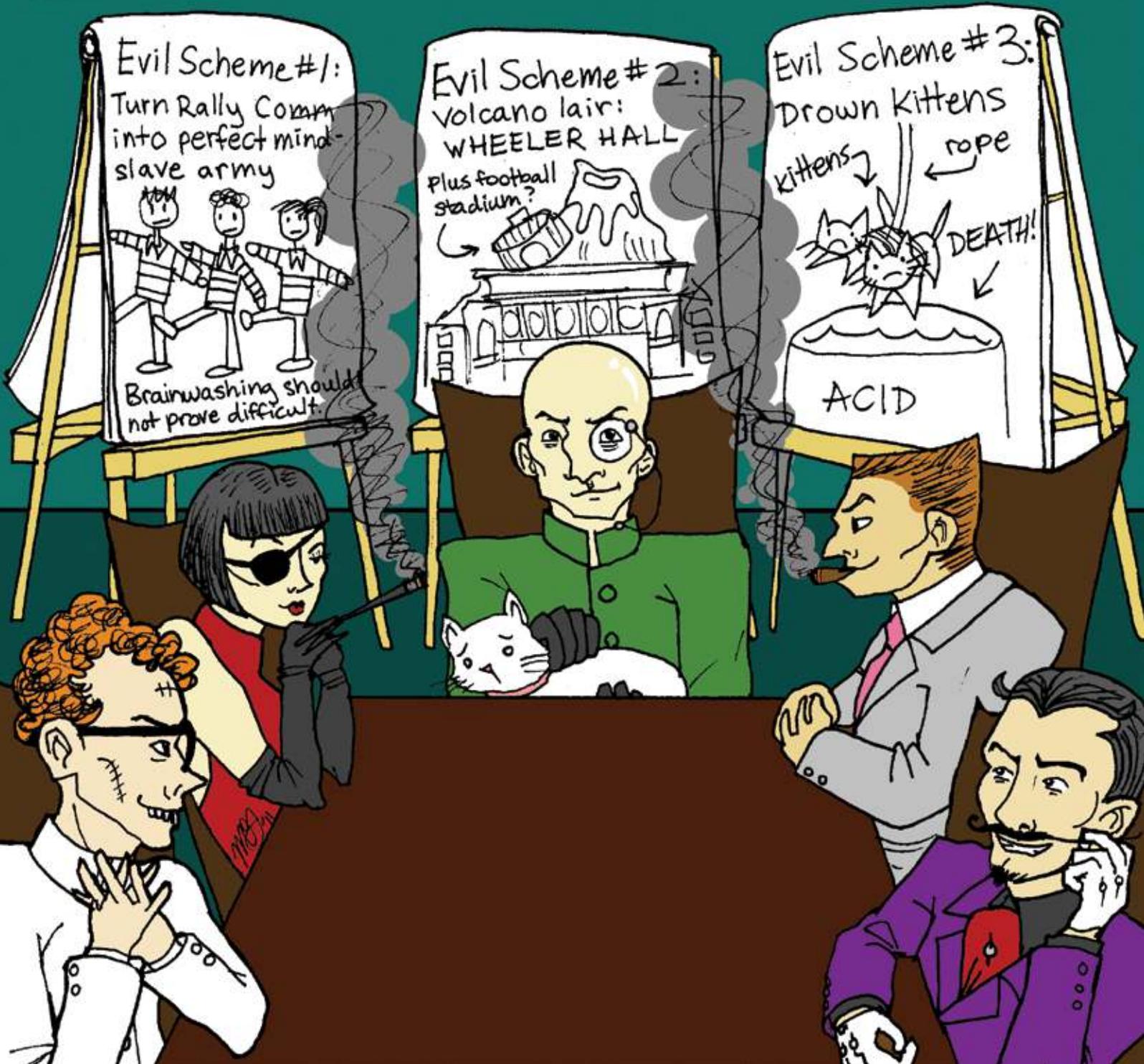


# the **heuristic** **squelch**

Mar 2011 Vol 20 Issue 4 [squelched.com](http://squelched.com)

## UC REGENTS OF DOOM



**“This used to be a public school!  
Now it’s a volcano.”**



**the heuristic  
squelch**

**MISSING SINCE 1991**

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*(No one will pay the ransom)*

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Lena Brooks  
Max Ebert

**Creative Editor In Absentia**

Erik Krasner-Karpen

**Design Editor**

Katy Yoshida

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*(Stranger had some great candy)*

Aaron Brownstein, Simon Ganz, Brett Hallahan, David Hollingsworth, Sean Keane, Matt Loker, John O'Connor, Rebecca Power, Miles Stenehjem, Tommaso Sciortino, Fred Taylor-Hochberg

