

the **heuristic** **squelch**

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Liberté, Égalité, Fish Filet



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the **heuristic** **squelch**

TAKING AWFUL CARE OF OURSELVES SINCE 1991

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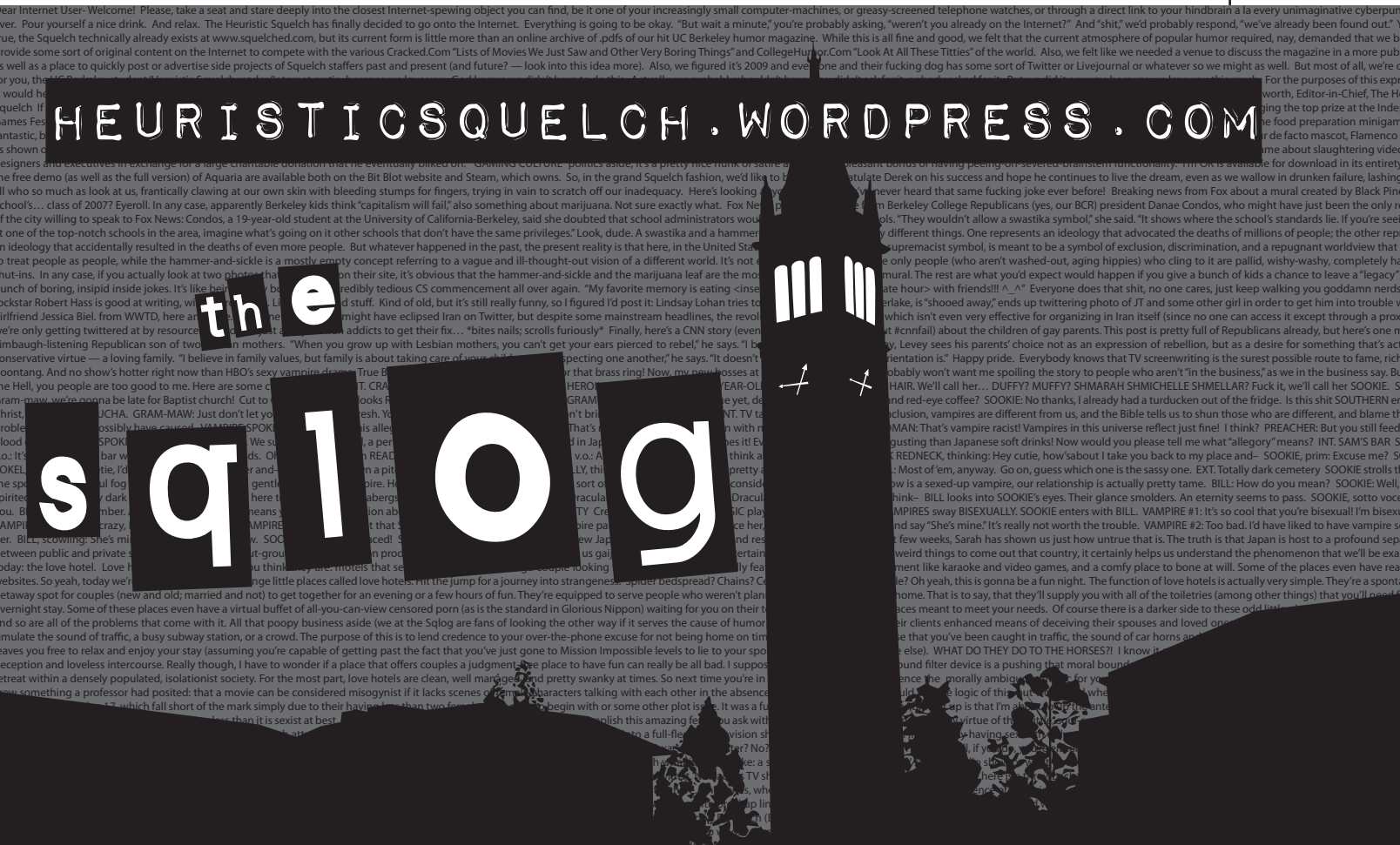
Tightening Our Belts

Well, the recession finally caught up with us. We had heard about the looming death of print media, but we assumed that it only applied to newspapers and body-part-specific porn mags. But alas, revenues have been dropping like overripe fruit and it's time to change our ways. Oh, we tried to avoid the axe. We expanded to the web, increased our blog presence and even stared at Twitter for a couple seconds before weeping uncontrollably. Unfortunately, it turns out that making your magazine available to millions for free doesn't actually get you any more money. Boy, were our faces red!

Anyway, what's done is done and we're passing the losings on to you, the reader. For instance, you'll notice that the Squelch now contains 40% less humor. It's sad, but the fact is that humor is actually a manufactured good whose raw materials have to be imported from a variety of nations, most of whom support at least two forms of terrorism. I mean, have you *priced* molybdenum lately? North Korea has! And don't even ask if we use conflict-free adjectives. There's *no such thing*. So we're doing our best with inferior materials. Parodies of movies that nobody saw. Puns that only make sense in the original Icelandic. Ink that has a 22% chance of chemically decaying into fire. Bottom line, if you decide to read the Squelch from several yards away with the aid of some sort of spyglass, we won't blame you.

But hey, it's not like this is a permanent thing. We're exploring several new sources of revenue that should have us back on top in no time. We started a victory garden, so soon we'll be able to tap into that sweet, sweet, roadside corn money. And considering how many buildings there are on campus, no one will miss a little copper wire here and there. But those are really more short-term measures. The serious cash should start flowing once our lobbyists convince Webster's to redefine "ransom" as a form of political satire.

You know what, I think we're gonna be all right.



Friend Missing, Assumed Raptured

By Bud McLellan, left behind

Berkeley local Fred Wilson, 26, did not see or hear from his devout Christian friend Joseph Able last week. Naturally, Wilson assumed that his acquaintance had ascended into heaven for the end of days.

"I don't know, man," said Wilson. "It's not like we're best friends or anything, but we usually run into each other like once a week. I mean, I didn't want to call

him and disturb his eternal bliss in case he had been raptured."

While worried that the Rapture had taken place, Wilson called his friends of various denominations to see if any of them had risen to heaven, but then assumed that they must not have been practicing the right religion.

"Oh, hey," Wilson added after seeing that his friend had updated his Facebook status

yesterday. "I'm glad that the world won't become a desolate hellscape."

In fact Joseph Able was not taken from this mortal coil into the awaiting paradise as a reward for accepting Christ as his lord and savior, but was instead visiting family in Lincoln, Nebraska. When asked for comment, Able said, "I honestly don't think he knows how religion works."

