

the heuristic

# Squelch

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**This Month's Cover:**

Jim? Jim, I think we're going to have to call someone.

Sorry about that last sentence. That wasn't me. That was Pegasus. I am Not Pegasus. I am MEDUSA!! I have snakes in my hair and the snakes have balls that are like external follicles because they sweat oil. Also, sometimes I look at stuff and it turns to stone, which sucks when I buy a new dildo, because it's all rubbery and nice feeling and then I look at it and it turns to stone. And not nice stone either. Really really bumpy stone. It goes in my Megina. My pubes are also snakes. So the building where I live looks normal, except someone is always dying under my window. There was this bum across the street, and then the one right in front of the entrance, and then that one who wasn't dead but was scissor-ed, along with his dog, which is just kinda fucked up.

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WORDS FROM THE TOP

# An Above-Average Guy

I don't mean to brag, but I'm pretty good at receiving blowjobs. I mean that in the sense that if we were both getting blowjobs, I'd not only win, I'd embarrass you in the process. I've always had special talents like that. When I was six I found out I was great at receiving blood transfusions. But I discovered that only after learning how much scotch and cars were in love with my dad.

Of course I'm better at receiving blowjobs: my senses are just more acute than yours. My hearing is ten times bigger and my sense of smell is three-and-a-half inches longer than yours, not to mention double-jointed. It's a simple matter of fact, then, that while I succeed at listening to the sweet song of a summer flower, you inevitably and continuously fail.

It's not like I'm claiming to be the greatest guy in the world; I'm just really good at everyday things. My vote counted a little bit more than yours, but only because I live in double-Florida. I can type sixty words a minute, given three minutes to type that phrase. I'm really good at knowing when people are calling me, which you're just jealous of because I can swallow more phones than you.

I also once got oral herpes, which isn't all that amazing, except that I got it from a handjob.

As a top-shelf kind of guy, I like the finer things in life. I like my fine imported beers ice-cold, and my ice to taste like warm Schlitz. I like to have more than anyone else, which is great when it comes to all my caviar, but not so great when you consider all the extra teeth I had surgically added just to eat it all.

Sure, a lot of people call me average, but I never pay them much mind because even though their words come in huge and clear, I'm usually too busy averaging your mom to notice.

-Mark Thomas and Matt Loker

## Laugh Your AXE Off!



Featuring:

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or it could be 8, I'm not totally sure



# SQUELCH ENDORSEMENTS OF THE FUTURE

*After watching the fallout of the 2004 election, the Squelch editorial staff realized that the opinions of the California voters just don't matter. So, in the spirit of meaningless political dribble, here are the Squelch's endorsements for state referenda of the future.*

## YEAR: 2006

**Proposition 104:** Fair Share for Indians – YES

This bill is that one what gives them lousy red-faced dice-rolling firewater drinkers a fair share of my fist.

## YEAR: 2008

**Proposition 35:** Extend Sports Metaphors Further Into the Criminal Justice System – YES

This will extend the Three Strikes law into other areas, creating the infield fly rule for corporate governance, the hat-trick rule for abortion rights, and the 40-love rule for stem cell harvesting.

## YEAR: 2010

**Proposition 94:** Re-re-re-re-legalize Gay Marriage – YES

We feel that gay citizens should enjoy the same legal rights and protections as their straight counterparts, at least for the 36 hours before this proposition is overturned.

## YEAR: 2012

**Proposition 228B:** Indecent Proposition – NO, to save our relationship. California needed the money, but how low would the state go to get it? He said it would be for one night only. He said he'd never come back. He lied.

## YEAR: 2014

**Proposition 45:** Stop Using Humans to Cure Stem Cells – NO

## YEAR: 2016

**Proposition 36:** Outlaw Gaelic Marriage – YES

The Jesus-thumping conservatives might have gone a little too far on this one, but who are we to put them in their place?

## YEAR: 2020

**Proposition 79:** Stop Resurrecting Reagan with Stem Cells – NO

## YEAR: JESUS<sup>2</sup> + 3

**Proposition 117:** Allocate \$48 Billion to Treat Victims of Cell Phone Cancer – YES

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# newsflashes

## Deaf-mute Goes Over Cell Phone Minutes

by Danny Marshall, Peaking

For the fourth consecutive month, eight hundred anytime minutes with free calling after nine and on weekends proved too minuscule a plan for deaf-mute Keith Bagley's gregarious lifestyle.

Though Keith cannot talk or hear, he still spends much of his free time pushing the cell phone's buttons, throwing the phone to the ground, and kicking it up and down the street.

Keith's mother, Meredith Bagley, has tried several times to take the phone away from Keith, but he protests by yelling "DAAAAAAP" at a deafening volume, pressing numerous buttons, and kicking his phone up and down the street.

Nancy Bagley, Keith's grandmother, has been the victim of several of his phone calls but doesn't mind receiving them: "The sound of the phone grinding along the ground while Keith yells 'DAAAAAAP' in the background is actually quite soothing. I'm very lonely."

Keith has incurred an extra fifty-cent fee per overtime minute for being friendless.

## Morrissey to Not Use Sarcasm

by Mitch Rodricks, Funny

Famed singer Morrissey, formerly of The Smiths, has written a song containing neither irony nor sarcasm. The new single, slated to kick off his forthcoming album, is called "I Actually Drive a Jaguar" and should hit radio airwaves in late November.

When asked about the track, Morrissey said, "I don't always have to be spiteful and depressed. Sometimes it's just nice to do something different." Immediately after the interview was published, Smiths fans all over the world gathered together and crowded into Jaguar dealerships to mope about being all alone.

A promo copy of the song includes such lyrics as "I drive a Jaguar and I live in Malibu. I'm rich, rich, rich. Soooooo sad...to not be rich, rich, rich like meeee."

## Dog Analogous to Capitalism

by Simon Ganz, Analogous to Dog

Local dog Fido Proletariat achieved the dream of dogs and men alike yesterday, managing to catch his own tail for the first time after years of effort. Upon initially biting the tail, Fido growled with intense satisfaction and ground the appendage in his teeth as if to broadcast his domination to the whole of the earth.

