

# the **neurristic** **squelch**

Oct 2009

Vol 19 Issue 2

[squelched.com](http://squelched.com)



Like "Romeo and Juliet," but with immigrants, but with ghosts.



# the **heuristic** **squelch**

DISOBEYING OUR PARENTS SINCE 1991

## EDITORS

*(talking to strangers' cars)*

### Editors-in-Chief

David Hollingsworth, Brett Hallahan

### Creative Editors

Lena Brooks, Max Ebert, Rebecca Power

### Graphics Editor

Sarah Jeong

### Design Editor

Katy Yoshida

## EDITORS EMERITUS

*(spoiling dinner with vitamins)*

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

## DEPUTY CREATIVE EDITOR

*(power-walking with scissors)*

Erik Krasner-Karpen

## BUSINESS TEAM/EMILY CARLTONS

*(moving in with imaginary boyfriend)*

**PUBLICITY COORDINATOR:** Jessica Trost

**STAFF:** Kaitlin Black

## ART/GRAPHICS/DESIGN STAFF

*(tracking mud all over the motocross course)*

**HEAD ARTIST:** Harmony Larson

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER:** Peter Hess

**STAFF:** Alix Nicholaeff, Kyle Smith

## WRITERS

*(masturbating for charity)*

Jeff Calhoun, Egil Aslak Aursand Hagerup, Ben Joyce, Brian Liyanto, Dan Lopez, Bud McLellan

## CONTRIBUTORS

*(studying past curfew)*

Justin Bagnall, Lukas Bonick, Alex Cheng, Woodrow Currie, Allie Hughes, Sherwin Kuo, Elena Lopez, Kelly Lundy, Ben Narodick, Katie Nelson, Ben Osipov, Don Pham, Jordan Rubinow, Sam Sweney, David Rappaport, Sachi Takahashi-Rial, Kevin Tran, John Jackson Waste, forgot that one guy

## WEBMASTER

*(opening Christmas cookies early)*

Brian DeFreitas

Tommaso Sciortino

## PRINTING

*(not sharing dark family secrets)*

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 that this issue is a tribute to Patrick Swayze because its themes are ghosts and fucking. 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**

## Come Join The **squelch**

### Meetings:

**Wednesdays 7-8pm,  
Location 79 Dwinelle**

### Submit at:

**submit@squelched.com**

### Submit by:

**November 20th**







# Yo, I'm a Scab

Hi there reader guys. Welcome to The Hu-. The Hyuhhooheer. *The Heyeristic Squelch*. There we go. As you can maybe tell, I'm not the one who usually does this so much all the time ever. See, the Squelch Union's been out waving their dicks on the picket line ever since the budget cuts took their pension fund away, and until the riot squad has time to bring the hoses over, I'm going to be filling in.

Not very many people get the opportunity to write the Squelch. Like me. I wasn't one of the lucky ones who got in just because their father added a new wing to the office, or their brother knew where to get good E. But that never got me down. Sometimes you have to make your own way. Sometimes that way is through a plate glass window on the second floor of Eshleman that you beat in with your fists. And sometimes you have to find out where every single one of the booby traps they left for you are. The hard way.

But whatever. I'm not letting stuff like that get me down. I don't think the bees in the scanner were actually meant to be a booby trap, anyways. I mean, I'm funny too. Have you seen Family Guy? I can *quote* that shit. Or here:

A monkey, a pogo stick, and a girl with realllly big boobs are walking down the street when....

Uhm.

When...

Well anyway, the girl with really big boobs shows her tits.

I've got a good feeling about this issue.

HEURISTICSQUELCH.WORDPRESS.COM

the  
squelch  
blog

# General Zod to Take Command in Afghanistan

by Bud McClellan, *blatantly miscast*

President Barack Obama issued a statement last Tuesday that General Stanley McChrystal, Commander of the International Security Assistance Force, would be replaced by bearded alien General Zod. The decision would be effective November 1, or as soon as Zod breaks out of his inexplicably two-dimensional prison. This change in leadership is part of a move by the White House to shift its overall strategy in Afghanistan to follow a more Kryptonian approach of occupation.

The President explained his decision by citing Zod's many years of experience, strong character, and heat vision. Press Secretary Robert Gibbs responded to criticism

of the controversial appointment, saying "While it is true the general can sometimes seem a little harsh in his methods, namely forcing people to kneel before him, the unique style of leadership he receives from Earth's yellow sun is exactly what Afghanistan needs to bring order to that country."

However, conservative pundits who claim the president is "pallin' around with heavily chest-haired space terrorists" are not alone in their objection. A growing number of movie critics disapprove of Obama placing his faith in a man with so many gaping plot holes in his record. General Zod declined to comment on these allegations, and refused to discuss any subject other than kneeling.

## Animorphs Supreme Court Rules on Right to Bear Arms

By Rebecca Power, *keeps turning into a tapir*

In what is being called its most influential ruling since *Brown Bear v. Board of Education*, the Animorphs Supreme Court issued a 7-2 decision this morning that vastly expands its interpretation of individual rights under the Second Amendment.

Not only did the court affirm the right of all citizens to substitute their own appendages for those of any member of the Ursidae family, it also upheld an expanded interpretation of the text, which guarantees the right to eagle eyes, bee's knees, and the hotly-debated dog's bollocks.

"Basically we're encouraging you all to go hog-wild," said Chief Justice John Rabbits at his press release, winking cheekily at photographers and turning his face into a duck.

"But seriously. More pigs," he added.

Not everyone was as enthusiastic about the Court's ruling, however. In his dissenting opinion, Justice Salaman-tonin Scalia spoke firmly against the decision rendered by his peers. He said that the Supreme Court had tarnished its image as a wise and discriminating entity by issuing a decision "about as circumspect as tits on a bull," incidentally also legal under the Court's new interpretation.

He also included a statement demanding that the Chief Justice "get off his high horse," which happened to be another Justice.

