

the **heuristic** **squelch**

Aug 2009

Vol 19 Issue 1

squelched.com



Fiat Bux

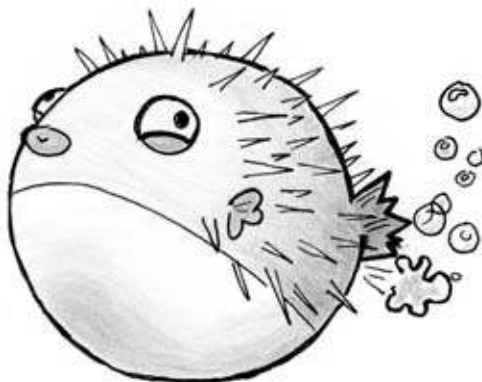


Come Join The Squelch

Meetings:
Wednesdays 7-8pm,
Location TBA
(Check squelched.com)

Submit at:
submit@squelched.com

Submit by:
October 10th



the heuristic squelch

USING SEX ADVICE FROM COSMO SINCE 1991

EDITORS

(pleasing someone else's man)

Editors-in-Chief

David Hollingsworth

Creative Editor

Brett Hallahan

Graphics Editor

Sarah Jeong

EDITORS EMERITUS

(batting eyelashes furiously)

Aaron Brownstein, Simon Ganz, Owen Javellana, Sean Keane, Matt Loker, John O'Connor, Miles Stenehjem, Tommaso Sciortino, Fred Taylor-Hochberg

DEPUTY CREATIVE EDITORS

(making sacrifice to sex goddess)

Lena Brooks, Max Ebert, Rebecca Power

DEPUTY DESIGN EDITOR

(playing with testicles like its some novel thing)

Katy Yoshida

BUSINESS TEAM/EMILY CARLTONS

(massaging semen into scalp)

PUBLICITY COORDINATOR: Jessica Trost

ART/GRAPHICS/DESIGN STAFF

(eating entire pie seductively)

HEAD ARTIST: Harmony Larson

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: Peter Hess

STAFF: Will Cole, Brian DeFreitas, Alix Nicholaeff, Kyle Smith, Alina Xu

WRITERS

(assuming your man is gay)

Jeff Calhoun, Ben Joyce, Erik Krasner-Karpen, Dan Lopez, Katie Nelson, Ben Osipov, David Rappaport, Kevin Tran

CONTRIBUTORS

(boosting self-esteem with recklessly anonymous sex)

Lukas Bonick, Alex Cheng, Hamutal Cohen, Matt Guilhem, Sherwin Kuo, Huan Ly, Brock Mendel, Ben Narodick, Jennifer Ng, Raven Pearson, Don Pham, Mitch Rodricks, Kevin Thompson, John Jackson Waste, Catherine Zhu, forgot that one guy

WEBMASTER

(shaving his pubes to match your own)

James McBride

PRINTING

(just being generally fucking aggravating all the time god dammit)

FRICKE-PARKS (510) 489-6543

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 our own, nor does it necessarily reflect your irresistibly beautiful visage, trapping you forever until you turn into a flower. Our offices are located in 310 Eshleman.

Questions, comments, suggestions?

FEEDBACK@SQUELCHED.COM

TO ADVERTISE, CALL (510) 642-7670

P.O. BOX 4788, BERKELEY, CA 94704

Words from the top

Warning! If you don't want the magazine to be spoiled for you, put the issue down, light it on fire, and then move to a country where it is illegal to speak English, because absolutely everyone you know is going to be talking about these spoilers!

- It's wedding bells for one of the *Squelch*'s familiar characters, but who? Hint -- it's a dog!
- Next season's story arc will focus heavily on the magazine's origins, but will retcon it all to the point where instead of being a comedy magazine, the *Squelch* will now be a large wooden ship!
- In issue 19-3, Lord Kensingwary reveals that he's not who he says he is -- he's actually several babies in an elaborate grown-up costume!
- You will really like the magazine as a freshman, but as the years go by, you'll find yourself more and more disenchanted with it!
- Someone dies! But who? Hint -- it's another dog!

I hope these exhilarating and quite possibly arousing spoilers won't ruin your enjoyment of what is sure to be our most exciting season yet! Stay tuned, and remember to keep an eye out for giant burning piles of magazines.

heuristicsquelch.wordpress.com



Pirates Hide Booty Well

By Katy Yoshida, bootylicious

Investigations into the group responsible for the hijacking of a merchant vessel earlier this summer were halted last week when all known pirate groups denied responsibility while shuffling away and whistling.

The ship, confusingly named the Arctic Sea, was found using the most state-of-the-art technology available to the Russian coast guard. "When I saw a giant X on the ground I knew they couldn't be far," said chief inspector Grigar Demidov. "Just thirteen more paces east and they will pay for the lives that were taken."

Shipping experts have estimated that the ship contains several tons of cursed Eskimo gold, hoards of fake peg legs and orphaned eye patches, and even an army of small to mid-sized rodents trained to swim across the open seas and bite at the

ankles of unlucky seafarers who have already given up hope of any god saving them from a watery grave.

When inspectors entered the cargo hold Tuesday, they were met by a strangely accommodating hunchbacked deckhand.

"Thar be no pirates here gyar," he commented as he hastily pushed a parrot and a worn looking maiden back under the carpet. "We just be but poor bandana manufacturers with a surplus of product gyar. Gyar gyar gyar gyar gyar."

Disappointed but no less determined to bring the "Scalawags4Eva" association to justice, Russian detectives remain on the high seas looking for adventures to satisfy their wanderlust, their open shirts billowing in the marine breeze, turning their rugged faces and thick chest hair toward an uncertain future.

Children No Longer Our Most Precious Resource

By Ben Joyce and Erik Krasner-Karpen, pork bellies

Financial markets were rocked this morning when the Federal Reserve announced that children had fallen to America's 17th most valuable resource, behind cadmium.

