

the **heuristic** **squelch**

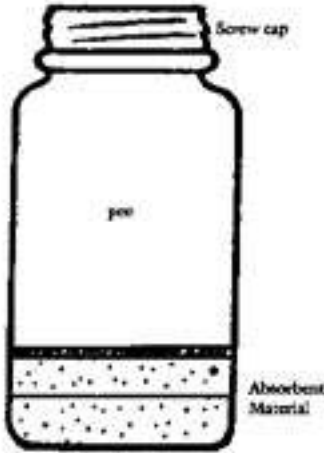
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Peeing in Jars is Not So Bad



Sometimes I forget why I love America. Sometimes I forget all that fancy freedom talk and democracy speak and just need to get to the roots of why I'm so darn proud of living here.

In my musings, I've found that all I really need to do is look at some of America's achievers to remedy my dilemma: Howard Hughes, Walter Disney, and Sarah L. Winchester, for example. You see, in America, you needn't be afraid of becoming a wealthy eccentric. Hire whomever you want to do whatever you want with whatever it is you've bottled. Your slippery grasp on reality is sure to place you among a long list of "innovative minds" whether or not your fortune was inherited.

What's more, in America, the obsessive demands of today will become the tourist attractions of tomorrow; people will remember the inspirational story of the Spruce Goose, the elaborate and amusing architecture of the Winchester mystery house, and Disneyland. In America, you'll simply be "ahead of your time." You won't hear about how your queen was crushed by a horse while trying to initiate intercourse with it. That's not ahead of anyone's time; that's just weird.

No, in America, you can make out with clouds and have sex with rainbows. Or at least make that claim. So, feel free to indulge your paranoia for, as they say, there's a fine line between genius and insanity and in America you get bonus points for trying to walk it.

That's why every time I don't quite remember what that special something is about the US of A, I just clothe myself in pancakes and narrate my actions in the third person. Then everything usually turns out all right. Mark finishes this piece by telling the readers to join him and his pre-approved doughnut friends for a Squelch meeting followed by a vigorous, disinfecting pumice scrub. Mark reminds you to forget that he is not wealthy. Mark will see you there.

-Mark Thomas

ABUSED SINCE 1991

EDITORS
(molested by relatives)

Matt Loker Editor-in-Chief
Mark Thomas Creative Editor
Zack Fornaca Design Editor

EDITORS EMERITUS
(still waiting to be picked up)

Kenny Byerly, Kevin Deenihan, David Duman, Sean Keane, Tommaso Sciortino, Boback Ziaean

DEPUTY CREATIVE EDITORS
(beaten, savagely)

Aaron Brownstein, Simon Ganz

BUSINESS MANAGERS
(locked in closet)

Rebecca Boorsma, Harmony McMillan, Cassie Whitney

ART STAFF
("goddamn'd orphan")

Alex Shen, Anthony Wu

DESIGN STAFF
(posing nude)

May Mei, Liz Unger, Morgan Wadsworth, Alisa West

PUBLICITY COORDINATOR
(always the slave, never the dom)

Ben Narodick

WRITING STAFF
(diapers unchanged)

Serra Bozeman, Daniel Brady, Aaron Brownstein, Kevin Deenihan, Eamon Doyle, Simon Ganz, Spencer Gilbert, Sean Keane, Matt Loker, Danny Marshall, Mark Thomas, Cassie Wu

CONTRIBUTORS
(never allowed to learn)

Alexander Drew, Alex Kidd, Toby Muresianu, Cooper Nagengast, Andy Ratto, Mitch Rodricks, Trevor Seigler, Cole Smith, Miles Stenehjem, Fred Taylor-Hochburg

PRINTING
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THIS MONTH'S COVER

Looks like another full house, Nikolai... don't need another full house? So... what's it gonna be, Nikolai?

I saw two shooting stars last night. I wished on them, but they were only satellites. Instead of a wife, I got another blender.

Questions, comment, suggestions?
FEEDBACK@SQUELCHED.COM

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February 28, 2004



Great Moments in Super Bowl History

In honor of Super Bowl XXXIX, we recap some of the great Moments in Super Bowl History as best we can remember.

1966—The Just-OK Bowl is deemed uninspired and boring when the Scranton Haymakers beat the A-1 Hardware Wildcats in a triple-over-time score of 1-0. Seeking to boost low ratings, the name is changed to the Super Bowl and the sport is changed to football, from soccer.

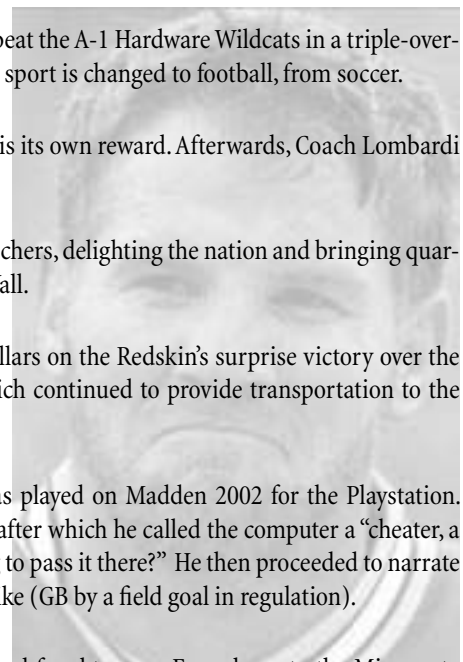
1974—After losing to the New York Jets, Vince Lombardi's Packers realize that giving 100% is its own reward. Afterwards, Coach Lombardi takes the team out for pizza and skeeball.

1986—The beloved Chicago Bears thoroughly trounce the Communist Tennessee Kittenpunchers, delighting the nation and bringing quarterback Jim McMahon his first Super Bowl ring, which he used to punch a hole in the Berlin Wall.

1988—Blue-collar worker and compulsive gambler Frank McKale wins seven thousand dollars on the Redskin's surprise victory over the Broncos, breaking even for the year and thusly retaining ownership rights to his Datsun which continued to provide transportation to the smelting factory until the predictable 49ers victory in 1989.

2001—The San Diego Chargers fight to the bitter end of a legendary Super Bowl clash, as played on Madden 2002 for the Playstation. Quarterback Doug Flutie eventually loses on a double-interception runback by the computer, after which he called the computer a "cheater, a fucking cheater, cheating all the time. Everybody knows you cheat. How did it know I was going to pass it there?" He then proceeded to narrate what he imagined the final minutes of a close Chargers-Packers Super Bowl might have been like (GB by a field goal in regulation).

