

# the **neurristic** **squelch**

Jan 2007

Vol 16 Issue 4

[squelched.com](http://squelched.com)





**In space, no one can hear your condom tear.**



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# Shape Up, USA!

According to most of the studies done on this kind of thing, America is the fattest country in the world. I know for a fact that this isn't true, because I know of some island nation somewhere where, no lie, nine out of ten people are John Goodman. You will have to look that up for me, but I swear it exists. It's called Fat-Ass Island or something. But despite the fact that we are not the single worst country in this particular field, it would probably be a good idea to do something about this, because everyone on that island will probably die of heart disease soon, and then even the Samoans will be mussing up our hair and making oink noises whenever we use the United Nations' showers.



In fact, Scientists postulate and Wikipedia agrees that America's sleeping giant will soon enter into a diabetic coma and will be unable to defeat even the most pissant post-Colonial powers. For instance, Iraq and Fat-Ass Island. With the on-average thinner Chinese already running circles around our soldiers in such important fields as Table Tennis and Mahjong, the future looks bleak indeed.

We, as America's fat citizens, will have to make sacrifices. According to the most recent census, the typical American meal includes a salad with bleu cheese crumbles and fried shrimp, a double cheeseburger stacked with bacon, avocado, onion rings, crab meat, chicken skin, two kinds of salad dressing, and a mayonnaise-based milkshake. We're going to have to skim some items off the menu if we're gonna catch up to Uncle Chen. Now, I've heard from several experts that avocados are inordinately rich with fat. So, off they go! Problem solved.

Here's looking at thinner skies, America! We all ought to look like breastless AIDS sufferers in no time!



Words from the top

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# Masturbation Defeats Sex

By Calvin Deniham, *actually* Mark Thomas

Millions of relationships ended abruptly yesterday as masturbation trumped intercourse as the preferred sexual activity. The development of a slightly warmer lubricant, along with the long-awaited release of the Lindsay Lohan DVDA tape, are believed to have finally shot masturbation over the top.

"We've seen this coming -- heh -- since the early 1990s," Sexologist Raymond Weis said. "There's ever-more sophisticated internet porn and fetish-diversification along with revolutionary new solo techniques like The Overhead Grunter and The Silent Donkey. Meanwhile, intercourse stayed pretty much the same."

Weis also pointed to long-standing advantages to masturbation, such as availability, cost, timing, and the rise of competitive 'shotput' leagues.

The changeover occurred at 11pm last Tuesday, when men

across the country walked out of committed relationships and bars to take their new place in front of computers, inside bathrooms, and in the back row of classrooms.

"I was at Kips," a random guy said, "And I suddenly realized I could just go home and masturbate. I've got a subscription to HornyGrandma.com and a Fleshlight. Why should I sit around buying girls drinks?"

Weis noted that the situation could be temporary. "We've seen some encouraging signs among women. Slutty Halloween costumes, generally low self-esteem, and believing that talking about sex makes them cool; all these things should help. But when you see that the latest women's fashion is an 80s legging revival and sheep rancher boots, you have to wonder about their will to win."



## NY TIMES Reports: Lots of Asians Go to Cal

By Ella Titsgerald, *actually* Ward Connerly

The New York Times sent shockwaves through the news cycle this weekend when they published a feature article breaking the story that Asian kids are good at school. According to the Times, although Asians make up only 5% of the nation's population, they are represented by much higher percentages at the country's elite colleges -- 24% at Stanford, 27% at MIT, and a whopping 41% at UC Berkeley, where the passage of Proposition 209 banned affirmative action and has forced admissions to be decided without regard to race.

"It's totally unfair," said Jonathan Evers, 17, who will be rejected from Berkeley this year. "They get really good grades, spend all their free time volunteering and playing the piano, and their test scores are off the map. What about me? What about the little guy? The little guy with a 1050 SAT who was counting on a soccer scholarship until he tore his ACL trying to pogo-stick across a freeway when he was totally fucking wasted? It's like none of us even have a chance."

Attempts to reach African-American students at Berkeley for comment were unsuccessful, as they had both gone out of town.

## In Other News8

**Bush Promises More Troops,  
Democrats to Iraq**  
Page A5

**Homeless Man Takes Woman  
Out for Candlelit Everything**  
Page D9

**Cover Band Splits Up Over  
Derivative Differences**  
Page E3

**Sophomore Unaware She's  
Engaged in Eye-Fucking  
Gangbang**  
Page D17



## President Ford Remembered for Legacy of Oafery

By David Hollingsworth, a damn

At a funeral service in Washington earlier this month, Gerald Ford, the 38th and indisputably most goofy president of the United States, was honored by several members of his former cabinet with a tribute to the former Commander-in-Chief's exemplary leadership in the face of Ritz Brothersesque adversity. The tribute to Ford, or "Turbo," as his college friends called him, centered on his presidential career, athletic prowess, and Rooseveltian struggle with buffoonery.

Allen Byer, a reporter who covered the Ford administration closely, remarked on Ford's strong character and ability to bring indignity to every decision made. "He'd look at you, and you'd just be in awe. And then he would do something like close the limo door on his pants, only to have them rip off as the limo drove away. He was really something, like Clemenceau and Clouseau put into one, slightly simian package."

Henry Kissinger, part of the Nixon cabinet responsible for Ford's characteristically bumbling pratfall into office, recalled his propensity for slapstick fundamentals even before being named president. "We were working with the Chinese ambassadors at a lunch meeting, on the day after Halloween. Mr. Ford had apparently dressed as a beaver of some variety but gotten the buck teeth of the costume stuck, and after being slightly blinded by staring at his lamp too long, stumbled into our meeting, eyes squinted and faux-teeth garbling his cries for assistance." Kissinger added, with a smile, "Needless to say, that took us weeks to smooth over, and Mr. Ford was sent to his room to think about what he had done. I will go on the record as saying it was worth it, however."

