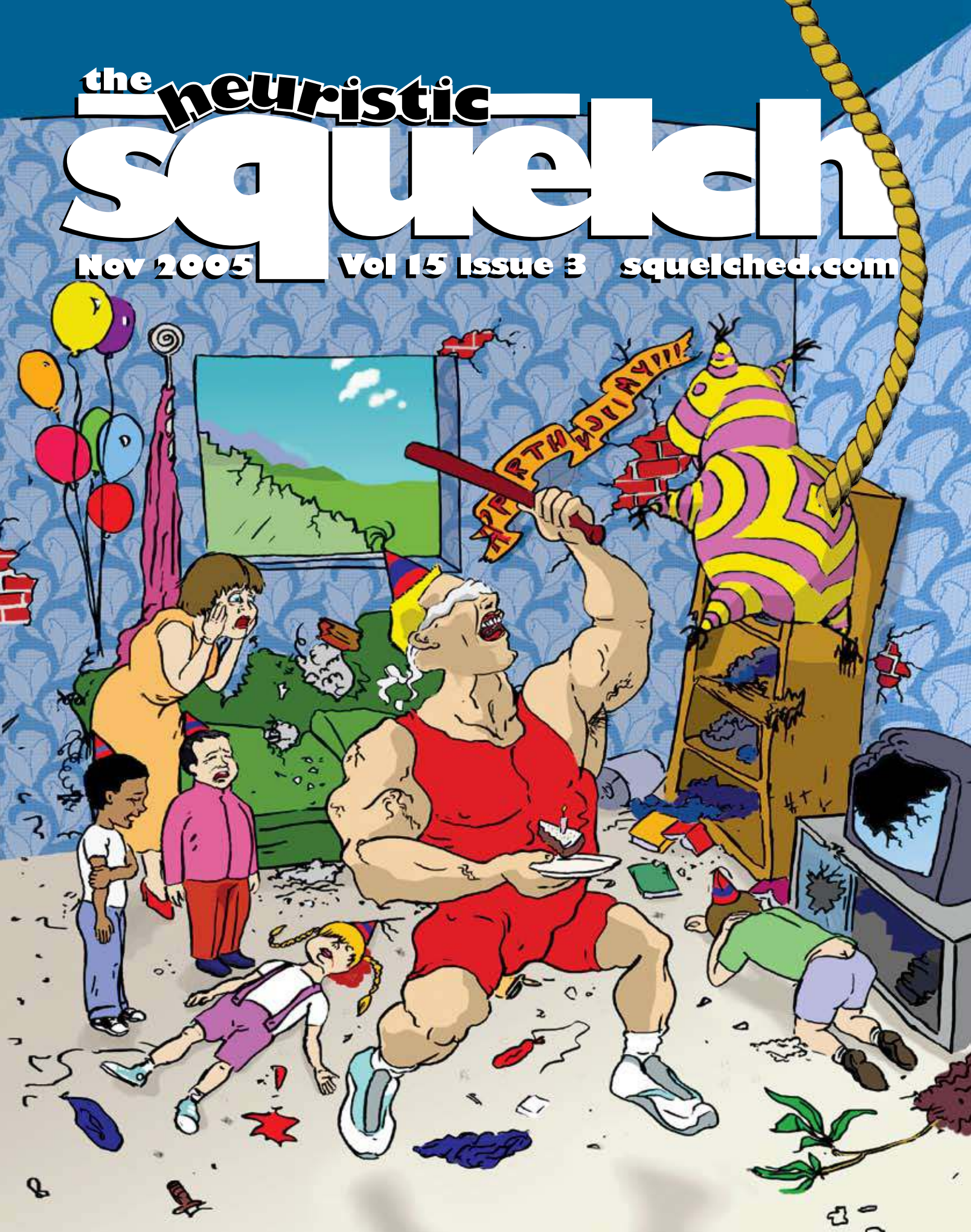


the **heuristic** **squelch**

Nov 2005 Vol 15 Issue 3 squelched.com



Berkeley Speaks Out

“There is a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart, that you can’t take part; you can’t even passively take part, and you’ve got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus, and you’ve got to make it stop.”

-Mario Savio, 1964



The current crop of crap expelled by the intellectually sterile Hollywood system is an offensive tumor on the grey matter of the American consciousness. In ABC’s *Commander-in-Chief*, Geena Davis portrays the President of the United States. This is wrong, and we’re here to say it’s wrong.

We don’t want to live in a country where a pretend woman can even imagine being the President. Our fathers didn’t spend twenty-two months in a bamboo cage, stealing rats for milk, just so some redheaded, herbal-essenced suffragette could storm into the fake White House and pretend to wear a pair of pants.

We are personally offended. Why not just tear that purple heart right off our chests? What’s next? A horse for President? Siblings who have sex for President? Where does it end? What happens when the fictional Joint Chiefs are expecting important fictional military orders, and President Easy Bake Oven is too busy having her fictional period to commit ground forces to Serbo-Croatia? We’ll tell you what happens: fictional Croatians die.

Now don’t get us wrong. We have plenty of respect for all things woman. But if the Koran has taught us anything, it’s that “verily, a [...] woman [cannot be a television president].”

This whole “not-real female President” thing may play well with a few nutjobs in “New York City,” but in *our* fictional America, the America of Jed Bartlett, David Palmer, Gene Hackman in *Absolute Power*, and to a lesser extent Bill Pullman, the President always wears a tie. Except when he’s wearing a sweatshirt from the college which he fictionally attended. Can a fictional woman wear a tie? Not unless she’s Annie Hall. Can a fictional woman go to college? Not unless she’s Annie Hall. Can a fictional woman touch our hearts with an intoxicating mixture of maternal care, genuine love, and absolute craziness? Vote Annie Hall, 2008.

-AB, SDG, JO’C

GETTING NOTICED SINCE 1991

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(birthing twintuplets)

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(burning crosses)

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THIS MONTH’S COVER

Oh God, why did we tell him it was full of steroids!?

