

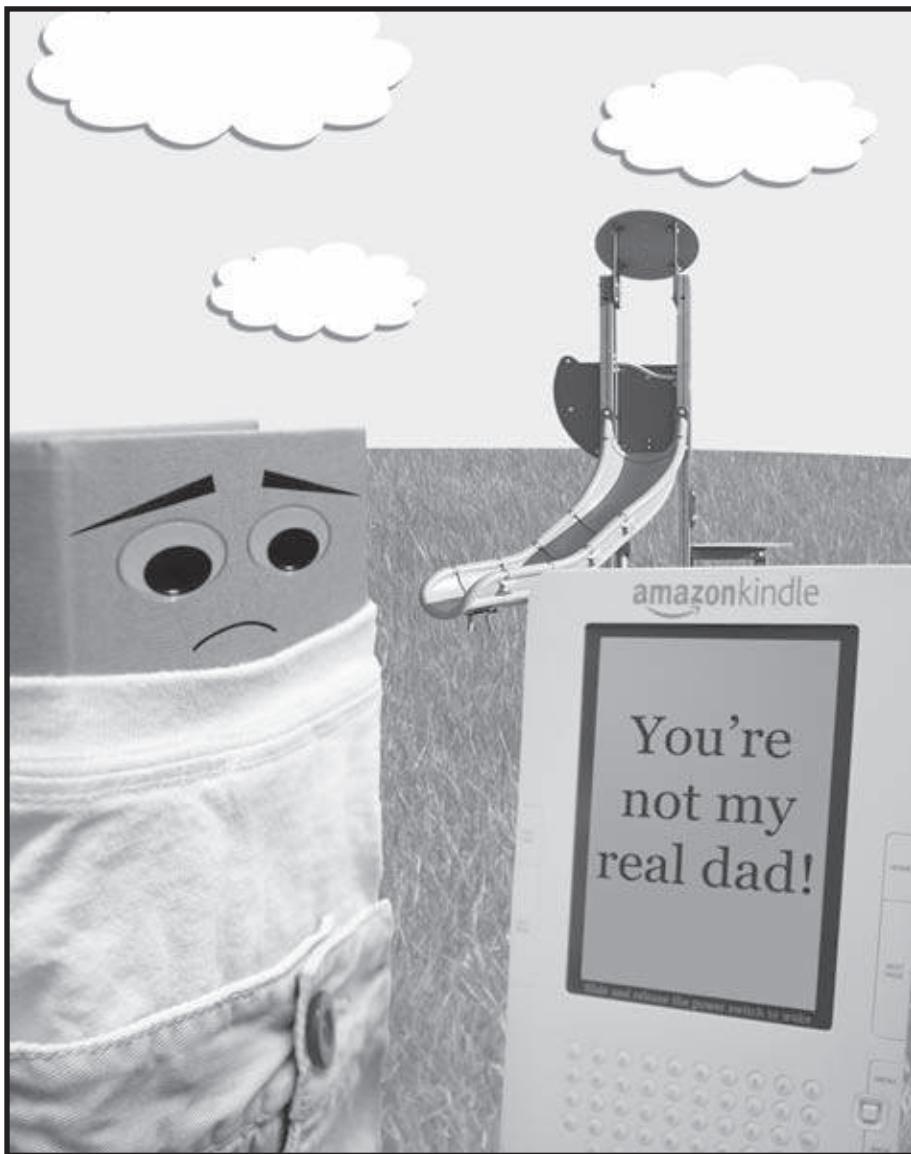
the heuristic squelch

Mar 2010

Vol 19 Issue 5 squelched.com



Volumes of daddy issues.



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the heuristic **squelch**

GETTIN' JIGGY WIT IT SINCE 1991

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(entering the new Millennium)

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I've Had Half A Good Run

There's no easy way to say it: pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

Also I'm graduating. Normally this would be a sad occasion, but since I've only been Editor-in-Chief since December, I don't qualify for the Squelch's Nostalgia Pension. Still, I think it's worth reflecting on my half-tenure at this magazine's helm.

I've nearly enjoyed myself almost working here. All things considered, I've had a portion of a decent term. I'll always half-remember the somewhat good semi-times. Like when we all got half-drunk on one-buck chuck at that some-of-the-night party. Or the moment in mid-March when I realized I was finally getting halfway good at this. Yes, what a third of a year it's been!

But now it's time to move on. I'm sure my months and months of experience here will prepare me well for the working world. I've already got prospects in such industries as half-and-half and semiconductors. My only worry is taking my first half-step into a world that expects me to give more than 50%. Because I don't know if you've noticed, but I've been quarter-assing it all this time.

Have a nice half-life.



Brett Hallahan, Editor-in-Chief, 2010-2010

WORLDS FROM THE TOP

HEURISTICSQUELCH.WORDPRESS.COM

the Sqlog

17 which fall short of the mark simply due to their having less than two female characters talking with each other in the absence

of any male characters talking with each other. To accomplish this amazing feat, you ask with

some difficulty, to a full-fledged television show, "What's the point? No?

having sex?"

if you're still not satisfied, there's

here a few more examples:

and the log of this outfit, when

is that I am a member of the anti-

virtue of the

having sex."

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Study: Two-Dicked Lizard is Animal in the Bedroom

by Lena Brooks and Rebecca Power, doing it like they do on the Discovery Channel

A new species of enormous, double-phallused lizard has been discovered in the remote jungles of the Philippines, UK biologists reported Friday. The reptile's discovery has given fuel to a growing consensus among scientists that many members of the animal kingdom are kinky as fuck.

Researchers currently working on animal mating practices cite the existence of barbed penises, spiral vaginas, and that one weird porno with the dolphin, as evidence that animal mating habits are "hot as hell" and "much better than anything we're getting."

"To initiate coitus, a male porcupine stands on his hindquarters and drenches his partner in urine from head to foot," reported biologist Rosalind Andrews. "My husband has only done that for me like twice," she added.

The finding confirms a study published last year, which concluded that over 3500 species around the globe are dirty, dirty boys who need a good spanking, oh yes.



New Flavors of Coke Hook Consumers

By Rebecca Power, would like to buy the world a rock

In an effort to boost a recent slump in sales revenue brought on by the ever-expanding selection of alternative drugs, industry giant coke® announced today the debut of five new flavors to kick off the summer party season. The collection features a careful blend of innovation cached in some of coke's iconic trademarks, resulting in a set of surefire hits that include Blow Zero, Vanilla Snow, and Hooker's Ass Apple Twist.

"What we're offering is a line-up that delivers the same blood-and-sulfur punch of coke classic, but with a fresh injection of sweet-and-tangy taste for a new demographic that sees coke as their parents' drug," said distribution associate Manny "The Man" Murdock, holding a sodden rag to his nose and trembling visibly.

However, such a bold rebranding may be a risky venture for the stimulant, which has not seen a successful product launch since the 1983 campaign "Crack™ Rocks."

In a Thursday press conference from coke headquarters in Bolivia, CFO Miguel Bermudez issued a few choice words to assuage such fears.

"Coke has a high level of brand loyalty. People can't seem to get enough of it," he reasoned to reporters, lifting his head from a generous pile of Robert Downey Jr. Mint. "Besides, if the Twelve Step Program and Sugar-Free Heroin didn't do us in," he added, "this sure as hell won't."

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Sweaty Militants Stick to Their Guns
Page A7

Somali Ban on Music Inspires Piracy
Page C13

Wizard Mafia Still Searching for Golden Snitch
Page B8

Antidepressants Destroyed My Career, Says Bluesman

by Brett Hallahan, *Elmore James got nothin' on this fellow*

Veteran blues musician Johnny Lee Purvis sued GlaxoSmithKline in federal court this week, alleging that taking the drugmaker's antidepressants thoroughly ruined his musical career.