The Child Liquidity Index, a measure that takes into account cleverness, good behavior and overall cuteness, has fallen to its lowest point since the Lidsville incident of 1973. Fed officials cited various factors in the American child's devaluation, including excessive sugar and grease as factors of child production, the corroding influence of inputs like the video games and those Twitter-ma-jigs, and lukewarm child retail tied to collapsing consumer confidence.

"We recommend a cautious approach to tot-backed securities markets," said Fed chief Ben Bernanke. "Our little ones' preciousness is unlikely to see any expansion until Q3."



Many economists claim that the educational agencies responsible for child enrichment have enabled the decrease in value through a decades-long policy of benign neglect.

"Is it freaking rocket science that we should have been making our kids pay attention in class?" said Paul Krugman, pulling from a bourbon. "I'm going back to bed."

Domestic child producers disagree that the problem is on our side of the ocean, blaming Chinese initiatives like the One Child policy for illegally manipulating international child markets.

"If China keeps turning out those dinky little waifs, running on a couple bowls of rice a day, of course we can't compete," said longtime child manufacturer Jim Hoskins. "If conditions stay this bad, I might have to start using condoms with my mistresses."

In Other News8

**Dead Kennedys Sheepishly
Cancel Reunion Tour**
Page A2

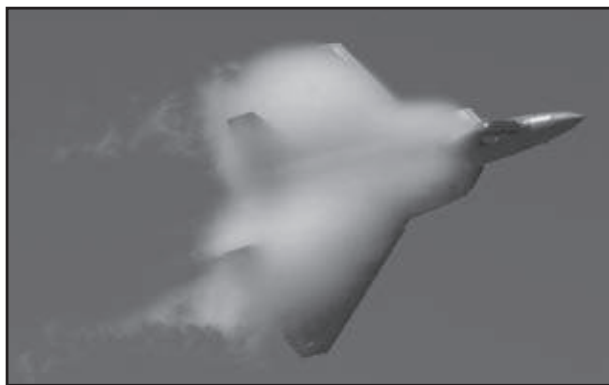
Samurai Graduates with Honor
Page A6

**Fun Police Seize 10,000
Squirt Guns**
Page B6

**Local Man Unsure Whether
Couch on Curb is Free**
Page C10

U.S. Military Can't Have Cool Shit

By Erik Krasner-Karpen, not your real dad



Above: MRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

The Air Force will halt production of the F-22 fighter starting next year, after a Senate vote this summer canceled the incredibly cool program.

Although the F-22 Raptor cruises at Mach 1.82 without afterburners, has the radar profile of a weather balloon, can hit ground targets at an effective range of 24 miles, and LOOK AT IT, IT'S COMPLETELY WICKED BITCHIN', our so-called "leaders" have determined that we just don't deserve any. Besides the 187 we already have, that is.

"We must break the habit of adding layer upon layer of cost, complexity and delay to systems that are so expensive and so elaborate that only a small number can be built," said Defense

Secretary Robert Gates, as if that's not the entire freaking point. Princess Gates went on to explain that the money saved on the planes would be directed toward "mission-critical programs" that would "save American lives" or whatever.

Even Barack Obama, who seemed pretty cool in his ads, is being a total nerd about this. Obama, who probably doesn't even pee standing up, has committed to veto any defense spending bill that includes an F-22 appropriation. "We need to face the fact that the Cold War is over, and our military needs to adapt to new [blah blah blah]," President Obama yammered.

While many within the Defense Department itself applauded the decision, the move has taken heat from the balls-having community. "From a strategic standpoint, I think they're making a big mistake," said Jim Trent, a Blockbuster clerk with over 15 years' experience renting out movies about army guys. "Now how are we going to shoot down Osama's air force?"

The Air Force plans instead to buy over 1,000 of the more versatile F-35 fighter, at an estimated per-unit cost of \$83 million-- wait, what? Sweet, dude! U.S.A! U.S.A!

Les Paul, Inventor of Music, Dead at 93,000

by Brett Hallahan, good listener

Les Paul, the ageless paragon best known for his invention of the solid-body electric guitar, multi-track recording, and the abstract concept of rhythmic sound as entertainment, died this month after several millennia in the music business. Paul, born "Ek Ung" to a tribe of Cro-Magnons based in what is now Albania, found his calling when he discovered that smashing two rocks together over and over sounded kind of good. He refused to rest on his laurels, however, pioneering the use of carved bone flutes, stretched-skin drums, and the little-used "enemy's skull theremin." He also inadvertently created bouncers when his tribe massacred a group of nearby Neanderthals he deemed to be ruining his vibe.

Paul was literally instrumental in absolutely all of the major developments in world music. He was fond of recounting the story of his journey to see the infant Jesus and, finding himself without a gift for the child, composing six thousand Christmas carols on the spot. He was accompanied throughout most of his travels by wife Mary Ford, She Who Walks The Earth In Everpresent Light. Together, they taught the people of the world to play every instrument from the xylophone to the gamelan. In his later years, Paul was noted for his quest to destroy the demon seed Pat Boone and the artifacts of his infernal rule, most recently during his lengthy Crusade Against The Keytar.

Paul's passing came as a shock to many, since his existence had been assumed to be eternal and everlasting. The cause of death is assumed to be old age, but because his body disappeared in a blinding sphere of light, details are sketchy. The weeping and wailing of all those who are pure of heart is scheduled for next Sunday at one o'clock, after which mourners expect to await with bated breath the time when Paul shall rise again to lead all mankind in a wicked awesome riff.

discount anti-depressants

Hey there, Johnny Consumer! Feeling a little down in the dumps? We feel for you here in the Squel-Mart® family. After all, burning your resumé's for warmth can't be an easy decision. But look here. The good times are never coming back until you buy something. And we've got tons of goodies on our shelves that'll cheer you right up!



Steel Resolve® nebbish suppressor

"The one that lets you talk to girls!"

Too pathetic to strike up a conversation with a human being? Can't stop thinking about the infinite ways you could fuck up even your most casual relationships? Just want to become like everyone else? Steel Resolve's fast-acting, plant-based formula will turn off the buzzing in your skull!

