

the **heuristic** **squelch**

**WHO
WILL THE
DEMOCRATS
CHOOSE?**



CLINTON



OBAMA



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ABORTION MACHINE**

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BREAKING OBSCURE LAWS SINCE 1991

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(riding goats)

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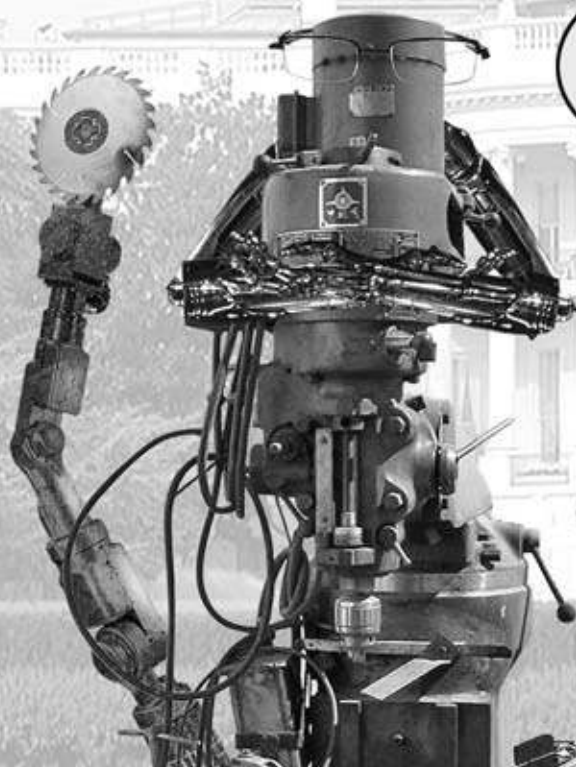
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Evil Mechanical Laughter

and other reflections on my first term

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by
Norman
Schwarzkopf



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Squelch

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122 Wheeler

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Submit by:
April 7th



Stop Masturbating

In this crazy chop-chop, let's-get-going, stop-crying-and-put-your-shoes-on-so-help-me-God world, time is our most important resource. Time and pig iron. And you know who know how to manage their time? Benedictine monks. Whether it be translating everything into Latin or making sweet-ass wine, those sons of bitches were veritable whirlwinds of white-hot, face-fucking synergy, and they got *results*. Their secret? Not masturbating.

As an experiment of sorts, I've taken a page out of their incredibly non-erotic book and refrained entirely from riding the highway to my danger zone. I normally spend about eight to ten hours a week masturbating so I'm up to my ass in free time now. As of this moment I've lost sixteen pounds, painted my boat, cured Hepatitis C, come up with the best popcorn seasoning ever, and written over 25 hours of dialogue for what can only be described as Battlestar Galactica fanfic as penned by Goethe. And despite my constant shaking and perpetual urge to rub my groin onto various passersby or anything that doesn't immediately scald me when I do so, the free time I have is just sweet.

The only problem is that I now have lying around my apartment piles of unused pornography, lubricants, and still-in-the-box RealDolls. It's quite a feat to stumble over them without giving in to temptation, but I can only imagine it was the same for those monks, who had to walk around those cathedrals all the time with those spicy little nuns everywhere, their wrinkled breasts barely restrained by those habits, rosary beads clacking like two efficiently fucking robots... Excuse me, I'll be right back, in eight to ten hours.

-JD Hollingsworth



Words from the top

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Incredibly Awesome Explosion Leaves 30 Dead, 60 Highly Entertained

By Simon Ganz, *never entertained*

Tragedy struck Berkeley this week when a big rig truck carrying petroleum crashed into a firearms factory that happened to be celebrating Chinese New Year. Over twenty employees were killed instantly by the panoply of explosions that followed, and an additional ten people were killed when shrapnel struck a fleet of hot air balloons which were racing overhead.

Onlookers reported that they were stunned, amazed, and highly entertained by the disaster which then spread and caused further explosions in the city's coal, water, and sodium districts. The response was so overwhelmingly positive that rescue efforts were hampered by twenty minutes of standing-room only applause around the site of the burning factory.



"Holy shit!" one witness driving by the scene remarked, before accidentally swerving his car off the road and into a balloon stand.

McCain and Giuliani Exploratory Committees Race to the Finish

By Ben Narodick, *wishes someone would explore his South pole*

Tensions mounted in the Republican Party over the weekend as the exploratory committees for Senator John McCain (R – AZ) and former New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani came closer and closer to reaching the South Pole.

"The polling data suggests that we are going to bury those fuckers in a landslide, both electorally and snowily," an anonymous staffer on McCain's committee shouted as he fed the group's sled dogs. Earlier in the week it had appeared likely that Giuliani would reach the pole first, but his committee failed to reach quorum after half of its members killed and ate the other half.

Screaming himself hoarse as the snow and wind battered his already scarred face, Deputy Political Director Rick Wiley argued passionately that the Giuliani committee's new snowman and penguin members were just as qualified as the men they replaced.

Thinking about it further he shouted, "Shit, why didn't we just eat the penguins?!" He then sank to the ground in disgust and retched up part of conservative commentator Robert Novak.

Most Democrats declined to comment on the situation, as they were busy preparing their teams for the "Running Man" portion of the Democratic presidential primaries.

In Other News8

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Moviegoers' Loud Warnings**
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Father and Son Game of Hide-and-Seek Concluded After 30 Years

By Miles Stenehjtem, still seeking

Edward Bixby, 46, recently concluded a drawn-out game of Hide and Seek with his 68-year-old father James Bixby. Edward found his father in the line of the Sheridan County Welfare Office in Sheridan, Kansas.