"I was a star once upon a time," said the formerly grizzled guitarist. "I played all the best blues venues - alleyways, flophouses, quaint saloons. But then my doctor prescribed me these pills, and it all went uphill from there."

Purvis' lawyer cited the precipitous drop in sales of his client's records following the start of his drug regimen. In particular, the failure of Purvis' single "My Woman Left Me And That Was Probably

The Best Thing For Both Of Us" precipitated a steep loss of income. He then made sensible budgetary decisions to curb his expenses, furthering his tailspin into a healthy, well-balanced lifestyle.

Counsel for GlaxoSmithKline countered that granting Purvis damages would only exacerbate his condition. Said attorney Damon Howell, "You can't sue someone for their product doing what it's supposed to do. Mr. Purvis needs to consult with his doctor about what will truly make him happy. I mean sad. Man, this is confusing."

Caligula's Palace Casino Aims To Conquer Vegas

by Raven Perales, *vanquisher of Neptune*

Advertised as "all the fun of a Roman-themed resort with a historically accurate new twist," the opening of Caligula's Palace, a new Las Vegas casino, was not exactly what patrons had gambled on. While guests at the event were treated to a night of *divina fortuna* with a series of games that featured favorable odds, stakes were raised as staff working at every blackjack, roulette, and craps tables were issued javelins to gore anyone who made a losing bet.

Attendee Robert Henson was quoted as saying, "I managed to win over five thousand dollars, but that was after I got impaled like seven times at the Texas Hold 'Em table. I thought that some food at the buffet would make me feel better, but all they were serving was severed heads and limbs and a man can't live off a sundae bar...am I losing a lot of blood?"

Upon check-in, guests were given a choice between having every woman in their extended family thrown into the Tiger Pit or having them conscripted into the Cirque du Soleil extravaganza "*Ménage à Everyone*." Many guests, outraged by the service, complained that at the very least they should have received tickets to the Magic Show as compensation.

Members of the Las Vegas Police Department arrived to investigate complaints of blood-curdling screams and insufficient access to fire exits, but were waylaid by the floor manager, who presented them with the hotel's operations permit and was a horse. The two officers in question were then thrown into the Tiger Pit.

Cancer Researcher Succeeds In Creating Deadlier Form of Cancer

by Brett Hallahan, *metastasizing*

In a striking medical breakthrough, Dr. Horace Stilwell of the National Cancer Research Institute announced that he had finally completed his decades-long search for an even deadlier, more painful form of cancer.

"Explosive blood cancer," playfully dubbed "The Screaming Disease" by the doctor's colleagues, causes all of the body's blood to expand uncontrollably, causing the sufferer to violently burst only 30 seconds after the disease is contracted. Stilwell displayed footage of test subjects' deaths, accompanied by jaunty calliope music, to great applause from the Institute staff.

Other researchers in the field of cancer hailed Stilwell's achievement. A spokesman for the American Cancer Society praised the new malady for "eliminating the years of painful treatment and

uncertainty that have plagued cancer victims for so long." Other institutions also sent congratulations, along with requests for samples.

"I really couldn't have done it without the generous funding I received over the years," said Dr. Stilwell. "All the 5k runs, the telethons, everyone who ever donated their time or money to cancer research, I want you to know that you are responsible for this."

"This is a truly wonderful day, though I'm a little disappointed that we weren't able to make it contagious," said Stilwell's assistant Dr. Shirley Wilkes. "But medical science is a long and difficult process."

What if Everything in Life Were More Like Graduating?

by Sarah Jeong

Having Sex

Girlfriend: That was amazing. *[sighs contentedly]* You're getting so good at this.
You: *[snuggles closer]* I know, who knew that the sex would only get better after four years?
Girlfriend: All right, now get out.
You: Wait, what?
Girlfriend: Leave. I'm done with you.
You: I don't understand. Don't you love me?
Girlfriend: It's not you. You're great. But I've got like 4,356 eighteen-year-olds showing up in three weeks and there's only so much room in this bed.

Getting a Driver's License

DMV Employee: So, how are you doing, ah... *[glances at clipboard]* Brian?
You: H-hi?
DMV Employee: How long have you been practicing driving, Brian?
You: Oh, ah, like, four years? Four and a half?
DMV Employee: Nice. *[scribbles on clipboard]* All right! You're now a licensed driver in the state of California!
You: Wait—aren't you going to test me?
DMV Employee: Why? You've been studying this for four years, right?
You: Aren't you going to, like, check to see that I've learned something?
DMV Employee: Nope! You're ready to go out into the real world and drive!
You: No, please, don't leave! I don't want to go out into the real world!

Ordering Drinks at a Bar

You: Hey, can I get a round of shots for everyone?
Bartender: You only get to order four shots, and only if you reserved them ahead of time.
Your Mom: I can't believe you forgot to reserve a shot for me! *[bursts into tears]*

Answering the Phone

You: Hello?
Ex-girlfriend: Hey, Brian. It's me, Natalie.
You: Oh. *You again.*
Ex-girlfriend: *[paying no heed]* Now that we're not dating anymore, wouldn't you be interested in giving a small donation to help improve the relationship experience I'm currently having with other men?
You: Why would I do that? You said you didn't want to see me anymore.
Ex-girlfriend: But remember all the great times we had together? Like the time we camped out on the beach in the summer, or the time we went on that road trip to Seattle, or the time we had sex in the stairwell of your parents' house? Don't you want to help other guys have that experience with me too? Plus, if you give now, I'll send you this cool keychain.

Getting Married

Fiancée: Look, you can *be* at the wedding, but you're not *actually* going to get married to me.
You: What the hell are you talking about? I've waited so long for this moment. I even bought this tuxedo.
Fiancée: You can have this piece of paper though. *[hands you flimsy scroll tied with a tacky ribbon]*
You: *[reading aloud]* "This scroll commemorates the day you were at your own wedding."
Fiancée: Isn't that great? Congratulations!
You: But—
Fiancée: Your real wedding is coming in the mail in six months.

Ordering Food

Announcer: Brian McDowell, your food is ready.
/*"Pomp and Circumstance"* begins to play/>
Your Mom: *[bursts into tears]*

At the Amusement Park

You: *[breathless]* Wow! That was a crazy ride!
Carny: Hurry hurry, you've gotta get in your seat and buckle up.
You: Oh, no, I was on this ride a second ago, I only just—
Carny: You've gotta ride this coaster twice, kid. Except this time it's slower, less fun, and costs twice as much.
You: That's ridiculous! I won't do it!
Carny: Well, you could get in line for The Job Market, but it's humiliating and you probably won't get to ride it anyways.

A Guide to Pretentious References

By this time in your college career you've met *that guy*. You know who I'm talking about. That name-dropping, obscure-reference-making, has-to-let-the-entire-class-know-how-much-he-claims-to-have-read-whether-or-not-it-has-anything-to-do-with-what-is-being-discussed-scarf-wearing guy. We'll just call him Tristan. I offer this guide to help you identify which likely-mustachioed man our friend Tristan is talking about in your *Sociology of Seinfeld* decal this week.

Friedrich Nietzsche

Ah, the gateway drug of pretentious references. Every budding Tristan inevitably finds his way to this notorious nihilist before flowering into a full-fledged d-bag. Commonly invoked by a Tristan trying to convince you of his opinion that others should not be subjected to the meaninglessness of others' opinions.

Michel Foucault

Panopticism, dispositif, heterotopia. All words employed by a Tristan to distract from the fact that he is saying literally nothing of substance, so don't be fooled! Foucault's views on the means by which modern states regulate their subjects through careful management of bodies were not intended to review a coffee shop on Yelp. Extra points if you catch a Tristan claiming to be Michel Foucault's last lover.