In a statement from his ranch, President Bush asserted that Ford had always been a direct political inspiration, particularly in such crises as PretzelGate and the countless times Bush has dropped his dog in front of a camera. "I was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Ford in 1976. Actually, I can't guarantee that I did, but I'm fairly confident I could tell from the echoed mumbling and dejected slurping sounds from underneath that honey pot stuck on his head that it was him."



In a final, somber tribute, the pallbearers at Ford's funeral tripped ceremoniously while carrying the flag-strewn casket, sending Ford's corpse flying gloriously for several feet until falling sharply and lodging the president's lifeless head in a nearby horse's rectum.

### *Ford's Greatest Presidential Moments*

August 9th, 1974 - Ford falls into tuba at inaugural ball, only saved when very fat man is able to blow him out.

October 5th, 1974 - Attacked by swarm of bees during live address to nation.

January 19th, 1975 - Falls down escalator for several hours.

April 22nd, 1975 - Accidentally marries bear.

April 25th, 1975 - Marriage to bear annulled at request of bear's handlers.

December 7th, 1975 - Puts foot through floor of Oval Office, revealing trove of at-then undiscovered Kennedys.

July 4th, 1976 - In honor of bicentennial hosts fireworks display at White House, misfired bottle rocket hits self on forehead, resulting in crossed eyes for duration of presidency.

January 20th, 1977 - Leaves office same way he came; by not getting elected.

# Drunk Driving: JUST SAY "YO!"

By Matt Loker

It happens every Saturday night all over America, in towns just like yours. Young people gather to have a few drinks, and those drinks turn into a few too many. Then, tragedy strikes: there's no decent food around. In fact, a lack of late night munchies is the nation's number one killer of good vibes. Fortunately, this can all be avoided with a little vigilance and a lot of swerving. Thanks to the miracle of 24-hour drive-thrus and 3 A.M. drunk driving, no longer do college students bum away in starvation. But when someone's too drunk to get behind the wheel and drive to Jack in the Box, remember: just say "yo!" Then, having got your friends' attention, say "shotgun"; that way, you can make sure the driver is adequately distracted by loud, loud music.

"But," you ask, "am I fadrunk, too drunk to driving bluh humfuh?" Just go by this simple acronym to find out every time. After all, why own a car if you're not going to drive it... occasionally into a telephone pole? Just ask yourself if you're SAFE:

**Shitfaced:** Are you?

**Alcohol:** Want some more, for courage?

**Fast:** Wanna go it?

**Emergency brake:** You'll always notice you left it on the whole time when you return from getting food.

Alright, so you've determined you're properly slanted before getting behind the wheel. And your jackoff buddies in the backseat are baying at the night and whipping bottles at parked cars. Everything's set to go. Right?

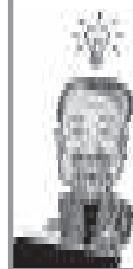
No, left! Always take only left turns and you'll end up wherever you want to go. That's a little tip from celebrity intoxicated driving enthusiast Billy Joel! What other tips do you have for us, Mister Joel?

Hi kids!  
I'm Billy Joel. You might remember me for such songs as "Piano Man" and "Allentown," and such car accidents as Long Island Tree and A House. Those were pretty good times, but I'll tell you what isn't good times: signaling when driving drunk. Remember never to signal any lane changes (it shows other drivers you are weak) and under no circumstances should you obey stop signs (they take away your power).



Thanks Billy! Now, here's something else to think about: destination. Pick a place that everyone can agree on; in the case of drunk people, everyone can agree on "food." Good ideas for late-night eats include Mexican food (carbs) and burgers (meaty goodness). Bad things to eat include gyros (gross) and whatever a hobo is sleeping on (it's probably a gyro). Also, be sure to have a good idea of where your chosen restaurant is actually located, because if you're relying on secondhand directions dictated and written while drunk, you'll be headed towards Ten Hundred and Six Road Street, Drawing of a Penis.

Now, after you've made it to the restaurant and loaded up on choice food, remember not to let your buzz down. On the way back, get that adrenaline going again by taking some time for the Trick Round. Now's the time to pull your best donut, bootlegger turn, or Tokyo powerslide for the amusement of your drunken friends. Who, of course, are too busy eating to notice the sweet, sweet danger all around.



**BILLY JOEL'S TIP:** One of my favorite moves is the Moonshiner's Turn, where you start parked, throw the bitch into reverse and spin the wheel for a perfect 180. Pull that off and you'll be saying, "We DID start the fire!" After plowing into an electrical transformer backwards.

But couldn't you just stay in and order pizza? And, in doing so, avoid possible damage to property, incarceration, and death? The answer is NO! And I'll let Billy Joel explain why:

**BILLY JOEL'S TIP:** Huh? Where in the fuck am I? What did I just... why is my car in a building? So much smoke... Is this an orphanage? I hear crying. I'm just... just going to sleep this off for a spell. Could someone call my lawyer?



# The Future of Video Game Series

By Owen Javellana

## The Sims 3: Barely Makin' Ends Meet!

Players will delight as their Sims put the "rock" back in rock bottom! Get fired from the slaughterhouse, perform comically censored but highly suggestive sexual favors for strangers, and earn enough to pay off your debt to the Rent-A-Center and feed your hilarious peyote addiction!

## Super Mario No Holds Barred Cage Fighting

Who says that even the most violent sports can't be dumbed down to appeal to a speculated juvenile audience? Collect enough Magical Yoshi Star Coins to pummel your adversary to the point of Super Brain Damage! Time your Golden Mushroom Meter just right, and snap both of your opponent's ankles simultaneously!