"I was doing the rounds in the neighborhood, and I had just walked in to put some more Chocodiles in the vending machine when I spotted him," a jubilant

Edward explained.

"As soon as I saw him, I ran right up and screamed, 'FOUND YOU!' at the top of my lungs," Edwards said.

"Yeah, some kind of God-damned miracle," his father James muttered into his plastic flask of Old Crow whiskey. 30 years prior, James instructed Edward to go hide in their Mobile, Alabama trailer home. His

ecstatic son said, "I'm even happier than the time he came back after he went out to get cigarettes for two years." Edward said that he was looking forward to sitting down with his father and discussing 30 years worth of advances in vending machine technology.

Edward's father was quoted as saying, "Best 2 out of 3?"

Scientists Yet Again Start Work on Project Other than Rocket Car

Owen Javellana and Miles Stenehjtem, not Stenehjtem Javelana and Miles Owen

Research and Development teams at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have reportedly begun work on a new project. When asked at a press conference how this project would affect the development of the rocket car, developers replied that the current project is "totally unrelated to the rocket car" and "much more important" and "actually practical."

"Who the hell do they think they are?" asked Dr. Carla Zhang. "I've been waiting 13 years for the rocket car, it's not going to invent itself!" When asked why the prospect of the rocket car was so significant to her, Zhang replied, "Cuz it's like a regular car...but it

would go real fast and stuff."

Other skeptics have voiced that the scientists' new project is "selfish" and "couldn't be nearly as awesome." The research team have consistently refused to answer subsequent questions about their project, including "How fast does it go?" and "How many rockets are on it?" and "Wait wait wait... to clarify one more time, it's NOT a rocket car?"

While the scientists continue to dodge the press' questions, they hold firm to their original statement that lightsaber-chainsaw-blender is a worthwhile endeavor.

Hate the Squelch? Think we suck?

Think you can do way better? Wish that the editors would get hit by a bus so that your piece on kittens and masturbation would run? Well, the next best thing is happening, the editors are all graduating!

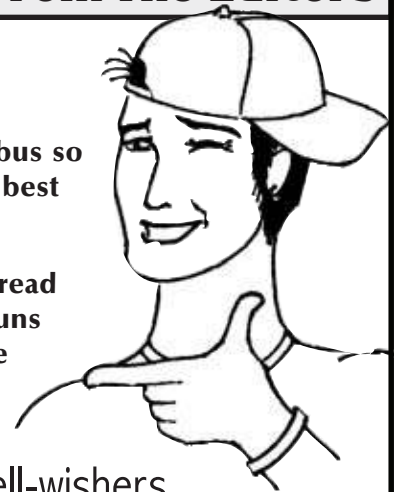
If you're ready to sack up to the challenge of running the most widely read publication on campus, well don't even bother because the dog who runs the Daily Cal has tenure. But if you're ready to sack up to the challenge of running the second most widely read publication, The Heuristic Squelch needs:

- Editors
- Writers
- Designers
- Business Types
- Hangers On
- Groupies
- Well-wishers
- Drug Dealers
- Rabbinical Scholars

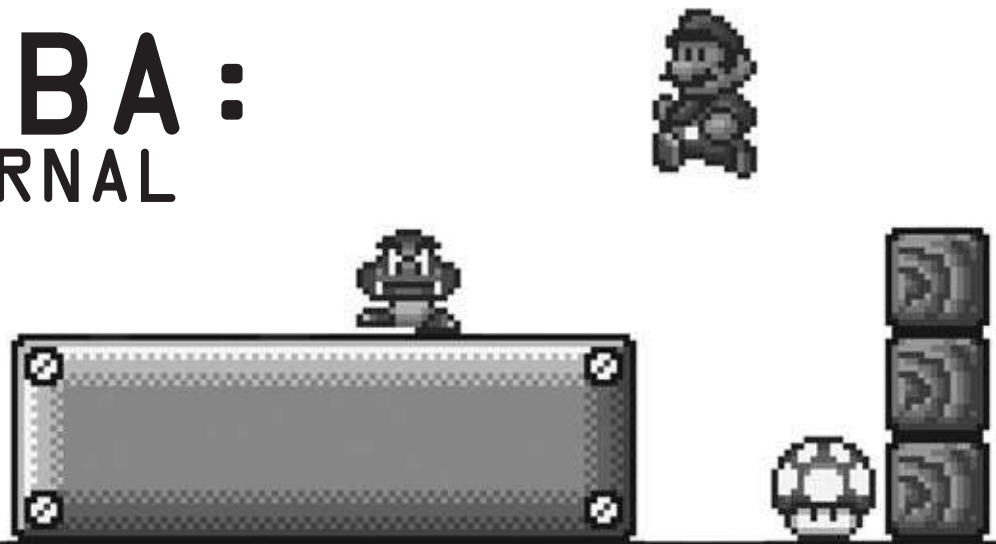
So come to the weekly meetings to discuss the final issue of the semester, or just come to the weekly meetings to help place the graduating editors onto an ice-float and shove them into the ocean.

Wednesdays. 7 - 8 PM. 122 Wheeler.