2005—Quarterback Brett Favre leads his team to a championship showdown. Despite a hard fought game, Favre loses to the Minnesota Cancers. Critics note that he just didn't want it enough.



Apartments for Rent



Gaia Building (2116 Allston Way)



Fine Arts Building (2110 Haste Street)



Touriel Building (2004 University Avenue)



ARTech Building (2002 Addison Street)

Leasing Office: 1916 Oxford St. between Hearst & Berkeley Way



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Almost Straight Man Drives Silver Jetta

by Aaron Brownstein, *Talentless Hack*

The sexual orientation of handsomely disheveled res-comp worker Tom Marcus was called into question this Christmas when he was given a silver Volkswagen Jetta by his parents.

"It's a really nice car," said longtime friend Cassie Cho. "Yeah! If I had a car that's exactly the kind I'd get," added a pre-pubescent girl. Marcus' girlfriend Stephanie Wang declined to comment, opting instead to weep softly in the corner and occasionally sniffle the phrases "I really thought he was the one" and "There is no god."

Marcus, however, is confident enough in his heterosexuality to realize that a man is not defined by the car he drives. "I've only ever made out with like one guy," he said. "That doesn't make you gay, does it?" When asked where he intends to park the car, Marcus replied, "Jesus Christ it was just one fucking guy! And I was thinking about a girl half the time, so that's really only like point-five guys, right? Did I mention how much I



love Ashanti?"

The Jetta came with a leather interior, heated seats, and a trunk-full of Orlando Bloom publicity photos, which Marcus defensively insists he "only reads for the articles."

Martin Luther King Gets Undeserved Recognition

By Alexander E. Drew, *Bigot*

A recent survey reveals that, in casual speech, the "Jr." is omitted from the end of "Martin Luther King" 67% of the time. "This not only detracts from Martin Luther King Jr.'s well-deserved recognition, but also gives undo respect to his father,"

said Revel Washington, Professor of African American Studies at UC Berkeley. "I hear people all the time say 'It's on MLK' or 'Martin Luther King Day.' Though a respected reverend, Martin Luther King Sr. by no means deserves this undo recognition."

Berkeley Bong Ripping Contest Violates Law of Non-Contradiction

By Miles Stenehjem, *Fucking the Undead*

Last weekend, Berkeley's most notorious potheads faced off in a battle of lung capacity and "sheer stoner righteousness," resulting in a logical paradox of Gödelian proportions.

The paradox arose from the identification of the contest's apparent winner, David Resinbauch, as "a big fuckin' loser" and "a major punk." This fact received further support in the interview that followed Resinbauch's victory in which he meticulously described the weeks of training that preceded the contest. "Imagine like a 'Rocky' montage, only instead of 'Eye of the Tiger' playing, it's that Phish song with the tambourine," said the impotent ne'er do well.

Resinbauch won the contest after managing to cash a 1.2 gram bowl in a single breath, thus securing his status both as the Superman of burnouts and a huge goober. While Berkeley's experts in formal logic and cannabis culture are still working out the ramifications of "the stoner's paradox," it has already been agreed that the other competitors can simply be categorized as losers.

Girl Falls for Best Friend

Mitch Rodricks, *Girl*

In a shocking turn of events, Kelly Harrison, a beautiful Psychology major, has fallen for her best friend Tim Macy, her ballroom dancing partner, and member of the Crew team. For years, Tim had feelings for Kelly, who he described as his "perfect woman," and when she would say "I love you," in her friendly way, he would respond "I love you," and then turn around and whisper to himself, while holding his heart, "for real . . ."

Kelly said, "I had thought of Tim as a brother for years, and I never had any idea how he felt about me. I can't believe how much I love him now." She also lamented many of the actions she took over the course of their friendship, adding, "I almost regret letting his brother screw me doggy style on his bed that time he walked in, and sleeping with all of his friends."

The road these lovers will take is sure to be a bumpy one, but Tim seems optimistic. "I know this is for real. It was fate that brought us together, and I knew one day she'd realize how great I was," adding, "I can't wait to give her the collage I made out of her pictures and hair."

3 Dead, 12 Wounded After Bear Wanders into Furry Convention

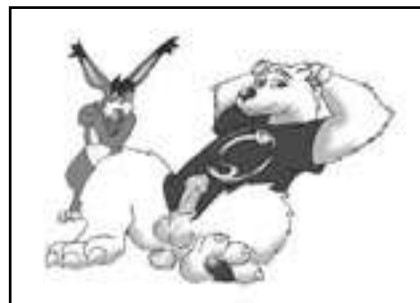
By Matt Loker, Wounded

The San Jose Airport Hilton was the scene of a tragedy Thursday, as 15 people were attacked by a wayward bear. The Alaskan Kodiak, escaped from a nearby zoo, became enraged when numerous "furry" fetishists tried to have sex with it.

"Furroticon '05," as it was dubbed by organizers, was an otherwise peaceable gathering of faux-bestiality enthusiasts. Moments after the 1800-pound bear entered the convention

hall, no less than four people wearing crotchless animal costumes tried to initiate intercourse with the very real animal.

The convention, a meeting of people devoted to sexual fetishes for people dressed in animal costumes, was declared "a disaster" by attendees. After repeated attempts by the furries to copulate with and or on the bear, it became enraged and started mauling nearby people.



Artist's rendition

"Sure, I wanted to fuck it," said convention participant John Fordham. "But as soon as I waved my dick around to signal that I wanted to have sex with a stranger dressed like a bear, I knew something was wrong."

Massage Therapists Take Legal Action

By Aaron Brownstein, Lemony Snicket

The "Massage Therapists" Union made "head lines" this week by heavily publicizing their "legal action." While the specific details of this "legal action" remain unclear, union spokesperson Angelina Silk described it as including anything from "physical evidence" and "oral arguments" to "backroom deals" and "restraining orders."

Looking for further information, a group of reporters "pressed deeper" and discovered that, if necessary, Ms. Silk would be willing to "take the fifth."

In other news, massage therapy is a truly legitimate profession in the midst of a serious legal battle.

Middle America Continues to Scald Self

By Mark Thomas, Finger In Toaster

Despite repeated warnings from the East and West coasts, middle America repeatedly grabbed a piping-hot pot of boiling water on the kitchen stove last Thursday.

"Ouch...*sizzle*...Ahhh!" said Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Wyoming and Texas

"Ffffft...ooooch!" later added Nebraska, South Dakota and Iowa.

Squelch reader poll

What is your favorite young adult novel about Hitler as a teenage girl?

The Fuhrer Wore Uggs

Triumph of the Will You Go to the Dance with Me?