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 these changing times. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

Cover By: Dan Edery

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The Heuristic Squelch's

ENDORSEMENTS FOR THE SPECIAL SPECIAL ELECTION

LIST OF CANDIDATES

Governor:



Karl Childer vs. Forrest Gump

Lt. Governor:



Raymond Babbitt vs. Cruz Bustamante

State Treasurer:



Corky from Life Goes On vs. Rocky from Mask

EXCERPTS FROM THE DEBATES

FOR GOVERNOR

Childers: This here's a sling blade, some folks call it a Kaiser blade, I aim to cut the budget with it.

Gump: I don't know why I'm here, I just keep on running.

[Childers slashes at Gump with his knife]

Gump: Something just bit me in the jugular.

Endorsement: Childers

FOR LT. GOVERNOR

Bustamante: My education plan is the most comprehensive this state has ever seen.

California needs to—

Raymond: Tax cuts. Definitely, definitely tax cuts.

Moderator: Excuse me, Mr. Babbitt you've been warned before about interrupting and—

Raymond: Uh oh! Uh oh! Hot water burn baby! Hot water burn baby!

[Thunderous applause]

Endorsement: Babbitt

FOR STATE TREASURER

Moderator: And now a question for Rocky from *Mask*. Regarding municipal budget cuts on the statewide level, what does a cat say?

Rocky: Look, I'm telling you for the last time, I'm deformed, not retarded.

Corky: Meow!

Moderator: That's another two points for Corky.

Rocky: This is bullshit. I'm leaving.

Audience Member: Say "somebody stop me!" Or wait! Do Fire Marshall Bill!

Endorsement: Corky

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MONEY: Argentina Discontinues Use of Kitten Currency

by Catherine Kung and Brock Mendel, dog lovers



In a 26-14 decision Thursday, Parliament voted to discontinue the use of kittens as currency in the financially-ravaged South American nation of Argentina.

Said spokesman Nicholas Garcia-Sege, "They don't fit into a standard wallet. Vendors have begun to sell wallets with special 'Kitten Compartments' but frankly, they're just slots with a hole for the tails, which the kittens then fall out of."

Many citizens complained when their legal tender began to die for lack of food. This led officials to issue

reminders to feed the kittens. Unfortunately, kitten food could only be purchased with kittens. The irony was simply too much to handle. Furthermore, those accustomed to storing their wallets in their back pocket found the habit difficult to break. "The results were rather ghastly," commented Garcia-Sege.

The final nail in the coffin for the new currency came when eight-year-old Ramone Alazar stepped up to the cashier to pay for his school lunch. "It cost \$3.50," he cried. And cried.

Popular Children's Book Recalled

by John Jackson Waste & Co., going #3

On Tuesday, scientists at Lawrence Berkeley Labs disproved the popular pre-existing theory that everybody poops. The discovery was made after scientists spent two years observing test subject Ken Johnson. Johnson, a 20-year-old male from El Cerrito, has yet to poop. Ever.

As news of the discovery has spread, the popular pro-universal-defecation children's book *Everybody Poops* has come under increasing fire, leading to a massive recall of all copies of the book. After consulta-

tion with school board officials across the country, the book's publishers have agreed to re-release the book with the following disclaimer label on the cover:

"This textbook discusses pooping, a controversial theory some scientists present as a scientific explanation for the origin of poop, such as turds, shits, and feces. No one was present when poop first appeared on earth. Therefore, any statement about poop's origins should be considered as theory, not fact."

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Interview of the Week

by Simon Ganz, lost money



Today we're blessed to be interviewing two very gifted sports writers here about the Cal football team's recent struggles.

First we have local CBS 5 Sports Director and host of *The Last Honest Sports Show* Dennis O'Donnell. Also present is John "Destroyer of Kegs" Buerkle from the Berkeley chapter of Delta Upsilon.

Q. Let's get started with you, Dennis. What have we learned from Berkeley's recent loss to the Oregon Ducks?

O'Donnell: Well I think a close observer would notice how Cal has been suffering due to the weakness of their offensive line. Injuries played a big part of the Cal Golden Bear's decline this year, and we've also seen coach Jeff Tedford struggle to adapt his coaching style to the team's weaknesses at the quarterback and wide out positions.

Q. Now John, what's your feeling on—

Buerkle: FUCK AYOOB! FUCK AYOOB! Cock licking mother fucking son of a fucking whore bitch cock dick fucker, Ayoob. Stupid darkie dipshit Tom Holmoe mother shitter. Fuck AYOOB! FUCK AYOOB!

Q. Okay John, but what about Tedford's decision to...

Buerkle: Fucking giant gaping infected vagina piece of shit Ayoob pansy fartlicking turdsucking whorebag of a quarterback. How open does the receiver have to fucking be before you can throw a fucking

pass to him you fucking piece of shit!!!! Oh boy, they're gonna tackle you again, I guess you better throw the ball RIGHT UP THE MIDDLE TO THE OTHER TEAM you anal-rape-deserving beady-eyed junior-transfer cum-barrel!

O'Donnell: Now to be fair here John, Ayoob did...

Editor's Note: The interview was stopped here after Mr. Buerkle tackled Mr. O'Donnell and, in the course of an apoplectic fit, collapsed in a heap on the ground. He was rushed to a nearby hospital, where, after making one last request that Cal Quarterback Joe Ayoob visit him on his deathbed, he then for hate's sake spit his last breath at Ayoob, and, after he focused the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down upon the Great White Failure, he then, as if his chest had been a mortar, burst his hot heart's shell upon Ayoob.

Luckily, Ayoob escaped injury when he fumbled the heart and then dove out of bounds 40 yards inside of the Bear's own territory. Fuck Ayoob.

Viewership Soars as Major League Baseball Reveals Bold Plan

by Daniel Brady & John O'Connor & Simon Ganz, Tri-force

Reeling from record-low World Series ratings, baseball commissioner Bud Selig yesterday unveiled a new marketing strategy to revitalize interest in the sport. Baseball will be disbanded.