- Deaden your least favorite brain functions!
- Escape your personal maze of doubts within doubts!

- Fit in until next morning... guaranteed!

Just open the lid and take a drink and soon you won't even have to think! It's too good not to be addictive!

Grueso's® body image degraders

"Look as bad as you feel!"

Always pictured yourself as a sickening, immobile tub of pus? Our deep-fried oral tablets will make your dreams a reality! Just ingest Grueso's twice a day for:

- Acne! Bacne! Cracne!
- More chins than you can count!
- Boobs where you've never imagined boobs before!



You'll be so huge, even your mother won't love you! Unless she's into that.



Raleigh-Durham® Fire-Activated Ennui Absorbers

"The once-an-hour inhaler for people who no longer dream!"

Who are you? Where did you come from? Where are you going? Stop giving a crap! Our controlled-release vapor tubes will have you feeling vaguely fulfilled within seconds!

- Ignore your feelings of rootlessness and alienation!
- Share a fleeting, meaningless moment with a stranger!
- It's like a hug from the inside! If your life's feeling stale, light up and inhale!

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: may shorten your frustrated, pointless existence.



Hikaribushi distraction box

"We give a shit so you don't have to!"

Bored? Restless? Hounded by a vague sense that you should do more with your life? Our box can make all that go away! Gaze dully into the box and you'll forget all about matters of consequence!

- Live vicariously through strangers!
- Laugh whenever you're supposed to!
- Learn what color vapid, useless heiresses are wearing! *It might be orange this season!*

Hikaribushi: turn your cares into stares! Now with more pixels.

Pizza-Bong!®

"I don't think we have to explain this!"

What's better than eating an entire pizza by yourself in your dark, moist apartment surrounded by wrinkled, moist pornography? How about eating it all in under 45 seconds?

- Comes with complementary Crazy-Bread ramrod!
- Lacks crucial anti-choking safeguards, meaning more pizza, more fast!
- Available in Meat-Lover's, Double Meat-Lover's, and Gravy!

It's like a pizza party in your mouth, and only you showed up!



On the trail of Jack The Annoyer

From the desk of Inspector Cribblesgribb, Scotland Yard

October 13th - Called in by one of the lads in Whitechapel. One of the local ladies of the night was found in an alley, and not her usual one. The sight was a real gut-wrencher, it was. All of her clothes were a bright red. Seems some miscreant had put her scarlet hose in with her whites at the launderers! Poor lass fainted dead away with embarrassment, she did. It's a rough life, out in the streets.

October 21st - The dastard's struck again! Five blokes hospitalized after kicking what seemed to be an innocent hat on the sidewalk, only to find it contained a brick! What manner of madman could commit such an atrocity? I fear there is worse to come...

October 25th - Received a letter from our mystery man today. Cocky bugger says "Stay out of this coppers everyone in london has to pay. youre all going to be inconvenienced, you watch. - From Detention." Bloody missive gave six of our best men papercuts! Is no one safe?

November 2nd - The whole city's in a panic! The Lord Mayor's in a right twist since he came home last night and found his bed short-sheeted. Seems like the Annoyer is everywhere, and everyone wonders who's going to be next. Even my wife checks my coat for sneezing powder every evening.

November 5th - As if things weren't bad enough, now we've got copycat annoyers popping up left and right! Cold-meats-men getting hotfoots, water-filled buckets over every doorjamb! Amateurs, the lot of 'em, with not enough sense to hide after ringing a mark's door. Like we need a distraction right now.

November 7th - This case is getting me down. Maybe I'll look into all those murdered prostitutes across town for a change of pace.

November 11th - By Jove, I think I've solved it! But I've got to move carefully. Arresting such an illustrious personage could be a shock from which this country could never recover, but it has to be done to end the madness. I'll send the name to the Superintendent right after I sit down on my chair without looki

*Superintendent's note:
This was Cribblesgribb's
last entry before his
horrible thumbtack
accident. The case
of Jack the Annoyer
remains open...*



Cakes of Cakes

He's a Pranksta'

Cake Czar: Hey Barry, take a bite of this cake.

Nondescript Employee: I dunno boss, that cake looks kinda funny.

Cake Czar: What looks funny about it? You sayin' I can't bake a cake? You gonna disrespect me in my own BAKERY? I'm the fuckin' CAKE CZAR!

Nondescript Employee: I din't mean nothin'.

[He takes a bite of cake]

Cake Czar: Hey guess what, Barry? THAT CAKE HAS MY COCK IN IT!

[Camera pans out. Cake Czar is clearly holding the cake against his pantsless crotch]

Nondescript Employee: Oh, Boss! You got me again!

[He looks at camera and sighs]

Cake Czar: I'm glad you asked about the construction of this confection, Barry. This particular cake is a whimsical pastiche of a torte with three tiers of feather-light sponge cake. WHICH I ICED WITH MY SEMEN.

Nondescript Employee: Boss, aren't we having a health inspection this week? I don't really think we should--

Cake Czar: You're right, this cake *is* delicious and hilarious.

How the New World Order Affects You

We've all heard about the devious New World Order, be it from some homeless person's sloppily shouted lecture or a low-quality documentary on the Internet, made by that same homeless person. But it seems for an omnipotent superorganization bent on influencing every aspect of human society, we aren't confronted with its undeniable existence very often. But, of course, the devil's greatest trick was convincing the world he didn't exist, mainly by making the evidence of his existence really flimsy and only believed by literally insane people.

Don't be fooled! The NWO is always there, behind the scenes, carrying out its ill-defined nefarious acts. Hopefully this guide will help you recognize just how paranoid you should be of everything at all times!

What You Think You're Doing

Getting a Cheeseburger

Recycling

Checking Your Email

What You're Actually Doing

Any of the cheeseburger establishments near you are likely owned by one of the five secret megacorporations, which buy their meat from a sixth, even more secret megacorporation, whose farms are owned by...