## Kingdom Hearts 5

Disney and Square Enix will be scraping the bottom of the barrel as character options begin to run thin. Travel through worlds based on forgettable Disney films such as the lackluster 2000 flop, "Dinosaur," and team up with allies such as Chicken Little's dad, one of the Aristocats, and the fat friend from Goof Troop.

## Everquest III: The Ivory Crystals of Desperation

In a bold marketing attempt to outdo the wildly addictive World of Warcraft, developers at Sony-Online have skipped the process of developing an actual sequel and opted instead to fill game packages to the brim with crack cocaine.

## Tony Hawk's Project 88

Master wicked tricks and hip-breaking ollies as you struggle to escape Oakwood Retirement Community. But watch out. The world outside is full of steep curbs, revolving doors, and young punks on hover boards.

## Pac Man Beginnings

From the creators of Max Payne comes a noir-inspired descent into the tortured soul of America's most enduring yellow circular thing. When his wife and child are brutally murdered by a gang of dot addicts, Pac vows to go deep undercover to destroy them. After becoming hopelessly addicted to the very dots which fueled his enemies, Pac kills all of them in a violent bloodbath. Unsatisfied, he hunts down the ghosts of the killers again and again, tragically changing him from pac boy...to pac man.



## Top Ten New Names to Make the Missionary Position Sound Dirtier

10. Internal Cumshot
9. Reverse Reverse Upside Down Cowgirl Posititon
8. Single Penetration
7. Unspread Eagle
6. Hands-Free Fisting
5. Salt Lake City Steamer
4. 66ing
3. Banal Sex
2. Pumping Ten Hot Loads of Salty Sperm-Rich Cock Milk Up Her Quivering Hairy Durf...in a Church
1. Cunt Job

## Top Ten Magazines Featuring Ham

10. Guns and Hammo
9. Better Hams and Gardens
8. Readers Digest Ham
7. GI-ham-our
6. Time...FOR SOME HAM!
5. The New Porker
4. Consumer Reports
3. Porkatectural Digest
2. McSwinie's
1. Whatever Oprah's magazine is called

## Top Ten Worst Places to Have Lost Your Virginity

10. Pretty much any basement
9. In theory
8. A coal baron's Zeppelin
7. In a prison that's a metaphor for your loneliness
6. In a prison that's a metaphor for a larger prison
5. Azeroth
4. Anywhere near Flavor Flav's giant clock necklace
3. On the Eiffel tower, to the Eiffel tower
2. In between the couch cushions
1. To Colonel Mustard in the Ball-room with the Candlestick

## Top Five Anti-Semitic Crayola Colors

5. Greydolf Hitler
4. Eva Brown
3. Jew Gold
2. Huge Fucking Nose Purple
1. Ash



# THE DIARY OF THE LAST MAN ON EARTH

January 18, 2008

It's been three weeks now since the sky turned green and the storms began. I thought it was some kind of terrorist attack, or environmental disaster, but I'm at a loss for what really happened. I've been up and down the coast and all throughout the Southwest and there isn't another living person anywhere to be found. I'm positive at this point that I'm the last person on Earth. I really wish this had happened after Lost finished.

February 28, 2008

The gravity of this situation is really sinking in. There's nothing but static on the radios, no television signals, no power, no nothing. Driving around empty streets in this stolen Ferrari really isn't as fun with no one to see me driving it.

May 12, 2008

Things I don't miss: advertisements, Paris Hilton, traffic. Things I miss: my insulin.

July 20, 2008

Today marks the fifth coast to coast drive I've completed. It's really easy with no other cars on the road. Five trips, Seattle to Boston, and I've yet to see another person who didn't later turn out to be a man-shaped tree, a man-shaped rock, or a man-shaped school bus full of corpses.



October 2, 2008

I'm to the point where it's hard to remember what having electricity was like, but I'm not worried. As long as I stay near what used to be civilization, I'll have all the canned food I'll ever need. I found a dog, a yellow labrador, and named him Tobasco. It makes me wonder if there are more dogs around. Tobasco makes things a little less lonely. Plus I've been regularly fucking him.

January 14, 2009

WHY DINT I START GRWING WEED EALRIER

March 2, 2009

One of the other dogs I picked up got a hold of the gasoline and burned down the marijuana crop, so that takes care of those hobbies. I've decided that I'm not going to live the rest of my life as some kind of burned out pothead. I'm going to the library, I'm going to become a scholar. I will absorb the wisdom of all the great authors and become a modern-day Buddha.



March 3, 2009

FUCK BOOKS I LOOOOOVE WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

July 4, 2009

I celebrated this Independence Day by moving into the White House. I sit around in the old president's pajamas, ride my scooter through the hallways, and pick up the red phone in the oval office and say, "Nuke 'em? I hardly even know 'em!" I always have a good laugh about

that. How come I'm so funny now that there's no one around?

November 2, 2009

First Dog Tobasco came in and gave me the good news. I won the election and enter a second term as President. I think my strategy of amending the Constitution to bar dogs from holding public office really thinned the competition.



March 1, 2010

National Security Advisor Muffin was executed today for crimes against the color blurple. I placed the Presidential tabs of LSD behind my eyelids and had the honor guard shoot him out of a Howitzer cannon so that I could see what music his treason made across the green sky.

November 28, 2010

Diary, I don't know about you, but I think Tobasco has gone crazy.