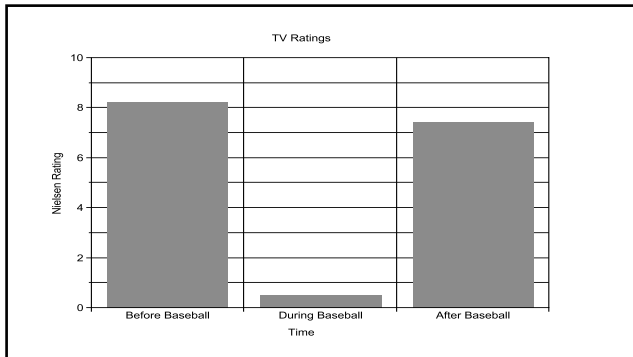
Speaking at a news conference, Selig explained, "In lieu of playing a full season, no games will be played." The plan was formulated after baseball executives noticed during the World Series that ratings significantly improved both *before* and *after* the games were aired. "We really think this will increase viewership," Selig remarked, before suddenly fading from relevance.

Effective immediately, all players have been released from

their contracts. It is assumed that they will wander aimlessly around suburban neighborhoods clutching baseball bats and asking passers-by if they need anything hit, caught, or injected with steroids.

Recent television ratings have proved the program an immediate success, as millions of viewers have tuned in to watch the empty eight-hour slots in which baseball used to air. Remarked former fan, Ben Salmour, "Wow, this is way better."

Yet not everyone approved of the initiative. When asked for comment, the Phillie Phanatic looked down at the ground mournfully and cried big fluffy green tears.



Sports Scores:

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Football Team: 104 chicks • Basketball Team: 31 chicks • Hockey Team: 15 chicks • Rugby Team: 1 guy 	<p>Fencing Club California: Spilt the blood of 32 armed men in combat and took 13 concubines in glorious victory</p> <hr/> <p>Men's Volleyball California: 34 Arizona: WHO CARES, IT'S VOLLEYBALL</p>
--	---

Justice League Cybersex

UndrTheSea : Hot4Tuna69 - Instant Message

Hot4Tuna69: hi ;)
UndrTheSea: Hi! a/s/l?
Hot4Tuna69: 18/f/metropolis ;) u?
UndrTheSea: Um, kind of complicated, but I'm a young guy in Metropolis too! Have a pic?
Hot4Tuna69: sure here u go :)
UndrTheSea: Holy moly! You're a knockout!
Hot4Tuna69: oh thanks ;) but i am all by myself tonight. :(
UndrTheSea: Really? So am I! Which is, uh, really rare for me. Wayyyy rare.
Hot4Tuna69: o no! well maybe u could come over
UndrTheSea: Seriously?? I mean, yeah, I could do that. Chicks ask me to all the time.
Hot4Tuna69: u could come over and make me a woman, how does that sound
UndrTheSea: Oh wow! Yeah! I'll be right there!
Hot4Tuna69: make me a hot mermaid woman
UndrTheSea: ...mermaid?
Hot4Tuna69: my fin is so hot 4 u
UndrTheSea: ...
Hot4Tuna69: i am covering myself in tartar sauce
UndrTheSea: ...This is Superman, isn't it?
Hot4Tuna69: HAHAAAAHA! OWNED!!! KRYPTON RULZ!!!
* **Hot4Tuna69** has signed off.

CapdCrusdr : GothamUGrrl - Instant Message

CapdCrusdr: hey there
GothamUGrrl: o hi :)
CapdCrusdr: you go to the university huh
GothamUGrrl: yeah! i love it here, but i wish i was meeting more guys :(
CapdCrusdr: maybe sometime you and i could "meet" maybe in my cave. er, bedroom
GothamUGrrl: oooh rly? what would we do? :D
CapdCrusdr: i'd start off by massaging your feet
GothamUGrrl: that's hot, i luv that, what else
CapdCrusdr: then i'd slowly peel off your pretty green tights
GothamUGrrl: my what
CapdCrusdr: and stroke your long boyish legs with my fingertips
GothamUGrrl: wait go back a second
CapdCrusdr: i'd take off your utility belt, slowly, and try it on for you
GothamUGrrl: i don't have a utility belt
CapdCrusdr: then i'd tear off your red shirt and lick all over your hairless chest
GothamUGrrl: ok this is more like it, sort of
CapdCrusdr: and then i'd flip you onto your stomach and spank your firm ass with your own utility belt
GothamUGrrl: ooh kinky!
CapdCrusdr: and shout "you've been a BAD sidekick, haven't you?"
GothamUGrrl: um
CapdCrusdr: take off my cowl, i want you to look into my eyes when i batspunch on your handsome features
GothamUGrrl: god why is everyone in this town such a fucking weirdo
CapdCrusdr: nnnnngh oh fuck i'm cumming I AM THE NIGHT
* **GothamUGrrl** has signed off.



AIM Logs Transcribed by
John O'Connor
Illustrated by Alex Klein

MetroChik4675 : FastrThanLight212 - Instant Message

FastrThanLight212 (7:07:32 PM): hey sexy
MetroChik4675 (7:07:47 PM): hi :)
FastrThanLight212 (7:07:48 PM): looking for some cyber?
MetroChik4675 (7:08:03 PM): ooooh ok :D but i should tell you something first
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:04 PM): shhhh tell me later
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:05 PM): i'm slowly taking off your blouse
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:06 PM): mmm yeah nice tits
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:07 PM): yeah you want this cock don't you
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:08 PM): ohhhfuckkk cummmmming
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:09 PM): shit want some more huh, you're a dirty girl
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:10 PM): yeah you like that don't you, you slut
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:11 PM): OHHHhfuck lksdf,lsj
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:12 PM): god damn that was nice, i came so hard
MetroChik4675 (7:08:13 PM): wait
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:14 PM): no time for that i'm hard again you want this dick
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:15 PM): mmmm yeah so tight
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:16 PM): fuckfuckfuckfckhgc cummmmmmming
FastrThanLight212 (7:08:17 PM): shit, so good, ok baby i'll see you l8r
* **FastrThanLight212 has signed off.**
MetroChik4675 (7:08:25 PM): i'm a guy



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By Matt Loker and Danny Marshall

The Morning Show, with hosts Johnny Five and the Crazy Horse

Host: Hey, welcome to the morning show. Time right now is 6:32 pm.