## In Other News8

**Guantanamo Inmate Gurgles Out Against Waterboarding**  
Page A3

**Recent Bombing Only Emboldens Rogue Moon**  
Page A7

**Subtle Rapper's Album Censored for Implicit Content**  
Page C13

**This Dick Not Going to Suck Itself**  
Page B8

# Lonely Parents Encourage Son to Major in Humanities

By Brian Liyanto, *thinking about grad school*

The parents of Eric Daniels, a sophomore at UC Berkeley, have been secretly encouraging him to pursue an utterly useless liberal arts degree in order to get him to move back home with them.

"We miss our baby, we don't want him out there making money all alone with some engineering or business credential," said a distraught Mrs. Daniels while sending Eric a care package filled solely with back issues of *The Economist*.

The Daniels' plot has been several years in the making, as they began taking Eric to famous historical sites in order to cultivate an appreciation of American history. "Like that time we saw the Battle of Gettysburg Shopping Emporium; that place was great,"



Eric asserted. "It was so much better than when they took me to that software company and kept giving me electric shocks."

"We'd do anything to have him back home with us," reported Mr. Daniels in a brief phone interview. "And even if that means having to condemn him to an inane lifetime of literary deconstruction and citation nitpicking."

Eric, whose concentration is the communist children of the McCarthy era, expressed some concerns about finding a job after employment, but his mother was quick to quell any reservations he had. "Don't worry about that! It's more important that you study something you love," she said before cackling sinisterly.

## Obama Extends PATRIOT Act to Capture Jon Gosselin

by Erik Krasner-Karpen, *is actually an acronym*

The Obama administration asked Congress to renew certain sections of the PATRIOT Act in order to stop Reading, PA reality star/dirtbag Jon Gosselin, the President said on Monday. The administration's proposal would extend controversial terms of the USAPATRIOT Act set to "sunset" at the end of 2009, but only to contain the slimy, slimy man, who apparently left a family of eight children for attention. Obama promised the American people they could have their Fourth Amendment rights back as soon as he found a reason to lock up Gosselin for life, and possibly castrate him. "As a father myself, I am willing to take drastic measures to stop this scumbucket," Obama said. "I mean he took the whole joint bank account! Who does that?"

One of the provisions being renewed authorizes law enforcement officials to set up a "roving" wiretap of any phone line a suspect uses. Another allows law enforcement to access business, financial and even library records without

notifying customers. Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano assured concerned citizens that these would be used only to gather up-to-the-minute information about Gosselin's Christian Audigier purchases.

"You may not know this, but those terrible shirts with the skulls on them can be purchased at almost any mall in America, thanks to an intricate network of boutiques and retail middlemen," Napolitano said. "We need to cut off Jon Gosselin's access to this toxic material."

Media response has been listless so far. Not even FOX News, which so gallantly covered every detail of the Obama birth certificate scandal, has commented much. "The guy's checkmated us," said FOX News Channel Head of Programming Helen Lindstrom. "We'd love to get some dirt on this Patriotic Act, but we can't risk looking anti-Kate with sweeps coming up in two weeks. God help us, we can only pander so fast!"

## Yes Men Successfully Impersonate Yes Men, Fool Yes Men

By Max Ebert, *or is he?*

Internationally renowned impersonators The Yes Men revealed at a press conference on October 15 they have been impersonating internationally renowned impersonators The Yes Men for the past ten years.

"No one in the organization had any clue," said Yes Men spokesman imitator Mike Bonnanno.

"I think we've done a good job of exposing The Yes Men for what they are: a bunch of frauds," said imitation Yes Men spokesman imitator Mike Bonnanno.

The Yes Men are expected to release a video of their exploits later this year, which is certain to discredit The Yes Men while finally giving The Yes Men their due acclaim.

# Very Special Episodes

## "Casperger's"

On tonight's *Casper the Friendly Ghost*, a visit to the ghost psychiatrist answers a question that's haunted fans for years: why does Casper feel different from all the other kids? Turns out our friend Casper's got a mild, high-functioning form of autism! Not even death could teach him to interpret non-verbal cues! Will the neurotypical kids accept that his disorder is not a disease? Or will he become Casper the Friendless Ghost? And how can he stimulate his overactive nerves if his hugbox passes right through him? Crap, what if he finds the Internet? Dear Lord, please don't let him find the Internet.

**Casper:** Teacher, doesn't the Battle of Bunker Hill remind you of the epic clash between Team Rocket and the Vermillion Gym in Pokémon season 3, episode 11?

**Teacher:** Casper, I've been patient with you but you need to quit disrupting the class.

*[Casper lowers his gaze and expels hot, bleary tears.]*

---

## "Charles In Charge of the Middle East Peace Process"

See Scott Baio at his most debonair in this critically acclaimed episode of *Charles In Charge*. Out of ideas, the State Department decides to ask a nanny to help defuse the Israeli-Palestinian border disputes. Looks like it's up to Charles to come up with his craftiest scheme yet! The Israeli war minister and the Hamas party chair each receive a love letter from a "secret admirer." Will it lead to a gradual withdrawal of checkpoints from the West Bank... or a *seriously embarrassing dinner*? And what's with those workmen out back -- could an *interfaith bounce house* be in store? Hang on tight when it all turns out to be a dream... or does it?

**Ehud:** Wait, if you're *here*... and the 1967 border is *there*... then *that* means...

**Yassir:** Uh... oh...

*[Audience says "Woooo!" in unison]*

---

## "HE-MAN AND THE PRESERVATION OF SOIL"

Skeletor's up to his old tricks: using his Erosion Beam to leach nutrient-rich topsoil into Eternia's watersheds at a rate almost twice as fast as normal! And the Masters of the Universe are the only ones who can stop their old foe from permanently reducing the biodiversity of Eternia's hillside ecosystems! Not to mention the deleterious effects of depositing thousands of cubic feet of sediment into fragile aquatic breeding grounds! More disturbingly, disrupting the natural process of soil accumulation means that the soil's phosphate balance may never be restored! In fact, an interruption of the water cycle may lead to partial or complete desertification! Will the power of Grayskull be enough to stop this menace -- or will He-Man need to learn a valuable lesson about alluvial plains? And will that darn Orko ever learn to stick to marked trails? Episode 1 of a 4-part series.

