

the **neurristic** **squelch**

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• Announcement

• Hand back P

• Current Odds

- Lincoln vs. T-R



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(she was bilingual the whole time)

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A Look Behind the Scenes

Oh! Hi, there, you frightened me. I thought you were the feds. Welcome to the Heuristic Squelch Factory tour. You lucky few will be the first to see the inner workings of the magazine since our last health inspector mysteriously disappeared. Now, as per the court order, let's take a look inside.

Here we have the mighty Squelch dynamos, churning out enough power to let the editors watch porn on three separate plasma-screen televisions while keeping our cocktails ice-cold. I think they also keep the lights on or something.

In this room is our colossal Joke Distillery, where we keep all the finest humor ingredients in huge vats, ready to be condensed into the top-notch comedy you've come to expect. I'm sorry if some of the vats look a bit depleted, we've been tapping our "Rape" and "Fluffy Puppy" supplies heavily lately. Not at the same time, of course. No one likes repeat articles.

Last but not least, we come to our Assembly Line. Here, our highly-trained Joke Professionals hand-craft the latest in rib-tickling puns, biting satire, and... and...

I'm sorry, I just can't keep this up anymore. It's all a sham. The factory's just for show, we rent it from a studio that makes German music videos. All the labor's done by six Oompa-Loompas we got from Willy Wonka for 300 bucks and a case of Wild Turkey. Oh God, just – just give me a minute.

Ahem. Okay! So that's how the Squelch works. Are there any questions? Oh, I see from all those hands that there are none. Good day. As you leave through the gift shop, please consider purchasing some back issues or a souvenir 2-pound bag of "Fluffy Puppy."

Words from the top



the heuristic
squelch **needs**
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people!

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The Squelch Business Staff is looking for motivated, ambitious go-getters who can walk the walk while sticking to their guns and other such vague clichés. We need people who:

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- Like being involved with campus publications and entertainment

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ASUC to Commit Troops to Sudan

By Ben Joyce, *giving peace a chance*

In a closed door meeting last week, the ASUC Senate passed a bill which declared war on Sudan and also instituted a draft on the student body. According to Senator George Mchallen, "After analyzing many Political Science majors' thesis papers and the Wikipedia pages they're based on, it became evident that resolving the Darfur affair would be in the best interest of Cal's student body. With Darfur resolved, the students will be able to spend more time studying and less time attending rallies to tell an authoritarian government half a world away that it sucks."

The bill, which was sponsored by Cal's Educational Abroad Program, included a complete timetable for the war as well as free "Save Darfur" camouflage T-shirts for those who enlist.

Enrollment in the war will be handled in the course titled Peace and Conflict Studies AK47: "Finally, an Emphasis on Conflict," which can be taken Dead/Not Dead.

"This is a matter of walking the walk, rather than just talking the talk," McHallen asserted in a public statement. "The Study Abroad Program is traditionally about sharing our culture with the rest of the world. Well, now we're going to share a couple cans of whoop-ass." The ASUC has only officially declared war once before, on poverty, though no actual gunfire was traded between the student body and the abstract concept.

When asked about the ASUC's decision to unilaterally invade, the UC Berkeley Model U.N. commented "Meh."

Proposition 8 Backers Fight to Legally Define Homosexuals as "Icky"

By David Hollingsworth, *like totally straight bro*

In a pro-Prop 8 rally, voters in support of the gay-marriage ban came together to push for further legislation that would legally define all homosexual, bisexual, and transgender citizens as "icky." Community leader Marvin Desoto urged members of the state legislature to draft a bill as quickly as possible, claiming that the very fiber of the state's moral and legal being hinged on a classification of gays as "gross."

"I know what you're thinking, but this isn't about discrimination," said Desoto in a subsequent press conference. "It's just about making sure that no one gets any special rights based on their sexual orientation. Gay folks have just as much right to *not* be made fun of because of their cooties as us straight folk, they just have

to totally abandon their identity and live hollow lies. If anything, *we're* being discriminated against." Desoto then went into a chorus of "A dude and another dude, sittin' in a tree. B-L-A-S-P-H-E-M-I-N-G."

Public reaction to the bill has been mixed. In a recent interview, civil-union advocate Tim Klein expressed ambivalence towards it. "While not being legally classified as grody would be nice, there's a lot of emotion attached to it. Frankly, I think the best solution we can hope for is a kind of middle ground. Perhaps 'unpleasant,' or 'upsetting.' We have to take baby steps."

Desoto reportedly responded with a fart sound and uncontrollable giggling.

In Other News8

Rising Berkeley Hipster Population Calls for Creation of Third American Apparel
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LA Metro Crash Shockingly Reveals Existence of LA Metro System
Page A7

Amy Winehouse Halts Tour to Haunt Nearby Forest
Page C13

Shirt Used in Lieu of Forgotten Towel for Second Straight Day
Page B8

New Facebook Layout Replaces Economy as Number One Voter Issue

by *Lena Brooks, would like you to join Mob Wars*

Recent catastrophic events and plummeting consumer confidence rocked the nation last week as millions of Americans face uncertainty and anxiety in the wake of Mark Zuckerberg's announcement that no action would be taken to restore the Old Facebook. While Congress has not indicated that it will step in to rearrange the nation's tabs, recent polls have shown that the majority of Americans now list "The Facebook" as the issue they are most concerned about this election. As New Facebook tensions continue to mount—and with them incidents of bloodshed, kidnapping, and the emergence of poorly designed Hoovervilles across the nation—President Bush has still neglected to make an official statement about the possible federalization of the Facebook corporation.

"This is an issue that touches all of us, I'm just providing a forum for discussion," said Cody Springfield of his victim-activist organization FSIIG5PITGTCIB or "facebook said if i get 5,000,000 people in this group they'd change it bak!!" 527 groups like FSIIG5PITGTCIB have started backing Barack Obama, whom they see as the most qualified candidate to force Zuckerberg to change the website that he owns.

During the most recent debate on Trivial Policy, John McCain was firm in his stance on supporting the New Facebook, declaring it a complete success. "Senator Obama just doesn't understand. I've been involved in all the major social networking crises for the last 25 years," said a blinking McCain, pointing to the Blackberry he personally built. "That's not change you can believe in."

