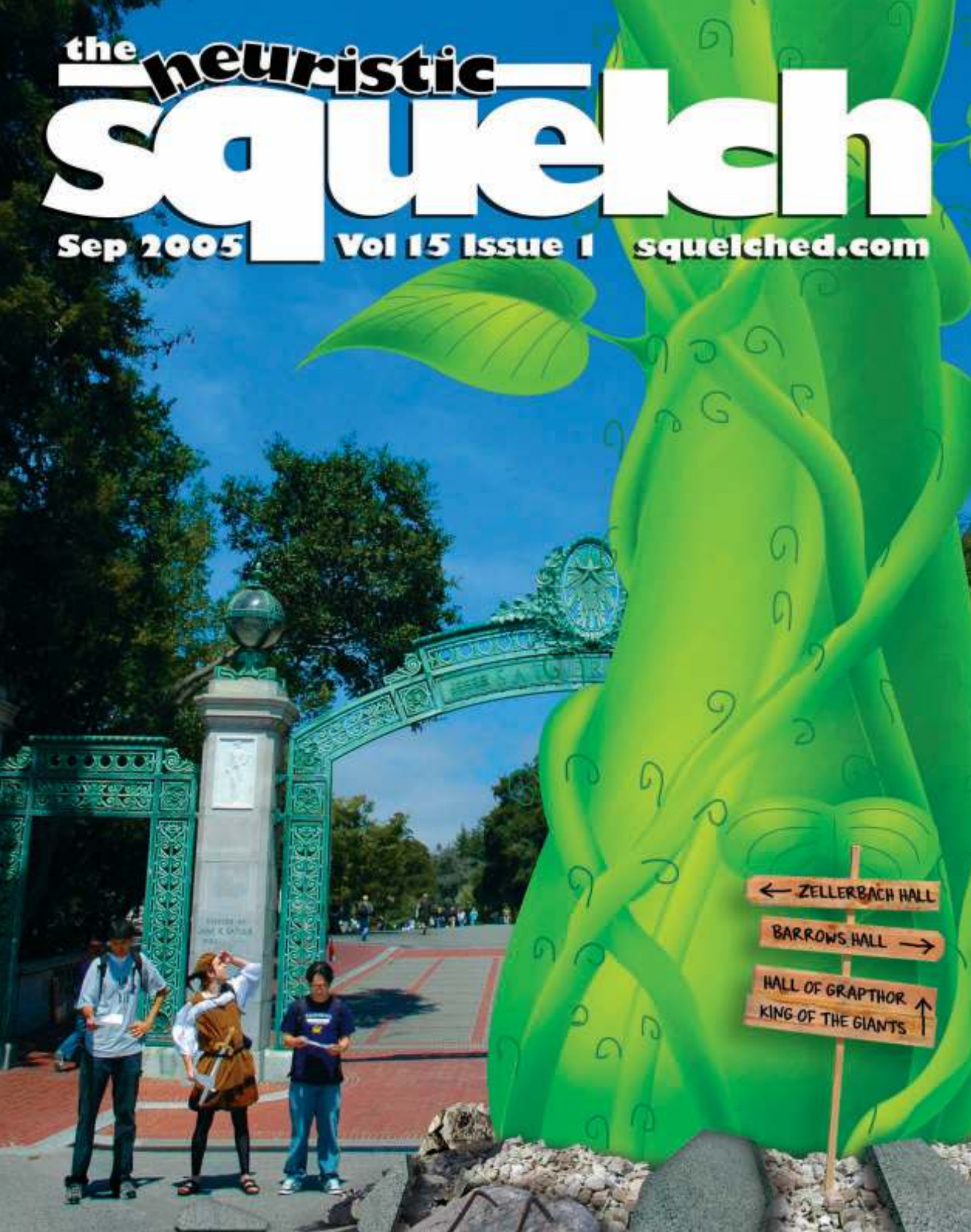


the **heuristic** **squelch**

Sep 2005

Vol 15 Issue 1

squelched.com



← ZELLERBACH HALL

BARROWS HALL →

HALL OF GRAPTHOR
↑ KING OF THE GIANTS

Advice to Freshmen

1. Go to your professors' office hours, no matter how early they are. The interaction between student and old horny intellectual is a tradition dating back to Plato and Socrates. You won't learn a damn thing, but smart people need dumb people to talk down to. Going to office hours isn't about an exchange of ideas, but about letting your professor masturbate directly into your brain, and this one time, shoes. Really, this is the entire point of college.

2. Therefore, the most important thing you can do at Cal is simply not fall asleep. Ever. My friend took a nap once and he got hit by a bus. Not while he was asleep, but still.

3. You must not rely too heavily on caffeine however, as you will become dependent. A caffeine addiction is one of the hardest addictions to break. A friend of mine recently quit caffeine and he shit blood for eight days. Contrast this example with myself, who several weeks into last semester quit caffeine and suffered no ill-effects. Why did I succeed where he failed?

Unlike me, he forgot rule #1 about quitting an addictive drug: always replace it with an even more addictive drug. For instance, I've replaced caffeine with meth. And then I replaced meth with cocaine. Well that last statement isn't entirely true; replace the word "replace" with the words "started mixing cocaine into the meth," then remove the rest of the sentence altogether. Shit do I love cocaine.

4. This is 2005! You and me, man, we're white. We can't compete with today's modern super-minorities. Your Asians. Your Indians. Your really determined Latinos who've ingested Asian blood for power. We need something to even the playing field. And that something is heroin. Oh, and also the meth and cocaine from earlier.

5. Here's the trick: You won't get addicted to anything if you keep switching drugs every time you get too close to an addiction. Feel like having some caffeine? Have some meth. Feel like having meth? Have some cocaine. Feel like having some heroin? Okay, cool, you and me should talk. There's a bathroom in Wheeler with a false wall. Leave the money there and then I'll tell you which toilet the heroin is hidden in.

-AB and SDG

Can you do stuff? Like, do stuff well?
Then the Heuristic Squelch wants **YOU!**

See that dragon graphic? You think that was fucking cheap? No, we had to pay this Asian artist guy like 50 bucks to draw it, and while he was in our office he stole three of our keyboards and made light of my weight problem.

We need **writers, artists, layout staff, and general hangers-on.** Interested in helping out? Turn to page 5 to find out where meetings are held and how to submit pieces.