Crazy Horse: They call me the Crazy Horse because I'm crazy about... wait, what?

Host: [sleeping]



Afternoon All Music Block

Host: And that was Velvet Underground's "I'm Waiting for the Man," played four times in a row. Next up, I'm going to lay on the floor for twenty minutes while the record player just keeps spinning in silence.



Drive Time Traffic Report

Host: It's 11:45 pm and the streets are literally jam-packed with people driving to go get more H. What's the traffic like Tina?

Tina the Traffic Slut: There's a four-car wait at the Tenth and B alley, and expect a fifteen minute delay when buying at Gus's apartment. Expect some vomit in front of his refrigerator. [Pause] I had a black baby last week.

Host: Four in one month isn't bad, Tina.



Question And Answer Hour

Host: You're listening to KJNK 104.2. It's time to field some of your questions. Let's go to Tom in his Dad's broken down warehouse near the train tracks. Tom.

Tom: Yeah, great show by the way, I've been trying to stab myself in the heart for the last couple of minutes but keep missing. Any suggestions?

Host: Yeah, the best way to do this mark your chest with a black X, stand in front of a mirror, and take dead aim.

Tom: Thanks I'll try tha...oooooh.

Host: I think he got it. Let's go to Gary in 'I don't know where the fuck I am'. Gary.

Gary: Ah, yeah, I was wondering where the fuck I am right now.

Host: Are you by a road?

Gary: Road?

Host: Go to the nearest corner, flag an old person to the side of the road, jump them, steal their car and do more heroin inside it.



How I Met My Identical Twin Brother

By Daniel Brady

Most people think that finding a long lost twin would be really cool. But then again most people are complete fucking idiots. Case in point, Mormons.

At My Doorstep

Me: [*opens door*] Oh my God! You...you look just like me! I can't believe it!

Him: I'm your long lost twin!

Me: [*in awe*] Wow...we have the exact same hair and eyes! Quick, what's your favorite movie?

Him: City of God.

Me: Mine too!

Him: Wow! Amazing! And your high school GPA?

Me: 3.88.

Him: [*nodding emphatically*] Mine also!

Me: I can't believe this! We are exactly ali—

Him: And I have a fourteen inch cock!

Me: ...



Playing Rock, Paper, Scissors

Him: [*waving hand*] Okay, on the count of three. One, two, three.

Me: Rock! **Him:** Rock!

Together: Damn it!

Me: Okay, okay, the current score is 0-0-2,567. Next one wins. One, two, three!

Together: Rock!

Him: How about this...let's be able to choose any object in the world. Any object. We'll decide who wins afterward. Deal?

Me: Deal. One...two...three.

Him: Roc- **Me:** Rock! Fuck!

At a Job Interview

Me: So you see, I have a lot of filing experience.

Interviewer: And what makes you think that I would suddenly give you the job if you came back later in the day with a different name?

Me: What? Oh...but that's my identical twin you see, he must have circled the same job opening as me.

Interviewer: Then why are you wearing a fake mustache?

Meeting My Girlfriend

Me: [*walks into room*] Oh my God! You're not fucking me, that's my twin brother!

My Girlfriend: uhh [*groaning*]...yeah [*groaning*]...I know [*groaning*]...

Me: [*sobbing*] some anniversary this is.

We Finally Get A Job Together...on Days of Our Lives

Father: I fear I may not be here for much longer...

Me: Oh dad, you can't leave me now!

Father: It's okay Eric; you'll inherit all of my wealth soon.

[*Cue in organ music, man with eye patch enters*]

Him: We'll see about that...father.

Me: My evil twin brother and arch-nemesis, Brian! But I thought you died in an off-screen car crash!

Him: Ohh but I did. I did. Muwahahaha!

[*More organ music*]

Him: ...Muwahahaha!