Hack Sociologist Keeps Reporting on How Black People, White People Are Different

By *Brett Hallahan, keeps shouting during the movie*

Associate Professor of Sociology David Phelps was brought up on academic charges this month, on grounds that his research work is unoriginal and shows little imagination. "Dr. Phelps' most recent paper, 'Drivin' Like Dis: A Study in Driving Habits Among Racial Groups', shows little discernible difference from his previous publication, 'Be All Like This: Perceptions of Perambulatory Traits in Caucasians and African-Americans'," said Sociology Dean Mitchell McGregor. "Honestly, every one of his studies keeps returning to the same tired, well-worn themes. We could accept this kind of thing from an old pro like Boas or Mead, but Phelps really hasn't earned it."

This is not the first time the department has felt the need to discipline a faculty member for overly derivative work. In 1993 Joanne Pierce was dismissed from her post after her paper "That Damn Toilet Seat: Complex Gender Relations in a Domestic Setting" was met with yawns and puzzled looks. "Pierce, yeah, that one was tough," says McGregor. "I really didn't want to fire her, because we really don't see enough popular female sociologists. But her stuff just wasn't, you know, insightful."

As a result of the hearing, Dr. Phelps is restricted from teaching until he completes a new study that the academic community deems "not-hackneyed." If he fails, Phelps may have to face a future at his old day job washing dishes at a Denny's in Bakersfield. But he remains optimistic. "I've already got a great idea for my next project," he says. "I'm going to examine the group dynamics and behavioral choices of people who face inconveniences during air travel. Just watch, soon I'll be the Jerry Seinfeld of the social sciences!"

Self-Help Books *for Kids*

The Little Engine That Coped

After a dreamless night, the Little Engine woke up to the blare of his **alarm clock**, with a sinking feeling in his **pistons**.

"Oh, rats," thought the Little Engine. "**Lung disease** didn't take me quietly in my sleep."

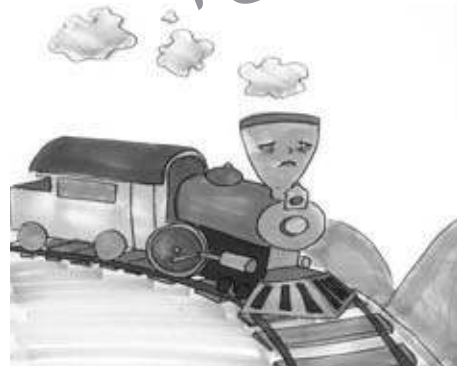
After forcing some **coffee** down his **gullet**, the Little Engine looked in the mirror. But his face was a **ghoulish specter** of his former self!

"I should shave," thought the Little Engine, "but it wouldn't matter. Nobody will ever love me anyway!"

After staring dully at his reflection, the Little Engine noticed that it was **7:35**. "I would rather not go to work," thought the Little Engine, "but I don't want to live on **Hot Pockets** again."

So the Little Engine started turning his wheels, chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, and made his way to the train station.

"I **guess** I can!" said the Little Engine under his breath, frightening **passersby**. "I **guess** I can, I **guess** I can, I **guess** I can!"



Oh! The Estates You'll Own!

On a cold rainy Thursday, three months or so back,
My sister and I were holed up in our shack.
Mom was out at her job, her second of three.
And Dad was long gone, which left Sally and me.
We were both bored and hungry, and desperately poor
When there came a strange knock-knocking sound at the door.

Fearing a junkie, we crept forward with stealth
Then we heard "Let me in! And get ready for wealth!
It is I, Donald Trump, here to make you all rich!
Don't pass up this chance like some pussy-ass bitch!"
Entranced, we threw open our triple-locked door
And a man in a suit bounded in with a roar.
"Kids! Why sit around like some poor dust collector?
There's cash to be made in the real estate sector!
Foreclosures are rampant and prices sub-par!
I'll show you the ropes at my free seminar!
You'll learn how to profit from somebody's loss!
I promise it's not like Glengarry Glen Ross!
And no money down! No chiseler am I!
Although there are lots of great items to buy.
Like my book. And my charts. And this helpful CD.
And you won't want to miss my all-new DVD.
So come down and get rich!" And you know what? I did!
I'm a millionaire now, and I'm only a kid!
I learned to flip houses and spot hidden deals
And all that it cost was a couple weeks' meals.
I made three hundred thousand in only a month!
Now I own seven cars and am thmoking fat blunt' th!
So come to a workshop (on weekends there's two)!
It's how I got my life to not suck! Why can't you?

Harry Potter and the Chamber of The Secret

"Wait a minute," Harry said, raising his eyebrow in incredulity.
"You're saying that because I'm a wizard, I can just wish anything I want to come into existence?"

"No, no, no. It's not because you're a wizard. Anyone can do it. It's called 'The Law of Attraction,'" said Oprah, reassuringly. "Like attracts like. If you just *visualize* what you want, eventually the *universe* will give it to you! Do you want to hear from the philosopher again?"

"You see, Harry, as a certified metaphysicist doctor of crystalology, I can tell you that everything works like magnets. Imagine that you are a magnet and that your dead parents are also magnets. Since magnets attract, if you just *think* about your dead parents, in the way that a magnet might think, eventually they will come to you," said a man wearing a lot of gold chains.

"Really?" replied an eager Harry.

Oprah smiled. "Yes! It's all here in this book and series of videos. Just give us money. Give us all your wizard money. Now. Give me your sickles and gobbledorks or whatever they're called."

Super-Criminal Job Training Evaluation

Inmate: The Joker

Proposed Employment: Talk Show Host

Pros: Strong personality, sharp wit, Oscar buzz.

Cons: He's not so much ha-ha funny as he is choke-choke-die-die funny.

Recommendation: Subject would require extremely tight security, but is still a better choice than Jimmy Fallon.

Inmate: Electro

Proposed Employment: Human Generator

Pros: Can solve energy crisis for half the cost of one oil CEO.

Cons: Commits slightly more bank robberies than standard coal-based generator.

Recommendation: Honestly, this one's a no-brainer. Give him a ton of money, stick a plug in his ass and you're good to go.

Inmate: Bizarro

Proposed Employment: Backup Superman

Pros: Approximately as strong and intelligent as a sack of hammers.

Cons: Requires extremely patient handlers, a lot of diaper-changing.