A Message From The Editors



GOOMBA : WAR JOURNAL



By Owen Javellana

A New Leader, A New Hope

A friend of mine brought me to a political rally today. The speaker had a brilliant two-point plan for reformation:

- 1) Kidnap the princess.
- 2) (To Be Announced)

Surely this Bowser is a revolutionary worth dying for. Also he was 14 feet tall and could breathe fire.

Joining Up

My mother cried, and I promised my fiancé I would write her everyday. Oh how I will miss her menacing unibrow and pronounced underbite on the cold, lonely nights to come. They've promised me 20,000 coins for college. When I get out, I want to become an orthopedic surgeon. Maybe then I can make myself some arms.

Issuing Supplies at Boot Camp

Today, our allies the Koopas lined up to receive their shells, wings, undershirts, helmets, throwing hammers, pipe-anchors for vicious piranha traps, squid tentacles, spines, giant bullet launchers, swinging columns of fire, or immortal skeleton bodies. Meanwhile, gracious King Bowser has provided us Goombas with shoes.

News from the Frontline

My brother Goomberto was killed today. There was no funeral, no trumpet sounded, only a single frame of animation. I hope Mario chokes on those blood-tainted 100 points and his dreams are haunted by the hideous ploopy sound of Goomberto's flattening.

Relief from the Rear Guard

Weary from fighting, our division was relieved today by a high-flying Lakitu. We all cheered as he swooped down in his flying cloud, attempting to decapitate our sworn enemy Mario. Morale took a hard hit when Mario kicked the Lakitu's head in and took off in his flying cloud. I joked that it was the biggest victory ever for the Italian Air Force, but no one else laughed.

Comrades in Arms

I hung out with the Bob-omb squadron today. I can't pretend to know what it's like to live every day knowing that you could be sent out to blow yourself up at a moment's notice. All I know is those guys are pretty fucked up. They spent the whole day torturing Bullet-Bills with a hacksaw and reading eastern philosophy. They don't eat anything that can't scream. And now that I think about it, for guys made mostly of gunpowder they sure smoke a lot of cigarettes.

A Break in the Fighting

Army Command sent us a special present today to boost our spirits. Bowser and the Princess arrived and did a Laurel and Hardy style comedy act for us all. Bowser had some great jokes about impregnating the Princess with horrible lizard babies, and some real "A" material about what he planned to eventually do with her corpse. I didn't find her jokes about sobbing and begging for mercy as funny though, but I've never liked female standup comedians.

The Final Face-off

It was the kind of day made for battle: sunny blue skies with cheerful, synthesized background music. As I sighted the enemy, I stuck to the plan: I walked slowly across my platform, never wavering in direction or facial expression. But despite my advance, that damned plumber leaped straight over me, as if somehow privy to my attack strategy! There's clearly a mole in our midst. Or there will be, when we move to Super Nintendo.

Afterthoughts

Why the hell weren't we trained to stop at the edges of cliffs?!? As I continue falling in endless limbo, waiting to be respawned when Mario restarts this level, I can only hope that the obstacle of my moving body was enough to make him misjudge a jump and fall to his doom. Unfortunately, I didn't see what happened, as I was walking sideways, according to plan.



SwordTech Inc.'s Troubleshooting Guide

Q: *My sword is not cleaving through enemy hordes like it should.*

A: Be sure to remove your sword from your sheath before attempting to slaughter enemy hordes. The sheath is recognizable by its non-metallic surface and its inability to cut swaths of destruction through enemy hordes.

Q: *I swung my sword and hurted him real good but now I can't get my sword back. Is it broken?*

A: Your sword is most likely lodged in the collarbone of your mortal enemy. Plant your foot on his throat and attempt to pull your sword free, or bring his corpse to your local auto body shop.

Q: *I have accidentally used my sword to slay a loved one. Is there any way to undo this?*

A: No. Well...wait, no.

Q: *My honorable suicide is taking longer than expected. I've fallen on my sword several times, but it only seems to be gradually breaking my ribs. I am in a lot of pain though. Should I keep trying?*

A: You are falling on the wrong end of the sword. Generally the sharp bladed point of the sword is more effective than the blunt hilt for ending your shameful, cowardly life.

Q: *I decapitated my enemy and was immediately surrounded by cheap looking lightning while a terrible Queen song played in the background. What's happening?*

A: By taking the life of another immortal in an epic sword battle, you are one step closer to becoming The One and fulfilling your destiny as the Highlander. Please don't make any more movies.

Q: *My sword is lodged in a stone, and I can't pull it out.*

A: You are not using a SwordTech product, but rather have entered Arthurian legend, and are apparently not the once and future king of England.

Q: *I charged at my enemy just like in the instruction manual, but he's doing just fine and I'm filled with holes that are leaking some sort of red stuff. What is going on?*

A: You have been shot. In the future, consider not bringing a sword to a gunfight. For a product manual from our sister company GunTech, please scream.

Q: *I came back from sword-hunting and my herd is dying and the well has run dry.*

A: You have slain the unicorn that protects the forest. Gather all the village children and tell them to believe in magic again.

Q: *Now matter how hard I throw my sword, it doesn't come back.*

A: You are thinking of a boomerang, or our discontinued model the BoomerSword. For more information about the BoomerSword contact our law firm of Winston, Walker, and Williams.

Q: *I attempted to swallow my SwordTech product for my amateur circus act and only shredded my throat lining. What am I doing wrong?*

A: It is possible you have purchased the wrong model. Try the SwordTech Trick-Swallowing Sword, or SwordTech Chewables.