Top Fifteen Signs Your Wife is Cheating on You with a Horse

15. Her panties are often inexplicably filled with oats

14. Keeps making up new positions like "bare back"

13. Always comes home with hay in her hair...and horse semen

12. Has taken to yelling, "Of course, of course!" at her moment of climax.

11. She no longer freaks out when you take a crap right in the middle of the floor

10. For Halloween went as the front end of a horse, but the back end of the horse had a head and was fucking her

9. Complains you aren't capable of meeting her emotional needs or dragging a plow

8. The very first time you can't get it up, she tries to get a veterinarian to come out and shoot you in the head

7. Don't remember being able to fit your entire foot in her vagina

6. Gets confused in the morning and tries to nail your shoes to your feet

5. Everytime you answer the phone, you hear 4 minutes of a horse trying to hang up a phone with its teeth

4. Find the words "Mrs. Ed" written lovingly all over her day-planner

3. Douches with molasses, apples, and salt

2. Hideous centaur children

1. You married a slutty horse

Top Ten Civil War Nouns as Made Vaguely Inappropriate by a 10-year-old

10. Tittiesburg

9. Stoneballs Jackson

8. Ulysses Grant...with a boner

7. Jefferson Gay-vis

6. Robert E. Pee

5. Analtham Lincoln

4. Carpet Baggery...heheheheheheheheh

3. Assomatix

2. Sperman's March

1. Eman-on-mancipation Proclamation

CHILDHOOD FANTASIES COME TRUE

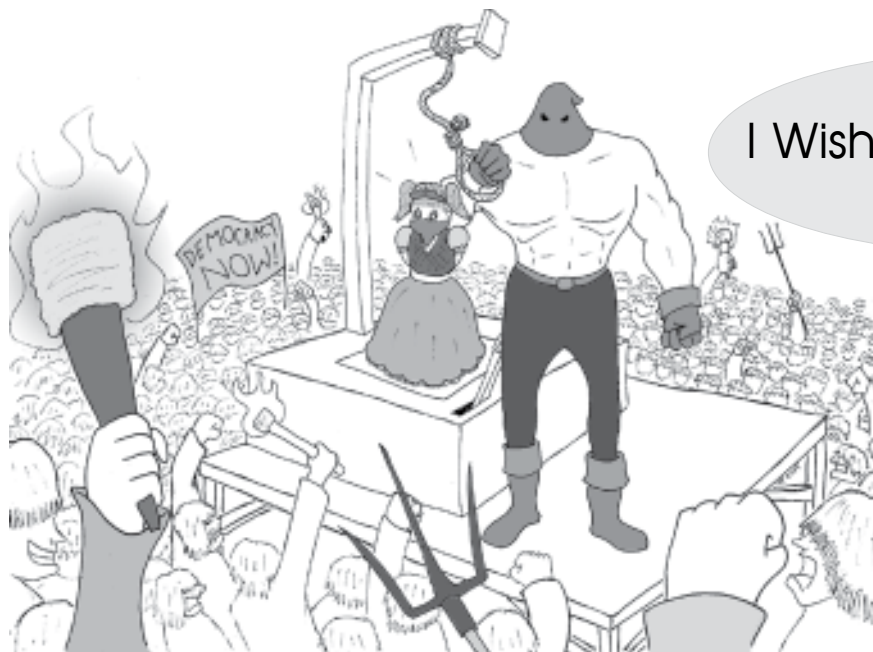
I Wish I was Invisible



I Wish I had a Bajillion Gazillion Dollars



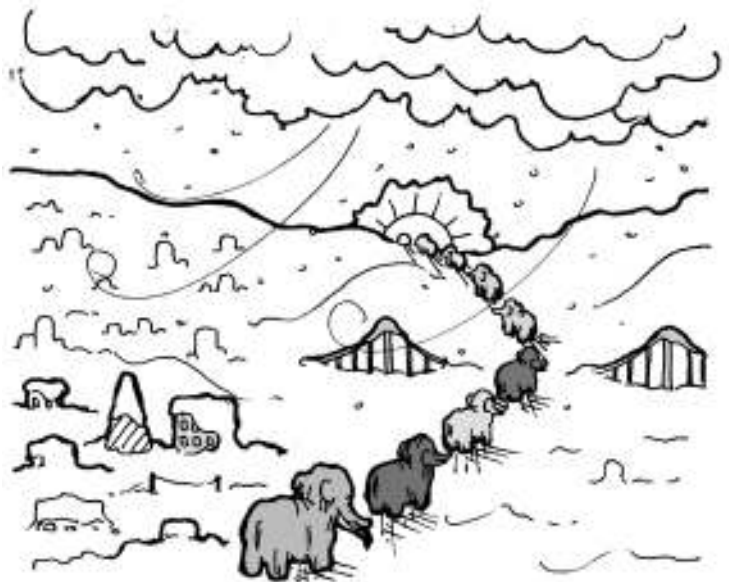
I Wish I was a Princess



I Wish Every Day was
a Snow Day



30 years of snow later...



I Wish I had a
Rocket Pony



Seriously though, There is no possible
way this could fail to be awesome.

Being a Rich Student Isn't all that Easy

by Danny Marshall

College students are poor...unless you're me, then you're really fucking rich. As a student, I too have to deal with problems, but I cope with them in a different, much wealthier way.

Purchasing Textbooks

You: I stayed up all last night searching on-line for the cheapest Economics textbooks. I finally found the international edition for \$45.

Me: I stayed up all night searching for the most expensive Economics textbook and finally purchased the Instructors Editions for \$1,876 a month. In this edition, one of the authors teaches me the material while the other two blow me. Learning is so much more interesting when smart people are blowing me.

Dealing with the Stresses of School

You: I can't believe I got a 'C' on my midterm. I'll never get into law school. I'm going to get a handle of Southern Comfort and drink it 'til I puke.

Me: Another 'D'!! Shit, if I don't pass this class I still get to inherit my father's Fortune 500 Company and become a multi-billionaire. What should I do? Just kidding, pass me that Southern Comfort so I can break it and purchase us some Crown Royal: Special Reserve. Us means me.

Dating

You: Once we finish our dollar noodles from the 'Ghetto Food Court', we can go back to my place and watch *The Big Lebowski*, if I can get my laser disc-player to work that is. Oh God, I need to diarrhea poop.

Me: Once we finish our five-course Chez Panisse meal we

can go back to my place and have sex on my bed made entirely out of original Van Gogh and Picasso paintings. Hopefully the construction workers have finished putting the extra wing on my bed. If not, we'll have to settle for making love on my collection of cast-members from *The Big Lebowski*. I hope Steve Buscemi ran away again. He gets kind of ugly when I bring anything home.

Financial Hardships

You: I only have ten bucks for the rest of the week.

Me: I'm out of toilet paper. I'll have to get another roll of hundreds tomorrow.

Negotiating Around Life-Altering Circumstances

You: I can't believe I got my girlfriend pregnant. I guess I'll have to take on a third job to help support the new baby.

Me: Rich people don't get girls pregnant; they get girls abortions.



BIG GAME WEEK 2005 Burn 'em up Bears!

Monday: Nov. 14
Cable Car Rally -
Noon @ Union Square

Tuesday: Nov. 15
Night Rally -
9pm @ Bowles
Blue & Gold Day!

Wednesday: Nov. 16
Laugh Your Axe Off - 8pm
Location TBA

Thursday: Nov 17
Tree Chopping Rally-
Noon on Sproul
Blue & Gold Day!

