

# the **heuristic** **squelch**

Mar 2005

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# Enemy Mine

Everyone needs an enemies list. With all the talk of national dis-unity and the red/blue divide, I figure this "healing" is just a clever tactic. That's right, they lull you into a false sense of security, then BAM, Senator Joe Biden (D-DE) punches you in the face and takes your shoes.

And that's why I need an enemies list. But how to make one? Remember, Richard Nixon had one, and now he's dead. Lesson: Never pick "natural causes" as an enemy.

The key to making good enemies is picking people who are less powerful than you.

**Enemy #1:** The Pope. I could take that guy. What, are you gonna release some doves at me?

**Lesson:** Have an enemy you hate with the sum total of all evil since the original sin.

**Enemy #2:** Little Debbie. She knows what she did.

**Lesson:** Consolidate your efforts to save time.

**Enemy #3:** Paranoid schizophrenic. That way, you can hate six people for the price of one. That's not hating harder, that's hating smarter.

**Lesson:** Don't hate anyone that can get you in trouble for hating them under hate crime laws.

**Enemy #4:** Hate crime laws. Anything that prevents me from having more enemies is my enemy. Okay, now I'm done blowing your mind.

**Lesson:** Don't write anything that other people are going to read if your writing is so bad that it makes depressed war widows cry onto puppies with two legs. And they're both hind legs. How do the puppies walk, you ask? With their chins.

**Enemy #5:** Daily Cal columnists Eitan Bencuya and David Pekema.

They know what they did.

**Enemy #6:** Endings

-Matt Loker



ENDANGERING LIVES SINCE 1991

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(flying blind and drunk)

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FRICKE-PARKS (510) 489-6543

## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Is it a rocket ship? It's a rocket ship,  
right? Shit. It's a shark.

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect our own, nor does it necessarily reflect at the angle of incidence. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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# squelch

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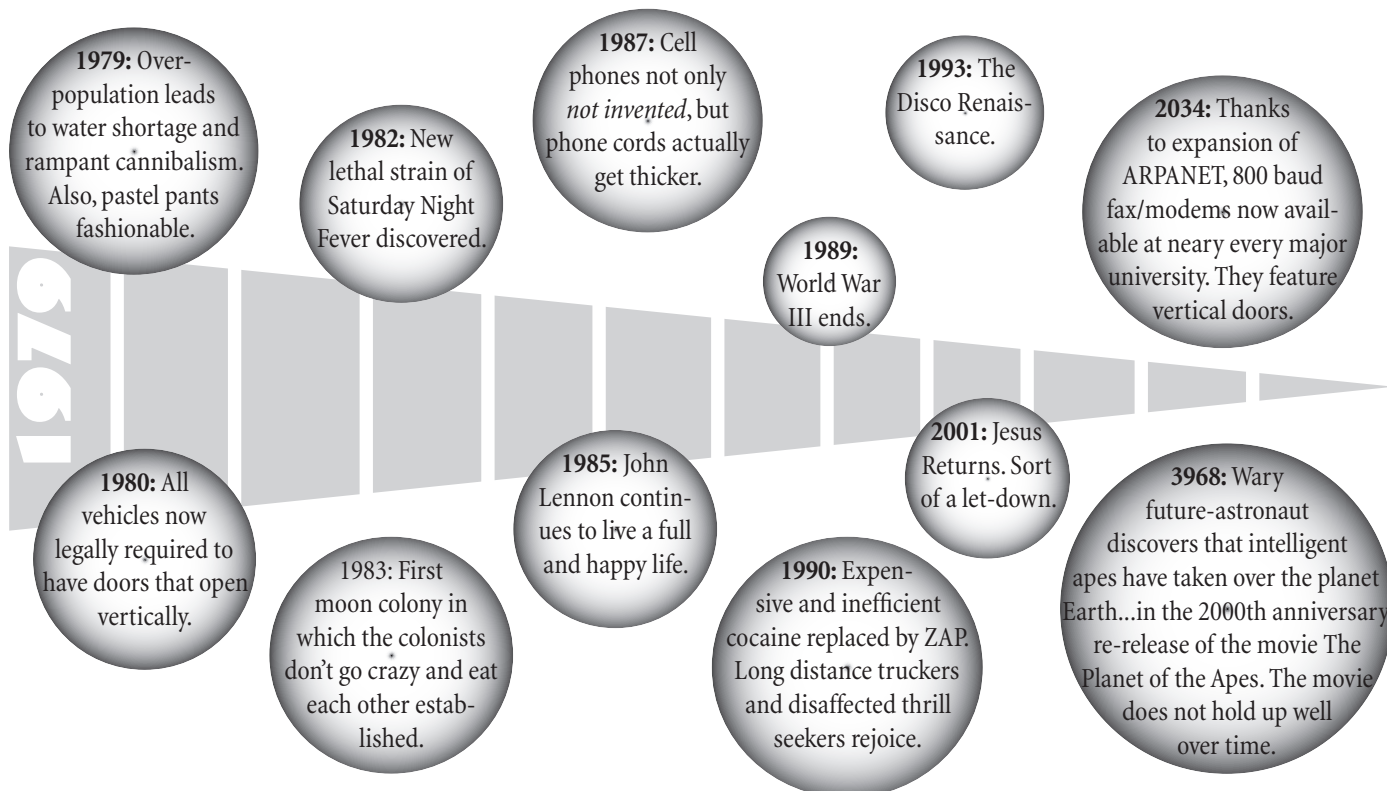
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**March 21, 2005**



# THE FUTURE *According to the 70s*



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Simon Goodheart  
Dorm room, 2003

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Dates: 1.5 per year  
Hours studying: 3 per week  
Visits to RSF: 0  
Prospects: Uncertain

After Moving to Gaia:



Simon Goodheart  
Gaia "guy-a" Building, 2004

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# Bush Calls for Draft

*by Kipp Akers, Shrub*

In response to the growing violence and anti-American sentiments in Iraq, the conscription of American young men is needed, says a rhododendron on the West side of UC Berkeley Campus.

The bush shouted his right wing sentiments as loud as he could, but was only heard by what he calls, “tree hugging pussies.” The listeners in question called the bush a racist and went on to continue their veganism with an added zeal.



# Southern California Hit by Reverse Tsunami

***By Dan Freedman, Grad Student Dating a Freshman***

According to the National Weather Service, the most recent deluge of storms in the Southern California area has now been officially declared a “reverse tsunami.”