**DEPUTY CREATIVE EDITORS**

*(Caused a disturbance at Disneyland)*

Woodrow Currie, Will Kuffel, Graham Riley

**BUSINESS MANAGER**

*(Went UFO spotting)*

Chelsea Whitman Rodriguez

**TECH MONKEY**

*(Visited step-dad alone)*

Zachary Millman

**ART/GRAPHICS/DESIGN STAFF**

*(Refused an offer they couldn't refuse)*

**ART:** Adam Bolt, Katie Fyhie, \*Maya Garcia\*, Alisa Karchemsky, Patrick Xu

**PHOTOGRAPHY:** Peter Hess, Catherine Kim, Anna Vignet, Dylan White

**DESIGN:** Michael Greenwald, Becky Stern

**WRITERS**

*(Angered magicians lobby)*

Alan Carrillo, Hayden Greif-Neill, Matthew Iannone, Ameil Kenkare, Stephen Love World, Bud McLellan, Raven Perales

**CONTRIBUTORS**

*(Foolishly entered trap-door factory)*

Thomas Akagi, Jeff Calhoun, Jeffrey DeFond, Kelly Donohue, Sam Farahmand, Holly Fine, Lauren Haag, Robert Hulsy, Hannah Jewell, John Jeong, Jake Kay, Kabir Kumar, Li Lin, Brian Liyanto, Patrick Niemeyer, Alan Niku, Evan "Best Dude in the World" O'Brien, Matt Sinks, Kevin Thompson, Stuart Thompson, John Waste, Matthew Xuereb, Isaac Yoon, forgot that one guy

**WEBMASTER**

*(Unflattering photo on the milk carton)*

Brian DeFreitas, Sarah Jeong

**PRINTING**

*(Hitchhiking enthusiast)*

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There will be youtubes.

# A Rags to Deputy Creative Editor Story

Hello Reader,

As the new deputy creative editors, we thought we'd give a few words of friendly advice to those who dream of holding the glamorous position that we hold today. Now look, we're not "better" or "smarter" than any of you, but if we happen to be better looking and more fun to talk to, then so be it. But we weren't always such big shots in the college comedy magazine circuit. We used to be unassuming, hopeful young writers just waiting for our big break. Now, after some good old fashioned spunk and stick-to-it-ive-ness, here we are, deputy creative editors of one of the most well-bound comedy magazines on campus. But don't worry, we're not in it for the perks. Don't get us wrong, the foot-massages and foot-happy-endings are nice, but it's always been about taking the time to mock the things we hate.

Anyway, what we've been meaning to say is that anybody can be deputy creative editors. All you need is some gumption, elbow grease and rich parents. Rich, rich parents. Didn't we mention that earlier? We remember our first Squelch meeting, when we came in with nothing more than a few good ideas, a can-do attitude, and custom-tailored Italian suits. The editors looked us right in the eyes and said, "Boys, someday you are going to give us a lot of money." And like so many prophecies of old it too came to fruition. Tireless hours of work and six cashier's checks later, we were on our way straight to the top.

We hope this has been helpful to all you starry-eyed young readers with sizable trust funds. If you think you can change this magazine for the better, or want to help pay for the Squelch's jet skis, then you're well on your way to following in our solid gold footsteps.

-Woodrow Currie & Graham Riley  
Deputy Creative Editors

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And if you want to be a writer or something, that's cool too. You'll have to buy coffee for the designers, though.

# Charlie Sheen Was Right About Everything

By Bud McLellan, harboring Adonis DNA

In what can only be described as a surprising turn of events, actor and former drug addict Charlie Sheen was right about everything he declared in the past several weeks.

In response to what had previously been considered exaggerated claims, President Obama now appointed an emergency panel of biologists, engineers, chemists, and ethicists to assess the full implications of the newly discovered superbeing.

Defying what the entire medical community thought possible, Mr. Sheen's veins contain almost eighty percent tiger blood. Even more shocking is that after a lengthy inspection

done by NORAD, it was found that the intrepid actor is also an F-18 class fighter jet.

Many analysts are still trying to comprehend how this rocket-powered-saber wielding, bi-winning fighter jet with fire fists managed to star in one of the most popular sitcoms in recent memory without his incredible talent ever being noticed.

In a worrisome development, Sheen declared in a recent TMZ interview, "I AM DESTRUCTOR, LORD OF THE UNIVERSE! I SHALL DEVOUR ALL THAT STAND IN MY WAY," surely forecasting the inevitable dominion of the great and powerful Lord Sheen.

## New "Mouth-Handjob" Theorized

by Erik Krasner-Karpen, excited

A press release from the Vatican announced Monday that cardinals researching in the field of theoretical deviance have hypothesized the existence of a "mouth-handjob," a sexual act unlike any currently recognized by Vatican law.

"Imagine if you will a type of handjob performed, not with the hand, but with some other part of the human anatomy: to wit, the mouth," stated Cardinal Ludwig of the Vatican's Center for Sexual Studies. "As outlandish as it may seem to Catholic sensibilities, our rigorous contemplation of sexual activity has led us to believe such a thing may not only be possible, but currently practiced."

If these findings are vetted by further experimentation, it will be the most revolutionary discovery by Vatican sex scholars since "hand-intercourse" was first theorized by

Bishop Von Stropf in his seminal 1886 paper "*Das Handkoitus: Eine Unglaubliche Sexphenomenon*." Until more conclusive research has been conducted, the Church has warned its followers against trying to incorporate the act into normal sexual practice.

