

the **heuristic** **squelch**

Apr 2007

Vol 16 Issue 6

squelched.com



Smells like toast ... OH MY GOD!



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WRITING COUNTRY MUSIC SINCE 1991

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(Losin' the truck)

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(Drunkin' truckin')

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Secrets

As we, the editorial staff of the Heuristic Squelch, are graduating in a scant few weeks, we no longer have to keep the many awful secrets we've kept for these four long trying years. First, the obvious secrets.

We're the ones that write the Daily Cal, and have been doing so sarcastically for years. No doubt many of you are wise to this ruse, for you know that no newspaper could be so intentionally poorly written, and we appreciate you keeping your silence. But don't worry, we've found a really top shelf breed of dog to take over the Daily Cal next year.

Now onto the deeper, darker secrets.

If you've ever submitted a piece or idea to the Squelch and we didn't reply to you, it's because it was awful. Unspeakably awful. Rest assured, if your half-baked concepts or kitten-laden humor were at ALL worthy, we would have stolen it and put our names on it.

You may have noticed the magazine getting less and less funny, and it's probably because of the incredibly harsh and soul-killing hazing process that all writers must go through. On the advice of this lawyer we kidnapped, we've been told not to tell you about some of the more illegal aspects of the process, but rest assured any Squelch writer knows what wine goes best with a hastily aborted fetus. Hint: it's not Franzia.

While we're on the subject of horrible crimes, the magazine has been funded almost entirely for the last decade by selling pirated movies out of our office in 310 Eshleman. And we've never gotten caught. Or even come close to getting caught. Especially not for Snakes on a Plane. That movie fucking sucked.

Also, we were the ones that killed that cop. Sorry Mumia, we should've spoken up sooner.

Don't tell anyone.

Cam Browster
Simon Dan
Chris Jewelland
RMB
[Signature]

Words from the top

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Fat, Black, Female Priest Actually Martin Lawrence Trying to Steal a Diamond

By Simon Ganz & John O'Connor, fat, black, and proud

The sleepy bayside community of Elk Hollow was rocked recently when their local priest, working under the alias of Katherine O'Malley, turned out to be Martin Lawrence in a fat suit. Lawrence took over the parish at Elk Hollow's Church of St. Edward the Confessor two years ago.

"Normally the Catholic church doesn't allow women to become priests," said Elk Hollow's Cardinal Quinn Murray. "I think she just charmed us all so much, what with her sassiness, blackness, and break-dancing."

Lawrence took the job under the priestly pretense in order

to steal the Church of St. Edward the Confessor's mystical Rainbow Diamond. The diamond, given to the church by Pope John Paul II on one of his visits to America, is valued at \$300 million USD.

Parish members reportedly grew suspicious when Lawrence began mass with "Wazap-wazap-WAZAAP??" and ended with "Forreal though, where that diamond at?" Lawrence is suspected of stealing the diamond while the entire congregation was preoccupied with a rousing Soul Train-esque dance-off to "Rapper's Delight."

"In retrospect, probably a bad move to keep the diamond in a neighborhood church," Cardinal Murray said. "But I drink a lot."

Romania to Name Dragon National Bird

By Kevin Heiken, wrote this to get girls

In a shortsighted and very curious attempt to increase tourism, the nation of Romania yesterday voted to proclaim the dragon as their new national bird. "The great nation of Romania has long been at the forefront of world dragon conservation, and it is about time we recognize ourselves for doing so," said Romanian Prime Minister Goran Kalashnicovovic while wearing a cape and posing with British tourists.

The resolution has been described by political analysts worldwide as a sad and desperate attempt to increase public awareness of a nation whose only claim to fame is green, delicious lettuce. The bill will open 200 new Dragon Hatcheries/Family Fun Centers and places a stringent ban on the Lord of the Rings and other blasphemous history books. However, the measure did not pass without dissent. At the Romanian National Assembly, one representative whose name this reporter could not pronounce voiced his disapproval. "You all know Harry Potter isn't real, right? And even if it was, a dragon isn't even a bird! It's a reptile... dinosaur...fire thingy!" After a short and awkward pause, the gathered assembly raised their magic staffs above their heads and monotonously chanted "renegade" over and over again. The member then left and the measure passed unanimously.

Lieberman Announces Gray Horse Candidacy

By Itamar Haritan, can't spell his own name either

Senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut recently told reporters he sees himself as a gray horse candidate in the upcoming 2008 election. "I mean, I wouldn't be *shocked* if I won," Lieberman said. "I guess I wouldn't bet on it though."

The Connecticut Senator, whose prospects for winning the presidential election are moderate to average, began the campaign on a decidedly lackluster note, urging supporters to "find the balance between energy and lethargy."

"This election," the Senator noted to the nearly-captivated audience, "could potentially, maybe kind-of reverse the polarization of our political leaders. It might be about ending our engagement in Iraq, or even Afghanistan, or ... something."

Democratic Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi was unaware of the gray-horse candidacy until receiving a call from Lieberman himself, reportedly responding with, "Yeah, and?" No other officials from the Democratic or Republican parties were available to comment as they were "busy with election stuff."

"I'm not all that worried," the Senator said upon arriving for a meet-and-greet at a Connecticut Denny's. "Theoretically, I may very well win. Or lose. I haven't decided." Lieberman then gave half-hearted handshakes to people trying to enjoy their pancakes.