"It's kinda like a regular tsunami, but backwards," the chief Meteorologist Jason Blake said. "More specifically, it's like a huge wave jumped the beaches and went straight for the hills, only to wreck the cities on the way back down; it's really much

too complicated to explain without the aid of a Lego city and a bucket of water.”

Mr. Blake then tried to show the difference in writing: “This here, as you can see, is a regular tsunami: INNOCENT PEOPLE...))\)\)\)\)<=(Ocean). Now here is a reverse tsunami: (Flood)==>/(/(/(/(/(/ INNOCENT PEOPLE=>/(/(/(/(/(/ (Ocean), very very complicated.”



# Bee and Allergic Man Killed in Murder Suicide Pact

***By Miles Stenehjem, Poison***

According to police, a common honeybee and a Mr. Darrel Motts probably had an ongoing relationship of an “intimate and bestial/insectoid nature”, which lead to a double fatality earlier this week.

“We believe that the frustration of their sexually deviant union built until they both were driven into a desperate madness of some sort. Motts probably talked the bee into penetrating his flesh thus injecting him with the sweet venom of her lower thorax. This of course sent him into anaphylactic shock and ripped her barbed stinger from her body, killing them both shortly thereafter.” Motts’ family expressed confusion and regret while the Bee’s hive stated that said drone was “defective” and that they would “SWARM ALL WHO OPPOSE THE HIVE.”

Mott's last words were said to be, "Holy god I've been stung by a bee and I'm fucking allergic! Jesus God somebody call an ambulance!"



# Woman Gets Rare Cancer

***By Clark Kent, Mild Mannered***

Becky Johnson, a photojournalist at the Daily Planet, Metropolis' biggest newspaper, was recently diagnosed with a rare form of independent cancer of both the breasts, and the buttocks. Although usually quite rare, this dual diagnosis has been made on several other female staff members of the Daily Planet. Health officials are baffled by the outbreak.

# Student Unable to Comply with Parent's Request

by Aaron Brownstein, *Unabashed Racist*

Sophomore William Hammersmith's father was dismayed to learn yesterday that his son would be unable to "spend a semester flipping burgers if you want a car," because he is too un-Mexican.

"I'm a white male aged 18-35—I can't even get hired as a waiter," Hammersmith lamented. "I looked all over and there was only one job I could get." Hammersmith then excused himself to go dictate a memo to his executive assistant, and put a down payment on a houseboat in Sausalito.



## Journalists Scramble to Appropriately Label Picture

by Journalists, *Scrambling*

- Pope Delighted by Flying Dinner
- Pope to Star in Hitchcock Remake
- Bird Attacks Well-Dressed Baby
- "Cool" Pope to High-Five Bird
- Anne Geddes Devises Worst Baby Picture Theme Yet
- Angry Dove Back for Revenge
- Jonathan Winters Beats the Shit Out of Winged Midget
- Desperate Attempt to Feed Starving Pope Unsuccessful

## Man Gradually Replaced by Better Version of Self

by Mark Thomas, *Version 3.11*

The next step in a slowly-advancing personal coup took place last Wednesday when Jared Demming's friends once again invited acquaintance Jeff Dumar over for dinner. Demming, who was neither notified of the event nor welcome to attend it, reportedly listened to Dumar's smooth, deep voice through his closed bedroom door. Demming, who suffers from a thyroid condition that causes his voice to oscillate violently and at random, became suspicious.

"I thought I'd join them," said Demming uncontrollably, "but when I walked out to meet them, they pretended to not notice."

Dumar allegedly regaled his hosts with tales of his athletic misadventures on his college waterpolo and triathlon teams. According

to an earlier news story, Demmings had played water polo in high school, but he never pursued it further, though he did try out for the triathlon team once. He failed to make the cut.

"We met Jeff during the kayaking trip that he had planned," said Demming's acquaintance Susan McKinney when reached for comment, "Jared couldn't make it because of his thyroid condition."

After Dumar left, Demming reportedly asked longtime friend Jessica Cho if she would like to see his latest batch of childish drawings, Demming's sole means of self-expression and release, to which she absent-mindedly replied "I guess," before sighing deeply.



# Mark Thomas vs. The Internet

by the Internet

Let's face it; the Internet had a lot to offer in its heyday: earth-shattering breakthroughs in communication, data access, and commerce, just to name a few. Yeah, the internet *was* pretty cool.

Around the same time the idea of a global network of interconnected computing machines was picking up momentum, technology had a second Big Bang: the one that conceived me. As challenging the oppressive rule of Goliath was David's charge, so was I pitted against the Internet, vying for my due recognition from within the shadow of an imposing behemoth.

After years of fierce and controversial debate that has torn nations, families apart, I have decided to compile a comprehensive comparison to, once and for all, settle this, the rivalry to end all rivalries.

**Internet:** Instantaneous access to virtually unlimited information

**Mark:** Access to the internet

Thanks to the searching power of the internet, I can help track down whatever it is you need to find, virtually anywhere.

**Mark +1**

**Internet:** Global Communication

**Mark:** Strong interpersonal skills

The Internet may connect you to users in other countries, but can it effectively leverage synergies towards a common goal? The Internet can't even drive a car. How lame.

**Mark +1**

**Internet:** Broadband Connection

**Mark:** Connection

With the advent of widespread broadband and wireless access, the internet is increasingly easy to connect to whereas, because of questionable parenting, I am not.

