Let’s face it: death is really trendy right now. With US Weekly regulars like The Pope and 3000 Indonesians dying, kids are all rushing out to the malls to have their feeding tubes removed. But not so fast! Much like tongue piercings, dying is something you immediately regret afterwards. Also, dying and tongue piercings both constantly terrify old people.

So who really wants to die? It’s bleak, it’s not any fun, and it makes your family cry. But unlike your Political Science degree, you can’t fix death by telling people you’re still thinking about Law School. No, death is a tricky customer.

Avoiding death, on the other hand, is actually quite simple for any non-dumbfuck. Just use common sense at any given point and you’ll live forever. For example, if it has whirling blades, don’t have sex with it. Don’t eat soup, because it always leaves you unsatisfied.

Okay, you’re a cocksure racecar driver with a pregnant wife and you crap valuable baseball cards. Though you’ll probably never die, don’t go and do anything stupid like buying life insurance. That’s like signing a paper saying “Yes, I’m going to die one day.” You can’t bet against yourself! Pete Rose never bet against The Cincinnati Reds, which is why they always win at everything.

Say you live a long and healthy life, but death still comes after your decrepit and withered soul. He’ll probably want to play a game of chess with you, so if he’s winning, be sure to swallow a bunch of the pieces and choke. Don’t give that asshole the satisfaction of winning at chess. Same goes for playing poker with death, or a footrace with death, or playing chess with your grandfather.

Every time I think about the hereafter, I’m reminded of an old-world proverb my mother used to tell me at night. “Matt,” she’d say, “you’re going to die at 21 in a fiery hovercraft accident.” Which reminds me of the new-world proverb: “Hey, what’s the number to that hovercraft rental place.”

-Matt Loker
**Screenwriter:** You know, people sometimes ask why there were so many jokes about September 11th in the movie. And I always tell them the same thing: “Fine, you take them out. Then Jamie Kennedy would only have been able to do forty minutes of rapping stand-up comedy.”

**Director:** We were trying to figure out how to shoot the psychedelic trip scene, and I said to the D.P., “Why don’t we take the drugs off that table and put them into that camera?”

**Director of Photography:** [chuckling] We ruined a lot of equipment that day.

**Director:** This was his second movie, and he actually had a good amount of dialogue in this one. So yeah, the Screen Actors Guild technically forced us to give Vincent Gallo’s Penis separate billing.

**Producer:** Interesting note, the third guy is actually saying it backwards.

**Screenwriter:** Since this was an adaptation, we wanted to stay as true as possible to the original source, which was The Scarlet Letter. **Producer:** But that in turn was just Top Gun during the Civil War. **Screenwriter:** Right. **Producer:** So we saved a lot of time in the end by just reading Top Gun: The Book. **Screenwriter:** That’s where I got the idea for the first, third, and fourth volleyball scenes.
Everything in Berkeley Is Uphill

by Sean Keane, Trying to Spawn

A recent study commissioned by the Office of Student Life has concluded that everything on the Berkeley campus is uphill. “No matter where a student begins, his journey to any campus building will inevitably lead him up a steep incline,” said the study’s director, Dr. Eric Vinson. A typical humanities student’s path will take him from the BART station to Valley Life Sciences Building, to Wheeler Hall, and then to Le Conte. Vinson warns that such constant, grueling hikes have a profound and daunting effect on morale. “Over four years, a Berkeley student may indeed develop the calves of a matador, but the negative reinforcement caused by always walking up a grade leads inevitably to depression and truancy.”

Professor Falcone of the Physics Department denounced the study. “This is ridiculous pseudo-science. Unless UC Berkeley were built on a Mobius strip, there is simply no way that every campus building could be uphill from every other.” He then left to deliver a lecture at the top of a rope suspended from the sky above Hearst Mining Circle.

Michael Jackson’s Neverland Ranch Surprisingly Mundane

by Alexander E. Drew, Boring

Investigators recently obtained a warrant to search Michael Jackson’s Neverland Ranch in connection with his upcoming child molestation trial. But the investigators were in for a big letdown.

