

"I'll never date another pastry chef."









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The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it necessarily reflect the back of your tooth like those little mirrors they have at the dentist. What are those called? Shit, this is going to bother me all night. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

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Become a Squelch Hanger-On

Fact: The Squelch is cool. **Fact number two:** Cool people are always surrounded by sycophantic worshippers. Yet for some reason, we at the Squelch seem to be entourage-less. The reasons for this are shrouded in mystery. But instead of finding someone to blame (cops), we've decided to turn this sad oversight into an opportunity for you, the reader, to become you, the useless drain on society. Yes, we're throwing open the doors of the Squelch, metaphorically. The real doors are made of solid gold and open only by steam power, but that's beside the point. What's much closer to the point is that Squelch toady auditions are now open.

What does being a hapless flunky get you? For starters, there's the indefinable mystique of having been in our presence, however briefly. When you go to parties (and you'll be invited to, like, a billion parties a week) people will sort of stare at you funny, sniff, and say "Say, are you part of the Squelch, by any chance?" Then, like the rest of us, you can nod smugly while they back away from you shuddering with respect. Also, you gain access to our vast alcohol reserves, stored deep under the Rocky Mountains and piped directly into our office, and by "piped" I mean "carried in cans." Most importantly, you'll be inducted into the mysteries of our very own house-engineered drug. We call it "Spoot", and all we really know about it is that it'll make you think you're God's older brother who keeps stealing his girlfriend. Trust us, it's really ;lasdmlfkmoviamsdlkdicmcoils

Ahem. But what does it take to join the exalted ranks of our obedient peons? We look for several important qualities in our lackies, such as habitual nodding, drink-fetchery, and strong communication skills, which I understand is business-speak for drug connections. Most important, however, is the independent judgment and bold thinking it takes to agree with everything we say. And we mean everything. Is the moon made of Jell-O? Did I say it is? Then the correct answer is yes. Is your mom up for a freaky three-way with Condaleeza Rice? Here's a hint: get on the phone. Now. So join the Squelch's mass of minions today! Remember, at the Squelch, we don't know the meaning of the word "indentured!" Or rather, we do, but you don't.



Feminism Crumbles After Use of Gendered Word

By Brett Hallahan, patriarch

Feminism, the century-long movement dedicated to equality between men and women, collapsed utterly on Tuesday. Details are sketchy, but most observers agree that the cause of the world's sudden plunge into oppressive patriarchy was local Professor David Knowles' utterance of the shockingly non-gender-neutral term "mankind" during a lecture. Had he used the proper word, "humankind", which unlike its counterpart does not imply sexism, Nazism, and the stabbing of children, all would be well.

"It was a revelation," said student and brand-new chauvinist Bradley Chambers. "I had no idea women were inferior beings, only fit to serve my whims. But when I heard Professor Knowles talk about 'Aristotle's view of mankind,' I went right out, raped two women, and made my girlfriend quit her job." Chambers was not prosecuted by the now all-male police department, which has adopted the new slogan, "Boys will be boys."

Former feminist icon Gloria Steinem reflected on her movement's destruction while cooking her husband's dinner. "It's sad because we came so close. But in our hurry to fight discrimination in the workplace and prevent domestic violence, we let banning individual words slip through the cracks. It seems so obvious in retrospect. If the men ever let us start a movement again, we have to remember that in the fight for equality, correcting people's speech is the number one priority."

Joaquin Phoenix Debuts New Hyphy Album All Over Self By Katie Nelson, faking it

Earlier this week a naked and Percocet-addled Joaquin Phoenix announced to a crowd of indifferent strangers that his new album will be released in the summer. "After much consideration and experimentation, I have found that my true calling lies within the hyphy movement, which I have literally just heard of. Apparently it started in northern California, and though I have never been to the Bay Area, the music speaks to me, and I speak to it, and it just works," Phoenix spat through a mouth full of peanut butter.