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New Needle Exchange Program**

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Gay Man to Put Bros Before Bros

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Rip Torn Namesake of Own Demise
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**Optimistic Sportswriter Thinks Yankees
Could Go All the Way**

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Rapture Occurs, Productivity Skyrockets

By Ben Narodick, still around

Christian fundamentalists and Evangelicals were elevated to Heaven last week to sit at the side of Jesus Christ, Lord and Savior. With hundreds of millions having instantly disappeared around the world, global productivity has risen ten-fold in what remaining scientific leaders call "not a miracle."

"It's great, I can make it to work in ten minutes flat," said Kevin Stern, a 28-year old software developer and leader of the singles' group at the local Jewish Community Center. "I don't have to wait for a treadmill at 24 Hour Fitness. And I can't believe how low gas prices are!"

Across America, communities are re-claiming the land previously occupied by churches to build baseball diamonds, cigar lounges, and 16-and-over gentleman's clubs. The slight increase in interest rates created by this surge of new real estate has been offset by the immediate passage by Congress of universal health care, new public works projects, and the socialized redistribution of all of the Pope's holdings.

Not all portions of the national economy have benefited. The abortion clinic security guard industry has been decimated and may never recover. Additionally, the agricultural sector has been devastated by the sudden removal of the entire population of Kansas.



Despite these setbacks, those left behind seem cautiously optimistic for their future. "Just because they are gone doesn't mean that they were right. I think there is still hope to be reincarnated as a banana slug," remarked Patrick Kwong as he entered his local Buddhist temple. "And who wouldn't be looking forward to that?"

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Daniel Brady, Science Major. 2023 AD



"Whoa, cool, hover cars!"

Danny Marshall, Clone. 2024 AD

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OWEN JAVELLANA'S

POST APOCALYPTIC LOVE ADVICE

Just because a series of horrifying cataclysmic tragedies has befallen the Earth doesn't mean your love life has to go down the tubes with it! We all need some advice sometimes, and who better to answer your romantic queries than me, your everyday delusional hermit turned self-proclaimed all-knowing Oracle!

Dear Oracle,

My boyfriend and I come from rival marauding war-clans. Don't get me wrong, I love pillaging bands of survivors with him, but I can't take him to any clan raids without getting funny/murderous looks from the war-chiefs. Should I stick with him or kick him to the war-curb?

**Karen of the Crunchfist Tribe
New Bloodzone, Connecticut**

Always a sticky situation. Sometimes in life you just have to suck it up and kill the war-chief in ritual combat, eating his eyes to consume his strength and becoming the new de-facto leader. Either that or sell your boyfriend for ammunition.

Dear Oracle,

The freak clouds of radiation that have killed our town's crops continue to bring havoc and despair, warping and mutating our bodies into hideous abominations, twisted affronts to creation and all that is sacred. My question is: How can I spice things up in the bedroom with my girlfriend?

**Clark Goodman
Radiation Bay, Nebraska**

I've always been a fan of erotic massage. Put your webbed hand(s) and/or handless stumps to good use! If that doesn't work, try her second vagina.

Dear Oracle,

My wife and I can't seem to stop arguing, and being stuck in such close proximity all day just makes it worse. Maybe you can help. Does dry land still exist? Hoping you get this bottle,

**Ben F.
Makeshift Raft in the Middle of
the Pacific**

Yes it does, but you're not missing much. If/when you find dry land in the future, remember that land-dwellers look down on those that drink their own recycled urine.

Dear Oracle,

I've been hiding in this underground bomb shelter for nine years now, and I'm having trouble conceiving a robot-child with my toasterwife because she keeps transforming into a psychedelic rainbow. Should I keep trying or should I listen to the pickled beets and look for someone new?

Craig!

Cabin fever is fast bringing dementia. Sending all these letters written in blood can only be quickening the process.

Dear Oracle,

For quite some time I've had my eye on this girl who lives in my building. Anyway, three-part question: 1) How can I tell if she likes me? 2) How can I tell if she's another zombie? 3) Can the Umbrella Virus be spread by dry humping?

**Ruben Mackey
Raccoon City**

1) Watch for little signs, like her touching your arm when she speaks. 2) Watch for little signs, like her gnawing flesh from your arm when she speaks/groans incoherently. 3) No. But let's be honest, one thing leads to another. And by that, I do mean "dry-humping" leads to "flesh gnawing." Or at least it does the way I do it.



EULOGY

I cannot say that Jim was my best friend.

I cannot even say that Jim was my close friend. Jim was my roommate, and my roommate only, and it's true what they say: you don't really miss something until it's gone. I regret that Jim and I weren't closer. More than regret, I am ashamed. I am ashamed that what could have been a powerful friendship between us was stymied by my own bigoted intolerance of sharing a room with a nine-foot-tall fire ant.