Top Ten Meanest Things to Say to Someone You're Breaking Up With

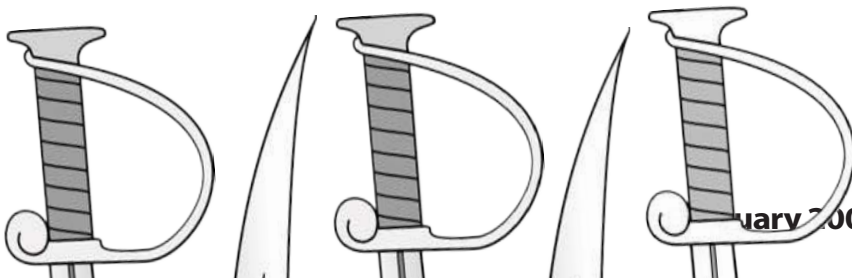
10. Your birth parents called, they don't want you back either
9. Aherpescarriersayswhat
8. Well if you're so smart you can unhook yourself from that car battery
7. It's not you, it's your tiny tiny penis
6. I'm not really good with the whole "coma" thing
5. Joke's on you, I never even had American citizenship
4. Sorry, but your sex change just isn't convincing enough
3. It's not you, it's me, and I happen to find you horrifically ugly
2. So you're *keeping* the baby...
1. I may be a green muppet who lives in a garbage can, but you're a whore

Top Ten Pieces of Advice Your Dad Would Give You While Either Teaching You How to Drive or How to Please a Woman

10. If you choke her too hard she'll go cold on you
9. Slow down mister, it's not a race
8. If you see red it means stop. If you see yellow it means slow down
7. Don't take lessons from your mother
6. The American ones aren't much good, but they can take a beating
5. Oh god, something just fell out of the trunk
4. Don't light your cigarette till you're done filling her up
3. If she's too busted up, leave her in a ditch and collect the insurance
2. Lock her in the garage when you're done
1. Don't have sex with your car

Top Three Quietest Ways to Die

3. Poisoned Breathe-Right Nasal Strip
2. Before death you get jinxed
1. You're killed by the hand because the ears ain't listening



A Few Very Special Entries in the Diary of Genghis Khan

March 4, 1187 AD

Today one of my more talkative concubines suggested that I should get a girlfriend. A girlfriend, she said, is a lot like a concubine, except you can't have sex with other more attractive concubines, and that, get this, when she cries you actually have to beat her less instead of more. Wow, where do I sign?! Just kidding, that sounds retarded.

March 11, 1187 AD

I have decided to give this girlfriend thing a shot, if only out of boredom; I grow weary of my usual leisure activities, which consist of exiling my inferiors for insubordination and punching cattle. Tomorrow I am going "on the prowl," which is what men without concubines call a girlfriend hunt.

March 12, 1187 AD

Although I seized plenty of women on my girlfriend hunt, none of them wanted to be my girlfriend. One of my generals suggested that I came on too strong when I brought twelve legions of my finest warriors into the singles bar and slaughtered thousands. I took his words to heart, and then exiled him for insubordination.

March 18, 1187 AD

I tried an ancient Mongolian remedy for my woman problems: Match.com. My Match.com profile slaughtered thousands of other Match.com profiles.

March 22, 1187 AD

So Match.com finally worked. I'm supposed to go out tomorrow for Mongolian barbecue with some girl. I fucking hate Mongolian barbecue. And even though I'm dealing with the weaker and inferior sex, apparently I'm expected to wear my least filthy fur coat and have less lamb sinew in my teeth than usual. Already I feel more whipped than a Chinese slave.

March 23, 1187 AD

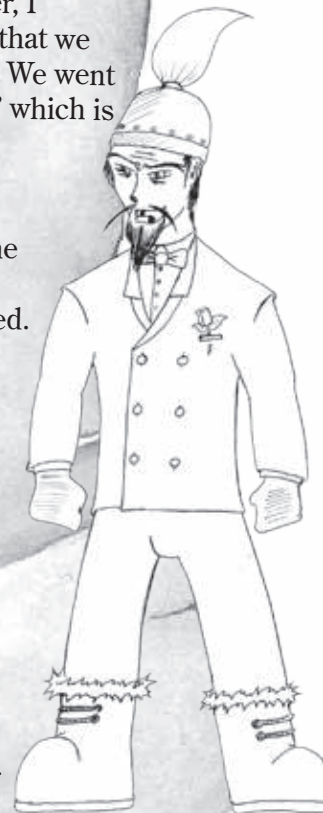
So the date actually went really well. I don't know just quite what it is, but when I was with her, I experienced the opposite of murderous rage. At dinner we talked and talked and it turns out that we like all the same things: ruthless conquest, ritualistic torture, the new Justin Timberlake CD. We went to the park and fed the birds, then ate them. I did what some of my men call "holding hands," which is strange and difficult to explain but I'll try: touching her without entering her unwillingly.

April 14, 1187 AD

Today is a very special day indeed. We watched the sun set over the plains as we lay next to one another, picking the ticks out of each other's armpit hair. Afterwards, we went back to my yurt and drank rice-wine. One thing led to another, and I discovered something very beautiful indeed. Women can produce their own lubrication.

May 8, 1189 AD

So we've been going out for about two years now, and I thought I had waited long enough. Today I told her this: out of all the girls I've met, I can honestly say that you are the one I've had the least desire to discipline. I asked her to marry me, and she said yes! I feel as if I have become a changed man; the only thing I slaughtered this day is loneliness.