The actor-inexplicably-turned-rapper explained his newfound respect for hyphy during an unprompted appearance on The View. "The essence of the beat cleanses my soul and I just let it repeat over and over as I walk my llama in the…" Phoenix mumbled, rubbing his arms and hugging himself. He then turned around and started bumping and grinding against Elizabeth Hasselbeck.

Phoenix then announced to Barbara Walters that the album would "drop like her face" in late August, before beginning to shake uncontrollably.

Alcoholic Enema Performed A Ca

for Shits and Giggles Page A3

Missionary Saves Whales Page C13 A Capella Group Sings Without Accompaniment of Audience Page A7

Obesity Clinic Sheds Employees Page B8

Students Demand More Pictures of Faces to Draw Dicks On

by Max Ebert, fell asleep with his shoes on

After mysteriously appearing on campus one day last fall, the wall of unpleasant faces outside Dwinelle has become a staple of the UC Berkeley community. The collage has since fulfilled its intended purpose of inspiring students to reach for their dreams. Never before has the campus seen such an innovative and creative variety of penile graffiti. To meet student demands, campus officials plan to *erect* even more *monuments* next fall.

"There just isn't enough space for people to work with right now," says Karen DiMarco, head of the Outdoor Beautification Project/ janitorial projects. "We have to clean up the collage every night just to give people enough room to draw more dicks on the next day!" The photo booth constructed March 4th at the RSF will supplement the school's uselessly large amount of bad photographs. Enough pictures have been taken to place collages all across campus, spending thousands of the school's infinite supply of money. Popular poses from the photo shoot include "looking up," "holding mouth wide open," and "pretending to place cock in mouth." The classic "unattractive person staring straight into camera to show off terrible skin condition" was still a popular choice as well.

"Penis, penis, penis," one of the photographed students seemed to say.

That Gate in Sproul to be Renamed "That Construction Site"

By Dan Lopez, keymaster

Due to the ongoing construction of whatever that thing is called, the majority of UC Berkeley's student body is beginning to forget the name of the formerly picturesque ... what's the name ... it's on the tip of my tongue ... salty gate? Whatever. When asked about it, ASUC president Roxanne Winston simply said, "Let's change its name to something that makes sense, cause it sure as hell doesn't really look like a gate anymore." Chancellor Birgeneau added, "If we play this right, we might be able to just leave it like it is and make that a new symbol of our university, saying that we like to build shit or something. We'll work on it." When asked about it, junior Stephanie Davenport said, "I really don't care, I never walk through Sproul anyways. Name it Giant Titty Arch for all I care," she added, while pompously walking off towards northside. Sophomore Nate Shaw added, "It's the one ugly spot of my morning walk. You know, apart from all the homeless people I walk by." When asked, freshman Sean Larson said, "That construction site has a name?"

"Exactly why we chose that name," Winston added.

Students For Justice In Norway Hold Boring Rally

By Brett Hallahan, whale of a dad

Pro-Scandinavian advocacy group Students For Justice In Norway gathered on Sproul Plaza Wednesday for their 64th annual self-congratulatory gathering. The rally, which attracted nearly 20 people, featured speeches on such topics as economic reform, how awesome it is to have universal health care, and the suckiness of Hagar the Horrible. Listeners politely applauded the speakers before wandering off to get a burrito.

SJN, as members probably call it, was created during World War II to protest Nazi occupation of Scandinavia. Since then, the group has enjoyed decades of peace, prosperity, and delicious seafood. Their opposition group, Norway Is Nice But Really Should Join The EU Already, has been known to show up unannounced at group meetings, bringing homemade cookies and engaging in eloquent debate.

The most recent controversy to surround SJN occurred during a meeting last October when member Andrew Hansen abruptly rose and left, having just remembered he was late for a review session. Group leaders quickly wrote an op-ed in response, praising Hansen's studiousness and wishing him a happy birthday. Still, some insist that Hansen should apologize for behaving with such uncharacteristic rudeness, or at least be compelled to bring donuts.