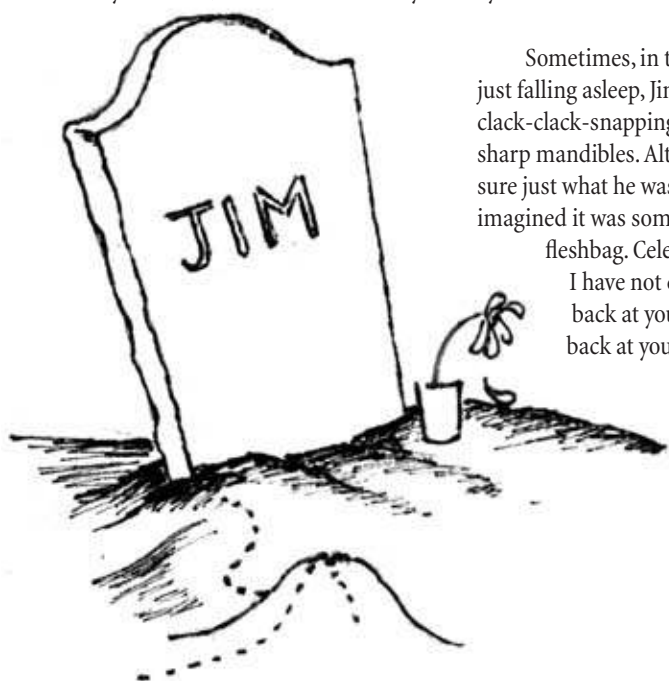
Bob. Queen Abigail. I can only imagine what you must be going through; how hard it must be to lose one of your thousands of children. I remember meeting you and Jim on move-in day. Remember? Remember how I screamed and screamed and tried to smash your heads in with the fire extinguisher? It almost makes me laugh now. You may not know this, but that's the day Jim got his nickname around the dorm: The Unkillable Hell Beast. I guess that seems pretty ironic now, huh.

In this, the most difficult of times, know that you will be in the hearts and in the prayers of all of us, but the management has asked me to inform you that you are being charged for each of those mutilated pews and ushers, and I am to respectfully request that you transfer any consumed humans from your holding stomachs to your digestive stomachs as the muffled screams are distracting the other mourners. I've been told to wait.

Thank you.

I don't know what kind of horrible insect-God would allow Jim to be snatched so young, but it's true that the candle that burns brightest, burns briefest. Despite his short time on this earth, Jim touched so very many of our lives, as is evidenced by the number of prosthetic limbs peppered throughout the chapel this morning.

In the end it took 50 state troopers and a federalized National Guard to bring Jim down, and if the amount of time he spent playing Grand Theft Auto on my Playstation while I huddled in the corner is any indicator, I'm sure that's exactly the way he would have wanted it.



Sometimes, in the dark, when he was just falling asleep, Jim would make a hideous clack-clack-snapping sound with his razor sharp mandibles. Although I could never be sure just what he was saying or eating, I always imagined it was something like "Goodnight, fleshbag. Celebrate this day, for this day I have not devoured you." Well, right back at you, brother. *sniff* Right back at you. I love you Jim.

By Aaron Brownstein

Top Ten Phrases Heard Right Before a Gruesome Accident

10. I'm pretty sure this guillotine's a replica
9. Will it blend?
8. We have to, son. Cleaning wood-chippers is what we do
7. Three!! ...Two!! ...One!!
6. Relaaaaax, cougars can't see you if you don't mind
5. Watch me stop this band saw with my genitals!
4. It's a bear trap, it won't work on people
3. Fuck you, school bus!
2. The only way to calm these bees down is to kill the queen
1. OH NO BEES

Top Ten Less Popular Performance Enhancing Drugs

10. Lard
9. Ted Williams' frozen spinal fluid
8. Inhuman Growth Hormone
7. A shit load of estrogen
6. 300% Milk
5. Lots and LOTS of Sweet Tarts
4. Placebo Brand Placebos
3. That stuff that makes spiders come out when you pee
2. Flintstones Chewable Dianabol
1. Expired Insulin

Top Ten Unpopular Celebrity Exercise Videos

10. Morrissey's Cry-Bo
9. Michael J. Fox's Jitterin' Uncontrollably
8. J. Lo's Buns of Ham
7. John Goodman's I Need to Exercise or I'm Going to Die
6. The Cory Feldman Hey It's a Paycheck Workout
5. Robert Downey Jr.'s Sweatn' to Your Excessive Heartbeat
4. Jackie Chan's Low Impact Geriatric Film Shoot
3. Michael Clarke Duncan's Six Minute Bear Wrestle
2. Chris Farley's Sweatn' to the AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH
1. Brian Dennehy's Jack Daniels Challenge

Animal Love



By Fred Taylor-“I-Like-To-Watch”-Hochberg

What follows are transcripts of conversations between Earth’s creatures about the ups and downs of their love lives, collected through extensive field work and less extensive peyote use.

Two male lions kick back after a long, hard day of waiting for the females to bring the food home.

Bill: So my last girlfriend, right? Total controlling bitch. “Why do you stay out so late?” this. “Why don’t you ever call?” that. “Why is your penis covered with tiny, backward-facing spines?” Blah, blah, blah.

Larry: I feel you on the spines thing, man. Women bitch and bitch about the spines, but you know that they’d be totally unable to ovulate without them.

Bill: Thank you! See, that’s what I told her. But did it help? Noooo. I guess she was already pissed at me for killing the other males in the pride and eating her young so as to ensure that only my genes are passed on.

Larry: Women, huh? Can’t live with them, can’t live without extremely rough and painful sex with them.

Two toads succumb to their star-crossed love.

Lisa: [huffily] So your dad doesn’t seem to like it that I’m from a different species.

John: Lisa, I’m really sorry about him. I mean it. But you shouldn’t worry about the things he said, or his shouted warnings not to touch you as we left. I’m not like him. I love everything about you. I love your bright blue skin—the way it glistens in the moonlight, the way it warns predators, the way your paratoid gland secretes alkaloids when you laugh...

Lisa: Really?

John: Yeah.

Lisa: John, that is so sweet. [kisses him]

John: [dies of nervous system failure]

Nightfall brings bad news for these two blue jays.

Martin: [landing quietly] Okay Martin, play it cool, play it cool...