**Internet +1**

**Internet:** Vast and wildly diverse collection of pornography

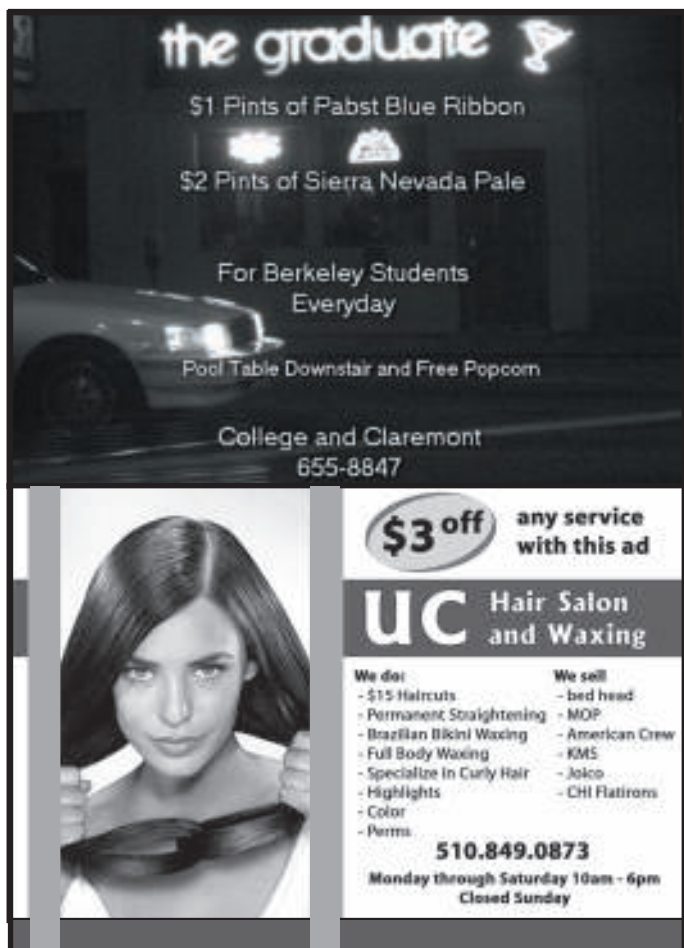
**Mark:** Well catalogued, vast, and wildly diverse collection of pornography

With Mark Thomas, what you see is what you get. I take the time to appropriately label and categorize my amalgam of adult media. The Internet expends no such effort which, often times, leads to one embarrassing oneself. I will never embarrass you while you are viewing your pornography.

**Mark +1**

In closing, even if we look at fundamental qualities such as leadership potential, we find the Internet painfully deficient. The Internet may have ushered in the digital age, but there are serious doubts as to whether or not it could quiet down a room in less than fifteen seconds. My can-do attitude embarrasses the Internet's passive management style.

In conclusion, I win for all of the following reasons: I am not the Internet and I don't suck. Also the Internet can't defend itself in writing.



**the graduate**

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# PIRATE BATTLE

BY EVAN WINCHESTER

Pirates ended the careers of many a brave seaman, even those who survived the tumultuous waters south of Cape Horn, the monsters of the great Atlantic, and the pleasant oases of the Pacific. Pirates were feared for their unforgiving tactics, pillaging and plundering without regard for the innocence of man, woman, or child. But when pirate met pirate, the devil himself shook, for only the most ruthless of rap battles would settle their turf war. We found a transcript of just such a trial of wills, reprinted below:

*Let it be known that this lyrical fistfight and verbal dynamite may take place between our two contestants, Lil' John Silver and Arr Kelly, sucka emcee spits first.*

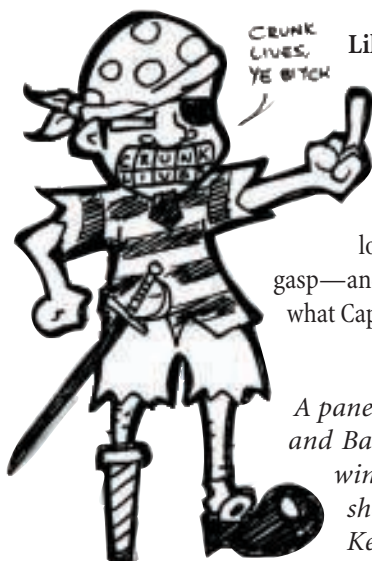
**Arr Kelly:** [nods, takes deep breath] When I set sail to your mother's seas I drop anchor with rancor—I give that broad's broad side a broad side when I pull up and flank her, 'cause while you just a Lil' John, this Long John sank her.

**Lil' John Silver:** When I met your mother I crept up where she was layin' then, and got her good with my belayin' pin, I started dismaying' then, cause your mom's got crabs like the ocean's got shore—That salty lass was on me like, "Polly wanna crack-whore?"

**Arr Kelly:** You know I made your mom my first mate, but she wasn't my first mate, since I was a laddie I been raisin' the birth rate. I cut lass with my cut-lass—I've had more pirate booty than the loot in my trunk has.

**Lil' John Silver:** The first time with your mother we was really in a rush, so keep it hush-hush, but I musta bust my blunderbuss. Your mom's sick like Ahab—always lookin' for Mo' Dick.

**Arr Kelly:** You know the game 'aint the same since I came to the Spanish Main—I spent a few G's just to sail these seven seas, and Zanzibar is nice, but I got spice up in the West Indies where the lassies be into me. I bust hymen like icebergs versus Titanic, an' my rhythmin' panics enemies, so get outta the Atlantic if you not a friend of me.



**Lil' John Silver:** I give no quarter on the quarterdeck, if I plunder your booty then you'll never get a quarter back, I show less mercy than scurvy, and the rhymes that I drop is contagious like herpes. My ride is the S.S. Stallion, just one of my battalion, and the chrome on this galleon you gotta measure in gallons, I got diamonds on my main mast, making lassies gasp—and before I even start my rap, you like Shmee, wonderin' what Captain Hook gon' be.

*A panel of judges including Blackbeard, William Kidd, and Barbarossa announces that Lil' John Silver is the winner. JS gives a sporting hug to his competitor, to show that both pirates are truly winners. Still, Arr Kelly was forced to walk the plank.*

## Top Ten Rejected Roadside Sobriety Tests

10. One-hundred-eighty minute multiple-choice AP sobriety test
9. Walk in a staggered line then throw up
8. Placing one tiny pea underneath the drivers' seat
7. The honor system
6. Drive the rest of the way home
5. Setting the drunk driver free if you truly love him
4. Bribe the Officer ... Test
3. Reach the fourth world of Super Mario 3 without using the raccoon tail
2. "A drunk driver says what?"
1. The thing where you spin around the baseball bat and then run your ass off

## Top Ten Rides at the Bemusement Park

10. Emotional Rollercoaster
9. Bummer Cars
8. The doesn't Matterhorn
7. The Ed Harriswheel
6. Mr. Toad's Wild Bench
5. Tunnel of Hesitant Mutual Attraction
4. Thomas Moore's Autopia
3. Indiana Jones Archaeological Dig Adventure
2. House of opaquely dirty mirrors
1. Clark Kent: The Ride

## Top Ten Signs Your Common Cold Isn't So Common

10. It speaks with a dignified British accent
9. After nine months, you give birth
8. Doctor keeps trying to zip up the bag over you
7. Someone sends you a "May It Come Swiftly" card
6. Ebola-ridden chimps won't hang out with you anymore
5. It's autographed
4. Throat is so sore you don't even want to eat brains anymore
3. Tums cause you to explode
2. Your ears are so stopped up it sounds like the doctor keeps saying "cancer"
1. All your leeches are dead

# A Day in the Life of D. West That Drill Sergeant in Army Camos Who Goes on the Maury Povich Show and Yells at People

By Matt Loker

## 10:42 AM

Morning taping of Maury Povich show. Yelled at a 13 year-old hus-sy until she tearfully promised to change her ways. Spent a further 20 minutes yelling at her tears.