Friday: Nov 18
BONFIRE RALLY!!
7pm @ Greek Theatre
(Doors open @ 6pm)

Tuesday-Thursday on Sproul (11am-2pm):
Get out the Red & Feed the Bear T-Shirt Exchange

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Which Is More Useful: A Female vs. a 16th-Century Map

By Matt Loker

We've all heard the old Bible verse: "Women are about as useful as a sixteenth-century map." Let's use science to figure out which one is better.

Map: When used with a sextet, could roughly predict direction for ships to sail during oceanic voyages (assuming polestar is visible)

Female: Uses sextet to plot days of inexplicable crying

Winner: MAP

Map: When rolled up, can be used for passable intercourse

Female: Intercourse is for transmuting fun into angry babies

Winner: MAP

Map: Early cartographic methods underestimated size of temperate latitude land masses

Female: Always gaining more weight, even when they think we don't realize it. We do.

Winner: MAP

Map: Will give you directions to where you're going

Female: Cries when she catches you trying to have sex with Map

Winner: MAP

Map: Were carefully preserved and never folded due to cost of creation

Female: Improperly folds my shirts

Winner: MAP

Map: Can be rolled up and placed into a tube

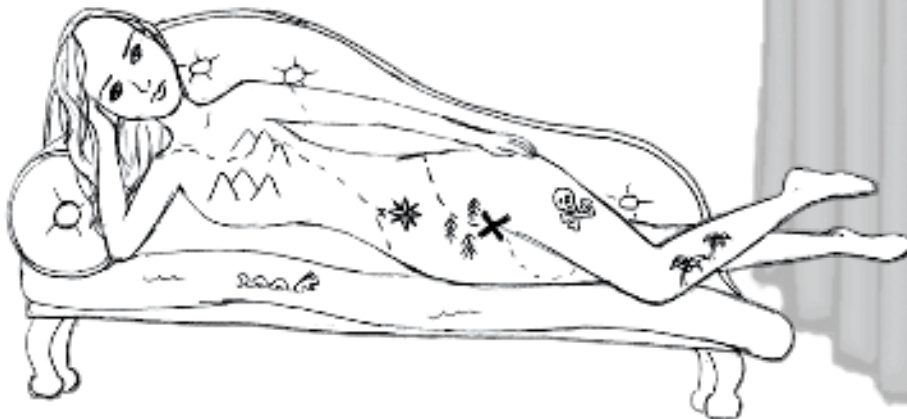
Female: Can be placed in a tube, messily

Winner: MAP

Map: Can't cook or clean

Female: Can't cook or clean either, but still more emotionally available than Map. Someday, Map. Someday.

Winner: TIE



Top Twenty Top Ten Lists Containing the Entry "Laser Penis"

20. Top Ten Signs Your Lasik Surgery has Gone Horribly Wrong

19. Top Ten Ways to the Annoy Host at the Adult Video Awards

18. Top Ten Best or Worst Sexually Transmitted Diseases

17. Top Ten Words to Follow the Phrase "Go-Go Gadget"

16. Top Ten Signs Your Dog is Really Optimus Prime

15. Top Ten Reasons You're Carrying a Lot of Batteries

14. Top Ten Items to Help You Point Down and to the Left a Lot

13. Top Ten Ways to Burn Your Hands During Masturbation

12. Top Ten Causes for Cervical Cancer

11. Top Ten Cures for Cervical Cancer

10. Top Ten Secret Frat Party Passwords

9. Top Ten Legitimate Reasons for Abstinence

8. Top Ten Reasons it Sucks to be Jean Grey

7. Top Ten Ways to Make Sure You Don't Miss

6. Top Ten Ways to Accessorize Your Laser Balls

5. Top Ten Tragic Results of Humping Your Laser Printer

4. Top Ten Worst Toothbrush Ideas

3. Top Ten Things You Would Use for a Hook if You Lost Your Hand

2. Top Ten Best Things to Put on a Snowman

1. Top Ten Reasons to Buy a Laser-Proof Condom

Top Top Signs Your Head is Going to Explode

10. Neck timer nearing zero

9. Forgot to chew gum while plane was taking off

8. Author of all those scanner movies and it's irony day

7. Fuck Ayoob

6. Fuck Ayoob

5. Fuck Ayoob

4. Fuck Ayoob

3. Fuck Ayoob

2. Mr. Potato Head, in microwave

1. Fuck Ayoob



IS YOUR APARTMENT SAFE AND HABITABLE?

Under California Law, renters are entitled to:

- A roof, windows, and walls that don't leak
- Plumbing and gas facilities that work well
- Hot and cold running water
- Adequate heating
- A functional sewer system
- Maintained building grounds and clean common areas, including adequate garbage receptacles
- Floors, stairways and railings in good repair
- Operable smoke detectors in every bedroom and operable fire extinguishers on every floor of apartment buildings and rooming houses
- Deadbolts on external doors and at least 2 exits in each unit.
- Easy access to exits and entrances
- A residential Manager if the building has 16 or more units.



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

- Make a written request to your landlord for repairs
- If necessary, call for a housing inspection: (510) 981-5444
- If necessary, file a petition at the Rent Board for a possible rent reduction

Contact the Berkeley Rent Stabilization Board

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

2125 Milvia St, Berkeley, 94704

EMAIL: rent@ci.berkeley.ca.us

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

TEL: (510) 644-6128

TDD: (510) 981-6903

FAX: (510) 644-7723



FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF

Ben Hoffman, Child Anthropologist

Observations. Day 10, Friday
From my outpost in the treehouse above Sandbox 4

The Swing Incident

Timmy claimed that he had counted to thirty, but Bobby knew otherwise. Timmy hadn't separated his numbers according to the schoolyard's established precedent. So it was that Timmy yelled "my turn!" while Bobby was only at ten bananas, and Bobby was sure as hell not ready to give up the swing with twenty bananas to go. "No!" yelled Bobby, "it's still my turn." Timmy, thinking quickly on his toes rebutted with "pig fucker!" sending the playground into silence.