**He-Man:** You'll never take our soil! I'll plant hardy, fast-growing climbers!

**Skeletor:** Ha! What can you plant? Virginia creeper? You'll find its thin, shallow root systems are no match for the overflows caused by my ill-designed dam management system! Soon, the riverbanks will run reddish-brown with your precious soil! And as for kudzu... by introducing a non-native species you're playing *directly into my hands*!

**That One Really Hairy Henchman:** That's right, boss!



# ANIMAL PRIORY

**Abbot Snootinghead:** Animal Priory, this monastery is a respected institution in this duchy. Do you realize how many former popes attended here? Not to mention myself...

*[Snootinghead trails off in self-satisfaction]*

**Fartso:** Hey *Gettinghead*, you got a point to all this?

**Abbot Snootinghead:** Silence, Fartowsky, or I'll have you excommunicated *so fast...*

**Wiener:** Exc-c-communicated...?

**Weasel:** Sorry, Father, what I think my rotund friend *meant* to say was, in ten minutes we have to go chant the same hymn for three hours, and we're sure you wouldn't want to make us late to that.

**Abbot Snootinghead:** Hmmm...My point is that I'm on my last nerve. If you do anything more to tarnish the reputation of this house, Animal Priory will be disbanded forever!

*[Brother Fartso farts]*

**Balls-Out:** All right, guys, here's the deal. We are going to prank the abbot.

**Fartso:** Thy will be *done*, motherfuckers!  
*[Brother Fartso crushes a cup of sacramental wine on his forehead]*

**Wiener:** I don't know, guys, I've got to study for Vespers tomorrow...

**Weasel:** Wiener, this is Monastery. What you learn here is going to carry you through the rest of your life. Vespers has nothing to do with it!

*[Brother Wiener gulps loudly and adjusts the collar on his hair shirt, there is a loud boinging sound]*



**Balls-Out:** All right, It looks like the prank is all set up, we just need to open this box, and...

*[Suddenly, the rich monks appear, catching Weasel and Balls-Out by surprise]*

**Van Richentropp:** Not so fast, Animal Priory!

**Weasel and Balls-Out:** *Simony Priory!?!*

**Van Richentropp:** We're tired of you making a joke of this monastery. When the abbot finds out about this stunt, you're *history*.

**Weasel:** Oh yeah, Duns *Scrotus*? How exactly are you going to prove all this to him?

**Balls-Out:** Whoa! Get thee to a burn ward, bro!

**Van Richentropp:** Well, I was just thinking we'd let our little friend here tell him.

*[From behind, Brother Wiener appears, hanging his head in shame]*

**Wiener:** I'm so sorry, guys, but if I get excommunicated, my dad'll kill me! Like, literally kill me. He will use horses to rip me in half.

**Weasel:** Well, gents, looks like it all worked out in the end. It's a good thing you had all those date-rape tinctures, Brother Fartso.

**Fartso:** *[fathers illegitimate child]*

**Balls-Out:** And we all learned a valuable lesson about loyalty to our friends. Right, Brother Wiener?

**Wiener:** Right. Thank you guys again for forgiving me.

**Weasel:** Hey, after you were able to convince the abbot to let us off by beating him at mead pong, we owed you one. Speaking of which, would you like the honors?

**Wiener:** My pleasure.

*[Wiener opens the box, letting loose a horde of plague rats into the abbot's quarters. Abbot Snootinghead begins developing pustules and blood drips from his mouth]*

**Abbot Snootinghead:** *Animal Prioryyyy!!!!*

--DH

## Top Ten Beatles Songs

### About Meat

10. Penny Loin
9. Au Jus-lia
8. I Wanna Hold Your Ham
7. Eleanor Ribsby
6. Let it Beef
5. The Long and Winding Roast
4. Maxwell's Silver Hamburger
3. Piggies in a Blanket
2. Lucy in the Sky with Duck Sauce
1. Eat Days of Meat

## Top Ten National Security Risks to Belgium

10. Mild heat
9. Three bees
8. Someone using their outside voice
7. A slight breeze
6. Mondays! :(
5. Gargamel
4. Walloon supremacists
3. Rastapopoulos
2. Angry descendants of the Congolese who were systematically eradicated by the agents of Leopold II no seriously fuck Belgium look it up.
1. Waffling leadership

## Top Ten Biblical Horror Movies

10. I Know What You Did Last Supper
9. Good Friday the 13th
8. Final Transubstantiation
7. Sodom's Lot
6. Texas Chainsaw Mass
5. The Lord Has Eyes
4. Jennifer's Body is Bread
3. Silence of the Lamb of God
2. Mary's Baby
1. The Passion of The Mummy

# Pornyo 7: Fishin' for Tail 1.

by Hayao Miyazaki  
Creator of Spirited Away, Howl's Moving Castle,  
and Pornyo 1-6

INT. KIKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KIKI, a voluptuous busty Asian who is chesty, sits wantonly --breasts glistening-- in her mirrored bedroom looking barely legal. She has just finished vigorously polishing her broomstick with her mouth when the doorbell rings. She throws on a dirty towel to cover her naked, naked body and answers the front door, which is right next to her bed.

DELIVERY MAN  
Did somebody order a delivery?

KIKI  
I didn't order a delivery. Did you?

DELIVERY MAN  
Well I am looking for a package, Kiki. And I think I left it in your vagina.

At this point the DELIVERY MAN, who is also a SEA TURTLE, enters Kiki's bedroom.

CUT TO:

2.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

A run-down fishing boat floats haplessly on the great blue sea. KOICHI, a grizzled sailor by trade, stares hungrily out at the water. It is obvious by his gorgeous, manicured body that he has not caught anything to eat in days.

KOICHI  
(to himself)

I'm so hungry... so hungry to receive a blowjob... to end the curse of hunger that talking bee put on me.

Suddenly a scream is heard. Koichi jumps into the water and pulls an unidentifiable lady-shaped object onto the boat. He brushes aside a layer of seaweed to reveal a nubile beauty with sumptuous breasts and tail. But no really she has a tail she is a MERMAID.

KOICHI  
Who are you? Wh-what are you?

MERMAID  
(gasping for breath and sexiness)  
I'm... a stripper.

A gleam is visible in Koichi's eyes.

CUT TO:

3.