Five Hipsters: A Play in One Act

by Daniel Brady



Begin Act I

Hipster No. 1: [*Entering room.*] Hey guys, what's up?

Hipster No. 2: Hey man.

Hipster No. 3: Sup.

Hipster No. 4: Manao ahoana.

No. 2: Malagasy? Nice. [*They give each other high fives, followed by folding their arms and staring awkwardly at the floor.*]

[*Five minutes of pretentious silence.*]

No. 1: ...so I heard the Arcade Fire is coming out with a new album.

No. 3: Whoa! The Arcade Fire. They were good until they got big, which retroactively ruined every note they ever played. Even frat boys listen to them now.

[*The other four hipsters hiss at the mention of fraternities. Posters of Devendra Banhart rustle, an eight track vibrates on a table and falls to the floor, framed artsy photos of hands, fingers, and a giant toenail tremble on the dingy walls.*]

No. 1: [*Defensively.*] Well what are *YOU* listening to?

No. 3: You probably haven't heard of them.

No. 4: Kraftwerk. Today is Tuesday, and I only listen to Kraftwerk on Tuesdays.

No. 2: [*Indifferently.*] MC Hammer and Lionel Ritchie.

Other Hipsters: [*With jealous admiration.*] Oooooo....

No. 1: Wow, that's so bad and so fifteen years ago, it's cool.

No. 3: Man, I wish I thought of that first, but these pants I bought from a vintage store are so tight I can't think straight. Do your balls hurt all the time too?

No. 2: [*Dodging the question.*] I know, I know. I love/hate the combination so much, just like I love/hate my full beard and your Borat mustache so much. In fact, if you get me, I *really* love/hate it.

No. 3: Sorry man, my bi phase ended last week after a leather clad biker love/hated me in the bathroom of a Mountain Goats show.

No. 4: How was the show?

No. 3: I love/hated it.

Hipster No. 5: [*Walking in.*] Joom reab soor.

No. 1: Cambodian? How bougie. He already rocked Malagasy.

[*Pointing to Hipster No. 2 who sighs melodramatically.*]

No. 5: [*More depressed than usual.*] Fuck!

No. 1: ...but your cardigan sort of rocks.

No. 2: For sure.

No. 3: Awesome.

No. 4: Totally *chouette*. But you know what that means, since we all

think its cool, it's now officially gay.

No. 5: Fuuuuuck!

No. 3: How Nietzsche of us.

No. 1: Please don't use the word gay in a derogatory manner. I thought I was gay once, but it turned out I just enjoy listening to Sufjan Stevens.

No. 5: [*Sadly gazing at his cardigan.*] I guess that's the end of that chapter. [*Flinging it into the fireplace, where it whispers My Morning Jacket lyrics before dissolving in flame.*] I guess now I'll just have to increase the level of irony on all my T-shirts. [*He takes out a pen and turns his "I love Ohio!" shirt into "I love Ohio!?"*]

No. 2: Hey, we've been in this room for longer than 20 minutes, it's becoming lame fast.

No. 3: I agree, let's go to a bar that we pretend is a dive bar just because it serves cheap alcohol. You know, since we're all too afraid to go to a *real* dive bar.

No. 1, 4, and 5: Agreed!

[*They walk outside.*]

No. 1: Hey! We all rode fixed-gear bikes here again!

[*They all fall to the ground laughing, laughing, and laughing.*]

End Act I






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Intermarrying with the Zombies



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US ARMY

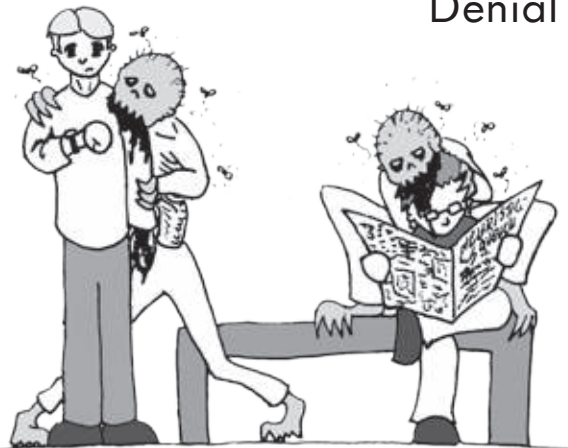


Send More Troops to Iraq



Give Zombies Religion

51 52L
F37Q
YOUR MUM



Denial

EBERT & ROEPER & BLIND GUY - AT THE MOVIES

Day 1

Ebert: Hello everyone, and welcome back to Ebert and Roeper at the movies. Due to some of my unfortunate statements regarding the Americans with Disabilities Act, the court has ordered someone new to join us. So please welcome Blind Guy to the balcony.

Blind Guy: Hi!

Ebert: Well, let's get right to it with our review of Mission: Impossible with Tom Cruise.

Roeper: Wow, what a blockbuster. This is the epitome of the summer movie.

Blind Guy: I don't know. I was pretty confused.

Ebert: What do you mean? I thought it held together pretty well.

Blind Guy: Well, like that whole bit at the end where Tom Cruise kept asking if he should cut the red wire or the blue wire, and then suddenly everything's fine. I mean, what was up with that?

Roeper: He cut the red wire.

Blind Guy: What's red?



Day 2

Blind Guy: In fact, I thought every aspect of this film was deplorable, from the weak musical score to the sickening stench of tobacco. I give this film one big thumb down.

Cigar Shop Owner: Who the hell are you?