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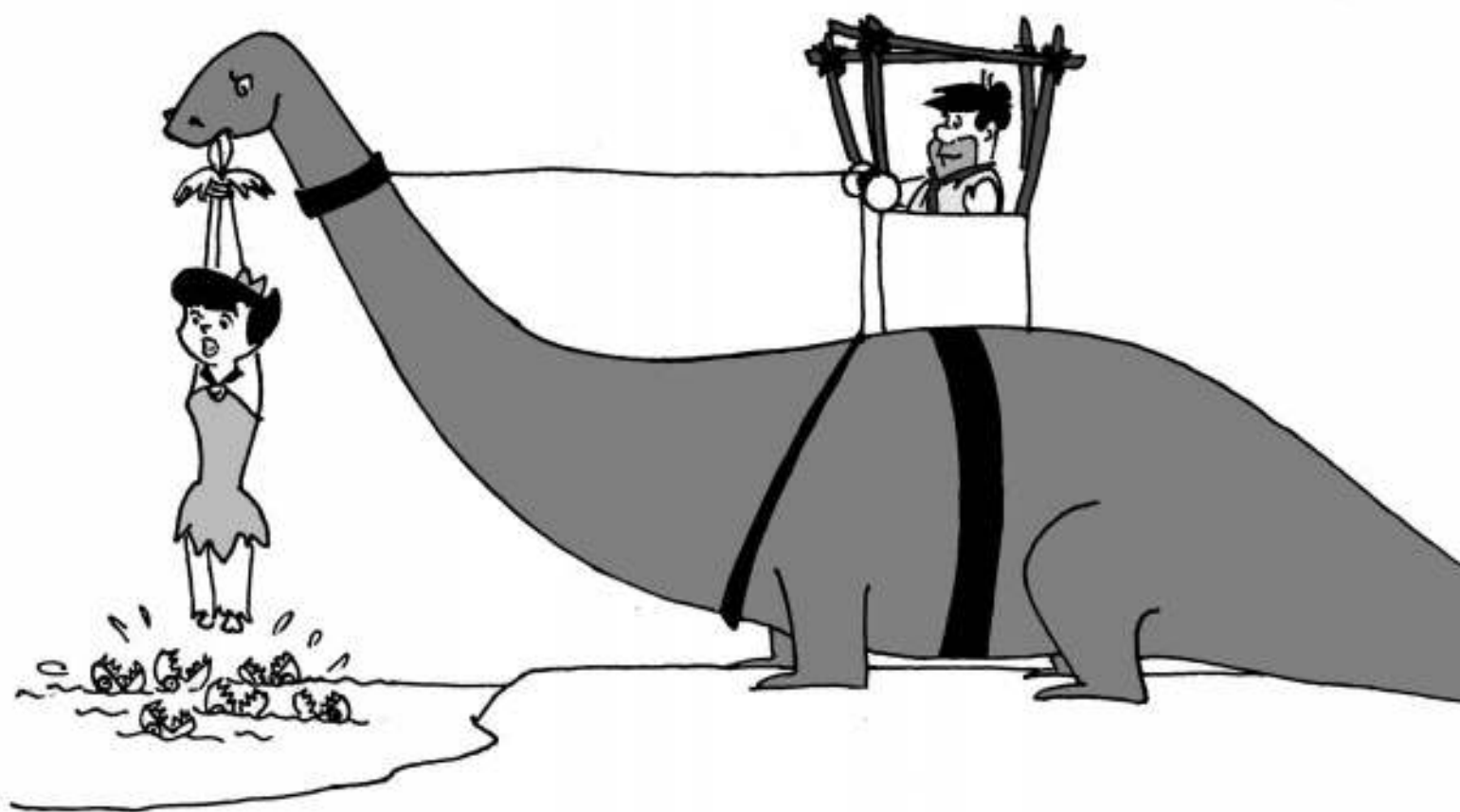
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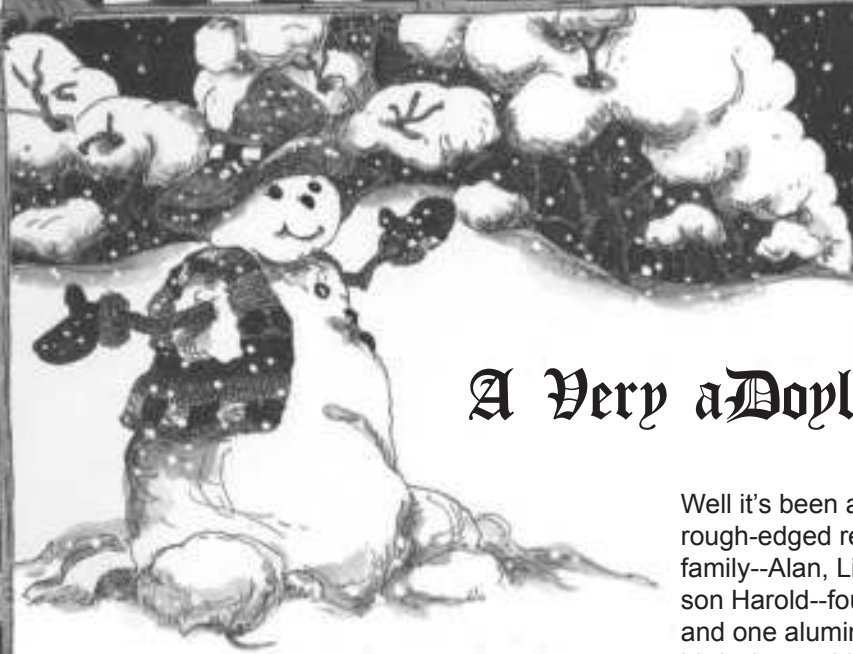
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BETWEEN A BEDROCK AND A HARD PLACE









## A Very aDoyle-able Christmas!

Well it's been an amazing year full of blessings, challenges, and rough-edged rewards. It all started last year when our whole family--Alan, Lindsey, our beloved dog Jonathan, and our beloved son Harold--found ourselves back under one roof, one garage, and one aluminum shed. No empty nest here! This is one momma bird who couldn't be happier.

I'm sorry our annual letter is reaching you so late after Christmas, but we've been knee-deep in excitement ever since the basement flooded. Who knew a septic tank had to be emptied? Not to mention our Mac Performa has been more of a Mac Perform~~no~~!