Recommendation: Hire a really good special-ed teacher and hope Superman never gets a cold.

Inmate: Magneto

Proposed Employment: Airport Metal Detector

Pros: Hates all humanity, so already has perfect attitude for airport security.

Cons: Still pissed that Ian McKellan made him a gay icon.

Recommendation: Give it a shot. If worst comes to worst, spin him around and you've got a second Electro.

Inmate: Galactus, Eater of Worlds
Proposed Employment: Eater of Debt

Pros: Being the size of Earth's moon, Galactus should have no problem consolidating troublesome mortgage payments and insurance premiums into one, easy-to-handle monthly bill.

Cons: Galactus will also probably have no problem consolidating Europe into his mouth if given half the chance.

Recommendation: At this point, huge faceless entities devouring smaller financial firms are sort of the norm, so Galactus ought to fit right in on Wall Street.

Inmate: Zebra-Man

Proposed Employment: Wait, who? You're making him up, right?

Pros: ...You're shitting me. "Can attract and repel anything besides metal?" That's retarded.

Cons: Is a huge pussy, from the sound of it.

Recommendation: God, I don't even care. Just slap a Subway uniform on him and we can all go home.



Top Ten Pieces of Centrist Propaganda

10. The Communist Suggestion
9. Apocalypse in Like Ten Minutes Tops
8. The Pretty Good Gatsby
7. The God Notion
6. The Meh-viathan
5. Strangelove, BA
4. The Audacity of Cautious Optimism
3. The Relative Success of the Will
2. The Beige Badge of Courage
1. The Grapes of Grumpiness

Top Seven Reasons Your Car Is in Reverse

7. The guy you pinned to the tree won't stop whining.
6. Your transmission and/or head was assembled backwards.
5. Your hero Ferris totally played you to get with that girl with the weird name . . . what was it? Sloan? Yeah! Sloan! Whatever happened to her anyway? She was hot.
4. In addition to being R/G color-blind, you are D/R letterblind.
3. To ensure that your children take the brunt of any head-on collision.
2. You've cleverly found a loop-hole in the rules of "Chicken"
1. Because it's OPPOSITE day, and reverse means FORWARD, and you DON'T need to go to the emergency room to stop massive blood GAIN.

Top Five Books That Aren't As Fun as They Sound

5. The House of Mirth
4. Invisible Man
3. The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven
2. Gravity's Rainbow
1. Bill Clinton's My Life

from the desk of:

Father Stanley Friedkin
Demon Exorcisms, Weddings,
Demon Weddings



Dear Mr. Allenby,

I am pleased to inform you that my exorcism of your wife Vivien was a complete success. Vivien is once more subject to the force of gravity and her voice range has reverted to soprano from its previous ultrabaritone. You two may freely attend next week's garden party without fear of embarrassment and/or bloodshed, though your wife's career as host of *Soul Train* may now be compromised. Regardless, congratulations are in order.

That said, I do have some lingering concerns. This is the sixth time you have engaged my services, and my colleagues tell me many of them have worked for you in the past. While I appreciate your implied confidence in my skills, I'm beginning to worry about you. To put it bluntly, it seems like demons have penetrated your wife's mortal flesh more often than you have.

In addition, the quality, if you will, of the possessors has markedly declined. When we first met, your wife was claiming to be Char-nggeth, Lord of the Sixth Domain and Third Eye of Satan. This time she identified herself as Arnold, the Summer Intern In Charge of Mild Aggravation. I went in expecting Linda Blair in *The Exorcist* and found Rick Moranis in *Ghostbusters*. Not that the job was easy. I've never been pelted with so many bodily fluids at once, and I went to seminary. But the whole experience lacked a certain panache. Honestly, I've been an exorcist for over twenty years. It's going to take a lot more to seduce me to the dark side than a half-assed striptease and a 25%-off coupon for Quizno's.

Don't misunderstand. I'm not blaming the victim here. This is not the place to criticize Vivien's provocative outfits or the tattoo of an H.P. Lovecraft poem on her lower back. I'm just saying you might want to take some precautions. Hang a few crucifixes around your home. Learn a few protective hymns. Have less sex in graveyards. I don't care if carvings of cherubs are your "thing," as you have winkingly told me again and again. It's just *weird*, and this is coming from a guy who throws water at people while yelling for a living.

My point is that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of not-having-ghosts-inhabit-you-and-use-you-for-their-own-dark-ends. You really have to look at this from a fiscal perspective: is it becoming economically sound to continue chasing spirits from your wife? I'm not suggesting that if your wife is once again taken into the fold of a dark entity you should do nothing, but... have you thought about it? I'm just saying, at the rate your wife's tormentors are waning in their menace, it might not be so bad. Life would be largely unchanged, plus some occasional vomiting and accusations that your mother is Satan's cock-envelope. Basically it would be like being married to Nicole Richie.

At the very least, give it some thought.

Sincerely,
Stan

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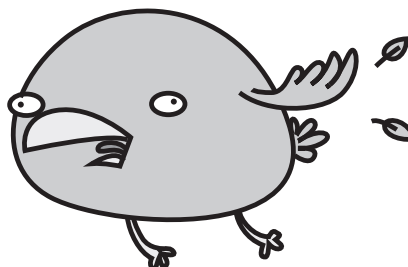
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Cliff's Notes for Other Things

That Korean Soap Opera Your Roommate Keeps Watching

List of Characters

Leukemia Girl - The series' main protagonist, Leukemia Girl dominates the screentime, but doesn't seem to do anything but sit in her hospital bed and look indignant. She has a bandage on her head, possibly from a leukemia-related accident.

Sad Man - Leukemia Girl's husband, or boyfriend, or brother. It's not really clear. God, I don't think this would make sense even if I spoke Korean.

Frowny Old Woman - A villain, probably. She keeps giving everyone the worst looks. Oh! She's probably someone's mother. There we are: mother. Bingo, bango, next character please.

Concerned Baby - They keep cutting

The Comments to "WHISKERS L. BROWN HAS GOOD DAY" on Youtube

List of Characters

writerfantassy9 - The original poster of the Youtube video, writerfantassy9 is a cat-lover who must make the decision between what is best for her subscribers and what is best for the reputation of her cat, Whiskers Lamont Brown.