The Babysitter's Club #27: Crystal's Big Nacht

Mein Boyfriend

Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen Create a Reich That Will Last for Four Thousand Years

The Boxcar Children



Top Ten Slave-Related Rock Bands

10. The Velvet Underground Railroad
9. Colored me bad
8. The Dandy Civilwarhols
7. Godspeed You Former Black Emperor Running North
6. Men Without Hats....or Freedom
5. Jefferson Davis Airplane
4. 2/5 Less than Jake
3. Men at Work for no pay
2. New Kids On the Auction Block
1. Audioslavery

Top Ten Reasons to Escape

10. Pirates unsympathetic about rope allergy
9. You're a famous black comedian and the hooker has an Adam's apple
8. There was a big line for not escaping
7. Just blew up Bond Villain's secret Antarctic Complex; also, are James Bond
6. Quarentine...Shmarentine!
5. Most Dangerous Game not actually Beer Pong
4. You're already a medical experiment; might as well go horribly wrong
3. Chemo Ward smells like old people
2. Old town's just one long dead end drive since the factory closed down, so maybe it's time to pack up your lucky hat and suitcase full of dreams and hit the road like the young guys says they should, and the old men say they should have. Also, you murdered a policeman.
1. Ctrl-Alt-Del not working

Top Ten Almost Futuristic Things

10. A rectangle with rounded corners
9. Lazer Tag
8. Neon
7. The Moon
6. A Star Trek laserdisc
5. The Worlds Fair
4. A toilet that applauds
3. Cordless Telegrams
2. An ipod having sex with a Tivo
1. Tomorrow

My Virtual Girl

By Simon Ganz and Mark Thomas

As I gaze into my Microsoft SPOT watch and listen to my iPod mini, I now realize that the digitized and specular-lit bump-mapped wheels of technology have spun their blue-LED-laser-guided gears to a new epoch. My virtual girlfriend is now superior to my real one.

I did not enter this decision into my blackberry phone note-system lightly, because if I had, then the stylus wouldn't have picked up my keystrokes. But after a lengthy comparison, it's clear that my VG girl outshines my RL girl in every way.

For instance, when I want to please my virtual girlfriend, all I have to do is press the A plus X buttons at the same time while tapping the Z-trigger. My real girlfriend on the other hand only has one button, but it's much more complicated.

Now I admit things aren't perfect with my virtual girl. Whenever she takes her top off the loading times are unbearable. And sometimes the clipping issues can be embarrassing. One minute she's dancing rhythmically with me as I deftly time my movements on the DDR plastic console mat, and the next her polygonal breasts are stuck in the wall and her legs have fallen through the dance floor. But it's the little things that render my virtual girlfriend's virtual foibles insignificant compared to my real girlfriend's glaring flaws.

Then I take my real girlfriend shopping for

new clothes, she wants me to tell her what I think about them, yet no matter how hard I twist the analog stick she refuses to rotate 360 degrees.

My real girlfriend is always bothering me with stupid conversation, and no matter how often I answer her correctly, she never levels up. But with my virtual girlfriend, just a few taps of the A-button can advance me past any exchange, and if I ever get stuck, I can just memorize the conversation tree.

And my virtual girlfriend doesn't seem to mind if I pepper her with high-caliber bullets, whereas my real girlfriend did.

Speaking of girlfriends dying, when my virtual girlfriend dies because she say, mistimed her jump over a lake of alligators that move in unison, I need only find the 1-up box and she's my girl again. My real girlfriend did not respond no matter how many boxes I thrust her way.

Cheating on my virtual girlfriend is also easier. I just keep my mistresses on a separate memory card. Eventually I'll even be able to take my Sony Playstation 2 memory card and upload my virtual girlfriend into a far less virtual sexbot, with a plush, fabric-based, but non-virtual vagina.

I may keep my real girlfriend until then, but I think she knows that her time is nearly up. Every day I visit the Honda Asimo web-

page and mark its progress, then glance at my girlfriend and wonder, will tomorrow be the day?



Make Your Own Action Movie

by Mark Thomas

The Briefing:

Government Official: [*gravely*] I assume you all know why you've been called in here today. We've got three hours/seven days to diffuse this atomic/biological warhead planted by the notorious global corporation/syndicate globotron/corp. I know you're all just a bunch of ex-military/college students/normal citizens with blue-collar occupations, but you've got what it takes/you're the best trained/you're the only ones left to do the job. I trust you understand what's at stake here.

Joker: Your cushy government job/our reputation? [*group chuckles*]

GO: Funny. The transport leaves for the moon at Oh five-hundred.

The Mounting Tension:

[*Team looking at bomb*]

Team Captain: Ok team, whatever you do, do not press this button/cross these wires/move.

Vlad: [*banging warhead with wrench/hammer/pipe while drinking from bottle/flask labeled "alcohol"*] What? This is how to diffuse bomb in Kyrgyzstan/Tajikistan/Russia. [*bomb opens revealing a clock*]

TC: Great. All we need to do now is...

[*crazy guy starts pressing button/crossing wires/moving*]

Teammate: He's got space/mind dementia!

[*team tackles crazy guy, but not before equipment is damaged/teammate is killed/hope is temporarily lost*]

The Decision:

Pilot/driver/vehicle operator: [*gravely*] Okay, one of us needs to stay behind. [*no one volunteers*] I didn't want it to have to come to this. Pick a straw/pick a number between 1 and 7/rock, paper, scissors, best two out of three.

[*one-by-one, teammates select/face off until only one remains*]

The Chosen Guy: Tell my wife/girlfriend/son I love her/him. Tell her/him I'll always be watchin'.

The Complication:

Gov't Official: [*via intercom*] OK, I've got some good news and some bad news...

Expendable Character: I've got baaaaad feeling about this/ This doesn't look so good...

Captain: [*gravely*] Okay, what's the good/bad.

GO: There's an asteroid headed directly for your position on the moon, you'll have to use the bomb to deflect it.

Captain: [*after a moment of resignation*] Okay, what's the bad/ good news?

GO: That was the bad/good news.

The Critical Moment:

Expendable Character: [*via intercom to guy still on the moon*] We're running outta time/there's no time/hurry up!

The Chosen Guy: One...more...minute.../just...another...second... [*clock gets cracked open revealing two wires/two liquid-filled tubes/ another bomb*]

TCG: [*wipes brow*] Hey captain, what's your favorite color/wine/movie?

Captain: [*intensely*] Blue/port/Casablanca.