FAILING SPECTACULARLY SINCE 1991

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(rererepeating the third grade)

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

Last fucking time I trust Final Distance.

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If Relationships Ended Like 8-Bit Videogames

You: Honey, I'm home—what are you doing with that letter?

Her: *[reading from letter]* THIS RELATIONSHIP IS OVER.

You: What the fuck? I put all this time into it and all I get is a lousy note?

Her: PRODUCER – TAKESHI AKANAWA. PROGRAMMER – GO SAKASHI.



You: Look Samus, this just isn't working out.

Samus: Well, since we're done, there's something you should know... *[takes off helmet]*

You: W—wait, you're a hot girl?!

Samus: If you'd dumped me in under three hours you could have seen me in a bikini.



You: Darling, I love you very much, but I—I've met someone else. I'm so sorry.

Her: Oh yeah?! Well remember when I said you were the best I ever had?

You: Uh huh...

Her: 1. TOM...25,357 pts

2. STV...21,366 pts

3. BOB...17,245 pts

4. ASS...14,453 pts

5. AAA...12,495 pt

6. ENTER INITIALS

Winners don't use drugs.



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Minorities Underrepresented in Area Porn Collection

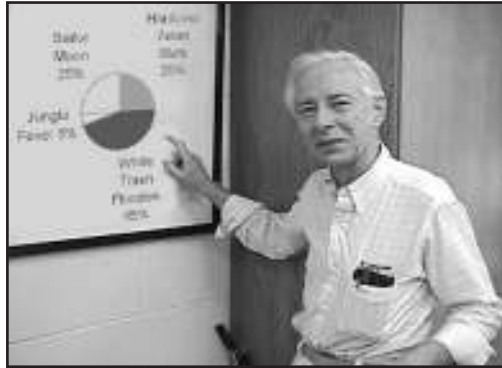
by **Toby Muresianu, Hardcore Asian Slut**

Alta Plaza Park, San Francisco. Children run, play tag, shriek as they climb on the jungle gym. Some are Chinese, some Hispanic, others black and others white. It is not hard today to look at a model community such as this and assume that there is nothing wrong with racial relations in the United States. Yet even now, many areas are still insufficiently integrated. One such region resides on the hard drive of student Brian McGuirk, at the University of California, Berkeley.

"It is amazing to me that today, 40 years after Brown vs. BOE, less than 3% of people in the blurry, highly compressed files are identifiable as African-American," comments UCSB professor Howard Long, currently writing a report on the collection for the Cato Institute. "Sure, reactionists may point to the most visible icons of Afro success—the Halle Berry's, the Lil' Kims, the single well-hidden photo of Vin Diesel—but the fact is that when it comes to basic, no-holes-barred fucking, virtually none of the barely-18 fuck-sluts in question are of

African ancestry. And don't even get me started on American Indians or Pacific Islanders."

Defenders of the collection have responded fiercely. "Admission to this hard drive is strictly merit-based," pontificated Tucker Carlson on



The Situation, "In America, all hot, hot, bodies may not be created equal, but they should all have equal freedom for their digitized visages to be feverishly milked off to. What do you say to the girl who has worked long hours sewing her cheerleader costume and suppressing her gag reflex but is passed up for a less-qualified slam-pig simply because of her skin? Ironically, McGuirk has been no less than a crusader for racial coexistence since the very day he got broadband. Why else is the collection 25% Asian?"

"These 'Model Minorities' have little relevance to the issue at hand," countered Long, "The reality is that while there may be plenty of Hong Kong Sluts Going Nuts, Hispanics by and large still find themselves Fucking For Their Green Card."

McGuirk could not be reached for comment.

Sasquatch Found Inside Chewbacca Costume

by **Danny Marshall, Quatched**

Sasquatch, the mythological creature believed by many to be the missing-link between man and Serena Williams, was discovered inside a Chewbacca costume at a Star Wars role-playing costume party last Thursday night.

Sasquatch made a booming entrance into the party by kicking down host Jeremy Benthem's door with his

big, mud and leaf-covered foot. After Sasquatch tried eating Benthem's cat, nervous party-goers grew suspicious of the 8'3" giant, prompting Benthem, dressed as Yoda, to say, "Friends of mine, the Wookiees are, but leave you must." Sasquatch responded by yelling "AAHAARRRAAJOOOB", a noise so frightfully out-of-character it broke Benthem's TV and woke his parents.

Using the cat as bait, party guests were able to detain Sasquatch in Benthem's

basement where he removed his hairy, apish costume and revealed his true identity. "Oh my god, there's another Wookiee in the Chewbacca costume," shouted an excited guest as Sasquatch pooped on Benthem's collection of unused Lightsaber-themed condoms. Authorities arrived shortly thereafter and left with the man-beast, but not before it had semi-ironically torn the arm off a C3PO that had just beaten it in space chess.

Wine Enthusiast Not Impressed with Eucharist

by **Danny Marshall, Lush**

Allen Murdock's 34-stop, self-guided wine-tasting tour through Napa Valley, East Oakland, and Amador City took a turn for the sacrilegious Wednesday when he made an erroneous stop at St. John's Catholic Church.

After careening off Highway 29, a red-faced and shit-housed drunk Murdock stumbled from his newly purchased 2006 Mercedes CLK350 Cabriolet Convertible and through the doors of St. John's, stopping twice to urinate, once on the marquee and once in his pants.

"Give me your best shit," Murdock yelled as flung open the doors, interrupting a First Communion service. "Give me. Give me. Give me. And you better not give me that Merlot bullshit. I've seen Sideways."

Murdock pirouetted towards Pastor Edward Deeds, who was in the middle of serving the symbolic 'Blood of Christ', and demanded a tasting. Deeds told Murdock he was interrupting the Sacrament but Murdock responded by winking at him and accused their vineyard's mascot of being "too sad looking and way too nailed to a cross" before snatching the goblet from Deed's hands.

"Is this Cabernet Sauvignon?" Murdock said as he swirled the chalice and sniffed the wine, detecting a bit of strawberry-flavoring but failing to notice the touch of salvation.

"Very unimpressive," Murdock said upon tasting Christ. "It's too dry and doesn't have much complexity or character. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone unless they're some kind of Muslim terrorist and you want to see them suffer. Do you have any chardonnays?" Pastor Deeds told Murdock he didn't and then had one of the two alter boys escort him to hell.