"We're in uncharted territory now," said Archbishop Anthony when asked for comment. "We are not yet sure if such an act is a sin and if so, how heinous it is. Until we are more certain, err on the side of mouth-handjob abstinence."

Preliminary studies have suggested that an orthodox way to engage in mouth-handjobs might exist. Cardinal Ludwig postulates that the act may be performed piously by immediately spitting the semen directly into the vagina. However, this hypothesis has yet to be peer-reviewed.

### In Other News

**Lieutenant Caught Masturbating on Duty Faces Dishonorable Discharge**  
Page A3

**Internet Crashes for 18 Hours, Bored Americans Revive Economy**  
Page C13

**Animal Rights Activists Finally Guarantee Dogs the Right to Vote**  
Page A7

**Small Penis is the New Big Penis, Says Girlfriend Begrudgingly**  
Page B8

# New Poll Reveals Californians Consider Themselves Next Step in Human Evolution

by Alan Carrillo, talking to fish

A recent poll conducted by the California Department of Mental Health shows many Californians believe that they represent the future of man-kind. In fact, more than 30 percent of those polled were surprised by their lack of superhuman powers such as flight and telekinesis.

“The reason we’re better than everybody else,” said Neil Everett, assistant manager of Chipotle Mexican Grill and native Californian, “is because, like, we’re more forward thinking than most states. We believe in equal rights and legalizing pot. We’re like the X-Men, loved and hated by the rest of humanity.”

Local experts agree that a combination of ethnic mixing, natural environment, and low levels of gamma radiation may be contributing to improvements within the California genome.

“I’m just excited to see what ability surfaces first,” said California Governor Jerry Brown, as he repeatedly flung his arms around in an attempt to levitate.

A similar California Department of Mental Health Poll questioned over 2,000 Americans living outside of California. Over 85% of those polled held the opinion that Californians can go fuck themselves.

## Lonely Scientists Make Advance in Artificial Intelligence

by Stephen Love World, does not compute

Excitement overtook Soda Hall this weekend when the Team for Practical Artificial Intelligence Systems announced that they were ready for the beta-testing stages of their new *Robotic Female College-Student Emulator*, or R.F.C.S.E. The team has been working diligently for over a year, and claim that their new model will revolutionize the social experiences of countless Engineering students by allowing them to speak to a girl for the first time.

The system is a fully functional robot built to appear exactly like a female freshman undergraduate from Southern California, except that it is specifically designed to target Engineering Students

for social interaction. Programmed with a state of the art learning algorithm, the built-in computer is designed to recognize and respond to behavioral features the team has identified as being characteristic of undergraduates in the Engineering and Computer Science departments. The team demonstrated some of these amazing features in 301 Soda when the robot successfully identified a sweaty, terrified male as the object of its affection.

In addition to these basic behavioral diagnostics, the *Robotic Female College-Student Emulator* has several features never before seen in an automaton of this type. R.F.C.S.E.’s Conversation Cessation Detectors (CCDs) allow the system to

completely take over the conversation if necessary, utilizing a storage-bank of commonly used phrases. Programmed statements include: “Ugh, I have to read like 30 pages!” “This party’s really lame, we should go somewhere else.” “Do you think they have any more Jungle Juice?” “Is Late-night still open?” and “I’m a Psychology Major!”

J.C. Scheem, one of the R.F.C.S.E.’s chief designers, took questions after the demonstration. When asked whether he thought engineering students would be able to tell the robots weren’t actually human females, Scheem responded: “No, I don’t even think it’s a possibility.”

## Local Man Wins Lottery, Nothing Goes Wrong

by Graham Riley, buying a stairway to Heaven

Last month, Berkeley resident Mark Halloway won the California Mega-Millions lottery jackpot of 47 million dollars. Sources have confirmed that, contrary to the popular aphorism, he is now happier than ever before.

“Everybody always says that money can’t buy you happiness,” said Mr. Halloway from his newly purchased pleasure-yacht, “but it turns out that the only people who say that are poor. See, the key is to buy lots of nice things that will fulfill you spiritually.”



Halloway claimed that he expected his euphoria to wear off at some point, yet his life only gets better and better with each passing day.