TCG: [*to himself*] Aahh, I never liked you anyway [*grabs handful of wires/tubes/bombs and pulls them out, spring system activates, hurtling bomb towards asteroid*]

Aftermath:

TCG: [*gets out of chopper and is hugged/kissed/hugged by wife/girlfriend/son*]

Captain: C'mon baby, let's go home/makes some heavenly collisions of our own/play some soccer.



PAID ADVERTISEMENT



I knew something had to be done the morning¹ the button popped off my jeans². Shocked and appalled, I realized that I could no longer ignore the cold, hard truth reflect³ in the mirror on the wall⁴. I was fat⁵.

It was time for me to stop being “a passenger in life”⁶ and to start thinking of myself as the healthy person I knew I could become. I immediately slipped into my house robe⁷ and walked⁸ into the kitchen, determined to change my eating habits once and for all. First stop: the refrigerator. I peered in and took a quick inventory. Milk⁹, eggs¹⁰, butter¹¹, beer¹² ... no wonder I’d packed on the pounds. In a defiant display of strength and willpower, I grabbed¹³ each and every item and threw¹⁴ them all into the garbage can. Now I could start anew.

I remembered recently seeing a local newspaper ad announcing the opening of a new gym¹⁵ called Curves created just for women. My curiosity piqued, I decided to drive¹⁶ into town and check it out for myself. As I passed¹⁷ through the sliding glass doors, I was greeted by the smiling face of the receptionist.

“Welcome to Curves! I’m Shelly¹⁸. How can I help you?”

“Hi Shirley¹⁹. I’m interested in losing a few pounds,” I answered, glancing down at my protruding belly²⁰.

“Well, you’ve come to the right place! Here, we offer state-of-the-art exercise machines complete with a personalized nutrition plan just for you!”

I hesitated. “I’ve never been very good at dieting²¹...”

“Don’t worry!” she reassured. “We understand that most women have an insatiable sweet tooth. That’s why we promote Splenda^{TM22}. It’s made from sugar²³, so it tastes like sugar²⁴. It even measures cup²⁵ for cup²⁶ like sugar²⁷ so you can use it in baking²⁸!”

I was becoming more and more convinced that this was the place for me. Shelly explained that their simple program takes only 30 minutes a week and offers a support network of other women in pursuit of their fitness goals. I signed up immediately.

It’s now 3 months later, and I’ve already lost 40 pounds²⁹ and dropped 3 dress³⁰ sizes. I’m the happiest I’ve been in 20³²³¹ years. I’m loving life and the new me. Thank you, Curves.

Sincerely,
Jill Gorham³²

¹ evening

² cape

³ unseen

⁴ bolted to the inside lid of my silk-lined coffin

⁵ so fat that my bellyⁱ hung over the edge of my jeansⁱⁱ

⁶ Phillip C. McGraw, “Dr. Phil’s Weight Loss Advice to His Family,” DrPhil.com, 2004 Harpo Productions, 14 November 2004 < http://www.drphil.com/weightloss/weightloss.jhtml?contentId=2078_family.xml§ion=Weight+Loss+Challenge&subsection=Tips>.

⁷ turned into a bat

⁸ flew slowly and awkwardly, hindered by my upper wing fat

⁹ plasma

¹⁰ platelets

¹¹ Fe+2

¹² Fat Tire Amber Ale

¹³ knocked over with my fat bat wing

¹⁴ tried in vain to pick them up with my fat bat wings until I got frustrated and used my extrasensory bat powers to will

¹⁵ fitness center

¹⁶ slowly, awkwardly fly

¹⁷ reassumed a human form and lumbered

¹⁸ Shirley

¹⁹ [sic]

²⁰ neck chub

²¹ not sucking up blood through a pair of pearly white cuspids

²² HemoglobaTM

²³ blood

²⁴ blood

²⁵ pint

²⁶ Ibid.

²⁷ blood

²⁸ protein shakes

²⁹ grams, when in bat form

³⁰ cape

³¹ 4.294967296 x 10⁴¹

³² Cassie Wu



Curves[®]

The power to amaze yourself.[®]

ⁱ neckrolls

ⁱⁱ cape



I Am Smarter Than You

Daniel Brady

Hey you. So you think you are so smart, with your handlebar mustache and Swarovski crystal monocle, but do not nod your top hat and shake your mutton chops resolutely in wondrous awe of your own perspicacity. Maybe you won the Wolf Prize in mathematics a couple years ago, but I know you only proved Fermat's last theorem with blowjobs. And seriously, who wins Nobel prizes anymore? Why don't you just go hang out with Toni Morrison and a calendar from 1986?

I envision brilliant connections all the time. Have you ever thought about the positive correlation between owning a gun and having a moustache? Or how about the inverse relationship between the number of sexual experiences and the number of unibrows an individual has? Or that all middle-aged Japanese-American men are named Ken? I did not think so. You must be a petite young lad and I must be Socrates, for I just pillaged your derriere with my magnificent diamond-studded shaft.

While you are a simpleminded one trick mathematical-

biological-literary pony, I dominate every field ever created by man and then some. Did you know that I solved all problems in scientific field of lxbalijko? I bet you do not even know what that is, idiot.

You "speak" the English language in the same way that a hobo has sex with a pile of leaves: Eww. On the other Super Bowl Ring-adorned hand (mine), I speak six languages fluently. I speak Bushmen Swahili extra fluently. Take that, you stupid click click whistle.

So how many times have you been awarded the Pulitzer Prize, not counting the one last year? That is right my dimwitted brother, the answer is zero. So place your tail in-between your legs, board your carriage fabricated on broken

dreams and undeserved acquisitions, and make your way back to the mountain of mediocrity on top of which your baroque mansion sits daintily.

William Safire is on vacation.

I envision brilliant connections all the time.



Tenants: Is Your Apartment Safe and Habitable?

Rent Stabilization Board

Under California Law, renters are entitled to:

- Hot and cold running water
- Adequate heating
- A functional sewer system
- Easy access to exits and entrances
- A residential Manager if the building has 16 or more units
- Deadbolts on external doors and at least two exits in each unit.
- A roof, windows, and walls that don't leak
- Plumbing and gas facilities that work well
- Floors, stairways and railings in good repair
- Maintained building grounds and clean common areas, including adequate garbage receptacles
- Operable smoke detectors in every bedroom and operable fire extinguishers on every floor of apartment buildings and rooming houses

If you need repairs and live in Berkeley, you should take the following steps:

- Make a written request to your landlord for repairs
- If necessary, call for a housing inspection: 981-5444
- If necessary, file a petition at the Rent Board for a possible rent reduction: 644-6128

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

WEBSITE: www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent

TEL: (510) 644-6128

TDD: (510) 981-6903

FAX: (510) 644-7723

Many people give up and call it a night when the party ends, but what if your pussy doesn't hurt? What if you need at least another strong belt of scotch to calm the DT's? Well, the fun doesn't end just because the party's over.