IMPROPER IHANK YOU

By Lena, Max, and Rebecca

THANKS FOR QUARTER.

Dear Walgreens Employee;

medicine, but you did anyway.

before I have to have dinner with my parents.

the morning shift, all asking for "ID" or whatever.

Anyway, I just wanted to say that we really

H1, 444

facebook Home Profile Friends Inbox

Inbox

Sent Messages Notifications

Updates

Thanks for the kidney LOLZ

Jeff Hatcher Hey Cuz, bomb kidney, man. I know I said I was on Add as Friend dialysis n' shit but SUPERPSYCH!!!3==D~~!!! 3 FUCKIN' March 8 at 8:03pm KIDNEYS, BRO. Works like a motherfucking charm. Now Reply I'm pounding through Thirsty Thursday and Friday Night exchange with the Tri Delts. Dude, remember that time when we were kids when I sold your bicycle for icecream money, or when I slept with Stephanie. This is just like that! Glad to hear you guys are still together btdubs. Anyways, I fuckin' own you. See you at Thanksgiving. Peace out.

Mark as Unread | Delete





Thank you for purchasing an EnterTech Home Entertainment System. Please follow the instructions below to begin assembly of your senseassaulting electronic behemoth.

Components:

Your box should include one (1) **huge-ass TV**, eight (8) **indistinguishable speakers**, parts A - H of the **awkward cabinet**, and assorted cables and screws.

Note: if you find that your box contains instead one (1) **diatomic laser cannon**, you may have inadvertently purchased an EnterTech Dragon Tank, which, although awesome, has poor video resolution. Speak to your retailer about their return policy, preferably while wielding said cannon.

Tools:

You will need:

- One (1) pliers. Wait, maybe that should be two (2) pliers. How does this work?
- Three (3) **ballpeen hammers**. You'll understand around step 12.

• One (1) **Philips-head screwdriver**. If you don't have one, remember that Philip is a very common name, particularly in the untraceable-drifter community. You can replace it with a (a) **hacksaw** and **quart of down-market hooch**.

- One (1) **monkey wrench**. In England they're called spanners. Why?
- One (1) **elbow grease**. Keep in mind that this tool is purely metaphorical and should not be confused with the very physical **ankle wax**.

• One (1) **folded-up scrap of newspaper**. What, did you really expect *all* the legs to be the same length?

Procedure:

Step 1: Clear a workspace to construct your EnterTech Home Entertainment System. **Step 2:** Light a series of alternating red-and-black **candles** in a pentacle pattern (see diagram on page 5)

Step 3: Enter **pentagram**, pledge **soul** to Infernal Lord Chognazar.

Step 4: Reading ahead is important. To avoid fate of those who didn't, skip steps 2 and 3.
Step 5: Insert the whatchamacallit into the third thingamajig from the left.
Tighten with the gizmo and attach contraption C.

Step 6: Sorry, the translator's been acting up. What we meant to say was, open the box. **Step 7:** Every time you drop a screw and it rolls away, take a shot. THIS IS MANDATORY.

Step 8: All **cables** have been woven together in a unique and beautiful pattern in the factory. Know that by removing them to begin setup, you will be destroying an irreplaceable work of art. So what's it gonna be, TV boy?

Step 9: Pretend you know what "**anode**" means.

Step 10: Howl in despair. Ask someone with a little experience for help, you big baby. (cont'd on next 34 pgs.)

Do's and Don't's	
Do carefully measure the space for the cabinet.	Don't shout "It's alive!" upon completion. A TV is, by definition, not alive, and that joke is not funny.
Do use caution when working with electrical equipment.	Don't look for the hidden spy camera. You won't find it, trust us.
Do make sure all tools and components are clean and in good working condition.	Don't think that a toolbox makes you some kind of master craftsman, He-Man.
Do the Hustle!	Don't stop believin'.
Do us all a favor and keep the noise down when you're done.	Don't make us call the cops.

