

the heuristic

# squelch

oct 2004

volume 14 issue 2

www.squelched.com

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☐ Vote for Bush 4x

☐ Don't Not Vote for Bush

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☐ 8=====D~~~~

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POWER

CLEAN-CUT SINCE 1991

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**This Month's Cover:**

When you step into your booth this November, remember that one quarter buys you fifteen seconds. Vote ASCII dick.

You remember that guy at camp when you were 12 who had nudie magazines before everyone else? Man, he was pretty popular, but at the same time, I kind of wonder if maybe hanging out with other guys all day looking at porn might've fucked up all his sexual references. So instead of seeing a hot chick and getting all hot, he'd smell forest or think about sleeping bags and start sporting some major pipe.

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 your mom's taut, glistening ass in the mirror above our bed. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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# JOKE! Apologies Are for Ethnics

*Last month, we ran a piece called "A Guide to University Speech Codes." However, we seem to have forgotten to include the word "JOKE!" in big block letters before satirizing the climate of hysterical political correctness on college campuses. In the following column, we have corrected that error.*

*-ed.*

Recently, the *Heuristic Squelch* has been the source of some controversy on campus. In response to the ensuing unrest within the university community, we have taken a measure to prevent further confusion about the content of our magazine. We hope this will clarify the intentions of our publication in terms **JOKE!** even a coolie could understand.

At one point, there was a bill before the ASUC senate that would officially condemn the Squelch and force us to print an apology for "poisoning the climate on campus." Evidence cited for this included several racially-motivated crimes that were committed last year and **JOKE!** the fact that huffing paint feels really good. Wait, this issue of the Squelch caused ignorant criminals to attack people last semester? **JOKE!** We're like the Marty McFly of hate crimes.

As is now apparent, **JOKE!** this has been a period of growth and maturity within the Squelch. It has also become apparent that the influence of comedy is much more powerful than we had originally thought. It was not clear, for instance, that referring to homosexual persons as **JOKE!** "anti-people" would cause the dormant hatred of society to reawaken and tear apart the tenuous wall of pretense that heretofore was the sole guardian of their right to exist as **JOKE!** human beings. This was printed under the assumption that our words were nothing more than satirical jest. Clearly, **JOKE!** we were wrong.

In spite of criticism from all sides, including **JOKE!** the ASUC, the Squelch has decided to bring its newfound influential powers to bear on campus. Here are just a few of the things that the Squelch pledges to accomplish in the coming months through its published content:

- 1) Eliminate crying due to sadness and pain, repurpose sadness to now be expressed by eating ice cream on sunny summer days with loved ones.
- 2) Procure an economy-line LCD monitor for a reasonable price.
- 3) Cease the incessant burning of the infernal sun.
- 4) Open nationwide chain of ice cream stands.

It is important to keep in mind that we, too, are merely college students. We, like you, probably just want to have sex **JOKE!** with other people. Other people like women.

So, if you have an LCD monitor you are willing to let go for around \$150, please let us know. And if we made you cry, **JOKE!** we're sorry.

*-Mark Thomas and Matt Loker*

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# newsflashes

## Friends Worried About Joe

by Simon Ganz, Joe

Local pedophile Joe Flagherty has started to lose interest in his illegal hobby and is drifting away from his pedophile friends.

Flagherty recently purchased the Sony Playstation 2 and Xbox game consoles to add to his colorful candy-filled living room, which he has dubbed "the rosebud trap" for its propensity to attract neighborhood boys. But he's found himself more than a little distracted by his newest baits.

Explained Flagherty, "I dunno, I guess I'll get back to raping children soon, but have you played that NFL 2K5 game? The graphics are great, and with the voice chat features, I can hear the sweet, sweet erotic sound of children's voices anytime I want."

Friend and fellow pedophile Quinn O'Connor expressed concern. "If this sort

of thing could happen to an old crib-rider like Joe, it could happen to anyone. Pretty soon guys are gonna stop wearing their super-thin pedophile mustaches and we'll barely even see each other except around the playgrounds."

O'Connor went on to suggest that Flagherty's natural affinity for the games is due to his excellent hand-eye coordination, developed by years of holding children down while simultaneously unfastening his belt.

## Garden State Soundtrack Gets Local Man Laid

by Gabe Reilich, Hates the Shins

Josh Newbin, a Berkeley junior, got laid last night solely because of the *Garden State* soundtrack. The album, featuring soul-wrenching songs from such artists as The Shins and Frou Frou, is known to give those listening to it an aura of intellectual indieness that many find appealing. It is also known to make panties drop.

"My game usually falls apart once I get girls back to my apartment," Newbin noted, "but now I just put on 'In the Waiting Line,' say something deep about life and destiny, and let the good times roll."

Josh's lay, Cal sophomore Amy Bluth, described him as "really sensitive" and "different from the other guys" she's slept with.

"He just seemed so concerned with the world, like he was thinking about so many things and only able to express them through his choice in music," said Bluth.

Added Newbin in a cell phone call to his roommate, Alex Podesta, "Dude, I just got my dick wet."

## Band's Death Leads Baltic Region to War

by Simon Ganz, Innocent

Freshman Kyle Watkins sat up suddenly in history class today, stunned to learn that world war had broken out over the death of hot new rock group Franz Ferdinand.

"Shit, I didn't even know they were from Austria," he explained.

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# newsflashes

## Man Wraps Worldly Possessions in Cellophane

by Mark Thomas, Saran Wrap

A man reportedly oblivious to all that is good and just in the world allegedly wrapped his worldly possessions in cellophane while you were listening to a lecture, sitting in a library, or otherwise attempting to concentrate on what the fuck you were doing.

The man, allegedly infuriated by the fact that all objects which he held earthly rights of possession to were not encased within the screeching grasp of a transparent plastic, slowly and deliberately shrouded each and every item, one after the other, in the least appropriate way possible.

According to witnesses, you jerked your head around agitatedly and threw your arms up in frustration several times, but to no avail. "I can't...I can't fucking believe this," said you when reached for comment. "I just...I seriously can't, just absolutely can't fucking believe this."

When he was done, the man then proceeded to unwrap a small mint underneath the table while looking around guiltily, after which he left.

## Tragedy Befalls Guinness

by Daniel Brady, Tasty Head

The Guinness Brewing Company, world renowned for championing Irish stereotypes and for its quasi-popular *Guinness Book of World Records*, witnessed record-breaking bloodshed at its annual World Record Holders Convention in Burbank, California last weekend.

According to preliminary reports, the incident began as the World's Smallest Midget and the World's Smallest Dwarf argued over who could fit more snugly into the overhead compartment of an airplane. The argument was brought to a halt as the dwarf stabbed a comically oversized fork into the midget's eye. The World's Fattest Man, a close friend of the midget, rolled

his four-ton body onto the dwarf in bloody retaliation. The dwarf's body has yet to be excavated.