“When I was first put on the task force I was pretty excited,” said Sergeant Mike Patrick of the Santa Barbara police force. “I had heard all sorts of rumors: that [Jackson] sleeps in an oxygen chamber, that he wears the elephant man’s skeleton on display, that he wears suede boots while bathing. I couldn’t wait to tell my wife what crazy weirdo things I would find. But when we busted the door open, Michael was just sitting in a comfortable-sized living room on a slightly worn, muted-green couch eating a Lean Cuisine microwave dinner and watching *Friends* reruns on a modestly sized TV.”

Other members of the team were equally disappointed. Lt. Mike Gonzalez reported further disappointment. “I was expecting, like, fifty bags of plasma and a single white peach in his refrigerator, but the only sort of weird thing was that he had put a completely empty carton of milk back in there,” he said. “Oh,” Gonzalez added, “and his dryer door was broken so it wouldn’t close all the way. You’d think he could afford a new one.”

After the raid, police apologized to Jackson for the inconvenience and Jackson graciously offered them something to drink, but all he had was water and orange juice that he worried had turned just south of fresh. The taskforce politely declined and left him to restore the boring order of his overall average home.

Prison Educational System
Beacon of Affirmative Action

by Miles Stenehjem, Refuse to State

According to a recent survey, the California Penal System’s re-education program has the largest minority enrollment across the nation. “We attribute our success to an extensive outreach program,” commented Chino Correctional Facility warden John Sanders. “It’s tough for a lot of kids out there to get their due recognition. We do our best to not leave anyone behind.”

It is anticipated that the BAMN student group will reference these facts heavily in their ongoing effort to reinstate affirmative action into the UC system.
Babies Most at Risk for Depression, Study Says

by Alexander E. Drew, Big Baby

A recent study on depression demographics by UC Berkeley professor C. H. Diggs has shown conclusively that those aged 0 to 18 months make up the largest segment of America's depressed.

"It's rather surprising," said Diggs, "but it looks like we basically start out at rock bottom." The lack of long-term relationships and the feeling of powerlessness that accompany being a baby are thought to contribute to the elevated levels of depression among infants. "These results were hidden in the past thanks to the liberal misdiagnoses of 'SIDS' and 'stillborn,'" Dr. Diggs elaborated.

When asked for comment, a baby sitting in his PlaySkool entertainment swing remarked, "Every time I get close to the ceiling the chair swings back and I'm farther away than ever. Closer, then farther, closer, then farther. I don't think I can take it any more! It's like I'm stuck in the proverbial pendulum of fortune, the fruits of Eden always just out of my reach."

The new findings have prompted many parents to ask themselves "Is my baby depressed?" Diggs and his colleagues have released a list of telltale signs of infant depression: "Does your baby lack energy? Does he lie on his back all day staring into space, reluctant to even get up and walk to the next room? Does your baby have sudden, vigorous fits of crying for no apparent reason? Is your baby reluctant to speak to you or others? If you answered yes to any of these questions, it is likely your baby is depressed. Please consult a mental health professional immediately."

U.S. Reveals New Plans for Iraqi Unification

by Danny Marshall, Divider

Bombs, grenades, elections, and more bombs have proven unsuccessful means for Iraqi unification, so the U.S. will now require all Iraqi citizens to arm themselves with hot pink wrist bracelets. The bracelets, similar to the "Livestrong" wristbands popularized by Lance Armstrong, will read "?DéíÑÔ, IæÇáå, IæÇáåÁ Iæá Ófá," which means "acceptance" in Farsi.

"We are confident that these colorful bracelets will unify each and every Iraqi, ending their current resistance," said Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice. "If this doesn't work, then I'll threaten to attempt to smile."

The bracelets are getting mixed reviews among Iraqis. According to Nike, co-sponsor of the efforts, some find the bands extremely cool, whereas others find them extremely, awesomely cool.

It remains unclear whether the mandatory bracelet enforcement policy will indeed end the resistance and spread democracy throughout Iraq, but several Iraqis have been seen wearing Lebron James jerseys and drinking McDonald's milkshakes while simultaneously giving U.S. troops back massages and blowjobs. A car bombing followed shortly thereafter, killing forty-seven.
Focus Groups
Through the Ages

by Aaron Brownstein

Europe - 25,000 B.C.
Thog: Rock good?
Ug: Ug like rock.
Thog: [writing] Get...more...rock.
Ug: Ug LIKE ROCK! Ug KEEP ROCK!
Thog: No. Rock just prototype.
Ug: Ug get parking validated?
Thog: No.