After-Drinking Games

More Drinking

Why let the drinking stop when it's supposed to? Keep the torch lit as long as you can by playing this after-drinking favorite until you forget what loneliness was.



Mario Paint

This game utilizes the classical combination of the permanent marker and someone's face, but with a twist: this time you draw Mario. Acceptable variations: Mario covered with penises, Mario covered with additional penises.



Scavenger Hunt Scorecard

Name _____

	Points Possible	Points Earned
Keys	5	
Wallet	10	
Other Guy's Wallet	20	
Dignity	50	
Prescription Meds	100	

Total _____

Reverse Twister

Reclaim your belongings by peeling the pile of bodies now sleeping contentedly upon them, one part at a time. Unlike conventional twister, no spinner is required as each game and position is unique. "Left face out of that girl's crotch."

Dozing

You: [*masturbating*] thukkathuk-kathukka...thukka..... thukka...
thuk[*falls asleep*]

[*10 minutes later*]

You: [*waking up*] Hnuugh...hrm-nah..thukka...thukkathukka.....
thukka[*falls asleep*]

Rock, Paper, Scissors

for the passed out girl. As a side note, she's about to play Unconscious Strip Poker.



Supermarket Sweep

It was great of that guy Steve to host the party, but let's face it, you don't know him or his roommates and that cabinet by the door is filled with crystal shot glasses. Grab as many fabulous prizes as quickly as you can while avoiding various hazards like vomit, the pizza guy still waiting for his \$24.60, and the prizes' rightful owners. And remember: When the party gets busted and you hear the police, think of all the fun it would be to steal things and then run from the police!



**Everybody
Get
the
Fuck
Out
of
the
Pool**

Top Two Breakfast Related Custody Battle Movies

2. Creamer vs. Creamer
1. I am Toucan Sam

Top Ten Diseased Celebrities

10. Margaret Cholera
9. Scarlet Fever Johansson
8. Gonarhea Pearlman
7. Dysenteri Hatcher
6. Ray RaMono
5. Peter SARSgard
4. Gangrenous Khan
3. Yo-Yo Ma-laria
2. Leon Powelio
1. Lou Gehrig

Top Ten Euphemisms for Anal Leakage

10. Dressing the Salad
9. Bizarro Period
8. Guatemalan Water Torture
7. Anal Seepage
6. A visit from uncle Flowseph
5. Hershey's Wet Kisses
4. Shits Lite!
3. Runny Butt
2. Trickle-Down Fecalnomics
1. S'mears

Top Five Pick Up Lines for Poli Sci Majors

5. Need a job? Some money? Here is half my sandwich.
4. How about you show me your Capitol Hills
3. All it took was a minute of legislative analysis and you gave me this Washington Monument
2. What's the point of going to college when you can get a B.A. in Polisci!
1. I'm seeing U.N.-me getting it on, IMFing you from behind, and NAFTA-we can get some breakfast. Just dont give me USAID's.

Top Three pick up lines for psychology majors

3. You can put away the bell, I'm already drooling
2. I'm that father figure you've always been looking for
1. So your a psychologist eh? well what am i thinking right now?

Semi-Evil Doctor Doolittle

by Kipp Akers

Have you ever wondered what happens when you take a fat kid's peach cobbler? He sits on you. That's right, he sits on you as he eats the rest of his peach cobbler, wishing it was *a la mode*. That's why six years ago I used all the knowledge I could remember from that time I watched the Eddie Murphy version of *Dr. Dolittle* to learn to speak with animals. Confused? Think about it this way: who needs peach cobbler when you can have that fat bastard mauled by a grizzly bear? That may sound impressive, but my exploits with my ironically dubbed "animal henchmen" have gone far beyond a simple mauling:

Talking to my dog:

Dog: Okay, so I run over and jump on that woman over there?

Me: ...And then I come pull you off and apologize...

[*dog runs over and jumps on woman*]

Me: Oh! My goodness, I'm sorry miss, sometimes he gets away from me.

Woman: Oh its okay, my husband's dog does it all the time and his dog is a bit stronger... I'm used to it.

Dog: [*to me*] shit.

Me: shit.

Woman: [*being leg-humped by dog*] Oh, my!

Me: Stay the course, little buddy, stay the course.

Deciding the Ultimate Question: Who wins in a fight to the death?

Rhinoceros vs. Polar Bear.

Me: Hey polar bear—I saw that Rhino with your mom at Ikea the other day, shopping for a new kitchen.

Polar bear: What?

Me: Yeah, called your dad a deadbeat too. I figure he's got his eye on her ever since the breakup.

Polar Bear: Wha—I'm not taking some puddle-drinking, pig-looking mutherfucker for no father!

Winning first prize on "America's Funniest Home Videos":

Me: Alright, remember your cues people! First the cat goes for a drink of water in the toilet, then what happens?

Mouse: ...Then I run past the toilet.

Me: And???

Cat: And I freak out and fall into the toilet.

Me: Perfect. That \$1,000 is as good as mine!

Mouse: I just don't see my motivation in this scene.

Cat: Hey c'mon mouse, have a little trust in our distinguished director.

Mouse: That's funny, I thought kissing his ass was the gerbil's job.

Me: Cut! Quit recording!

Using the super-intelligence of certain animals to get me through college:

Me: Hey Dolphin, what's the Third Law of Thermodynamics?

Dolphin: Man, didn't you study at all? You know you can't take me into tests with you.

Me: C'mon Dolphy, if you help me out, I'll give you a treat...

Dolphin: Fine. Just take this underwater radio earpiece I invented and I'll give you the answers during your tests.

Me: Awww Dolphy, you're the best! Here, have a fish.

Fish: AAAAAHHHHH! OH GOD NO! MAKE THE PAIN ST—

What Eddie Murphy never thought of was why only talk to animals?

Me: Hey Crabs, do you think maybe you could, y'know, leave my genitals?

Crabs: Sure, why didn'tcha ask before?

Me: [*waiting*] So, when do you think you might be taking off?

Crabs: Oh, about a week ago, right before you had sex with the woman in the Arco men's room.

Other Crab: SNAP!





Island Etiquette

Dear Kyle,

It has been seven days since I decided to eat you. It has also been seven days since you shot me in the leg and ran away from the plane with our only canteen.