The year started with a bang with our trip around the world. We saw the Eiffel Tower, the canals of Venice, and the shops of Arabia! Well if you didn't guess, we didn't actually go around the world; we went to "Sin City." I'm sorry for deceiving you. I hope that I don't get in trouble for telling you what happened in Vegas, hahahaha. Or "LOL," as MSNBC says my kids would say!

Speaking of kids, Harold has been getting a chance to hone his computer skills on the likes of monster.com and yahoo jobs. He keeps joking that with all the time he's been spending on the library computer looking for a new job he could probably get a job in computers. I always tell him that would be great since it doesn't look like the candy bar factory is going to be opening back up anytime soon.

Unfortunately, every year has to have its winter, and ours came in the summer: Some of you are aware of the difficulties that Grandpa Jim has been facing over the last year, and I'm sad to report that in August we lost him. One minute he was with us, mumbling cheerfully and incoherently, and the next minute we were in the Food Court and he was nowhere to be found. Mall security wasn't much of a help, but I'm sure he was taken in by a family that will love him just as much as we did.

But we haven't let this one tragedy spoil our year. Alan continues to work as a chemist at Chevron and is expecting a huge cash bonus from the company this year. In fact, his burns are healing faster than any doctor could've expected, and the dog can already recognize him again. It's a Christmas miracle.

And little Jessica Doyle was so excited about the Christmas spirit that she was born on December 25th, a full four months early! She's quite the little stocking stuffer (aDoyle-able, really!). We couldn't be happier to be grandparents, even if it's not going to be for very long.

I'm also excited to announce that my home business is finally taking off. Harold said no one would ever buy bird house shaped mail boxes, but I know five and a half people in Michigan who disagree! So I hope you all think of me when you're planning your after-Christmas gifts, perfect for bird enthusiasts, bosses, friends, coworkers, former coworkers, college roommates, gym buddies, you know, people like that.

I can't wait to hear from you, since all your Christmas letters seem to be late too.

Much Love,  
Karen Doyle and Family



# Class Act

By Daniel Brady

Let's face it; you're not getting any. In fact, you haven't gotten any, and by the look of things (you in a bathrobe eating Cinnamon Toast Crunch at three in the afternoon), you're not going to get any.

And by any, I mean vaniga. Oh wait, I meant "vagina."

But you know who gets some? Classy guys. Think James Bond. Think Steve McQueen. Don't think Kevin Smith. But how can you prove to a girl that you're a cut above without being declared the Duke of Marmalade?

Here are some subtle ways to become classy, my future-virginity-losing amigos.

- ▶ When someone talks about a film, always say that the book was much better. If someone ever questions this, such as stating "I didn't know that Airplane was a book first," scoff at them and say, "clearly you are not familiar with the works of T.S. Elliot."
- ▶ Burn your copies of Penthouse. Replace them with Playboy.
- ▶ Two words: Wine. Bong.
- ▶ A real gentleman knows that you don't excite a woman with your touch. You excite her with the many ways you don't touch her: the knowing glances, the feel of each others breath, the taste of the used kleenex she left behind.
- ▶ Buy a smoking jacket, Shriner's hat, pipe, and the Collected Works of Dickens. Throw them away and frame the receipt above your bed.
- ▶ 90% of the time women decide who they're attracted to via pheromones. If you have a good looking friend, fashion yourself a cummerbund from a pair of his boxer shorts.
- ▶ Gold teeth, large platinum chains, and diamond pendants are gaudy and scream nouveau riche. Men with class wear refined hidden jewelry, like Patek Philippe watches and Mont Blanc cock rings.
- ▶ When she asks you what your favorite city is, don't say New York, London, or Paris like so many pussies. Say a French word and claim it's a small rustic village just outside of Versailles where you spent a summer writing a novel and performing brain surgery on cats. Then remove a single tattered photo of a cat from your wallet and cry out "*Mittens! Mittens! Pourquoi la mort vous a réclamée?*"
- ▶ Graveyards are a great place to find free, slightly used tuxedos.
- ▶ Make sure you always have a non-expired magnum pack of "ribbed for her pleasure" condoms in the drawer of your nightstand. Make sure you never use them. James Bond never used a condom.

There. With any luck you will be swimming in an inordinate amount of ladies' private parts with a manageable amount of sexually transmitted diseases. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got some champagne in the microwave.

## Top Ten Parting Words Before Leaving Your Toddlers Unsupervised for the Weekend

10. ...and remember, if the dog catches on fire, shoot him.
9. I'm turning on the razor grass, so stay the fuck in the house.
8. Think of it as an extra fun game of peekaboo.
7. I don't believe in abortion, so gross negligence will have to suffice.
6. I left some Ambien out for you guys, because even I've had trouble sleeping since all those drifters came to town.
5. You midgetsh err deh funniesht cryin clowns I eveh sheen [*attempts to drink his hooker*].
4. There is a slow acting poison running through your body. The antidote is in a vial inside your brother's intestines. See you on Sunday.
3. I'm getting the fuck out of here before those monsters under your bed come after me...
2. In case you get hungry, I lactated all over the kitchen floor.
1. The hell should I know what a ferret eats?

## Top Ten Most Dangerous Corporations

10. Stalko Bell
9. lCBM
8. Merrill Lynch
7. General Electric Chair
6. Pow Chemical
5. Tank of America
4. Corporation for Public Broad-swording
3. Pfazer
2. Jewlett-Blackard
1. Aberzombie In Ditch

## Top Five Graduate Theses Receiving a C-

5. Utopia, Dystopia, and Fruitopia
4. Postmodern Metanarratives: Writing About the Fact that Your Thesis is Due Tomorrow
3. Caribou Menstruation
2. Ulysses as Interpreted by Cliffs Notes and Wikipedia
1. Why Carrie is My Favorite Sex In The City Character



# *A Little Something for the Ladies*

*An open letter to all you female readers out there, guaranteed to soak through even the most absorbent of pants.*

Hey there, lady.