Contributing to the massive fraud that is the Global Warming Hoax, which was created by a group of rogue scientists for the purpose of destroying industrialized society, which would clearly benefit said group of scientists for any number of obvious reasons, and filling the coffers of...

No doubt receiving obnoxious spam from the vile cabal Organize for America asking for your soul and \$15 in order to "send a message to house Republicans" in the form of a blood culling to appease the hermaphroditic goat god of..

Illuminati Scientists, who use dangerous genetically modified corn additives to clone giant, reptilian cows infected with swine flu, morgellons, and super-AIDS, in order to keep the populace dependent on...

Al Gore, who has made his immeasurable fortune on carbon credits and compost toilets, and who pours gallons of chemtrails over the country every day in his gigantic, fuel-devouring private jet, which was given to him by...

Barack Obama, the secretly atheist Muslim who was born in Kenya to terrorist parents, who carefully trained him to become President of the United States in order to bring about socialism, the favored political system of right-wing religious extremists, who will one day do battle with...

Big Pharma, who doesn't want you to know that most ailments can actually be cured by drinking impossibly small dilutions of poison and putting Asian stickers on the bottoms of your feet, who is in the pocket of...

ACORN, the sinister organization that defrauded the 2008 election in order to get their puppet Barack Obama elected so that he may progress their old-people-killing agenda, who are at odds with...

The Pope, who is secretly a Nazi agnostic Third-Day Adventist, who is destined to die in battle, and whose fight will be carried on by a giant robot made out of the North American Union Superhighway, manned by...

Mix and match!



"INTERNATIONAL BANKERS!"

It doesn't matter!

...who put autism viruses in all the vaccines in order to insure that the next generation of American soldiers will be easily confused by facial expressions and therefore much easier to defeat, thus paving the way for...

...who will start a tremendous Banker vs Community Organizer war from which both sides will benefit due to their inexplicable ties to the arms industry, thus pulling us out of the recession, for which all the credit will be stolen by...

...who will win said battle and create a one-world governing body similar to the United Nations but different in several key capacities, none of which I can name now, but all of which are most assuredly evil, called...

the **NEW WORLD ORDER!**

Berkeley can be a confusing and even intimidating city for a nubile young Freshman, so we decided to help you all out with a map that shows all the important and interesting parts of town. Remember, if someone asks you to go somewhere and it isn't on this map, they are probably trying to murder you. Good luck!



Gourmet Ghetto

Historic site of the Gourmet Uprising and home to Alice Waters and her Only-Eat-Things-That-Are-Right-Next-To-You philosophy, the Gourmet Ghetto is a great place to spend \$175 on a single grape.

Downtown

From the panhandlers of University to the do-gooder astroturfers of Shattuck to the shambling CHUDs who dwell in the BART station, a trip to Downtown Berkeley is perfect for those who love to ignore problems immediately in front of them.



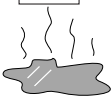
Legend



Frozen Yogurt Establishment



Guy Who Will Sell You Weed And Then Show You Some Crazy Shit He Found On The Internet



Smells Like Pee



Building With Good Classrooms To Have Sex In After Hours



Site of Historic Protest That Now Smells Like Pee

Oke-Land

Hark! Beyond the gates of Elmwoode most foul lyes this frightening lande, apparently ryfe with shootings and cryme, if one is to believe the commentes on DailyCal.Org articles. Only the braivest and most adventuorous of hypsters mighte try to gentrifye these wyldes...



Evans



Evans is largely considered the ugliest building on campus, as well as the structure most utilized in on-campus suicides. However, its exterior only hints at the true awfulness of this wretched construction, for its windowless bowels house some of the University's most foul and hideous students, whose pitiable existences apart from the nourishing sun have twisted them into ghoulish parodies of their former selves. I just...I hate Evans so much. I hate it. *Jesus.*

The Big C

Built by ancient nomads, the Big C remains an object of mystery to most Berkeley residents. How was it built? What purpose did it serve? Why does Stanford keep painting it red like that's supposed to be a meaningful gesture in any way?

Place where my roommate totally saw someone sucking someone else's dick just out in the open like it was not a big deal

It was *ridiculous*.



The Greek Theatre

The classical architecture of this historic amphitheater transports you back to a time when the bands that played there were popular.



Sather Gate



Sather Gate is the least effective barricade in the University, having been built with three huge gaps which anyone can just walk through easily. Fun fact: vampires cannot pass through Sather Gate unless asked.

Telegraph Avenue



Telegraph is the spot that offers what is likely the most authentic Berkeley experience available, full of local eccentrics, vibrant cultural motion, interesting, exotic cuisine, and oh, fuck, Chipotle, let's just go to Chipotle.

**GOT
SNARK?**

WE DO!

**SNARKY
McFUCKBUTTONS
HAS MORE THAN 500
BUTTONS TO CHOOSE
FROM, WITH MORE
ADDED EVERY WEEK.**

BULK AND CUSTOM ORDERS WELCOME

**WWW.SNARKYMcF.COM
snarky@snarkymcf.com**

Can You Write Funny Shit? Then Join Our Team!

The Heuristic Squelch is looking for Funny People to help write our world-famous comedy magazine, and Not-Necessarily-As-Funny-But-Skilled-In-Other-Areas People to help put it together on our massive computers. We need:

- Writers
- Illustrators
- People skilled in InDesign
- Proofreaders
- Machinists
- People skilled in Photoshop
- Business-Types
- Cold-Meats-Men
- Photographers
- Hangers-on

Want to get involved? Send an email to **feedback@squelched.com** today!

Meetings are every Wednesday 7-8 pm, in 79 Dwinelle (starting September 2nd).



subscriptions

Want to subscribe to the Squelch? You can fill out and mail in the following form, or just visit our web site: **www.squelched.com/sub.cfm**

Every subscription comes with a bonus set of six classic issues.

☐ Why wouldn't I want to laugh for \$15 per year? ☐ Because I want to laugh for 2 years for \$25!!!!