Thom Yorke Gives Birth to Litter of Ferrets

by Spencer Gilbert, *Sings to Rats*

Last night in London, Thom Yorke, famed vocalist of rock group Radiohead, gave birth to what appears to be seven strong and healthy ferrets. The baker's half dozen of rodents were delivered live on stage during a particularly spastic rendition of Radiohead's hit song "Paranoid Android."

Witnesses say that in the midst of a haunting ululation of post-modern ennui and despair, Yorke rolled onto his back, exposed a fleshy sac where his reproductive organs were thought to reside, and proceeded to "birth" ferret after ferret to the horror of the capacity crowd.

In interviews given after the show, a virtually glowing Yorke expressed his joy at the blessed, but unexpected arrival. "I'm a mom! I'm a mommy! What the hell am I doing here? I'm late for gymboree," Yorke said.

Mere minutes after the concert, the internet was flooded with bootleg audio recordings of the screaming ferret birth, which Rollingstone.com immediately hailed as "not as good as their old stuff."

While Yorke would not reveal the identity of the father, it has been suggested that it is, uh you know, probably some kind of ferret.



"Wonka" Actually Tyrannical Despot

by Mark Thomas, *Made of Chocolate*

Seeking to both capitalize on renewed interest in its Wonka trademark and respond to the complaints of labor unions and children's rights groups, Nestle inc. has announced a marketing plan to "reimagine" their factories. Executives hope to involve customers in the candy maker's production process by likening it to Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory, noting that child laborers in their factories will now be paid in golden tickets and will trade in their 22-hour work days for whimsical new Everlasting Work Days. The company also announced plans to relabel the African slaves who harvest their cocoa beans "oompa loompas" and to kill their first born male sons of any oompa loompas that refused to wear their new uniforms.

"We want to recapture the whit and whimsy of a child's imagination that candy used to be associated with," said Nestle spokesman Steve Sladden in defense of the

program, "you know, like whipping the cocoa niggers with ropes made of licorice and so forth."

"--er, the oompa loompas," Sladden corrected himself, chuckling over his linguistic faux faux, "excuse me... As you can see, this is a big change for all of us."

When asked about the morality of his company's production methods, CEO Peter Brabeck-Letmathe responded by noting that everything in the press conference was, in fact, edible and implored those in atten-

dance to "go ahead and indulge!"

Moments later, several journalists fell ill from trying to digest real, inedible ball-point pens and were forced to leave early. As they were leaving, Brabeck-Letmathe cracked an oversized candy cane across the back of a nearby oompa loompa and bellowed "SING!" Several re-christened servants then emerged to perform a contrived, loosely-rehearsed song-and-dance number that entertained no one.

Squelch

Meetings:

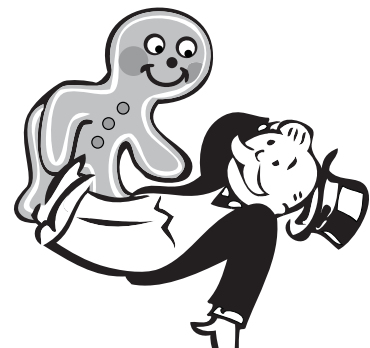
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November 3, 2005



GETTING AWAY WITH IT: HOW TO MAKE EXCUSES LIKE THE PROS!

by Aaron Brownstein

I AM an expert excuse maker. I can squirm out of things better than the seed of a seventeen year old with a bright future and a punctured condom. Here are some tricks of the trade.

AVOID CLICHÉS

Your excuses must be consistently fresh and inventive. The excuses we hear every day like “my car wouldn’t start,” “the alarm didn’t go off,” or “she was dead when I got here,” are too predictable. I recommend spicing up an old favorite with a zesty new detail, e.g.: “My *convertible* wouldn’t start.” “The alarm didn’t go on.” “She was *raped* when I got here.” Etc.

BE AWARE OF MODERN CLICHÉS

Some excuses have only become unusable within the last year or so. Keep abreast of the times. If you’re really stuck, try combining an old cliché with a new cliché. For example:

Old Cliché: My dog ate my homework.

New Cliché: My printer ate my homework.

Believable Excuse: My dog ate my printer. He died of toner poisoning.



NOTES

Notes are small scraps of paper onto which the handwriting and signature of someone with a post-graduate degree has been forged. Notes are useful for excuses that come up at the last minute. Slept through your job interview? Dr. Kline says you’re a narcoleptic! Is it too nice a day for discussion section? Your psychologist says chalk reminds you of grandma’s beatings! Being mugged at gun-point? Not after Stephen J. Goldbloom Esq. declares it a hate crime, you big queen! Did you get too high to play intramural softball? No. No you didn’t. You are never too high for softball.

CONTINGENCY PLANS

Invariably, one of your excuses will fail. Don’t get discouraged! Just keep trying new excuses until you find one that works, as in the following example from my own personal experience:

Policeman: Do you have any idea how fast you were going?

Me: Man, my wife’s having a baby!

Policeman: License and registration.

Me: Man, your wife’s having a baby!

Policeman: I’m not going to ask you again.



Me: I’ll make you my man-wife, baby.

Policeman: Step out of the car, sir.

Me: She was raped when I got here.

EXPLAINING YOURSELF

Double invariably, at some point all of your contingency plans will fail and you will have to either smooth things over or switch to a section with a GSI who doesn’t know that your mother has died before every major test since the third grade.

It’s situations like these that separate your amateur excuse makers from your white house press secretaries.

First load up eBay on your computer. Then search for “Ninja Smoke Bombs.” Don’t order from TexasN1nja2; his high feedback rating belies the low quality of his smoke bombs and his use of media mail.

Now let’s try that last situation again:

Policeman: Step out of the car, sir.

Me: She was raped when I got here.

Policeman: What’s that in your hand?

Me: [Throws smokebomb and peels out.]

Policeman: [coughing] Fuck, that’s just what Ari Fleischer did.



Douglas Unger's Roommate Questionnaire

(1) SEX

- ☐ Male ☐ First one, then the other
☐ Female ☐ Both (specify/draw a picture)_____

(2) OCCUPATION

- ☐ Quiet, Reflective, Full-Time Student ☐ Professional Whisperer
☐ Tiptoeologist ☐ Drummer with Access to Prescription Sleep Aids

(3) COOKING EXPERIENCE

- ☐ Confectionery Major
☐ Watched enough Iron Chef to get the gist
☐ Grilled cheese ala waffle iron
☐ Tin cans make the microwave go *fzzzt*

(4-5) FAMILY

4) Do you have any sisters? Are any of them hot? What is her cell phone #?