That's right, you know who this is. You must know, then, that it's that time again for me, that time when I get the urge. The urge for some of the sweet, sweet, sugary-sweetness of your syrupy candy-hole. Sorry, I also apparently have the urge for some actual candy. Let me take care of that. There are we are; Good & Plenty. Mmm. You know that's what you're going to get from me, girl. Get it? Good & Plenty? Yes, you get it. That's my girl, smart as a whip!

Anyway, I've got that urge real bad. So why don't you come on and hop over here to my place? You can walk, right? No, I'm kidding of course. I'll be a gentleman. I will reimburse your bus ticket. Oh, and get some kind of fancy liquor on the way, like some Bailey's or Christian Brothers. I'll split the cost with you, because, you know, you'll be drinking, like, half of it. And please, don't tarry, my lady. I have a thing later. Also I just can't wait to please the hell out of you. Shit, you are going to be so pleased, it's not even going to be funny.

Ah, you're here, just in time. Actually, you could have been here a little bit earlier. You must have done some tarrying, like I told you specifically not to! Don't worry, though, I forgive you, and respect your right to tease. Please, come inside, out of the cold. Oh, don't mind him. That's my roommate, the Wheeze. Don't worry about Wheeze, he's all right. Sorry Wheeze, I can't watch Robot Chicken with you tonight. What's that? Well, I don't know. Would you like a hit off of Wheeze's bong, my sweet? I'm sure you'll find its acrylic wizard decorations pleasing to the eye and the soul. No? Well, all right, that's kind of rude, but I'll let it slide, because you are going to get the most beautiful and exquisite dicking of your life. I know I'd be tense and stand-offish if I were standing on such a hot, throbbly precipice.

Let's just step into my room. Please step lightly, so as not to knock my MacFarlane figure of Locke from Lost off of that shelf. Here is my futon, where your world will be summarily rocked. Just let me get all these Crunchwrap Supreme boxes out of the way, and we'll get right down to the festivities. What's that? Why, yes, that is Axe Body Spray. I forgot to take a shower a couple times, so I thought I'd freshen things up for your comfort. I even shaved most of my neck-beard. Go ahead, have a feel. No, not there. I don't know, a scab or something. See, here. There, that's the sweet spot, from the Adam's Apple down.

I can see from your concerned frown that you're getting uncontrollably turned on. Let me take off my Rush t-shirt and show you my glistening man-chest. That's actually not a rash, I just get really blotchy. Now the belt. I like to whip it when I take it off, like I'm Indiana Jones. You know, we could role-play like that, I'll be Indy and you'll be that smokin' Nazi broad. Maybe you'd like to be whipped, Krauty Von Tits...Kyaah!

Oh God, I didn't mean to hit your face with it. That's blood. Oh, wow, that's black blood. You might want to see a couple surgeons about that. That "Spinnaz" buckle really dug itself in there well, didn't it? Look, my lady, the mood's kind of shot for me at this point. I'm working with, like, half a chub. Honestly, I think I could do better squeezing one off to The L Word on mute. I think you should probably go home. Thanks anyway, baby-doll. You were a real sport. I think it's subsided a little—Oh, there it goes again. Yeah, that's real hot and sticky, and very much not in the way I wanted.

-DH



# MY REJECTED SITCOM

## "MY BODY AND ME"

WRITTEN BY MILES STENEHJEM

*Nate is a young man whose life is tragically cut short. Now he's in heaven hanging out with all his internal organs as they go on a series of crazy, afterlife adventures. Hang on, because this season is gonna be a heartfelt attack on the funny bone.*

INT. APARTMENT IN HEAVEN - DAY Nate's internal organs lounge on the couch and stools lining the kitchen counter. NATE swings open the door, and everyone looks his way.

NATE

How's everyone doing?

EVERYONE

Hey Nate!

NATE

So you guys wanna know what we're gonna do today? (Pause) We're gonna go find all my dead pets. Well, except that parrot I had during my Dave Matthews phase.

STOMACH

Put your pets inside me, Nate.

NATE

No way stomach, that's what you said about my car keys and Lower Intestine never let me hear the end of that one.

LOWER INTESTINE sprays brown corn across the room. LUNGS flap over to lung cage and begin eating some lung seed.

BRAIN

(Sidles over to Nate and puts spinal column over his shoulder)  
Nate, I don't mean to alarm you but these people are clearly insane. We have to dispose of them.

NATE

Oh Brain! That's the same crazy talk that wound us up here in the first place.

EVERYONE bursts out laughing, APPENDIX actually bursts. NATE falls to the ground kicking his legs. He opens his mouth to scream but only blood comes out.

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Clue #2

# TRANSFORMERS

# FORMERS

# THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT

## BREAKOUT

Transforms from a robot without herpes to a robot with herpes after having unprotected sex with Optimus Prime.

**Alternate Modes:** Robot in free clinic, Robot calling all her old boyfriends

**Motto:** "But you're the only one I've ever slept with!"

## DIEBOLD

Doesn't transform himself so much as he transforms votes.

**Alternate Modes:** OPEC pipeline, Machine that sells guns to children

**Motto:** "1, 2, 3, 7!"

## EXISTENTIAL CRISITRON

Alone among the transformers, Existential Crisitron is the only one to transform into a jet plane that cannot fly itself. His other form is a very unfulfilled pilot.

**Alternate Modes:** Car that cannot drive itself, chauffeur.

**Motto:** "I am the human condition."

## THE TRANSFORMER IN THE IRON MASK

Denied his rightful place as king of France, stolen away at birth and secreted deep within the bowels of the Bastille, reviled and tormented, he has lived his entire life in an iron mask, underneath which is an equally iron face.