Sylvia: [springing from the nest] Where the hell have you been!

Martin: I, I just got back from the Wise Owl ... it’s about my feathers.

Sylvia: Oh my God. Is it--

Martin: I have bird herpes.

Sylvia: [realizing] You son of a bitch. You slept with that fucking pigeon from work, didn’t you! You stupid son of a bitch, you brought a pigeon-whore into our nest!

Martin: [starting to cry] Sylvia... I...

[a ten year old with an Airsoft gun kills both of them]

Children are always a handful, and this hamster couple is experiencing that fact firsthand.

Tim: [reading his shredded newspaper] Honey ... did you eat Tim Jr.?

Sara: [mouth full of Tim Jr.] Nopfff.

Tim: [sighing] I should’ve married the water bottle.

Accusations of infidelity threaten to tear this hippo couple apart.

Brenda: [angrily] So who’s this slut in your mouth?

James: Honey, for the last time, we spend time together as friends.

She picks the parasites off me and, in return, gets protection from predators.

Brenda: [incredulous] Oh, I see. It’s just symbiosis. If I had a goddamn penny for every time I heard that...

James: She’s a fucking bird, Brenda.

Even if I wanted to have sex with her I couldn’t. I’m a hippo, my dick is like a grain silo!

Brenda: Get out of my swamp!

James: Your swamp?

Brenda: Float you!

James: Float your mother!

[accidentally inhales bird]

[pause]

James: [sighing] Are you happy now?



Step into my office...

By SDG, JO'C

Don't have a seat, Eric. I'll get right to the point.

I built this company with my bare hands. I woke up at four AM for 60 years and never once took a vacation. Now I admit, I didn't come in on a Sunday once, but only to impregnate my wife during church. I eat one grapefruit a day and carry my car home from work every night for the exercise.

Frankly, Junior, you're just not cutting it. When I started this company, no one in this country had even heard of desk lamps. They'd just sit in the dark shuffling papers until their eyes started to bleed. Honest to God, you'd go to sleep with your collars soaked in blood. Now you can walk into half the homes and offices in America and find my namesake sitting on a desk.

Let me let that sink in. 100 million desk lamps, and they all have my name on them. They don't say, "Eric Martinson, Junior VP of Marketing, and Probable Communist."

Eric, you're what's wrong with America. Do you realize that 30 years ago this country really knew how to make an industrial lathe? And I don't mean they knew how to order one from Hong Kong, I mean *they really knew how to make an industrial lathe*. You'd call up some guy in Idaho and he'd call you "Sir" and that damned thing would be in your factory by the end of business Tuesday. And if it did so much as chip a lamp, there wasn't a court in the state that'd convict you for beating the salesman to death with a chair. A chair made in AMERICA.

Now get out of my office and leave your pens with my secretary.

Sincerely,
95 Year Old Businessman



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From the Archives of The Motion
Picture Association of America
Ratings Board

Mrs. Doubtfire

by
Randy Mayem Singer and Leslie Dixon

URGENT:

Please remove scene in
which Robin Williams
disfigures penis while
talking like Elmer Fudd

Property 20th Century F
Not for Distribut

Air Bud 2: Golden Receiver

By Paul Tamasy & Aaron
Mendelsohn

Dog's boner visible in every scene.

The Godfather

by
Mario Puzo

REJECTED

WHOLE HORSE IN BED IS WAY TOO MUCH.

FOR R-RATING: JUST THE HORSE'S HEAD
FOR PG: HORSESHOES

Star Wars: Episode 1
The Phantom Menace

by
George Lucas

REJECTED

REJECTED

Oh come on George! This is just ridiculous.
For PG-13: Remove Jar-jar's constant
requests for fried chitins.
For PG: Remove Jar-jar's blackface.

Willy Wonka & The Chocolate
Factory

by
Roald Dahl

After turning into a blueberry, Violet
Palmer should not pop, and Grandpa
and Charlie should most certainly not
place their mouths over the gushing hole.

← PLEASE
READ

Romy and Michelle's High
School Reunion

by
Robin Schiff

I don't want to tell you how to make your
movie, but there's an inordinate amount of
analingus in the flashback scenes.

REJECTED

Back to the Future

by
Robert Zemeckis

Fewer scenes of
Marty raping cave
women. Other than
that, perfect.

Please replace male
African lead with
Humphrey Bogart.
NON NEGOTIABLE

Casablanca

by
By Julius J. and Philip G.
Epstein and Howard Koch

AMERICAN HISTORY X
BY DAVID MCKENNA

VIOLENCE OF EDWARD FURLONG'S MURDER
WOULD BE LESS GRATUITOUS WERE HE KILLED BY
VENGEFUL BLACK CHILD INSTEAD OF THE
TERMINATOR

s.f. bay area craigslist > a guide to casual encounters

[Danny Marshall]

Reply to: 9634890095@craigslist.org

Posting: I'm a horny big black woman desperate for some cock.

Translation: My name is Eddie Murphy and I just want to get back into my big black woman costume I used in *Norbit*. I will suck your dick though.

Reply to: 907890456@craigslist.org

Posting: Me and my boyfriend are looking for one additional guy to complete our threesome. We prefer a big cock.

Translation: My Brazilian boyfriend and I would love to mug you and steal all your kidneys. We prefer someone with six large kidneys.

Reply to: 1008937784@craigslist.org

Posting: Hey there guys my name is Liz. I like going to the movies, or staying at home and renting a movie. I love to cook so you have to love to eat.