Name _____ Address _____

Street _____

City/State/ZIP _____

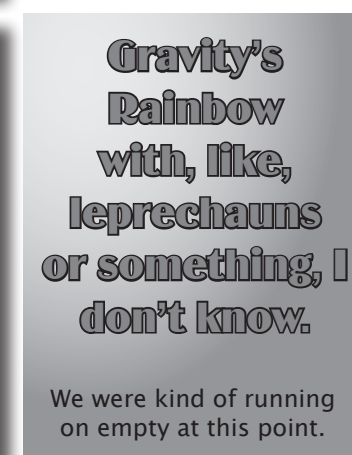
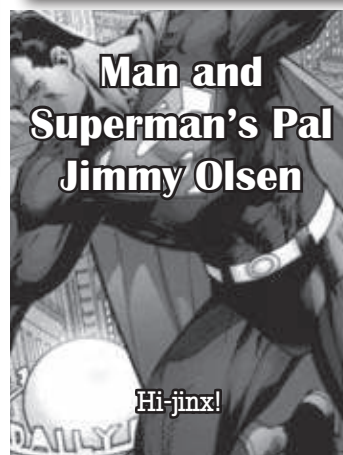
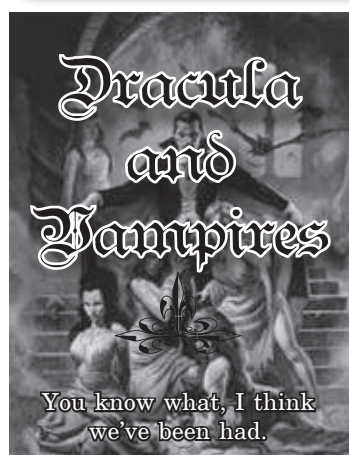
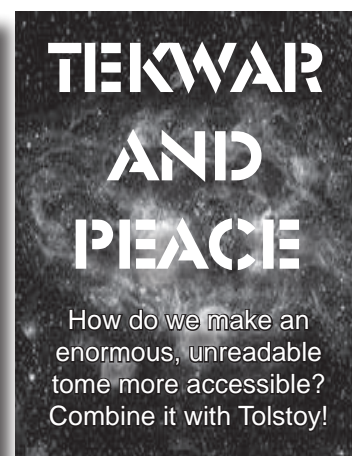
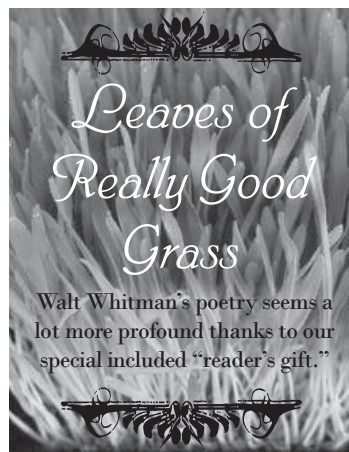
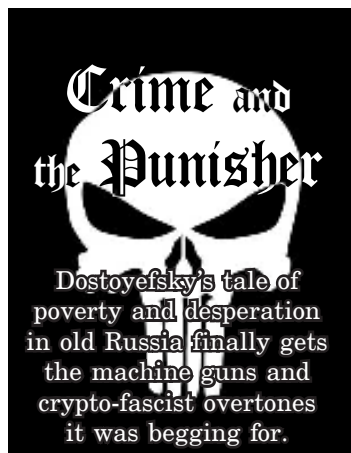
Phone number _____ Email _____

include check or money order and
mail to:

**The Heuristic Squelch
Subscriptions
P.O.Box 4788
Berkeley, CA 94704**

With the success of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Zombies*, the publishing industry has been given a wake-up call. The old ways of seeking out new literary talent, painstakingly reading and editing lengthy manuscripts, then giving up and printing another goddamn Da Vinci Code knockoff are simply outdated. Today's readers want to read our literary classics in a whole new way: combined with other things they already like. To that end, Bandwagon Books is proud to present a whole new line of titles that, we hope, will finally trick people into reading again.

The Artificially Exciting World of... Gimmick Literature



excerpt from "The HOWLing":
I saw the best minds of my generation get all hairy and maul people, dragging themselves through the lycanthropic streets at dawn looking for a guy to eat, furryheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of aaaaaooooooooo, ruff ruff ruff raur SNARL grrrrrrrrrrrr

excerpt from *Romance of the Three Kingdoms and Cyborgs*:
Zhou Yu stood over the Red Cliff, reviewing his plans for battle. His troops had suffered heavy losses at Xinye, and they were running low on rice and motor oil. Cao Cao's mission to capture Liu Bei's parts depot was risky, and Zhou Yu feared his transmission system might not last the week. Perhaps it was time to leave the Western Kingdoms to the meatbags and turn his attention to governing rather than crushing his enemies beneath his titanium-infused heel. But no, the campaign had long ago passed the point of peace. He muttered a quick plea to the ancestors to guide him and hoped his exoskeleton was worth the six million cash it had cost.

excerpt from *Cry the Beloved Donkey Kong Country*:

Kumalo wrung his hands with concern, turning to the large crucifix hanging in his small church. If only for a moment, his faith faltered, objectified in a tear stubbornly growing against his body's every effort. Suddenly, Msimangu rushed through the door. "Father!" he shouted. "It's Absalom! He's been kidnapped by a giant lizard wearing a crown!" Kumalo jumped onto his shoulders and was thrown into a floating barrel, which immediately rocketed him out again, sending him through the air. As Kumalo soared, Msimangu shook his head. "God damn this apartheid! God damn it to hell!"

HOW A BILL BECOMES A LAW

It seems that in the middle of all this healthcare hullabaloo, we've all forgotten just how hard it is to get a bill passed through congress and into law. So in the interests of national embarrassment, here's a handy refresher with nice, big cartoons so your unwashed prole minds can, on the most rudimentary level possible, comprehend how your government works:



Step 1: A Problem Exists in America That Cannot Be Solved with Guns

Let's say a Democratic Congressperson sees a homeless veteran in the street and is struck by the cruelty of how much of an eyesore it is. He then goes on with his day, doing nothing about that problem until a lobbyist convinces him it would be a good idea to do so. He proposes to make a bill that will solve that problem, but not before his six week recess.