5) Do you have any brothers? If not, why?

(6) ETHNICITY

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chinese | <input type="checkbox"/> Korean | <input type="checkbox"/> Japanese | <input type="checkbox"/> Filipino |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Thai | <input type="checkbox"/> Samoan | <input type="checkbox"/> Vietnamese | <input type="checkbox"/> Laotian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cambodian | <input type="checkbox"/> Malaysian | <input type="checkbox"/> Burmese | <input type="checkbox"/> Nepalese |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Taiwanese | <input type="checkbox"/> Cardassian | <input type="checkbox"/> Indonesian | <input type="checkbox"/> Hmong |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tibetan | <input type="checkbox"/> Tongan | <input type="checkbox"/> Fijian | <input type="checkbox"/> Guamanian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Polynesian | <input type="checkbox"/> Ethnically native Hawaiian | | |

Note: You thieving Maori Tribesmen need not apply.

(7-9) PERSONAL HABITS

- 7) Usually get up at:
☐ 7:00 AM ☐ 7:00 PM ☐ 11:00 PM ☐ January
- 8) Usually go to bed at:
☐ 7:00 AM ☐ 7:00 PM ☐ 1:00 PM ☐ January
- 9) Usually shower at:
☐ 7:00 AM ☐ 7:00 PM ☐ 1:00 PM
☐ Microwave in the shower goes ZRZRKRKBK-BOOM!

(10) TRUE-FALSE

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| T | F | Dirty clothes belong properly in the dirty clothes hamper. |
| T | F | By "hamper" I mean floor. |
| T | F | Hanky-Panky is not acceptable in the apartment or Scrabble. |
| T | T | It gets damn hot during the summer. |
| T | F | Structuralism provides that true implies false and false implies true. |

The lease agreement releases the landlord of liability for any damages due to "flood, fire, earthquake, theft, or acts of God." Discuss.

Top Ten Signs Your Professor is Moonlighting as a Bookie

10. Keeps trying to make you double-down on your final grade
9. Instead of taking half a grade each day your paper is late, breaks your knees
8. You got a 93% on last test, but got a B- for failing to beat the spread
7. GSIs keep talking about "that fuck-ing RICO act"
6. Keeps asking you to start his car for him while he waits behind a brick wall
5. Most of your statistics homework revolves around Brett Favre's throwing percentage
4. Office hours held in bar at Caesar's Palace
3. Pete Rose is scheduled to be a guest lecturer
2. Forty year old in the front row still talks too much, but about keeping his thumbs
1. He takes notes when the handi-capped students are talking

Top Ten Reasons Your Landlord Gave You the Place So Cheap

10. Apparently "French Doors" actually means "No Indoor Plumbing"
9. Doorbell plays chorus from Tommy Tutone's *Jenny* (867-5309) over and over again, and can never be turned off
8. Half the deposit you gave to him, half the deposit he made in you
7. You are now legally liable for everything inside the Mystery Closet
6. 1000 square feet turned out to mean 200 feet wide, 5 feet long
5. blah blah heartbeat in the floorboards blah blah
4. The rat carcasses are load-bearing
3. In the co-op, you're your own landlord! And maid! And drug dealer! And fuck, this place is a shithole.
2. I don't know, ask one of the other 19 illegal immigrants
1. Three words: location, location, it's a crackhouse



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 who must _____ a terrible evil in the form of
blow up, detonate explosives inside of, send back in time with an explosion
 _____ which comes from
a sabertooth cat, a giant mutant alligator, something off-screen which we never see
 _____ but it can only be stopped while on _____
a cave, an underwater cave **a train, a drill digging to the earth's core, an oil rig**
 Our hero's problems don't end there because his _____ is also on the
ex-wife, former wife, wife who he is separated from
 _____ and he faces opposition from the _____
train, drill, oil rig **rich millionaire CEO, by-the-book three-star General, his past**
 but is aided by his plucky friend portrayed by actor _____
Wil Wheaton
 Ultimately, the _____ is saved, and our hero learns _____
world, day, president's daughter **the meaning of sacrifice, the meaning of**
 _____ The world is safe... Or is it? Stay tuned for _____
love, how to kill a giant alligator **Part II, Part III, Stargate SG-1**

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Teleplay by Dick Wolf

Detectives Stabler and Benson walked into the cold morgue, glad they were still wearing their trench coats from the morning's crime scene. The Medical Examiner pulled back the sheet covering the victim's body. The little boy's cheerful red santa hat wasn't the only red thing in the room; his shredded entrails filled the examiner's table. He had been eating peas, their green hue quite appropriate for a December 24th rape and strangulation, thought Benson as she bent down to examine the yellow fibers running through what were once tiny ears.

"Wait till you see this," remarked the examiner, before turning off the lights unexpectedly. She flipped a switch next to the table and a string of beautiful Christ-

mas lights running along the boy's body lit up. They reminded detective Stabler of the Christmas lights that used to adorn his childhood home, except those weren't covered in blood and weren't arranged to spell out the words "SATAN LIVES HERE" across a young boy's chest.

The medical examiner turned the lights back on, but it would never be light again inside detective Stabler's soul. Not with the things he'd seen. Not with the things he'd done. He took a bite out of his gingerbread man.



Detective Munch stared into the little girl's eyes. He knew what he was going to have to ask, but he couldn't bring himself to say the words. Detectives Stabler and Benson were the lucky ones, he thought, at least their victim was dead. Finally he continued.

"Okay, sweetheart. Tell me exactly where he held the mistletoe."

The little girl pointed to a spot on her Santa's Little Helper Ken doll. She wasn't pointing to the doll's mouth.

Munch slunk back in his chair. He tried to offer her a candy cane from his desk, but he knew nothing would ever taste sweet for this little girl again. Nothing ever could.