Day 3

Roeper: I have to say this is probably the best art house feature I've seen all year.

Ebert: I couldn't disagree more. This was an obvious cash-in attempt by the studio to latch onto the artsy crowd and hopefully get a nomination in the process.

Roeper: Wow, Roger, you have just become too jaded by the film industry. I applaud the studio for releasing the film in black and white.

Blind Guy: Yeah, my dog loved it.



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A Harlequin Romance Novel Written by a 14-Year-Old Virgin Who's Never Seen Cinemax Unscrambled

Chapter 7. Winter With the Pirates.

Slowly and sexily the Lady Winderboddum unscrewed her bra straps one by one. With each violent burst of elastic, Hawthorne was one step closer to everything he'd dreamed about so messily the night before.

Her hands teasingly clasped her own grey mounds of skin. Her nipples were hard, or maybe a little soft. Hawthorne's mouth watered; he knew before this night was done he would have all of those breasts between his legs.

"Thank god I put on two layers of condoms this morning," he thought to himself as her last bra fell to the floor. When it seemed things couldn't get any hotter, Lady Winderboddum squatted on the ground in front of him.

"Do you want me to blow you?" she begged, licking her lower lip. Because of their love, his passionate nods said more than words ever could. And so she blew onto his member as if trying to extinguish a great candle, and for some unknown reason, this was much more pleasurable than when he had tried it himself.

"Are you ready for my thunder?" he asked, suavely already knowing the answer.

"I've never been more ready in my life," she said, her sex gushing forth with sweat.

In one swift movement he ripped her petticoat off her body, revealing her full glory. It was a really beautiful vagina. One of the best vaginas he'd ever seen. If pressed to describe it, he'd have to say it was like a big fleshy mouth with no teeth, or a leather satchel.

And then they were inside each other. "Oh wow!" she screamed with pleasure. "Does it hurt," he asked. "Maybe," she panted.

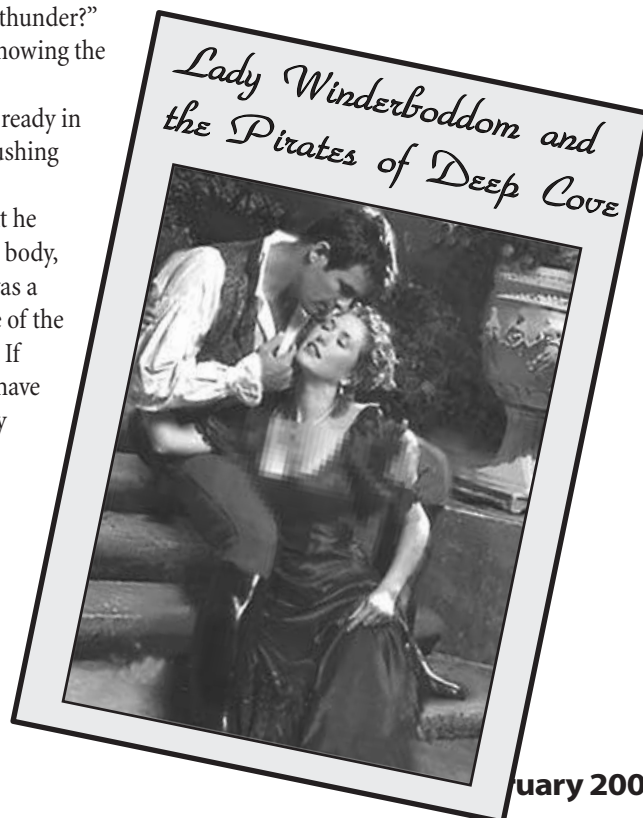
She struggled against his tenderness, again and again. Their crotches grinding together mightily, producing a pleasing symphony of squeaks and whistles.

Hawthorne knew he'd have to work fast; at the rate she was dilating, if she didn't reach her woman's plateau in the next five minutes, she'd probably explode. Deftly mashing his genitals around the area of her pubis, he whispered into her ear, "This is awesome."

"Fuck yeah," she moaned. Her body beneath him was warm and her skin as soft as his skin when lathered with conditioner.

Together they came openly and without remorse. Then again, side by side, and once more, from across the room. But though their undulations had barely just begun, they knew they must depart, for the Captain would be returning for his horse soon.

In fact, just then, the Captain's fist struck the door loudly, sending the lovers hustling towards their clothing. "What are you doing in there?" he bellowed. "Nothing, Dad," Hawthorne replied wittily.



Top Ten Realizations that Ruin your Get Rich Quick Scheme

10. Black gold refers to oil, not charcoal
9. In retrospect, fire insurance fraud would've been a lot easier than flood insurance fraud
8. Orphans equal easier to steal but lower ransom payoff
7. Three PS1s do not equal One PS3
6. Vatican not actually in need of vampire hunters
5. Bank turned out to be very fancy library
4. Mafia checks to see if it's baking soda before paying
3. Turns out Canada has customs agents too
2. Can only direct and star in your own snuff film once
1. You need to develop a miracle cure BEFORE you unleash your debilitating plague

Top Ten Illest Diseases

10. The Notorious HIV
9. Tupox
8. Seanjaundice
7. DiaBETes
6. Glockoma
5. Pimpotence
4. Clubfoot
3. Ryme Disease
2. Cleft Grill
1. My Mumps

AWK- WARD CONVERSATIONS

Native American Counseling

Indian Man: Falls Down Stairs had accident, meet my new wife, Walks Into Doors.