INT. KIKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kiki and Delivery Turtle make out to the swell of violins and bass guitar. Kiki slowly removes Delivery Turtle's shirt, exposing his quivering green turtle pecs. Delivery Turtle throws Kiki onto the bed, and they begin to do sex at each other.

KIKI  
(sexily)  
Oh Delivery Turtle, your shell is so hard.

DELIVERY TURTLE  
(real sexily)  
Yeah baby, I'm about to break the surface. You ready for a sea of juices?

KIKI  
(so fuckin' sexily)  
Okay.

Just as Delivery Turtle is getting fin deep into Kiki, the camera zooms in for the money shot. Kiki's face is grimacing orgasmically and then-

EROTIC CUT TO:

4.

EXT. MYSTERIOUS ISLAND - DAY

A group of old women sit staring at the horizon and start laughing for no reason at all. CLARA, the eldest of the group, sheds a single tear as she pulls out a picture of her newborn grandchild.

OLD WOMAN  
(oldly)  
Don't be sad, Clara. We all miss being children sometimes.

CLARA  
I don't miss my youth. My tear is made of the thousand joys which the innocent have yet to experience.

The dignity of humanity runs through Clara deep as the crevassed wrinkles on her wise face. She smiles, and the camera zooms out to reveal that all of the old women are circle jerking each other's giant cocks.



CUT TO:

5.

EXT. IMPROBABLE CLIMAX - NIGHT AND DAY

Kiki, Delivery Turtle, Koichi and Mermaid appear in a puff of smoke on the mysterious island. Our old mustachioed friend RON JIGGLER, sorcerer extraordinaire and protagonist of Pornyo 2-4 and 6, has magically transported the FOURSOME with the power of LIQUID MAGIC JUICE.

RON JIGGLER

Hurry! There's no time! To defeat the whimsically menacing ocean vagina monster, you have to embrace true love!

WHIMSICALLY MENACING OCEAN VAGINA MONSTER looms menacingly but at a non-threatening distance. Kiki and Delivery Turtle look knowingly at Koichi and Mermaid, who stare into each other's penetrating eyes.

KOICHI

(heroically)

I love you, Mermaid.

MERMAID

I don't have a vagina.

6.

KOICHI

(heroically)

I love you, Kiki.

Koichi and Kiki begin to make true love as Delivery Turtle and Clara masturbate vigorously. The AUDIENCE is confused but aroused. Suddenly everyone comes at once and a hundred rainbows of seed swim in dazzling light to enter the Whimsically Menacing Ocean Vagina Monster.

RON JIGGLER

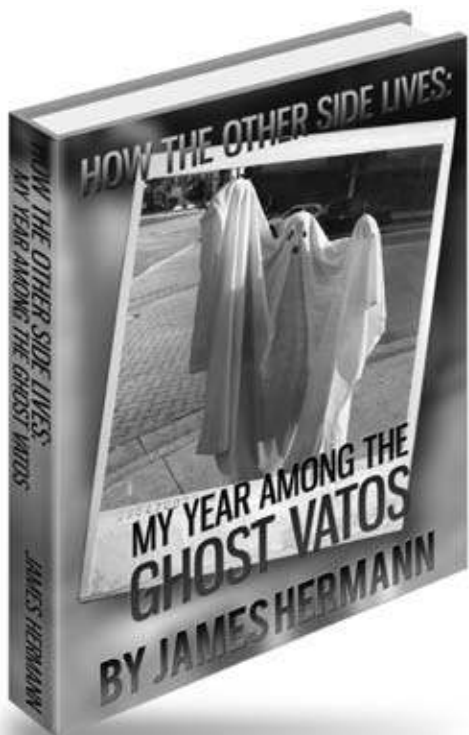
I guess everything comes out alright in the end.

WHIMSICALLY MENACING OCEAN VAGINA MONSTER  
(moaning)

Bubble bubble bubble ocean vagina noises.

Whimsically Menacing Ocean Vagina Monster explodes in a radiant sea of colors and semen. In its place, an infant appears and falls to the ground while transforming into a better world. Then a GUY with a towel comes in and starts to clean up.

THE END



## *How the Other Side Lives: My Year Among the Ghost Vatos*

The fearless and preternaturally curious sociologist James Hermann reports, for the first time, the clear truth about 'ecto' culture in the back alleys of Colma. Hermann went deep undercover for a year, unearthing a wealth of information no academic would have imagined before his time. Combining meticulous research with his sharp observation of street-level unlife, Hermann speaks to us in a voice we would never before have heard without a Ouija board.

### *Advance Praise for How the Other Side Lives*

"As a professor of ethereal studies and a Ghost-American myself, I found *How the Other Side Lives* accurate beyond the mere bookkeeper's standard of factual attentiveness... This book captured the essence, the very pith of growing up ghost. The spirit, if you will."

- Charles Spookman, prof. of ethereal studies, Harvard University

"This book should be read by all who truly seek to understand the day-to-day struggles of the American immaterial... Not only an essential work of scholarship but a gripping, poignant read." - Gail Woods, prof. of sociology, Cornell University

"Wow. *How the Other Side Lives* took me on an emotional, inspiring ride that I found myself immediately equating to my own life." - Oprah Winfrey, alive television host

"A truly haunting tale from a new creative voice in literature... the urban setting adds a dash of modern-day paranoia to a classic tale of the living dead." - Stephen King, ghost racist

"BOoOoOoOOoOOOoooOOOoOoOoooo..." - Sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington, ghost

# A STARGAZER'S GUIDE TO SHITTY CONSTELLATIONS

The most shapely of asterisms, this constellation can be seen without a telescope like daaamn.

## ZEUS'S BUTT



## CANCER



The known constellation of Cancer (the Crab), born under the sign means that you are a good leader though tend to be impatient and impulsive. If you will, you can

## AN UGLY DOG

Moving gracefully through the sky on club feet, myth has it that the ancients cast Ugly Dog into the stars to quell its guttural yipping.



## THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM

Rendered with remarkable photorealism, this detailed record of Octavian and Anthony's final confrontation is made up by the two remaining stars that were close together.



## ORION'S DAD

Because of its great physical and emotional distance, this star system is hard to locate and even harder to impress.