Step 2: A Bill Is Written to Almost Address That Problem But Not Really

After returning from his recess, the congressperson drafts a bill to be brought before congress that would create a program to provide after-duty support for US soldiers. He then immediately and preemptively takes out all the good parts that would actually do anything in the spirit of bipartisan compromise with the Republicans, who will apparently only vote for a bill if it involves giving literal tugjobs to the entire Forbes 100 list. The Democrats sit back, smugly sure that their neutered bill will handily pass because they are worthless and horrible.



Step 3: The Bill Has a Bunch of Bullshit Made Up About It

In what is known as the "debating period," everyone gets convinced somehow that the bill's actual purpose is to create an elaborate homeless-person-killing bureaucracy. The public is slightly disturbed by this, until they are told that they will have to pay more taxes in order to fund it, at which point a wave of outrage unlike any seen since the McRib was cancelled is felt through the nation's plaque-covered hearts.

Step 4: The Bill Is Modified to Accommodate That Bullshit

The Democrats, in a brilliant tactical move, react to the outrage by hosting town hall meetings where all the crazy idiots can meet and agree with one another over tea and large, high-caliber weapons. After this fails for two or three weeks, the Democrats then decide the best way to deal with the false claims is to completely legitimize them by taking anything that could be close to construed as having to do with killing homeless people out of the bill, because they (the Democrats) are worthless and horrible.



Step 5: Glenn Beck Jabbers On Like the Ape-Faced Goon He Is

His half-baked diatribes are amusing for exactly six seconds, after which they become terrifying.



Step 6: The Bill Is Further Whittled Down Into Sublime Uselessness

The worthless and horrible Democrats further dissect the bill in an effort to appease the childishy obstinate Republicans, despite the fact that the entire right wing seems to have absolutely no intent on passing the bill in any form, or acknowledging that homeless people or veterans exist in America. When the bill finally does pass, all that's left is an earmark securing funds for racehorse breeding research and a non-binding resolution celebrating the inventor of roller skates' birthday.

Step 7: I Commit Bitter, Angry Suicide

And thus, to a mighty chorus of representative governance, the 2009 G.I. Bill has passed, and has become a law! Hooray for democracy! Who has a length of rope I can borrow?



Scenes from a Starbucks in That One Country in Scandanavia Where There's No Sun for Months at a Time And Everyone Is Depressed

Devastated Barista: What can I do for you today? I'll have to warn you: we serve no drink fit to assuage the unspeakable loneliness one feels in this abandoned hellscape.

Weeping Customer: Let's see. Uh, I guess I'll have a small strawberry Frappuccino with whipped cream, and maybe I can fool myself into believing its creation was an act of genuine compassion, so that I might remind myself that love exists.

Devastated Barista: Don't you mean a *tall* strawberry Frappuccino?

Weeping Customer: Oh, yeah, tall. My bad.

Stricken Shift Manager: Hey, Jens, how's it going?

Forlorn Cashier: Oh, you know, same old. Workin' for the weekend.

Stricken Shift Manager: Haha, I hear that. I also hear the wailing of the dead constantly.

Forlorn Cashier: You too? I thought that was just me, falling deeper and deeper into despair-fueled madness. With every shift these walls press closer. One day this warm, neutral stucco will be my coffin. These quirky prints the portraits at my wake. This green apron will be my noose – and my shroud. At every shift's end I gaze into the carrot-raisin muffin – and the carrot-raisin muffin gazes into me.

Stricken Shift Manager: Nope, I hear it too. Actually, that might just be the low-key mixtape we have on in here.

Forlorn Cashier: Is that Michael Bublé or Norah Jones?

Stricken Shift Manager: Does it matter?

Waifish Employee: Lotte, I saw Him. In the grinder, I saw Him!

Matronly Sweeper: Hush, Ingrid. You must not talk like that in front of the customers. Now tell Lotte, who did you see?

Waifish Employee: God.

[Lotte strikes Ingrid across the cheek.]

Matronly Sweeper: Such talk from my own god-daughter! During your ten-minute break you must run to Father Mortensen and beg his forgiveness!

Waifish Employee: But it was Him, Lotte! And He was horrible! A spider-like being with a whirling, bladed mouth, draining the charred flesh of coffee beans into His maw, gnashing them into a fine powder, boiling them in His bile and pressing them into tiny cups! Lotte, in that hopper, I saw a portent of the very fate of man! I saw bleak, unyielding torture for every living soul!

Matronly Sweeper: Child, please...

Waifish Employee: *[shrieks, faints]*

Matronly Sweeper: Oh, my child... nothing can help you now... except the sweet nectar of a caramel macchiato!

Waifish Employee: *[sniffing]*

W-with a shot of mint?

Top Ten Plays With Happy Endings

10. Long Day's Journey Into Disneyland
9. Our Funky Town
8. Promotion of a Salesman
7. No Exit Oh Wait Never Mind There It Is
6. Oedipus, The Early Years
5. The California Raisins In The Sun
4. Pee Wee's Play House of Bernarda Alba
3. Upper East Side Story
2. A Streetcar Named Mutual Respect
1. No Angry Men

Top Fifteen Almost Impressive Feats

15. Outrunning Michael Phelps
14. Being named valedictorian of your barber college
13. Solving a murder with nothing but your wit, a pencil, and the game of Clue.
12. Winning "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?" in Zimbabwe
11. Traveling into the future at normal speed
10. Fending off an attacking elephant using only your bare tusks
9. Solving the UPC code
8. Proving Fermat's second-to-last theorem
7. Drinking a very short man under the table
6. Reaching the summit of Magic Mountain
5. Discovering *The Fifth Element*
4. Leaping off a tall building in a single bound
3. Building the Great Wall of Delaware
2. Eating a six-foot Twizzler
1. Bringing peace to the Middle West





You are subscribed to this mailing list. [Unsubscribe](#)

From: HubbyLvr79@hotmail.com
Sent: Mon 8/17/09 11:21 am
To: list@100moneydollars.com

Yoohoo, there, internet America! It's just me, CaraDee Lutfisk, scootin' around your email letterbox with another installment of Money Savers.