Samuel Clemens

Yes, that was Mark Twain's real name. No, no one asked if you knew that.

Franz Kafka

The phrase "Kafkaesque" can be heard in pretty much every English class ever. But what does it mean? Well, it could mean that the narrative structure evokes shattering feelings of distortion culminating in a suffocating sense of doom. Or, it could mean that Tristan is stretching to find a way to join two nonsensical phrases into a single string of Kafkaesque dribble.

Émile Zola

This French Naturalist and pseudoscientist extraordinaire may have had the balls to accuse the entire French government of anti-Semitism, but today he's only relevant in a lecture about late nineteenth-century European Literature. Nevertheless, any Tristan worth his salt will deftly assure you that Zola belongs in every discussion, and that *L'Assommoir* is a *must read* before you get back to him on who your favorite flautist is.

Immanuel Kant

Is the reference universally applicable to any conversation: No
Does the reference work towards the betterment of this conversation: No
Therefore, the moral imperative is for: Tristan to go fuck himself.

Kazimir Prochazka

This prolific intellectual's majestic prose is only surpassed by the momentous weight of his philosophy on the linguistic implications of fractured subjectivity in an increasingly disassociated society. The real-world implications of this man's thoughts cannot be overstated, and any Tristans out there would do well to respect his legacy.

Top Ten Dangerous Sports

10. Jurassic Parkour
9. Track and Minefield
8. Shotgunput
7. Mortarcross
6. Lacrossebow
5. TNT-ball
4. Murderthon
3. Troll vault
2. Full-contact riflery
1. Man

Top Ten Biblical Pornos

10. Sexodus
9. Matthew, Mark, Luke on John
8. Schlong of Solomon
7. John 3:69
6. The Second Cumming
5. David and "Goliath"
4. Trannysubstantiation
3. Cooteronomy
2. The Book of Hand Job
1. Joseph and The Amazing Technicolor Reamcoat

Top Ten Most Adorable Historical Puppies

10. Pupton Sinclair
9. J. Edgar Woofer
8. Rover Cleveland
7. Frederick Puglass
6. Labraham Lincoln
5. Napoleon Wishbonaparte
4. Dwight Eisenschnauzer
3. Che-huahua
2. Karl Barx
1. Ralph Balto Emerson

Top One Ancient Greek Rastafarian Video Games

1. AgaMegaMon

The United States Twitter @twitter divided

AbeLincoln: hppy presidents' day 2 me! lol lookn forwrd 2 governin u guys

>>**thedeadcalhouns:** if u blieve in #StatesRights show me da love.

>>**TheRealJWBooth:** why r u frontin? time to secede



General_Meade: @BobELee @George_Pickett #YouFuckedUpIf u sent a direct infantry charge into an entrenched position

>>**BobELee:** hey fuk u I was tryin 2 surround

FtSumterOfficial: hey tweeps I'm fuckin starvn here any1 wanna help out? sum food mebbe?

>>**SonOfTheSouth:** man i aint sharin. just gtfo and u can eat all u want

>>**FtSumterOfficial:** is this a war of ATtrition or a war of NUtrition? chek out mor of my stuf at <http://stockadehumor.com>



JeffDavis: jst swore in as da 1st prez!

>>**AbeLincoln:** lol @ "mr prez," playin w/ dolls in MY HOUSE

JeffDavis: @Britain @France hey im runnin out of steam do you guys think u could help w/ sum industry

>>**Original_McClellan:** @Britain

@France just got back from Antweetam! looks like the south r n00bs after all

>>**BobELee:** wut? it was a tie LOL



AbeLincoln: i need another general AGAIN. who shld it b?

>>**xXClaraBartonXx:** #JustinBieber.

AbeLincoln: so0o... i mite need a lil help here. twitizens can u JOIN THE FIGHT, ps if u dont ur goin 2 jail

>>**irishworkers:** DRAFT RIOT! up the punx

AbeLincoln: NEW JOINT droppin Jan. 1 slaveowners I think ur gonna like this one lol #Emancipation

>>**TheRealJWBooth:** comin soon 2 a theater near u

stillaslave: hey north cant wait 2 c u!

>>**thenorth:** @irishworkers can u fill sum jobs real fast we hav a problem.

Abe Lincoln: at Gettysb. 4scr n 7 yrs ago r fthrs fnded gr8 nation. now we cannt dedic8, conscr8, hllow dis grnd. see mor <http://bit.ly/ktHQ>

>>**TheNorthernMedia:** LAME, u shuld write an address abt #JustinBieber

southernbelle: crops r lookin real good today. aggie pride!

>>**AbeLincoln:** lol check again.

>>**SherMan:** BURN.

U_S_Grant: If u JUST GOT OWNED come down to Appomattox Courthouse 4 a lil surrender party

>>**BobELee:** ya wtva... like u coulda done it w/o @irishworkers



TheRealJWBooth: 2 all my fans i luv u all if sumthin happens 2 me yall kno why #SIC_SEMPER_TYRANNIS



KenBurns: The ardors of the Civil War reached every man, woman and child in this country. Brother was pitted against brother, friend against friend, and after the war began the lo

KenBurns: ng, slow process of reconstruction. But the hardships that laid ahead belonged to a newly-forged nation, a true United States. Now and for the first time, our nation fa

>>**North:** STFU

>>**South:** dude srsly

by EK & ME

Bad Love Letters of Famous Authors

Famous author Dan Brown thought about his girlfriend. He thought about how he loved her more than the moon. He thought about how he loved her more than the stars. He thought about how he loved her more than piles and piles of money. But, what did it all mean? Did it mean that he wanted to take her to the movies Saturday? It did. The End?

-Dan Brown

Come away with me, my dear
And we'll travel for a year
Through every part of Earth that God has blessed!
To the far-off Never-Never.
Or to Africa, wherever
There reside some savage folk to be oppressed.

I shall sweep you off your feet
On some dusty Delhi street
As we dance beneath the Indian moon's sweet light.
Oh, your bosoms shall be heavin'
As we massacre the heathens
Ah, how glorious to be in love and white!

-Rudyard Kipling

*Love is an exchange
What is mine must become ours
I might have herpes*

-Basho

April is the cruellest girl, breeding
With any fucking douchebag, forgetting
Reminders of most special birthdays, repeating
Stories rife with ED shame.
Winter come required porn, covering
The void with forgetful semen, feeding
Myself with ice cream.

*This is how the relationship ends
This is how the relationship ends
This is how the relationship ends
Not with a bang but a handy.*

-T.S. Eliot

Dear Gertrude,
I miss you too! But I think we have
to confront some issues in our
relationship. To put it bluntly for a
change, I think we're having trouble
communicating. These days I don't
even know what you mean by "glass
parsnip bugle." Please tell me what
you really feel. Preferably by using
some verbs.
Love,
Alice B. Toklas

To: Gertrude Stein
Paris, France

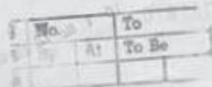


Dostoyevsky 52

... eyes are like a bottomless pool, of the sort
that one might sit by and gaze into while
contemplating the horrendous poverty brought
upon the people of Russia by the corrupt and self-
serving policies of the tsar, which again like the
pool and by extension your eyes have the power
to drown us all in wave upon wave of violence
and debt, those in this case being represented by
water, which in turn is represented by your eyes,
the color of which reminds one of the beautiful
forests of the countryside that have been stained
over and over by the blood of soldiers serving the
will of layer upon layer of tyranny and cruelty, a
cycle which seems never to stop until Russians of
the lowliest serf to the wealthiest
emselves for solutions to their
nd rise up in a passion, passion
ar for you because of (*cont'd*)

Telegram

Hey Baby:
Nice ass,
let's bone.
-Ernest Hemingway



"Despair!" I shrieked, "I admit my tumescence!
-- Tear off my pants! -- It's the throbbing of my hideous
cock!"