This instigated the World's Angriest Man to bash various other world record holders (among them the World's Blindest Man) with the World's Most Dangerous Wiffle Bat while the World's Saddest Man sat in a corner and cried. To end this pointless massacre, the one-eyed man managed to stab the angriest man despite lacking depth perception. Meanwhile, the no-eyed man tried to help his visually impaired brother but ended up beating the life out of an unsuspecting and non-world record-holding shrub.

## Mike "The Bomb" Yu Held for Questioning

by Dan Freedman, Bad Guy

Last week the National Terror Alert Level was raised to orange due to a security threat on the UC Berkeley campus. According to officials, a student was heard making a bomb threat after learning of his grade on an exam.

While the details are being kept classified as a security precaution, witnesses have released accounts of what happened.

"So we just got our midterm scores back for our Nutri Sci class, and like everyone got A's and we were all excited, and when Mike got his score he was like 'Oh yeah, 96% bitches, Mike Yu is the Bizz-omb.'"

Yu is currently being held at Guantanamo Bay for an indefinite period of time.

## Stupidity Mistaken for Wittiness

by Gabe Reilich, Staring at Her Tits

At a recent soiree, the moronic comments of Cal sophomore Tiffany Hilm were mistaken for clever witticisms. Her inane comments dealt with subjects ranging from politics to music.

Social psychologist Andy Dolden explained the phenomenon. "When you have a beautiful woman like Tiffany, statements

like 'There's no way Turkey can be in Europe' can be easily misconstrued as an astute observation on the current state of the European Union." Dolden went on to explain that the so-called "magnificent rack effect" is widespread in many social circles.

When asked about Bush's policies towards the economically downtrodden, Hilm responded by asking if "the poor got their refund check like [she] did." The obtuse comment, mistaken for an incisive drollery, caused chuckles from the six males surrounding her. In turn, she responded with polite laughter that belied her inability to fully comprehend the situation.

Asked fellow party attendee Sandra Jenkins, "What do you mean witty? Tiffany is a fucking idiot."

## Pirates of the Caribbean Party Results in No Booty

by Daniel Brady, Lonely

Jeremy Stout, a fifth-year mass communications major, has finally decided to depledge from fraternity Alpha Alpha Alpha after not getting any action at their "Pirates of the Caribbean" party last Friday.

For the party, AAA hired DJ Chentastic, who spun uncomfortably high-pitched trance music while two overweight sorority girls danced in a poorly-designed stripper cage. They were the only two girls in attendance, and it was when they managed to vomit all over AAA's official GPA booster Sam Chang's EECS homework as he unsuccessfully attempted to undo their Juicy sweatpants before he ejaculated, while all of the frat brothers stood in the corner with cups of Nattie Ice wearing Abercrombie & Fitch shorts, wife beaters, and backwards trucker hats constructed entirely of repressed homosexual angst, that Stout knew it was time to depledge.

When reached for comment, fraternity president Richard Ho said, "Did you see Chang totally going to town on that chick while his cat watched? Man that was funny." He then solicited high-fives from a passerby, and upon being rejected, shrugged and looked awkwardly at a hole in his shirt.

"I really hate fat chicks," sighed the stripper cage.

## Problem Found

by Matt Loker, Knave

President Bush yesterday announced the identity of the new enemy in the War on Terror. "Gypsies," he said derisively. "Filthy gypsies who would strangle one another for a sheep's bladder of wine."

Following Bush's fireside proclamation, a general was sent to marshal troops loyal to the throne. A throng of hooded Cossacks left on horseback at nightfall.

Some would say that Bush's willingness to fight in yet another war is but a manifestation of the inner conflict that haunts him nightly without cessation. Palace insiders have spoken in hushed tones of cuckoldry following the reappearance of Neil Bush, George's brother and Laura's first love. He was assumed dead following the Napoleonic Wars, but mysteriously returned home last week, though missing one of his cobalt-blue eyes.

Lying in repose, court mystic Karl Rovovich pensively spoke: "It is 'Mission Accomplished' everywhere save for that man's heart."

## Hipsters Rally Around Bush

by Sean Keane, Square

A recent Gallup poll of likely voters shows a surprising groundswell of support for President Bush in the hipster community.

"Bush's handling of the war in Iraq is so bad, it's good," explained Moffitt Library employee Erin Reardon, wearing a Halliburton trucker hat and a "Lugar '96" T-shirt. "The kitsch value of his corporate deregulation efforts and incredibly regressive tax policies is off the charts."

The Bush presidency inspires nostalgia for many hipsters. Fans of 1980s cultural landmarks such as leg warmers and jelly shoes can relate to the "retro" Bush administration's deficit spending and massive military buildup. Groups of hipsters gather to watch Bush's speeches, ostensibly for their ironic entertainment value, while VH1's *Best Presidency Ever* has garnered spectacular ratings among the prized 18-34 demographic.

For some hipsters, the presidential choice boils down to defying the mainstream

and even their own judgment. A sombrero-wearing hipster was succinct in his explanation. "Why am I voting for Bush?" he asked. "Because I hate him."

## Man Wasting His Life by Enjoying It

by Eamon Doyle, So Much Potential

Sources close to Berkeley resident Daniel Arnette report that the 24-year-old percussionist and freelance graphic designer is throwing his life away by habitually seeking happiness and fulfillment from his waking hours.

"Just last week, Daniel was telling me that he had spent the day holed up in his apartment, watching cartoons, eating potato chips, and practicing on his bongos," said Arnette's mother, Helen. "I can't tell you how it breaks my heart to see him enjoying himself like that."

Steve Hewitt, Arnette's roommate and a sufferer of chronic fatigue syndrome, agreed. "No two ways about it: Dan's in serious trouble here. If he doesn't get it together soon, he's going to wake up one morning and realize that he's squandered the best years of his life having a good time."

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### Top Ten Disney Blaxploitation Films

10. The Aristoblacks
9. Blackahontas
8. The Hunchblack of Notre Dame
7. Black Beauty and the Beast
6. The Foxy Bitch and the Hound
5. Snow Honkey and the Seven Jive Turkeys
4. The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh and This Huge Black Guy Who Hates White People
3. Finding Nee-fro
2. Aladdin Jones
1. Sambi

### Top Ten Second-rate Magic Tricks

10. Pulling a quarter out of your pocket
9. Pulling a rabbit out of a larger, pregnant rabbit
8. Sawing a loaf of bread in half
7. Unzipping your pants and punching yourself in the balls... TA-DA!
6. Reading your own mind
5. Levitating a Hovercraft
4. Turning a half-full glass of water into a half-empty glass of water
3. Removing grape juice from a carpet with Oxy-Clean
2. Contracting HIV but maintaining a high T-cell count
1. The Magic of Reading

### Top Ten Election-themed Gay Porno Movies

10. Hung Chad
9. The Erectoral College
8. Only Bob Dole's Right Arm Is Limp
7. Big Swinging Caucasus
4. Teabagging the Carpetbagger: A Night with Alan Keyes
3. Cock the Vote
2. Moderated Masturdebates: The 90-second Rebuttal
1. A Brazilian Lacrosse Team Jacks Off on Lyndon LaRouche's Face

### Top Ten Most Comfortable Ways to Die

10. Stabbed through a fluffy jacket
9. Drinking a poisonous beer in your recliner
8. A car accident, while reclining and drinking a non-poisonous beer
7. Choking on feathers
6. Eaten by toothless dinosaur
5. Being shot in a Brookstone massage chair
4. Metaphorically
3. Dehydration from relentless oral sex
2. Spooning a bear
1. Extremely mild leukemia

# BRAIN TEAZERZ FOR LIBERAL ARTZ MAJORZ!

## Word Problem #1

Farmer Pete has five cows. Three of the cows produce one gallon of milk a week. One produces one half-gallon, and another produces only a pint a week.