As time went on, Fido barked confusedly, finding the euphoria of victory short-lived, and was ultimately left with only a hollow and lifeless mass within his own soul where the love of the chase had once resided.

He then spent several minutes barking ironically, then surreptitiously, and finally meretriciously and with great anger. It was at this point that Fido realized the moral bankruptcy inherent in capitalism's struggle for material goods, and demonstrated his newfound hatred for bourgeois values by rolling around on a carpet and taking a crap.

## Architecture Building Collapses

by Fred Taylor-Hochberg, Eyesore

In a shocking and ironic turn of events, Wurster Hall, famous for its training of the architects of tomorrow, collapsed today. The colossal gray building, deemed "goddamned hideous" by countless passersby, simply caved in on itself at 5:42 a.m., crushing thousands of adorable puppies and architecture students. Rescue workers cited shoddy design as a cause, and commented, "Holy shit, there's your irony right there."

"That building is the classical Greek tragic figure," sobbed an English major who was present at the time of the collapse. "Once again, our hubris has destroyed us. We have made our Tower of Babel, and God has toppled it as a jarring reminder that we are flawed mortals whose pride in creating such a masterpiece has led to our demise." He then left to go write a paper about it or something.

## Iraqi Prisoners Put On Freedom Play

by Alexander E. Drew, Believable

Lt. Col. Rebecca Hastings decided it would be fun for everyone if the Iraqi prisoners put on a play about why they love freedom so much.

"Everyone's always so glum around here," she said. "I thought it would be nice to let them do something creative for a change."

Reactions among the prisoners were mixed.

"This is a travesty," lamented Ahmed al-Hareeb. "I clearly should have gotten the lead. That al-Binda could not act his way out of a wet paper bag if the bag were made of gossamer and al-Binda were somehow in possession of a magical gossamer-cutting device."

Others supported the idea. "I think it's great, and we've got a great cast," said director Hassan Aziz. "That, and anything that removes the jumper cables from my testicles is fine by me."

The play premiered to an audience of prisoners and military police, and was met with less than stellar reviews.

"I just didn't believe that they loved freedom," said Private First Class P. T. Murphy. "It was much better in rehearsal," responded a noticeably fidgety Aziz. Murphy then inquired as to the opinion of Mister Car Battery, whose reaction was mixed, in the sense of jumper cables being attached to both the positive and negative terminals.

## European Geography Clarified

by Simon Ganz, Neutral

At a formal European Council meeting yesterday, Sweden and Switzerland confirmed what many Americans have long suspected: they're both really the same country.

For years Europeans had scoffed at Americans who confused the always-neutral Swiss with the oft-noncombatant Swedes, but now apathetic American teenagers with poor spatial geography skills will have the last laugh.

Asked to comment, one such teen remarked, "What? Where are you?"

## Jim Caviezel Asks for It

by Aaron Brownstein, Giving

According to Internet rumor mills, renowned film star Jim Caviezel is in negotiations to play the title role in Warner Brothers' upcoming *Superman Returns*. Caviezel, who also played the title role in Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ*, is looking forward to being the only actor in Hollywood to have portrayed both Jesus and Superman in the span of a career.

"My dick is SO HUGE!" said Caviezel. "I mean...it's like...okay, you know those big oil drums?"

However, some critics say that Caviezel, who was struck by lightning twice while playing the Son of God, is just asking for trouble in playing the Last Son of Krypton as well. "George Reeves played Superman—a hero impervious to bullets—in the 1952 television series, and he was shot to death," said film historian Leonard Maltin. "And after Christopher Reeve played Superman—a hero impervious to horse-fall induced spinal

cord injuries—he died of a heart attack. Jim's basically saying, 'Hey Fate! Wanna do something really fucking ironic?'"

Maltin predicts that Caviezel will either be crucified by a speeding bullet but live forever, fall off a tall building and drown in a pool of water that used to be wine, or be crushed by a locomotive more powerful than he after eating five thousand poor people.

## Closeted Student Plots Homoerotic Shaming

by Andy Ratto, Shameless

Eric Hill, a gay Berkeley freshman, is planning to pretend to pass out at a fraternity party in the hope that he will be teabagged.

Fraternity members are infamous for pranking people who pass out from alcohol intoxication by doing something degrading to them, usually of a homosexual nature. Conveniently, Hill loves the taste of scrotum.

Hill's last attempt at getting some nuts in his mouth ended in failure. He was left with nothing but a crude penis drawn on his face with a Sharpie, a mocking testament to his failure.

## Veteran Weeps Uncontrollably

by Mark Thomas, Game Over

The fragile remains of local auto mechanic and Vietnam veteran Jacob Renwood's feeble grasp on reality disintegrated Thursday night during a commercial for a Vietnam-themed video game. "It brought me back," sobbed Renwood, lamenting his lost youth, "you know, to the suffering."

The game's designers, who describe the game as "pretty realistic," spared no expense in recreating the actual experience of being a foot soldier in Vietnam. "We aimed to create a battle simulator that was like life," said designer Karl Smarts, standing in a pool of veteran tears, "mission: accomplished."

## Plagiarism Best of Times, Worst of Times

(Continued on page 21)

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#### Top Ten Hobbies of Meth-addicted Grannies

10. Turbo knitting
9. Clipping meth coupons
8. Writing illegible birthday cards
7. Remembering FDR, while taking meth
6. Buying roughly usual amount of Sudafed
5. Answering every *Jeopardy!* question with "Where is meth?"
4. Pinching cheek right off baby
3. Driving the speed limit
2. After riding bus everywhere, flipping it over
1. Chasing Bob Barker's car

#### Top Ten 1950s Rappers

10. Bling Cro\$by
9. Buddy Holla
8. Desi Arnizzle
7. Ice Boxx
6. Gladys Knight and the Crips
5. 5 Cent
4. Da Segregated
3. Shoop Dogg
2. MC Carthy
1. Young Polite Bastard