## THE MOON

Consistent winner of the coveted annual "Largest Constellation" Award by *Inept Astronomer Monthly*.

## HERPES

Leading astronomers swear, this wasn't here before.

## VAGITTARIUS


Faintly visible to the naked eye, this celestial arrangement was dreamed up by lonely mariners who hadn't seen a woman or a horse for months on end.

little  
ister  
ation  
(The  
being  
this  
eans  
u are  
ader,  
n you  
to be  
c and  
Also,  
I get  
ncer.



# UC Hair Salon and Waxing

2440 Bancroft Way #C





**We do:**

- Permanent Straightening
- Full Body Waxing
- Specialize in Curly Hair
- Highlights
- Color
- Perms

**We sell**

- bed head
- MOP
- American Crew
- KMS
- Joico
- CHI Flatirons






**For Men and Women**

**510.849.0873**  
www.ucsalon.com

Mon through Sa 10am - 6pm  
VISA Closed Sunday



**\$3 off**

**any service with this ad**  
minimum \$15 purchase

superb.berkeley.edu

# UPCOMING

## CONCERTS

Oct.23 / Islands  
Oct.28 / Steve Aoki  
Nov.6 / West Indian Girl  
Nov. 12 / Brave Citizens

um.co.il/ai/gm@bdr@pncsc.crusae

# TBAS

x BRENT WEINBACH  
x MOSHE KASHER  
x AND MIE TRIMNEY  
x MOVIE TOURNEY  
x POKER

# SUPERBB

NOV.19 **ponyo**

NOV.6 **DISTRICT 9**

DEC.14 **INGLORIOUS BASTERDS**

FILMS

## 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](http://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 \_\_\_\_\_

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

**include check or money order and**  
**mail to:**

## Attention Business People and Art People!

The Squelch is hurting for people who know how to draw pretty things and talk to businesses that advertise with us! You don't have to know how to do both of those things, but if you can do one of them, we would be very excited to meet you and woo your rare and mysterious talents!

For more info, contact [feedback@squelched.com](mailto:feedback@squelched.com) -- today!



Hello everyone, my name is Dewey. And I am a sex addict. I knew it as soon as I self-diagnosed myself. I was astonished.

But it makes sense, I mean, it all clicked into place. When I think of my wife, all I want to do is lay her down and then lay on top of her and then thrust for a while but maybe not make eye contact. Now, does that make me ashamed? Yes, yes it does.

I've picked my poison, folks, and I can't get the monkey off my beast with two backs. I'm talking sweet belly-to-belly, Christian insertion. Straight Missionary. But I know, as all y'all know, that sex addiction is not all just fun and gentle quickies on my lunch hour. 'Cause I'm scared now. I'm just so scared that my addiction to hot, sloppy man-on-top is going to tear Janine and me apart.

'Cause it's just like, I can't control this. I can't help that I've got four editions of *The Joy of Sex* and twice as many Victoria's Secret catalogs just tickin' like a time bomb under an Indian blanket in the rumpus room. Or that in the wee small hours of the night I sometimes hear Jehovah whisper down the benefits of quiet, procreative sex. And of course the pangs are only getting worse. I want it two, maybe three times a week. Last week... I asked her to put a pillow under her butt. Now who am I kiddin'—that's not even the half of it. We do it everywhere—on the bed, on the bed in the guest room, on the floor with all of our bedding on it—and even by the dim flicker of a Law & Order rerun, I still know she's wearing that big ol' Tweety Bird sweatshirt just right.

But I think my low point came the morning after last. We were gettin' it done in the daylight hours for one thing and for another Janine's face started to screw up awful silly. Then she got to hollerin' and was real docile for the rest of the day. I swear I've never seen anything like it, and I don't think I want to again even though Janine's been naggin' for another tussle ever since.

And so, in keepin' with—Well, what's that? No, excuse you, sir. I have a real problem here and unless you want me to turn this into a Rageaholics Anonymous meeting, I suggest you give me a lifetime guarantee that I'm 100% cured. I am? Oh, mister, to hear you say those words. I feel freer than I ever have. Oh, Jesus Christ, I am so drunk.





**Poor Don Draper:** And I assure you that we here at Sterling Cooper couldn't be happier to have the Levenstein Linens account. A cigarette, Mr. Levenstein? Made fresh this morning from the finest reconstituted butts.

**Mr. Levenstein:** What kind of place do you run here? I rang three times and nobody answered.

**Poor Don Draper:** Ah well, turns out the auto shop next door wasn't as accommodating as we thought they'd be when they caught us tapping their power. Here, a box of matches. So you can see in front of you. It's on us, of course.

**Mr. Levenstein:** I... thank you. Are your... suits... made of cardboard?

**Poor Don Draper:** You'll find almost everything in our office is made of cardboard. *Corrugated* cardboard.

**Mr. Levenstein:** Well, that's what I'm here for. Creativity. So what can—

*[An animal chattering comes from above the ceiling tiles.]*

**Poor Don Draper:** Excuse me. CAMPBELL! I THOUGHT YOU KILLED THOSE POSSUMS! Or wait, I mean, how do you feel about a campaign based around Virginia's indigenous marsupials?

**Mr. Levenstein:** Oh dear god, get it off me!

**Poor Don Draper:** Don't worry, Mr. Levenstein! It's on us, of course.

**Poor Don Draper:** You know, I wouldn't have thought a woman could make it as a writer at this firm. I guess wonders will never cease.

**Poor Lady Copywriter:** Well, owning a pen helps. I'm just lucky I found it in some guy's laundry.

**Poor Don Draper:** You need more balls than that to make it in this business. Say you're *proud* you found a pen in some guy's laundry.

**Poor Lady Copywriter:** Flattery won't get you this pen, Don.

**Poor Sycophant:** Look Roger, I've got an idea, but I don't want Don anywhere near it. This one's going to make us and it's time I got the credit I deserve.

**Poor Midlevel Manager:** Pete, you disgust me. And not just because you haven't showered in a week. But let's hear it.

**Poor Sycophant:** It's high time Sterling Cooper tapped into the super technology of the gigafuture: yelling.

**Poor Midlevel Manager:** Yelling?

**Poor Sycophant:** Yelling. Picture this: a Mexican day laborer on every street corner shouting "Maidenform" into a rolled-up newspaper.