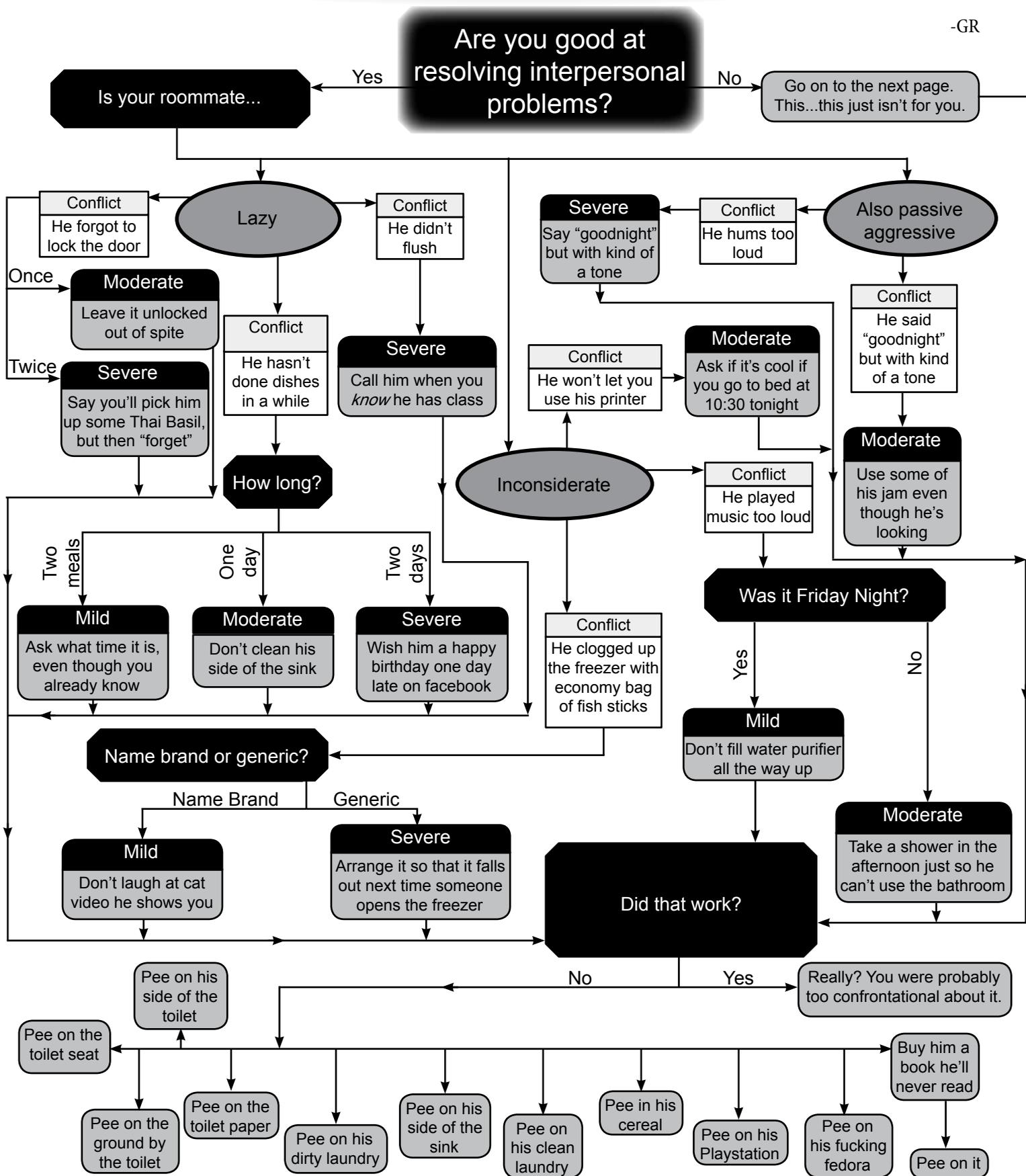
“Strangers keep laughing at my jokes and telling me what a great guy I am. It’s like getting all this money has made me a better person. People like me for who I am, now that I’m rich,” Halloway added.

After our interview, Mr. Halloway began work creating a non-profit organization to help raise awareness about the benefits of winning the lottery.

# The Passive Aggressive Roommate's Guide to Conflict Resolution

Living with a roommate can be hard, especially if you hate people. If you're afraid of confrontation, but relish the sweet justice of silent contempt, just follow this handy flowchart. You'll never have to speak directly to your roommate again!

-GR





No one at the Heuristic Squelch reads fan fiction. It is truly the lowest form of literature, derivative to its core and completely lacking in sufficient detail during the really good tentacle parts. However, while searching a reputable, non-fanfic site that's definitely not totallyhotfanfiction.com, we found this—a glorious artifact of the genre—and were compelled to print it.



User: R.Herschman  
Posted: 21:34  
21 Feb 2011

## “The Greatest Fanfic Ever!” by Randall Herschman

“Oh Captain Kirk,” said Captain Picard, kissing Kirk on the nape of the neck. “Why do those foolish fan boys argue over which one of us is better. Can't they see we're both super awesome?”

“I agree,” replied Kirk as he began to remove Picard's uniform. “They think that there can only be one great captain, but we are both great despite our individual weaknesses.”

It was just then that Robocop burst into the bedroom. The sight of the two captains locked in sweaty sex-passion stirred something deep inside of Robocop, but Robocop knew that there was no time for a man-man-Robocop mega-three-way because this was an emergency.

“Captains, this is an emergency!” said Robocop, ignoring the stirrings of his metallic loins. “Bad guys have captured Cindy from accounting!”

“Not Cindy!” cried Kirk reluctantly removing his head from Picard's quivering man-flesh. “Her tank tops always show the most cleavage of anyone in the office, and sometimes she doesn't wear a bra, which is awesome!” The two captains jumped out of their love puddle and followed Robocop to his space-helicopter that took them all the way to the bad-guy lair. When they got there, all of the bad guys were waiting for them. The bad guys all pointed their guns at our heroes.