There's no getting around it—travel is mighty expensive! You might even say travel is like a big fat money leech sapping a last meager bloodmeal from the strained musculature of your family budget. Hotel and airfare add up, which is why my family likes to take imaginary brain-cations! That's a va-cation in your mind muscle! We just crowd into the linen closet, close the door, and listen to "The Girl From Ipanema" in complete darkness until our stress and ungodly wanderlust just melt away. You'll quickly forget the glitz and glamour of Branson and Atlantic City when you realize you have the spidery crawl space in the attic and the spidery crawl space under the stairs right at your fingertips.

From: HubbyLvr79@hotmail.com
Sent: Wed 8/19/09 12:12 pm
To: list@100moneydollars.com

Well I'll tell ya what, ladies, kids can sure be a handful. My house was the Lord's own mess between little Billy Ray's building blocks and CaraDee Jr.'s latch-hook rug sets. That is, until we lost them to the tuberculosis.

But just because your house is still full of clutter and the pitter-patter of children's feet, that doesn't mean you have to break the bank. Just remember the three D's:

1. DO encourage imaginary friends and pets and meals.
2. DON'T spend money on babies. They won't remember anyway.
3. DADDY loves them even if he doesn't live here anymore.

From: HubbyLvr79@hotmail.com
Sent: Sun 8/23/09 4:32 am
To: list@100moneydollars.com

Ladies, I'm no fashion plate. Can't say I care for the wild styles I see parading out of my local Old Navy. Nor am I a big fan of science. Or underwater animals (you just can't trust 'em). Am I right, ladies? Speaking of which, I just started in on my eleventh day of religious fasting and boy could I use a catsup sandwich! Snuggies! I'm wearing one right now! Two actually because I am so, so cold. For \$10.83 I have a very versatile wardrobe piece and a set of luxury bedding so dang comfy I feel myself drawn to the warm embrace of sleep even though the doctor says I should not do that right now.

From: HubbyLvr79@hotmail.com
Sent: Tues 8/25/09 1:38 pm
To: list@100moneydollars.com

My heck, when I flip through the pages of the medical supply catalog I found in the back alley, I sure do get an itch. An itch to spend money, that is. The itching on my body, I have all the time. But why pay for what you can do yourself for free? At least, that's what they tell me I kept saying after I sewed-up my self-appendectomy last week. My middle's still givin' me trouble and I smell almonds all the time, but when I think of how much I saved in medical fees I can't help but chuckle. Whoops, there I go, though every time I do it starts the leaking up again. I think it's the sickness going out of me. Look who's keeping up with the Joneses!

STAY A WHILE, AND LISTEN

Hey there, sonny. Why doncha come sit a spell and keep an old man company? Tell ye what, I'll spin ye a tale or three if'n ye stop writin' me up fer vagrancy.

Have ye ever been wanderin' about the countryside, free as ye please, and ye look at a nearby sign and somebody's gone and defaced it with the image o' the male reproductive organ? Sure ye have. Seems like the work o' some rowdy gang out feelin' their oats, don't it? That's what folks tell one 'nother, so's they can sleep at night. But no, in reality 'tis the sign o'... the Night Dick Scribblers. Ain't all that scary a moniker, but ye take what ye can get when hobos name stuff. If ye never heard tell o' them, consider yerself lucky. There's some as say they're another race o' man, that evolved separate from the Cro-Magnons and Neanderthals and buffalo. Others say they came from the mating o' Satan and a human woman, that they're the Antichrist's emabarassin' hillbilly cousins. Dunno what the sign means to 'em, though. I hear their own junk resembles the Sydney Opera House, but I can't say fer sure, never havin' laid eyes on one. But when ye go out there and ye see the sign o' the Night Dick Scribblers, ye stop and think fer a minnit, and thank yer luck stars ye ain't a possum, or a face on a billboard with yer mouth open.

There's a game kids like to play a lot, at summer camp when they're tired o' swimmin' and hikin' and touchin' each other's naughty bits. They call it "Bloody Mario Savio." They crowd 'round the bathroom mirror, light a couple candles, spray some tear gas, and chant the old hero's name a few times, lookin' themselves dead in the misty, burning eyes. Word is, if ye believe enough, the man himself'll crawl outta the mirror an' teach ye how to stand up fer yerself, fight o'-pression, an' make a mean pasta salad. Talented fella, he were. But I b'lieve different. Not that I doubt the power o' the words, understand. But I don't think it's ol' Mario who comes for 'em. Something darker, says I. 'Cause sure as the sun'll spoil yer dinner if'n ye don't dig it out of the Dumpster quick enough, them kids come out o' th' experience changed. They're louder, more self-righteous, and inclined to sling the word "fascist" around like it meant "jaybird." Others never come out at all, demandin' somebody divest from somewheres before they'll cross the tiled threshold again. So maybe it's really Savio they see, or a beastie with his face, but I say that's what comes o' starin' at yerself in a mirror for that long.

Now, there's this one place 'round here most folks don't know about. Some say it don't exist, that it's a myth like Atlantis or Dayton. But you listen to me, I seen it with my own eyes, and I didn't have the D.T.'s neither. Trick is, it only comes into our world once a year, and all the people inside wake from their endless slumber. Aye, it's a fey place, that Spirit Hallowe'en Store. Why, I even set foot in it once, in my youth. Ye never saw such a land: ghouls and gheasties 'round every corner, severed, hollowed-out, rubber heads, and giant pots with crappy steam comin' out. And the people were a sight to behold. Like clouds they were, slim, waifish, like to blow away at the slightest breath. Ye'd think they'd ne'er worked a day in their lives, or even eaten recently. Well, it was all too much for a lad so young, and the next thing I knew I was on the street again, utterly lost and having dropped forty bucks on a talking skull toy. So let 'em scoff. But if ye ever find yerself on a dark night, all alone, face-to-face with a forty-foot orange banner, ye'll know what's risen again.