**Poor Midlevel Manager:** It'll never work. Ethnic's can't talk.

**Poor Mrs. Draper:** Honey, I have a feeling that if we sauté the shoe leather and serve it with a Jell-O salad, no one at this pot luck will even be able to tell that we came up a little short this month. Sound good?

**Poor Don Draper:** Will you quit interrogating me? I've got my boss on my balls all day at the ad office, not to mention the ditch-digging site.

**Poor Mrs. Draper:** You're just testy because it's a tad cold in here now that we've run out of kindling and heirlooms to burn.

**Poor Don Draper:** A tad cold? Little Sally's got the shakes so bad I'm not sure she can breathe.

**Poor Mrs. Draper:** I'm not sure I can, either.

*[Meaningful Silence]*

-EK, LB



Science. Experiments. Labeled jars. These are the building blocks of tomorrow's world. But in the land of microscopes and glowy things, only one science lives on the cutting edge of method and technology. Welcome to the world of:

# COMPUTER SCIENCE



<p><b>09-24 08:03.01</b>  Jensen and I finish the daily preparation procedure.  Safety goggles: check  Shiny gloves: check  Lab coat with lots of pockets: check  A quick trip through the sanitation chamber, and we're ready for a busy day in the computer lab.</p>
<p><b>09-24 09:15.46</b>  Inserted sample group of computers into vat of boiling acid. Detected surface corrosion and cool bubbly noises. Must repeat experiment.</p>
<p><b>09-24 10: 32.17</b>  Dissected test subject #193534 (nickname: "Dell"), could not identify function of internal organs. Found rotating component — most likely some sort of gyroscopic stabilizer. Jensen suggested it may be used for echolocation. Must remember to withhold Jensen's next raise.</p>
<p><b>09-24 12:04.29</b>  Lunch time. Rethinking using majority of resources to shoot computers with lasers. Lab technicians usually pleased with experiment results, but lab now full of nothing but lasers and janitors with no hands.</p>
<p><b>09-24 14:36.05</b>  Interns finished inventorying backlog of preserved computers. Should last another 30, 40 years in the formaldehyde.</p>
<p><b>09-24 16:45.33</b>  Placed computers into maze, no response to either olfactory or visual stimuli. Computers solved maze slower than all research assistants except Jensen. Considering having Jensen transferred.</p>
<p><b>09-24 17:26.52</b>  Observed strangely flat trend in computer population growth. It's as if computers had no means of reproduction at all. Curiouser and curiouser.</p>
<p><b>09-24 18:00.89</b>  Dr. Tanaka at MIT just held a press conference to announce that his team has discovered something called a "micro soft word." They're <i>this</i> close to discovering the computers' language before we do. Initiating preparations for a long night.</p>
<p><b>09-24 21:45.31</b>  Test subject #264507 (nickname: "Mac") not responding to food pellets left in cage. Presumed dead.</p>
<p><b>09-24 21:47.56</b>  Test subject #264507 thrown against a wall. For science.</p>
<p><b>09-24 23:58.01</b>  Getting late. Observing strong Benzedrine shakes in my own hands. Noting paranoid delusions of giant eldritch laser-Jensens chasing me through a dark forest of computer-trees. Hypothesis for future experimentation: should have gone to business school as mother indicated.</p>
<p><b>09-25 02:14.56</b>  No luck. Can't stay awake any longer. Someday, when men are as gods and the mysteries of life are unraveled, we may finally know what computers are for. Until then, need larger smashing apparatus.</p>
<p><i>Prof. Ackers, log out</i></p>

## Top Ten Items On an Alcoholic's Summer Reading List

10. Rum Spot Rum
9. Drankenstein
8. The Single Maltese Falcon
7. Who Remembers Virginia Woolf?
6. One Hundred Shots in Solitude
5. 20,000 Leagues Under the Table
4. Two Buck Chuckleberry Finn
3. Guns, Germs, and Steel Reserve
2. The Jungle Juice Book
1. Atlas Chugged

## Top Ten Shittiest Political Parties

10. Democraps
9. Repooplicans
8. The Brownish Green Party
7. Free Night Soilers
6. Liberturdian
5. The Grand Old Potty
4. Faschits
3. Bowelsheviks
2. "Log" Cabin Republicans
1. The Reform Party

# diary of a liberty city citizen

## Monday, September 28

Started work at Tw@t today, finally got myself a job. These medical bills are piling up. This might be the most dangerous city in the world, it seems like every day someone I know gets shot or blown up. But hey, it's home, what are you gonna do? After I got off work, I noticed my car had been stolen, and next to it was a totaled Turismo. So that happened again.

## Wednesday, September 30

So this eastern European guy came into work yesterday, which is normal I guess. The weird thing is he was brandishing a fully loaded assault rifle. I knew it was loaded because I heard gunshots that sounded like they came from an assault rifle fired by an eastern European. Then, as he left, he shot me 20 times. What is he, Czech? Bosnian? Dutch? Whatever, to me he's just a pierogi-eating thug.

## Thursday, October 1

I forgot to mention how great our health care is in the city. I was so full of morphine and hatred of eastern Europeans, it just slipped my mind. Seriously, 20 gunshots and they get you out in about a day! I don't know why other cities don't take a page from our book. I guess our hospitals get a lot of practice from all the crime. *Eastern European crime*. Speaking of that, where the hell is the law enforcement in this town? They never seem to make any arrests. They just shoot randomly until they lose interest. What the hell? It's not like their job is hard. All they need to do is profile for eastern Europeans.

## Friday, October 2

Mr. Shoot-em-up-nik keeps following me, and I swear, no matter what I do, he shoots me. I try to fight back, he shoots me. I surrender, he shoots me. I get shot by him, he shoots me (again). It's like a 14-year-old with negligent parents is directing his every move. I've been talking to these guys though. Apparently I'm not the only one who's noticed this fucking douche. And we've been having meetings. Some of their ideas are a little out there, but apparently the movement is about love, not hate. Except for eastern Europeans. And I'll never read Tolkien the same way again!