Detroit Poorly Disguising Glee Over Toyota Recall

by Erik Krasner-Karpen, built Ford tough

Toyota Motor Corporation recalled over 2.3 million vehicles in January and February, citing problems with braking and acceleration in nearly every Toyota line. The move shocked consumers and industry analysts, to whom Toyota had long stood for safety and reliability. But the news surprised nobody more thoroughly than American automakers, who realized they had their first chance in nearly two decades to get their shit together.

"It's a terrible tragedy, of course, uh..." said General Motors CEO Edward Whitacre. "I send my deepest condolences to the families who've already been hurt by the... Look. Getting this job was basically a punishment. I didn't think I'd last a year. But maybe now!"

Whitacre rifled thoughtfully through a stack of papers from his inbox, as if for the first time.

With American consumers abandoning the brand in droves, Toyota officials have struggled to reorient themselves, facing the first serious setback in decades to their American market share.

"Neener neener," Detroit insiders have responded. "Neener."

"These kids fresh out of Japan University think they're twice as good as me at half the salary," spat Ford Motor Co. engineer

Fred Griffith, a celebratory Miller Lite clenched in one fist and a slide rule clenched in the other. "They never stopped to think, maybe ol' Fred's got a reason to make his autos out of steel slabs and lead paint, 'stead of Tinker Toys and computer chips. Well, who's the death trap now, Charlie?"

Though the Big Three have not made any substantive changes, now or since the nineteen-sixties really, the mere promise of revival has sent many Detroit residents into near-paroxysms of hope.

"Oh this is great news, really great news," said former spot-welder Jack Koenig when reached in a Flint, MI snowbank. "Around '84, they uh, took me off the rolls. I didn't make pension, uh, seniority issue, but I figured if I stuck around, waited for something to open up... I've been eating out of the trash. My kid wouldn't know how to reach me even if he wanted to. But now they gotta hire me. They gotta. I... I got at least eight good fingers left."

Koenig glanced at his chapped and frostbitten hands.

"Make that seven."

In Other News8

Fire Bad!
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Local Surfers Develop Gnarly Swells
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Self-Sucking Lollipop Obviates Mankind
Page C13

Zombie Mr. Clean Craves Drains
Page B8

Desperate Hollywood Calls for Second Holocaust

by Brett Hallahan, just following orders

Oscar season has come and gone, and the movie industry is facing hard times. As the economy bottoms out, people are spending less and less time at the theater, and the winter wave of prestige pictures was met with a resounding critical “meh.” In a last-minute attempt to revive the box office and inspire the nation once again, the heads of major studios today issued an industrywide solution: a brand-new, big-screen-ready Holocaust.

“It’s really the only way we can survive,” said producer Larry Knight. “Year in and year out, the horrible tragedy of the Holocaust has been a great source of material. Nothing brings in the audiences and awards like a harrowing reminder that millions of people dying is bad. But the well’s been running dry lately. If we’re going to stay in business, we’ll have to do it all over again.”

An extensive research program studied other historical massacres in search of fresh material, but found most to be unsuitable. The Armenian genocide during World War I is too old for most to remember, and Turkey’s disapproval would threaten world box-office receipts. Rwanda and Darfur were proposed as likely candidates, but sadly offer too few parts for heroic white people. The Holocaust remains the best fit.

To prepare the coming reign of tearjerking terror, Hollywood has begun auditions for hopeful dictators, warlords, and psychopaths. Applicants are expected to showcase their unequivocal evil, colorful methods of execution, and photogenic victims. Once a candidate is chosen, shooting is expected to begin shortly, followed by filming.

ASPCA Belatedly Condemns Feeding Cheeseburgers To Cats

By Li Lin, amusingly ungrammatical



The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals issued a strongly worded press release on Tuesday decrying the fad of feeding cheeseburgers to pet cats. An internal study found that a steady diet of cheeseburgers, however cutely misspelled, would be near fatal to most felines, particularly kittens under three months of age. The announcement was intended to halt, in the Society’s words, a “frenzied feast of kitten killings.”

“I’d like to thank my niece for bringing this to my attention,” said ASPCA spokesperson Anne Carter. “The horrifying

picture she sent me, of a cat’s plaintive expression cruelly misinterpreted as a plea for fast food, opened my eyes to this wave of pet abuse. Children need to understand that their cats are fragile creatures, and they can’t handle being fed unhealthy human food, being stuffed into boxes, or any other form of this sadistic treatment. To borrow the language of their tormentors, you can has empathy.”

When asked for comment, Ms. Carter’s niece snickered and texted something.

School Shooter Prompted By Love Of Violent Crime, Say Parents

by Brett Hallahan, seemed like such a nice guy

Aaron Burr High School was the scene of a horrific tragedy this week, as sophomore Tyler Dawson opened fire with a semi-automatic rifle and killed several classmates and teachers. But the crime may not have been entirely his idea. According to Dawson’s parents, the troubled boy’s actions may have been prompted by his enthusiastic enjoyment of violence.

“He always loved Grand Theft Auto,” said tearful mother Marie. “That and Armed Robbery. But I think Multiple Homicide was his favorite. I just shudder to think that he might have been influenced by something like that. How could we have seen this coming?”

Investigators say Dawson’s horrific act bears similarities to many

atrocities popular among the young, such as 1985’s Shopping Mall Rampage and the more recent Botched Hostage Situation, all of which have been accused of encouraging participants to hurt others. But violent crime advocates warn against rushing to judgment.

“It’s just not fair to jump to that conclusion,” said violent crime designer Jimmy “The String” Malone. “Just because a kid enjoys repeatedly hurting other people with a deadly weapon, that doesn’t mean he’s automatically going to turn around and do it at school. It’s just harmful fun.”

Pleasant Tales For Evil Children

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory by Charles Manson

Mr. Wonka smiled as he unlocked the heavy doors that marked the entrance to the chocolate room. The band of children ran helter skelter, clamoring to sample one of every different and delightful sort of treat. But Little Charlie knew that the white chocolate was the superior chocolate because the goddamned dark chocolate is a pox. Charlie knew that the dark chocolate would inevitably bring about an internecine war against the upstanding white chocolate Family who would have to wait out the resulting achocolypse in a secret city beneath Death Valley.

Little Charlie saw the other children and thought about how they might be better off—as everyone would be—if they joined him at his commune with the rest of his devoted followers and adorably bedridden grandparents. Plucking up his courage, Charlie approached Violet and Veruca.

"Hello, moonbeams. You two should really try these fizzy lifting tabs of acid," said Charlie, brimming with horrible charisma. "You should also try clinging to my every word and doing exactly what I tell you to do. Here, hold these guns."

The chocolate river ran red that day. Horrified, Wonka sentenced Charlie Bucket to life without pastries.