Jerusalem - 33 A.D.
Facilitator: Okay, now let's talk slogans. If you heard "Jesus: He's not just for Jews anymore," would you be more likely, less likely, or equally as likely to abandon your polytheistic faith?
Respondent: Um, less likely.
Facilitator: What about "Jesus: Last month He died for your sins. What have you done for Him lately?"
Respondent: Less likely.
Facilitator: Okay, one more: "Jesus: Convert or spend eternity on fire."
Respondent: Uh...what were the choices again?

Ireland - 1588 A.D.
Facilitator: So, Mrs. O'Callahan, if we were to import these "potatoes," do you think they would become a staple of your diet?
Respondent: I don't like 'em that much, ladie.
Facilitator: Hmm. Okaaay, let me put it another way...given the fact that everyone you know is starving because your country has no food, tell me which of these items you'd most prefer as the staple of your diet.

Atlanta - 1983 A.D.
Facilitator: On a scale of 1-10, with 1 being undrinkable, and 10 being the most delicious beverage imaginable, how would you rate New Coke's drinkability?
Respondent: Like I said in the questionnaire, I lost my sense of taste due to the extensive burn damage I suffered when the orphanage caught fire last year.
Facilitator: We're going to need a numerical score in each category before you can receive your $35 stipend.
Respondent: Okay...seven.

Top Ten Euphemisms for Sex With the Retarded
10. Diet rape
9. Going Down Syndrome
8. 69 IQ-ing
7. Kenny Byerly's Junior Prom After-party
6. Petting the rabbits
5. Deflowering Algernon
4. Special Head
3. Totally, totally hot
2. The love that dare not is not mentally capable of speaking its name
1. Dumbfucking

Top Five Things Not Overheard at a D&D Convention
5. So what's it like being black?
4. The most interesting thing happened to me today
3. Wait, porn? On the Internet?
2. Why are you wearing a cape?
1. What is that movie with the Ewoks? You know, it's that one movie...

Top Ten Apartheid Videogames
10. Sid Meier's Colonization
9. Dig-Dug...Up Diamonds
8. Final Fantasy of Equal Rights
7. Bishop Tu-Tu Rocket
6. Devil May Cry Freedom
5. PaperBoycott
4. Woefully Inaccurate Basketball Simulation
3. MegaMandela
2. Bust a Move, Lode Runner, Because You're Alone in the Dark After Curbew and Those Army Men Spy Hunters Can Be Lethal Enforcers When It Comes to Black Men Tekken a Stroll Through Baldur's SegraGated (Zombies Ate My) Neighbor(s)hood
1. Dutch Hunt

Top Five Victimless Crimes
5. Murderying air
4. Poaching unicorns
3. Stealing...glances at your significant other
2. Saying something deeply offensive, so long as it's followed by "just kidding"
1. Rape
hentai  for women
by Anthony Go Wu

Thank you for changing my tire, Motoko! Now I can make it to school in time!

Are you sure there's no way I can repay you?

Ah, it was just a pleasure to help out, Mami.

Oh, you're just as sweet as my boyfriend!

Yes, this is what trouble looks like in "I'm trying not to feel threatened," Lauren told me as we walking down the Magnificent Mile yesterday. Starbucks cups in hand, "but this is when my boyfriend plays guitar for her on tour with her this summer, Hideki of Princess Superstar! She wears hot pink leopard, and her big hit is "Shake me on the ice floor!" Into a retro 80s blue miniskirt and see-through white tank top. It wasn't an outfit I would actually wear, but it was fun to pose like the kids in the Andy Warhol '60s polaroids on the wall.

Oh my God, and what did Jeannie say?
Murder!

in five easy steps

Step 1: Is it a good time for murder?
Okay, so someone’s stolen your girl, your livelihood, or your space in line at a gas station bathroom. Now seems like the right time for murder, right?

Not so fast there, Robert Blake. Look around you and take in your surroundings before ripping that condom dispenser off the wall and bashing his skull in.