MIDNITEJOQER - An antagonist of writerfantassy9's, MIDNITEJOQER feels compelled to let her know that her cat is a "huge retard" and that she should "kill [her] cat, then [her]self."

Analysis

The tragedy of "Comments..." lies largely in the rapid escalation of conflict and breaking down of comprehensible discourse between characters. However, it is this same principle that led many critics to call the argument "unreadable, unwatchable, a clusterfuck" and a "brain abortion." One critic went as

far as comparing its falling-apart to *Huckleberry Finn*, noting that "hello, my name is stacy parker I was killed in a car accident post this in 10 comments or I will visit you tonight above your bed!"

Character Map

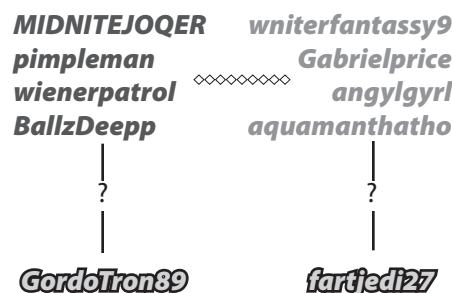
Opponents of Video

Defenders of Video

**Atheists Complaining About
Christians for No Reason**

◇◇◇◇◇ at war with

—?— relationship unknown



Why Your Girlfriend is Angry at You

List of Characters

You - The main character of Your life, the majority of Your conscious experience seems to involve You in some way.

Your Girlfriend - The love interest of You, Your Girlfriend ostensibly loves You despite Your low prospects and tenuous-at-best understanding of her needs.

Brief Synopsis

You, a care-free slacker, find yourself embroiled in a stilted, wordless conflict when Your Girlfriend comes home after a busy day at work to find you eating Combos and playing LEGO Star Wars. In an effort to be civil, Your Girlfriend drops small hints that you should stop playing and help her clean up the house, which You respond to with jokes about Your genitals. This exchange results in Your Girlfriend becoming pissy and unresponsive, while You wonder what the problem is like the idiot You are.

to this shot of a baby with this upset look on its face. They've seriously used the same shot, like, three times. Kevin, why do you watch this?

Brief Synopsis

Okay, so, Leukemia Girl is troubled because Frowny Old Woman has confronted her about something. She keeps pointing at her, and the music is getting really dramatic now. What is this about? God damn it. There's that baby again. Now the woman is holding a bunch of beads. This is like three different shows playing at once.

Important Quotes

- Sad Man:** *[something in Korean]*
- Frowny Old Woman:** *[another thing in Korean]*
- Concerned Baby:** *[looks on, despondently]*
- Kevin:** Dude, we can watch something else, if you want.

Anal Academy 9

List of Characters

Cherrie Pye – The plucky hero of the series, Cherrie Pye is characterized by her free spirit, sense of whimsy, and ability to perform an unassisted “Lindy Squirt.”

Professor Mangroves – A stern taskmaster, the professor of Deep Dicking 100C often finds himself knee-deep in Cherrie’s problems, if not wrist deep in Cherrie.

Analysis

Along with the regular exploration of the struggle of a young woman trying to adjust to society while attending an Ivy League all-nympho-slut university, the ninth installment of *Anal Academy* delves deeper into the archetypical themes that recur throughout the series. The scene where Cherrie fucks the debate team brings to mind all kinds of images of anima/animus struggle, while Professor

Mangrove’s gigantic penis is a likely phallic symbol.

Important Quotes

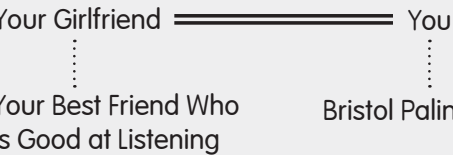
- Professor Mangrove:** Not so fast, missy. We need to talk about your conduct.
- Cherrie Pye:** If this is about how my midterm was just a video of me peeing and giggling, I can explain--
- Professor Mangrove:** No explanation necessary, Cherrie. Your midterm scored the highest grade in the class. In fact, me and my TA’s have decided to give you a prize.
- Cherrie Pye:** A prize? What is it?
- [Cherrie looks down]*
- Cherrie Pye:** Oh. Right.

Important Quotes

- (From Chapter 3)*
- Your Girlfriend sighed and looked across the room. “You know,” she said, her voice cracking slightly “We’ve got an awful lot of used bowls in here.”
- You paused Your game for a moment to cough out a “Heh” before looking up to Your Girlfriend and saying, “We’ve got a lot of *balls* in here.” You pointed to Your lap. “In here. In my pants.”

Character Map

- ===== in a relationship with
- secretly attracted to



The Hills

List of Characters

Vacuous Tart – The central protagonist to *The Hills*, Vacuous Tart has won the adoration of thousands of fans across the country and gained a lucrative record deal for her ability to waste precious time and resources with every minute she draws breath.

Insufferable Bro – The male lead of *The Hills*, Insufferable Bro is something of a heartthrob among teenaged girls who are totally fucking stupid.

The Girl We’re Supposed to Hate – The villain of the series. Her signature cartoonishly evil sneer and tendency to spread vile rumors only make her marginally more unlikable than any other hellish caricature on this festering and bloated portrait of excess.

Brief Synopsis

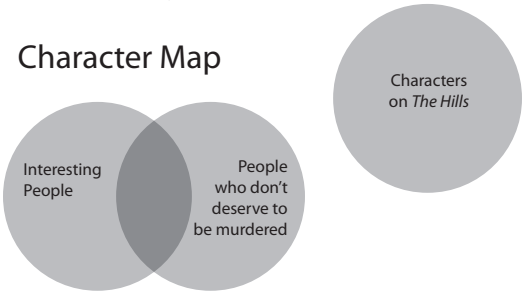
The Hills is a Fitzgeraldesque look into the lives of nouveau riche youth and the vindictive games they play as they reconcile their personal ideologies with their conspicuous lifestyles. At the center of this tableau is Vacuous Tart, who comes to a crossroads when

she realizes she must choose between her prestigious internship and her relationship with Insufferable Bro. Meanwhile, The Girl We’re Supposed to Hate, representing the dark side of high society, does all she can to sabotage Vacuous Tart’s comfortable and inane existence. Also meanwhile, the United States is involved in two wars with no definite end, the economy collapses, hurricanes destroy multiple major cities, 50 million citizens go without any kind of healthcare, and that’s just your own country. A billion people didn’t have access to fresh water while you sat and gasped at the wallowing of the ruling class in their gilded sty. Fuck you.