Captain Cragen smiled as his detectives gathered around the plump Christmas ham he'd prepared. He could barely hide his anticipation; tomorrow morning they'd all gather around the tree and open the presents he'd carefully picked out for them. For Olivia, a beautiful porcelain doll to keep on her desk, to remember the innocence and beauty of youth. For Elliot, a little red fire truck to give to his son. And for Munch, a CD of all his favorite music. It would be a special Christmas for everyone. Except for the South Village Rapist who was stabbed to death by a cellmate prior to sentencing.



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Did you know that under rent control...

- If your rent increases during your tenancy, it must be pre-authorized by the Rent Board.
- If you moved into your apartment a month ago but the landlord still hasn't finished the work he promised to complete before you moved in, you can file a petition with the Rent Board for a rent reduction.
- If your landlord doesn't like the way you dress, or your girlfriend, or your choice of music, she cannot evict you. She needs to have one of the "just causes" in the Rent Ordinance.
- If your landlord fails to pay the interest on your security deposit by January 10th of each year, you can deduct 10% of your deposit from your rent after giving him/her 15 days' prior written notice.

Your tenancy is probably under rent control if the following are true...

- 1) You do not share a kitchen or bathroom with the owner
- 2) Your building has more than 2 units*. (2-unit settings are also under rent control if no owner lives on the property and no owner lived there in 1979)
- 3) The unit in which you live was built prior to May 1980

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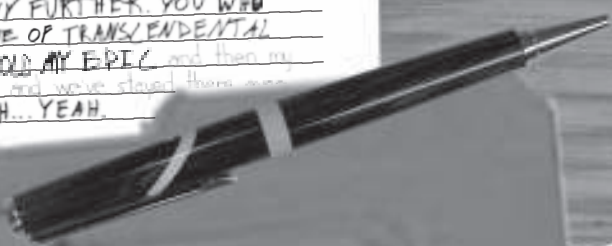
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Application for Health Insurance

Name: MR HYDE Dr. Jekyll

Age: 42 Weight: 200 lbs

Personal Bio: I am a scientist engaged in non-dangerous research and
DO NOT QUESTION ME ANY FURTHER. YOU WHO
QUESTIONED THE VERTUE OF TRANSYLVANIAN
MEDICINE, NOW BEHOLD MY EPIC and then my
family moved back to London and we've stayed there ever

Pre-existing conditions: None UH... YEAH



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THESE MEN

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ACCIDENTALLY be
attacked by that
many monsters?

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FOR INSURANCE FRAUD**

Blue Cross

Sub-Dungeon B
Dr. Frankenstein's Castle
Transylvania, Romania 90678

Dear Mr. Frankenstein's Monster,

I regret to inform you that based on the application materials submitted, we will not be able to offer you life insurance coverage at this time. Putting aside the theoretical implications of your existence which have forced our legal department to redefine the "life" in life insurance, your paperwork was substandard at best.

Blue Cross requires that comprehensive medical background information be provided by all applicants, and unfortunately you have only provided immunization records for 10 of the 24 corpses from which you were crafted. Furthermore, during your visit you failed to submit all supplemental documentation in triplicate, and killed Morris from records.

I am however enclosing the card of my good friend Michael Harris from Medwin Insurance Co., who will no doubt be able to provide you with the fire insurance which I have told you numerous times we do not offer.

Sincerely,
Lyle Arnold
Insurance Agent
Blue Cross, Transylvania

from the desk of lyle arnold insurance agent for blue cross of transylvania



Blue Cross Eligibility Physical – Physician's Report for Applicant
#583958

Observations:

- Patient's skin appears excessively pale and un-alive. Also during eye exam, patient's eyes turned into black-and-white spirals and female optician was briefly disoriented.
- When questioned about the large quantity of dried blood on all his clothing, patient claimed to be menstruating.
- When asked his age, patient entered into a long rambling narrative about being a plantation owner in 1790's New Orleans and discovering the depths of love, betrayal, loneliness, and hunger. While interesting at first, Antonio Banderas was grossly underutilized and my level of attraction to Kirsten Dunst made me markedly uncomfortable.

Medical History:

- Known Allergies: garlic, crosses, peanuts
- Unusual cosmetic dental work. Recommend full psych. evaluation. Also braces.
- Blood work returned positive for hepatitis A, HIV, and the innocent.

HIGH RISK.

Conclusion:
As you know, we routinely refuse to cover high risk individuals such as homosexuals, drug abusers, and vampires, and judging by his lisp and bizarre attire, this patient may be all three.



Inter-Office Memo
FROM: Accounts Payable
TO: Lyle Arnold
Re: Van Helsing

Although in peak physical condition, we are still undecided whether or not we should insure Mr. Van Helsing, as he keeps killing our other policy holders. We will have a cost/benefit analysis on your desk by Friday.

Van Helsing mailing information:

Universiteit Utrecht
Professor Van Helsing
PO Box 80125
3508 TC Utrecht
Netherlands

How Drunk WERE You?

by Matt Loker

To quote every freshman in the history of ever: "I was SOOOO drunk!" Problem is, there's no objectivity to this claim. There are no gold medals and no Jeopardy champions in the game of Drunk. So how close can we ever come to explaining this phenomenon of the lampshade-wearing, sexual-favor giving, arrested-getting inebriate?

Simple: a comparison in five easy stages. Follow along if you're stage 3 or below.



ONE

Get your buzz on - 1 to 3 drinks

Congratulations, you're just like a: British person.

Every now and then, you're speaking so quickly that your words run together a little bit. You start saying uncharacteristic things like "thanks love." (Note: you do not start addressing people as "queen" until roughly stage 3, when a fight is forthcoming.) For reasons passing explanation, you start talking at length about politics and culture. You start to think that maybe bad teeth aren't that big a deal.



TWO

Feelin' no pain. Or tact - 4 to 5 drinks

Congratulations, you're just like a: Sex offender on probation.

You're compelled to go around the area and introduce yourself to everyone. You're chatting with girls/boys, but still cautious about groping. You want lure that special someone back to your van, but probably shouldn't. Damned if you're not trying to ignore the demon voices in your head that tell you to do the things.



THREE

Condition: faded - 6 to 9 drinks

Congratulations, you're just like an: Eighty-year-old Handicapped billionaire in a strip club.

You no longer feel the need to impress people or act charming. Wild rounds of boasting are followed by inappropriate sexual advances. "Heavy" girls become "busty." Motor control is spotty at best. You can't even remember when you had bladder control. Special Bonus: After drink no. 8, You're confined to a chair for the foreseeable future.