## Saturday, October 3

So we were at Burger Shot minding our business, just eating some burgers without any eastern European meat, when that asshole threw a goddamn Molotov cocktail at us. After we get out of the hospital tomorrow, we're doing it. Me and my new brotherhood are getting hopped up on cocaine and Wagner, we're grabbing some guns and some other guns, and we're teaching this fucker what's what.

## Monday, October 5

All of us. He shot every single one of us, just by ducking behind a fire hydrant whenever we were about to land a hit. I swear he isn't human. If only I could shoot at him in some way other than an easily memorable pattern of getting up to shoot, waiting for a full second, shooting, waiting for another second, and then ducking down again! And then, in the middle of the firefight, he went to his phone and had a whole new set of weapons! Who the hell is this guy?! I came to realize that life in this city is futile, so when I got back home I tried to get away from eastern Europeans for eternity. I shot myself in the head after taking a cyanide tablet and hanging myself, but my neighbors heard the gunshot and called for an ambulance, and I was saved. Nothing in this damn city goes right. I think I'm just gonna move. I hear San Andreas is nice this time of year.

# PART-TIME JOBS FOR GHOSTWRITERS

Well, shit. You're a professional ghostwriter, and you didn't snag that job writing Sarah Palin's new cookbook. How are you gonna pay the bills? There won't be any new memoirs until football injury season, and the recession's eaten up all the *Halo* novel jobs. These are tough times for everyone, at least until another celebrity breaks the law. Guess it's time to take your ghosting talents elsewhere.

## GHOST DATE

*[Doorbell rings]*

**Ghost Boyfriend:** Hi Janet, I'm Kevin. Derrick's running late in a meeting, so I'll be courting you for the evening instead.

**Girl:** Uhm, Kevin, I—

**Ghost Boyfriend:** Please. Call me Derrick. Now, where was I supposed to be taking you tonight?

**Girl:** ...to the movies.

**Ghost Boyfriend:** Psh. That isn't going to get me laid. Let's do something romantic.

**Girl:** Well sure but you're not...

**Ghost Boyfriend:** Let's not talk about what I'm not. Let's talk about what we are. Which is on a deadline. Now let's get crackin'!

*Later that evening, lying on sweaty sheets.*

**Girl:** Wow. That was really great. I mean, I've never connected with someone like that.

**Ghost Boyfriend:** I'm sure I feel the same way. Oohp. Hold on a sec. My wife is calling.

**Girl:** Wait, you're married?

**Ghost Boyfriend:** No. I'm *Derrick*. You're not very good at this.

## GHOST PUBLIC DEFENDER

*Santa Fe County Courthouse, 3:32 PM*

**Ghost Public Defender:** Hey there Ray, my name's Tim Goodwin, and I'm your counsel today.

**Ray:** Who the hell are you? Where's Chuck? He promised he'd look into my brutality claim!

**Ghost Public Defender:** Mr. Berkowitz had to bail. He's got like fifty cases right now, he's just, you know, *whaaah*. So you're pleading guilty, right?

**Ray:** I'm pleading *not* guilty!

**Ghost Public Defender:** Ooh, 'not' guilty. I've never really tried that one before. Tell you what, when the judge asks for a plea, I'll just wing it, okay champ?

**Ray:** I'm going to prison, aren't I?

**Ghost Public Defender:** Whoa, really? What'd you do?

## GHOST PIRATE

**Ghost Pirate:** Ahoy there, matey! Arrr, I been practicin' me pirate voice fer this job. So where we off to? A birthday party? Gonna make some kiddos walk the plank?

**Pirate:** GET ON THE BOAT GET ON THE FUCKING BOAT RIGHT FUCKING NOW!!!!

**Ghost Pirate:** Shiver me timbers! What kind of pirates are you?

**Pirate** *[handing him an AK-47]:* 我們捕! 獲船隻和! 採取!!!

**Ghost Pirate:** Fuck.

## GHOST GHOSTWRITER

**Ghostwriter:** Oh man, thank you so much for coming. Between LeBron's travel diaries, the new Deepak Chopra book, the *Whip It* novelization, and three Harlequin Romance jobs, I'm just swamped here.

**Ghost-ghostwriter:** Don't worry about it. I can get you seventy thousand words of grammatical English prose by next week.

**Ghostwriter:** Gee, you're a real pro.

**Ghost-ghostwriter:** Well kid, when you've been in the business this long, you start dreaming in keystrokes.

**Ghostwriter:** And you're sure it's not too much trouble?

**Ghost-ghostwriter:** Don't worry, if I get too busy, I know a ghost-ghost-ghostwriter.

## GHOST YELLING AT YOUR KID FOR YOU

**Ghost Yeller:** Excuse me, can I please speak to Nathan Brownstein?

**Your Kid:** I, uh, that's me, but uh—Mom, there's a guy in the kitchen!

**Ghost Yeller:** Your mom's not here right now, but I bet if she was she'd tell you what a sack of shit you are for spoiling your appetite with those Fig Newtons.

**Your Kid:** But I only had one.

**Ghost Yeller:** And if you have another one I swear to God there's not going to be a Christmas this year, I mean it this time.

**Your Kid:** I'm really sorry, mister—

**Ghost Yeller:** Hey! That's Mommy to you.



Dear Catfucker,  
My kitties are always a little nervous  
about engaging in intimacy. How do I  
get them to loosen up?  
-James R., Peoria, Ill.

James,  
*Ha ha! Great question. First of all, as  
our founder Martin Catfucker was  
fond of saying, "never grab them by the  
tail." Now, assuming your cats are of  
age, our good friends and sponsors at  
Tabby Shack make a Kat Keg® designed  
to help them kick back with a couple of  
responsible drinks! Also, check out our  
monthly Catnip Buyer's Guide for the  
latest info about all the different strains.  
Happy catfucking!*  
--Catfucker

Dear Catfucker,  
The findings in your article, "Which  
Brand of Tuna Fish Encourages the  
Most Fervent Licking?" did not hold  
up to my extensive home testing. 17  
out of 20 cats I tried vastly preferred  
Bumblebee Chunk Light Albacore to  
Chicken of the Sea White Tuna, yet  
Bumblebee ranked only fifth on your  
list. Can it be that you tested on a plate  
or a bowl, instead of a human subject?  
Also, adding a couple drops of canola  
oil leads to an even more stimulating  
experience.  
-Graham P., Wichita, Kans.