The Little Prince by Niccoló Machiavelli Chapter 2: Of Whimsical Space Princedoms

Six years ago I crashed my plane in the middle of the Sahara desert. I was afraid, away for the first time from an effective leader who could maintain the highest moral good of nation-state stability. Fortunately, a four-foot-tall prince suddenly appeared before me.

Fearing for my life, I unquestioningly submitted to the small child and his frighteningly red bow tie. He began to regale me with a strategic analysis of his quest to consolidate power on asteroid 325.

The asteroid was inhabited by a very odd man, a gentleman strange enough to forgive minor infringements against him. The little prince had chanced to muss up the gentleman's shoes in the commotion of landing on the new planet.

"My lord," the little prince said, "surely this violation is unforgivable and I will await my execution when the sun rises."

But the gentleman laughed and waved him on—very confusing for the little prince because he would have quickly eviscerated anyone who dared to slight him in any way. This is obviously to prevent anything but unquestioning respect for the ruler, which is the noblest goal for every society. It is tiresome for children to explain all these clear facts to adults who just don't understand.



Where the Wild Things Are Done by the Marquis de Sade

It had been thirty-two years, but Max had never forgotten the night of the wild rumpus. In fact, he had ruined several otherwise functional relationships trying to revive those exquisite, forbidden pleasures.

But in the years since childhood, Max had accrued a coterie of amoral libertines and with them set out that his whims be served. Wearing the same tattered and stained wolf suit from his youth, he looked with a lecherous gleam at the aging monsters who twisted his libido. Max was delighted that the great beasts were still able to awaken his own wild thing. They were just as he remembered them—Roman beauties, with more majesty than finesse, plump, well-constructed, but with pronounced tendencies to uncleanness, sloth, and whoredom. They would have to be punished to the point of orgasm.

"We'll make you feel like a king," they cooed. Donning the old crown and some new shackles, Max was ready for the debauchery to begin.

A flurry of horns, claws, whips, and tails raged on for thirty-seven days until most in the party had perished and genitals had succumbed to damnable friction. For Max, the ecstatic adventure again ceased much too soon. He returned home to pout, and even a glass of milk and a warm cookie would not improve his mood.

HITMART MENU OF ASSASSINS

Thank you for choosing HitMart, your one-stop source for enemy disposal and breathing cessation services. We hope you will find this brochure useful in choosing your preferred demise technician. Please send the enclosed card with your choice, target's name and location, \$2000, and no other information about you whatsoever.



Ninja

Specialty: Undetected slayings in the dead of night

Handicap: Anything not in the dead of night

Typical Client: Vengeful clan leaders, mob bosses, nerds

Helpful Tip: Use sparingly. For some reason, when they all get together they start to suck.

Femme Fatale

Specialty: Sexual non-healing

Handicap: Gay men, straight women

Typical Client: People comfortable with indirectly getting their enemies laid

Helpful Tip: Along with payment, provide information on local VD clinics.

Soviet-Engineered Superman

Specialty: Punching

Handicap: People standing out of punching range

Typical Client: Cat owners with private space stations

Helpful Tip: Will make you feel bad about your body.

Robots!

Specialty: Merciless clicking, whirring

Handicap: They're a bit conspicuous

Typical Client: Bigger robots

Helpful Tip: Keep in mind that once they're finished with this killing, there's no guarantee that they'll stop.

World-Weary Professional

Specialty: Grumbling

Handicap: Adorable moppets down on their luck

Typical Client: Assholes who think death is a commodity like any other, who've never had to look a man in the eye as they snuffed him out, who wouldn't think twice about throwing you to the lions if it meant pushing their books into the black. *That's* who.

Helpful Tip: Extra \$200 fee for existential-crisis insurance.

Chatty Bromoerotic Duo

Specialty: Pre-murder confusion

Handicap: They're fucking annoying

Typical Client: Increasingly annoyed people

Helpful Tip: Look, I won't even charge you for these guys, I just want them out of the office for a while.

-BH

Top Ten Signs Your President Is Batman

10. Penguins taken off the endangered species list
9. Cabinet now full of surprises
8. Vice President's title officially changed to "Robin"
7. Insists on driving his own car
6. Arrests Arnold Schwarzenegger
5. Refers to opposition party as "a bunch of jokers"
4. Capes haven't been this cool since 1728
3. Replaces foreign policy with his fists
2. Did some crazy shit in the sixties
1. Comes off as two-dimensional

Top Ten Communist Cleaning Products

10. Arm and Hammer and Sickle
9. Comrade Clean
8. Lemon Scented PineStalin
7. Formula 5-Year-Plan
6. FeBrezhnev
5. Oxy Purge
4. Ho Chi Mihndex
3. Toiling Bubbles
2. Vodka
1. ShamMao!

Top Ten Reasons Not to Date a Cowboy

10. Only lasts 8 seconds
9. Checks your vagina for scorpions every morning
8. Spurs
7. Likes horses more than you
6. If you know what I mean. He's fucking the horses
5. Diet consists mostly of beans
4. Tom Landry constantly yelling at him
3. You smoke Camels
2. Seldom is heard an encouraging word
1. You come from a very traditional Indian family

THE CENSUS OF THE UNITED SOVIET SOCIALIST STATES

Attention obedient free-thinkers of the TEA Party:
Our advance agents have discovered the Obamunist
regime's sinister plot to find out how many people live
in this country. Avoid it at all costs, or you might find
yourselves assigned a representative district. A *government*
representative district!

Hail, comrade! We've prepared our shortest and
sweetest census form ever, to gather information that
will help us evaluate your exact fitness to thrive in
the new, more-hopeful-than-ever United States. Just
answer the questions truthfully and we promise that
our response will be prompt and painless. Obama love!

Identification

How many people are living in this house, apartment,
mobile home, or secret freedom bunker? If bunker, please
list all possible exits.

How many children, and how attached to them are you
really?

List #

☐ Check if you guess you can spare them for a couple months

Occupation

Please enter your current occupation, as listed on the
attached Table 1008BX (if not an attorney, community
organizer, or cruel, money-grubbing elementary school
teacher, write "unemployed")

If unemployed, what stimulus job would you prefer us to
force you to do?

- ☐ Abortionist
- ☐ Death panel technician
- ☐ Church demolisher
- ☐ Alternative energy source
- ☐ Surprise me!

Race

How many white women live at this residence?

What are their measurements? - -

Religious views

Muslim?

☐ Yes ☐ Nope

Jewish, then?

☐ Yes ☐ Nope

Also atheist?

☐ Yes, of course

Seriously?

☐ 'Fraid so.

Oh dear.

☐ Oh dear oh dear oh dear.

Education

The following questions are to assess your current level of re-
education.

Which of the following dishes pairs best with a Bordeaux?

☐ Free-range duck á l'orange, *duh*.