It's important to me that you understand that I did not reach the decision to eat you lightly. I'm writing you this letter because every time I try to visit you and explain my actions, you shoot me again. Maybe it's because I've been sneaking up behind you carrying a knife and fork, but maybe it's because we don't communicate like we used to.

I really do see where you're coming from with the not wanting to be eaten stuff. Admittedly, I may have jumped the gun a little by biting your arm all those times while the plane was still crashing. Please remember that unlike you, I hadn't planned ahead and accepted the complimentary peanuts from the stewardess before the crash.

In your absence, I've made great strides in repairing the plane, though there have been some setbacks. I thought I had managed to reattach the broken wing, but it turned out that what I was actually doing was ripping off the good wing. The important thing is that I will soon have the knowledge I need to begin rebuilding the plane; I've found the co-pilot's skull. By feasting on its innards tonight in a ritualistic ceremony (which you are, of course, invited to), I will become Lawrence Tanner, Co-Pilot First Class of Island Airways.

Of course, it won't all be fun and brain-eating. Once I become Lawrence Tanner I will take on not only his knowledge, but also his allergy to gluten and his complicated relationship with his children. No sir, it won't be fun when I pilot our new coconut-powered plane onto the Tanner front lawn and have to tell his children that I'm their new daddy.

But I've run off-topic. In better news, I captured a wild boar that was tangled in a shrub near the wreck, and I set it on fire to make a signal light for our rescuers. So you can see, things are looking up here at the wreck, though I'm still desperately hungry. Tomorrow I plan on searching for more boars to replace this one with when the fire burns out.

I've also discovered several grape vineyards, which I'm now using as ink to paint warning signs around the plane wreck so you don't trip and fall into the many bear traps I've constructed out of the plane's emergency food rations.

Please come back home, Kyle. I'm very hungry, and I think that, together, we can find a solution.

Simon

WE ARE VERY ANGRY

Dear person whose first name is an initial,

Who the fuck are you kidding? No one here believes that when you were born your parents decided to give you an initial for a first name. What, they named you after your great uncle Acronym? You hear me, M. Night Shyamalan? What's so damn special about the M. Is this another one of your fucking mysteries? Did you steal that one from the Twilight Zone too?

-SDG

Dear Spelling of the Word "Bidet",

I just spent forty minutes trying to look you up. I ultimately had to ask my dad. Do you know how embarrassing it is to ask your dad how to spell "bidet"? No, of course you don't. You don't have a dad. You're the spelling of a word. You never had a family. No one will ever love you. You will never find fulfillment. Your existence is meaningless. Except for when it means "A fixture similar in design to a toilet that is straddled for bathing the genitals and the posterior parts."

-APMB

Dear sixteen year-old girls,

Stop buying silver Jettas. If you have a silver Jetta, it is important that you either sell your automobile to a confident and successful heterosexual man or become one yourself. There seems to be a misconception that Jettas (particularly silver ones) are driven exclusively by members of your constituency or effetes. This is not true as I have recently purchased such a vehicle and fall into neither of these categories. In fact I not only fall into the category first mentioned, I rule over it as its king. Again, please bury your insecurities in improvement of your own self-image, and please stop trying to assuage them vicariously through the use of a stylishly-accentuated automobile that others may also drive for reasons other than being the substanceless offspring of closeted professional suburbanites.

-MRT

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

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Cosmetic Surgery for Animals

It is apparent that our society is becoming increasingly sexualized. From Lindsay Lohan's big-ass titties to Donald Rumsfeld's vagina tightening, male and female sexuality is being pushed to the limits through the wonders of cosmetic surgery. The pressure to look just fabulous extends beyond humans to the oft-overlooked animal kingdom. One man capitalizing on the growing market of "animal-augmentation" is Dr. Rodrigo "Peligro Abejas" Alexander. Through his services, any creature can obtain sexily symmetrical faces, boner-popping bodies, and at the very least a panty-dropping positive self image. But is it worth it? Hoping to highlight the benefits of such surgery, Dr. Alexander explains some of his successes.

Princess, Golden Retriever Liposuction

When this dog came to me, its tears were not of little doggy-joy but of sadness, and grief, and also much more sadness. On TV, seeing much smaller dogs as celebrity arm candy left this pooch feeling doggy jealousy with a large dose of DIC (doggy inferiority complex). I sat down, looked deep into her eyes, and whispered into her eye: just because teacup Chihuahuas have a different body-type than you doesn't justify exclusion from shamelessly being lugged from red-carpet affairs to penthouse coke-orgies. After sucking out over 30 pounds of fat and unnecessary "blood weight" this dog looked really super-duper. My work was a smashing success, just last week the cover of National Enquirer showed Paris Hilton unconscious in a puddle of her own vomit as Princess photogenically lapped up the remains.

Moesha, Tiger Fur Bleaching

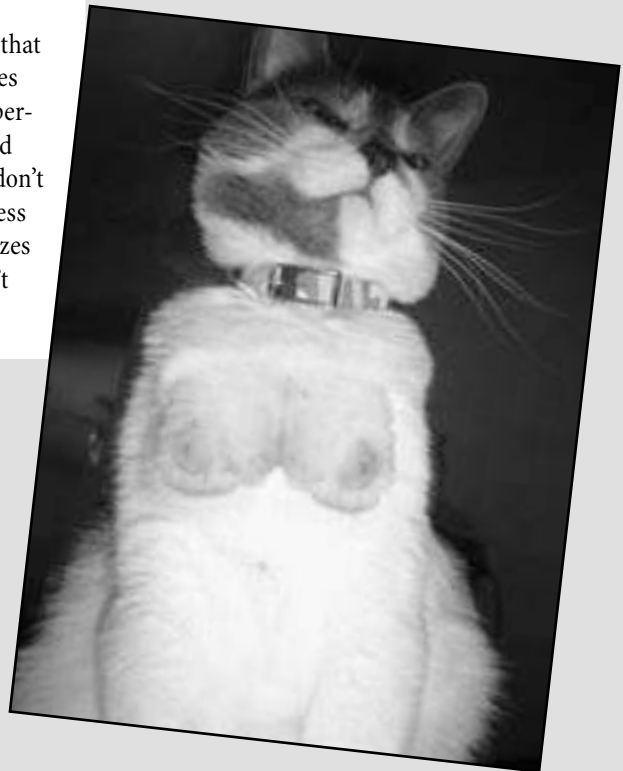
Like many *Panthera tigris*, Moesha felt her dark fur limited her social and professional upward mobility. While the more eye-pleasing white tigers lavishly consumed the finest wines and freshest lobsters at the Mirage in Las Vegas, Moesha was stuck in the hot, humid, and poverty stricken jungles of the Tropicana. She was sick of having racial slurs like "Tigger" and "Stripe Back" hurled at her on a daily basis. I suavely explained, while massaging her ugly orange back, that white fur would unlock the door to life's treasures. After six months of painful fur bleaching she emerged whiter than my dead mother's pubes - god rest her pubes. Moesha can now be seen running along side Lance Burton at the Monte Carlo.