FOUR

Doin' a little side-to-side shuffle-dance - 10 to 14 drinks

Congratulations, you're just like: Michael J. Fox.

You shake and squirm quite a bit, but maintain a huge smile on your face. Sentences are tough to form, and are accompanied by wild gesticulations to help make the point. People are always telling you how brave you are, but in your case, it's 'cause you took a swing at a cop and took off into the neighbor's backyard.



FIVE

You look like a hobo's jockstrap - 15 drinks and up

Congratulations, you're just like a: Celtic Druid, circa 1000 B.C.

You're not speaking anything that sounds remotely like English. You smell bad and regularly forage for food. When presented with a simple technology like a cell phone, you futilely poke at it and wonder exactly where inside it the sun and planets are hiding. You wake up in the morning to find an animal chewing/humping on you. You have the plague.



TO ALL INCOMING UC EXTENSION STUDENTS

Welcome Almost Berkeley Students.

Congratulations on your “legitimate” acceptance. Looks like all that hard work finally made up for you being at least a semester dumber than your peers! I mean sure, you were president of your graduating class and led the league in goals for varsity soccer, but your inferior 3.8 GPAs and 1350 SAT scores will earn you about as much respect here as a transfer from SC or a sheepdog enrolled at Davis.

Your only use is as a buffer for the rest of us super-geniuses. I don’t want to worry about failing Intro Math, Chem, or Econ while I’m having threesomes with Brazilian supermodels and winning Ultimate Fighting Championships. But with your dismal threes on the AP exams, I know that no matter how much crime I’m fighting or your mothers I’m banging, I’ll keep getting A’s while you keep turning into graduate students in the school of education. I’d wipe my festering ass cheeks on your popped collar Lacoste polo shirt after taking a satisfying Mexican dump if I didn’t have any respect for my ass. If it were up to me, I would brand “Fuck Tard” on all of your foreheads and make you wear a scarlet letter of shame denoting your stupidity wherever you go. Just like in that one book, *The Scarlet You’re a Fucking Fuck Tard*.

Thirty years from now, when you are a broken soul drinking whiskey at a local dive bar in Scranton, Ohio, while we actual alumni win Nobel prizes and beat the Dalai Lama at arm wrestling, you’ll lament to the other barflies how you should have gone to the honors program at UCLA instead, and that maybe, just maybe then you wouldn’t have impregnated your underage cousins. A tear will flow down your rugged cheek as you retire to your single room in some roach infested motel with a flashing neon sign indicating permanent vacancy.

You’ll pass by Jenna, the sixty-year-old starlet who never quite made it, her face caked in makeup, always pretending to audition for leading roles in big productions on Broadway in front of her dirty mirror. You’ll hear your door unlock as you expel a heavy sordid sigh filled with apprehension for the coming night tremors and blistering loneliness. A single crisp envelope will lie at the foot of your door. A message from your doctor stating simply: “You have pancreatic cancer, two months maximum.” It is at that precise moment, at the absolute lowest point in your life that I will burst through the door with my bulging oiled biceps and long beautiful locks of hair flowing in the wind. I will walk up to you, and you will look upon my vest, adorned with purple hearts and medals of honor, and know that I, Daniel Brady, a true Berkeley alumni, President of the World and Destroyer of Mars, am better than you in every possible way. In a flash I will deal you a crushing blow to the head with my rock solid legs. I will mount on top of my futuristic dinosaur adorned with medieval armor, the pope’s wife in a skimpy bathing suit cradled in my arms. As I saunter toward the sunset leaving a trail of dead robotic sharks in my wake, a smirk will cut across my face as I realize that once and for all, I am the greatest ninja that ever existed.

Clean my hole with your tongues,

Daniel Brady

CLASSIC SQUELCH!

Top Ten Worst Things to Hear During Sex

10. “My diaphragm broke. No, the one I breathe with.”
9. “Daddy, stop hurting Mommy.”
8. “I’m going back for my Rolex.”
7. “This is a lot better than that video I saw in Health class ... today.”
6. “It’s stuck.”
5. “They’re both stuck.”
4. “It’s okay, I can’t get pregnant; I’m a man.”
3. “Not only am I underage, I’m also a cop.”
2. “Perforated condoms really let my dick breathe.”
1. “Yeah, this is pretty good. I guess.”

Top Ten Reasons Your Penis Hangs to the Left

10. Your girlfriend’s vagina hangs right
9. Lunar gravitational pull
8. Larger and more domineering right testicle
7. Signals preference for counter-clockwise circle jerk
6. Sympathy for lumpen proletariat
5. The right-hand rule
4. It’s signaling to change lanes
3. Your tendency to use it as a kickstand while lying down
2. Futile attempt to point out that your shoelace is untied
1. They can’t both hang right

Top Ten Reasons to Raise the Fence Around Berkeley High

10. For the same reason you’re running the electric current through it
9. Cheaper than lowering entire campus 2 ft.
8. Make sure only fence-hole sized students can get in and out
7. See if students will test each part of fence, like raptors
6. Misinterpreted “raising the bar”
5. Kids are getting taller
4. Make it even harder to leave Berkeley High
3. Less schools, less prisons, more prison-schools
2. Prevent Tom Holmoe from ruining their football team, too
1. Because you already raised the roof

WHAT IF GEORGE LUCAS WROTE SHAKESPEARE?



Romeo and Juliet Act II, Scene 2

Romeo: But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is one of the suns of Tattoine's binary star
system. And therefore I love her.

Hamlet Act 3, Scene 1

Tiny Green cgi Hamlet: To be or to be not, the question that is.

The Tragedy of King Richard the Third Act V, Scene 4

King Richard III: A horse! A horse! I really want a horse!

Romeo and Ju— oh fuck it, George
Lucas actually wrote this shit.
Seriously, this exact shit:

Anakin: You are so... beautiful.

Padme: It's only because I'm so in love.

Anakin: No, it's because I'm so in love
with you.

Padme: Are you saying love has blinded
you?

Anakin: [laughs] Well, that's not ex-
actly what I meant.

Padme: But it's probably true.

Jar-Jar Binks: [racial epithet deleted]

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2005 BLUE & GOLD YEARBOOK AND SENIOR PORTRAITS

Satan Comes to Berkeley

by Fred Taylor-Hochberg

In English R1B Class

Satan: The mortal Jay Gatsby, like all other men before him, finds solace from the trials of his world in the path of sin!