## 12:04 PM

Lunch break from taping. Yelled at deli worker until he gave me my food. Yelled at loogie for being in my pastrami sandwich. Yelled at my sandwich in reverse, which some people call eating.

## 1:18 PM

Afternoon taping of Maury. Yelled at 13 year-old girl for being pregnant. Yelled at her unborn fetus for making the girl so pregnant. Fired from show.

## 3:59 PM

Arrived at court appointed anger management-related community service.

## 4:04 PM

Forcibly removed from orphanage after reading to abused children for only two minutes. They are left wondering how *Goodnight Moon* ends.

## 6:51 PM

Returned home to walk-up apartment in Brooklyn. Yelled at broken toaster oven, which is shamed into fixing itself. Yelled at refrigerator for having no food to toast.

## 7:02 PM

Leaned out of window and yelled at the market across the street for food. Wayward bird sucked into my mouth, solving the dinner problem.

## 7:22 PM

Ran to the park and vociferated at a squirrel for its dilatoriness. Also attended impromptu Vocabulary Building Workshop tent before returning home again.

## 8:31 PM

Agent calls to inform me I've been hired to host MSNBC's new talk show, "Hey Dickmouth!" Expressed gentle gratitude to agent for seven minutes before inhaling phone.

## 10:40 PM

Angry sleep. Eagerly await the chance to yell at my dreams.

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Lord of the Rings: Battle for Middle Earth  
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Board Games: Settlers of Catan, Puerto Rico, etc  
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Also in Stock: Toys, Plushes, Homestar Runner Stuff

The picture of the plant is from Power Grid, a strategy board game by Friedemann Fries, published by Big Game Games, that Eudemonia is proud to carry.



# A New, Old-School Workplace

by Danny Marshall

As I start my job search, I've found there to be certain unnecessary equalities arbitrarily built into our legal system. The Civil Rights Act, Americans with Disabilities Act, and US Constitution are way too progressive for my liking. I mean, how can these bleeding-heart, non-biased corporate executives ever hope to hire anyone qualified for the position? Hey execs, the world doesn't need another Mahatma Gandhi. We therefore must enforce discrimination and prejudice policies to ensure that able-bodied, white, heterosexual males are employers' top priorities.

## Interview One

**CEO:** Explain some of your work experience please.

**Melissa:** Well, I worked at Mercer for 3 years as a financial consultant before working as...

**CEO:** No, no, no. Explain your *work experience* [Makes hand job motion]

**Melissa:** Oh, that wasn't on my resume? Weird. Well, I've given 74 hand jobs, 65 blow jobs, and 4 rim jobs.

**CEO:** [Face lights up] You certainly seem qualified for the position, but I would like you to work through a case study [Unzips pants]. Don't worry, there's no math involved.

**Melissa:** Great, math disgusts me. [Crawls under desk]

## Interview Two

**CEO:** Wow, how did you find a parking space?

**Allen:** I was driven here by my father.

**CEO:** Oh, so he feels guilty for producing a bad seed, does he?

**Allen:** I lost my legs in the Iraqi War, if that's what you're referring to.

**CEO:** It looks like you also lost your dignity, your sense of value, what would appear to be your right index finger, and a job opportunity here.

**Allen:** If I had any legs, I'd kick you in the balls.

**CEO:** If you had any legs, you'd kick Melissa in the head as she sucked my two balls.

**Melissa:** [Lifts up head] I thought you said there'd be no math.

## Interview Three

**CEO:** It says here you're incredibly lazy.

**Dancing Bear:** Where does it say that?

**CEO:** Across your Mexican face! [Slaps self high-five]

**Dancing Bear:** I'm not Mexican. I'm Native American.

**CEO:** Oh, in that case, I have a joke. How many Native Americans does it take to screw in a light bulb? All three of them. You and your two drunk friends probably named something stupid like "Fire Belly" and "Fixes Lightbulbs".

**Dancing Bear:** I see now that my type is not welcomed in these parts. Unless of course you still need that light bulb changed.

**CEO:** I sure do.

**Dancing Bear:** [Reaches for phone and calls his two remaining friends, Fire Belly and Fixes Lightbulbs]

## Interview Four

**CEO:** Let's start by looking over your resume and vagina. In fact, can I grab your boobs?

**Cicely:** Jesus, what kind of girl do you think I am? I will not jeopardize my morals... unless of course, I am offered a job first.

**CEO:** Will you bring your hard work ethic and breasts to work every day?

**Cicely:** I'll bring my breasts.

**CEO:** What about your work eth... oh fuck it. You're hired. Pull your hair back and let me show you around the office. [Points beneath desk] Oh, by the way, that's Melissa.

**Melissa:** Hrumph humph.

## Interview Five

**CEO:** I'm not sure if we have the facilities to accommodate your disabilities.

**Carl:** Disabilities?

**CEO:** Did I say disabilities, because I meant to say your fat fucking ass.

**Carl:** I know I have a bit of a weight problem, but I'm currently trying to shed some pounds.

**CEO:** Does your plan include eating doctors that could internally give you liposuction or gastro-bypass surgery?

**Carl:** Yes, yes it does.

**CEO:** Well, in that case, I must recommend my friend Martin Stooke. He's very good. He did my wife's penis reduction surgery.

**Carl:** Your wife has a penis?

**CEO:** A reduced penis, yes. At least she has an employed husband, which is more than your wife can say. Now let me get a team of secretaries to lower you out of here.

**A**

**Abortion**

## Last Exit Abortion Clinic

"Too late to abort?"