Muffin, Siamese Cat Breast Augmentation

It was painfully clear why this sleepy Asian cat was in my office that cold January morning—it needed bigger tits. Its mini kitty-titties were flatter than my dead mother's EKG. So I gave it what it desperately needed, some DD tiggolbitties. This cat is now getting fucked constantly, and not only by myself! But also by my brother, but don't pass judgment, Alfonzo is a total slut. Regardless, Muffin's success has made this surgery very popular among our feline friends. Sizes range from small to "Oh my god that cat's tits are so big she can't even walk" (very popular).

Ludwig Von Strudellwasser, Mule Testicular Implants

I am very proud of this surgery; it is my proverbial punch to God's throat. Nature may have been too weak to provide the majestic mule with testicles, but I was able to thrust them in Ludwig's scrotum with an iron fist. Now when Ludwig plows a field, he does so with a raging pink boner. As he moves, his cantaloupe-sized nuts drag in the mud.



19th Century Job Interviews

By Kevin Deenihan

Boss: I understand you're applying for... Chimney Sweep, Mr. Thorped?

Jimmer: Jimmer Thorped, best Sweep in Merry England, sir! Sharp as Big Ben's toll, I am.

Boss: Tortured analogies... good, good. And you're an orphan by...?

Jimmer: Right sorry, Governor?

Boss: Orphaned by war? Orphaned by crime? Abandoned by Royal Family? It's for the form.

Jimmer: Oh, Middle-Class Mother thrown out of home. I have a reference for it, if you like.

Boss: That will be fine, Jimmer. I like everything I see here... except we're really only looking for Cockney accents right now.

Jimmer: Er... 'Ello 'Overnor! I's sharp as an 'ol nail, I's!

Boss: Nice...but that's really more of an Orkney. I'm sorry, Jimmer.

Jimmer: 'O 'Ell.



Boss: Yes, Mr. Bellows, we're looking for someone who looks quite similar to our Prince, but is, in fact, a pauper.

Bellows: My father is a blacksmith...

Boss: Mmm... That's really more Middle-Class, Lower-Middle-Class, isn't it? Thank you.

Boss: What would you say is your biggest weakness, Mr. Hornel?

Hornel: Right good question. Well, I'm told I work too hard. I'm rarely willing to push back at my Boss's decisions. I'm loyal to a fault. Oh, and I have bloody flux.

Boss: Bloody flux?

Hornel: And Consumption...and probably the Black Lung. What's your Medical policy, again?

Boss: A sound slap on the back for coughing, and we'll fish your body out of the vats if you fall in.

Boss: I see you know Excel and Word...how about sticking your tiny hands into little gears to retrieve stamped plates?

Pip: Oh, right good at that sir. See? Tiny, tiny hands, and very supple wrists. Very nearly double-jointed.

Boss: Oh, you'll be double-jointed soon enough, never worry. [Laughs]

Pip: Yeah... heh heh.

Boss: Well, everything looks good here, Mister...Ooooh...says here you're seven years old?

Pip: Seven and a month, sir.

Boss: We're only hiring six year olds. Very, very sorry. We'll keep your application on file, so let us know if you turn six again.

Boss: Where do you see yourself going with this company, Howard?

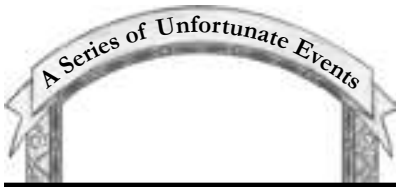
Howard: I've always been excited about Pig Skinning. Majored in it. It's where I see myself for the next three to five years.

Boss: This is something you want to grow with?

Howard: Yeah, I'm looking for something that challenges me. So yeah, of course I expect to start out with hooves, I'm young, but I intend to end up with snouts or even management.

Boss: This is a snouts-track position, keep in mind. Snouts is the highest level.

Howard: Oh...that's fine. Perfectly fine. Snouts is great.



THE GOOKY GROCER

By Lemony Snicket

Oh dear reader, I am about to impart to you another woeful tale—indeed, a tale so full of woe that it would take four-hundred two-time lottery-winning puppies made entirely of lucky nickels and therapy just to graduate this tale to a status of merely “disappointing.” “Disappointing” is a word which here means, “what you are to your mother.”

On the day this terrible tale begins, Violet, Claus, and Sunny Baudelaire (who as you may remember were orphaned when a fire consumed their home and loving parents) were just about to meet the next relation who would be caring for them. “Relation” is of course a word which means, “someone who will care for you after your loving parents are consumed in a fire, but who probably doesn’t actually love you because no one could ever love you. Even your parents. They were lying.”

The taxicab dropped the Baudelaire orphans off in front of a grocery in a mini-mall that also contained a dry-cleaners, another dry-cleaners, and a restaurant selling very old soup. “This is a strange place for us to live in,” said Violet.

“I agree,” said Klaus, picking up his infant sister Sunny, “but this is the right address.”

“Fee!” said Sunny, which probably meant something like “I think that vagrant is masturbating himself.”

Suddenly, the door to the grocery flew open and out lurched a robust Vietnamese woman with a hump on her back.

“*Chao ong*, children! I am your aunt Phuong!” Of course, “*chao ong*” is a word in the Vietnamese language which here means: you don’t have to learn it.

“You’re related to us?” asked Violet.

“Of course I am, children! You will be living here with me from now on,” said Aunt Phuong smiling cheerfully.

Violet was wary of Aunt Phuong. Could she actually be Count Olaf in disguise? In the past, the wicked Count Olaf had made numerous attempts to gain control of the Baudelaire orphans’ vast fortune through lying, murder, and overacting through heavy makeup reminiscent of his performance in *The Mask*.

Klaus was thinking the exact same thing. His favorite thing to do was read, and he had read a great number of books on people of Aunt Phuong’s background. “I certainly don’t *feel* Vietnamese,” he said. “I don’t live in a hut, and I don’t know what napalm tastes like or anything. I mean, I’m good at math, but that’s chinks, right?”

“Blaag!” said Sunny, which probably meant “What, bitch? Everyone was thinking it.”