If you are…
  a) …in between two police officers…
  b) …standing on or near a lightly sleeping guard dog…
  c) …in Texas…

…then you shouldn’t commit this murder unless you are…
  a) …rich.
  b) …famous.
  c) …the unstoppable Juggernaut.

Step 2: Is this a good person for me to kill?
Probably. The problem is, you really don’t have time to deal with this question. Boil it down to instinct and stick with your first impressions. Some general tips:
- Shoot first and ask questions later. Questions like, “You’re probably wondering why I shot you, huh?” and “Who’s getting picked last for foursquare now?”
- Ask yourself: Does this victim look like my mother? Could her skin be used as a lampshade?
- Sometimes you have to kill a lot of frogs before you find your prince. To kill.

Step 3: The Killing
This is where you can really personalize the process and make the murder your own. With so many ways to kill at your disposal, it’s easy to get lost and find yourself unable to choose between ice picks, pistols, bluntly shaped sports trophies, and rocks.

Here are some tips for deciding the hows and with-how-many-thrusts of your murder:
1) Use common sense: If the person you’re trying to kill is allergic to peanuts, trick them into eating Thai food. If they’re allergic to water, drown them. And if they’re allergic to bullets, then stab them with a knife laced with gunpowder.
2) Lure them into a location where you have all the advantages, such as the desert if you’re an experienced Arab Bedouin warrior, or inside your hall of poisonous mirrors if you’re anyone else.
3) Listen to your murderous inner child. Place a knife in your victim’s hand and say loudly “Why are you stabbing yourself, huh? Why are you stabbing yourself?” Another benefit to this strategy is that the murder will be ruled a suicide.

Step 4: Disposal, or How many bodies can I fit into the back of a GMC Envoy?
Seven if you take out the seats. Maybe eight if you bought the one with big cupholders.

Step 5: Troubleshooting

Q: Shit, he’s got a gun!
A: Maybe you shouldn’t be reading this article right now.

Q: I shot him like fifty times but the bullets bounced off his bright red helmet and huge muscles.
A: Clearly you’ve misread Step 1. The idea was to be the Juggernaut, not to try to kill him.

Q: ALL OTHER QUESTIONS
A: Unplug your cattle prod, blow on it, and plug it back in.
Problem: **Broken Light Bulb**

**Hint:**
Get a potato from the kitchen. Cut it in half. Dice the halves. Get three more potatoes and do the same thing. Cook a chopped medium onion and two tablespoons of butter in a two-quart saucepan on medium-high heat until soft. Add potatoes and one cup of chicken broth to saucepan. Add parsley, thyme, salt, and pepper to taste. Cook for fifteen minutes on low-medium heat. Stir in two tablespoons of flour and a cup and a half of milk. Simmer until thick. You now have a delicious cream of potato soup. Take this soup to friends house and ask if you can stay there while you try to sell your house. Broken light bulbs are impossible to fix.

Problem: **Running Toilet**

**Hint:**
Remove the top lid of the toilet and look inside. You'll see a plug attached to a chain. Remove the plug and defecate into the hole it was covering. With any luck, your toilet will get the message.

Problem: **Squeaky Floorboards**

**Hint:**
Go to your local hardware store and purchase ten 50-lb. bags of sand. Spread sand on the offending floorboard(s), making sure to work it into the cracks. Pour contents of remaining 9.9 bags onto the floor. Now you're living on the beach!

Problem: **Leaking Faucet**

**Hint:**
Leaking faucet keeping you up at night? Why shell out hundreds of American dollars to some snobby plumber when the problem can be readily solved with a little elbow grease? Locate a wrench and screwdriver. Turn the water on as high as it goes. Call household pet over. Proceed to beat it with wrench and screwdriver until it is within inch of its life. You'll find yourself so worn out that you'll sleep like a baby.

Problem: **Worn-out Drawer**

**Hint:**
Pull out the drawer and turn it upside down. Notice irregular backing. Pull on it to reveal secret hiding stash of homoerotic magazines. Confront husband. Throw drawer at wall when he says it's your fault for driving him into the arms of another man. Replace drawer and pretend everything is okay. Only you'll know that you're dead inside.

Problem: **Carpet Stains**

**Hint:**
Are you too embarrassed to throw dinner parties because of unsightly carpet stains? We all know white wine can remove stains, but how do we remove the resultant white wine stain? Here's a little secret: the only thing that removes white wine is its archnemesis, red wine. If you can alternately pour white and red wines fast enough, your carpet will appear clean to the naked eye.

You can wear anything
(We just want to take some pictures)
Special Greetings from

Didn’t see your birthday coming!
Happy Belated Birthday!

You can’t spell DUI without U and I.

Signed, Alcoholism

I didn’t see your birthday coming!
Happy Belated Birthday!
For a brain-damaged girl who is 33

Congratulations on Graduating Kindergarten

Sorry for all the suicide bombings, please enjoy this fruitcake in a highly populated area or major industrial center.

In only 12 ~ 14 more years, you can put a period at the end of your sentence.

Love,
Freedom
I've recently come to terms with the fact that no job I will ever have will provide me with the opportunity to be a hero. It seems a little unfair, then, that just by virtue of being employed in certain occupations – as a fireman, for instance – you’re suddenly considered one. You wouldn’t call me a doctor if you saw me in a hospital, or Chancellor of the Universe if I put my pants on before my shoes. Being a fireman is similar to doing one of these things. And everyone calling them heroes is like lying to retarded children.

If I walked down the street wearing a bright yellow coat and goggles, you wouldn’t call me a hero, you’d direct me to the nearest tickle fight, which you’d rightly assume I had not only organized, but had been eagerly anticipating participation in. After thanking you, I’d then go into the Glittery Pink Feather shop to buy things made out of lace.

And don’t even get me started on members of the armed services. That’s like a giant coward bomb full of failures. Here are the reasons for joining the military with their corresponding anti-heroic origins in parentheses:

1) Having something to prove (insecure)
2) Having nowhere else to go (human wasteland)

My point is this: I’ll bet if I tried real hard, I could drop out of school and lose my job at the steel mill too. But I choose not to. Instead, I choose to read books rather than EATING THEM. I call it learning.

Some say it’s the unrelenting stalwartness in the face of danger that makes them heroes. Bullshit. There are three things a fireman thinks when he walks into a burning building:

1) run away
2) afraid
3) they’re going to call me a hero for this

Pussy, pussy, different kind of pussy.

So to the firemen and members of the armed services: we’re lying to you. Everyone at home is glad they don’t have to do what you do. Do you know how much fun watching a parade is? No. No you don’t because you’re always in them. Watching a parade is like having sex on a mountain of happiness. You may get to be on display, but you’re also walking seventeen miles down a road on a sunny day.
A Message to White America

Hi WASPs, I’m Daniel Brady. From my name you’re probably guessing that I’m white too, but I’m not. I am an Irish/African-American male who happens to look like a Native American version of Aladdin. As complicated as this may seem, be satisfied to know that I am a Jew’s nose away from being the amalgamation of every oppressed ethnic group in America.

Although you might control every market, own every media outlet, hold most important government positions, and put on blackface to be Colin Powell, you really are not all that great. So stop making burrito jokes and encouraging Wayne Brady.

Since I grew up in a rich white neighborhood, I have a history with you guys. I would like to shame you with memories of how you made my life hell before you drive off in your BMWs and hide in your houses sequestered within the hills of La Cañada.

When Everyone Found Out
White Guy: So you’re black, huh?
Me: Not really. I’m only half, and Malagasy too. We are not a result of the Bantu-Niger migration where the skin color is very dark. It’s a common misconception that all Africans are black. It is a diverse continent.
White Guy: So…is Malcolm X your uncle or something?

At Practice
Teammate #1: Hey Daniel, afraid of the water?
Me: I’ve been playing water polo with you guys for the last five years, and now that you know I’m African-American you think I’m afraid of water?
Teammate #1: Sorry man, don’t “bust a cap” I just thought you people were afraid of all forms of water…except for watermelon, that is.
Teammate #2: Hi-oh! Snap! They give each other high fives.
Me: …
Teammate #1: But seriously, show us your dick.

During History Class
Teacher: And that is the paragraph on black history we are going to study. Any comments?
Me: [as everyone turns to me] Madagascar was a French colony. They did not export slaves to America from there, so stop looking at me.
White Kid: Calm down, Frederick Douglass, no need to start a Black Panther Party meeting here.

College Acceptances
White Guy: Damn it Daniel, I know you only got into Berkeley because you’re a minority. That’s why I didn’t get accepted.
Me: What are you talking about? I worked my fucking ass off to get good grades and do extracurricular activities while you just partied it up and got into car accidents.
White Guy: Yeah sure, whatever. Either way, my dad had to donate a whole new wing to Haas in order for me to go. Now I’ll never get my own hovercraft.

Getting Girls
White Guy: So, how’s it going?
Blonde Girl: Sorry, you’re just not my type.
Me: I’m sorry, you must have me confused. I’m not Indian, I’m African-American.
Blonde Girl: Oh! Well, in that case…[bites lip] but then again…
Me: And I won’t tell your dad.
Blonde Girl: [face lights up] Show me your dick.

Love, Daniel Brady

At Dances
[Group of white people surrounds me]
White Girl #1: Well…aren’t you going to breakdance?
Me: I’m sorry. I don’t know how.
White Guy: Step dance?
Me: No.
White Girl #2: Surely you must be able to at least tap dance. I mean how are you people supposed to make money if not by entertaining us? Gregory Hines must have at least taught you something. I’m no black expert, but I’m pretty sure you guys would do anything to get out of having a real job.
Me: I can pick locks.
Group of White People: [nods approvingly]

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Me: And I won’t tell your dad.
Blonde Girl: [face lights up] Show me your dick.

Love, Daniel Brady

Top Ten Things to Do with a Magic Magic Marker
10. Draw happiness, eat it
9. Connect the hell out of dots
8. Painfully shame an ordinary glue stick
7. Accidentally leave cap off, dry up all the magic
6. Draw animated blinking penis on passed-out roommate’s face
5. Donate to low-income magic kindergarten
4. Heal a man’s broken arm by signing his cast
3. Aw man, this one’s licorice
2. Wish for more wishes
1. Sniff it

Top Ten Ways To Win An Argument
10. Admit that they’re right, and you’re wrong, but only about them being right
9. Finally, finally reveal why you always carry a trident
8. Change into your argument pants
7. Carry a parrot that’s always right, and basically rehearse whatever it says
6. Hit them with the folding chair of superior rhetoric, and then a regular one
5. Liberal use of American flag
4. Make jazz hands until your opponent is dazzled
3. Successfully throw three bean bags through clown’s mouth at Rhetorical Carnival
2. Use obscure phrases to hoist them by their own petard
1. Never admit you’re wrong, and be immortal

Top Five Scoliosis-themed Reality Shows
5. Survivor of a Crippling Disease
4. The Amazing Brace
3. Monster Garage…in Which Your Freakish Son Lives
2. Short, Awkward Blind Date
1. The Real World Is A Cruel and Horrible Place

Top Two Things You Don’t Want to See at Hot Topic
2. Yourself
1. Hot Topic items and apparel
Our Gaming Network
34 Machines - Newest Games Include:
Lord of the Rings: Battle for Middle Earth
World of Warcraft
Star Wars: Battlefront
Half Life 2
Counter-Strike: Source

Other Stuff
Board Games: Settlers of Catan, Puerto Rico, etc
Miniatures: MechWarrior Dark Age, Star Wars Rebel Storm, Pirates of the Crimson Coast
Collectible Card Games: Magic the Gathering, VS System, Yu-Gi-Oh, Vampire The Eternal Struggle
Role Playing Games: Dungeons & Dragons, Vampire Requiem, GURPS, Exalted
Also in Stock: Toys, Plushes, Homestar Runner Stuff

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 TEL: (510) 644-6128
EMAIL: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us TDD: (510) 981-6903
WEBSITE: www.ci.berkeley.ca.us/rent FAX: (510) 644-7723
Most people think that the Supreme Court is just a bunch of old white dudes who sit around reading all day and occasionally get up to have an opinion or aneurysm. This is pretty much true. However, what most people don't know is that the Supreme Court doles out justice not only in the courtroom, but also in the streets. Behold The Supreme Court Justice League!

Justice Sutherland has a deadly brush with danger when his secret identity is nearly discovered!

Teenager 1: Hey, who's that naked old dude in the phone booth? Teenager 2: I think that's Supreme Court Justice Sutherland, famous for his defense of the right to an attorney in the Powell v. Alabama case. Teenager 1: What, is he like, putting on a cape? Justice Sutherland: Zounds! Teenagers are not as stupid and uninformed as I have heard! There's only one way to handle this. I must use my rhetorical powers to drive them off, thus preserving my secret identity! Teenager 1: What the hell? Now he's yelling at us. Justice Sutherland: Dammit. Well, there's always the Gavel of Justice. 

Evil Justice Roberts: Mwahaha! With my constitutionally mandated powers, I shall strip all Americans of the right to an attorney, thus redefining American federalism... FOREVER! Justice Thomas: Not so fast, Roberts! You didn't count on the Supreme Court Justice League's secret weapon! Justice Roberts: Fool! You're too late! The court decision is already being implemented at the state and county level! Mwahahaha! Justice Thomas: Oh, I beg to respectfully dissent. You see, I know your one weakness. Justice Roberts: And what is that? Justice Thomas: Like most Supreme Court Justices, you're older than dirt's much older cousin! Justice Roberts: Curse you, Supreme Court Justice League! [dies of heart failure]

Alexander Hamilton: So! It's the weakest branch, here to stop my nefarious plan for world domination! Justice Ginsburg: That's right, Alexander Hamilton. We've defeated all of your poorly-trained henchmen and now nothing stands between us and you. So what are you going to do now? Hamilton: [transforms into Alexander Hamil-Tron] BECOME A GIANT ROBOT. Justice Ginsburg: Well, shit. What do we do now? Justice Thomas: Let's argue that it was never his original intent to turn into a robot and limit his authority to ports and harbors

The Supreme Court Justice League finds that one of their number has betrayed them, and is trying to steal that most vital of treasures: the constitutional rights of the American citizen!

Things get sticky when our heroes encounter an old nemesis who has given up humanity for cybernetic implants: Alexander Hamilton!

Fundamentalists: The jig is up, Injustice League! You'll never succeed with your evil plan to kill babies using the Roe v. Wade decision!

Justice Thomas: That's where you're wrong! As Supreme Court Justices, we have the Constitutional duty to kill babies!

Fundamentalist: Oh, I didn't want it to have to come to this... but I'm afraid you leave me no choice.

Justice Thomas: What are you guys going to do? Throw Bibles at me?

Fundamentalist: [chants ancient language while drawing runes in the sand] Jesus: [appears in burst of golden light, rolls up sleeves, tilts hat at jaunty angle] Fear my Jesuswrath! [throws Bibles at Justice Thomas]

Justice Thomas: Stop that! Those are going to leave welts! Jesus: So do coat hangers, Mr. Thomas. So do coat hangers.
Plato and the Allegory of the Cave

Imagine a row of naked pre-adolescent boys tied up in the back of a cave. For some reason they can’t move their heads at all — maybe it’s a ball gag, or some kind of horse harness — but all they can see is the back wall of the cave. They’re all oiled up, and they’re sort of scared, so they’re trembling and they’ve all got goose-bumps, but there’s also a fire behind them and it’s making them all sweaty and...okay, sorry. Anyway, there’s a parapet between them and the fire, so all they can see are shadows of objects passing in front of the fire, like, say, the semi-tumescent penis of an aging-yet-virile Greek philosopher, and he’s slowly undulating, and...okay, sorry again. The key is, they have no knowledge of the real whips, or butt plugs, or even this one thing that me and Socrates put together that has a bunch of fig leaves wrapped around a shepherd’s crook. The boys only see the material shadows of these forms, but they talk about them as if they’re real. But they’ll learn how real they are. Oh, they’ll learn.