Translation: I just love to eat. I don't give a fuck about the movies, unless they're about eating. What's Eating Gilbert Grape was a major disappointment.

Reply to: 789028376@craigslist.org

Posting: I am a 20-year-old looking for a nice, subordinate man. I have green eyes, a really nice body and ass, and a pretty face. I have pictures to prove this.

Translation:



Reply to: 907378928@craigslist.org

Posting: Wanted: no strings attached sex with a hot guy that says he loves me.

Translation: I wish my father loved me. I hope he responds to this posting.

Reply to: 648958731@craigslist.org

Posting: I am looking for someone who wants a fat girl that actually has fat rolls. You must be ok with things like touching my fat belly and fat thighs and love it because they are fat.

Translation: I *might* be fat.

Reply to: 278349876@craigslist.org

Posting: Any freaks down to have sex? You've got to satisfy my fetish and then I'll do whatever turns you on.

Translation: Hope you like strap-on dildos going in and out of your eye socket.

Reply to: 837490011@craigslist.org

Posting: I'm a young girl but not at heart. Sophisticated for my age and sick of dealing with high school boys. Are you my Prince Charming?

Translation: If I lure one more guy onto *To Catch a Predator*, they're gonna promote me to anchor.

Reply to: 3746083785@craigslist.org

Posting: It's big, it's brown, and it's yours for \$25.

Translation: I posted this in the wrong section; I'm actually selling a cabinet.

British Government Pretty Sure There Were Only 14 Sailors Before

[illegible]

و زاسلجم ريديقت TEHRAN photo by: اه يى الكى رىرم آ ولسوت دوغ وچنكش زانارى اىناملىپىدىنى اور

تأیید این استاسا سسلج نیم‌دهزای رد .رمه یرازگربخ شرازگ هب
دش لیلکشت سدوم دهم رد ۸۵ نیدنورف رد هک ناریزو
ریز هلمج زا فلتخم یاه هنیمز رد هبوصم دنب ۹۰ زا شیب
ینام رد یتشادهب ،یشزومآ ،یگنهرف ،یداصتقا ،ییانیب

ی‌ن‌اس‌ر ش‌م‌د‌خ و ی‌وض‌ر ن‌اس‌ار‌خ ن‌ات‌س‌ا ش‌ف‌ر‌ش‌ی‌ب ر‌د‌ع‌ی‌ر‌س‌ت ی‌ار‌ب ی‌ش‌ز‌رو و
د‌ی‌س‌ر ب‌ی‌وض‌ت ه‌ب ت‌ال‌ک‌ش‌م و ع‌ن‌ا‌وم غ‌ف‌ر و ن‌ات‌س‌ا م‌د‌رم ه‌ب ر‌ت‌ه‌ب
. ی‌ن‌ات‌س‌ا ی‌اه ت‌س‌ش‌ن ت‌اب‌و‌ص‌م ی‌ری‌گ‌ی‌ب ی‌ات‌س‌ار ر‌د‌ی‌رو ه‌م‌ج‌س‌ی‌ق‌ر ل‌وا ن‌واع‌م

NEWS IN BRIEF

OPEC Announces New Gas/More-Gas Hybrid Car

Page ٦, Column ٥

President Ahmadinejad Opens Heavy Metal "Axes of Evil" Concert

Page ١٢, Column ٤٤

VOICES ی س ر ا ف

What do you think of our developing nuclear weapons program?



Gorgin Zahedi
Date Tree Shaker
"It's great?"



Salima Niyazfar
Animal Psychiatrist
"Um, good? Is good the right answer?"



Hamed Mirzapour
Rug Designer
"Please don't
hurt my family."

OPINION



I'm Sick and Tired of Men Staring at my Eyes

By Sanaz Aiaseh



I Feel Like I'm Angry All the Time

By Ayatollah al-Sistani



Seinfeld

MEETS



[Jerry and George exit the CTU locker room]

Jerry: Sweatpants? You're wearing sweatpants to a bomb defusing?

George: What, there's something wrong with sweatpants?

Jerry: No, not at all, assuming you're New Jersey SWAT.

George: Why can't I be comfortable! Was there some meeting I missed where we all agreed we couldn't be comfortable at work?

Jerry: But sweatpants? You're basically telling the world, 'Hey, I don't care if this bomb blows up, because I've given up on life.'

[Kramer bursts out of the locker room]

Kramer: Heyyyyy George, n-i-i-i-ce sweatpants.

[George enters Jerry's apartment after being buzzed up]

George: Hey, did you end up questioning that Aziz guy?

Jerry: Ohhhhhhhh, I did.

George: *[getting a Snapple]* And?

Jerry: Couldn't stop screaming. I torture him, he screams. I stop torturing him, he screams some more.

George: Screaming, huh? How could you hear his confessions?

Jerry: I barely could! It was impossible!

George: So he's a
Screamconfessor.

Jerry: *[Nodding]*
Screamconfessor.

*[funky bass lick,
incessant beeping]*

*[Kramer staggers into Jerry's
apartment and heads straight for the 'fridge]*

Kramer: You got any of those antidotes left? That Abdul Ndubi stuck me with some poison.

Jerry: Poison? Really?

Kramer: Can you believe it? Snuck up and
BAM! Right in the arm!

George: Unbelievable. Who poisons people
anymore? What is this, Chechnya?

Kramer: So you got any antidotes?

Jerry: *[reluctantly]* I don't know, Kramer. I'm
sort of running low.