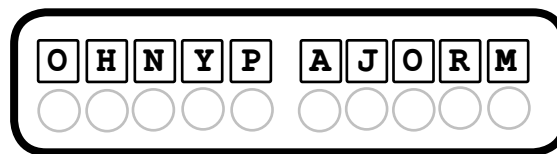
How much milk can Farmer Pete sell before he reaches an existential crisis caused by the emotional disconnects inherent in our modern international consumer economy?

**Bonus Points:** Explain if the state should allow Farmer Pete to legally take his own life to break the cycle of indirect oppression.

**Correct Answer:**

The content of your answer does not matter so long as it follows proper formatting and you backed up your arguments with concrete examples from the text. If you don't understand your grade I can discuss it with you during my office hours at Café Durant.

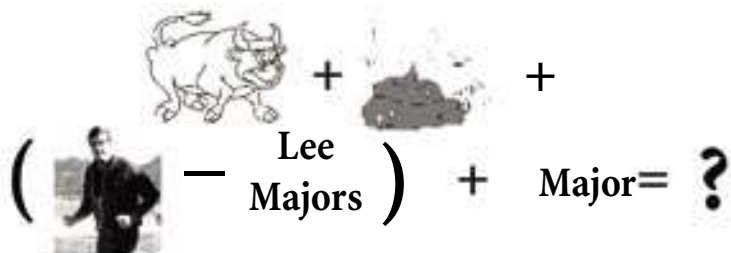
## Anagram



## Rebus



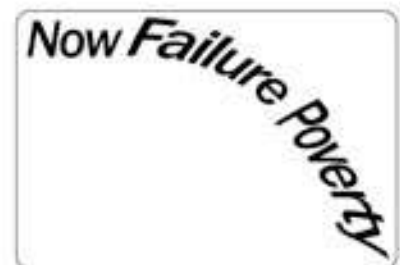
gtranscendentalism – g = ?



## Goofy Grafix



Answer: Cat in the hat



Answer: Your future is messy

## Connect the dots



# The University of California at Berkeley and Vista Community College:

## A Study in Dichotomy

By Aaron Brownstein

Last year, I went to Cal. This year, I am going to Vista. You can guess why. These are some of the differences I have noticed. Most of the following accounts are based on true stories.

### Questions in Class

*Cal* **Student:** If I may pose a hypothesis on the transcendent unilateralization of Nietzsche's archipelographic dissidence...*[Thirty minutes of student verbally blowing himself]*

*Vista* **Student:** What's that thing on the board?

**Professor:** Which thing?

**Student:** You know, that thing with all the colors and numbers and stuff.

**Professor:** You mean the pie graph?

**Student:** *[Writing furiously in notebook]* Pie...graph. Right. But what does it mean, though?

### Student Body

*Cal* **Average Student:** Hi. I'm Asian.

*Vista* **Average Student:** Hi. I'm a recovering crack addict with no feeling in my left leg because of the seizure I had when I was eleven after overdosing on the crystal meth that my mom packed in my lunch this one time when we were out of Gushers.

### Campus Police

*Cal* **UCPD Officer:** I'm drivin' a Segway! Woo hoo!

*Vista* **VPD Officer:** To my knowledge, I don't exist. But I'll still fuck you up if you're black.

### Drug Dealers

*Cal* **Shady Dude:** Hey man, wanna buy some weed?

*Vista* **Shady Dude:** Hey man, wanna go to Cal and sell some weed?

### Clubs and Activities

*Cal* **Student:** Join the Campus Christian Organization!

**Student:** Pledge CALPIRG!

**Student:** End Asian Apathy!

*Vista* **Shady Dude:** Hey man, wanna go to Cal and sell some weed?

### Campus Fashion

*Cal* **Student:** Hey buddy, that Cal sweatshirt looks great on you!

**Other Student:** Right back at ya, buddy!

*Vista* **Student:** Once I get the cash together, I'm totally gonna get some Rogaine and grow out my unibrow.

### Extra Credit

*Cal* **English Professor:** The exam will have one extra credit question, worth two points, about an obscure branch of medieval literature that you could not possibly have heard of.

*Vista* **English Professor:** You! Can you tie your shoes?

**Student:** Uh, yeah.

**English Professor:** One hundred and fifty percent! Great job!

**Student:** *[Whispers to friend]* Dude, I was so bullshitting.

### Top Ten Misogynistic Rock Songs

10. Fat Bottomed Girls (Are Unacceptable)
9. She Works Hard for the Money (But Earns Only 70%)
8. Hey, Hey, You, You, Get Into My Trunk
7. Black Eye of the Tiger Who Talked Back
6. Baby, You Can't Drive My Car (No, Really, You Can't)
5. D-I-S-R-E-S-P-E-C-T
4. Don't Fear the Reaper, Fear Your Husband
3. Roxanne (or Whatever Your Name Was)
2. [Four minutes of Ike Turner rambling incoherently]
1. You Are the Walrus

### Top Ten Scientist Pickup Lines

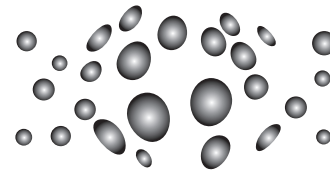
10. "Girl, you must be a parametric equation, 'cause you got curves in all the right places."
9. "You must know Bernoulli's Principle, 'cause damn, you so fly!"
8. "Baby, can you help me integrate my natural log?"
7. "You must be traveling at the speed of light, 'cause time stopped when I saw you."
6. "You're like an elevated temperature, 'cause you've excited all my particles."
5. "I must have a Bunsen burner in my chest, 'cause my heart's on fire."
4. "You're like a microscope sample, because I need to mount you."
3. "I'm like Schroedinger's cat, because every time you look at me, I die."
2. "You're like a carbon molecule, 'cause every part of me wants to bond with you."
1. "Damn Yolanda, you must be a quantum singularity, because I'm drawn to your black hole."