“Stop right there,” said the bad guy. “You'll never save Cindy and her at-least-D-sized boobs.” Little did they know that by mentioning Cindy's boobies they were activating Robocop's most deadly ability because his cyber-horniness was now too much to control.

“Back away!” said Robocop unleashing his throbbing Roboner. “Or prepare to be eliminated!” The bad guys knew they had no chance against a laser-penis of such magnitude, so they ran away, letting the dynamic trio make it all the way to the back room where Cindy was being held by the evil Tom from Human Resources. They could see from the ground that she had a total lack of bra. Immediately the two captains sprang into action and started making out super hard and super sexfully to distract Tom so that Robocop could save Cindy. But that dickweed Tom and his stupid, perfect fucking abs were too clever for them and blasted them all with his de-sexing ray.

“Muahaha,” laughed Tom doucheily. “Your rugged manliness is your undoing, super-zeroes!”

“Damn that asshole Tom,” cried the captains. “If only we had a 35 year old virgin that still lives with his mother!”

It was just then that RANDALL HERSCHMAN burst through the roof in his nuclear powered space-motorcycle.

“Did somebody call for a virgin?” said Randall, not looking fat or sweaty in the least. “Because I was a c-section baby so I've literally never touched a vagina. EVER.”

“Noooo,” cried Tom looking like a total fuck, “the de-sexing ray doesn't work on anyone who has never known the touch of a woman.”

With that Randall walked right up to Tom's sickeningly handsome face and kicked him straight in the penis.

“I am defeated,” cried Tom, like a little wussy.

“That's right,” said Randall, “because I hate you Tom I hate you so fucking much. God I just... fuck you're such an asshole.”

After seeing Tom's humiliating defeat, Cindy realized that she didn't want to sleep with him or blow him in the coffee room (YEAH I SAW) anymore. Suddenly she realized how sexy an electronic payment systems analyst could be.

“I love you Randall,” said Cindy in a really, really hot way, slowly moving her boobs toward Randall in order to give him his reward hot-sex, “but, before we totally dirty bone in front of these science fiction icons, I have a confession to make. My real name isn't Cindy. My real name is actually...Sailor Venus. Sailor Moon and the rest of the team wanted to have an awesome 10-way with you...if that's okay.”

“Oh, I think that can be arranged,” winked Randall magnanimously.

With that Randall, Sailors Moon through Pluto, and the sci-fi friends-with-benefits all flew back to their Moon base, where they all orgasmed, and it felt great.

THE END?

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# The New Yorker Presents: Youtube Movie Critic

We at *The New Yorker* work tirelessly to embody the sophistication of the intelligentsia without compromising our position at the cutting edge of culture. It is with this in mind that we are proud to present our newest editorial department: Youtube Movie Reviews. Without further ado, we give you reviewer Arthur Gladwell's brief but introspective interrogation of Youtube's most recent releases of note.

## *Japanese Cat Many Too Funny Costumes*

The newest offering by acclaimed Tokyo-based director Fun\_Cat\_Lover, *Japanese Cat Many Too Funny Costumes* is a character study that speaks volumes in its restraint. To say that this masterpiece of foreign cinema is a transformative experience is no hyperbole: in the movie's short span of two minutes and forty seconds, I found myself borne away by the title character's penetrating sadness as he is forced to wear a volley of wretched, miniature costumes. Boldly shot in only a single take, the camera never wavers from Cat's face and Cat steadily returns its gaze. Fun\_Cat\_Lover pointedly cast a non-actor as his leading cat and the choice pays off, with Cat's everyman pathos reverberating through the fourth wall. *Japanese Cat* is steeped in Japan's longstanding tradition of *cinéma vérité*, likely rendering it unmarketable in the United States. However, this might be the film's saving grace—it will never have to suffer a Hollywood remake that entirely misses the mark on the quiet horror of Japanese Cat's metamorphosis from a cat into a cat in an apple costume.



## *Six-Year-Old Girl Explains Love*

These days it's hard to find someone who's not singing the praises of Youtube blockbuster *Six-Year-Old Girl Explains Love*. Indeed, after industry insiders began to hype this film as the break-out hit of February 2011, my interest was piqued. Certainly with 87,596 views and pages upon pages of fanfare, one might have expected *Six-Year-Old Girl Explains Love* to contain a smattering of insight on romantic relationships in our post-modern 21st century. What the viewer finds, however, is nothing of the sort. Bourgeoise tyke Haylie Henderson spends the majority of the film mugging tired aphorisms at the screen in a baby-talk dialect she has clearly outgrown. The rest is a medley of "um's," "uh's," and vacuous hair-twirling as she is coached by her crew on the the lines she has clearly not taken the time to learn. This is the state of film today? Throw another blond-haired, blue-eyed actress on stage to appease the plebs, no matter how derivative her performance is of every other Hollywood pre-tween show pony? I hoped for more from Youtube veteran HayliesMom, but in the end what can one expect from an indie outfit that went mainstream.