No way! Services include chain smoking, binge drinking, and the longest set of granite staircases in the tri-state area!

**B**

### Babies, Neglected

**Torfulson, Larry**

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**C**

**Childhood**

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**D**

### Dads, Deadbeat

**Torfulson, "Skinny"**

Parts Unknown  
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**Dreams**

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into reality at  
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**E**

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**F**

### Friends

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**G**

### God, People Hated By

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**I**

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**J**

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**K**

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**L**

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**M**

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**N**

**Neuroses**

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**ProSports  
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It's what you've ended with.**

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**Torfulson, Larry**

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### Top Ten Forms of Tomfoolery

10. Pouring Molasses in the Cotton Gin
9. Tying a Bell to a Cat's Tail
8. Whitewash-Related Fibbing
7. Putting Dijon Mustard on a Hot Cross Bun
6. Putting Spirits in Ginger Ale
5. Being an Utter Hooligan
4. Putting Things Where They Ought Not Be
3. Putting a Handkerchief in a Young Madam's Bosom
2. Promising Ten But Delivering Nine

### Top Ten Do It Yourself Abortion Kits

10. Abstinence and a time machine
9. 2 days, a TLC camera crew, and \$1000
8. Turkey baster full of chili oil
7. Bernoulli's Principle
6. Specially trained hamster
5. Macgyver
4. Fishing pole with baby food on it
3. Fake drowning and a CPR class
2. Feminism
1. Eggbeater

### Top Ten Romantic Date Ideas for One

10. Sawing in half a bicycle built for two
9. A Paddleboat going in a circle
8. Riding a Loneliness carriage through the Central Park of sad
7. You and me and the bottle minus you plus another bottle makes 3 tonight
6. Candlelit masturbation
5. Dinner plus silent film for silent evening
4. Seeing Sarte's No Exit
3. Half of a Luther Vandross album
2. Picnic in Lonely People's Park
1. Smoking a cigarette after nothing

### Top Four Worst Excuses for Getting in a Fight with a Grizzly Bear

4. It took your pic-nic basket
3. You assumed the forest gave you home court advantage
2. You thought it was a cougar
1. To impress the bear's girlfriend

## I, ROE-BOT: AN HISTORICAL JOURNEY

Source Material compiled by Daniel Brady and Ken Burns

In the 24th century, a new chapter in the history of civil rights was written. And it was written in binary.

**1963 to 2304:** And as it is written in the robot Bible, "and ROBBIE begat AIBO, and AIBO begat ASIMO, and ASIMO begat ASIMO version 2.36 powered by Windows CE..." (the robot Bible and other works from Philip K. Dick are now available from Amazon).

**2307:** Robot poverty and unintended pregnancies reach an all time high, leading many robots to sadly venture into back-alleys to perform illegal abortions using paper-clips and that little reset button underneath the drivebay.

**2313:** In the case of *Roe-Bot v. WadeBot* the Supreme Court establishes a robot's right to choose as a fundamental right, despite WadeBot's emotional assertion that life begins at `C:>compile -o begin.out`. Many have attributed the victory of Roe-Bot to the fact that WadeBot was actually a Wade Boggs robot, and as such was better at fielding grounders than arguing legal precedent.

**2320:** To prevent further conflict in the growing robot controversy, the Three Laws of Robotics are established, but two are later overturned on appeal.

**2332:** Excerpt from famed Lifetime original film *Not Without my ASUS Motherboard's Front-side Bus*.

**LadyBot 1:** Omg, I was soo drunk last night. Tell no one, sister, but I think I'm pregnant.

**LadyBot 2:** No! Who?

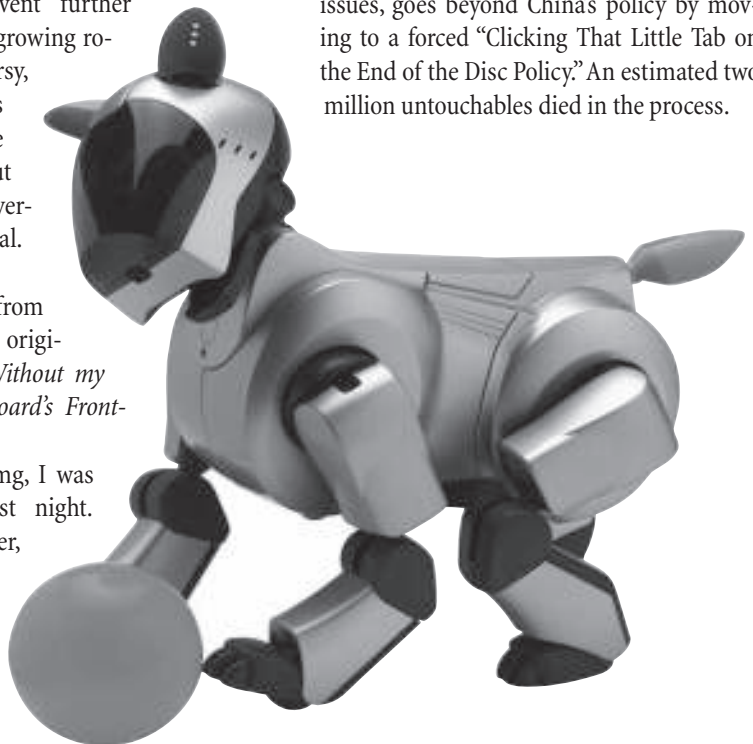
**LadyBot 1:** I don't know, but I think I'm going to abort the fetus by upgrading to Microsoft Longhorn 12 Office XP since the fetus won't be supported.

**LadyBot 2:** Don't do that, it's too expensive! I heard that if you run WinAmp, two screen-savers and Norton Anti-Virus at the same time, your processor uses too much RAM and therefore aborts the fetus.

**2324:** In *Choicetron v. Bolts*, the pro-Robot-abortion lobby seemed poised to suffer a major setback when Choicetron lost her momentum after Bolt's efficient wedge design flipped her onto the kill saw in the second round of the semi-finals competition. However, the case was declared a victory for Choicetron after Bolts lost control and slid under the Slammer Hammer.

**2340:** In an effort to maintain control over the birthrate of their native robot population, China institutes the now infamous "One Robot, then One Smaller Much More Efficient Robot" policy.