### Top Five Song Lyrics Rejected by Johnny Cash for Not Being Tough Enough

5. "I shot a man in Reno / Just to get some pie"
4. "Love is a burning thing / And it really hurts / To touch burning things"
3. "Daddy sang bass / Other daddy sang tenor"
2. "Because you're mine / I walk across the street when instructed by the sign"
1. "My daddy left home when I was three / He came back home later that day, but still"

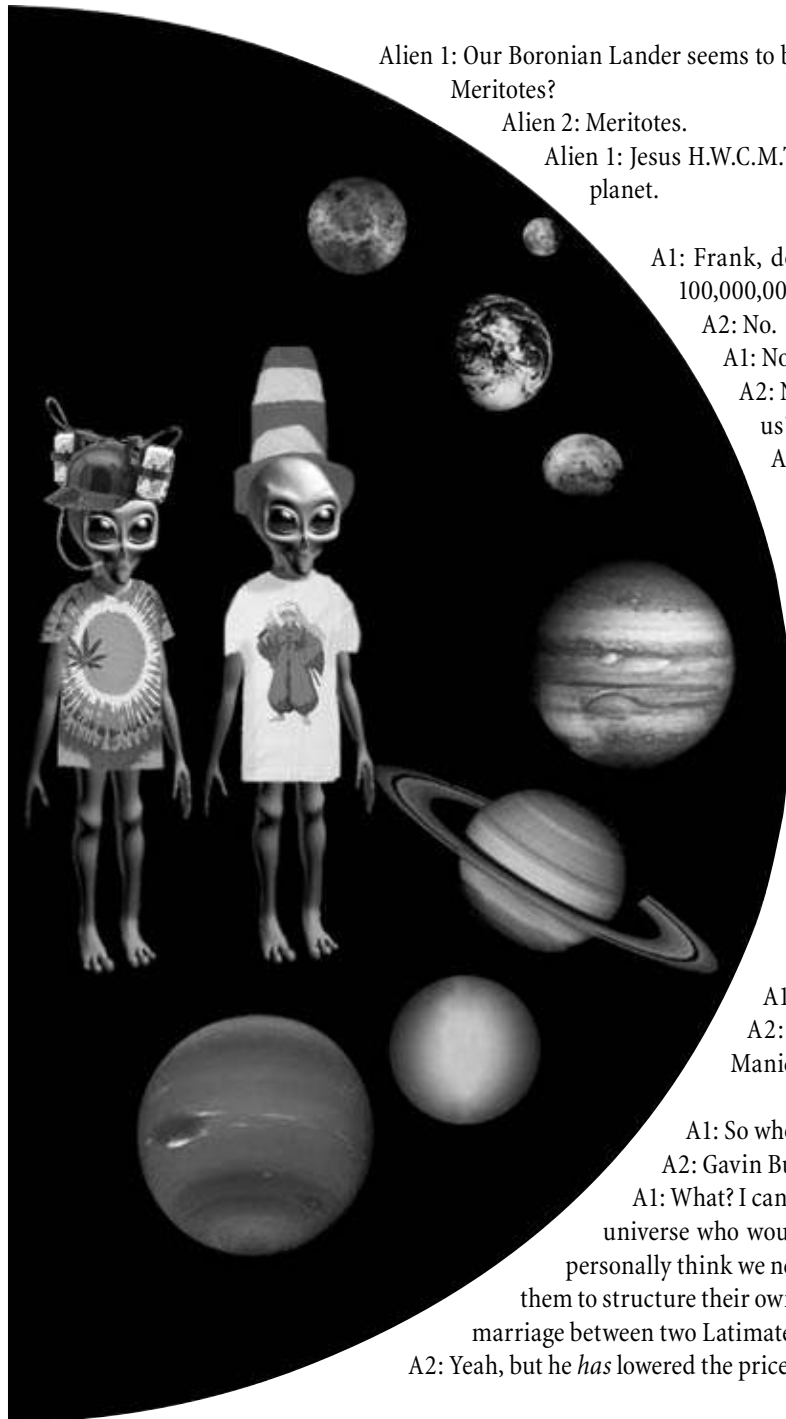
Since the dawn of time in 1943, we at the SETI Institute have scoured the depths of the universe in hopes of finding life outside our solar system. So far we have been unsuccessful, prompting many critics to call our work trivial or useless, and others to call our work both trivial and useless. Well, fuck you crit-dicks. I am here to report that we have finally made contact with extraterrestrial beings. Surprisingly, these aliens do not seem too intelligent. Quite frankly, they sound like a bunch of fucking idiots. Using the powerful radio wave telescopes (featured in Jodie Foster's hit extraterrestrial adventure thriller, *Nell*) we have intercepted the following conversations from not-so intelligent life:

## Intelligent Life? A Report from



SETI INSTITUTE

By Daniel Marshall and Gabe Reilich



Alien 1: Our Boronian Lander seems to be off course. Did you do the measurement in Glatidotes or Meritotes?

Alien 2: Meritotes.

Alien 1: Jesus H.W.C.M.T.R.H. Christ. Now we'll never get to Boron, the waterslide planet.

A1: Frank, do you think there is life outside of our little nine-moon, 100,000,000-mile-wide planet?

A2: No.

A1: Not even somewhere out there?

A2: No, and even if there were, how the fuck would they contact us?

A1: By gigantic radio wave satellites, like in that one Jodie Foster movie, *Panic Room*.

A2: I don't really like what she's done with her career.

A1: Hey Klixzer, did you get the stuff?

A2: Yeah...here it is.

A1: What? Don't tell me you paid 50 Zorzars for this... there are like only two gragzies in this space bag.

A2: Sorry, man...it was dark, I didn't check.

A1: Now we'll never be higher life-forms.

A2: Hahaha! Higher life-forms, that's a play on words. Because, you know, *higher* can mean...more intelligent... or it can mean –

A1: Dude, you smoked the other 1.5 gragzies, didn't you?

A2: Can I touch your hair?

A1: Dude, I'm so Bergersmackled!

A2: Bergersmackled? That isn't even a word, you fucking Manicoodle.

A1: So who did you vote for?

A2: Gavin Buccaneer.

A1: What? I can't believe that. He's probably the only politician in the whole universe who would unlawfully invade another planet for their resources. I personally think we need to get our troops out of the Vernitron galaxy – allowing them to structure their own government independently. Plus, he doesn't even support marriage between two Latimates. Now come here so I can fuck you in the BooTrax.

A2: Yeah, but he *has* lowered the price of solar fuel. Ouch, not so fast.



# THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF BI-CURIOUS FRANKENSTEIN

By Sean Keane

WOLFMAN: OK. I never . . . accidentally drowned a little girl while picking flowers.

FRANKENSTEIN: Arrgh! Frankenstein have to drink AGAIN!

THE MUMMY: OK, my turn. I never . . . made out with someone of the same sex. *[Wolfman drinks]*

FRANKENSTEIN: Frankenstein not know - does cuddling count?