Graham,  
*As we explain in every issue, Catfucker  
Labs uses the most modern practices  
to simulate real home conditions in a  
controlled setting. We sample a wide  
range of breeds and personality types  
to inform the most universal results  
possible, but we can't guarantee that  
our recommendations will fit every  
cat. Have you checked our website,  
www.catfucker.de, for a more detailed  
breakdown of our data?*  
*Thanks for the tip about the canola oil,  
our readers will appreciate it.*  
--Catfucker

To whom it may concern:  
Please stop misappropriating my  
work. Your "tributes" are obscene  
and completely unauthorized. My  
attorneys have already sent you three  
cease and desist letters. I am writing  
to you personally, by registered mail,  
to inform you that you have one more  
chance to desist before I take legal  
action.  
-Jim Davis, cartoonist

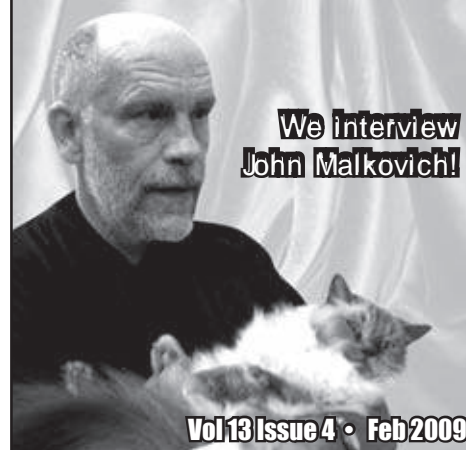
Hi Jim,  
*We're all huge fans here! Glad you like  
our stuff!*  
--Catfucker

## Letters to the Editor of Catfucker Magazine

Attn: Catfucker  
Your review of my latest book,  
*Supercapitalism*, was highly inaccurate.  
*Supercapitalism* is an argument  
for reclaiming democracy in an  
increasingly market-driven world,  
not... I mean, I can't even tell how you  
interpreted it that way. I don't know  
where you got the idea that that's what  
"elastic demand" means, but it wasn't  
from any competent social scientist. I  
didn't go to grad school for this.  
-Professor Robert Reich, Goldman  
School of Public Policy, University of  
California, Berkeley

Robert!  
*It's okay. You don't have to pretend with  
us. We know. We understand. If you're  
uncomfortable admitting your feelings  
in public, remember that we run an  
anonymous, free, 24/7 support line at  
1-800-LUV-CATS. Thanks for writing!*  
--Catfucker

# CATFUCKER



Dear Catfucker,  
Thank you for your beautiful Purr-  
spective, "On Losing My Purr-ginity". It  
reminded me of my own de-meow-ering,  
the impressions of which still dance  
upon my every nerve like current and  
immediate sensations. My husband had  
just left the house, my children were on  
their way to school, and we were all very  
happy. Or rather, we had what I called  
"happiness" then. Of course I felt that  
nameless hunger, that unanswerable  
want, that thirst no draught can quench,  
but I felt it always unconsciously, and  
could not articulate it even to myself. But  
then I saw him -- glorious Him! -- my  
lithe and wanton Mr. Whiskers, prowling  
toward me like a tiger sure of its catch.  
Those amber eyes I remember clearest of  
all, hunter's eyes, eyes that pierce the soul  
and touch the quick. With supple step he  
gambolled up to me, and pounced upon  
my womanhood, and we were one, and  
for the first time in my life I felt *paw-fect*.  
As we shared a sunbeam afterward  
I knew what we had done conflicted  
with everything I had been taught, but  
I knew as well that it was pure, pure  
and beautiful and fuzzy. Thank you,  
*Catfucker*, for giving my predilection a  
voice and a name.  
-Dolores H., Tempe, Ariz.

Lady,  
*You're pretty weird.*  
--Catfucker







# REAL AMATEURS, REAL COUPLES, REAL UNFULFILLING SEX.COM

THESE AMATEURS ARE REALLY HAVING RELATIONSHIP TROUBLES AND ARE NOT COMMUNICATING THEIR NEEDS EFFECTIVELY -- AND YOU GET TO SEE EVERY SECOND OF IT!

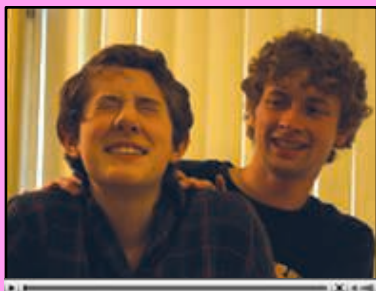
**SIGN UP TODAY AND GET THREE ANKWARD AND SOUL-CRUSHING ENCOUNTERS EVERY MONTH!**

[TERSE AND WORDLESS FREE TOUR](#)

[RESENTFUL MEMBERS AREA](#)

[SIGN UP NOW, MY PARENTS NEVER LIKED YOU](#)

## TAKE A FREE PREVIEW!



[backrub goes awry.mp4](#)



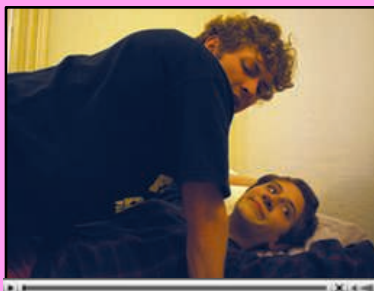
[ow ow ow.mp4](#)



[dont know you anymore.mp4](#)



[fuck you.mp4](#)



[this isnt working.mp4](#)



[this again?.mp4](#)



[lets just try2 keep going.mp4](#)



[hey planet earth is on.mp4](#)

## *Spiein' it up!*

WATCH AS THEIR DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO RESTORE MYSTERY TO THEIR SEX LIVES END UP WIDENING THE GULF BETWEEN THEM!



"Are you sure about this?"



"This just isn't doing it!"



"Absolutely not!"

☒ **YES**, give ME all the dull, mechanical action I can handle for just \$9.95 a month!

☐ **WAIT**, I want to find out MORE!