There was some history between the boys. The two were close friends until an unfortunate accident during a game of TV tag left Timmy's younger sister drowned in a pool of her own blood and legos. Bobby thought they were even after Timmy accepted his generous "two Kudos bars and a Lunchable for baggie of celery" deal, but Timmy wasn't satisfied.

Now, with Bobby refusing to give up the swing, Timmy saw his opportunity for revenge and leveled the worst insult he could think of on the spot, "pig fucker." This in itself would not have been that offensive, however only a week earlier Bobby had indeed fucked a pig.

Bobby, with his reputation hanging in the air above a gathering crowd, was in need of a comeback. Down, and not willing to take any risks, Bobby resorted to the tried and true "Sticks and stones can break my bones, but words can never hurt me."

Bobby was confident; never before had this defense been cracked. He remembered many times when he claimed to be rubber and his attacker glue, but that inevitably ended up with him being unable to receive the wealth of compliments bestowed upon him by the attacker's quick change of heart.

He also knew that the formerly classic "I know you are, but what am I" response hadn't worked since two years earlier when Jamie Vesterbule and Craig Saunders became deadlocked in loops of this technique for 85 hours straight before both finally succumbed to dehydration. Plus, Bobby really had fucked a pig.

"Words can never hurt me" seemed like the safest way to go... but Timmy had anticipated such a response. Without a second's hesitation Timmy threw a dictionary squarely into Bobby's face, sending the unsuspecting boy sprawling off of the swing-set and into a growing puddle of sand, blood and tears.

A hero was born.

Observations. Day 11, Saturday

Still can't get out of this treehouse.

Top Fifteen Slightly Less Dangerous Things

15. An AK-46
- 14 A.I.D.
13. Ketchup gas
12. Appendix cancer
11. Regional warming
10. Drinking a gallon of milk in a day
9. Bungie walking
8. Black guy in a cage
7. The Heck's Angels
6. NRA: National Ruffle Association
5. Single Sclerosis
4. Prison consensual sex
3. Syphil-them
2. Lite-brite saber
1. Throwing a really hard penny off the top of a model of the Empire State Building

Top Ten Signs Your Tech Support is a Dominatrix

10. Calls ctrl-alt-del the safety word
9. Asks you to call her Mistress Susan because Mistress Siddhangana is too hard to pronounce
8. Claims computer lacks discipline
7. Isn't Indian
6. Asks you if the printer is plugged in then shits on your chest
5. The way she pronounces *hard* drive
4. Tells you to bend over and gives you RAM
3. A lot of instructions involve pouring hot wax on yourself
2. You ask to speak to her supervisor and she digs her heel into your scrotum
1. Hard to give service number while wearing ball gag

Top Five Reasons to Furiously Beat Off

5. Because you sure as hell don't want to eat that cookie
4. You're fourteen years old and x, where x is anything
3. TrimSpa commercial only 30 seconds long
2. Want to time it so you cum right when Emeril says Bam!
1. Laser Penis

The Many Lives of That Douche

By John Jackson Waste

Everyone who's taken a humanities class knows That Douche. He's the budding Rousseau in the front row who raises his hand in lecture to spout delightfully insipid pseudo-intellectual drivel. He's so vociferous with his impromptu philosophizing that we all recognize him in class, but what does That Douche do with the REST of his life??

That Douche at a Sorority Invitational



Douche: Excuse me, but the way you're shaking your posterior to Lil' Jon is reminiscent of the disjointed, yet beautifully free-flowing style of James Joyce's prose.

Girl: What!?!

Douche: I mean only to suggest that, like Locke's *Treatise on the Rights of Man*, your ass could stand unmarred by centuries of criticism.

Girl: You're a loser.

Douche: I have cocaine...
[they leave together]

On the Set of a Porno Film



Director: So what do you say?

Douche: Well, this reinforces many traditional gender roles, and it must also be noted that Mr. Hungwell's portrayal of the cable repairman was sub-convincing at best. It's reminiscent of Hegel's theory of the super man to suggest, even symbolically, as you did, that it is the protagonist's right and obligation to blow his load on the faces of all other actors.

Director: *[Handing Douche a role of paper towels]* Listen asshole, I didn't hire you for your sociology degree. Go de-jizz Le-shonda.

At the Doctor



Douche: Doc, I have a dull pain in my knee that lingers subtly, yet undeniably, after any physical activity, not unlike the way Martin Van Buren's economic

policy lingered in its ramifications long after the 1840s.

Doctor: I'll prescribe you some Vicodin.

Douche: But will this solve the problem? I mean, there are systemic issues here that won't be solved; drastic overhaul is necessary in a broader sense.

Doctor: Dude, I'm not a real doctor, and the script says you should be sucking my dick by now.



At Macy's

Douche: Excuse me, sir, I'm looking for something in a stupid hat.



During a Bank Robbery

Robber: This is a robbery! Everyone put your fucking hands up or I'll blow your fucking heads off! Now! NOW!

TD: Excuse me, my hand is already up. In fact it's been up for quite some time.

Robber: Wait, what?

TD: *[cough]* Ehem
[That Douche shakes his upraised hand]

Robber: Yes?

TD: It's clear from the black and red coloring of your mask that you represent the fall of the Latino as America's minority of choice, heralding in a new psycho-imperialist adoption of the continental Asian as the idealized working minority in the eyes of bourgeoisie neo-fascist America. Furthermore—

[Robber shoots That Douche 7 times in the face. He still manages to show up to every linguistics class for the next week.]



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Silver Lining Those Clouds of Death

Your mother's dead. Sorry, I didn't mean to just blurt it out like that. Regardless, here are some tips for giving bad news so that next time her death won't be such a buzz-kill.



Tip #1:

Make it into a game.

Father: I hope you been having a good birthday son, I know you always wanted to be an actor, so I have a great surprise for you.