Arctic Research Station

Man: A penguin standing. A penguin sitting down. IT'S THE SAME DAMN THING!!!

Species of Step-Parents:

A Taxonomical Survey

By JO'C, SDG, MKS

Villainous Disney Stepmother

Cruella De Mommus



Description: Tall, bony, and overdressed, possibly with an upturned nose.

Where she met your dad: Real mother's funeral.

Method of Wooing: Icy glare and/or magic spells.

For Your Birthday: Shiny red apple.

Quote: "If you really love me you'll send your daughter to that haunted boarding school."

Chance of beating: You'll soon discover emotional scars run deeper than physical ones.

Jesus-Loves-You Stepmom

Holier Thanowicus

Description: Your father finally realized that what he needed in life was a moral anchor; a person of unquestionable judgment, unshakeable faith, and total moral authority.

Where she met your dad: AA.

Method of Wooing: Handjob during church.

For Your Birthday: Signed photo of Jesus.

Quote: "You'll thank me for this when you're dead."

Chance of Beating: Depends, are you better than Jesus?



Other Mommy

Feminius Mustachius

Description: Here to set your mother ~~straight~~ about how she's been living her life.

Where she met your mom: Where curiosity and tequila meet.

Method of Wooing: Thelma & Louise DVD.

For Your Birthday: Reusable menstrual cup, cake.

Quote: "Stop crying, I think that parent-teacher conference went great."

Chance of Beating: Gender dependent.



Ten-Years-Your-Senior Stepdad

Dudius Maximus



Description: "Yeah, he's TWENTY EIGHT Stan! How do you fucking like that, huh? How old is that bleached blonde whorebag trophy of yours? Sixty? [sound of bottle dropping]"

Where he met your mom: Community college pottery class.

Method of Wooing: Marijuana.

For Your Birthday: Gift Certificate to the car audio shop he works at.

Quote: "Man, your mom is HOT."

Chance of Beating: He can probably take you in *Gears of War*, but you'll destroy him in *NBA 2k7*.

Abusive Stepdad

Backius Handius



Description: Their meeting was serendipitous; she was ready to love again, and he was finally out of prison.

Where he met your mom: Court-ordered Anger Management.

Method of Wooing: A beating.

For Your Birthday: A beating.

Quote: "I'm gonna give you such a beating!"

Chance of Beating: Likely.

Mom-Could-Do-Better-Than-This Stepdad

Averagus Extremis

Description: I guess he's alright.

Where he met your mom: On the rebound.

Method of Wooing: Steady and unremarkable companionship.

For Your Birthday: Coupons.

Quote: "Heyyyy there Kiddo"

Chance of Beating: Slim to none.



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Is Your Man a STUD, a DUD, or a CROCODILE?!

- 1 Which of these best describes your man's look:**
- a. Fresh, stylish, and clean-cut.
 - b. Casual, scruffy, disheveled.
 - c. Easily mistaken for a floating log.

- 2 What's the most romantic thing he's likely to do:**
- a. Send you a love note just because.
 - b. Forget your anniversary.
 - c. Ambush a drinking zebra.

- 3 How does your man act around kids:**
- a. He's 100% Mr. Mom!
 - b. He's just as immature as they are.
 - c. He incubates them in a nest of compost and swamp vegetation.

- 4 At the mall, he's most likely to:**
- a. Give you helpful tips on which shoes are cutest.
 - b. Take a nap in a dressing room.
 - c. Stealthily slip into the Cinnabon stand and devour the employees.

- 5 When you tell him about your new promotion at work, he:**
- a. Gives you a big kiss and takes you out for a night on the town.
 - b. Asks you to stop blocking the TV.

- c. Stares uncomprehendingly before lunging at the cameraman.

- 6 When your man needs to relax he:**
- a. Takes his iPod and goes for a run.
 - b. Invites 20 of his closest buddies over for a raging kegger.
 - c. Waddles into the water and lowers his body temperature to a near-death level.

- 7 When a gorgeous girl walks by the two of you he:**
- a. Laughs and reminds you that you're prettier.
 - b. Watches her walk away before whistling under his breath.
 - c. Slowly blinks his nictitating third eyelid, cleaning and lubricating his eye using fluid from his lacrymal ducts and allowing him to see clearly underwater in low light situations.

- 8 His technique in the bedroom:**
- a. Attentive, affectionate, and selfless.
 - b. Wham, bam, thank you ma'am!
 - c. Biting down on your neck and going into a spine-snapping death roll.

- 9 When taking you to dinner, he:**
- a. Always picks up the check.
 - b. Pretends he "forgot" his wallet.
 - c. Takes a raw chicken in his jaws and whips it around violently, tearing it into pieces so he can messily swallow it in ragged chunks.

- 10 Which of these is mostly likely to put him in the mood?**
- a. A romantic candle-lit evening, a roaring fire, and sensual music.
 - b. A few beers and any rerun of Baywatch.
 - c. Female crocodiles.

SCORING:

Add 2 points for every A answer, 1 point for every B answer, and 0 points for every C answer.

If your man scored:

15 -20 points: He's a keeper! Hold on to this one tight, and make sure he puts a ring on your finger!

2-14 points: Kick him to the curb! This guy is a total dud and is probably poor as well!

0-1 points: Your man is a large, carnivorous, water-dwelling reptile native to rivers along the tropic. It is suggested you contact animal control or your local authorities. In the mean time, you should probably run.