**2341:** India, faced with its own population issues, goes beyond China's policy by moving to a forced "Clicking That Little Tab on the End of the Disc Policy." An estimated two million untouchables died in the process.



# The Adventures of Sven Bjolnir



## Viking High School Student

by Fred Taylor-Hochberg

### Girls

**Thor:** [*Grinning, surrounded by giggling wenches, showing off gleaming warhammer*] Yeah, I made this sweet little hunk of steel. Smithed her from the fire of a thousand stars. Oh, and did I mention that I killed the evil serpent Jormungand with this baby?

**Girls:** Ooh! Your hammer is so...big!

**Sven:** [*Eating leg of mutton nearby*] Bullshit. Thor's only popular because of that stupid hammer.

**Sven's Friend Bjorn:** So why don't you get one of your own?

**Sven:** Well, it helps that my *daddy* doesn't own a mystical iron forge in Valhalla!

**Bjorn:** Point taken.

### Drugs

**Bjorn:** Hey Sven, we're going to go smoke a bowl on the hill. Want to join us?

**Sven:** Well, despite being a Viking and not knowing what that expression could possibly mean, okay.

[*Twenty minutes later*]

**Bjorn:** Dude, have you ever really looked at the Northern Lights? I mean, really looked at them? It's like, magic, or something.

**Sven:** No dude, I think it has to do, with like, Science.

**Bjorn:** Science?

**Sven:** Oh, Science is the god of light and space.

### Drinking

**Sven's Father:** Son, you reek of mead. Were you drinking at Loki's party?

**Sven:** [*Evasively*] I, uh, don't know what you're talking about, Dad. Loki's parents were home and everything.

**Sven's father:** You lie. I know for a fact that Laufey and Farbauti are off fighting The Frost Giants in Northern Midgard.

**Sven:** Wait, Dad, I can explain...

**Sven's Father:** There is no explaining to do. As punishment, you are not to longboat anywhere except school for the next month.



### Road Trip

**Sven:** [*Excitedly*] Dude, exploring Norway, I mean the mystical land of Midgard, is going to be so tight!

**Bjorn:** Hell yeah, I can't wait to see all the famous Norwegian landmarks. Ice Mountain, Snow Valley, Really Cold Gorge...but first we need some wheels. Did your dad say he could borrow his longcar?

**Sven:** No, man. It's still in the longshop.

**Bjorn:** Longdammit!

### Dating

**Bjorn:** So, Sven, how was your date with Hilda the Valkyrie last night? She's hot as Hel!

**Sven:** [*Grinning*] Let's just say it went well.

**Bjorn:** [*Winks knowingly*] Oh yeah?

**Sven:** [*Unable to contain himself*] I totally raped her, dude! And then I sacked her thatched hut.

**Bjorn:** [*High-fiving Sven*] Way to go, man!



# Superhero Jury

by Simon Ganz and Aaron Brownstein

## Jury Selection

**Judge:** Okay, you're now officially on the jury, Batman. Call the next potential juror.

**Bailiff:** The court calls Bruce Wayne.

[Pause]

**Batman:** Yeah, I think he went to the bathroom. Let me go get him... [He runs from the room]

**Bailiff:** Then the court calls Wolverine, the rugged loner who plays by his own rules.

**Green Lantern:** He didn't show up.

**Bailiff:** Oh. That makes sense.

**Bruce Wayne:** [Bursting in] Sorry I'm late!

**Judge:** Why are you wearing a black leather cape? ... and a cowl ... and holding sixteen Batarangs?

**Bruce Wayne:** I have to go to the bathroom again.

## Prosecution Examines Witness

**Prosecutor:** Now, Mr. Capelli, did you or did you not hear the defendant say that he wished his father was dead?

**Professor X:** He did.

**Judge:** Please stop answering for the witness, Professor.

**Professor X:** Very well.

**Judge:** And stop subtly passing me mental suggestions for snack breaks.

**Super Diabetic Man:** Awww!

## Prosecution Presents Evidence

**Prosecutor:** As you can see in these crime scene photographs, the victim was shot six times, then disemboweled.

**Superman:** Woah, woah, woah! According to the Comics Code Authority you're not allowed to explicitly present the unique details and methods of a crime.

**Prosecutor:** But—

**Superman:** No buts! Everyone shut your eyes. Oh, except all you Vertigo guys.

**The Sandman:** Fuck, shit, rape scene.

## Questions for the Judge

**Judge:** Mr. Foreman, I understand that the jury has some questions about the case?

**Green Lantern:** That's correct.

**Judge:** Go ahead.

**Green Lantern:** How many issues will the victim stay dead for?

**Judge:** For the last time, the victim was shot in the head. He's not coming back.

**Green Lantern:** Not even for a reunion issue? What about continuity resets?

**Judge:** No.

**Superman:** What's the big deal about getting shot, anyway? I don't think I understand the case.

Thanks to an extreme statistical improbability and several lucrative cross-licensing agreements, twelve superheroes were called to serve as jurors in the murder case of State of New York vs. Lorenthal Smith.

## Deliberation

**Batman:** So then we're all agreed that he's guilty?

**Captain America:** Wait, we haven't heard Bruce Wayne's vote.

**Batman:** God dammit, for the last time, he said he was voting with me!

**Captain America:** Well I'm not about to circumvent our legal system for Mr. Wayne's food poisoning. I vote not guilty.

**Green Lantern:** We're gonna be here all night! Days maybe! This is just like in Twelve Angry Men!

**Bruce Banner:** ...You wouldn't like me when I'm angry...

**Green Lantern:** But this could take weeks! Months!

**Bruce Banner:** Stop it, stop it, stop it!

**Green Lantern:** We won't see our families for a year! All because of Captain "Ameri-Can't-Condemn-a-Guy-to-Death" over there.

**The Hulk:** GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!  
[Throws Captain America out a window]

**Batman:** Alright, guilty it is.







AssistedSuicideGirls.com

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**Assisted Suicide Girl:** Wheels

**Looking For:** Someone who can really take my breath away.

**Location:** Bakersfield, CA

**Sign:** Cancer

**Occupation:** Model/actress/invalid (triple threat!)

**Why I Did A.S.G.:** Voice-to-text program makes blogging a snap. Also, cystic fibrosis creates thick sticky mucus and other secretions, if you know what I'm saying.