☐ Beef...Welling...ston?

☐ My *dick*, college boy

Do you know who Michel Foucault is?

☐ Of course. I wrote my thesis about panoptic discipline as the
basis for modern capitalist society.

☐ I think I went to middle school with her.

☐ World champion of my *dick*.

If one train carrying a load of paté de foie gras heads south
from Giverny toward the Cannes film festival at 50 miles per
hour, and a plane carrying the two important members of
U2 leaves New York City at 3 PM, how can Bono reach the
paté before it spoils?

☐ By crooning soulfully, stopping time with his amazing sense of
rhythm and sensitive, complex view of world affairs. I love you, Bono!

☐ If there's no turbulence... uh... carry the x... do I need the
quadratic formula for this?

☐ Using the amazing powers of my *dick*.

If you chose the third option for any of the above, an ACORN
relocation unit has already arrived at your door. Surrender
quietly, please. They're here to help you!

Movies that would be better with bears

Alfred Hitchcock's *The Bears*

Grizzled Townsman: The birds are actin' mighty different today, if you ask me.

Blonde Woman: I'm a little bit more worried by the strange bear attacks I've been hearing about lately.

Grizzled Townsman: Now that you mention, the bears do look a little... off. Do you see it?

[Camera pans to iconic shot of schoolyard, filled with hundreds of bears. Dozens wander the schoolyard pawing at each other, while more bears sit on the school's rooftop. Still others perch on the jungle gym, gently opening and shutting their mouths as though possibly planning something.]

Grizzled Townsman: Somethin' just ain't quite right.
[Suspense slowly builds as one bear sheepishly gnaws on the monkey bars.]

Blonde Woman: Ah well. Probably just our imaginations.

.....

Slumdog Millionaire

Indian Regis Philbin: So are you ready for the final question for 20 million rupees?

Bear: *[Growls and thumps his chest, indicating a pure heart and a strong belief in destiny.]*

Indian Regis Philbin: Which mammals are of the family *Ursidae*?
[Flashback to Bear being held in captivity by scientists. The top of his cage clearly reads: URSIDAE: BEAR]

Indian Regis Philbin: Is your answer A: Humans, B: Bears, C: Slumdogs, or D: Urchins?

Bear: *[eyes gleaming with hope]* GRAAAAAWR.

Indian Regis Philbin: I'm sorry, the answer was B.
[Bear wins a million dollars anyway and everyone starts dancing.]

.....

The Blind Side

Sandra Bullock: When I decided to take a black bear in, I understood it was my place as a white woman to teach him to speak English and play football. I knew it was going to be hard. But what I didn't know was how much a bear could teach *me* about being human.

Black Bear: Man, this is some racist bullshit.

The Bad News Bears but with actual bears

[A polar bear in an oversized helmet chases a stray ball, believing it is food.]

Down-on-his-luck Coach: These kids can't play baseball! They're a bunch of misfits!

Little Kid Who Believes: Don't be so hard on 'em, coach! We have a real shot at winning the Little League World Series today, even if our kids are a little *different*.

Coach: Look at them! The fat one can't even pick up the ball.

[Nine bears sit on the bench, wearing cheap, ill-fitting baseball uniforms. The gang includes a scruffy koala, an overweight Grizzly, Puerto Rican twin bears, and a panda who is a girl.]

Coach: *[sighs]* I guess we might actually have a chance if we could do something about the other team's star pitcher. He's killing us!

Little Kid: Wait a minute, it looks like the rebellious unicycle-riding bear we recruited from the inner city circus has a plan.

Circus Bear: *[Mauls opposing team's star pitcher to death.]*

Coach: We did it! We're going to Japan!

.....

Bears and Snakes on a Plane

[A plane containing a deadly cargo takes off from Los Angeles International Airport. All of the passengers, who are bears, make unassuming chit chat.]

Bear Captain: *[upon reaching cruising altitude]* Ruh ruh ruh ruuuuh gruh gruh. Ruh gr-

[Poisonous snakes suddenly drop from the overhead storage containers.]

Bear Passenger: RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Bear Flight Attendant: RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Bears Having Sex in the Bathroom: RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Samuel L. Jackson: Jesus, what am I doing with my life? This is the worst plane movie since Bearrison Ford did *Bear Force One*.

-ME, LB



DARE

COLLEGE EDITION WORKBOOK

So, you've finally figured out that cigarettes and alcohol aren't made of cancer. Let's not front. This isn't elementary school anymore. We know what you're up to. It's down. We're cool. And we're ready to hit you with some knowledge that's a little more *upper division*, if you know what we mean. These helpful tips may not get you into grad school, but they will keep you out of rehab as you enter the world of widely accepted drug use.



Squawk! I threw up in the sink! Squawkward!

POLLY THE PARTY FOWL ON ETIQUETTE UNDER THE INFLUENCE:

Now, what did Polly do wrong? Was it beer before liquor? Was it liquor before other liquor? Could it have been those Nyquil body shots? No, kids! It was when she forgot to aim for the toilet. *Never forget to aim for the toilet.* Here are some more tips to help you not be a Polly at your next party:

- Careful, Rockin' Robin! Spilling beers and breaking lamps is a surefire way to ruffle some feathers. Watch your wingspan or you'll have to BYO towel to wipe up the mess you've made.
- If you start feeling dizzy, take a seat. Unless you're on minute 48 of a power hour. You don't want to be a *chicken*.
- Keep your talons off of other people's chicks. *You* might be free as a bird tonight, but make sure that this evening's sweetheart is also flying solo before you swoop in for a dance floor hookup.
- Quit hoggin' that joint, ya turkey! You're holding up the rotation! Puff puff pass, and you'll puff puff pass any challenge you encounter. Bogart just once, and you're a bogarter for the *rest of your life*.



And remember, Facebook is for what happens before 10 PM. Don't cluck it up.

DRUG FACTZ! Q&A:

Q: I took a handful of something last night and had a rad fucken trip. I've come down, but my eyes are still full of bees and hornets. What's going on with my body? And where am I?

-Erik K. Age 19, San Diego, CA

A: This suggests that you haven't fully come down yet. It's probably best to stay put—your spirit animal is not familiar with the public transit system. Grab a piece of pavement and cuddle up with your more benevolent hallucinations until you have regained your functional sight.

Q: My dealer graduated and I haven't had anything to smoke in weeks. How do I find a new connect who isn't going to rip me off?

-Max E. 20, Phoenix, AZ

A: While we can't tell you where to find a dealer, we can tell you that there's a "pager salesman" in your city who is really nice. Like, he's really cool. *Cool*, you know? And his number is 510-657-4968. Cool.

Q: How high is too orange?

-Rebecca P. Age 20, Aspen, CO

A: Pink. Eleven, to be specific.