#### Top Five Aliases Used by Candies While Traveling Abroad

5. Pseud&M's
4. Whatchamacallit Smith
3. Mars (the Roman God, Not the Candy)
2. Michael and Ike
1. Margarinefinger

#### Top Five Movies Written by Tapeworms

5. I'm Eating Gilbert Grape
4. Weekend in Bernie
3. Eat Drink Man Woman
2. Get Shorty's Tapeworm out Before He Dies
1. You Got Served Bad Meat

#### Top Two Mascots Gaymer Than Stanford's Mascot

2. A giant hot-pink penis wearing a feather boa and violating a chimp with a lisp who is holding a bag from Sephora full of facial cream and herbal conditioner for his hair, which he feels is slightly too light to go with his complexion, which is autumn, and who every four or five seconds screams at the top of his lungs "I'm tho fucking amazingly homothexual!"
1. A *really* faggy tree

# THE SEMINAL WORKS OF DR. SEUSS

WITH MARK THOMAS

Most people think of Dr. Seuss as the lovable children's author. Because of this, we've put together a collection of his most famous works and annotated them with informative notes written by scholars named me. Also included in this exclusive look at Dr. Seuss's greatest accomplishments is an excerpt from a rough draft of his most popular work, *The Cat in the Hat*. Enjoy!

## THE CAT IN THE HAT

This is a chilling tale exploring the utter isolation and disillusionment of a generation of fatherless latch-key kids raised by imaginary cats.

## TO THINK THAT I SAW IT ON MULBERRY STREET

Seuss's first published children's novel captivated readers with an imaginative romp, covering everything incredible, from zebras to airplanes to Chinese men eating with sticks.

## THE SNEETCHES

Everybody remembers the fantastical, star-studded shenanigans of the Sneetches. What they don't remember is the Holocaust. This story was written to remind people of that.

## HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS

This classic tale of how a stone-hearted curmudgeon was turned through the magical Christmas spirit of the less-fortunate is the most original story ever written.

## GREEN EGGS AND HAM

A little-known fact: Dr. Seuss never did get around to eating green eggs and ham himself. He did eat potatoes and sausage, though he never fully enjoyed them.

## THE CAT IN THE HAT GOES TO JAIL

"Hooray!" said the Cat.  
"Let's do something new!"  
And with a snap and a clap  
Out popped Thing One  
And Thing Two.

What zany, what crazy,  
What lazy good fun!  
Thing One was a bag  
Thing Two was a gun!

"Clickity-clack," said he,  
"Bringity-ding-ding!"  
Watch what I do  
With your Mother's ear-rings!"

And with that he dropped  
Into his great sack  
My mother's great treasures  
And my father's great plaque.

"So there, fair children,  
I bid you Adieu!"  
And out the door  
Went he, Thing One  
And Thing Two!

That's when he got arrested.

# Day in the Life of Ma-ti

## Planeteer with the Power of Heart

by Spencer Gilbert

### Power Assignment Meeting

**Captain Planet:** So we've got the four main elements covered and assigned to the proper ethnic stereotype, but what is it that Indians do again?

**Gaia:** Dot Indian or Feather Indian?

**Captain Planet:** Umm, dot, I guess.

**Gaia:** Oh, they can hold their breath forever.

**Captain Planet:** Really? Every Indian?

**Gaia:** Yup.

### Break Room

**Wheeler:** My ring controls the power of fire. What does yours do?

**Ma-ti:** Well, so far I've found that animals will generally do my bidding.

[Goat enters]

**Wheeler:** Really? So, like, for example, you could make that goat sit still for 2 to 3 minutes?

**Ma-ti:** Sure, I guess.

**Wheeler:** [Unzips pants] Great! Do it or I burn you.

### With the Boss

**Ma-ti:** I mean, come on, Gaia!

Heart? What the fuck!!

**Gaia:** Well, I'm voiced by Whoopi Goldberg. How do you think that makes me feel?

**Ma-ti:** Fat?

**Gaia:** RWWWWAAARRRRR!

[They fight]

**Ma-ti:** Power of Heart, kill the career!

**Gaia:** YOU CAN'T KILL WHAT IS  
ALREADY DEAD!

### Power Assignment Meeting (Continued)

**Gaia:** Lets see, we've got an American, an African, a Russian, an Asian, and a Latino—

**Captain Planet:** Whoa, whoa, wait a sec, we can't have two Latinos on the same team!

**Gaia:** But who's the other—

**Captain Planet:** ...

**Gaia:** ...

**Captain Planet:** Look over there! [Returns  
as energy into the rings]

### On the Job

**Looten Plunder:** I'm going to get you, Do-gooder!

**Ma-ti:** Power of Heart, soothe my enemies!

**Looten Plunder:** ...

**Ma-ti:** Wait... shit... you aren't an animal, are you?

**Looten Plunder:** No, I'm from Reno...

**Ma-ti:** Oh, this is awkward.

**Looten Plunder:** So... I'm gonna mess you up now...

**Ma-ti:** [Sighs]

### After Hours

**Captain Planet:** Ma-ti geta—get  
obver herre—

**Ma-ti:** Captain, you're drunk again.

**Captain Planet:** Did I evvver tell you shhh... did I evvver tell you that...

**Ma-ti:** Did you ever tell me what, Captain?

**Captain Planet:** C'mere shhhhh... didja know I'ma He-She?

**Ma-ti:** Ah, that explains the unitard—

**Captain Planet:** Annnd I go down on myself.

**Ma-ti:** What?!?

**Captain Planet:** What?!?

### Top Ten Children's Stories Written by STD Prevention Groups

10. Little Miss Muff Full of Chunks
9. The Lion, the Witch, and the Warts
8. Beauty and the Yeast
7. Little Red Pus-covered Clitoral Hood
6. Goldilocks and the Three Bears, and the Three Bears They Slept with, and the Three Bears They Slept With
5. Herp on Pop
4. The HIV-giving Tree
3. Where the Wild Things Are: Your Crotch
2. One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Smells Like Fish
1. The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe and Had Pubic Lice

### Top Ten Rabbinical Pickup Lines

10. "I'll show you why this night is different from all other nights."
9. "You remind me of my mother."
8. "Is that a shofar in your pants, or are you just happy to see me?"
7. "Kosher? I barely knew her."
6. "Are you Israeli? Because your ass Israeli making me horny."
5. "You're gonna be burning for eight days when I'm done with you."
4. "I'd take you to Palestine for our honeymoon, but it doesn't exist."
3. "I like my pussy like I like my matzo: free of yeast."
2. "Do you like bondage? By the way, I'm a rabbi."
1. "I'm gonna make sure that your bat mitzvah is one to remember."