Analysis

If you genuinely enjoy this show, you are an objectively bad person.

Character Map



Act I, Scene I

Witches: Double, double, Doublemint Gum,
Corona Light and Morgan's Rum
Liquid Paper, Scented Wax
Oil of Pennz and Spray of Axe.
Form a charm Improved and New,
Take The Plunge and Do the Dew!

Witch 1: By the itching of my thumbs,
Something soothing this way comes.
Bengay!

Witch 2: McBeth.

Witch 1: Right.

Act II, Scene IV

Lady McBeth: Out, damned spot! Out, I say!
Oh, if I had but used Tide!
All the perfumes of Calvin Klein
Will not sweeten this little hand.

Act III, Scene X-Games

McBeth: Is this a lager which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me shotgun thee;
I have thee not, and yet I taste thee still.
Art thou not, refreshing vision, sensible
To drinking as to sight? Or art thou but
A lager of the mind, a false libation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in foam as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Slurp.

Lady McBeth: Come, you Skyy Spirits
That tend on mortal bars! Becrunk me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of finest alcohol; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious inhibitions of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

[Exit pursued by Snuggle Bear]



Act IV, Scene V for Vendetta Special Edition 2-Disc DVD

McBeth: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
How might I insure my reign, for I lack coverage from State
Farm?

Witches: McBeth shall ever rule this land
Till your family to Disneyland
Shall come against him.

Act V, Scene XCIX-Cent Menu

McBeth: If chance would have me Burger King,
Then chance may crown me.
Besides, this Duncan Donuts
Hath spread his toppings so thin, hath been
So clear in his great coffees, that his glazes
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of their licking-off.

Lady McBeth: I'm lovin' it.



A FANTASTIC VOYAGE

"Gentlemen, thank you for coming on such short notice. We face a dire national emergency. Last night, terrorists disguised as White House chefs slipped a tiny bomb into the President's food. If we don't remove it, the Commander in Chief's gut could explode like some hellish antacid commercial. Surgery is impossible. The only way to save him is to shrink down, enter his body, and disarm the bomb by hand. Be warned: before we sedated him for this procedure, the President had chili.

Now, if you'll come this way, I'll show you our custom-made Shrinking... yes, Doctor Ramirez? - No, you will not be home in time for your son's basketball game, we're saving the President, for God's sake! Here, the Shrinking Ship is equipped with - what? Of course I named it myself. It's a ship that shrinks! I suppose you have something better to call it? Hmm, that *is* better. Fine, the Nanomatic is equipped with a full life support system, as well as anti-toxin weapons, quantum compensators, and a DVD player if we get bored. Mr. Fisher will fly it into the President's - yes, I know it's a weekend. Did you miss the part about *dire national emergency*? You can sit on your ass when the free world isn't in peril! Now get aboard, all of you!

Dr. Harlan, you'll handle the size modulator. Go on, give it a try. Right now we're at level Zeppelin. Try taking us down to Smurf. There we go. Now then, this chart shows our course. We'll have to get extremely small, as we're entering through the President's ear into his brain. From there - why yes, Mr. Fletcher, that *does* sound as though the President has a humorously small brain. How *witty* of you! It's not as if every person I briefed on this mission made the *exact same joke*! Jesus, just focus, will you? We go through the ear into the brain, then follow the nerves until we find the bomb. Then Fletcher here will go out and disarm it - oh, boo hoo, Fletcher. You should have thought of that before you decided to try out your standup routine. You disarm the bomb, we leave, medals all around, and you can all get on with whatever is more important than saving the President. Off we go!

Steady, Fisher. We're at level Kucinich, so the slightest dirt speck in the ear canal could dent the hull. Easy, easy... there! We're in the brain, people! Observe the delicate web of nerves, linking all parts of the body, forming the intricate mystery that is the human mind. It's really quite a sight to - oops. Oh geez, that looks scorched. Well, I guess the President doesn't need that much short-term memory, what with teleprompters and all. Let's just move on...

Aha! See that nerve firing? That's our sign! If my years in the CIA taught me anything, it's how to recognize excruciating pain. Now let's just go through this blood vessel to get to the - oh God, no! White blood cells! Shit, that's right, the body *attacks* foreign objects! Two Nobel winners worked on this mission, how could we forget that?

Take evasive action! What? It means get the hell out of here! Move! Mo- no! They're in the ship! STOP DISSOLVING MY CREW, YOU BASTARDS! I'LL KILL YOU A-"

(Transcription ends. Note: next year, let's come up with a better cover story. There's got to be another way to get the Pentagon to fund these things.)

Top Ten Drunkest Movies

10. The Hard Ciderhouse Rules
9. Alefie
8. The Bourbon Supremacy
7. The Happy Hours
6. Pretty Woman (after a few drinks)
5. It Happened One Night, But Now I Don't Remember
4. The Day the Room Wouldn't Stay Still
3. The Wizard of Ouzo
2. Schindler's Wine List
1. Little Miss Moonshine

Top Ten Criminal Cartoons

10. Peeping Tom and Jerry
9. Thugs Bunny
8. Yo-sodomite Sam
7. He-Manslaughter
6. Dexter's Meth Laboratory
5. Dora the Extorter
4. Street Loan Sharks
3. Thunder Catburglers
2. Wile E. Peyote
1. The Child Pornberries

Top Ten More Pieces of Centrist Propaganda

10. Reefer Seasonal Affective Disorder
9. The Mildly Off-Putting Lightness of Being
8. To Punch a Mockingbird
7. Birth of a Municipality
6. Mr Smith Goes to the County Seat
5. Machiavelli's The Earl
4. The Little Reddish Book
3. December 31st, 1983
2. Atlas Twitched
1. A Couple of the President's Men

Top Five Resources the US Would Never Fight a War Over

5. Microsoft Zunes
4. Alaska
3. Circus Peanuts
2. Ugly Children
1. The Heuristic Squelch

gossip girl

The Lost Episode

GOSSIP GIRL

They say the best medicine is the medicine you take last. But I say, why just stick with one medicine when you can have them all? This is Gossip Girl reporting in from some implausible position of omniscience. Spotted, Serena van der Woodsen and Blair Waldorf have been seen arguing inside an SUV limo at the Saks Fifth Avenue drive through. Could there be a headache growing in this perfect friendship? Looks like someone needs some *aspirin*.