Dear Diary,

O M G today was the best day ever. I, me, myself, am going to be a Beta Omega Omega, the cutest, coolest, superexcluseivist house on campus. They don't even participate in Fall Rush tours because they, like, know it's a total waste of their time dealing with most of the rexies and butterfaces who normally show up. Or maybe because their house is like two miles out into the woods where that Native American burial ground used to be. Whatever. I'm just sooo pumped. I can't believe how lucky I am that one of the sisters was walking behind me down that poorly lit secluded alleyway. Well! Gotta run! Rush party!

Dear Diary,

I don't understand where everyone gets the idea that all sorority girls are ditzy tanorexic coke-whores. Some of them are like, role models for our generation and stuff. Like this one girl, Hatshepsut, is COMPLETELY covered in bandages from some sort of tragic accident with fire or acid or lasers or something (I didn't ask because I didn't want her to think that I like noticed or anything) and she STILL gets up and walks around and puts curses on everyone that enters her room. Now THAT is sorority spirit. I'm thinking of picking her to be my Big Sister. She has wise eyes.

Dear Diary,

I'm beginning to have second thoughts about the sorority. To be honest, Diary, some of the sisters are kind of creepers. Just take today (!) when Miranda ran screaming down the stairs at like 2 AM babbling about some little Asian boy trying to drown her in the bathtub or something. She was wearing BUNNY SLIPPERS. I know, right? What. A Dork. I can't believe we're suitemates. At least I don't live with the girl who comes out of the TV. Talk about unfortunate hairstyles. Maybe someone should flip the channel to one that has side-parts.

Dear Diary,

WOOOOOO!! PLEDGE INITIATION IN THE HEDGE MAZE 2-NIGHT!!!! I can't believe I actually stuck it out through pledging. Unlike some people who take all of the house's tents and go camping by Drowning Boy Lake and then just stop showing up to meetings even though it's their turn to light the Friendship Candle. What whores. I guess some people just can't handle a little hazing. ANYhoo tonight is the night! All I have to do is pass my pledge test, and I spent like this entire week memorizing the Greek alphabet and my sisters' favorite colors and how to draw the mystical sigils that will break the seven seals that divide this world and the next, so I think I'm ready! Wish me luck!



Dear Diary,

Jeez Louise, what a hoax. You know I don't want to talk trash or anything about my new sisters, but those rituals last night were totally lame. For some reason I thought we were going to do something, you know real for once. Not more of this bullshit with pentagrams and the I Love My Sister songs and quartering forest animals like we normally do. And I KNOW that I promised never to reveal our secrets to anyone, even you, Diary, but let me just say that all we did wasqasdergyctfujtngfhrARHYFOWEVIL LIVESWITHINYOUFEELTHE BILE COURSING THROUGH YOU NONE WILL BE SAVED ALL WILL END IN FIRE YOUR SOULS WILL BE MIIIIINE!! ^*8\$RGS\$GRGRHETJEHGEAvdfshstdsb

Whew! That was weird. I guess I'm still a little loopy from the post-initiation Power Hour we all took. And the whip-its probably didn't help. But, um, yeah. That was all we did. Completely lame, and no one knows how to remove pig's blood, so that's a gift certificate to Forever 21 that I totally wasted. I guess I'm a sister though, which is cool. Sorority pride! BOO!



Boys! Are you insufficiently lethal? Do you both lack and get called pussy? Yeah you do, don't lie. Do you ever wish you could enact a horrible vengeance on your enemies, but can't figure out how to get your dad's Glock past the metal detectors? Well good news, I CAN MAKE YOU A WEAPON! All you have to do is send me money, and I will teach you how to be ALMOST AS MUCH OF A BADASS AS ME, with the secret art of...

KAMCHATKA

(D. W. Putnam is a Dade County-registered martial arts instructor who's been to China, like, twice. As a result of his mastery of KAMCHATKA, his hands, feet, and kidneys are registered as deadly weapons with the United States Department of Deadly Body Parts.)



THE ANGRY PUMA: I know they don't have pumas in China, but look at that. That is a FUCKING PUMA POSE. With this move, you'll punch a guy so hard, his face will end up on the moon. And you know what his last thought will be? "Holy shit, I just got my ass kicked by a FUCKING PUMA."



THE SPINE SNAPPER: With this, you can focus so much chi into your hand you can push RIGHT THROUGH the guy's rib cage and PULL OUT HIS FUCKING SPINE. Looks like the move in Mortal Kombat, right? Well it should because THOSE FUCKERS STOLE IT FROM ME.



THE SPIRIT MOON BUDDHA WOLF DRAGON: You know what? I'm not even gonna tell you what this move does. Guess. It'll haunt your dreams.



THE SHAOLIN NUT SHOT: Awwwww yeah. Sure, you can kick a guy in the nards now, but trust me, with KAMCHATKA it'll hurt in his grandson's tonsils.

AND SEVERAL MORE!

Testimonials

"I've ordered this book three times, and each time it makes me stronger!" – Josh Hoskins, stevedore

"D... W.... is... [good]." – Yo-Yo Ma, Asian celebrity

"God fucking dammit" – Edward Said, author of *Orientalism*

YES! Send me D.W. Putnam's guide to KAMCHATKA along with that FREE pamphlet with the really long name! I enclose \$20.00 and pledge to only use my KAMCHATKA power in the most responsible, awesome and personally satisfying way! Also not to sue. Send it to me now! Hurry hurry hurry!

NAME

ADDRESS

FEMALE RELATIVE'S ADDRESS

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME