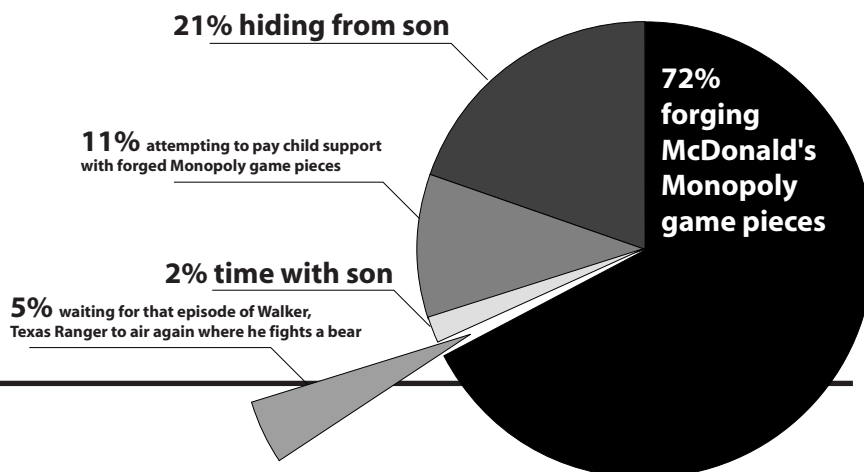
### Top Ten Gay Viking Leisure Activities

10. Coming before Columbus
9. Raping women for sport, not pleasure
8. Pillaging little decorative animal sculptures
7. Spelling names "Erik" and "Leif"
6. Swilling mug of Appletini
5. Designing new window treatments for Valhalla
4. Dressing up as Viqueens
3. Having oral sex with a guy
2. Marrying, contrary to Thor's wishes
1. Crew

# sports<sup>for</sup>the deadbeat dad

by Simon Ganz

Studies have shown and sitcoms agree that the most important thing a father can do is pressure his children to play sports. But what if you don't have time for that shit?



So with only 25 hours in the day, and over 111% of those hours already committed, you see that it's very hard to fit in time for sports, especially when those Monopoly game pieces are no longer limited to 15 per customer per day.

Don't want to waste your time playing catch? Tell your kid you won't play unless he takes responsibility for his sports equipment, then demand that he inflate a baseball. When he says he can't, just shake your head in disappointment and start drinking in front of him until he goes inside.

Don't want to play touch football? Convince him that he doesn't exist, prompting a philosophical crisis and never-ending depression. Or hide the football.

Don't want to shoot hoops with him? Say you're going out for cigarettes and then leave home for six and a half years.

Now eventually, you may actually be forced to devote some time to sports with your son (thank you very much, Lower District Court of California!), but don't worry, you can weasel out of that too.

## Here are some sports activities that let you spend time with your son without having to do any work:

- Watching other children play sports.
- Getting daddy a beer.
- Re-enacting famous sports moments like the 1994 World Series or the 2002 "Congressional Hearings on Steroid Abuse in Baseball and Watching Daddy Sleep."
- Getting daddy another beer.
- Taping your son's hands to the back of the car, then driving around for a few hours.
- Drawing pictures of imaginary sports stars with imaginary pens on imaginary paper while watching TV.
- "Quarters."



Dilemma: You want to wean him off more traditional sports.

Tip: If all else fails, think Misery and Tonya Harding.

Tip: You can get away with having your son play uninteresting sports if you put extra pressure on him.

**Son:** But Dad! I don't want to play Hungry Hungry Hippos for six more hours!

**Dad:** Son, I didn't want to have to tell you this. But if your hippo doesn't eat those marbles fast enough, I'm going to die and no one will ever love you again.

**Son:** Wait, but how—

**Dad:** [clutches chest] Ugggg, I don't hear those hippos!

**Son:** Dad, when I grow up, I want to be a basketball player!

**Dad:** Oh, so you like smoking pot and raping women, huh? Besides, you're too short, you're only five feet tall.

**Son:** But I'm only nine. I can still grow.

**Dad:** Not likely with all that pot stunting your hormones.

**Son:** But I don't smoke!

**Dad:** Yeah, whatever you say, Captain McRapesAndSmokes.

**Son:** [sobbing] This is the worst parent-teacher conference ever!

**Son:** Dad! There's a scout from the expensive high school who wants to recruit me for track and field! Help me practice.

**Dad:** That's great, son. Let me just get my coat from the closet, then I'll—

[Closet opens; man in ski mask emerges, breaks son's legs with 26 lead pipe strikes]

**Dad:** Whoops! I forgot that guy was in there.

**Son:** Oh, it hurts, my legs are ruined! Well, thank God my hands are okay. At least I can still get into the school on a piano scholarship.

**Dad:** Let me just get my other coat...



# Lincoln/Kennedy Coincidences



**Sean  
Keane**

Much has been written about the eerie parallels between Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy. But overlooked are the even-more-eerie parallels between Lincoln, Kennedy, and former Oakland Raiders offensive tackle Lincoln Kennedy. Check it out.

- Lincoln was elected president in 1860. Kennedy was elected in 1960. When he retired, Lincoln Kennedy tipped the scales at 360.

- “Lincoln” and “Kennedy” have seven letters. Both Lincoln Kennedy’s first and last names have seven letters.

- In a 2003 divisional playoff game against the Jets, Lincoln Kennedy gave up only one sack: To defensive end John Abraham.

- Lincoln had a secretary named Kennedy. Kennedy had a secretary named Lincoln. The Oakland Raiders had an assistant press secretary named John Wilkes Harvey Oswald.

- After losing to New England in the famous “Tuck Rule” game, an angry Lincoln Kennedy led a group of anti-Castro Cuban expatriates in an ill-fated invasion of Fort Sumter, South Carolina.

- During World War II, Kennedy’s PT Boat was split in half. During the Civil War, Lincoln’s America was split in half. During the first Gulf War, Lincoln Kennedy’s college football team, the Washington Huskies, split the national championship with the Miami Hurricanes.

- Lincoln was shot in a theater, and his assassin fled to a warehouse. Kennedy was shot from a warehouse, and his assassin fled to a theater. In 1999, Lincoln Kennedy got a cortisone shot in his ankle before a crucial game against the San Diego Chargers. Two days later, millions of television viewers watched in shock as Oakland’s team doctor was shot to death by Dallas nightclub owner Jack Ruby.

- Every Thanksgiving, members of Lincoln Kennedy’s family assemble on their front lawn for a spirited debate on states’ rights and nullification. They also play touch football, though his alcoholic younger brother insists on being all-time quarterback.

- Like Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln Kennedy never had sex with Marilyn Monroe.



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- \*Color
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## Big Bum

The poorest man in Berkeley versus the poorest man in Stanford. This year Cal's very own Steven and a small bag of his own excrement against Chad Wilson and his '98 Toyota Camry. This highly anticipated match follows last year's upset in which Timothy's feces bag failed to stop Jared Smith and his Honda Acura.

### Chad Wilson



### Steven



# 5th

## oth

# B

## Big Dream

Two of the country's most accomplished dreamers metaphorically butt heads in this year's most intense dream-off.



### Past scores:

42-cloud. Imaginary number-the philosophy of being. 5-7.

in honor of the  
**Big Game**  
we present...

er

**Big  
Fats**

## Big Surprise

In one of the year's most anticipated events, a small collection of Berkeley's misfits and outcasts match up against Stanford's Team Imperium. Lead by upset veteran and heretofore failure Coach Jimmy Joe Johnson, this year's misfits aren't expected to topple the well-funded Palo Alto kids.

### This year's Cal squad

- The cool kid whose parents are breaking up and who doesn't know as much as he thinks he does, but who the coach helps get through it and play team first.
- The fat kid.
- The shy kid who comes through in the end.
- The skinny tall kid whose father is pressuring him to fulfill his own failed dreams.
- And the coach who taught them to work as a team while also conquering his own alcoholism.



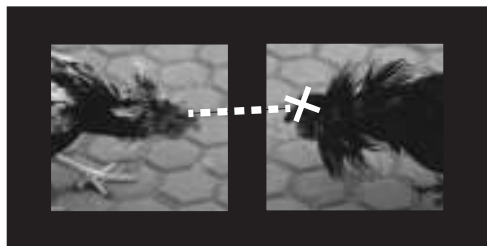
### 1983: The Play

The team was counted out after all but one member of the team died in a plane crash, but luckily the plane crashed into the Stanford team, killing all of them. And a piece of flaming wreckage killed the trombone player.

## Big Cock

Stanford is looking to come back from last year's heartbreaking 1-0 loss in which their rooster, Mr. Entitlement, had his heart literally broken by Cal's Commander McClucks. But the odds are in favor of Cal, who has reigned in the o-ring since the 0-1 nailbiter of 1970.

### 1983: The Play



### Past scores:

1-0. 1-0. 0-1. 0-1-1.

## Big Trick

The first annual competition to see who can hold more poisonous snakes in their mouth while pinching a bear's nipples. Stanford goes first.





# Hey, Rhino

Zack Fornaca & Anthony Go Wu

## The Poker Game

**Zack:** In your face, Zookeeper Jackson!  
**Zookeeper Jackson:** Crap. Well, here's the deed to my zoo. And the keys to my giraffe.  
**Zack:** Uh, the key goes where, exactly?  
**Former Zookeeper Jackson:** In the keyhole.  
**Zack:** Right, of course. And the saddle?  
**Former Zookeeper Jackson:** You can pry that from my cold, dead hands, boy.

## King of the Zoo

**Zack:** And the animals all have to do whatever we say!  
**Phil:** We could ... we could make them do jumping jacks. We could make them all do jumping jacks!  
**Zack:** Well, it's a start.

## My First Day

**Zack:** *[via megaphone]* Attention animals. I am your new master. You live with my blessing.  
**Rhino:** ...  
**Zack:** And you, rhino. You die at my command.  
**Phil:** *[snaps fingers]*  
**Phil:** I'm on it, yo.  
...  
**Phil:** Dude, rhinos are hard to kill.  
...  
**Phil:** And, uh, Phils are easy to kill.

## Let's Not Do Anything We'll Regret

**Zack:** Hey, I guess those goring wounds patched up nicely. Congrats, champ.  
**Phil:** What the hell is wrong with you to make me attack a rhino? I just feel so angry. Makes me want to clench my lucky stabbing knife.  
**Zack:** You mean your lucky *rhino* stabbing knife. Maybe you oughta let me hold onto it.  
**Phil:** Oh, sure. Just go ahead and grab it out of my lucky stabbing hand.  
**Zack:** You mean—

## Back at the Hospital

**Zack:** ...Uhh, what happened? I can't remember...  
**Doctor:** Mr. Fornaca, you have a critical puncture wound. And a visitor.  
**Phil:** *[in rhino suit]* That's right. It was I, Rhino, who attempted to do you in. I am dastardly and should be served vengeance swift and merciless.  
**Zack:** So it shall be.  
**Phil:** *[still a rhino]* Alright, well, see you later then.  
**Zack:** Yeah, you will.  
**Phil:** *[as a rhino]* I know ... *[\*snort\*]*

## The Hospital

**Doctor:** Well, his condition seems to have stabilized. But in the future, I'm going to recommend that he not attack rhinos.  
**Zack:** But—  
**Doctor:** ...Without this-a-here lucky rhino stabbing knife.  
**Phil:** *[tap, tap, tap...]*  
**Zack:** Is that morse code?  
**Doctor:** He's saying "...rhino ... mine..."  
**Zack:** Phil, you have got balls of steel.  
**Phil:** *[tap, tap...]*  
**Doctor:** "steel ... balls ... needs ... more ... anis ... anas..." You retard, can't you even spell anaesthetic?

## The World's Crippledest Samurai



## One Year Later

**Phil:** Do you ever think you'll get sick being king of the zoo?  
**Zack:** Are you nuts? With a panda as my yes-man, spending my days felled by geese, and alw—whoa, beak, beak—I—what? Look, I know it's all beak. There's good beak and bad beak.

America is more polarized than ever before, and no issue is more divisive than the Hilary Duff/Lindsay Lohan feud. Therefore, it is imperative to take an impartial look at the issues so fans can decide for themselves who deserves superstardom and who deserves tabloid headlines about how drunk and knocked up she is. Both stars have their strengths, like being children.

Sure, Hilary Duff can draw on her Lizzie McGuire fanbase, but Lindsay Lohan has a lot going for her too, like the fact that she doesn't look like Hilary Duff, and tits. Let's compare track records. How has each star fared in their first forays outside the Disney banner? Duff starred in *A Cinderella Story*, coasting on the Disney/Cinderella association and appearing in posters wearing a white wedding dress and pink sneakers. Thumbs up for the pink Converse Chuck Taylor All Stars, thumbs down for the thought of Hilary Duff's awful feet inside them.

Lohan, on the other hand, headlined the Tina Fey-penned *Mean Girls*, a complex, edgy comedy satirizing the idiotic behavior of teenage girls. Like anything up to and including a snuff film, *Mean Girls* is better than *A Cinderella Story*, ergo, Hilary Duff sucks, but not on any of my appendages, because I would prefer Lindsay Lohan for that, if I were single and Lindsay Lohan wanted to, or lost her voice and couldn't scream.

On the matter of music careers: I cannot name a Lindsay Lohan song, but I have heard the Hilary Duff song "So Yesterday." Advantage: Lohan.

Unlike Hilary Duff, Lindsay Lohan has spared us months of distracting countdown websites by turning eighteen promptly after becoming a sex symbol. Admittedly, Lindsay Lohan has grown chunkier of late. But would you rather have sex with a voluptuous hot chick or a skinny toxic mutant? Me too (I am assuming you did not choose the mutant). Besides, look at Lindsay Lohan's tits. They are huge. There is even a chance they are not fake, and that the prominent scars in those paparazzi pictures were merely under-breast redness with a perfectly non-surgical explanation. You can believe what you like, as long as it is this.

To sum up, if you think Hilary Duff is an object of lust you are an idiot. It's fine if you're a young girl and you admire her ordinariness because it makes her a more realistic role model, like those ugly dolls that they tried to sell instead of Barbie to improve girls' self-esteem. Hilary Duff has no shape, fat ankles, and an ugly face, and the only possible appeal is that she's jailbait, if you're into that sort of thing, which I am normally. What I am trying to say is that if I were single and having sex with seventeen-year-olds were okay and Hilary Duff and Lindsay Lohan each asked me to have sex, I would say "Yes" to Lindsay Lohan and "No" to Hilary Duff.

In conclusion, I hope the Parole Board feels that I'm ready to be released back into society and I will never visit that theater again.

## Hilary Duff VS Lindsay Lohan: An Objective Look

by Kenny Byerly

Would you like a T-shirt?



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Submission Deadline

January 10, 2004



# The Downfall of James Bond:

by Simon Ganz

## Fatherhood

---

### Fact:

James Bond had sex. With women. A lot.

### Fact:

Women are responsible for babies.

---

It's no secret that James Bond's stealthy penis found its way into the cavities of many a femme fatale, but what isn't not a secret is that his unwieldy sperm found their way to many an egg. So while many have watched his world-saving antics on the big screen, few have examined how unwanted pregnancy ruined the latter years of Britain's top secret agent.

Bond pretended that his parental responsibilities didn't bother him, bursting through the laser-reinforced window of a flying gold submarine shaped like a shark, struggling to dodge gunfire while simultaneously adjusting the straps of his dad-on-the-go baby-carrier/fanny-pack. But things started to fall apart once the third and fourth unwanted children arrived. Russian mercenaries just weren't as impressed with his souped-up Toyota Previa as they had been with his Aston Martin, no matter how many Industry Crash Test results he showed them. And when 90% of everything you own contains explosives or hidden lasers or poisonous snakes laced with explosives and lasers, child-proofing becomes more than a handful: it becomes a hassle. The lost lives were acceptable, however, because some of the children were evil.

But James's famed social life as an international playboy and murderer was damaged as well. Instead of spending weekends at million-dollar baccarat tables and engaging in life-and-death games



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**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**



of blackjack, he was forced to coax evil masterminds into taking him and his litter of illegitimate children to family restaurants like Chuck E. Cheese's, as seen in his late film, *Her Majesty's Pizza Comes with a Small Coke*. The results were similar—Bond barely escaping death through games of chance—but, somehow, it just wasn't the same challenging Oddjob to a game of Gopher Bop, with the winner obtaining the safe release of the princess of Tunisia, as well as 15 prize tickets. And as the eating habits of young James Bond, Jr. and his half-sister Quatropussy became pickier and pickier, 007's career suffered even more. By his last year, MI6 could assign James only to cases taking place either in a TGI Friday's or in the parking lot of a TGI Friday's.

The Bond children weren't left entirely unaffected by their father's lifestyle. According to Bond, tragedy struck approximately every five movies when the actor changed and the Bond kids didn't recognize their father. This was, however, only a problem when Timothy Dalton swooped in and proved himself to be a burden to humankind.

After retiring, James died late last year when he inadvertently swallowed one of the many cyanide capsules that he kept hidden in his teeth, lips, fingernails, and toothpaste. He is survived by twenty-seven children and a little saucer of sperm.