Kramer: Come onnnnnnn, Jerry! I'm dyin' here!

Jerry: All RIGHT, all RIGHT, all RIGHT!
They're in the vegetable crisper -- but you're
paying me this time!

Kramer: I'm only going to use half, so I'm

only paying half.

Jerry: Half? You're only going to use half?

George: You're leaving half an antidote in the 'fridge? That's like
leaving half a donut at a counter-terrorism brief.

Kramer: I, uh, hoo-ah, oooboy -- *[comically passes out]*

*[Jerry enters an interrogation room to drill his pudgy archnemesis,
Nubac Bar Rahim]*

Jerry: Hello, Nubac.

Nubac Bar Rahim: Hello, Jerry.

Jerry: *[Saws off Nubac's head]*

[Jerry and Elaine are sitting at Monk's. George walks in and sits down]

George: My life is the opposite of everything I want it to be. Every
instinct I have, be it a choice between which door to enter during
a raid, or whether or not to wear a bullet-proof vest, it's wrong.
Always wrong!

Jerry: Always? Really?

George: Remember that time that I was on the
Russian submarine?

Jerry: With the President's daughter?

George: I was the only one who didn't
bring swim trunks!

Jerry: Well, if every instinct you
have is wrong, then the opposite
would have to be right.

George: What are you saying?

Jerry: Anytime you're faced
with a decision, do the
opposite.

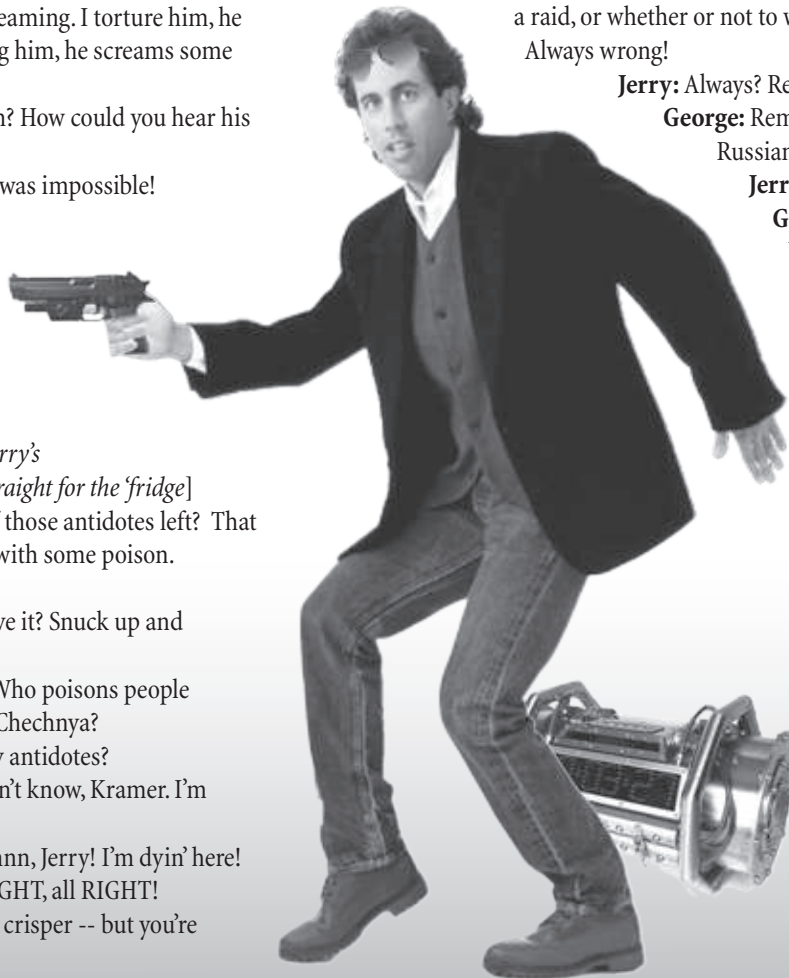
[George's phone rings]

Terrorist: I have 43
hostages trapped on the
New York Subway. Either
the US lifts their sanctions
on Iran, or I will see to it
that all 43 die a horrible
death at my hands.

George: *[After a moment's
pause]* You know what Abdul?
Kill them all. That's right. Kill
them all! How do you like that?!

[Hangs up]

Jerry: I think that went well.



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THE MURDERDOME QUARTERLY

The Newsletter by Dr. Murder's Henchmen for Dr. Murder's Henchmen

A Note from the Editor, Footman #2205

Hello everyone! I hope you're all having a happy April here at the MurderDome, I know that I have! It's certainly been a busy couple of weeks for us here at the newsletter offices, especially after our former editor-in-chief was folded in half by Captain Superior. Whoops! The guys from R&D swear the next ray gun they build won't blow up when Captain Superior sticks his finger in the muzzle.

Upcoming Events

April 18th – Safety Seminar: Distinguishing Between When a Heroine is Just Trying to Get the Keys From Around Your Neck and When She Really Wants To Do You, Bro.

April 20th – Our Mighty Commander Dr. Murder's Birthday Party! Just a reminder, we're still looking for volunteers for the Acid Dunk Tank.

May 3rd – Employee Potluck, by the Lake of Hatred. It might be a good idea that some refrain from coming so that the entire compound isn't left undefended and Dr. Murder gets kidnapped by the UN like last time. Whoops!

Footman #1513 Slays James Bond at Last!

