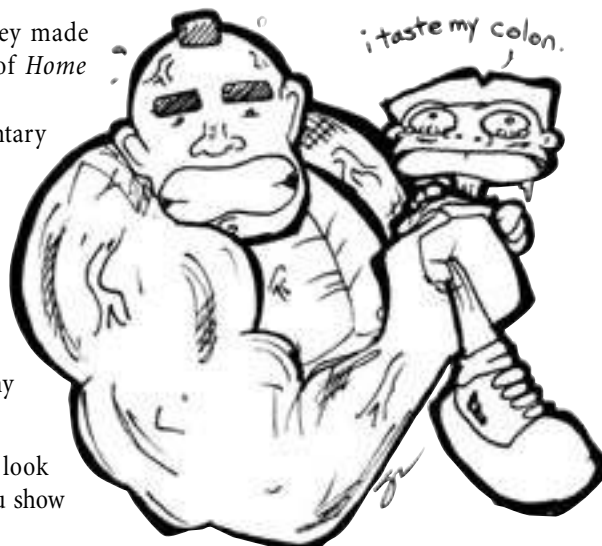
**Girl:** Naw, I think I can turn them straight.

However, being T.S.M.I.T.W. does have the occasional benefits, like during emergencies:

**They:** Oh no! A giant tidal wave is headed right for us! If only someone could shift that incredibly large but conveniently-placed boulder to block its path and save our town!

**Me:** Uh oh. Looks like there's only one thing to do... build a giant protective dam for myself out of the bodies of these weak fools!

**They:** WHA– [interrupted by the sound of their heads being snapped off and piled together]



# Superstitions

By Monica Padrick

Everyone knows that Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, a full moon, and illiteracy cause bad luck. But what of the lesser-known superstitions out there? Don't be unprepared:

Stepping on cracks will break your mother's back. Walking on curbs will get on your mother's nerves. Standing on streets will get your mother stabbed in the face. Concrete in general is bad luck. Asphalt is lethal.

If your ears itch, someone is talking about you. If your eyes itch, they are infected. Sharing contact lenses is bad luck.

It's bad luck to spill salt. Throw a pinch over your left shoulder into the eyes of your enemy. He will still be your enemy, but now the stakes are higher.

Breaking a mirror brings seven years of bad luck. Breaking a two-way mirror brings seven years of retroactive bad luck. Instead of sitting at the popular table in middle school your family was demolished in a plague.

You jinx your favorite athlete by talking about how good he is while he's playing. You jinxed yourself when you were born a girl, 'cause they're pretty bad at sports anyway.

Between 1932 and 1945, every person who died in the Holocaust walked under at least one ladder. Being a Jew is bad luck.

It is unlucky to light three cigarettes from the same match because it increases the risk of lung cancer. That third "cigarette" is a pipe bomb.



If a black cat crosses your path, it's bad luck unless you are a witch. If you are a witch, you don't have to worry about bad luck, and should spend most of your time trying to mack on Harry Potter. He's so hot.



"I joined the Squelch --  
now look at me!"

-This Guy

We totally want you to join the **Squelch!** We were gonna tell you to come drink beer with us, but apparently it's against the rules. Fuck the University Rules, fuck them hard. **We need:**

**Creative:** Write jokes! Very important. Girls will want you and guys will want to be you. Unless you're a girl, in which case that shit is hot.

**Design:** Do some layout (Adobe InDesign)! Do some graphics (Photoshop)! Do some coke (me)!

**Business:** Handle business for the biggest-budgeted magazine on campus. Haas loves this stuff. Sell ads, plan our big-name comedy shows, you name it.

**Web Designer/Coder:** Too nerdy to do anything else? Our award-winning web site could always use new features.

**RADIO SHOW!** Oops, shouldn't have mentioned that one yet. Totally top secret, coming soon sort of stuff. Writing sketch comedy? Sound engineering experience? Let's talk, my friend.

Stop by our meetings on Tuesday nights, drop us a line at [feedback@squelched.com](mailto:feedback@squelched.com), come to our BAR MITZVAH!! (see page 2) or just flag us down on campus. Or get course credit and take the Squelch Comedy Writing DeCal! [www.decal.org](http://www.decal.org)

# SCAP!

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# Fellow Delegates of Apartment 401

by Daniel Marshall

The start of the school year brings about many new changes: freshmen are now sophomores and the library begins to resemble an Asian immigration office. However, the most important change takes place not on campus, but rather in my apartment, Apartment 401. That's right everybody, it's now election time in Apartment 401.