DON'T JUST TAKE IT FROM US.

HERE ARE WHAT SOME REAL PEOPLE HAVE TO SAY ABOUT DRUGS.

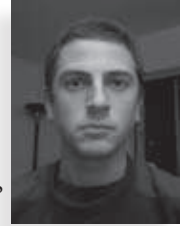
Officer Ramirez says,
“Look, you little idiot, I'm not going to arrest you for smoking weed. I have murderers to catch. Walk, don't run away, or I have probable cause to actually chase you. Seriously. Filling out your arrest paperwork would ruin my night.”



Professor Hollingsworth says,
“Everyone has stress! And in an ideal world, everyone would have Adderall! After a grad student turned me onto these magnificent little pills, I've been more productive than ever. I finished a whole seminar's worth of shitty papers in an *hour*. The trick, it turns out, is to only read the verbs! Now I have loads of time to hang out in the faculty lounge, doing Adderall.”

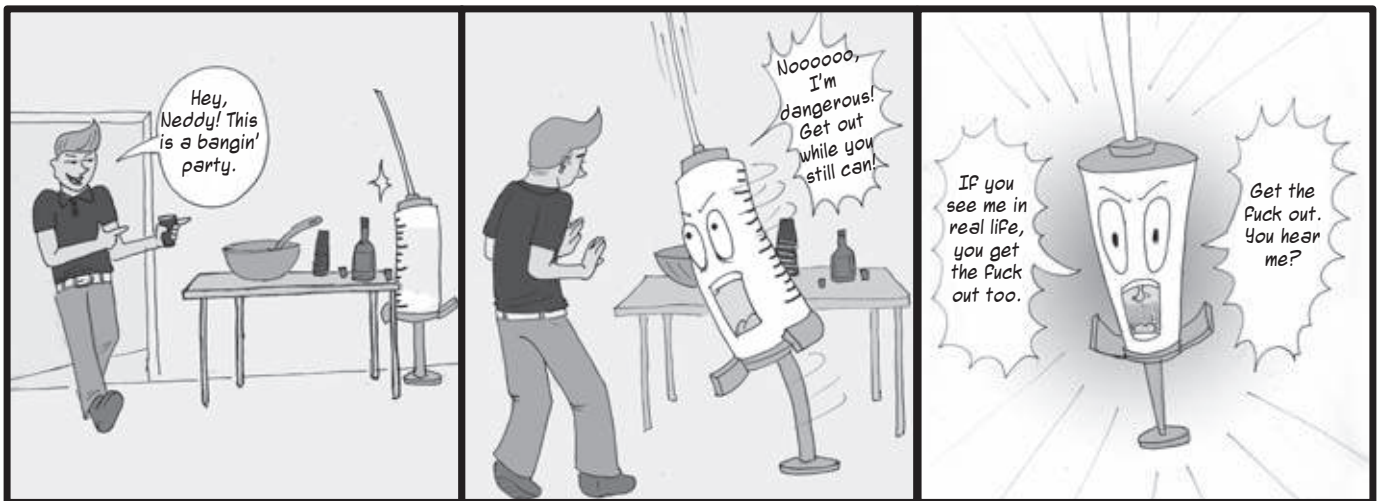


Casey L. says,
“Yeah, my roommate was addicted to meth. It was some heavy shit. He would stay up all night listening to Earth, Wind, and Fire. Yeah, and this one time he ate a whole pizza and a half. It sucked. I got hungry later, and there wasn't any pizza left. So don't do meth, I guess.”



AS CASEY INDICATED, SOME SHIT IS TOO HARD, EVEN FOR US!

There's some stuff out there that'll really turn you into the cousin no one talks about. Here to illustrate is Neddy the Needle!



WELCOME TO THE WORKBOOK SECTION, where you can alter your brain chemistry... with knowledge! Hand it in to your D.A.R.E. officer, and you get to see his gun.

Vocab Challenge!: List 12 street names for MDMA without using the letter R.

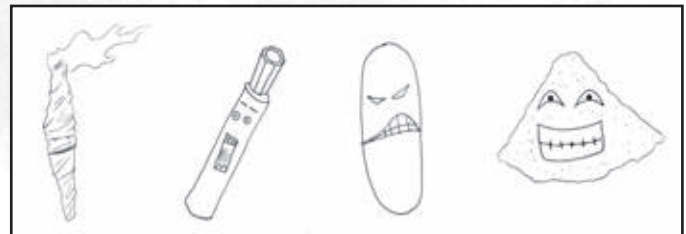
Which of these text messages is NOT a euphemism for facilitating a drug deal?

- A. Want to watch *The Green Mile* with me?
- B. My beef bourguignon recipe is coming off a bit bland. Care to spice it up a bit with some herb?
- C. I think I've got a job for you. Do you have any reeferences?
- D. Do you want to "buy" some "weed?"

Cocaine is a college-level gateway drug. What does it lead to?

- A. Rockin'
- B. 80's parties
- C. A successful career in business
- D. I don't know. Maybe if you could get me some...

Identify these drugs and how much fun you'll have together.



So, what have we learned here today? Well, we've learned that a few simple precautions can make the difference between a *bogus journey* and an *excellent adventure*. Oh man, remember *Bill and Ted*? Wow, I'm really high.

THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT



MARCH events 2010

KERO ONE
march 5 @ 12 noon

UP IN THE AIR
march 5 @ 7 & 9:10 pm

GREG WALLOCH
march 8 @ 8:15 pm

POP CULTURE TRIVIA
march 11 @ 8:00 pm

MONTANA 1948
march 12 @ 12 noon

subscriptions

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THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT

We may not have met before, but I've had my eye on you. You're a UC Berkeley Student, and you're all that I think about. I'm the Credit Union for Berkeley Students, Faculty, and Staff.

I'll be blunt for a moment. I want your money inside of me, but for all the right reasons. I'm not like your bank, I understand you. I'm run by students that know your needs, and I'll never pester you with ridiculous fees. I'm not-for profit, which means it's all about satisfying you.

Do you like me?
☐ yes!
☒ No!
☐ maybe

It's time to split up with your bank. Seriously, how can you stand the way they treat you? I know it's easy to stay with them cause it's what you're used to, but I'm telling you that you could have so much more with me. Like a checking account with no monthly fees, 3.01% interest, and nationwide ATM rebates. If your bank knew you were using other ATM's they'd probably throw a fit. If you're interested, check out my website.

Sincerely,



CIA Dumpster Diving

The following has been painstakingly reconstructed from shredded documents found in CIA trash cans.

CIA Bring Your Child To Work Day: A Clear and Present Day of Fun

When: March [REDACTED]

Where: CIA Headquarters, Langley, VA

Why: WE WILL ASK THE QUESTIONS!