Glorious news from the heart of the Murderdome! Footman #1513 managed to finally shoot James Bond last Friday, striking a blow for agents of oppression everywhere. Sitting down with our Deeds of Villainous Greatness Correspondent, #1513 recalled the electrifying scene.

"When we saw Bond, we assumed standard tactical response scenario 7B: Standing perfectly still while pouring bullets into the wall behind him. Despite our best efforts, the subject took out half our regiment with a single pistol, a buzz saw key-ring, and a bulletproof umbrella.

"Scared, injured, and drenched in our own urine, we assumed fallback positions behind Giant-Shirtless-Eyepatched-Guy-With-Chaingun, but Bond lured him into the Hall of Mirrors and he was eaten by piranhas. Left with no alternative, I decided to try something crazy so I just kind of pointed the gun and pulled the trigger as he charged towards me. Next thing you know the guy just sort of runs straight into the stream of bullets. Didn't see it coming."

Further eyewitness accounts describe how the lair was then bathed in a stunned silence, nothing to be heard but the mechanical voice of the count-down minion marking the seconds until the death satellite reached orbit. News of Bond's death has been met with official condolences from all major capitals of the world, save for Washington, D.C. which ceased to exist at 12 PM Eastern Standard Time.

In recognition of his meritorious service, Footman #1513 has been promoted by Dr. Murder to Creepy-Silent-Guy-With-Metal-Skull-Who-Smokes-A-Lot. Congratulations!

The Lighter Side

Jokes by Footman #1059

Q: Who is the greatest man in the world?

A: Dr. Murder.

Q: What did Dr. Murder say to the henchman who beat him at basketball?

A: Such an event could never occur.

Q: What's the main difference between that belligerent fool, Captain Superior, and our great leader, Dr. Murder?

A: The difference should be obvious. If you are not aware of it you will be boiled.

COMING AND GOING

COMING

Footmen #3490-3877
Engineers #219-393
Killatron (Death robot)
Asif Singh (intern)

Welcome to the firm, folks!



GOING

Footman #1634 (KILLED)
Footman #1635 (KILLED)
Footman #1636 (KILLED)
Footman #1637 (KILLED)
Footman #1638 (LAID OFF)
Footman #1639 (KILLED)
Footman #1640 (KILLED)
Footman #1731 (KILLED)
Footman #1874 (KILLED)
Footman #1877 (KILLED)
Footman #3489 (KILLED)
(continued on pages 2-18)

**FROM ALL OF US AT
THE MURDERDOME:
CONGRATULATIONS
#1513, EMPLOYEE OF
THE MONTH!**



the incredibly hip EATERY

The Founders

[Two 5'8" men stand in the middle of a burned down tire shop, deed in hand]

Sydney: So. Japanese Pop Art meets Sicilian Renaissance with unisex bathrooms?

Viktor: Obvi. Marble from Florence, glass from Stockholm, and waiters from the New School.

Sydney: Laugh. So, designer? What about Marco? He only uses soy-based building materials. He did *La Negress* in the Village.

Viktor: That place was aces before it collapsed.

Sydney: I liked it more after it collapsed.

Viktor: You're right. So po-mo.

Sydney: Also, we shouldn't let Jews in.

[They both blink sarcastically]

Early Buzz

Patron #1: Hey, so what'd you get at *Le Granil*?

Patron #2: Oh, I ordered a Dresden roll from the Sushi menu. They brought me a piece of rebar wrapped in cement.

Patron #1: Oooooo, how was it?

Patron #2: Dishy. What'd you get?

Patron #1: The Prix Fixe. The chef kicked me in the throat while shouting at me in Esperanto. But I hardly had to wait!

Sending Something Back

Patron: [Getting waiter's attention by grabbing his ironic dreadlocks] Excuse me?

Waiter: [dramatic sigh]

Patron: I ordered the Aged Basement Eggs, and this came on a bed of *hair*. The menu said it came on a bed of *arugula*.

Waiter: [sighing again, more obviously] And?

Patron: It's *amazing*.

Excerpt -- NY Times Review

A gaunt, unwashed 24 year old wearing a tuxedo top and a thong approaches the table, a dying pheasant in one hand and a clove of garlic in the other. He slams the bird onto the table, its violent thrashing knocking over the dirty water glasses and sending a lit candle plummeting to the ground below. A glance reveals hundreds of such candles on the ground, a testament to the popularity of the Village's newest culinary sensation...

-April 16, 2007

MENU SAMPLE

Emotionally Battered Sea Bass - ~~\$86.68~~

*A filet of Chilean sea bass, insulted, beaten, and spit on.
Cooked upon request.*

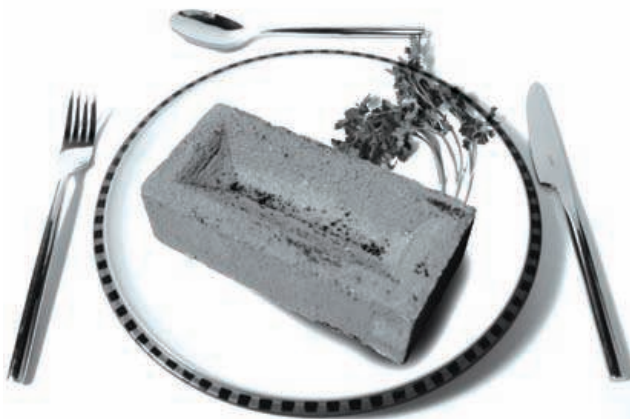
Street Vendor's Delight - ~~\$39.98~~

*Other patrons' leftovers grilled with a spicy Unagi sauce
and wrapped in a British tortilla.*

Sack De Triumphe - **Your Age Times 10**

*Oyster-leakings, shrimp tails, and pomegranate served in
a cool canvas sack.*

Tasty Sandwich - **Price varies by season**



By SDG, JO'C

SMARMY BASTARD EXPLAINS EVERYTHING

Why do we love reality TV?