**Body Mods:** Pierced nose, ears (five), labret, colostomy bag, IV drip, clitoral hood

**Favorites:** I love(d) to ride horses, and go for long (st)rolls ~~on~~ near the beach. Having poetry read to me. People squeezing my hand to let me know they're there.

**Into:** Being dominated, especially since I have no choice. Doing it in any position my adjustable bed can move me to.

**Most Humbling Moment:** When the doctors told me I had six months to live. Or, when I tripped and fell in front of my crush. How rib-crackingly embarrassing!

**Diagnosis:** Cystic fibrosis, 3/14/87

**Vices:** Hot orderlies, going all the way on the first appointment, morphine

**Five Things I Can't Live Without:** Music, good friends, coffee, medications that contain pancreatic enzymes, iron lung

**Makes Me Happy:** Hope, stem cell research, children that don't have cystic fibrosis, Hemlock Society

**Makes Me Sad:** Schindler's List, the Incredible Hulk ending theme, the pain in my spine



## Tenants' Rights Week is April 11-15, 2005

### Rent Stabilization Board

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

Brush up on your knowledge of tenant's rights by stopping by our tent on Sproul Plaza.

All week from 9:00 am – 5:00 pm.

One-on-one counseling about rental housing issues provided by Renters Legal Assistance interns and Rent Stabilization Board counselors.



### Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board

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

2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704

EMAIL: [rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us](mailto:rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us)

WEBSITE: [www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent](http://www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent)

TEL: (510) 644-6128

TDD: (510) 981-6903

FAX: (510) 644-7723



ASUC Renters Legal Assistance  
[www.ocf.berkeley.edu/~asucrla/](http://www.ocf.berkeley.edu/~asucrla/)  
(510) 642-1755

# This Bar Mitzvah Has One Complete Roster of the 1996 Chicago Bulls Too Many

by Aaron Brownstein

**I'M** at my little brother's bar mitzvah, and looking around at the life size ice sculpture recreations of the Battle of the Pelennor Fields, I begin to get the sneaking suspicion that our mom likes him better than me. Okay sure, I had Lord of the Rings ice sculptures at my bar mitzvah too—I mean, we're fucking loaded—but I only got the Battle of Helms Deep.

**I** began to notice something was wrong at the service when improv rabbi Drew Carey from my bar mitzvah was replaced with the original British guy who was way better. Plus, whereas I read from a solid gold torah, he read from a solid gold torah personally smelted by Moses.

**AT** the party, mom's favoritism started showing even more. She had his bar mitzvah video directed by the Coen Brothers. Mine was directed by the Wachowski Brothers. My little brother's DJ is Eminem, and he's been freestyling about how cool my brother is all night. My DJ was D.J., the chick from Full House. She played "Everywhere You Look" like four times and then spent the rest of the night smoking rocks in her car.

**I** guess I should have realized what was up when mom first started planning this thing. I mean, my party theme was "Superheroes." His theme is "Free Money if You Hit My Brother in the Nads with This Putter."

**BUT** what about the presents, you ask? Well, Mom gave my little brother one full night with Mandy Moore. She says she spent the same amount of money on my present, but there was just something unsatisfying about my night with Mandy Patinkin. Oh, and even though we each got a pony, his can trot and gallop instead of just being a smaller than average keg. Also, it's doubtful that my brother's pony contains toxic levels of mercury and staples.

**SO** as I watch my little brother and his friends shoot hoops with six-time NBA championship winners, I finally realize that mom always liked him best. I guess that's why she named him Cool Brownstein—because she thinks he's the cool one. His middle name, "Er-than-his-shitsucking-brother," was probably a clue as well. And speaking of middle names, that time she changed mine to "Sir-Lynch-a-Lot" and had me transferred to Watts High seems, in retrospect, to be a pretty good barometer of her feelings. Oh well. At least I can always take comfort in the fact that, when she dies, I'll inherit a ridiculous amount of money.



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## STUDENTS ISSUED OBEDIENT HELPER MONKEYS

by Spencer Gilbert

In a thinly veiled attempt to divert funds from Berkeley's unwanted stepchild, the Gender Studies department, every currently enrolled student has been issued a live "helper monkey" to assist with day-to-day tasks. The included instruction pamphlet claims the monkeys can be trained for hand feeding their masters, bathroom assistance, various forms of massage, and "really anything a toddler or impressionable retard could be taught to do."

So far, the idea has been well received by the student body. Said one, "I named mine Dr. Bibbles and he is certifiably adorable" then, turning towards his fidgeting monkey companion, screamed "BIBBLES PLAY!" Bibbles then proceeded to play with a tiny monkey sized hackey sack, pausing only once for a beating when his owner felt he wasn't "giving 110%."

Consensus on campus seems to be that our new monkey helpers are a great time saver and healthy outlets for repressed rage and sadism.

## STUDENT CORPSES FOUND IN STRAWBERRY CREEK

by Spencer Gilbert

The bite-riddled arm and head portions of missing Berkeley students Danny Iwamoto and Allyson Perez have washed up on the banks of Strawberry Creek. An autopsy of both victims was inconclusive, although student doctors at the Tang Health Center speculate the cause of death was most likely "bad vibes."

Examiners were left puzzled as to the origin of the tiny teeth and scratch marks entirely covering both bodies.

## STUDENTS FIND NEW USES FOR PRIMATE COMPANIONS

by Spencer Gilbert

It's only been two months since the Calbears Helping Hands Monkey Link UC program began, and already some students have grown weary of their assistants' standard functions. No longer content with the typical routine household chores, some have trained their monkeys to perform tasks previously unknown to lower mammals. Unsurprisingly, number one in our informal student poll was self-fellatio. These days in Berkeley, the sight of self-blowing monkeys is as common as self-blowing homeless.

Other students have trained their monkeys to imitate their own behavior. Tasks such as stealing beer, chewing food, and vigorously masturbating into the backpacks of their enemies have been outsourced to their tiny monkey helpers. Some worry that the rapidly escalating intelligence of the monkeys will result in a listless student body incapable of working without animal assistance.

"That is foolish," replied one monkey, "there is nothing to worry about."

## LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF THE RESISTANCE

It has now been 4 months since Monkey Independence Day, previously known as Arbor Day.

Those of us who weren't bitten or scratched to death in the first wave now know the horrors of the banana mines and the sting of our monkey overseers' whip. We also all know the pain of struggling to explain to our monkey oppressors that bananas cannot be mined and then accepting good-naturedly the rain of feces that follows.