Parent-Child Events Include:

- Signing of Nondisclosure Agreement
- A Very, Very Short Tour
- Agency Picnic on the Green
- Fear



Waterboarding
for the kids!

Visitor Workshops:

- How to delegitimize your fairly elected student body president
- What America stands for and how to subvert this ideal daily
- What is it like to kill a man?

This is a great chance for agents to take a day off work and reconnect with their (officially nonexistent) family.

Internal Newsletter Classifieds

Great Safe House! 2BD, 2BA

Garden Cottage

Call (718) 485- 9927 on a secure line. Ask for Robert and wait for exactly three seconds of silence. The responder will then ask you an offensive question. Your reply, whether or not it is relevant, must contain the following letters, in this order: nepqjd. Hold the line for a full minute of silence. No Cats.

Lost Dog-Bot.

Last Seen—Lat: 38.76 Long: -90.37

Description: retriever, golden hue, thick fur; also made of metal.

Personality: cute, friendly, and deadly to civilians.

Target may be armed and dangerous. Arms are lasers and are very dangerous.

Responds to the name "Mr. Woofers."

Woman seeking man: Silver haired, older gentleman. Very stately. Should describe self as "Joe Biden-looking." Acting experience and foreign policy skills a plus. Must be available at all times that Joe Biden might be in public. Into anal.

State Secrets—Free

Put them on the curb this morning. Also some back issues of *Lady's Home Journal*.



U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
U.S. Attorney's Office
Eastern District of Virginia

Central Intelligence Agency



WARNING DANGER MEMO:

Despite recent gains in intraoffice civility, internal review has determined significant and systemic issues in the area of communal provision consumption. To restate: whoever is eating the sandwiches clearly marked "Don" in the breakroom needs to cut it out all right? A survey of interested parties sided with the complainant and also concluded that Don's gonna *break heads*. Seriously, all right?



-Will Kuffel

Feed Yourself To Dogs

by EK and LB

Dr. Kurt Raimundo introduces his revolutionary new weightloss strategy and lifestyle recontriver—Feed Yourself To Dogs®! After threes of years in the “dog-eat-dog” world of online-certified nutrition consulting, Dr. Raimundo (M.S. Nutrimatecs ‘93, D.D.S. Scientetics ‘95) was inspired to pioneer his own brand of pro-optimal nutritherapy.

Hello, friend.

I can tell you're frustrated. You've tried all those “fad” diets: the ones where you can't eat meat, the ones where you can't not eat meat, and the ones that are not those ones. Sure, you've shaved off a pound here and there, but it wasn't the permanent, irrevocable change you were looking for. But no more! You want a diet that'll tear up that tummy, lacerate those love handles and chow down on that cottage cheese like a pack of wild dogs. And have I got the solution for you: a pack of wild dogs!

It's so simple—just pop a couple Vicodins, anoint yourself in meat juice, and Feed Yourself To Dogs! Want to slough off that ab flab before beach season? Feed Yourself To Dogs and your fattiest parts will be the first ones down the hatch! Looking to squeeze into that little number you wore to Homecoming? Feed Yourself To Dogs and your earthly remains will fit into a small burlap sack of bones and dogshit! But don't just take my word for it. Listen to the scientesque principles that will ignite the sack of dogshit within you!



Dr. Kurt Raimundo

Thoroughly Vetted Science:

Did you know: A pack of dogs will metabolize your stored energy five hundred times faster than your own portly frame. Eight hundred if you get 'em on the elliptical afterward!

Did you know: Feed Yourself To Dogs is clinically proven to be over 100% safe. In fact, we haven't heard a single complaint from our happy, unresponsive customers!

Did you know: This program has successfully transformed bodies for thousands of years, much longer than any contemporary dieting method! Have you ever heard of Feed Yourself to Açai Berries? Didn't think so.

Before



After



A Typical Day on the Feed Yourself To Dogs Plan:

Breakfast	• Fresh Grapefruit • Bran Muffin
Lunch	• Raw Meat • FYTD Human Flavor Enhancing Spritzer™
Mid-Day	• Feed Yourself To Dogs®
Dinner	N/A

"I Fed Myself To Dogs, and now I'm finally the tooth-scraped skeleton I always pictured in the mirror!"

"My wife used FYTD and nothing will ever be the same again!"

"DON'T USE FEED YOURSELF TO DOGS IT'S A TRAAAGLARHHHHG!"

Best of all, Feed Yourself To Dogs is only **\$19.95**! Still not convinced? If, after Feeding Yourself To Dogs®, you find yourself in any way unsatisfied, you or your next-of-kin can request a full mail-in-rebate! Wow!



...in Disneyland

Raoul Duke: How long? How long could we hold on? We had to keep going, had to maintain, but these evil bastards had us surrounded. Trapped by a horde of animatronic midgets forever repeating their insipid chorus.

Doctor Gonzo: I can't live in this small, small world, man! Let's get out of here.

Raoul Duke: We can't, you fool, that's exactly what they want us to do! Plus this ride doesn't end for at least five minutes. Now, keep it together. You're frightening our new friend.

Mad Hatter: Please, your gun is hurting my temple. I have a family.

Raoul Duke: Stop breaking character, you're ruining the magic. Besides, we're not going to shoot you. We're not going to shoot him, right?

Doctor Gonzo: As your attorney, I advise you to finish the job here and now. Where no one but these multicultural robots can see.

...in small claims court

Raoul Duke: Serious bad recriminations. I had come too far, appealed too much, and I was exhausted. I felt raped, fucked on all fronts by the devil pigs. They knew this, and those bastards wanted to take me for up to \$7500 in any given calendar year. But I was too clever, too quick for the swine, let them have at me, I'm ready.

Judge: Mr. Duke please sit down and stop narrating. This is a court of law.

Raoul Duke: I could feel the acid taking hold and the mescaline was still going strong; things were beginning to take a turn for the worse.

Judge: Listen, are you really serious about suing Richard Nixon for the cost of your lunch? Because I'm *this close* to dismissing your case.

Raoul Duke: Goddammit someone has to do something about these fucking bats!

Judge: Mr. Duke, I will hold you in contempt!

Raoul Duke: I'll hold YOU in contempt! Now stop turning into an iguana!

...in Reno:

Raoul Duke: We can't stop here! This is boring!

Ghostride the Wave

Strange memories on this nervous night in San Francisco. Five years later? Six? It seems like a lifetime. Oakland in the '00s was a special thing to be a part of. Maybe it meant something, maybe not, but no explanation, no hyphy rhythm or amount of thizz can touch that sense of knowing that you were there.