The Monologues of Socrates

Socrates: For when we ponder the great philosophers of ancient Greece, Socrates is by far the finest.
Socrates: Undoubtedly.
Socrates: But when we consider all of the thinkers of the realm, is it wrong for us to value their bravery along with their brilliant minds? Is it fair to place Socrates above the other thinkers of this realm, because of his fearlessness, his courage, and his enormous dong?
Socrates: I do not think we can separate such issues, but in truth, to consider what a stone-cold badass he is gives naught but favor to the reputation and esteem due to Socrates.
Socrates: And what about that time he fought Euripides? Didn’t Socrates totally kick his ass? Is it not true that Euripides cried, much like a little girl?
Socrates: There can be no question of that.

Hippocrates and His Hypocritical Oath

I know I said, “First, do no harm” when treating patients, but honestly, I totally killed patients on purpose all the time. It’s not a big deal. Just blame it on the humours.

Aristotelian Physics

“Eureka” doesn't mean “I have found it.” It means “Check out my sack.” I was in the bathtub, and, sure, I discovered the principle of displacement, but you know what was doing the displacing? Deez Nuts. Racing through the streets, all the Greek bitches want the philosopher with the biggest nuts. And guess what? He is I and I am him. What’s my motherf*ckin’ name?

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I am a man of many talents. In fact, “Talents” is my middle name. Or, at least it is whenever I fucking want it to be. You see, I’m gifted in the divine art of making fake names. You may be thinking “But anyone can make fake names.” But not like me—check it: Jet Guyison WOOSH! Slamston Triad ZING! Harlem Lightpost.

That power trio sure got you to shut your word hole, Mr. Lax Creativity-Bergstein. Just as it would be unfair for a mother to hog all her breast milk, it would be similarly ridiculous to not share the art of creating electrifying pseudonyms. Here are some pointers.

**Tip 1: Power Comes First**
Nothing says “I’m a powerful man” better than a fist-pumping first name. Create a monosyllabic name that conveys danger, wicked fast transportation, or Zeus-mediated fistfights—the most robust of first names employs all three. Fast Danger-Fear, Flint Boomrock, or Fear Danger-Fast will all do. Still confused? Refer to the names mentioned earlier: “Jet,” “Harlem,” and “Slamston.” Jet conveys speed. Harlem evokes fear of tall people, and Slamston alludes to the ever-present threat of femur-snapping sex.

**Tip 2: Retards: The Mystical Fake Name Magicians**
If you’re feeling unoriginal, you can outsource the task of creating an ingenious *nom de plume*. The mentally handicapped happen to be fake-name geniuses. Simply have your local retard pronounce any old name. Robert Marshall turns into Barbell Martian. Martin Stone becomes Magnum Stone! And, if you are lucky enough to get an especially tarded retard, Ed Turner becomes Ignatius Featherfoot.

**Tip 3: Finding Your Muse**
Inspiration for a good first name is everywhere. Things like geological formations, forces of nature, and animals will help spur your ingenuity. My three-day peyote hike through Death Valley produced Butte Waterspout, Windy Cougar and Plateau Despondence. As you may have gathered, the Indians have long used this trick to come up with such classics as Red Cloud and Sitting Bull. Just make sure your fake name doesn’t lend itself to oppression.

**Tip 4: A Preference for Prefixes**
Let’s face it, no one’s going to listen to Maynard Browning. But what if you got a message straight from the desk of M. Brown- ing, Superpresident, or his Excellency, Maynard de Marron? With an appropriate awe-inspiring prefix (or occasional wonder-en- couraging suffix), you can turn any Alan Scott into a Lieutenant Apollo Starshooter, ambassador to the sun.

Now, armed with the power of the alias, you’re a regular Flashpack Dangermount, ready to upset the tyranny of the Name. My only warning: use your godlike power for good. Use it for evil only if you really, really need to.
I wish I were a fireman-astronaut-policeman so I could fight flaming burglars in space for the president.

-love Kibby

I wish I were Carmen Sandiego. That way people would look for me when I hide.

-Robert

I wish I were president of the world. Maybe then I wouldn't be so hungry.

-Brady

I wish I were teaching a bunch of retarded kindergartners how to spell the name Robert on a paper plate instead of writing my novel or having fulfilling sex. It was a great, great choice. Thanks Masters in English.

-Mr. Cartner
Yulia ........................................................................... 304€

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