# BIG GAME WEEK 2004

**MON NOV 15**  
NIGHT RALLY-- BOWLES  
PARKING LOT @ 9PM

**TUES NOV 16**  
TREE CHOPPING RALLY--  
SPROUL PLAZA @ NOON  
BLUE AND GOLD DAY

**WED NOV 17**  
LAUGH YOUR AXE OFF--  
145 DWINELLE @ 8 PM

**THURS NOV 18**  
GET THE RED OUT BLOOD  
DRIVE --MLK 12-6 PM  
THE BIG FREEZE-- BERKELEY  
ICELAND @ 8PM  
BLUE AND GOLD DAY

**FRI NOV 19**  
GET THE RED OUT BLOOD  
DRIVE--MLK 12-6 PM  
BONFIRE RALLY!--  
GREEK THEATRE @ 6PM

**ALL WEEK**  
GET THE RED OUT FREE T-SHIRT  
EXCHANGE AND FEED THE BEAR

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# Eudemonia

We recently upgraded  
our computers to brand-  
new 3.2 GHz Pentiums, and added  
several new games:

**STAR WARS  
BATTLEFRONT** **COUNTER STRIKE  
SOURCE**

**CITY  
HEROES** **DOOM**

(Not to mention the classics we had before!)

We also have an event calendar on our website:  
[www.eudemonia.net](http://www.eudemonia.net)

# DISABLED STUDENTS PROGRAM

by Aaron Brownstein

I have Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD). This qualifies me for registration with the Disabled Students Program (DSP), which is the office that organizes academic accommodations like Extended Time Testing (ETT) and Note Taking Assistance (NTA) for students with Documented Learning Disabilities (TARDS). Because of my involvement with this program, I have often been persecuted by the students and faculty of this university by being granted accommodations I don't deserve. Observe:

## TAKING ATTENDANCE

**GSI:** Brown, Joseph.

**Joseph:** Here.

**GSI:** Brownstein, Aaron.

**Me:** Here.

**GSI:** Oh, this says you're DSP. Do you want extra time on the exams?

**Me:** I qualify for some extended time, yes.

**GSI:** What about a note taker? Do you need a note taker?

**Me:** I don't really need that, but thanks.

**GSI:** Would you like a backrub?

**Me:** Uh, I don't think that's—

**GSI:** Can I titty-fuck you?

## KEYS i

**DSP Counselor:** Okay, I'm going to be giving you keys to all the special facilities you'll need to access.

**Me:** Okay.

**DSP Counselor:** Here's the key to your distraction-free private testing room. It's brand new and totally soundproof. The only downside is that there wasn't anything available on campus. You'll find it on Durant.

**Me:** This key says "Porsche."

**DSP Counselor:** And here's another key for the Club on the steering wheel.

## IN THEATER CLASS

**Professor:** Okay Aaron, what monologue are you going to do for us today?

**Me:** I'm playing Hamlet.

**Professor:** I think that's a bit advanced for you.

**Me:** Then I'll do Biff from *Death of a Salesman*.

**Professor:** Look, you're DSP...

**Me:** [Sighs] Okay, I'll do the big-cock scene from *Boogie Nights*, again.

**Professor:** Attaboy.

## KEYS ii

**DSP Counselor:** And here's your key to the Disabled Washroom.

**Me:** Wait, aren't there wheelchair-accessible restrooms all over campus?

**DSP Counselor:** Yeah, but this one has quilted toilet paper.

**Me:** What learning disability is that for?

**DSP Counselor:** Hemophilia.

**Me:** Eew.

## SWIM TEAM TRYOUTS

**Me:** I'm here to try out for the team.

**Coach:** Well, you're DSP, and it's pretty hard to swim in a wheelchair...

**Me:** I don't have a wheelchair.

**Coach:** Also, this is the women's team. Men's tryouts are tomorrow.

**Me:** Oh. Okay.

**Team Member:** Oh my god! You're disabled and trying out for the swim team? That's SOOO brave! Can I titty-fuck you?

**Me:** Actually, I just have ADD.

**Team Member:** Oh, okay. Never mind.

**Me:** ...ADD of the spine.

## KEYS iii

**DSP Counselor:** This last key is for—

**Me:** No, wait, let me guess. It's for a hidden room in the Asian-American Studies building that serves as a free dry cleaner's and opium den.

**DSP Counselor:** Actually—

**Me:** Or maybe it's the top secret Department of Glory Hole Studies.

**DSP Counselor:** Well—

**Me:** Or maybe it unlocks the secret of eternal life! That's it, isn't it? Does that key unlock the door to the fountain of youth?!

**DSP Counselor:** No, no, of course not. You were right the first time.

## ACADEMIC PROBLEMS

**Dean of Students:** Okay, you've failed most of your classes here at Cal. I'm afraid we have no other choice. You have been expelled from the University of California, Berkeley.

**Me:** Wait! I'm DSP! Doesn't that count for anything?!

**Dean of Students:** Oh! Why didn't you say so before? I'm terribly sorry! YOU ... HAVE ... BEEN... EXPELLED...



From the desk of:

MICHAEL SPADEN III

Dear Heirs and Heiresses,

Thank you for coming to the reading of my will. My lawyer, Bill Edmonds, will be conducting the reading, and is legally obliged to read every word. Since I never liked Bill: *shitsucker.* I, Bill Edmonds, suck my own nipples. *Jshsdnfw8sdffs.*

I am unaware as to how I have died. If all has gone according to plan, I died in church, along with hundreds of other parishioners and much of the surrounding neighborhood. I hope to enter heaven in the ensuing confusion. If this fails and I cling to life, I intend to blow myself up after collecting all my family, creditors, and friends into a single room. If this is the case: go ahead and push the button, Bill.

No doubt you are wondering who will receive my 50-million dollar fortune. I won't leave you in suspense. I am leaving my entire fortune to Bill Edmonds...is a *faggy fag*. Ha ha. *Suck it again, Edmonds.* No, in fact my fortune will be left to whoever can multiply 34 times 98 the fastest. Go.

The answer is indeed 3,332. No doubt it's my nerdy brother who answered first. Richard, you do not receive my money. You receive my collection of rare poisons and expensive wines. Unfortunately, you do not receive the labels. Please leave in the next few minutes or you will also receive my scary ghost collection.

On the subject of my funeral. I like the idea of a viking funeral: a longboat set on fire and pushed down the river. I would also like to be simultaneously cryogenically frozen. Get a shitload of priests for the ceremony, too. Have them fight it out. The winner probably has the right god. I've always been partial to Methodists, so slip him a blackjack and a wink. There should also be a choir of golden-voiced eunuchs, freshly gelded only.