SERENA

I like your dress.

BLAIR

Oh, thanks. I like yours.

SERENA

Thanks. *I have something shocking to tell you:* I slept with Chuck last night after he dared me to. But it was only to find out if he's in love with you!

BLAIR

You're just in love with yourself!

SERENA

Blair, you know I'm in love with Dan still.

BLAIR

Then you won't mind when I tell you this: *I slept with Chuck last night too.*

SERENA

What, how? I was with him the *whole night!*

BLAIR

It was when he stepped out to get Jamba Juice.

SERENA

That's why he was gone three hours!

GOSSIP GIRL

Oooh, *juicy!*

GOSSIP GIRL

Busted! Serena catches Dan kissing previously unimportant character Vanessa. Didn't see that coming, did you?

SERENA

How could you? After what you and I went through at the Cotillion?

DAN

I needed you to hurt like I hurt after... the time... that you hurt me!

[DAN squints]

SERENA

That is so-- [SERENA screams] Ah! What is that?

[A MINORITY appears a block away]

DAN

Oh, don't worry. I've seen one of these before. I think it lives in my building. I can't afford a fancy mansion like all my friends. I'm such an *outsider*!

SERENA

Now is not the time, Dan! What do we do?

DAN

Ok, everyone just stay calm, and don't move! Throw some laundry down on the ground. It'll start doing it out of instinct -- it's *nature*. We can get away while it's distracted!

SERENA

Let's go to Jamba Juice. It'll never find us there!

GOSSIP GIRL

Looks like they *squeezed* out of that tight situation. Citrus Squeeze, now available at all Jamba Juice locations.

GOSSIP GIRL

Spotted, Nate and Chuck have just finished up a heated game of polo. Good thing they have Cristal mimosas to cool them down. But if you ask me, things are just warming up...

NATE

You play a mean game, Chuck.

CHUCK

Heh. You're not so bad yourself. I'm glad we put all those petty arguments aside and decided to be best friends again. In such a wild world, it's good to know that two puzzlingly affluent, ambitionless womanizers can still hang out.

NATE

[Looks down. He is clearly troubled.]

Chuck, I haven't been perfectly honest with you. I... I've been sleeping with your dad.

CHUCK

My dad? Wait a mo. I'm pretty sure neither of you are gay.

NATE

He is, but I'm not. I was just trying to get back at you for that time you didn't show up to my Jamba Juice party.

CHUCK

Nate, you cut me deep. My father has been emotionally absent my whole life. We were making progress, and you having sex with him undoes *all of that*.

NATE

I'm sorry, Chuck. I just wanted to make you feel as bad as I felt when I spent that whole party waiting for you to show up.

CHUCK

...It's okay. I understand. Let's get some Jamba Juice.

[NATE and CHUCK attempt to hug while still on top of their horses.]

GOSSIP GIRL

Well, well, well readers. It looks like some things can go *smoothie* after all. We all put *strain* on our relationships, but as long as we stay *blended* together, things will work out. Man, this sure is some trite, shittily written *pulp*! XOXO, Gossip Girl.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

by M.E.

Dear Penthouse,

I never thought this would happen to me, but the other day, I was driving in my Warthog when I heard gunfire off in the distance. I went to investigate, and found three smoking hot chicks with smoking guns. Also, they were smoking cigars. They said they were out of ammo, so I made them an offer: I'd let them play with my pistol if they triple-teamed me in a game of capture-my-flag. They plugged me so full of lust it took me three days for my shields to recharge.

-Master Chief, Blood Gulch

Dear Penthouse,

Early in my adventure, I met the most amazing person: Sheik. Sheik can handle my sword, sling my deku nuts, and cast a spell on me like no one I've ever met before. There was just one problem: I was 100% sure Sheik was packing a bomb bag! Who would ever expect a pretty, effeminate, impish boy like me to be attracted to another man? But then it turned out to be Princess Zelda, so it was okay. That's the whole truth, no lie.

-Link, Hyrule

for Video Game Characters

Dear Penthouse,

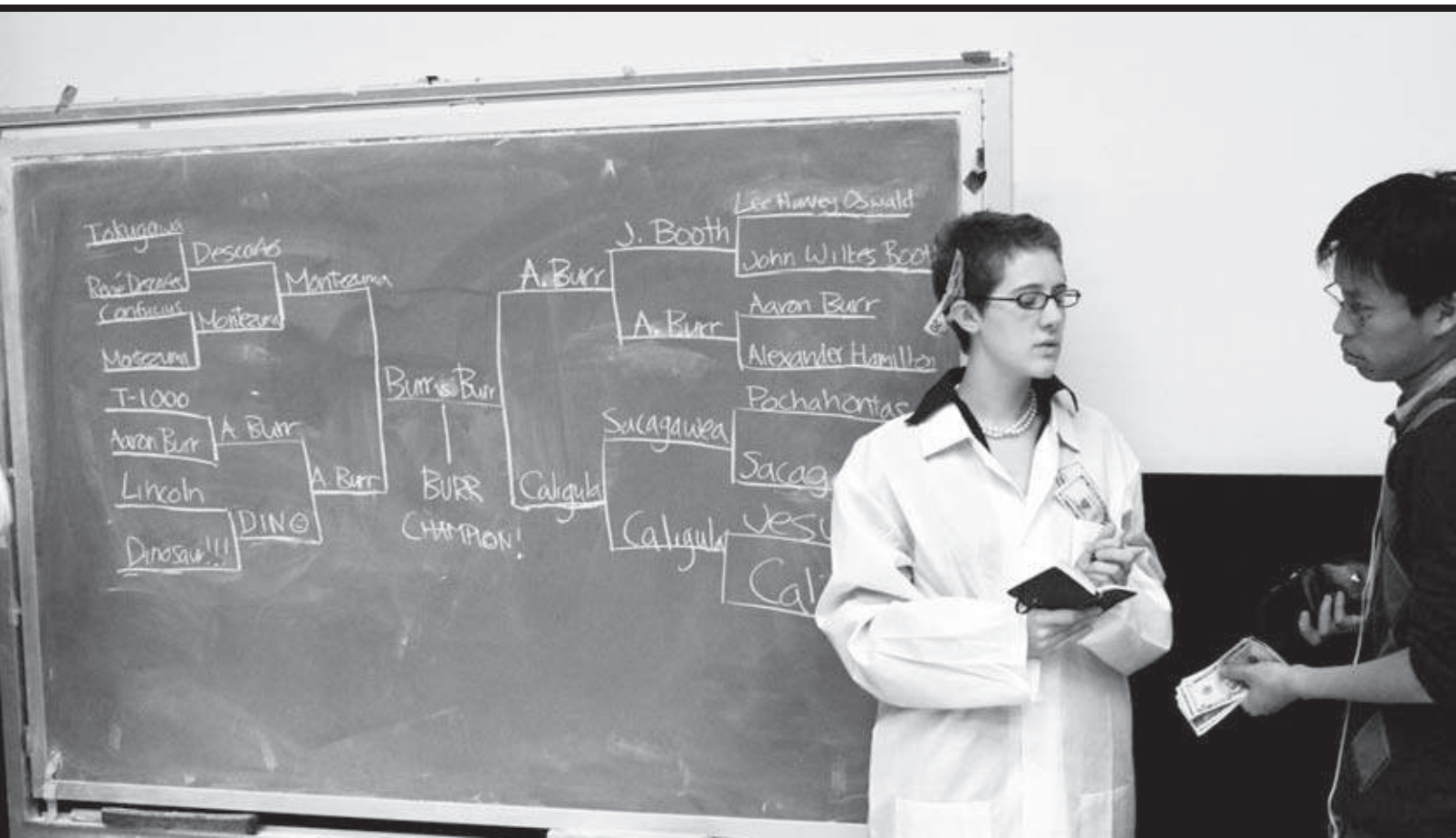
Please help! I just can't contain myself around female robots. When I see one, I get so charged up I just can't help but burst. She ends up in the scrap heap, and I'm running out of lives. The only power I seem to absorb afterward is loneliness. What do I do? My balls are bluer than my armor.