GSI: Excellent, Satan! Class, see how he juxtaposes Judeo-Christian elements with the dynamics of post-feminist queer theory?

Satan: Fool! I am doing no such thing! Your vile words shall drown in everlasting fire!

GSI: Now, now, Satan, you made an excellent point, but this is an open discussion. Let the rest of the class speak.

Satan: Bah! Whatever force placed me here is an evil one indeed! Curse my score of four on the Advanced Placement literature exam!

At Shattuck Cinemas With a Very Special Mortal Lady

Girlfriend: So how'd you like Garden State?

Satan: A thousand curses upon it! I found the narrative both cliched and meandering!

Girlfriend: [*huffily*] Well, Satan, I liked it. I guess archdaemons of despair like you just aren't sensitive enough to appreciate it.

Satan: [*thoughts*] Hmm. Human females seem to put great value on sensitivity. Perhaps I should change my tack.

Satan: [*out loud*] I did, however, find the performance of the mortal Zach Braff to be both subtle and nuanced!

Girl: Really! Oh my god! Me too! We should make out!

Satan: KISS ME ON ONE OF MY THOUSAND FANGED MAWS!

Deciding What to Study

Peer Advisor: So, Satan, decided on a major yet?

Satan: I shall major in history!

Peer Advisor: Uh huh. And what do you plan to do with that?

Satan: Ha! What do I plan to do with that! A foolish question with a facile, obvious answer! I shall use my knowledge of human institutions to hasten their demise! I shall wreak untold havoc on your puny world!

Peer Advisor: So law school, then.

Satan: Do you think my GPA is good enough?

At a Certain House on Warring Street

Satan: Hmm... this "Delta Kappa Epsilon" has great potential for evil! Arcane greek symbols, brutal hazing, drunken debauchery...



I shall sow the seeds of immorality on this fertile patch of earth and reap the fruits of madness and depravity!

Frat guy: Woo!

Satan: Woo indeed, mortal.

Frat Guy: Dude, Satan. You gotta try this stuff, it'll blow your mind.

Satan: My mind is an unfathomable cosmos of pure evil. It cannot be blown by mere pharmaceutical tablets.

[3 hours later]

Frat Guy: Yeah, Satan, keep rubbing my back like that.

Satan: It's just... everything feels so... ahhhhhh. Oh man! Someone get that cat to lick my horns again.

The Next Week at the Tang Center

Nurse: Well you seem to have a lot of red irritated skin and most of the pamphlets we've handed you seem to keep mysteriously catching fire.

Satan: Forget that, that's not what I came here for. I really don't remember what happened but it's been, like, burning in my pee. And there's swelling. Uhh, down there. Near little Satan.

Nurse: Well we've got your test results right here. I'm sorry but you have Chlamydia.

Satan: ... Oh. I guess I have some phone calls to make.

Nurse: Some?

Satan: [*sullenly*] One.

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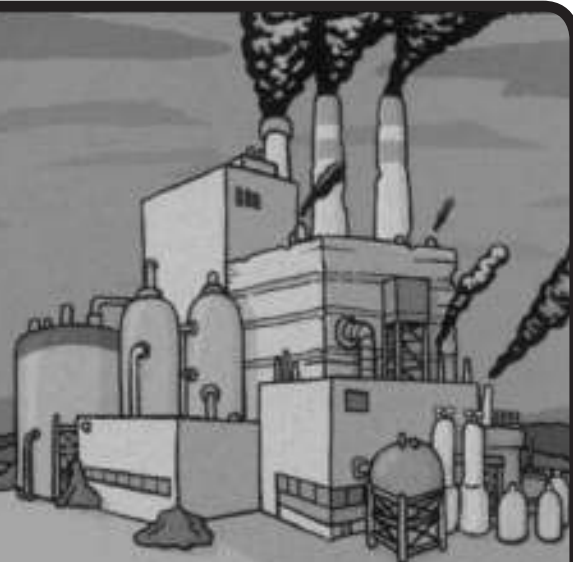
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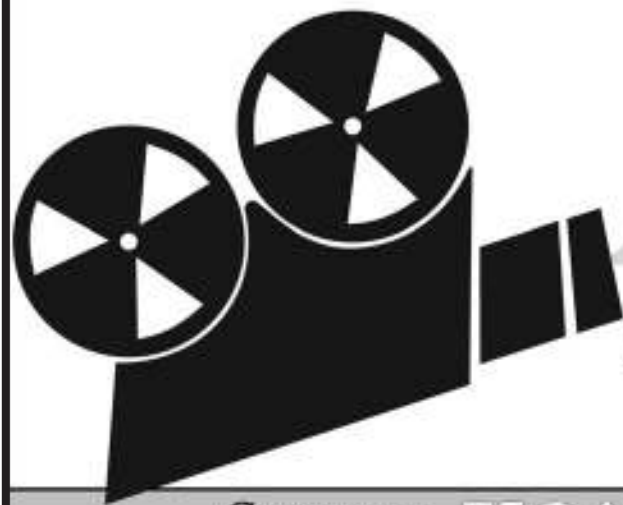
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The picture of the plant is from Power Grid, a strategy board game by Frederic M. Fries, published by Rio Grande Games, that Eudemonia is proud to carry.

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The Secret Diary of Margot Frank

Anne Frank is considered by many to be the Lance Armstrong of hiding from Nazi oppressors. Her secret diary made her one of World War II's most beloved personalities. But while Anne wrote away, the goofier and more optically-challenged Margot Frank also kept a secret journal. Recently uncovered by historians, her brief but courageous chronicle allows us to experience the horror that is being trapped in a Secret Annex with an annoying Jew-sister that won't stop writing in her journal. I bring you now the resolute and triumphant voice of Margot Frank.

-Compiled By Danny Marshall

Wednesday, December 22, 1943

Family and I have been in hiding for almost one year and six months now. Have decided that Anne's not going to be the only Frank keeping a secret journal. Why can't she just stare at the maple tree outside our window like the rest of us? I too have interesting things to write about: Yesterday, stared at the maple tree out our window, wondered if it could grow roast beef sandwiches. So hungry, so tired of eating potatoes. I wonder what Anne's journal tastes like?