## *My Cool Yo-Yo Trick*

Going into *My Cool Yo-Yo Trick*, I wasn't quite sure what to expect. The film has been receiving buzz for it's larger than life yo-yo stunts, but would they overshadow the short's sub-plot which invites the viewer into the day-to-day life of a young man compelled by his profound Asperger Syndrome to show off yo-yo tricks? Ultimately, I found that as much as big budget yo-yos may impress, they have nothing on the lovable foibles of *My Cool Yo-Yo Trick's* aspie darling, Derrick Fitzgibbon. Despite living with this autism spectrum disorder, Fitzgibbon bravely takes to the internet time and again to share his amazingly precise "walking the dog" technique and his inability to read social cues. *My Cool Yo-Yo Trick* is the third installment of Fitzgibbon's heartwarming documentary trilogy, *Look at These 139 Tricks I Can Do*. I would recommend this film to my many colleagues who are both yo-yo aficionados and high-functioning autistics.



# It's Probably Your Fault

A Coloring Book for Children Coping with Divorce



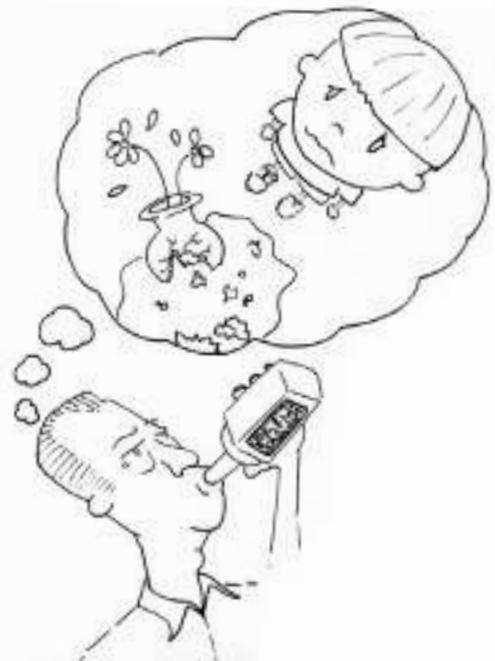
A long time ago, before you were born, Mom and Dad were happy. Can you find anything to color in this picture that makes people sad? No, because you weren't alive yet.

~ 1 ~



Sometimes, when a Mom and Dad have a child, it makes their marriage more fun. Other times, a child like you comes along and takes the fun out of everything. Color in the child that you'll never be.

~ 2 ~



When you were two, you broke a vase. A good person wouldn't break things. Mom and Dad really liked the vase, and no one was ever happy again. Color in Dad's disappointment.

~ 3 ~

Mom and Dad fight all the time, but they say they still love each other. Color in the only person they could actually be mad at.



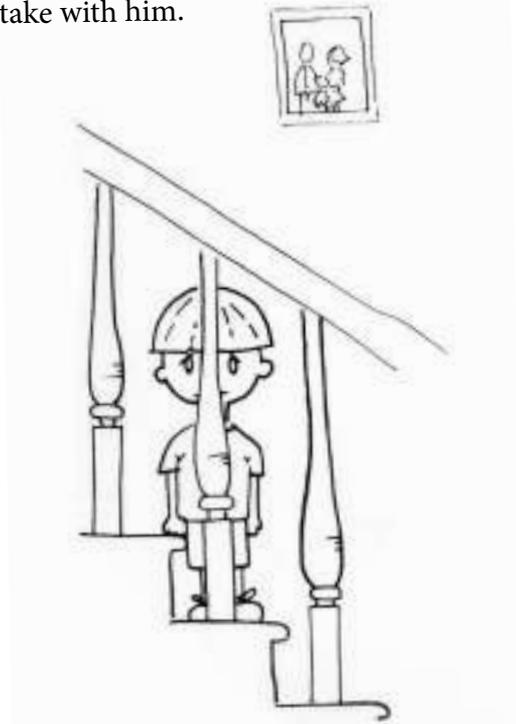
~ 4 ~



Dad forgot to pick you up from school again. Do you think he'd forget to pick you up if you were more popular? Color in the unlucky custodian who had to wait with you until 4:30.

~ 5 ~

Last month, Dad moved out. They told you it wasn't your fault, which is exactly what they said about the vase. Color in the picture of you that Dad didn't take with him.



~ 6 ~



Mom is very happy with her new boyfriend now. It's probably because you aren't around on the weekends. Color in the fun they have when you're with Dad.

~ 7 ~



You're not *really* a senior until you've been to the Senior Gift Campaign's Countdown to Commencement! There will be free churros, free class of 2011 keychains, and free raffle tickets for some awesome prizes! Plus, you'll get information about graduating that every senior should know. Did we mention free churros?