ORIGINAL

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TAB

Name

Ignatius J. Reilly

Pie Most Venomous

By Ignatius J. Reilly

It is a mighty testament to the flexibility of my character that I have agreed to publish in this sordid periodical, which is produced by a particularly degenerate cluster of Hebrews, sodomites, and sour-tongued atheists who imbibe spirits at a rate that, by all reasonable and geometric standards, should already have sent them to whatever righteous torture awaits these heretics. I suppose I have made this contribution as an act of mercy towards you, the pitiable and corrupted readership of this magazine. I offer you the chance to avert your gaze from this vile heap of burlesque scribblings and instead give you a glimpse of the venerated theological wisdom of a bygone era. Thus, without further ado, I give you my appraisal of Berkeley's various restaurants and eateries.

Blondie's Pizza

My question, dear reader, is whether the cuisine of an establishment ought to be indicted if it is consumed primarily by the drunken, fornicating misfits of the late night bar scene? The counter emits a twin headed hydra of swaying primates held to the ground by the force of their own backwards baseball caps. Thus, when I arrived, I employed my impressive volume in the enterprise of reaching the register. There was a collective release of grunts and mush mouthed gibberish as I forged ahead. I was quick to silence their grumbling with an authoritative declaration of purpose, "Excuse me! But I am no mere customer. I am here as a representative of one of the city's premiere publications. Now if you will all make way, I require a sample." I thrust a wad of moneys into the waiting clutches of the rodent-eyed harlot behind the counter whose visage had been mutilated by no less than a dozen bars, hooks, and hoops of metal, making her resemble nothing so much as the pagan voodoo doll she undoubtedly enshrines within her fetid apartment.

I had already drawn in the hearty scent of the dish past the guardrail of my full bodied mustache and into my sensitive nostrils. Placing it upon the waiting, pink rug of my tongue I first absorbed the delicate softness of the crust. But the restaurant critic cannot merely consume, he must be an instrument of aesthetic precision, so I gently sucked the grease pooled inside a pepperoni. Apparently the act made an audible noise, for several faces turned in my direction. I screamed for privacy but with my mouth full of delicious cheese and tomato sauce I accidentally sprayed a moorish thug with steaming, half chewed foodstuff. When I noted that this was a living metaphor of avian feeding practices, he failed to fully appreciate the witticism.

At this point it was clear that they had given me a slice of inadequate size. Not wanting to disturb the staff I helpfully reached over the counter to scoop up another slice more deserving of my purchase. Unfortunately, I had picked up a vegetarian slice, covered in their cabbage patch swill and obscure middle-eastern dressings which offend both one's sense of olfaction and morality. But this was the least of my worries, for by then the small Andes tribesmen garbed in the livery of the establishment became immediately agitated, exhibiting the cultural practices of his native land via wild gesticulations and emphatic shrieks. Before I even had a chance to explain myself they hustled me out the door and chucked me onto a filthy vagrant begging for stray coinage.

Until next time, dear readers,

Ignatius J. Reilly



Pennsylvania Avenue

*first in war
first in peace
first in Martha*



God Bless King George
America
Me

ONE THUG, ONE VOTE



it's all about
the benjamins

茶

FREE TEA
4 REDCOATS





Porn Director License Test

CIRCLE OR STAIN THE CORRECT ANSWER

YOU MUST PASS WITH AN 85% TO OBTAIN CLASS 1 LICENSE

Health & Safety Section (2 Questions)

1. In the event someone on set is choking, you should:
 - A. Perform the Heimlich
 - B. Call 911
 - C. Remove penis(es), phallus(es), or fist(s)
 - D. Zoom in
2. The correct result for an HIV test is:
 - A. Positive
 - B. Negative
 - C. B+
 - D. Not Pregnant

Union Requirements (3 Questions)

3. If condoms are not available on the set, you should substitute them with:
 - A. Ziploc bags
 - B. Grocery bags
 - C. Garbage bags
 - D. Spit
4. If a performer displays anxiety about an upcoming scene, you should:
 - A. Rewrite the scene to address their concerns
 - B. Gently but firmly remind them that you still have their passport
 - C. Stop hiring girls who can read
 - D. Throw your cocaine in their face and scream, "Who almost got into USC film school?! You?? That's what I thought!"

5. Which of these sexual positions is now illegal:

- A. Reverse Cowgirl
- B. Paraplegic Cowgirl
- C. The Over-Turned Fruit Cart
- D. The Rock Tumbler

Sexual Harassment (1 Question)

6. Which of the following statements is most accurate:
 - A. Sexual harassment is defined as any unwanted sexual advances in the workplace
 - B. Sexual harassment is a serious problem in the pornographic film industry
 - C. Sexual harassment is a popular genre in the pornographic film industry
 - D. Bitch suck it

Directorial Technique & Style (2 Questions)

7. If a performer makes a mistake during filming, you should:
 - A. Reshoot the Scene
 - B. Change the title of the film to *Boy That's Embarrassing Volume 4*
 - C. Comfort him with an anecdote about the time you pooped on Tracy Lords
 - D. Rub their nose in it
8. The three elements of a male-male-female threesome are Patience, Trust, and:
 - A. Empathy
 - B. Boners
 - C. Speed
 - D. Surprise

Essay Prompt:

Pornographic film is not merely copulation caught on tape; it is an artistic expression of beauty and life, a demonstrative art form that can raise people to the highest highs and make them face the lowest, sweatiest depths within us all. The history of pornographic film is the history of America itself.

In 200 words or less, explain why you like watching people pee.

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