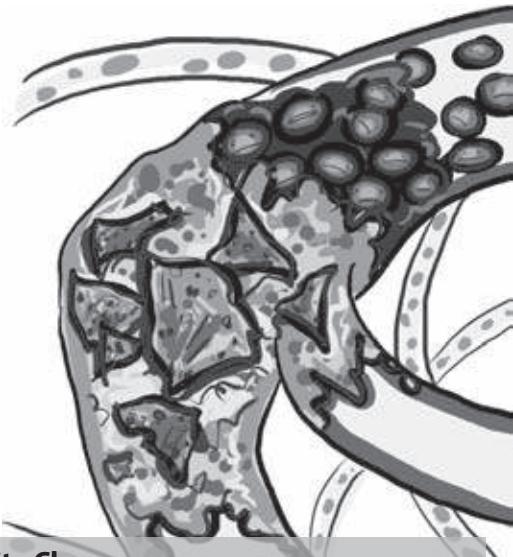
-Edgar Allan Poe

Squelch's ANATOMY

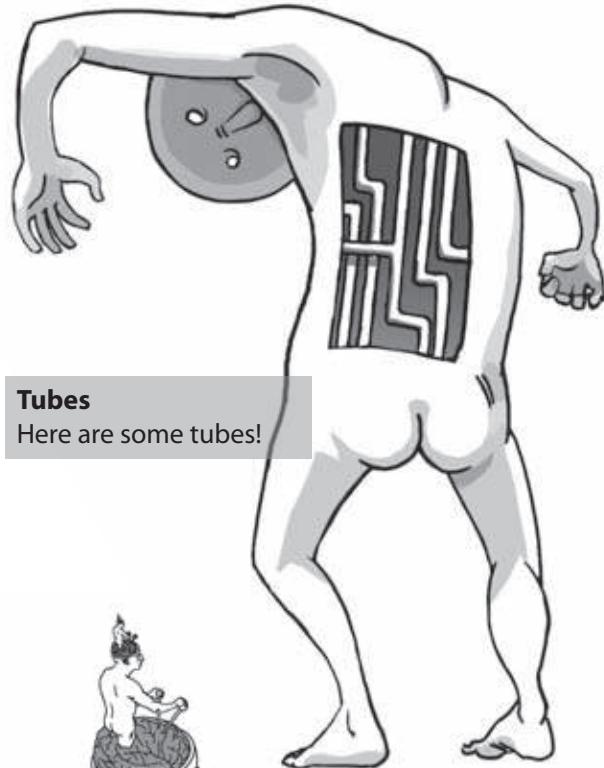
You see before you a top-secret document, jealously guarded by generations of Squelch staffers since our earliest days as a magazine. In those misty half-remembered "nineteen-hundred and eighties," it came to pass that one of our forebears was pre-med for three semesters. This noble sage cobbled together a few medical notes of the utmost utility. And now that we don't have to pay for health insurance like we're gainfully employed or something, we finally feel free to share what we know with You, the Reader! Since, you know, we can't sell it anymore.



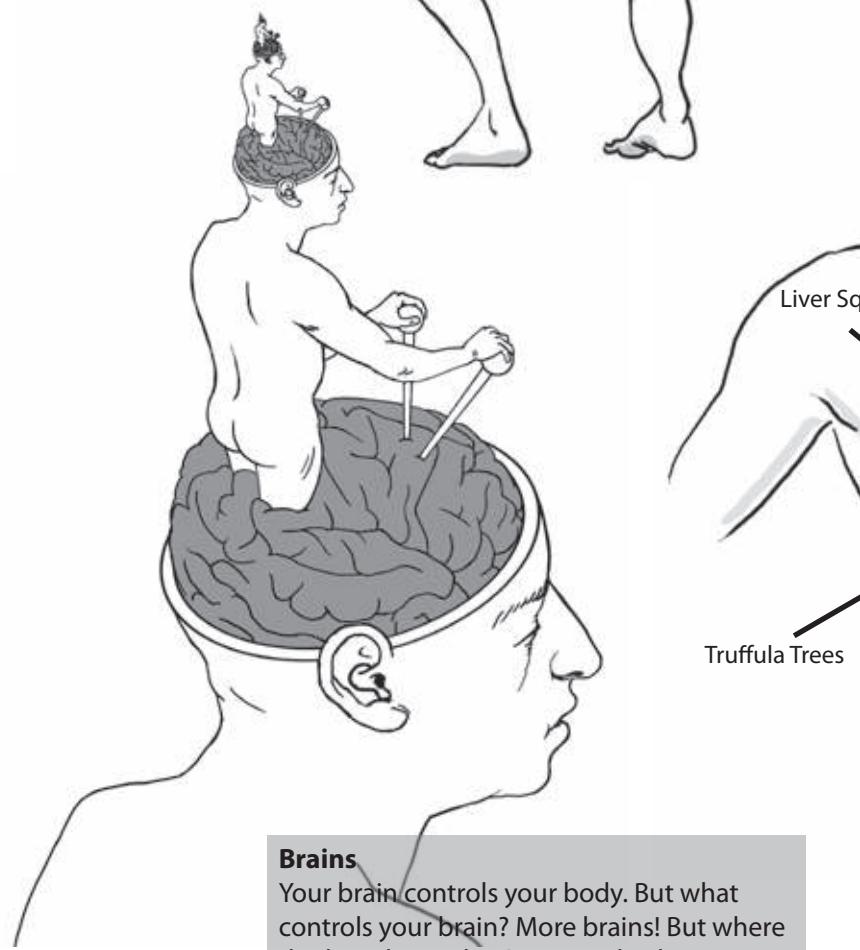
Cats for Lungs
They breathe for you.



Dorito Clump
While a healthy Dorito level helps keep the blood Mexi-Fresh® and Nacho-Cheesey®, an oversaturation of Doritos causes Cool Ranch Angina® and Spicy Hot Clotting®.



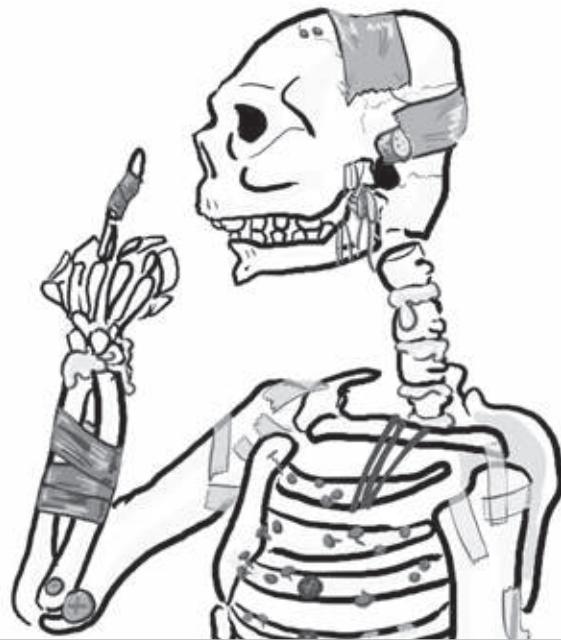
Tubes
Here are some tubes!



Brains
Your brain controls your body. But what controls your brain? More brains! But where do these brains live? In more bodies!