FRANKENSTEIN: Arrgh! What happen? Last thing Frankenstein remember is building beeramid!

WOLFMAN: Relax, Frankenstein. Nothing happened. You just crashed in my room.

FRANKENSTEIN: Whew. Wait! Where Frankenstein's pants? Arrgh!

GIRLFRIEND: Frankie, is this your exfoliant in the bathroom?

FRANKENSTEIN: Arrgh! Maybe?

GIRLFRIEND: Don't be embarrassed. I just never realized you were a metrosexual.

FRANKENSTEIN: Wait! What you mean? What you hear?

GIRLFRIEND: Frankie, the term "metrosexual" just refers to a man who spends a lot of time and money on his appearance, or uses lots of cosmetic products.

FRANKENSTEIN: Frankenstein read book say period of exploration normal! Not mean anything!

GIRLFRIEND: I'm sorry. You're not a metrosexual, OK, Frankie?

FRANKENSTEIN: Frankenstein's skin made from corpses! Low relative humidity make Frankenstein's skin dry out! Arrgh! *[Pause]* Details for Men is perfectly fine magazine!

RAVER: This E is hitting me hard.

OTHER RAVER: Here, drink some water.

FRANKENSTEIN: Whoa, Frankenstein so high. Any you boys want hand massage?

RAVER: Um, that's OK, Frankenstein. I think you broke that other guy's hand earlier.

OTHER RAVER: Come on, Frankenstein, let's go dance! Put on the strobe light.

FRANKENSTEIN: Arrgh! Light flash so fast! Arrgh! *[Frankenstein breaks strobe, kills DJ and ravers, runs through wall and out of warehouse]*

DRACULA: Frankenstein, I want to suck your blood.

FRANKENSTEIN: Arrgh! Frankenstein not into that!

DRACULA: *[Pause]* Want to vatch me vack off?

FRANKENSTEIN: *[Nods]*

THE MUMMY: Thanks for having us over to the castle, Frankenstein.

INVISIBLE MAN: Yeah, thanks. This plasma TV rocks.

THE MUMMY: What movie did you get? *Dawn of the Dead? Texas Chainsaw Massacre?* *[Frankenstein hands over DVD box]*

INVISIBLE MAN: *Y Tu Mamá También???*

FRANKENSTEIN: Frankenstein hear cinematography excellent. *[Pause]* At least watch until diving board scene, OK?

*[Torch-wielding mob advances on castle]*

MOB LEADER: We must destroy the inhuman monster! He is an abomination!

MOB: Yeah! Kill him!

DR. FRANKENSTEIN:

Just because his lifestyle is different than yours, you need not persecute him!

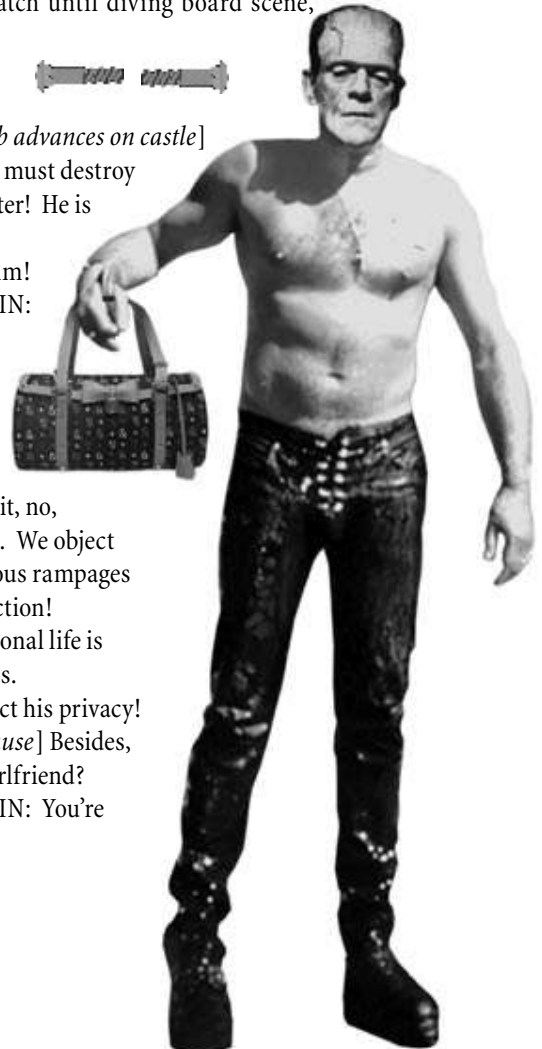
MOB LEADER: Wait, no, you misunderstand. We object only to the murderous rampages and wanton destruction!

Frankenstein's personal life is none of our business.

MOB: Yeah! Respect his privacy!

MOB LEADER: *[Pause]* Besides, doesn't he have a girlfriend?

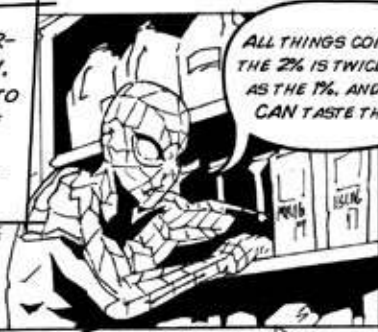
DR. FRANKENSTEIN: You're bigots, all of you!







AFTER A LONG, LONELY NIGHT SPIDER-BATING INTO HIS SPIDER-PILLOW, OUR EMPATHETIC EXEMPLAR IS READY TO RESUME HIS NEVER-ENDING PATROL OF NEW YORK CITY FOR SIGNS OF EVIL-DOERS. BUT FIRST, HE NEEDS TO PICK UP SOME MILK AT THE STORE.



# I Get Arrested. A Lot.

by Mark Thomas and  
Matt Loker

Of all the things to get, arrested certainly isn't at the top of most people's lists. For me, I've been told it's not so much a personal shortcoming as it is an error of method. But no matter what angle you're taking, getting arrested isn't good for business. When you're an international jewel thief, that's like getting fired for a couple of years.

I mean, I've had lots of jobs, but no one wants to hear about how I worked at Valero. It's always "twenty bucks on four" this and "where's your manager" that. I guess most people wouldn't come out and tell you that they're an IJT. But when you take away the elaborate security systems, illegality, and action-packed, high-octane lifestyle, you're really just another run-of-the-mill average Joe.

Sure, some of my colleagues employed "secrecy" when lifting priceless gems, but not this guy. No sir, I like to announce as loud as possible that I'm a jewel thief. That way, when the hammer comes down, nobody actually thinks that the jewel thief would steal the jewels. Did I mention I'm in prison right now? That might be relevant.

Anyway, I got a lot of flack for revealing my secret identity via a full-page ad in *International Jewel Thief* magazine, a

magazine I created for the sole purpose of informing people that I am a jewel thief. I couldn't afford to print the magazine, so instead I sky-wrote it above museums and rich people's houses.