Top Ten Artist Toys

- 10. Salvador Dolly
- 9. MC Etch-a-Sketch
- 8. Vincent Van Gogh cart
- 7. Rubens Cube
- 6. Leonardo da Vinchia pet
- 5. Raggedy Andy Warhol
- 4. Jax 'n' Pollock
- 3. Rothko Sockem Robots
- 2. Mighty Max Ernst
- 1. Di-Lego Rivera

Top Ten Sitcoms from the Great Depression

- **10.** Hangin' with Mr Hoover
- 9. Arrested Economic
- Development
- 8. Clarissa Pawns it All
- **7.** Sabrina the Teenaged Prostitute
- 6. Boy Meets Rickets
- **5.** Sister Sister Can You Spare a Dime
- 4. Sex and the Tent City
- 3. ALF Landon
- Married With Children That We Cannot Possibly Feed
 King of Beans

Top Ten Worst Elective Surgeries

- 10. Emergency Face-Ectomy
- 9. Small Bit of Nurses
- Sandwich Implant
- 8. Taint Augmentation
- 7. A People's Hysterectomy
- 6. Rectal Bypass
- 5. Penis Widening
- 4. Areola Enlargement
- **3.** Reverse Abortion
- 2. Spinal Magnetization

1. That Thing Wolverine Has Except with Balsa Wood Instead of Adamantium





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Dorm Posters Through the Ages







The First 100 Days of the Biden Vice Presidency

Day 1: What the fuck? There's a lot of shit they just don't tell you when you win a fucking election. Apparently I'm not going to be living in the White House, so if I want to watch Predator with Barry I'm going to have to drive the fuck over. That's bullshit. I have to live in some retarded "Navy Observatory" or whatever, like I'm some space nerd. I was so angry when I moved in, I punched out all the windows and made the Secret Service clean it up while I spat on them. That showed 'em.

Day 19: Press conferences can suck a fat dick. I'm just supposed to sit behind Barry and nod or laugh or shake my head, but fuck that, I'll do what I want. I'm Joe Biden. I will do what I please. While we were supposed to be taking questions from the press, I took that tweedy punk Nate Silver behind the curtain, held a knife up to his left eye and told him to predict his way out of that situation. Then I laughed for a full two minutes while he squirmed and told him how long he'd last on the streets of Scranton (answer: 7 seconds).

Day 37: Finally, some action. Barry needed me to help negotiate a bill with the Republicans, so for a good two hours today I got to go intimidate Eric Cantor, who is basically a woman. The minute I walked into his office, he started running his wormy-ass mouth off about earmarks and tax cuts and whatever. Once the door was completely closed, I open-palm-slapped his slender and girlish face and told him how things were going to go: We would cut \$100M from our next stimulus package for every time he kissed the head of my dick. I dropped trou and stuck the ol' Amtrak right under his nose and I'll be damned if he didn't make out with the damn thing like it was a plump white cheerleader at homecoming. Guess I'll have to figure out how to get \$1.4 billion dollars erased from the budget.

Day 58: Today was an off day, so me 'n' Rahm Emmanuel got to paint the town red. I like Rahm a lot. I feel like we're brothers. We're both relatively moderate progressives, we're both supporters of Israel, and we both killed people while in prison. After doing a couple whippits, we decided to take out his dad's Charger and hit some mailboxes with an old wooden bat. On the way, we saw this old ass man walking the stupidestlooking dog imaginable. I knocked him with the bat straight in the throat and he

went down like a goddamn partial-birth abortion bill. Rahm laughed so hard he almost shit himself.

Day 75: For the past few weeks, I've been showing up to cabinet meetings completely drunk. No one noticed until today, when Robert Gates started giving me the cockeye. I guess I thought he was judging me, or something, 'cause after a few seconds of staring each other down, I apparently jumped him from across the table and bit off a part of his cheek. I don't remember any of this, but cheekbiting is sort of a Biden family trademark, so it makes sense. Whatever.