-Mega Man, Water Level

Dear Penthouse:

I'd like to thank you for your Dating Strategy Guide last month. After reading it, I was finally able to encounter my first female type Pokémon. I threw my PokéBalls into her wild grass, and we began to do battle. After much moaning and groaning, I conquered her: she obeyed my every command. Today I am no longer a PokéBoy. I am a PokéMan.

-Ash Ketchum, Kanto



THE IMMINENT CATASTROPOCALYPSE

The writing's on the wall, America. Our shrinking dollar and inability to sustain effective puppet governments have doomed us to topple eventually. Soon we'll fall from the Ancient Greece-like heights of World Powerdom and privilege to the Modern Greece-like trenches of irrelevancy and hairiness.

But what exactly will be the thing that does ol' Uncle Sam in? Here're a few likely scenarios and what you can do to make the best of them.

The Great Depression II

Apparently Lil' Wayne is this generation's Woody Guthrie.

The Warning Signs: Oh, gee, what could these signs be? Gosh, maybe the stock market plummeting like a dead pigeon, that might be a sign. What do you think, genius?

The Aftermath: While the luxury and electronics industries will die abrupt deaths, there will be an economic renaissance for apples, pencils with string, bootblackening, and scrappy pickpockets with newsboy caps who become streetwise sidekicks to tough-talking gumshoes. Also, a lot of people will starve to death.

Death Toll: The aforementioned starvation will cause astronomical amounts of death, particularly among those whose diet is mostly comprised of dollar bills.

The Silver Lining: We might get to do World War II again, and if *Call of Duty* is any indication, that'll be fun as hell.

The Red-And-Yellow Peril: The Chinese Takeover

What? Their flag is red and yellow. Maybe you're the racist, hmm?

The Warning Signs: The Chinese have what it takes to assert world dominance at this point – a skyrocketing economy, a kick-ass military, and to-die-for choreography. Did you see the opening ceremonies at Beijing? Oh. My. God.

The Aftermath: Western life as we know it will change terribly. We'll grow a huge, exploitative and environmentally disastrous industrial sector, and our increasingly corrupt government will begin spying on us and start torturing ill-defined enemies of the state. Wait a minute.

Death Toll: Aside from a jump in pirated DVD allergy-related deaths, very low.

The Silver Lining: More likely to be a Lead Lining, really.

Global Warming

Like Waterworld, but somehow more unbearable.

The Warning Signs: Greenland opening its first Sandals resort, the emergence of new world power Atlantis.

The Aftermath: Automakers will finally scramble to make their vehicles more environmentally friendly by rearranging the dashboard a little.

Death Toll: Millions of seniors succumbing to warmth-stroke will be only half as devastating as the look on children's faces as their snowmen melt.

The Silver Lining: With the sunnier climates, climbing shorelines, and floating distended corpses everywhere, it'll be like a Tijuana spring break all year round!

The Second Coming of Christ

At least this one wouldn't be entirely our own fault.

The Warning Signs: According to Revelations, a sickly man with a double-edged sword for a tongue will announce warnings to the seven churches of Asia. Following this, seven angels will blow trumpets summoning flaming mountains to strike the earth, scorching 1/3 of the world's plants and polluting 1/3 of the world's water. Later, locusts clad in armor bearing human faces will kill 1/3 of the human population. So, you know, keep an eye out for that.

The Aftermath: As all non-believers are slaughtered in a thousand year war, God will collect his loyal flock, as well as a hefty pile of fines from the EPA.

Death Toll: Presumably pretty high.

The Silver Lining: Sounds bad for non-Christians, but you have to admit that it would pretty much be the most metal thing ever to happen in human existence.

Dear Campus Community:

This is Robert Birgeneau, lead developer of UC Berkeley™, the world's most subscribed-to College Adventure Experience. We here at Regents© have received quite a few comments about certain issues from several users, and because the interests of users are our primary concern, we'd like to announce UC Berkeley Patch 1.45c: RISE OF THE SERAPHIM.

In UC Berkeley™ Patch 1.45c: RotS, several changes will be put in place to ensure the balance of characters and ease of play.