Timmy: Really? What is it?

Father: Our whole family is going to be in a film!

Timmy: We are!! Oh boy!

Father: The plot is as follows: your mother and I are going to get a divorce because you are a selfish little brat that has ruined our love life. The movie should take about twenty years to film or until you kill yourself, whichever ever comes first. It starts...now!

Timmy: [*wide-eyed*] Bu-but I don't see any cameras.

Father: ACTION!



Tip #2:

Talk about a related topic.

Fred: So I get to meet Magic Johnson after the game right?

Father: Oh yeah, for sure. I called Magic last night. It's all worked out.

Fred: Yippy!! I'm going to shake his hand and get his autograph and...

Father: Your mother and I have AIDS.



Tip #3:

Deliver the news when they feel sorry for you.

Jimmy: Dad...this bone marrow transplant procedure... I'm really nervous. You know I heard that it is kind of dangerous.

Father: You know son, you don't have to do the transplant procedure for me anymore.

Jimmy: I don't! [*face brightens*] You mean they found another donor?

Father: No son, you're adopted.



Tip #4:

Tell them they won something.

Dr. Stern: Congratulations Sarah, you have won 120,000 dollars to be paid over a period of four years.

Sarah: What?? Who is this? 120,000 dollars! How did I get that?

Dr. Stern: By not getting into Harvard Medical School.

Sarah: But wait, that means--
[*Dr. Stern hangs up*]



Tip #5:

Give them hints of the bad news in the form of presents.

Father: Happy Birthday Lisa! Eight years old...wow! Come on and open your presents.

Lisa: Yippy!! [*Tears open first present*] Cool! It's a ball of superman's hair!

Father: No Lisa, that's a wig. Open this one.

Lisa: [*tears open next present*] Wow, cool! A bunch of dishes filled with paint. I'm going to draw a dino-doggy!

Father: Actually, that's some of your father's platelets. You might want to put that somewhere cold.

Lisa: Oh...well, I'm going to open this one. [*Tears open last present*] A t-shirt! What does it say?

Father: Well...it says, "Leukemia: it will really grow on you."

Lisa: What does that mean?

Father: It means you better grab a jacket because we're going to go see Dr. Bernstein. He's going to be injecting you with more birthday presents.

By Daniel Brady and Danny Marshall



LAST WORDS OF OLD PEOPLE

Did I ever tell you my long pointless stories about living in 1933? What's in that needle? So sleepy...

In these last moments, I can't tell you how happy it makes me to be surrounded by my family. Except for Linda. Linda's adopted.

Son, life isn't easy. But it's a lot easier when you're wearing women's underwear.

I met your mother in Europe during the war. It was a difficult time when the future was uncertain. We were young and wild and the world was our oyster. I hope this explains why I hit her so much.

I climbed Mount Everest. I ran the Boston Marathon under four hours. I was the CEO of a socially responsible Fortune 500 company. But you know what? I would give it all up for just one more taste of that sweet, sweet penguin pussy. Wait, why are you leaving?

Never miss a sunset. Take at least two vacations a year. Always send thank-you notes. I wish I hadn't raped all of those kids..

Alzheimer's disease isn't just a disease, it's a curse. I just, I, I'm ... I'm just so glad I never told Linda she was adopted.

Oh Jesus please no. If you stop this forklift I swear I'll be a better Christian.



Presents

A Guide to Breast Exams

How Often Should I Perform a Breast Exam?

Ages 1-5: If you can read these words, you may already have breast cancer! *Self-exam every month.*

Ages 5-16: As your nubile young form develops, exploratory play is both fun and death-preventative. *Self-exam once a week.*

Ages 16-17: You're at that weird age where it's, ya know, like, hot—but still wrong. *No Self-Examing till you're legal.*

Ages 18-29: Touch your breasts right now. Touch them or you will get a cyst and die. *Self-Exam daily. Hot-Friend-Exam every fifteen seconds.*

Ages 29-45: These are your peak-risk years. Even so, you can cut back on the self-exams. You really don't need it more than every couple weeks. Trust us.

Ages 45 and up: Yeahhhh, it's just not doing it for me anymore.

Allie Aneola's Tips for Success

- Rub ice on your nipples; it won't help the cancer, but it might help your chances with Dr. Rosenblatt!
- Spice up the doctor's day. Draw nipples on your butt cheeks and see if he notices!
- Take a day to suppress the memories of that time a doctor raped you!
- Take your breasts out for a last meal!
- Eat the heart of a cancer survivor; you'll absorb her strength!



Exam Techniques

Inject breast cancer into a friend and then compare your breasts



Use the Force



Socratic Dialogue



Stop, Drop, and Roll!



Completely Legal Advertisements

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"Hot," "clean," and completely platonic "massages." Our massages are so non-sexual, we don't even use condoms!

1-800-DRK-TWAT



Seeking Lively Actresses

Local studio seeking young female actresses for short film in which they definitely will not be killed. Lack of identifying scars, dental records, or concerned family a plus. Payment to be discussed after shooting filming.

CAMP JAKARTA
All-Season Summer Camp!

Hey parents, want to get your kids out of the house this summer? Send them to camp! Your kids will learn useful skills, like how to say "Stop the whipping, please, I can't work any faster!" in seven languages. Your kids will participate in oodles of fun activities such as sewing, stitching, thimble dexterity, textile production, seam repair, and baseballs stitching



They'll have so much fun, it will be impossible for them to leave!



ORKIN MAN

EXTERMINATION SERVICES

I'll make your problems disappear. Imagine *this cockroach* is an Asian ladyboy with pictures of you fellating her. I will make *this cockroach* disappear. I will not charge extra when I kill *this cockroach's* roommate after it sees me kill *this cockroach*. Your wife will never find out about *this cockroach* and the cops will never find *this cockroach's* body. Leave the money by the wharf in a hollowed-out log.



ORKIN - We kill bugs dead. And witnesses.