When I finally got out of prison again, I decided to direct my creative energies elsewhere, so I became a screenwriter. After all, I had experience doing plenty of interesting things like inventing magazines. But I just wrote about my many adventures burgling precious stones, so my screenplays ended up being oddly-formatted confessions.

I've been arrested at two premieres, by the way, but one time was for assaulting a child in front of a movie theater and wasn't so much of a premiere as it was embarrassing.

Then I started a successful clothing line aimed at infants called *Incognite*. I was basically just using kids to steal jewels. Don't ask me how, I'm tired. But man was I arrested then. On a scale from Hugh Grant to James Brown of how arrested I was, I was definitely a James Brown+.

So if you want my advice, if you're planning on being an international jewel thief, get ready for a solid dose of awesome.



## Tenants' Rights Week

**Rent Stabilization Board** **October 18-October 22**

**Do you have questions about or problems with your rental-housing situation?**

Stop by our booth on Sproul Plaza 9-5 during this week of October to learn about your rights! One-on-one counseling about rental housing issues provided by Renters Legal Assistance interns and Rent Stabilization Board counselors.

Rent Stabilization Board  
[www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent](http://www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent)  
644-6128

ASUC Renters Legal Assistance  
[www.ocf.berkeley.edu/~asucrla/](http://www.ocf.berkeley.edu/~asucrla/)  
642-1755



### For more information on TRW...

**Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board**

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

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



# Pen Pals

221B Factory Way  
Shoe Factory District 4  
Shoe Distribution Province 8  
Malaysia 91423  
9/15/2004

Dear 13-year-old Malaysian girl who made my sneakers,  
I've never considered myself a romantic, but I've always believed that true love can find us anywhere. You can only imagine my pleasant surprise this morning upon finding your note in my new pair of Nike Air Force Max II's. As I read your message, I felt an immediate connection to you. We have so many things in common: We both like Nikes (me wearing them, you making them), and though I have no experience with the issue you spoke of in your letter, I'm sure I'd dislike being beaten with a flashlight by your brother-in-law every night too. I think we could really have something special together. Please write back.

Hopefully yours,  
Simon

P.S. You did a great job on the shoes.



2321 Ellsworth  
Berkeley, CA 94704  
9/24/2004

PLEASE HALP ME!  
I kno my English bad. I learn from Nike promotional packaging. You must understand.  
Send food or use mad hops to save me. I not straight playin' fool. Take it to the hole or I die.

Swoosh,  
Amira

221B Factory Way  
Shoe Factory District 4  
Shoe Distribution Province 8  
Malaysia 91423  
9/25/2004

Dearest Amira,

My heart swelled with love upon finding your new letter. I instantly knew it was from you because of the intimate bond we've formed. Also because it was delivered by rickshaw. It's like we've known each other our whole lives, or at least for the 13 years since you were born.

I bet we even watch a lot of the same TV shows. Do you like *Star Trek*? If you've never seen it, you should watch some of the old episodes they play on SpikeTV, or whatever they call The Nashville Network in Malaysia. I feel like I am Captain Kirk, and you are the Orion Slave Girl from episode #52. Please send a picture of yourself; I want to post it on my Xanga.

Faithfully yours,  
Simon

2321 Ellsworth  
Berkeley, CA 94704  
10/11/2004

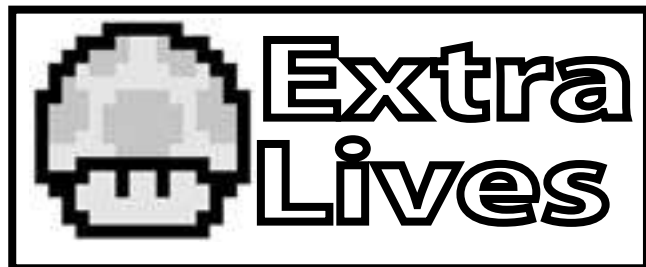
Please Help!  
I had to sell my body for night to local grocer to get this mailed, evernight I pray to his airness Michael Jordan, but my prayers only answered in form of killer crossover. I lost my foot in shoe press today, you my last hope. Don't make a playa beg. You gotta be clutch and save me. Just do it.

P.S. I am dead. Do not write to me ever again.  
Sincerely,  
Little Girl

It was hard being dumped. Maybe I was a fool to think that we could make it work: I was a 19-year-old college student just learning about love, and she was a sophisticated 13-year-old Malaysian girl with a bustling career in the apparel industry. I guess it's just like Shakespeare said; it's better to have loved and lost, than to have loved and bought inferior shoes.



# Scenes from a World Where Everyone Has



By Kevin Deenihan and Lia Kraemer

## In Iraq

**SOLDIER:** Dave! Dave! Stay with us! Evac is coming in — Dave! Shit!

*[Corpse disappears]*

*[Five seconds later]*

**DAVE:** Alright, I'm back. What's going on?

**SOLDIER:** Oh, hey Dave. Saddam is starting to flash red, and his face has changed expressions.

**DAVE:** Okay, I'm going to nail him a few times until I stop blinking

## Faulkner Novel

**CHARLIE:** Pa! Boyo got bit bad, and there ain't a life heart around for miles! And he's at x0!

**MA:** Quick, Arthur. We should have just over 100 coins in the jar. There's still time.

**PA:** ...There ain't no 100 coins in that jar.

*[Silence]*

**MA:** You went drinking.

*[Silence]*

**CHARLIE:** What do I tell Boyo, Ma? What do I tell him?

**MA:** You tell him... you tell him whatever you want to, Charlie.

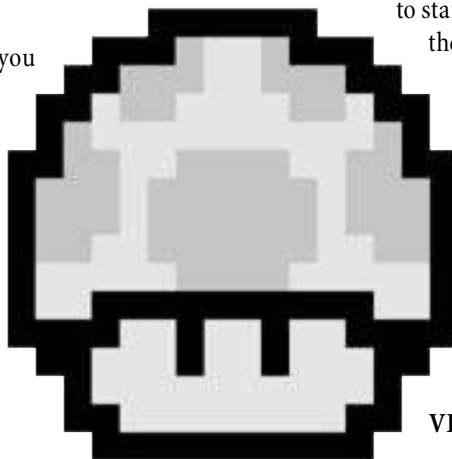
*[Silence. No one looks at one another.]*

## A Prison Yard

**GANGSTA:** *[bench presses stuff]*

**CHOLO:** Okay, ese. It's time to settle the score for what you did to Burro Kong. *[pulls out red shell]* You only got one balloon left, homes.

**GANGSTA:** *[pulls out feather]* ... Sheeit.



## History Class

**PROFESSOR:** ...But Gavrilo triple-jumped over the Austroguards, killing Archduke Ferdinand with just one blow to the head. A second player attempted to administer powerups, but was unsuccessful.