Reality TV has persisted solely because we all love seeing stupid people try to solve problems. Who hasn't felt the joy of watching a retarded child try and fit a square peg in the round hole of his own eye socket? An illuminating case study is the hit TV series "Maui Fever" which features the trials and tribulations of Hawaii's surfer youth culture.

Blonde Guy: This double date is pretty gnar.

Blonder Guy: Hey, bro, I think I like your girl better.

Blonde Guy: Dude, no way! I like your girl better too!

Blonder Guy: [*brow furrows in consternation*] Well, maybe we could, like, switch dates?

Blonde Guy: Whoa! That's, like, really smart. But how?

Blonder Guy: Uh, well, let me think--

Blonde Guy: NO, STOP!

Blonder Guy: [*head explodes*]

What are the dangers of drugs?

In the right hands drugs are a fine use of recreational time, but in the wrong hands there can be terrible, heart-wrenching consequences.

Right Hands

You: Boy, I love my drugs!

Wrong Hands

Police: Now I have your drugs.

Why is there so much conflict in the world?

From my years of experience as an amateur theologist, it's become clear that most conflicts are religious in nature. My new book explains why the reader must rise up and destroy two distinct groups: 1) Those who have not yet read my book and 2) The Nation of Islam, which is suing me for copyright infringement.

Secular Exchange

Person 1: Hi.

Person 2: How's it going?

Person 1: Good.

Person 2: That's cool.

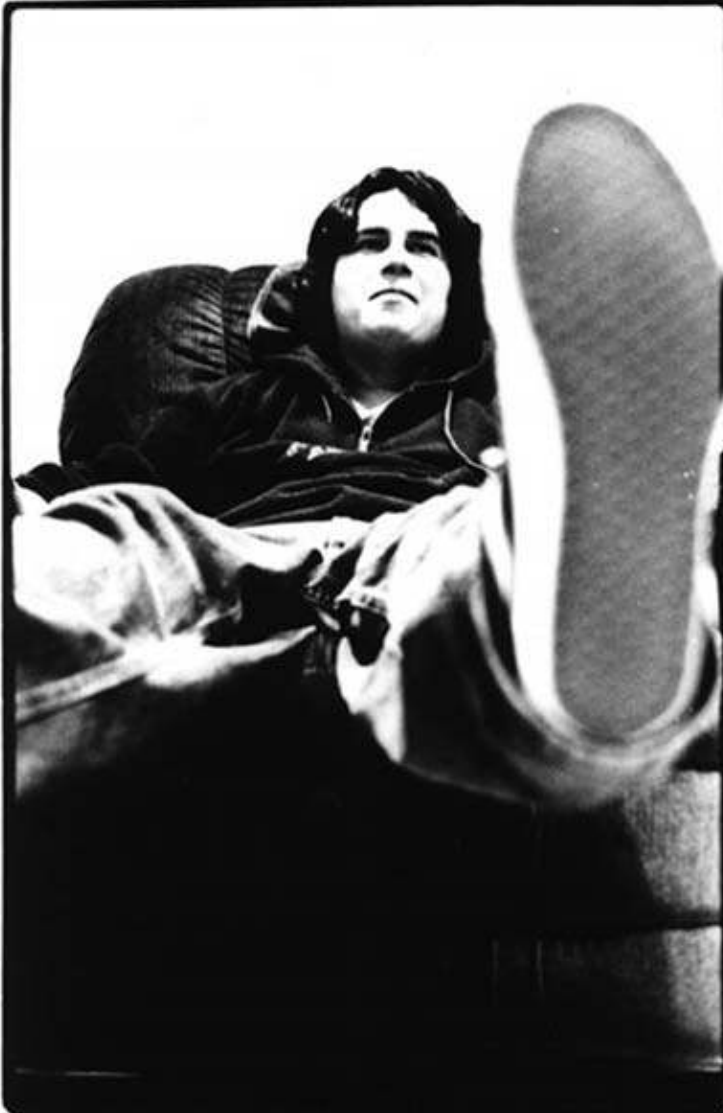
Religious Exchange

Person 1: Hi.

Person 2: Eat this wafer.

Person 1: Ok.

Person 2: Now we're married.



Do video games really cause aggressive behavior in children?

While I believe that these "videoed games" are beneath my intelligence threshold, they seem to be quite popular among today's urchinry. Of primary debate is whether or not video games affect cerebral development.

Development Without Videogames

Child: Hey Dad, can you help me with my homework tonight?

Father: Why, sure! Is it that troublesome algebra again?

[*they both laugh*]

Development With Videogames

Child: Dad, could you help me with some of my homework tonight?

Father: Sure, I'll help you... help you get burned by my cigarette!

[*child cries, turns to video games*]

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I START
WORRYING

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THE BURNING
QUESTION

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MANY OF MY
THINGS ON
FIRE?"

A MAN'S CASTLE
TURN THE
MAID'S
QUARTERS
INTO A
WALK-IN
HUMIDOR

COLIN FARRELL

ON HIS ARREST AND WHY HE WON'T
STOP SMOKING IN MATERNITY WARDS