Day 99: So apparently I'm being impeached, or some bullshit, which could not have happened at a more inopportune time. Rahm and I were going to use this weekend to break into John Boehner's house and take a shit in his bed, but now I have to go to court. Oh, well. It was a good ride, I sort of burnt the candle at both ends, but that's just what a Biden fucking does. At least I got a Republican to put most of his mouth on my unit. PEACE.



Dear Reader: I'd like to introduce you to our new feature, **SQUELCH COMIXX**, where we run out of ideas for things to put in to our magazine so instead steal comics from other sources and reprint them. This month, we will be showcasing comics from the internet, so please enjoy these high-quality comic strips, written and drawn by only the most prestigious people who could not find real jobs!

Nickel Slots





Math

Fly X (mWb)



yzr%

THIS GRAPH SHOWS HOW I

(AN PUT MATH IN MY BUTT!

I HAVE FALLEN IN

LOVE WITH YOU.

Cardigan Collective







He died alone. That is the joke.

Oakbark













VIOLENT ACT IS PRETTY OVER THE TOP. I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF SOMEONE DID VIOLENT ACT?



I AM GOING TO COMMIT VIOLENT ACT ON COSTUMERS FROM MY ELECTRONICS STORE IF THEY ASK TO BUY VIDEO GAME.

YOU SHOULD DO THAT. YOU SHOULD MURDER YOUR CUSTOMERS BECAUSE IT WOULD BE UNEXPECTED AND AMUSING.

Metal Shop 1 Syllabus

Instructor: It's COACH Slatter to you, kid.

Attendance: Hey, if it's not mandatory for you, why should it be for me?

Rules:

-Cheaters will have to fight each other behind the gym. The winner passes.

-Machine tools are reserved for kids not going to college. You know who you are.

-Talking in class means you stay behind and polish Coach's trophy from the 1981 sectionals.

-The bandsaw is not a toy. For you. Also, any severed limb and a signed waiver gets you \$25.

-Fighting robots are NOT, I repeat NOT, banned.

-For the last time, I know what a bong looks like. No more of this "flowerpot" crap. -Chicks get an A.

Parental Permission: I won't tell if you won't.

Important Dates:

-First Lecture: The difference between a file and a rasp. Let's be honest, this is all you're going to remember. -Introduction to Basic Tools: AKA the Pussy Lecture. Real men are excused. -Welding: You like fire? Good news! You like fire safety? Tough.

-Group Quiz: Fix Coach's transmission. The best part is, *you're* paying *me*.

-Theory of Metallurgy: Right, like I'm really gonna teach you anything the day after Mardi Gras. Bring a book, shut the hell up and maybe we'll all make it through the day.

Extra Credit: Build Coach a woman. C'mon, I've seen Weird Science. Get on it, nerds!

Final Exam: Can you correctly identify metal? Congratulations, Einstein, the state says you get to move up a grade.

[₩]^e So you're leaving college.

Why not leave in style?



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America: Still Racist

As an affluent white male, I am troubled by the amount of racism that this country still endures. Every day you hear about some white politician calling Barack Obama an ape, or some white celebrity making a squinty-eyes Chinese person face, or some white cop shooting some black kid. And then you hear about someone making a big stink about it! What's that about? Well, I'll tell you what that's about – reverse racism.

3

You heard me: reverse racism. It's the latte-liberal, affirmative action, PC-gestapo backed force that is tearing this country apart. Or perhaps I should say *reverse* tearing this country apart, like a black hole. Oh, wait, no I probably can't use that term, because it's "offensive" to compare African-Americans to humongous gravity wells in space. See? I can't even talk about space without some imaginary white-guilt-monger coming and theoretically policing my language. I'll be pretending to be harassed by caricatures of the left again later on in this essay, in case you didn't quite understand what I was going for in this example I made up.