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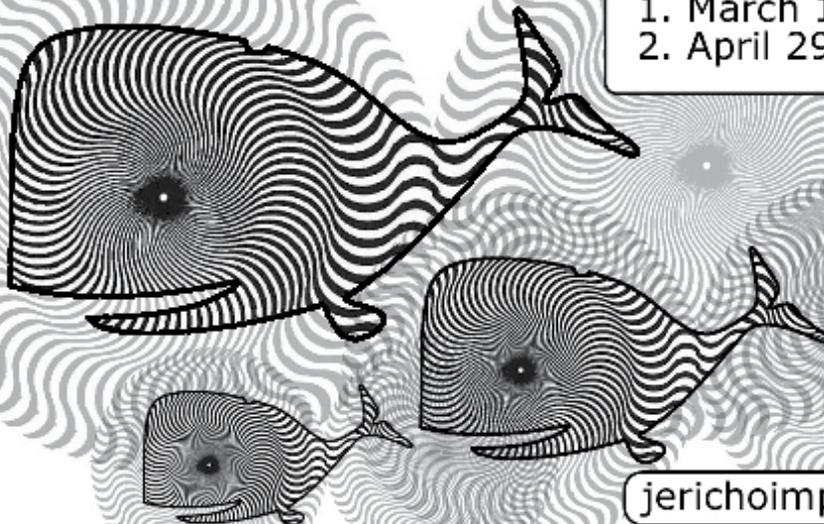
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from the Office of Glorious Tourism, North Korea

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## Upon Your Arrival

The first thing that you will do upon arrival in our exalted nation is meet your travel guide. He will be like your new best friend—only better, because none of your regular friends would even think to send you to a cultural reeducation facility after you mistakenly question Supreme Leader Kim Jong-Il's daring fashion sense.



## During Your Stay

As as you travel around the country, it is imperative that you only look at specific, guide-designated areas. Turning your neck suddenly towards unapproved sights may result in the state-sanctioned shooting of your entire tour group. And remember, if you should happen to catch a glimpse of some “poverty” in the streets, know this: the citizens of North Korea are happy to shun extravagances such as shoes, roofs, and nutrition for the privilege of holding daily parades in honor of our glorious and charismatic leader. If a local approaches you begging for help, don't be fooled.

This is a kind of national joke in North Korea and is actually quite funny.



## Can't Miss Destinations

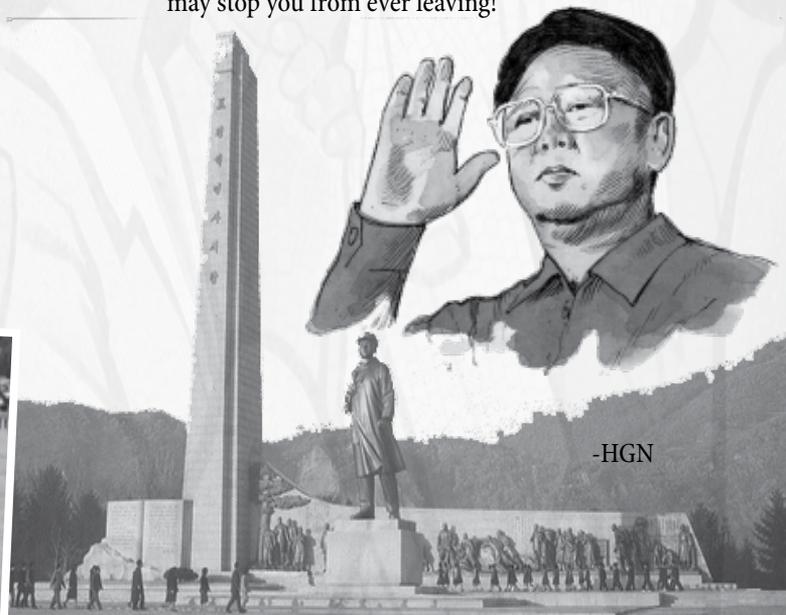
While in North Korea, be sure to see:

- The grand statue of Kim Il-Sung at the airport
- The grand statue of Kim Il-Sung in front of your hotel
- The grand statue of Kim Il-Sung at the parade grounds
- NOTHING ELSE.

## At the End of Your Vacation

Before you leave North Korea, be sure to stock up on all the great souvenirs offered at the stores gathered around the airport's international terminal. All stores accept payments in cash, traveler's checks, or food. *Especially* food. When packing your belongings, be sure not to include any uncensored photography or political dissidents that may wish to stow away in your luggage.

Come visit majestic North Korea. Just be careful: once you visit, your “heart” (a traditional North Korean term for secret police) may stop you from ever leaving!



# ★ ESPN'S ★ SHOUT CENTER

**Dick Ferguson:** Hey there sports fans, welcome to ESPN's *Shout Center*!

**Bill Winters:** Get ready shout jockeys, we're about to take you through our new segment the "Once Over," where we condense HOURS and HOURS of sports into about THREE MINUTES of shouting. You might think that wouldn't leave us with anything to do for the rest of the show, but we've got enough exciting metaphors to fill this whole friggin' network. So gird your loins and light that stick of dynamite cuz you're about to get your head blown off.

**Dick Ferguson:** We start off today with the newly crowned king of sports and the sport of kings, FOOTBALL. This past weekend's EPIC BATTLE between the Patriots and the Niners showed us all that Tom Brady still has the blood of a football PRINCE. He's in the red zone, it's third and goal, Brady runs the option, fakes the hand off aaaaaaand...HE IS THE KING. HE HAS SLAIN THE QUEEN MOTHER AND TAKEN THE BLOODY CROWN.