My central memory of that time seems to hang on one or five or maybe forty nights or very early mornings, walking alongside my car, playing Mistah F.A.B. with no one driving. Not quite sure where I was ghostriding, but certain that no matter where I went I would get to a place where people were getting as dumb as I was, and I knew I could lay down some dirty beats. There was the universal sense that what we were doing was right and sick as hell. We were riding the hood of a high and beautiful '78 Deville with the floor still rolling.

So now, less than five years later, you can go up on a steep hill in San Francisco and look East. And with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the mark— that place where my car finally crashed and rolled down that cliff.

Top Ten Sequels That Missed The Point

10. Good Will Hunting: Revenge of the Hunted
9. Pulp Facts
8. American History XI
7. The Postgraduate
6. Brideshead Revisited Resurrection
5. Once 2: Twice
4. 2002: A Space Aeneid
3. Full Metal Cardigan
2. Ei7ht
1. Eraserheads

Top Ten Villainous Maladies

10. Gangrene Goblin
9. H Poison IV
8. Galactose Intolerance
7. Emma Frostbite
6. Count Scrofula
5. Gorilla Grodd-orrhea
4. Scarlet Witch Fever
3. Gargamelanoma
2. Mothrabies
1. Herpes Simplex 2-Face

Top Ten Signs Your Car is Actually a Horse Drawn Carriage

10. Warranty expired 200 years ago
9. Vroom noise more of an unsatisfying whinny
8. Only gets 2 horsepower
7. You keep getting pulled over by bandits
6. Won't stop crapping out on you
5. Manufacturer doesn't make the parts anymore
4. If you leave it outside overnight it turns back into a pumpkin
3. Feeding it gasoline only makes it go slower
2. Banana in the exhaust pipe only got you kicked in the head
1. You have died of DYSENTERY

Top One Most Awkward Boners

1. Mourning Wood



Physics for Once and Future Kings

-RP

Ok, it's ten past. Everyone quit your gibbering. Welcome to Physics for Once and Future Kings! I'm Professor Merlin. I'll be teaching this class this semester and, speaking as someone who has already lived the future, I can tell you right now that the title is facetious.

Not that this class is to be taken lightly. *Ho* no no. I know what all of you are thinking. That this is just a course for errant knights looking for a boost to their Blade Point Average and naive pages trying to satisfy their "Science?" requirement. But don't let yourself be tricked by the rumors you hear on Assess My Sorcerer or actual magic tricks. This is a serious class. With serious implications for our entire fictitious empire. So, unless you want me to rename this class "Physics for Once and Future Indentured Servants" I suggest you roll up your raiments and get crackin'.

But before we get started, a couple administrative notes: While I will be turning all of you into tilapia during week 5, I cannot tolerate any fishy business from my students. By now I am sure that all of you are familiar with The Code of Student Chivalry. *Follow it*. Trust me, I have much better things to do with my Saturday afternoons than attend any more Academic Probation hangings. And please, if you're going to drop this class, do it now. The waitlist is already full, and the rooms we use for section can only accommodate round tables of a certain circumference.

To business! Our first demonstration of the year. In today's lesson, you'll learn that nothing in physics is ever set in stone. Except this sword I have here. As you can see, this sucker is wedged in there tighter than an unplundered nunnery. There isn't enough grease in all the sties in Londontown to ease it out of where Mother Earth has taken hallowed hold.

Or so we might *think*.

First, I'll need a volunteer. How about *you*, the boy wearing the fate of a nation on his shoulders. Why don't you come on down and give this baby a tug. And there we go! Excellent job. Now, how did he do it? Well, some of it has to do with the introduction of trace amounts of the Grace of God, which has a lubricating effect on most varieties of portentous weaponry. But how can *physics* explain this boy's ability to pull out the sword? The answer can be found within this formula:

$$\frac{\text{Noble Birth} + \text{Ignoble Circumstance}}{\text{Antiquated Prophecy}} \times \ln(\text{Impending Civil War}) = \text{DIVINE RIGHT}$$

The real answer, however, is that it's a fake. The entire set up is made of plastic and maybe a little Styrofoam. But it's the most practical thing we have for demonstration purposes. To borrow the real one you have to fill out some forms.

Of course, not all physics is so complex. I know some of you are confused about these "catapult" thingamajigs that are getting so much press lately. They might seem like elaborate contraptions guaranteed to befuddle your tiny minds. But by thinking like physicists, we can cut through this type of confusion and get straight to the basic principles that govern our universe. In reality, the physical explanation for the catapult's power is incredibly simple: Dark Magic.

Good blazes, is that the hour already? I swear, this "time" thing is harder to keep track of than divinely affiliated grails. Your homework! In two to three hundred words, write an essay explaining how to extract high quality lady from inland lakes. Extra credit if you can do it while she still has that magic sword in her hands. See you Thursday!



What if everything were more like spicing up my sex life?



Attending Class

Me: Hey, is it okay if my friend sits in on class today?

GSI: I'm confused... who is she?

Me: Just a friend. I told her a lot about you. She's, you know, curious.

GSI: Couldn't you have asked me beforehand?

Me: Well my *last* GSI was cool with it.

GSI: For the final time, I'm not your last GSI!

Me: This wouldn't be a problem if you'd let us have section outside!

Going to Work

Boss: McLachlan, I want this report done by morning.

Me: Sure. Whatever you say, boss.

Boss: Really. So in other words, you'd be willing to do *anything*.

Me: Uh... I'm not sure that's what I said.

Boss: Silence! You will address me as "Sir" and you are now "Tart Vassal."

Me: Does this count as a promotion?

Taking a Drive

Girlfriend: Why did you stop? We're not there yet.

Me: It's just... my hand is cramping.

Watching Movies

Roommate: Hey, I was wondering if you wanted to watch something tonight?

Me: That sounds nice. What did you have in mind?

Roommate: Uh I don't know... *Indiana Jones*?

Me: Oh, wow. That kind of movie. Isn't that the one with the whip?

Roommate: Yeah. It doesn't really get weird until the monkey comes in though.

Me: Maybe we could just watch the Olymp-

Roommate: Never mind. Just never mind.

Having Surgery

Me: Excuse me doctor, are you sure this is safe?

Doctor: Doctor? You can call me "nurse." *[winks]*

Me: But wait, you are a real doctor, right? This is kind of serious.

Doctor: Look, do you want to get your pubes shaved or not?

Doing Homework

Me: It's so late. This is too hard!

Walter Benjamin's *Phantasmagoria*: *[continues to be mysterious beyond comprehension]*

Me: *[fingering the page]* Augh! My hand is cramping!

Getting Arrested

[A police officer bends me over the hood of a car]

Me: Could you move a little to the left? This position isn't very comfortable for me.

Cop: Yeah, sorry. My night stick keeps getting in the way. Is this better?

Me: A little. I guess.

Cop: Okay. I'm going to bring in the handcuffs now.