If you imagine really hard, it's quite easy to see that white people are oppressed just as much as other groups – if not more! Why, just the fact that "white people" is still used in popular speech is evidence enough. There are so many different kinds of white people, why must we lumped into one blanket term? I mean, we have Irish, Mormons, Jews, rich Asians, Italians – the list goes on! We're a regular rainbow coalition of people, provided that the rainbow is all roughly the same color.

Now, it seems to me, the Founding Fathers built this country upon promises of equality and universal acceptance, and it was exactly like that and there were no glaring contradictions or hypocrisies in that sentiment whatsoever. So what happened? If you've read the US Constitution like I have almost done on several occasions, you'll see three passages that I am pulling from memory:

(1) "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

Hmm, I don't see anything in there about black people being able to have their own TV station! Or Indian people being able to have their own movies that I don't understand at all! And yet, I get weird looks every time I pitch my idea for a white-people-only MySpace. George Washington must be spinning in that gigantic, spike-like grave of his.

(2) "You simply melt right in, It doesn't matter what your skin, where you're from or your religion, You jump right in to the great American melting pot."

Truly prescient words. From the ninth amendment, I do believe. In case you chowderheads (I probably shouldn't use the term chowderhead, I'm sure some group will claim it to be a specific derogatory term towards them. Probably Puerto Ricans. I bet Puerto Ricans eat a lot of chowder) don't understand, this means that every American melts into a big homogeneous mass, including white people. So... Actually, I don't remember where I was going with this one.

(3) "Love is like a magic penny, Hold on tight and you won't have any."

I don't even have to explain this one. No matter what your ethnicity, everybody likes coins that disappear if you attempt to keep them.

In conclusion, I'd like to thank Mos Def for letting me read this essay, and I hope everyone has a good rest of the evening here at the Apollo Theater.

Newsweek NewZone.

Activities for Precocious Newsweek Readers

WRITE YOUR OWN EDITORIAL!

We Need More (noun), Not More (noun that rhymes with first noun).

By (Aging irrelevant journalist)

I was talking to <u>(famous person)</u> and <u>(he/she)</u> told me <u>(policy)</u>. Well, if that didn't just <u>(barnyard</u> <u>analogy)</u>. What people who believe in <u>(policy)</u> don't realize is (<u>platitude</u>).

Is <u>(policy)</u> really necessary? Why just yesterday, <u>(anecdotal</u> <u>evidence involving imaginary</u> <u>person</u>). If <u>(imaginary person)</u> can do <u>(unrealistic thing)</u>, anyone can.

Look, we can't <u>(goal)</u> until we've <u>(opposite of goal)</u>.



CONNECT THE DOTS ...to see which disease we'll be overreporting this week!

KOLOR KORNER



Here is a man representing the Pakistani government. Color him in a way that makes him look both sinister and inept!

DO YOUR OWN SCIENCE EXPERIMENT AT HOME!

Step 1: Build Volcano Out of Papier-Mâché



Step 2: Fill with Baking Soda, Vinegar



Step 3: Write Vague, Highly Misinformed Article About Volcano



MATCH THE NEWS STORY

...with the inane pop culture items we'll continually compare them to!





(2) Robert Mugabe





(4) Climate Change



(a) Slumdog Millionaire



(b) Guitar Hero



(c) Slumdog Millionaire



(d) Slumdog Millionaire



Lifestyle Magazine of the Nouveau-Homeless

Louis Vuitton

The New "It" Bag

MARCH 2009

Vacation Diary The Exotic Gutters and Stoops of Milan

Making the Switch form *Powder* to *Crack* Cocaine

We Ask Nick Nolte Oucstions He Answers Four of Them, Throws Up, and Takes a Nap.

Feel Better About Sleeping in the Doorways of Stores YOU Used to OWN