My funeral should not be a sad affair. Smiles, all the time. *Cameras will be monitoring.* And wear clown suits. *Smiles even when you're eating the stuffed canapes, which are stuffed with chili powder and my ashes.* I would like the priest to read from the Book of Genesis, only with my name inserted for God. Please applaud at appropriate points. And everyone better give my rotting corpse a big fat kiss, if they want a shot at the Picassos I haven't already used as toilet paper.

In reality, my vast fortune will go towards whoever completes a long series of mental and physical tests, each designed to everyone raise their hand now. *Last one up has to leave.* Now switch seats, touch your toes, jumping jacks, touch your nose. *Last five to finish, leave.* However, you all have the option of receiving a pound of solid gold – solid gold cast in the shape of violent child pornography. Your call.

A few specific bequests: to my wife, Linda, all the money you want, provided that all the implants I paid for are buried with me. They're mine. To each of my feuding sons, Harold and Gerald, I bequeath half of a check for fifteen million dollars. However, they are not halves to each other. To Bill, a video of me doing either a very well-made-up actress or his wife. Who is it, Bill, who is it?

The rest of my fabulous fortune I leave to my beloved friend. He or she will know who he or she is, and can claim the fortune as his or her own.

Thank you, and Bill bones dogs,

11/15/04  
date:

Michael Spaden III  
Michael Spaden III



# A Parent's Guide to Your Daughter's Future

by Serra Bozoman & Cassie Wu

A growing problem among young girls in the U.S. is their tendency to set low goals for themselves. The seeds of underachievement can take root in little girls as young as three or four and can often be seen in their games of pretend. We've provided you with a few sample scenarios to be on the lookout for.

## Princess

**Suzy:** Ok, you're gonna be the beautiful princess that everybody loves, and I get to be her maid, who wears stinky, ugly dresses and sweeps all day long and cries because no one loves her.

**Becky:** Not again! Why do I gotta be the princess!?!

**Suzy:** 'Cause it's my house and Mommy says I can do whatever I want. Now you go wait for Prince Charming while I go wash the King's socks. In the moat. Filled with my tears.

## Girlfriend

**Suzy:** Happy Valentine's Day, Johnny! I baked you a dozen cookies!

**Johnny:** [Looks in heart-shaped tin] Oatmeal raisin?

**Suzy:** I'm so sorry! I'm a terrible girlfriend!

**Johnny:** Becky always made me snickerdoodles.

**Suzy:** [Pause] Want me to touch your foo-foo?

## Mommy

**Suzy:** [Holds doll, shakes finger furiously at it] I can't believe you, Baby! If it wasn't for you, Daddy would have loved me and married me and we'd have lived happily ever after! [Sits doll in high chair] Well Missy, whaddaya have to say for yourself?

**Doll:** [Remains motionless]

**Suzy:** [Under breath] Mommy needs another Camel Wight.

## Superwoman

**Suzy:** Oh no! There's a big fire in Kalamazoo and everyone's going to die unless I go right now and save the day!

**Becky:** Too late. My boyfriend already took care of it.

**Suzy:** [sighs] Can I be Lois now?

## House

**Suzy:** How was your day, honey?

**Johnny:** Great! I made 23 cents more than you did!

**Suzy:** Wow! How can I make more money?

**Johnny:** You can't.

**Suzy:** ...

**Johnny:** [Hands Suzy a quarter] Here, go treat yourself to a pretty pink gumball.

**Suzy:** Johnny, you know I'm watching my carbs!

## Doctor

**Suzy:** My turn!

**Johnny:** Girls can't be doctors!

**Suzy:** Why not?

**Johnny:** 'Cause you have to know math and science and stuff.

**Suzy:** That sounds hard. [Pause] But I can marry a doctor!

**Johnny:** Suzy, you and I are just friends. Now get back on the gurney.

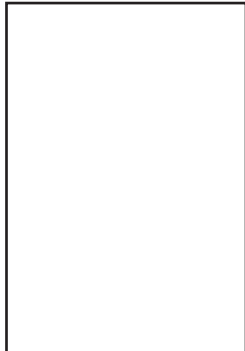
Hopefully after reading this guide, you do not recall seeing your own daughter playing any similar games. But in the case that you have, understand that starting a college fund may not necessarily be your top priority. In fact, it's probably a better idea to simply cash in those savings bonds now and buy yourself something nice. Like a Colt .45. Or a son.



# College of Art institute of art ScHool Application

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Hey you person! Draw Tippy the Turtle in the space provided.**



*If your turtle does or doesn't look like the original, then you may qualify for our prestigious six week distance learning course. Complete this application to reach the end of the application.*

## Music Department

Draw a picture of your favorite song in the box below.

*Note: Song must be "Day Tripper."*



## Classical Art Department

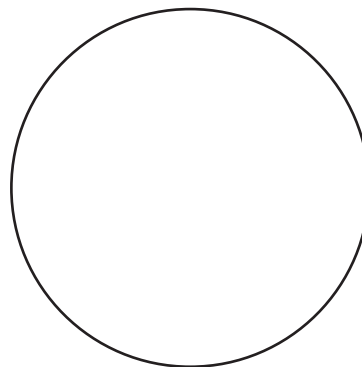
Duplicate this in the circle provided. If you need more space, feel free to attach a ceiling.

*Note: Remember to use the Divine Proportion!*



## Interior Design Department

Build a desk. There, doesn't that feel good?



- .....
- With a degree from our school, you could have one of these exciting careers!
  - Art-degree Recipient
  - Graduate School of Art Student
  - Graduate School of Art Reject
  - TV/VCR Repairman
  - Freelance Artician
  - Professional Turtle/ Pirate/Bear with Hat illustrator
  - Art School Application Creator
  - Helping my homie Steve with this one thing
- .....

**Final Test: Draw your autograph on the line below.**

123 456 78	
Date 15 November 2004	
<b>C.A.S.H.</b> Pay to the order of _____	\$ _____ Dollars
For stuff and things Memo _____	<b>SIGN HERE</b>
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