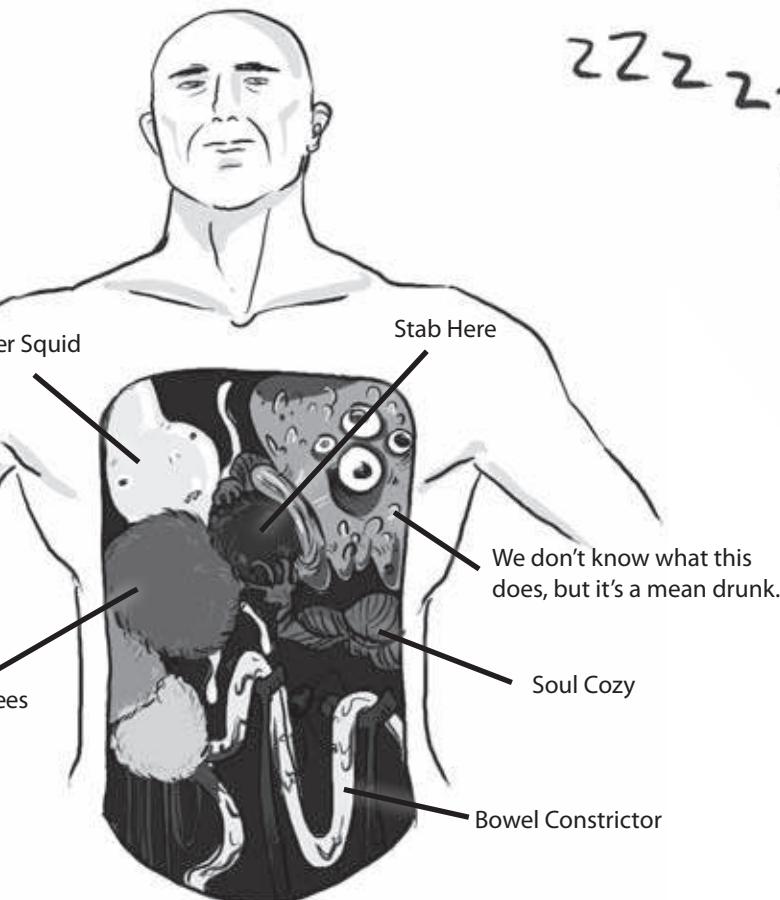
Libido Organ

Discovered by that Freud guy, the libido is the organ responsible for getting you in trouble at parties and late night study sessions with your sister's best friend.



Bones

The thigh bone's connected to the backbone, the backbone's connected to the duct tape, the duct tape's connected to the neck bone, a roll of gauze, and some tacks.



Sleep Gland

A doctor told me there's no such thing as a Sleep Gland, but my Love Sac and my Anger Boil insist that it's legit.

Black Market Organ Prices

Kidney	\$10,000/ea
Liver	\$150,000/slice
Cornea	\$5,000/pair
Tongue	\$12/lb
Lymph	
Bottled	\$2
Draft	\$4
Heart	For you, baby, free of charge.



Do You Hear Something?

- the premier blog for the Bay Area's post-music scene

by WC

New on the Scene:

San Francisco based foursome Fuck You, Dad have been making a name for themselves ever since they burst onto the scene early this week. They've gained quite a bit of notoriety for their innovative live performances, which have included reading newspapers in leather chairs on stage, long conversations about "that thing they did," and standing quietly, judging the audience. Thus, there has been a lot of buzz surrounding the release of their debut non-album *Drum Machine? More Like DUMB Machine*. With its release yesterday, it seems that the buzz was justified, as *Drum Machine? More Like DUMB Machine* is a refreshing breath of fresh air at a time when local non-bands are beginning to get dangerously close to producing something that could be called melodies, and it promises to revitalize the entire post-music anti-genre. "To me, post-music is about freedom and pure artistic expression, and that can't be held down by things like 'rhythm' or 'actual songs,'" commented Fuck You, Dad not-frontman, Bobby Baxter. "Besides," added definitely-not-the-guitarist, "@, "who really knows how to play instruments anymore? I mean, Come ON! We have the internet now!"

(read more)

In Other News:

Absurdist band to record industry:
Yam! Orange! Breakfast cereal,
Camus!

Meth Lab For Cutie breaks up over
uncertain differences.

Bands: "All bands rip off all
other bands."

Critics suggest that noise is music,
implying that entire scene is based
on eminent contradiction.

Our experts: Eat a dick, other
critics.

Review:

Band: Hey Look! We're a Band! Say Otherwise!

Album: *Dada Oo La La*

Rating: four stars out of five

Now, don't go into *Dada* expecting something like Hey Look! We're a Band! Say Otherwise!'s 2009 debut, *Ceci N'est Pas Une Record*, which was of course an empty CD case printed with the word "Art!" On *Dada*, HL!WAB!SO! has delved into a more poppy sound, as *Dada* contains a disc, and thus, actual sounds. The gamble has paid off, however, as the newest album is a huge success in the newest wave of post-songwriting. This record is packed from start to finish with the kind of tracks that are guaranteed to make this quartet of quiet an artist-lofthold name. The album opens strong with the half hour "No Exit," which is the soft rustling of pages as Walters quietly re-reads Sartre, pausing only to say, "Hell IS other people!" From there, HL!WAB!SO! manages to keep the bar high, with artistic gold like "Kkkonsumer Kkkulture," a ten minute sequence of the band masturbating onto a cash register. Finally, it ends on a high note with the pivotal "Beautiful Stranger," a 20 minute recording of Walters petting his cat, Chairman Meow.

My only complaint about this otherwise perfect piece of not-music is the fourth track "Banan-appeal," which features all four members shouting lyrics off of *The Velvet Underground and Nico* in no particular order. Using actual lyrics is walking a razor's edge, gentlemen. What's next? Four part harmony? Songs that people can enjoy non-ironically? Come on guys, that's not what this scene is all about.

(read more)

Music News:

Wax on/Whacks Off Sells Out!

It's always sad to see a former great in the scene decline, but with his newest release, *It Was a Stark and Dormy Night*, textural artist and anti-songwriter Sid Serious, better known by his stage persona Wax On/Whacks Off, has officially screwed the proverbial, mainstream pooch. His last release was already treading dangerous waters, with its hour and a half recording of Serious smashing a feedbacking guitar into a Hammond Organ. Look, using real instruments was bad enough, but the new album has finally crossed the line. *Stark and Dormy Night* consists of Serious repeating the word "Beauty" for two straight hours. For shame, Mr. Serious! Repetition is akin to rhythm, and rhythm is not post-music. "I haven't turned pop!" Serious replied to critics most sell-outingly, "You just don't understand my newest *raison d'être*." I'm sorry sir, but French won't save you now... you poser.

(read more)

-From the Files of Dr. Mario, Psychiatrist

by Hayden Greif-Neill

Patient operates under the belief that all animals are super-powered war-beasts. Delusional tendencies first reported when Ketchum entered his pet rat in a local dog fight. Ketchum was charged with animal cruelty after bringing a deceased goldfish to the local vet to restore its "hit points." Upon admission, a search of the patient's residence uncovered hundreds of animals trapped in tiny enclosures. When questioned about the animals, patient entered a dissociative state and claimed he had to "catch 'em all."