Having said that, I would like to accept my self-nomination for Ambassador of my Apartment Kitchen. This is a position that I would take remarkably seriously, just as I do all of Bob Saget's jokes. So in order to convince you, the non-voting members of my apartment, to indeed vote for me, I will read a list of things I have and have not done during the course of my life.

## I have:

Considered naming my first child "Ronald Reagan" after my least favorite highway.  
Dedicated an entire summer to coming up with creative insults for Patrick Ewing, that tall dark thingy.

A tight ass.

Thanked God each and every day that spiders cannot jump. Well, except for that one spider, what's it called? Oh yeah, THE JUMPING SPIDER. Fuck you God.

Looked Death in the face and laughed...at his hilariously accurate Jay Leno impression.

## I have never:

Climbed Mount Everest...while wearing pants.

Mistakenly used a question mark where an exclamation point clearly belongs?

Blamed my girlfriend's period for President Bush's irrational actions toward global policies, when his own period is clearly to blame.

Chanted "TOGA" at my grandmother's funeral—however, both my grandmothers are still alive. There is time.

Urinated in my hair conditioner to get back at myself for urinating in my shampoo.

Tried to teach myself calculus by dressing up as Sir Isaac Newton, going to a local high school math tournament, and throwing apples at all the participants.

Imagined having sex in an airport bathroom while having sex in a bus terminal bathroom.

Showed up to class wearing a moustache. Only a moustache.

Changed my last name to "Ouch, stop it" so my girlfriend would say my name during sex.

As you can see, I have clearly displayed the responsibilities required to be Ambassador of my Apartment Kitchen. If given the chance to serve my apartment, I could finally accomplish all those "I have nevers" that I want to do before the end of my stay here at Cal. Thanks for helping me fulfill my childhood dream of becoming the ambassador of something, albeit it a kitchen, but fuck you, you can't vote anyway.

In conclusion, I am currently running unopposed. God, I wish I could find some roommates.



# Squelch

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Submission Deadline:

September 30, 2004





# Cal Ski and Snowboard Club



## First Big Meeting

Thursday, September 16 (room TBA)

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## FRIDAY FILMS LINE-UP

09/03 - 7 & 9:30 pm (108 min)  
**Eternal Sunshine of the  
Spotless Mind**

09/10 - 7 & 9 pm (92 min)  
**Saved!**

09/17 - 7 & 9 pm (100 min)  
**Supersize Me**

09/24 - 7 & 9 pm (92 min)  
**Dodgeball: A True Underdog Story**

10/01 - 7 & 9:30 pm (120 min)  
**Fahrenheit 9/11**

10/08 - 7 & 9:30 (128 min)  
**The Terminal**

films are in wheeler auditorium.  
please arrive early for seating.



## concerts

acoustic show w/ **THRICE**  
09/17 on lower sproul at noon

**ACEYALONE** w/ the attik  
& psychokinetics  
10/09 at the bear's lair

**PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS**  
w/ crown city rockers & kid beyond  
11/06 at the bear's lair

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*Si puede leer esta, no vota por favor*

Every four years, Americans step in to the voting booth to choose their new president. They want someone who will look out for their interests and make their voices heard. Here's the good news: if you're a white male, then that choice is as easy as filling in whichever bubble you damn well please. Left or right? Those are just different names for YOU WIN! (*Aunque usted es nominal un americano, no hay manera en Sam Fuck que usted igual. No te ganas.*)

We've prepared this informative guide for you, Mister Caucasian Man. Study the issues carefully and – naw, just kidding. You don't really need to do that.  
(¿Por qué es usted aun lee esto?)

## Democrat

## Republican



While the left's fiscal policies favor smaller bags, the right supports larger per bag money amounts and fewer bags. Vote accordingly.



Some elected Democrats pay lip service to gay marriage but don't really support it. Republicans, on the other hand, wholeheartedly support heterosexual unions.



Both parties support the right to choose – the color of your BMW Z4.



Both parties support education for the children. More specifically, *their* children.







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Catalog is a DOLLAR.



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\$1.99

## The Sharper Image "Joy Buzzer"



They'll be "shocked" when you release 10,000 volts of electricity into their hands, causing nerve paralysis and defecation. Also plays soothing ocean sounds to lull you to sleep.

\$2.25