Me: Wait! This is too much too soon.

Cop: We talked about this. I need this. Safe word is Fifth Amendment.

GREAT THIRD PARTIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Ever since George Washington left office, America has had a two-party political system. There are several reasons for this: our voting scheme encourages it, choosing among a range of choices is hard, and two parties are much easier to write dialogue for. But every now and then a band of plucky malcontents decides to strike out on its own and complain that it's not getting enough attention. Here we celebrate some of the pioneers who truly changed the face of American politics, at least to the extent a mole does.

<p>The Anti-Federalist Party Platform: The equal and opposite reaction to the Federalist party. Slogan: "Please Tread On Me" Reason for Founding: Came into being via quantum processes at birth of the universe. Reason for Dissolving: Disintegrated when John Adams Prime killed Bizzaro Jefferson at the end of <i>Crisis On Infinite Plantations</i>.</p>	<p>The Know-Nothing Party Platform: Slogan: Reason for Founding: Reason for Dissolving:</p>
<p>The Barn-Burners Platform: Pardons for people who burnt down a barn when drunk that one time. Slogan: "Burn Down This Barn For The Insurance Money I Mean Politics" Reason for Founding: Wasn't so much "founded" as "hastily assembled while hiding behind a grain elevator." Reason for Dissolving: Sobering up.</p>	<p>The Silver Party Platform: Free coinage of silver as well as several other economic proposals that you glossed over in US History in order to get to WWII. Slogan: "Just As Good As The Gold Party, Except There Are Different Pokémon To Catch" Reason for Founding: Apparently there was a time when people knew anything about silver beyond its use in World of Warcraft. Reason for Dissolving: Ironically, too often came in third place.</p>
<p>The Anti-Masonic Party Platform: Fulfilling the American dream of ensuring that every last Freemason is hunted down and killed. Slogan: "Fuck The Masons, They Can Just Suck A Huge Dick, Oh My God I Hate Them" Reason for Founding: Fear that if Masons were elected to office, the American government would become an entrenched, inaccessible old-boy network dominated by moneyed interests and social connections, in which case oh wait. Reason for Dissolving: An 1838 law that made it illegal to kill Freemasons.</p>	<p>The Bull Moose Party Platform: Furthering the will of our glorious God-Emperor Teddy Roosevelt. Slogan: "If You Do Not Vote For Us, Teddy Roosevelt Will Shoot You" Reason for Founding: Birth of Teddy Roosevelt. Reason for Dissolving: "Death" of Teddy Roosevelt.</p>
<p>The Free Soil Party Platform: Contrary to popular belief, "Free Soil" referred not to land settlement reform, but to an indescribably disgusting sexual practice. Slogan: "Legalize It" Reason for Founding: De facto dating service. Reason for Dissolving: Dysentery outbreak.</p>	<p>Libertarians Platform: Dismantling all but the violence-related aspects of government. Slogan: "The Party of Choice For The Uncle You Try To Avoid Talking To At Thanksgiving Since 1971" Reason for Founding: To break the tyrannical power of poor people. Reason for Dissolving: Rational self-interest.</p> <p>The Green Party Platform: The Canada of American political parties, except Canada occasionally succeeds at anything. Slogan: "We Went To College" Reason for Founding: Discovered that the best way to change the system was to work within the remotest margins of it. Reason for Dissolving: All got jobs.</p>

-BH and DH



Who here has been
raped by Zeus?

Me
Me too
like every nymph ever
me and my mom
↑
dude's a furry.

Nirvana
RULES!

- Buddha

There is no balla but Allah.

Janus goes both ways



THUS SHAT
ZARATHUSTRA



i lost my ♥
to Huitzilopochtli

420 BLOOD SACRIFICE ER DAY
AZTEK LYFE

BELIEVE
IN YOURSELF

jk believe in no others b4 me :
- YHWH

For an eternally good
time, get in touch with
the Dao (510) 000-0000

↑ you forgot the vowels,
moron

Easter Islanders gave
me heads



Should i break up
with Loki?

↑
you can't trust him, girl!

HE CHEATED
ON MY HORSE

Forgive me Me,
for I have
sinned

Dropped one so big
that even I couldn't flush it

glory of the Lord hole



If Sproul Flyers Told the Truth...

Calling All Liberal Arts Majors and
Lothlorien Residents

Join America's Premier Co-Ed
Pre-Homeless Fraternity

Σ A T

Member Services include:

- Assistance with applications for food stamps
- Database of clever cardboard-sign slogans
- Placement assistance into People's Park
- Networking opportunities with "fascinating" people

Meetings held Wednesdays at 7pm
Corner of Telegraph and Haste

Take the first step to a future without walls!

UC Chorale Presents

Yet Another Show

Please come!
You'll come, won't you?
You will? Really?
Oh, never mind.
No one ever comes.

Featuring:
Popular music from the 80's
Hastily rehearsed skits
Near harmony
The Golden Overtones

**Okay, but all of the proceeds
go to fighting cancer.**
That's not true.
We just wanted you to come.
I'm sorry to have bothered you.

Berkeley Bears that Care



Yeah, volunteering
blows. But you'll
do it for the same
reason you did in
high school:
Applications.

Do you really want
to be a doctor?
Then we'll see you
at Heal the Bay.

Be a bone donor today!



Marilyn is only eight
years old and she has no
bones. Won't you help this
adorable, if sadly deflated,
child? All it takes is a fifteen-
minute procedure and two
years of physical therapy!
Because saving the lives of
others can feel even better
than not having your bones
taken out.

But yeah, it's really gonna hurt.
Register now at
www.giveusyourbones.com
You'd be in excruciating pain NOT to!

Cal Christians for Christ

Why you'll come to our
"fellowship meeting":

- You're already one of us
- You'll sit through anything for some free pizza
- You need a little extra worship to make up for banging a high-schooler
- You thought "fellowship" meant we're some kind of Lord of the Rings club
- You think you're the first freshman ever to do this "ironically"
- We're the only people who've talked to you all week

Don't we look good in our suits?

Would you like to wear a suit? Do
you already own a suit? Are you
wearing a suit RIGHT NOW?
Then come on down!*



*Unless you're black, Hispanic, or
white.

MARCH 16TH

STRIKE FOR BREAKING SHIT

Stand Up To Evil Capitalist
Window Panes
.....
THIS DUMPSTER

ISN'T GOING TO TORCH ITSELF
VANDALISM IS FUN. NEGOTIATION IS HARD.

TAUNT ARMED POLICE OFFICERS
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?
Undermine the establishment
Of protesters actually trying to accomplish something

SPEAKERS LIST:
My socialist roommate who can totally rationalize this
That one girl who owns a megaphone
A guy with George Lakoff's beard yelling
This is just like the 60s or some shit