**Alternate Modes:** Identical twin brother of King Louis the XIV, minibus.

**Motto:** "MRMF! RMMFR MRMMFMM!"

## INFRINGITRON

Able to transform into toys and other brand-related icons without seeking full permission of appropriate copyright holders.

**Alternate Modes:** Mighty Morphing Power Sheriff, Crush Dummy, GI Jake, and a Mickey Mouse television set that rebroadcasts Major League Baseball games

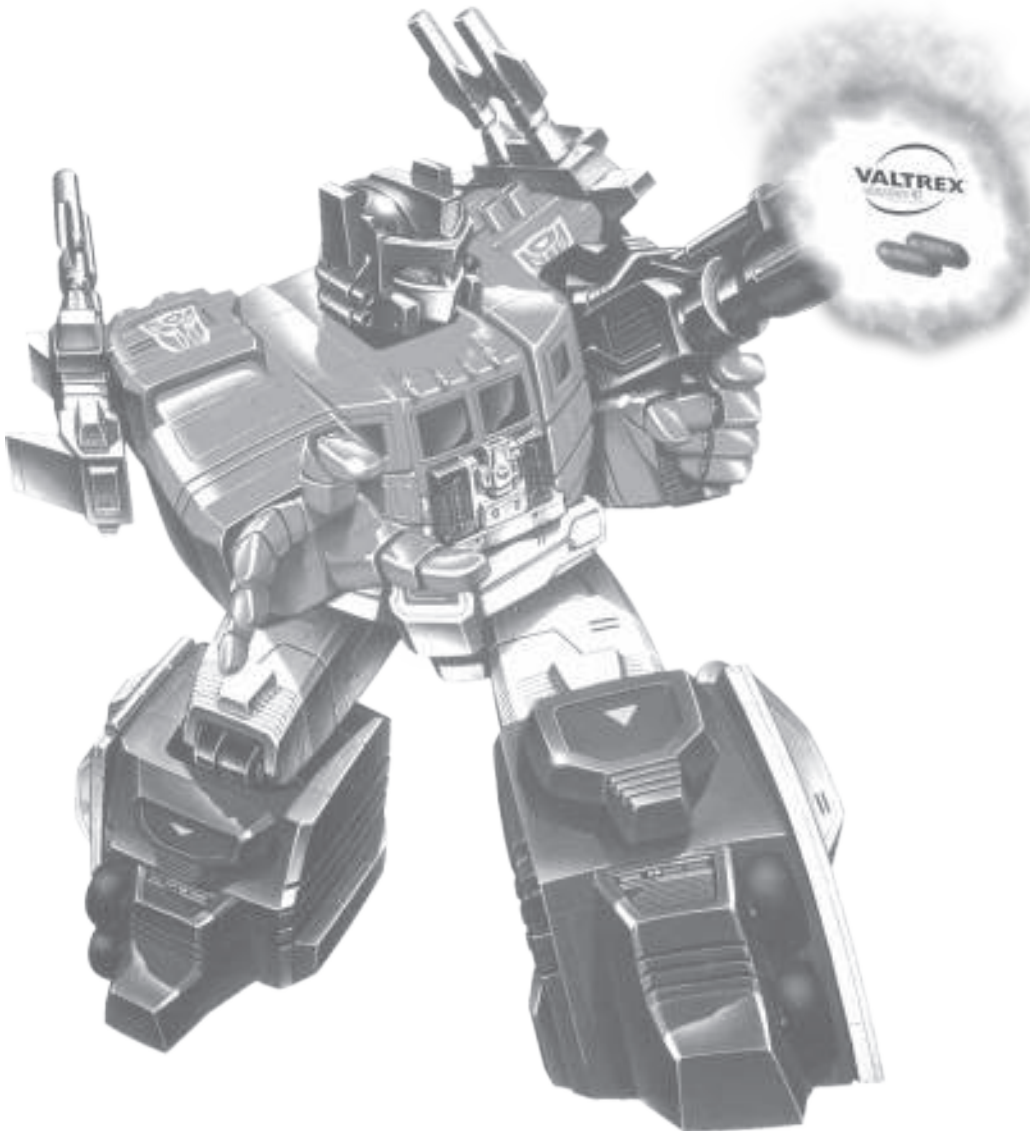
**Motto:** "I'm Grrreat!"

## VALUJET

Able to transform from discount passenger jet into burning swampland.

**Alternate Modes:** Black box, Poorly attended memorial service

**Motto:** "AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHH!"





# THE UNCHOSEN PEOPLE

By John O'Connorstein

Those of the Jewish faith refer to themselves as the Chosen People. This is wrong. God never picked anyone as Chosen, and only through a series of hilarious mix-ups did the Jews ever come to this incorrect conclusion.

## THE TRIALS OF ABRAHAM

**Abraham:** [*falling to his knees*] Oh Lord, forsaken are we! Please, hear my cry and guide our people!

**God:** [*waking up*] Huh? What? Who the fuck is this?

**Abraham:** Mighty Lord, it is I, Abraham, your faithful servant!

**God:** How did you get this number?

**Abraham:** Oh Lord, I beg you, show us the way to salvation!

**God:** Uh huh. What's in it for me?

**Abraham:** Ah, uh, well. Eternal worship?

**God:** Already have it.

**Abraham:** Loving admiration?

**God:** Made tons of angels for that purpose already. Next?

**Abraham:** I'll cut the skin off the end of my dick and make all my kids do the same.

**God:** Holy shit. Alright, but let me know before you do it, because I want to see that.

## MORE TRIALS OF ABRAHAM

**Abraham:** [*falling to his knees*] Lord, cursed is our existence on this plane!

**God:** [*waking*] Huh?! Oh, you again. What now?

**Abraham:** Lord, I am humble and faithful to you, but we are weak where we should be strong! How is it that I may please you?