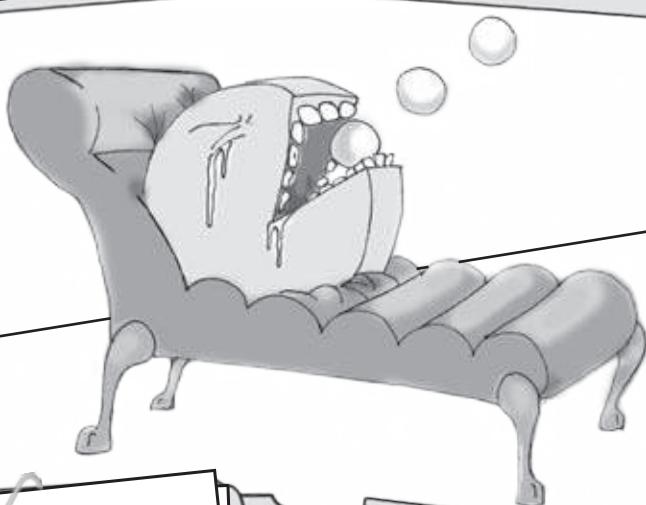
Ash Ketchum

Patient has been unable to cope with changes in the world after coming out of a 7-year coma. Has admitted to binge potion drinking and occasionally breaking into houses, taking all the valuables, and compulsively smashing potted plants. More recently, Link was officially charged with attempted murder after stabbing his previous girlfriend's new spouse, Garret Ganondorf. Insists that once he "defeats" Ganondorf, "everything will go back to how it was, restored." Have begun to fear for my safety — patient continues to attend therapy under influence of fairy dust.

Link

Patient exhibits symptoms of severe multiple personality disorder. Something of a medical anomaly, Kirby's mental disruptions seem to come after each meal. Episodes had steadily increased in violence, until a recent period of listlessness beginning with the mysterious disappearance of his depressed roommate.

Kirby



Patient was rescued from the home of an old duck hunter. The dog has confided to me that his master would send him to flush ducks out of tall grass, at which time his master would fire wildly in his direction. In the presence of loud noises or ducks, patient suffers severe panic attacks which, to the uninformed, resemble snickering.

Dog

Patient experiences hallucinations of menacing ghosts. Has developed a dependence on pills, which he claims cause the ghosts to "stop following him." Though we have tried many alternative medications, the only thing that seems to improve Pac-Man's condition is a steady diet of fresh fruit.

Pac-Man

4/15/10
Sonic the Hedgehog relapsed into amphetamine addiction.

4/18/10
Samus Aran has rolled into a ball and is uncommunicative.

4/19/10
Megaman- megalomaniac?



Scenes With Lesser-Known Stock Characters

The Boring Gay Friend

Man: So you want my help impressing your new boyfriend?

Sarah Jessica Parker: Yes!

Man: ...who I've never met.

Sarah Jessica Parker: Yes.

Man: And who has nothing in common with *my* boyfriend?

Sarah Jessica Parker: You could at least come up with a snappy one-liner or something.

Man: Ma'am, I'm your tax attorney.

Sarah Jessica Parker: Well, you don't have to be such a dick about it.

Man: [Does not comment upon the word "dick."]

Sarah Jessica Parker: [Faints from sass deficiency.]

The Product Placement Gypsy

Gypsy: I see in your future... that you are going TO DIE!

Ben Stiller: Oh no!

Gypsy: ...of excitement when you see the Macy's summer sale!

Ben Stiller: What?

Gypsy: And there you will meet a beautiful woman.

Ben Stiller: Okay, sounds good.

Gypsy: Who will be impressed by the fresh scent of Calvin Klein's new fragrance! Only \$6 an ounce!

Ben Stiller: I was wondering how you could afford this diamond-encrusted crystal ball. I'm outta here.

Gypsy: Don't leave! Or you will be forever cursed... with *overpriced car insurance!*

The Not-Very-Magical Black Man

Man in Jail: Give me your hand, boss.

Tom Hanks: No, quit bugging me about this.

Man in Jail: C'mon, just one time. You'll see.

Tom Hanks: Oh, all right. [Holds out hand.]

Man in Jail: Now pick a card.

Tom Hanks: That's it, you're going to solitary.



The Spiteful Talking Horse

Mickey Rooney: Hi there, Hank!

Horse: Mmmph.

Mickey Rooney: Aw, what's wrong, Hank? Is this about the big race?

Horse: ...you cut my balls off, man.

Mickey Rooney: Don't you worry, we're gonna run the best race ever!

Horse: But I can never have children.

Mickey Rooney:

Grandma's gonna be so happy when she finds out we saved the farm!

Horse: Jesus, you're not even listening.

Mickey Rooney: Oh hush, you'll feel better after your deworming.



The Helpful Southern Sheriff

Sheriff: Now listen, sonny, I'd better not catch ya on my streets come nightfall.

Sidney Poitier: I beg your pardon?

Sheriff: Seems the streetlights are out this week. Can't see yer hand in front o' yer face. Best find a nice hotel.

Sidney Poitier: Oh. Well, I'm staying at the Motel 6, so-

Sheriff: Hold on now, we can't have someone like you staying there.

Sidney Poitier: What's that supposed to mean?

Sheriff: Place is a dump. Ya'd probably be more comfortable at the Hyatt. But ya better tell the manager I sent ya.

Sidney Poitier: Um.

Sheriff: He'll give ya a discount.

R from the desk of *Roland Blaine*

To the students of the University of California, Berkeley:

The constant infringement of the rights of a large portion of the University of California, Berkeley student population has necessitated a call to defend the liberties of what many may deem a dispossessed majority. Though the wrongs wrought upon this group occur only at specific times, the Cal student body must be ever-vigilant to protect those within their ranks who are consistently humiliated by their peers because of circumstances largely beyond their control. I am talking about a people that everyone knows. I refer, of course, to the Shit-Faced.

The Center for Defending the Shit-Faced takes as its duty the protection of the quality of life of all Cal students, regardless of circumstance or BAC. It was this egalitarianism alone that inspired me to join CDSF late last Saturday morning. But we need your help! You too can Help the Shit-Faced:

- Help the Shit-Faced by standing up for those who just want to lie down.
- Help the Shit-Faced by assisting them in all quesadilla-making endeavors.
- Help the Shit-Faced realize that the man they are talking to is not an undercover police officer to whom they must surrender all their beer.
- Help the Shit-Faced by not abusing their meal points and stealing *their identity* at Late Night, Jason.
- Help the Shit-Faced by preventing assholes, *Jason*, from drawing dicks on my face when I'm passed out, because, *Jason*, it really isn't funny. How would you like it if I did that to you?
- Help the Shit-Faced by making sure they are not misled into thinking they are being taken to Party Island when, in fact, they will find themselves the next morning in a frat bathroom, wearing makeup and a dress, covered in vomit and their own urine. *Hopefully* their own urine. Jason, if that was yours, I will haunt you, I swear to god I will haunt you.

But most importantly, Help the Shit-Faced by promoting a culture of social responsibility. Help us, by helping those incapable of identifying facial features, to find the transgressors who promote this campuswide blight. Jason, I know it was you. If I can ever prove that it was you, you better watch the fuck out.

To join CDSF and its promotion of social responsibility and individual safety, please call (510) 657-4968. Just not on Friday, Saturday or Sunday mornings.

With Much Gratitude,

R. Blaine

Top Ten Recession-Inspired Sequels

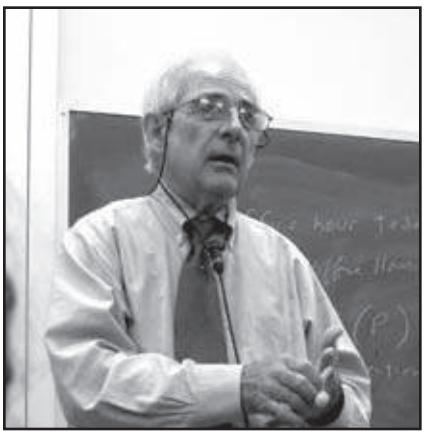
10. A Fistful of Coupons
9. Tango & Change
8. An American in Paris, Texas
7. Romanian Holiday
6. Harold and Kumar Stay In and Have Ramen
5. Gildedeye
4. Homeless, Alone
3. Goodwill Hunting
2. 25 Dollar Baby
1. Slumdog.