General Notes

- o Due to user complaints, the Mottled Tree-Sitter units have been removed from The Stadium Zone. Coincidentally, Urinebucket Woods has been renamed Hippie's Lament.
- o Players will now be able to purchase a scooter mount at level 35, which will increase their Agility attribute at great cost to their Dignity attribute.
- o The item [Degree of Chemical Engineering] has been nerfed. Instead of entitling the owner to six bajillion dollars immediately out of college, it now provides a paltry four klaflillion dollars.
- o Bug removed that prevented Cal from winning any football games.
- o The "Hung Over" status effect now only affects players who have to get up at, like, 6:00 in the fucking morning the next day.
- o Fixed the bug in Tolman Labyrinth. The building should now only exist in 3 dimensions.
- o A third Political Affiliation has been added: In addition to "Far Leftist" and "Moderate Leftist," players may now choose to be "Communist."
- o Raised tuition dramatically again. Not really a change in content, per se, but now seemed like a good time to let you know.

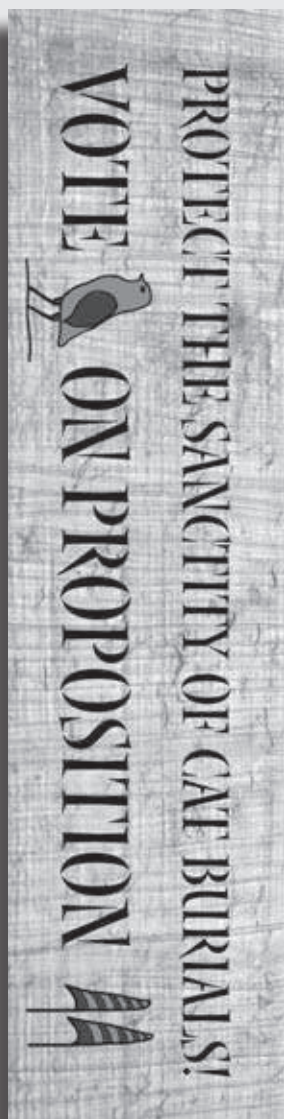
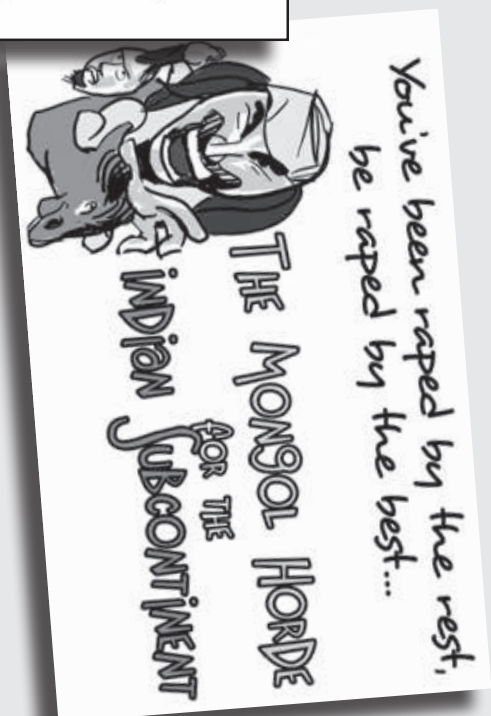
Josh <Sig Ep>

Class-Based Changes

- o **EECS Major**
 - New ability: [Get Laid]. This move restores half of your health and decreases your Depression attribute, but may delay your ability to write code for upwards of ten minutes at a time.
 - Fixed exploit that allowed some EECS Majors to shut up about Linux.
- o **Business Major**
 - The [Backstab] ability now only affects dearest friends in following realms: Investment Banking, Hedge Fund Management, Trophy Wife Attainment, Cockblocking.
- o **Art History Major**
 - The [Obtain Job] ability has been replaced with the [Stand in Comic Book Store and Frown] ability.
- o **Pre-Med**
 - Instead of choosing their base attributes at the beginning of the game, Pre-Meds now have everything chosen by their parents.
 - Pre-Meds now have the passive ability [Martyr] which reminds everyone around them how much work they have to do at all times.
- o **Warlock**
 - The cool-down on [Death Coil] has been increased, and no longer affects units with demon-skin.
- o **Asian-Language Major**
 - This class has been removed from the game.
- o **Psychology Major**
 - The Psychology Major class must purchase the Grad School™ Expansion Pack to gain any abilities; otherwise, see Art History Major.



POLITICAL BUMPER STICKERS THROUGH THE AGES





~vincentv

lend me your ears

Profile

Gallery

Prints

Faves

Journal

Devious Information

Current Age: 37

Current Residence: france

Favourite movie: blue velvet

Favourite artist: cousin anton, genndy tartakofski (sp?)

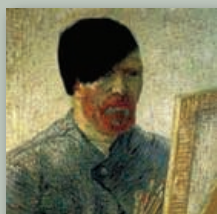
MP3 player of choice: cant listen :(

Tools of the Trade: just my paints, canvas, and my broke-ass scanner. if someone could get me a wacom tablet, that would be so effing sick (wink wink!)

Recent Deviations



House!!!!!! -_-;;

The ending scene
from fight clubmy room..I was
sooo bored.

not narcissistic

Random Favourites

Believe it!!
by ~warholajack + sawyer
by *mapplethorpedo

guys please buy some prints

hey everyone, its vince again.

im gonna be honest this has been a really rough week, this hotel im staying at has totally been on my ass about paying them and im hella running out of absinth

so you guys know ive got bipolar, but ive reading about some of these other diseases on wikipedia and i think i might have "aspergers syndrome" which is kind of like autism except not as hardcore. it would totally explain why i have such trouble making friends and meeting girls. the page also said people with aspergers tend to be really good at certain things, and ive been told im pretty good at painting so i dont know draw your own conclusions

anyways im fucking broke right now so if you guys could buy some prints of my stuff, it would really help out. ive seriously only sold one thing on my whole time here. i dont want to have to threaten killing myself again, even though it tends to get me a lot of attention and pageviews

Devious Comments

**Pprubens:**

Hey do you think I could commission some BBW art from u? thx

**ThePricelsMagritte:**

Ceci n'est pas une comment

**Dgas:**

i like ur stuff do u like ballerina lolis?

**R-mUtT:**

8=====D~!!!!

**Mcassat:**

Dude, don't do anything dgas asks you to do he is a fucken pedo

**Jax1 Pollack:**

Adskj fj adkls;