Yours,
Margot

Wednesday, January 5, 1944

Anne writing constantly in journal. UUURGH!!! What does potato-hoard-ing bitch have to write about all day? I mean, we're just eight run-away Jews hiding in an annex behind a bookshelf to avoid falling victim to the horrors and mass genocide that Hitler and his German Gestapo followers are wrongfully trying to inflict upon my people just because of our choice of worship. How uninteresting is that? No one will ever read Anne's journal...except for me! I'm going to sneak into her room and read it tomorrow! HAHAAHAHA!!! Can't laugh anymore, Nazis below.

Yours,
Margot

PS Anne's journal tastes like potatoes.



Thursday, January 6, 1944

Investigatory work was success. Was able to sneak into Anne's room and read some of her journal. Guess what I discovered? Anne's a big Lesbo!! Hahahaha!! She kissed one of her friends and tried grabbing her boobies. I bet her whole journal is a bunch of lesbian adventure stories that contain nothing about all the Jewish hardships of World War II, and I guarantee you Anne's journal won't be what The New York Times calls "an eloquent testament to the human spirit" like mine is. Also, she calls it "Kitty." Her journal I mean, not girlsex. How stupid is that? That's the kind of thing a homosexual would name his cat. Oh. Guess that makes sense then. Sure hope Hitler gets rid of *them* before we get out of here. Anyway, I think you need a name, journal. Was thinking "Cuddle Bear," "Huggle Bear," "Fuck You Anne's Journal," or "Sunflower." Keep you posted! Oh, and send food.

Yours,
Margot

Saturday, January 8, 1944
Dear Huggle Bear (Anne is a cunt),

Being tucked away from world in secret annex is making me feel uncomfortable. Reminds me of the time I found out that Anne kisses other girls. Hahaha, still can't get over that. Hope Papa publishes her journal after the war is over and subsequently has it translated into over 30 different languages. In fact, I hope every eighth-grade student is required to read it. Might be wishful thinking, but I also hope they adapt her journal into plays, television shows and films starring some shit actress like Millie Perkins so everyone can see how stupid and pointless her lesbian journal is.

Yours,
Margot

MAPQUEST VERSION 2.0

By Matt Loker

When you're not sure how to get somewhere, a quick visit to MapQuest.com can save you lots of time and give you clear, precise directions. If you have a good car.

But what if you don't drive one of those brand-new, fancy-pants imports that can pass a smog test? What if your car, you know, has a door held on by a seatbelt? MapQuest is here for you too, and it'll even tell you how to get from point A to point B and not go over any bridges with toll booths because you can't roll your windows down and the driver's side door doesn't open.

START Long Beach

END San Diego



Problem: Registration expired for two years.



Ideal Route: Take the 5 South and stay in the far right lane of traffic. Look for an '89 minivan going 45 with a bumper sticker for "89.1 iEl Sol!" or something like that. Get in front of that minivan for the rest of the trip. Invariably, that minivan will have expired tags that far outstrip yours. The lesser of two evils rarely gets registration tickets.

START Your parents' house

END 76 Station a mile away



Problem: Have to get more oil, because you always have to get that shit.



Ideal Route: Take Orange Avenue all the way up to sixth. Then stall, and start smoking. Call your car a "piece of shit, you're such a piece of shit." Dial a friend and tell him it happened again. Walk home.

START Your friend's apartment

END Your weed dealer's house



Problem: You're out of weed.



Ideal Route: Take the 5 freeway North and exit at Broadway. Stop at the Bank of America there and open a goddamned checking account. Deposit the money wadded up in the pocket of your wrinkled cargos. Now save up and buy a car that costs more than three hundred dollars next time.

START Your friend's parents house

END A house party in Pacific Beach



Problem: There are a lot of hills in Pacific Beach. Hills that stop '84 Corollas with a bum clutch.



Ideal Route: Exit at Garnet Avenue and take the first left. When you come to the Safeway, turn into the parking lot and get high. (Note: MapQuest does not endorse the use of illegal drugs, but rather, knows you were going to do that anyway.) Go two blocks south and take a right at Citrus. Stop to look for the piece of paper with the address on it. Fail to find it, call a bunch of people, then give up and go get rolled tacos at El Pastor.

START Your parents' house

END Your job



Problem: Job?



Ideal Route: Exit the 805 freeway South at H Street, then continue on the road for 3.5 miles. Take a right into the first parking lot. Congratulations, you're back at Southwestern college. Take eight units and your parents will start giving you money again.

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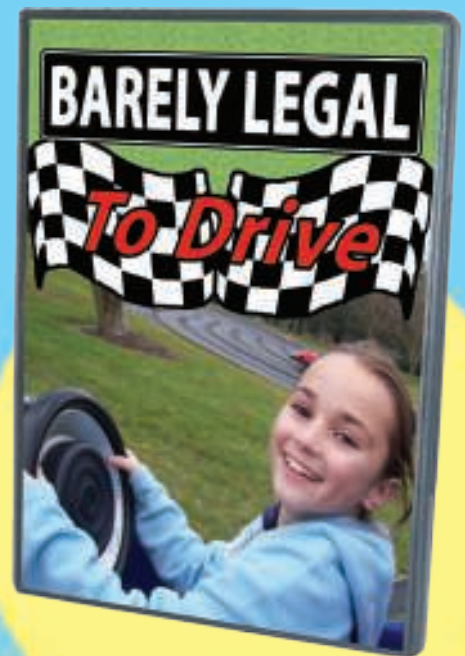
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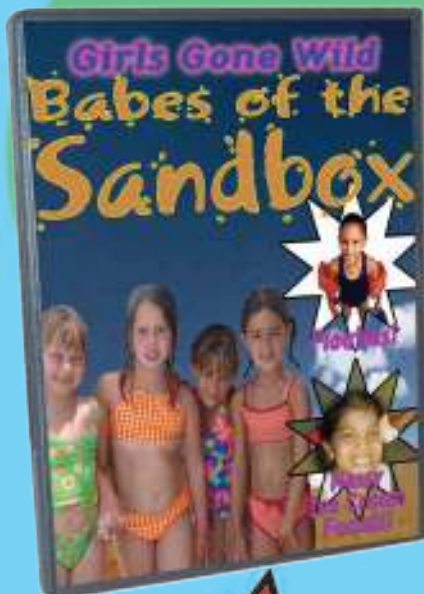
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