Top Ten Members of the Best Orchestra

10. Pimpin'est Tympanist
9. Swellest Cellist
8. Cutest Flutist
7. Noblest Oboist
6. Sharpest Harpist
5. Primest Chimist
4. Acest Double Bassist
3. First-Classest Brassist
2. In-This-To-Win-This Violinist
1. Keepin'-It-Realest Glockenspielst

Top Ten Novel Foods

10. Don Chipotle
9. Gravity's Rainbow Roll
8. A Clockwork Orange Chicken
7. Finnegans Cake
6. Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Scone
5. Catcher On Rye
4. The Unbearable Lightness of Pudding
3. The Count of Monte Crisco
2. Lord of the Pies
1. As I Lay Dying For a Cheeseburger



Selected essays from Mr. Searle's 15th-grade class

I'm so proud of my little ones! Though they're just undergraduates, they're beginning to show some rudimentary reading comprehension skills. The prompt was to write about "My Favorite Thing," and while none of these works would pass peer review in my department, some of these kids are already writing at the level of political science majors. What a promising bunch!

Drinking

Having feelings is lame, because I have to hide my feelings all day long. But when I drink, it's OK, and I can tell everybody my feelings all the time! I wish I didn't have to get allowance from Mom and Dad, so I could drink every day. When I grow up and be a dentist, I am going to drink every day.

Pete K.

Age 21

Ayn Rand

Ayn Rand is the greatest! She taught me I don't have to be nice to morally dumb guys who tell me things like "you should really donate to Haitian earthquake victims" or "why are you late to work?" Ayn Rand could kick the butts of Superman and Batman and trained economists. I wish Ayn Rand was my mommy.

JAKE S.

Age 19

My Future Job

Accrual fund management is the coolest job ever! You get to work in a big big building a hundred hours a week and get money and not talk to your friends and get money and fight all the other fund managers and when you win you get money and smile and smile and shake hands and smile and get money! Money!

Lisa T.

Age 20

Deconstruction

Jacques Derrida probably knows everything! I used to think reading a book means you have to look at all the words in the book, and know what they mean. I used to, but then I took a semester of literary theory class. Now I know that you have to look at every word over and over until the book isn't fun anymore! I need to go tell everybody in the whole world how this makes them wrong.

Cassady B.

Age 20

My Friends

I love my friends they are my best friends. We all live in the same house cuz we all have pretty hair and pretty stuff and pretty thoughts and we all like boys. That's why we're friends! Also I have lived with my friends so long that I can't imagine doing anything without my friends! Also I need to stay friends with them forever and ever, because they have seen me do so many embarrassing things and I don't want them to tell! Yay friendship!

Mandy F.

Age 21

Kierkegaard

Kierkegaard. Kierkegard.
Kirkgard. Kaptain Picard.
Captain Picard!

Kierkegaard. Kurtgard. Kitgard.
Kit. Kitten. Kittens!
Wait, who's Kierkegaard again?

Jef

Age 23

F

CLASH OF THE TITANS

A message to director Louis Leterrier

by RP & ME

Clash of the Titans is easily the worst movie of the year. Every single person who sees it, regardless of age, intelligence, or ability to watch in 3-D, will hate this movie. You should be ashamed of yourself, Louis Leterrier, and here's why:

Plot Holes

While I understand a filmmaker's instinct to fudge a detail or two in order to create a more compelling storyline, the director's utter disregard for the fundamental principles that govern the natural world were inexcusable. For one thing, the poisonous mega-scorpions.

Obviously, any member of the order *Scorpiones* with such a significant size advantage over its intended prey would *not* possess the toxicity levels necessary to seriously wound a full-grown man. The ratio of body-to-pincers *alone* would firmly establish the creatures as belonging to the family *Pandinus*, a collection of species whose large forelimbs have evolved as direct compensation for a nearly innocuous venom. *That* is why their claws are so big, Louis Leterrier. Because mother nature possesses a logic that you obviously do not.

Historical Inaccuracy

At the very least, Louis Leterrier, I expected you to know one historical fact: "The Titans (Greek: Τιτᾶνες; plural: Τιτᾶνες- Ti-tânes) were a race of powerful deities, descendants of Gaia and Uranus, that ruled during the legendary Golden Age." Now, I ask you, WHERE were the Titans? If I wanted to watch another anachronistic movie about heroic idiots, I would have watched *Hot Tub Time Machine* again.

Bad Acting

One of the biggest stars in the world, and he blows it by overacting. Even Liam Neeson could have done a better job of playing the Kraken.



"Damn the gods!"

To where? To Hades? There are already gods there! Think. *Think* before you go shooting your mouth off, Louis Leterrier.

Lack of Character Motivation

So let me get this straight. I'm an exiled snakelady forced to live in an active volcano with a bunch of startled-looking statues that I made with my face. Now some dudes are coming at me with a pretty intimidating set of weaponry so that they can cut my head off and shake it at a giant hellbaby. And I'm *laughing*? Come on, Louis Leterrier, show me what this character is *about*. Get into her head. It's not like it's hard. She has at least twelve in her hair alone.

"Release the Kraken!"

Dear Zeus,

Why? Why would you do that? You're a god, and you can't destroy one town by yourself? Didn't you unleash a flood that wiped out all of civilization at some point? Just grow a pair and do that again. Seriously. You're embarrassing the tradition from which your character was loosely derived.

Sincerely,

The Oxford Compendium of Ancient Mythology

The Symbolism of the Bald Eagle

Really, Louis Leterrier? You thought it would be clever to have Zeus turn into a BALD EAGLE? The benevolent but misguided god who controls the world just happens to turn into an AMERICAN BALD EAGLE? I've got news for you: Zeus lives in Greece. You know who doesn't live in Greece? *America*. Get it straight. You're a Princeton man.



Bromance Novels



Popping My Dollar

Bookish Matt Miller never thought he would be fist to fist with Argentinean iPhone App Development Billionaire Count, Alejandro Fernandez. But when a series of stimulating and improbable circumstances lands him at Buenos Aires International Airport without a passport or a red American cent, Matt is willing to do *anything* to get home. Even offer the Count an evening of unbridled *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*.

As the pair lingers over a carton of expensive nachos, it appears that their acquaintancehood may be blooming into full-fledged bromance. And a bromance the likes of which Argentina has never known. Will things ever be the same again? *Probably not.*

Buff the Vampire Slayer

The world knew Justin Harris as a pretty chill dude to hang with. The underworld knew him as a muscular vampire hunter. And even though Justin can easily deliver a vampire beatdown without working up more than a sensual glisten, he *can't* manage to forget the great time he had playing *Call of Duty* with mysterious sandwich artist Derrick Barnes.

But when Derrick starts turning up in all the wrong places—like the local vampires-only sports bar, vampire streetball pick-up game, and Dave Vampire Matthews Band concert—it seems that “D-Bar” is harboring a dark secret. Will Justin be able to fight the urge to “just get together and shoot the shit?” Or is this one battle with the undead that his rippling pectorals won’t let him win?

Up Top

“Sean lifted his palm to the sky in one swift gesture that stirred the air around him into a salacious breeze. His eyes locked on his companion’s elbow and wouldn’t look away. Couldn’t look away. A moment’s inattention would turn this perfect exchange into the high-five from hell.”

Latest in the series of red-hot reads from novelist Chad Chazwick, *Up Top* is sure to put you in the mood for high-five making.

Frat on the High Seas!

The brothers of the Sigma Epsilon Epsilon house know a thing or two about hijinks and heterosexual male bonding. But they know literally nothing about the provocative lives of rugged pirates! This gap in knowledge quickly becomes relevant when the entire fraternity is mysteriously conscripted into a mysterious pirate army.