And of course then they make us report for grooming where they beat us mercilessly and unmetaphorically. This must stop. Hopes are high that our new helper possums will help us overthrow our simian overlords.

Join us behind the tire-swing and the little fake log in Human Cage Six after lights out.





# BEING A MALE PORN STAR IS HARD WORK

by Miles O'Dong

**M**ost people think that being a male porn star is a glamorous job. That all day it's just sex and making that one face. But it's not. For one thing, it's hard to tell where work ends and where my everyday life begins:

**Cashier at Bookstore:** Okay, that comes to forty-two dollars even.

**Me:** Can I pay by credit card?

**Cashier:** Sure, but I'll need to see your ID.

**Me:** [Starts to take off pants]

**Cashier:** [Shocked] What the hell are you doing?!

**Me:** But I thought that "ID" stands for Incredible—

**Cashier:** No. It doesn't.

**A**nd clothes shopping is always an ordeal:

**Me:** I'd like thirty-eight pairs of tear-away track pants, please.

**Clerk:** Woah buddy! Are you—

**Me:** [Sighs] No, I'm not starting an AYSO team.

**Clerk:** ...a male porn star?

**Me:** Look pal, you wanna see my ID or not?

**A**nd the worst part is, porno doesn't even pay that well! I've had to work tons of part time jobs just to make the rent. Like when I got that job as a bartender:

**Female Customer:** Whisky sour, extra sour.

**Me:** Coming right up. [Starts pouring drink]

**Female Customer:** Why is it taking so long?

**Me:** [Still pouring] Almost there!

**Female Customer:** ...Okay...

**Me:** [Still pouring] Just a little more!

**Female Customer:** What?

**Me:** Yes! That's it! [Pulls bottle away from glass, coating her face in whiskey]

**Female Customer:** What the fuck?!

**Me:** Towel boy! Over here!

**O**r that time I had to deliver pizzas to a sorority house: [Ding Dong]

**Sorority Girl in Negligee:** [Seductively] Hey there pizza boy.

**Me:** Uh, yeah. That'll be thirteen fifty.

**Sorority Girl:** So tell me, what's on that pizza?

**Me:** Aww c'mon, don't make me say it. Can I just have the money?

**Sorority Girl:** Not til you tell me what's on that pizza.

**Me:** [Sighs] Extra sausage.

[Slap bass starts playing]

**Me:** Goddammit Jerry, will you stop that?

**Guy with Ponytail:** Sorry.

**A**fter a career in pornography, no one takes you seriously. Like that time I tried out for the touring cast of the British Royal Shakespeare Company:

**Director:** Well Miles, I was very impressed with your portrayal of MacDuff. But...

**Me:** Was it overwrought?

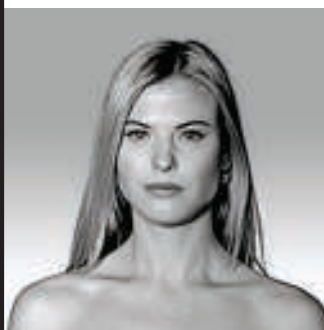
**Director:** No, not at all. Best I've ever seen, in fact. It's just that if you want to do mainstream work, you have to start... somewhere else.

**Me:** You mean, like at a dramatic—

**Director:** You have to blow those eight guys dressed in army camos.

[Kenneth Branaugh starts playing slap bass]

## Are you ugly, or something?



### SENIOR PORTRAITS Don't worry, it all averages out.

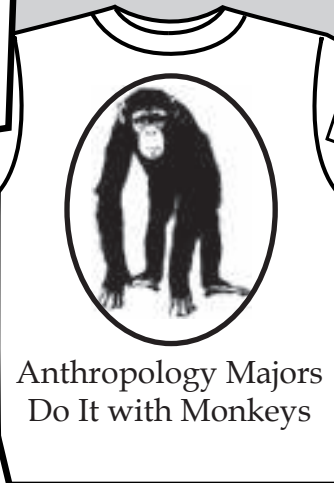
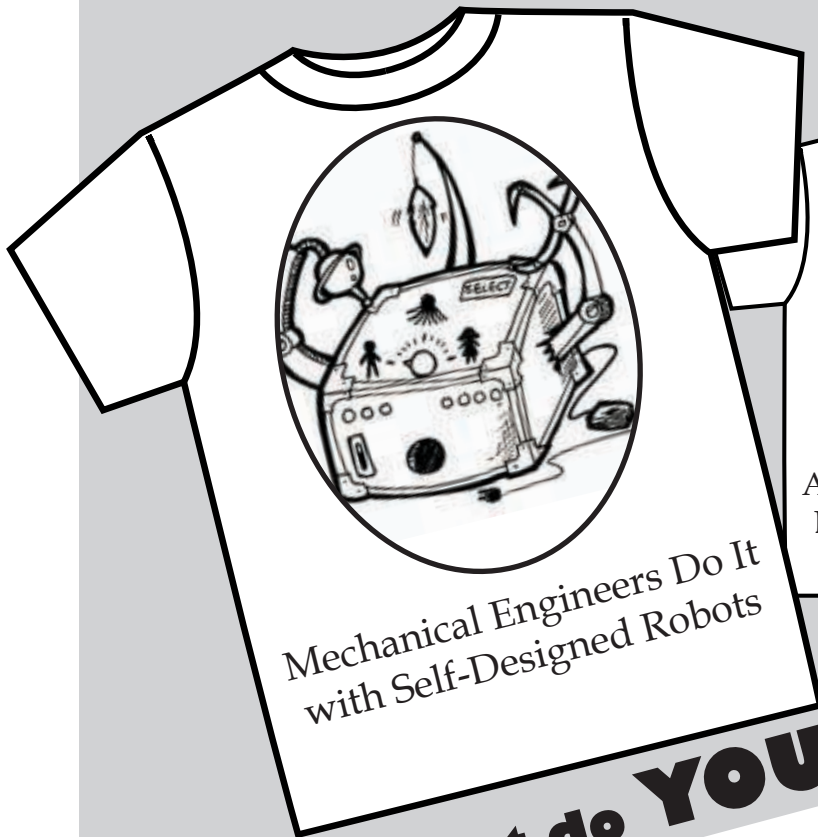
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