**STUDENT:** It seems so odd that that one event led to World War 1-Up.

## Foundation of Buddhism

**BUDDHA:** I believe that after this life we move on to a new incarnation, determined by our actions in this world.

**ACOLYTE:** Like if I mistime my jump over the bridge, I have to start over with no life...but if I make it over, I start the next stage with the Invisibility Cape?

**BUDDHA:** Yes, I am stating the obvious above.

## Cats

**VETERINARIAN:** It's well-known that all cats start with nine lives, but few know that they can go up to 99 lives before being capped.

**MAN:** How can they end up with so many?

**VETERINARIAN:** Mice leave the blue coins.

## Buy T-shirts!

(English Majors Do It  
with Old, Dead Guys.)



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Tuesdays 7-8pm, 110 Wheeler

Submit to:

[submit@squelched.com](mailto:submit@squelched.com)

Submission Deadline:

October 31, 2004



Scenes from

# Stand and Deliver

If It Took Place in an Upper-Middle-Class High School in the San Fernando Valley

by Matt Loker

## The Principal

**Jaime Escalante:** Principal Richman, I look forward to teaching these kids. They come from nothing, and no one believes in them, but I can get through to them. I'll show them that calcul—

**Principal:** Wait a second, you're a Mexican! That's great!

**Jaime:** ...

**Principal:** Sorry, we don't really have Mexicans around here. Go on.

**Jaime:** I was saying that calculus can teach these—

**Principal:** Hey, are you people filled with candy?

**Jaime:** No. That's a piñata.

**Principal:** Sorry.

**Jaime:** *[Exasperated]* Higher learning is—

**Principal:** OLE OLE OLE OLE! OLE! OLE!

## Meeting His Class

**Jaime:** *[observing his quietly seated class]* I know you *vatos* think you're funny, but there's nothing funny about failure. Don't you wanna be something in life?

**Well-Dressed Boy in Front Row:** Yes sir. I'd like to go to graduate—

**Jaime:** NO! NO! Gangs are a dead end, *muchacho*. The real weapon is your mind.

*[Class sits silently]*

**Jaime:** That's why I'm going to teach you all calculus.

**Boy:** We already learned calculus. I got a 5 on the—

**Jaime:** What is it with you kids and the gangs?!

## The Lesson Plan

**Jaime:** Today, we're gonna talk about integrals. This may be your only ticket out of here, so pay attention.

**Timid Girl:** Uh, Mr. Escalante, this isn't AP Calculus. This is advanced multivariate calculus.

**Jaime:** Fuck.

**Timid Girl:** If you want, we can—

**Jaime:** What, jump me? You think you're tough? *[Takes off shirt to show scars]* I been stabbed eight times, *puta*. Not so tough now, are you?

**Well-Dressed Boy:** *[whispering to friend]* Aww, I thought they were filled with candy.

## Words of Encouragement

**Jaime:** You kids have futures. Even when nobody else believes in you, I do. I believe in you.

**Timid Girl:** Well, between our parents, numerous colleges, and society in general, pretty much everyone believes in us. Well, except for that kid, but no one believes in him.

**Baal, the Golden Calf:** *[Sniffles, bites lower lip]*



## Top Ten Converted Rock Bands

10. Ozzy Osbourne Again
9. Burning Bush
8. John 3:11
7. Not So Bad Religion
6. Three Wise Men at Work
5. Green Day That the Lord Hath Made
4. Nirvana...Does Not Exist
3. Guns N' Moses
2. The Chemical-free Brothers
1. Peter, Paul, and Mary (the Ones from the Bible)

## Top Ten Lesbian Candies

10. Butchy Ruth
9. Klit Kat
8. Mounds
7. Skor (with Women)
6. O Henrietta!
5. Ani DiFranco Acoustic Guitar Symphony Bar
4. Snickers from Normal People
3. 5th Avenue...Where Two Women Are Currently Eating Each Other's Vaginas
2. 3 Muskydikes
1. BeTwix't Her Legs

## Top Five Reasons Old Yeller Had to Die

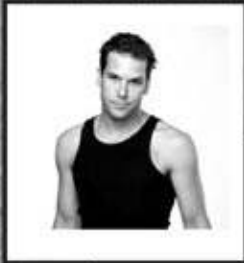
5. Knew too much
4. Sudden appearance of New Yeller
3. To prevent a sequel
2. For your sins
1. You just killed the Yearling; didn't want to dig two holes

## Top Ten Classes No Longer Taught at Cal

10. Education 16AC: Fulfilling the American Cultures Requirement
9. Peace and Conflict Studies 8: My God, You Are Such a Pussy
8. L&S 14: Nap Time
7. Asian American Studies 103B: Little, Yellow, Not So Different
6. Molecular Cell Biology 62: Drugs and the Brain and More Drugs and Dude I Am So High Right Now I Can Fucking See Through Walls
5. Women's Studies 39H: You're Gay
4. Landscape Architecture 39H: You Don't Have to Take My Word for It, You KNOW You're Gay
3. Physics 142C: The Physics of Cum Trajectory
2. Comparative Literature 2: Chaucer's Revenge
1. African American Studies 11/Latin American Studies 9 (cross-listed): Why You're Too Lazy to Steal

# SUPERBB

entertaining the students of uc berkeley



## Comedy

- dave cook

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@ Berkeley Community  
Theatre

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

## games

- college jeopardy

Monday, October 25th  
@ 7pm in 155 Dwinelle

\$5 to oplay, FREE to watch!  
WIN PRIZES!!

- daniel tosh

Thursday, October 28th  
@ 9:00pm

Wheeler Auditorium

\$7 w/ UCS id, \$12 general  
[www.virtuous.com](http://www.virtuous.com)



## Friday films

- 10/22 Anchorman 7 & 9

- 10/29 I'm not scared  
7 & 9:30

- 11/5 Garden State  
7 & 9:30

\$3 w/ UCS student id, \$5 general  
All films in Wheeler Auditorium

## Concerts

- people under  
the stars (w/ Tajai  
of Heiroglyphics and  
Kid Beyond)

Saturday, November 6  
@ 8 pm, Bear's Lair

\$10 w/ UCS student id, \$15 general  
([www.virtuous.com](http://www.virtuous.com))

[superb.berkeley.edu](http://superb.berkeley.edu)

[superb@ocf.berkeley.edu](mailto:superb@ocf.berkeley.edu)

# Magical Realism

*from the Point of View of an Oppressive Misogynist Culture*

By Matt Loker and Toby Muresianu

IN THE HARD LAND OF MONTERREY there lived a pretty young girl named Ana de la Cocina. In her family's hut by the edge of the pueblo, Ana slaved day in and day out to provide food for the men of her family while putting herself through night school.

One day, however, Ana came home from the School of the Night with joy in her heart. "I have gotten my BA in economics!" she yelled, bothering the men with her high-pitched voice as they watched soccer and drank. "Now I can find employment in the city!" The men in the room were bothered by this, but did not pay too much heed, for indeed, she had fewer ribs than they.