Shipwrecked on a desert isle, hunger and boredom fill the tropical air with non-erotic, actual tension. *You could cut it with a knife.* Now the frat must summon all their strength and cunning to uncover the true buried treasure: lifelong male friendship—or walk the plank!

BLUE + GOLD YEARBOOK

Welcome to the 2009-2010 edition of the *Blue & Gold Yearbook*! As you may have noticed, we're taking our design aesthetic in an exciting and financially-impacted new direction. From this year forward, the *Blue & Gold Yearbook* will be named the *Black & White Yearbook*, as budget cuts prevent us from printing in blue, gold, or any other color. We will, however, continue to use the highest-quality approximations of blue and gold available in black and white gradients.

In addition to a beautifully hand-xeroxed portrait, this year each student was granted a brief statement about their senior experience at Cal, as well as a personal quote to let their individual character shine through! The promise to include more personal information sparked a record six (six!) responses, and all it took was months of pestering collections phone calls. We still need that money you promised.



Matthew Breznew
English

i'm jst glad i grajooated b4 the budgit cuts
effected the kuality of teeching @ berkley. im
prolly the last guy w/ english degree tht meens
enyything. pretty soon facultea will give A+ to
every1, not jst me who write english gud.

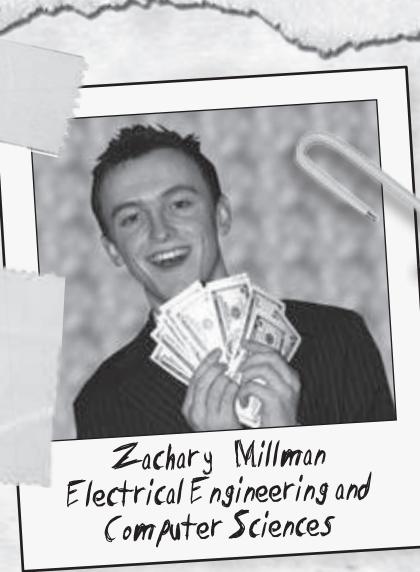
"to be or not to be? that is a question." -romeo



Sharon Park
East Asian Languages
Spanish?

So I'd pretty much gotten through the Korean language major when the program got cut. The administration felt really bad so they gave me an honorary degree in Spanish instead. Too bad I haven't taken Spanish since high school.

"Lo siento, no hablo espanol.
Se habla ~~한국어~~ 삼오네이삼? No? Fuck."



Zachary Millman
Electrical Engineering and
Computer Sciences

This was my best year at Cal for sure! My friends and I used our lab's leftover research money to build machines that could burn the rest of the leftover research money. Oh, and Google offered me five jobs.

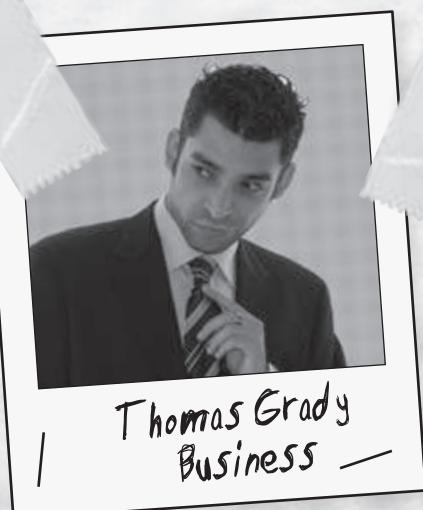
“What budget cuts?”



— Benjamin Lewis /
Social Welfare & Ethnic Studies

The past few semesters were really cool. After studying oppressive institutions for years, I got to witness firsthand just how effective those institutions were at oppressing *me*! I was even able to translate my arrest at Wheeler into independent study units. Overall, my education has done a great job of preparing me for the real world. And how bitterly disappointing it is.

“Fuck it, I’ll just be an investment banker.”



Thomas Grady
Business -

The privatization sector is booming, losers!

Business rules!
Mwahahahahahaha!

“BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.
Business rules.”



Cynthia Mardenas
Practice of Art

self portrait :)

When I decided to drop MCB and pursue my passion for illustration, there were ten professors in the art department. Now that the administration's put them all on "permanent hiatus," the department just has me work out of an old *Learn to Draw Horses* book from Moe's.

We sell the drawings on Cal Day :(

"My career is really going places! Mainly between the bead guy and the henna lady on Telegraph."

B-BOY BIRGENEAU'S DANCE PARTY FOR STUDENT ACTIVISTS



Wassup, protest people! Join us for an outrageously fun, all-night, all-day, all-night-again event full of live entertainment, free food, captivity, themed captivities, and much much more!

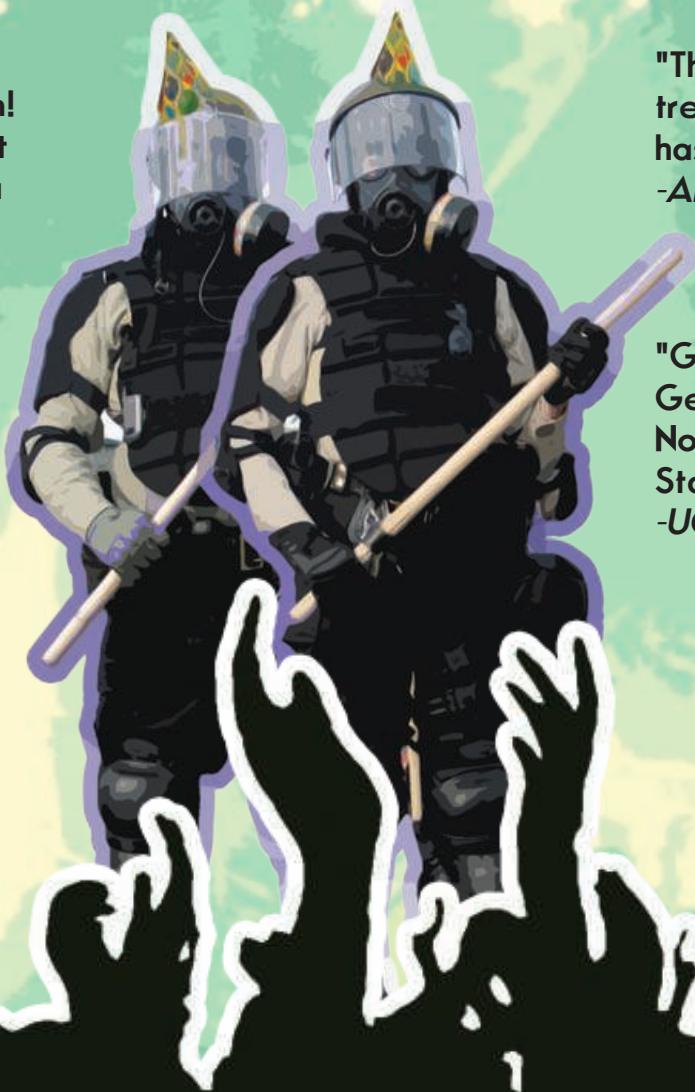
And after the party — the afterparty!
at Zellerbach Temporary Superjail

What to Bring:

- Comfortable shoes!
- A five dollar donation!
- Any photographs that may implicate you in a violation of university policy!

Lose ya head!
Lose ya inhibitions!
Lose ya right to an attorney!*

*This is legally binding.



"The administration's treatment of students has been sick [wit dis]."
-Ananya Roy

"Get down!
Get down on the floor.
No, seriously, get down!
Stay down!"
-UC Party Department (UCPD)



Fight Only for Your Right to Party

Doors will close promptly at 8 PM
Doors will not open again

ADA Accessible