**God:** [*yawning*] I always like a good sacrifice.

**Abraham:** Yes, of course Lord! Your will be done! I shall find the mightiest bull in the lands and offer him to you.

**God:** Animals? Booooooring. I thought you loved me. Don't you have any family to sacrifice? Sack up, Abe.

**Abraham:** Family?! That's fucking insan-- Ah, excuse me Lord. Yes, my son Isaac, strongest of my progen--

**God:** Great, have him on my desk by Sunday. Hey, does this beard make my ass look big?



## THE TRIALS OF MOSES

**Moses:** [*falling to his knees*] Lord, show yourself to me, and reveal our path!

**God:** Oh great, more of you. What now?

**Moses:** Lord, your Chosen People are slaves to the Pharaoh! Our faith is strong, but we are dying in droves at the hands of the Egyptians!

**God:** Wait, who is this?

**Moses:** It is I, Lord, Moses!

**God:** Hoo boy. Alright Boses--

**Moses:** Moses, sir.

**God:** Right, Moses. Here's what I'll do, Moe. I'll fill the streets with blood, rats, frogs, and beasts, kill all their cattle, cover the people in boils, bring hail, locusts, darkness, and then kill all their first born children.

**Moses:** I... Huh. Wow. I was just hoping for some health insurance.

**God:** Nah, I've dealt with people like this before. Don't worry.

**Moses:** Are you sure? Killing all their children? Don't you think that's going to exacerbate the situation?

**God:** Eh.

## FURTHER TRIALS OF MOSES

**Moses:** [*falling to his knees*] Lord, the Pharaoh's army has been swept away and we have fled his rule! Praise be to you, my Lord!

**God:** Fuck, you again?

**Moses:** Lord, you have done so much, I only ask that you guide us to the land of Israel.

**God:** Uh huh. Listen, I'm putting out a lot of bush fires up here, I'm pretty busy.

**Moses:** Mighty God, I beseech you, please show us the way!

**God:** [*sighing*] Fine. Head out into the desert and I'll talk to you again soon.

**Moses:** As you wish, Lord! How long will we be there?

**God:** Two, three days. Tops. Also, I'm sick of you jerks thinking you're so high and mighty. Institute some law and order.

**Moses:** At once, Lord! What sort of law?

**God:** Basic stuff. Single women can't be with men after sunset, you don't show the top of your head to me, never shave your beard.

**Moses:** That uh... Well, you're the boss. What shall we call these laws?

**God:** [*sneezes*]

**Moses:** Halakha it is!

IF FRAT BOYS  
WROTE FORTUNE  
COOKIES

Enjoy

Thank  
you

Love is like a rose; I've bought  
both from immigrants on  
corners.

There's a time to be proud and there's  
a time to be humble; everybody yaks  
on their knees.

You will purchase a hookah over the  
internet and people will like you.

Nothing says "I have sex with women"  
like a big poster of a naked woman.

You will totally eat that urinal cake for  
five dollars. Oh my god, I can't believe  
you did it. Naw man, I'll give you the  
money tomorrow.

The funniest things in life are the things  
that happened in *Old School*.

Don't let the things you don't know,  
stop you from not using a condom.

Every Bro deserves a Ho, and  
every Ho deserves some Blow,  
unless that Ho has Menstrual Flo



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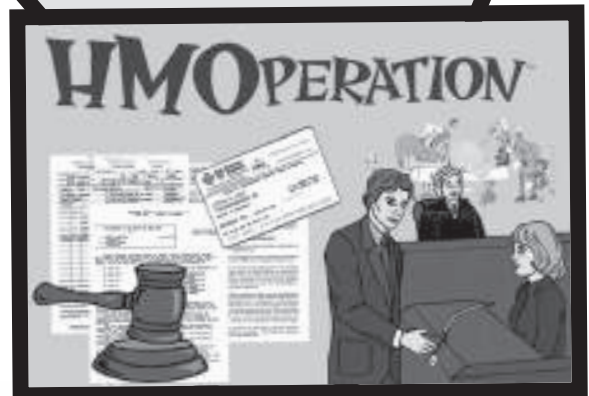


Real  
Sand!

"With no way to tell enemy insurgents from  
civilians, your fun will last for hours!"

## HMO OPERATION

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ailments will be deemed pre-  
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needlessly die in the middle of  
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Now  
with iPod  
Dock!

Super Bouncy Ball



YES



# Hospital Communication Card

For Medical, Physical and Emotional Information

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Have patient touch pictures to request wants and needs.

If unable, caregiver touches pictures and gets yes/no response from patient.

NO



I AM FALLING  
OFF THE BED



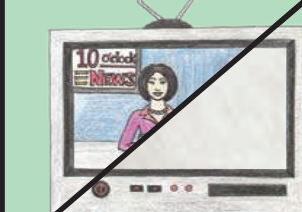
BLANKET



SOCKS



TV ON



TV OFF

WANT DOCTOR



WANT WHITE DOCTOR



BRUSH TEETH



RACE ME?



MEDICINE



OOOOH YEAH,  
MORE MEDICINE



AM I COVERED  
IN SPIDERS?



CLOWN UNDER BED!



I LOVE YOU



I HATE YOU

NO, I LOVE YOU, MY  
FINGER SLIPPED



A BEE STUNG  
MY PÉPE



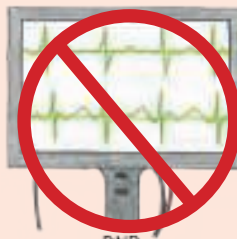
I REGRET EVER  
PUCNCHING THAT  
MOUNTAIN LION



I WANT TO LIVE



LET ME DIE



DNR

NO, SERIOUSLY. I  
MEAN IT THIS TIME.



STOP CRYING



PUT MY MISTRESS  
IN THE WILL