And lo, the next morning, as Ana stepped out of the house ready to travel to the city, she saw that an enormous ceiling of glass had enveloped the house. Ana tried and tried and studied and studied, but the ceiling of glass was far stronger than her puny feminine arms. "What is the matter? There is nothing here!" yelled the men as they walked back and forth through it. "I think I will become a securities analyst at JP Morgan," declared Miguel, who had never completed high school, as he strolled through the invisible barrier on a road paved with gold. And upon hearing this Ana cried and moaned, and the men asked her if it was that time of the month, and Ana looked down and was ashamed, for a raging river of menses had flowed forth from her dress, and there was sand in it too, yes, a veritable dune of sand, and Ana sat on her dune of sand and wept.

But little did she know that all was well, for as she cried a brave man came forth and pointed at the red mountain, and yes, all the grains of sand became babies, babies to feed and clothe and raise. And Ana took her babies and walked on bare feet into the kitchen, and cooked a meal for the brave man to eat on his way out the door, for she was a floozy and they were probably not his babies anyway. And all was well, as her experience had taught the women of the pueblo that school makes babies, and the men laughed, and never made that mistake again.

IT WAS IN the four hundredth year of the humble village that a vicious drought fell. Men and oxen alike toiled to coax food from the barren earth, while the women predictably sat around their huts and gained weight. One such woman was Tita, the timid young bride of the swarthy Federico Sanchez.

Tita's garden was the most barren of all land in the little village. Still, she tended to it with care and love every day, hoping to bring forth a bounty of grains and banana trees. Then one day, something fantastical happened: her husband beat the living shit out of her.

Frustrated by his desperate situation, Federico Sanchez attacked the village's complex socioeconomic caste system the only way a South American man knows how: by having a go at his wife for ten, twenty minutes at a time. He beat her with reeds, shoots, oxwhips, tree branches, and even a First Aid kit, the overwhelming irony of which was transmuted into a blunt object, which he then picked up and used to beat her some more.

After being disciplined by her husband, Tita crawled out to her garden and began to cry a river of tears into the ground. The power of her beautiful and long-suffering tears caused the ground to come alive with all manner of fruit and vegetable: mangos, papayas, banana trees, even a rubber plant. Such respite from a life of suffering!

Yes, Federico had finally gotten a break. His fruits were the envy of all the village, and as long as he continued to beat his wife, his stomach would be empty no longer. He told all the men of the village about the secret of the tears, and soon, no one in the village was want for food. Except for fat chicks.

Later that year, the village switched to an entirely tear-based economy, and all was once again well.

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# The *Reel* WONDER YEARS •

by Simon Ganz

*Ah, the Wonder Years. That special time in a boy's life from 8 to 8:30 on ABC's Wednesday night lineup. Sadly, the show deeply misled the youth of America by making us think that during any conversation or event in our lives, we could stop for a three-minute internal monologue featuring the voice of renowned comic/actor Daniel Stern.*

## While Hiking...

**Lindsay:** What are you looking at, Kevin?

**Kevin's Internal Monologue:** Oh no! A giant boulder was heading straight for Lindsay!

**Lindsay:** Why aren't you talking?

**Internal Monologue:** Boy, this was a big moment in my life. I just knew that if I could save Lindsay from that giant boulder, I'd be a hero in her eyes.

From that moment on I was resolved to act. I knew I could —

**Lindsay:** AHHHHHHH!!!

**Kevin:** ...Whoops.

## Studying with Flashcards...

**Mom:** Okay, Kevin. I'll hold up the card, and you read the word and tell me which periodic element it is.

*[Holds up card showing "Fe"]*

**Internal Monologue:** It was hard remembering all the elements, but my mom cared about my education and she was always willing to...

**Mom:** Kevin! Can't you even guess? This is an easy one.

**Internal Monologue:** Iron! It's iron! Say iron!

**Kevin:** Phosphorus.

**Internal Monologue:** You fuckup. You fucking —damnit.

## In Class...

**Teacher:** Okay, Kevin. Please show us how to solve this equation on the board.

**Internal Monologue:** Was he serious? I was no genius, how could I...

**Teacher:** Kevin, why are you staring into space? And where's that warm, comforting background music coming from?

**Kevin:** Oh boy, this was getting bad fast.

**Teacher:** Who are you talking to and why are you speaking in the past tense?

**Internal Monologue:** Oh, nothing, Mr. Rhymer.

**Kevin:** Boy, that was close.

**Teacher:** Are you retarded or something?

## On a Date...

**Winnie Cooper:** I had a great night, Kevin. We should do this again sometime.

**Internal Monologue:** Oh boy, she was leaning forward. Did she want me to kiss her? What if I leaned forward to kiss her and she pulled back? I knew this was a big moment and I was scared, but I had to make a decision before —

**Winnie Cooper:** AHHHHHH!!!!

**Internal Monologue:** Wow, two boulders in one day. What are the odds? I should really stop taking people to the sunken edge of this gorge.

## Gambling on baseball games...

**Paul:** Kevin, you're crazy. The Seattle Pilots will never beat the Senators.

**Kevin:** I'm telling you. They're gonna win the pennant.

**Paul:** Wanna bet 50 dollars?

**Internal Monologue:** Boy. This was a big decision. Did I want to gamble even though my father forbade it?...Wait, shit, I remember that A.L. pennant race. They lost! DON'T MAKE THE BET! DON'T MAKE THE BET!

**Kevin:** You're on!

**Internal Monologue:** Aw, screw this, I'm gonna flash back to that episode where special guest gym teacher Robert Picardo taught sex ed and hilarity ensued. *[Wistful sigh]* Hilarity ensued.





# HOW THE CAMERA PHONE HAS INFLUENCED PHOTOGRAPHY

## Development of Early Camera Phones



The earliest camera phones date back to the daguerreotype-telephone machine, invented in 1852 by Alexander Graham Bell's son, John Telephone, who would go on to die.

The daguerreotype-telephone machine led to such famous early images as "The Crimean War: Ottoman Empire in Decline" and "Look, You Can See Her Snatch."

Perhaps the most famous early phone-daguerreotypes are those documenting Abraham Lincoln and the American Civil War. As the country drifted towards disunity, the Great Emancipator made frequent visits to his troops. Here is one such image, capturing Lincoln as both a uniter and a very thirsty man.



**T**he camera phone: simultaneously a camera and a phone. Since the early days of photography, camera phone-ographers have revolutionized the way that we look at naked ladies, which is to say, a lot.

~Matt "Picture Me Blowing You" Loker



*Migratory Mother, Texas  
by Dorothea Lange*



*Self Portrait  
by Robert Mapplethorpe*



*Kissing the War Goodbye  
by Unknown*



*Half Dome  
by Ansel Adams*

 **iRaq**



**Abu Ghrockin'.**