Aunt Phuong looked thoughtful. “You children have a regrettable view of ethnic stereotypes,” she chided. “Regrettable” is a word which here means, “grettable again.”

“Now children,” Aunt Phuong continued, “come inside and we can play a game of pin the tail on your ridiculously wealthy flesh.” She thought for a moment then said “That’s Vietnamese for Scrabble,” sub-

tly dropping the hatpin she had been carrying.

Suddenly, Violet was struck with an idea. She grabbed the hatpin from the pavement and jabbed it into Aunt Phuong’s hump which gave a loud pop and disappeared.

Now that the cat was out of the bag, Aunt Phuong, who was actually Count Olaf, made a grab for the Baudelaire orphans. Klaus, however, had been taught exactly how to deal with these situations.

“RAPE!” screamed Klaus, plunging his knee deep into Count Olaf’s groin. “RAPE RAPE RAPE RAPE RAPE!”

Count Olaf doubled over in pain, but he had easily two-hundred pounds on the orphans, so he was able to overpower them anyway. After having each of the assembled vagrants promise to “forget” the events of the evening in exchange for a swig from his flask, he took the Baudelaire orphans inside and strangled them, but not before converting Klaus’ scream from a warning to a prophecy. And of course, “prophecy” is a word which always means “violent, unlubricated anal rape.”

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SIGMUND FREUD'S FORGOTTEN SESSIONS

BY DANNY MARSHALL

Many psychologists regard Sigmund Freud as being one of the most influential psychologists of all time. But these people are forgetting that his “medical advice” consisted of huge amounts of cocaine which, last time I checked, was responsible for people liking disco. His psychoanalytic technique and bizarre theories get no deeper into the human mind than the average Q-tip, leaving many patients uncured and a bit confused.

Patient One

Freud: So what's been bothering you?

Patient: Well, I've just been really depressed as of late.

Freud: Hum, sounds like penis envy.

Patient: What...no. I don't have penis envy. Penises are gross and they smell like a pigeon's asshole. Plus, I'm a man.

Freud: The more I hear the more I'm convinced. You have penis envy.

Patient: No, I just want some help, someone to talk to about my high level of anxiety.

Freud: Really. Well then, I think I miss-evaluated the situation. [*Scribbles "Severe Penis Envy" in notebook*]

Patient Two

Freud: So tell me about your dreams.

Patient: Well, I've had this reoccurring dream where upon I am tied down to a boat, heading straight for a 100-foot waterfall. I struggle, but cannot overcome the ropes that bind me to the boat. I eventually give in, and, as I fall to my death, I wake up.

Freud: Well this seems simple enough. The boat represents the naturalistic flow of time and the waterfall represents your father.

Patient: ...And so what do the ropes mean?

Freud: The ropes, well they represent your father.

Patient: ...And the boat? Does that represent my father as well?

Freud: [*Nods approvingly*]

Patient: Wow, you're right. I never thought of my father as a waterfall, rope, and boat, but that totally makes sense. You're a genius.

Freud: [*Nods approvingly and lowers face into a pile of cocaine*]



Patient Three

Patient: I have developed a fear of darkness. Every time I approach any dark areas, anxiety overcomes me. It's gotten so bad that I can't even partake in my favorite hobby.

Freud: What is your favorite hobby?

Patient: Having sex with prostitutes in dark alleys.

Freud: [*Readjusts in chair*] Where can these alleys be found?

Patient: My favorite one is between Montgomery and Harrison. Hey, where are you going? How can I overcome my fear of dark alleys?

Freud: [*Checking wallet*] Well, you could loan me twenty bucks.

Patient Four

Freud: OK, let's do some free association. I'll say a word and you tell me what instantly comes to mind. Let's start with the word "turtle."

Patient: Dove.

Freud: Flight...

Patient: Wings.

Freud: Feather...

Patient: My father molested me as a child.

Freud: Wow, major breakthrough. You have penis envy.



Theoretical Physics ...For Children!

Energy

Imagine you're making popcorn. Each kernel is like a molecule. The microwave or the stovetop or the burning trashcan you use to pop the corn is adding energy to the molecules, which makes them dance and play and bounce off of each other. And now you understand how molecules interact!



Now imagine that the popcorn from earlier is orbiting a black hole and approaching the speed of light. As the popcorn begins losing the qualities of matter, it begins to move both into and out of existence producing artificial-butter flavoring, which here represents x-ray particles. Now pretend you've eaten the popcorn. Mmmm, that's wormhole physics!

String Theory



Sure, string theory sounds confusing and hard to understand, but with a little creative analogy-making it can be just as much fun as eating ice-cream with your grandmother:

Now imagine your grandmother is a one-dimensional string. Depending on how she spins and vibrates, she produces wonderful ice cream flavors like Rocky Road (quarks) and Mint Chocolate Chip (antibosons)!

Schrodinger's Pokémon

Assume your Eevee is sealed within a random Pokéball. 33.3% of the Pokéballs in Ash's collection contain a Fire Stone, 33.3% contain a Thunder Stone, and the rest contain a Water Stone. Until you release your Eevee in battle it is impossible to know whether or not it has evolved into a Flareon, Jolteon, or Vaporeon. Therefore, you simultaneously have all three evolved forms in your Pokéball, and your Pokédex will update accordingly.

Curved Space

Stand in front of your mommy's waterbed. Notice how her body sinks into the bed and the half empty bottles near her head roll down to her tummy. Well, if your mother is a celestial body, her bed is space, and the bottles are celestial bodies of lesser mass, then tonight the earth will be too full of moon rocks to microwave you dinner.

Elements of Quantum Theory

Entanglement

Imagine Bob and Alice. If Bob is angry, then Alice has a black eye, despite the fact that he is spending the weekend in Atlantic City with three strippers. Although Alice is still at home in Schenectady, Bob's situation affected hers. Therefore, they are entangled.

Quantization

On Tuesday nights, Daddy drinks between 1 and 6 bottles of beer. He can't drink 2.5 or 5.6 bottles because he's an alcoholic. This is called quantization.



Wave-Particle Duality

Don't you love to get Cranapple juice boxes in your lunch? Those are great because they're both Cranberry and Apple at the same time. Much like light exists as both particles and massless waveforms.

Gambler's Weekly

PRICE:
Four dollars, c'mon
just four dollars, I
need four dollars

**RUNNING from the
Reno Bookies?
They'll Never Look
in . . .**

LAUGHLIN!

**BACCARAT:
You Asshole**

**Shit You Might Not
Have Thought You
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KENNY

**ROGERS:
Fuck That Guy**

**ROULETTE
REPORT:
Seven is the
New Thirty-One**