**Bill Winters:** That's right, the Patriots have dethroned the Niners's defense, the touchdown is made and BOOM goes the dynamite.

**Dick Ferguson:** They're really going to have a hard time explaining that one to her beloved subjects, aren't they Bill?

**Bill Winters:** Absolutely, Dick. Moving onto the world of BASEBALL where we're in the 6th inning of a no-score game, but that doesn't mean we can't make this EXCITING AS HELL. Pujols is playing first right now, and man is he really standing over that base tonight, Dick. I believe he's even shifted his weight a couple of times.

**Dick Ferguson:** Much like the Greek myth of Pygmalion, that statue is just waiting to spring to life inspiring the undying devotion of all that look upon his divine figure. All the Sox have to do is get a grounder, of course.

**Bill Winters:** Affirmative, Dick. I love watching a man stand on a base almost as much as I love yelling. BOOM! METAPHOR!

**Dick Ferguson:** You forgot the actual metaphor that time, Bill. Wait a minute. You know what time it is? GOLF TIME.

**Bill Winters:** Tick tick tick tick tick BOOM! Golf time. Let's go to that live action feed.

**Dick Ferguson:** We're at the Pebble Beach Open. There's a lot on the line here tonight. Tiger Woods drives and—

**Bill Winters:** GET IN THE HOLE, GOLF BALL! GET IN THE HOOOLE!

**Dick Ferguson:** That was great. What's next?

**Bill Winters:** Lakers made basketball history last night when Kobe, boom, was the fourth player ever, boom, to sink four threes, boom boom, in the last ten minutes of the second quarter, BOOM, to take the first lead of the night, badabadabadaBOOM, in the third game in November after just coming back from the road against a team that had just won three in a row, badabing, badaKABOOM.

**Dick Ferguson:** I'm sorry, what did you just say?

**Bill Winters:** ...BOOM!

**Dick Ferguson:** Couldn't agree with you more, Bill. All right, that's it for the "Once Over." Call in during the break with the most nonsensical sports metaphor you can think of and you can win a lifetime's supply of cough drops and Bud Lite, so you never have to stop yelling.

**Bill Winters:** Join us after the break for more boom.

# What if High School Were More Like Anime?

## Transferring Schools

**Counselor:** So you want to transfer to our school, Miss Hoshi?

**Yuki:** I know what you're thinking. Why would anyone ever want to transfer from Magical Tokyo High to a dump like this?

**Counselor:** I assume it's to steal your best friend and/or rival's boyfriend because of your deep-seated inferiority complex based on your father's inability to show affection towards you.

**Yuki:** [*shameful silence*]

**Counselor:** Don't worry, we get your type every couple of seasons.

## High School Crushes

**Yuki:** Hey, what's the matter? You've seemed down lately.

**Honda:** Oh, it's just this crush.

**Yuki:** *Ooooh*, you have a crush?

**Honda:** No. It's this girl, she has a crush on me. She keeps following me around. I keep catching her just staring at me with these huge, lifeless eyes...

**Yuki:** Creepy. Is that her hiding behind those bushes over there?

**Honda:** Yeah.

**Yuki:** Is she... carving your name onto her arm right now?

**Honda:** Not again. God, I hope this one doesn't have magical powers.

## Going to the Nurse's Office

**Nurse Stacy:** Hello, Yuki. I'm glad you stopped by. We're all a little worried about your health.

**Yuki:** Why, ma'am?

**Nurse Stacy:** To put it bluntly, your breasts are preposterously disproportionate for a girl of your height and weight. By all accounts, your spine should have snapped three times over.

**Yuki:** My breasts aren't that big!

**Nurse Stacy:** Please don't get upset. I have some literature here regarding your condition. I would be happy to go over it with you and your parents.

**Yuki:** You just want to talk about my breasts! Pervert sensei.

**Nurse Stacy:** Yuki, I—

**Yuki:** Don't think I can't see that scheme-revealing thought bubble above your head!

## Senior Prank

**Principal:** Do you know why I called you in here today, young man?

**Honda:** *Pfff*, I don't know.

**Principal:** Possession of feudal weapons, destruction of the football field, the disappearance of half the student body— Hey, pay attention to me!

**Honda:** Whatever, you're not my dad.

**Principal:** This is no harmless prank! Mrs. Brown still can't find her daughter!

**Honda:** [*apathetically raises middle finger*]

**Principal:** That's it! You're suspended! For *three* days!

**Honda:** I don't need this! I'm outta here. I already got accepted to giant robot driving college.

## Prom

**Honda:** Wow, you look amazing.

**Yuki:** Thank you... Um, who are they? [*points to a gaggle of young women*]

**Honda:** Come on, the limo is waiting.

**Yuki:** How old is that girl? She looks like she's ten! And... a cat.

**Honda:** Hurry up already, we're running late.

**Yuki:** Wait! Is that our school nurse?

**Nurse Stacy:** You look great, Yuki!

**Honda:** Yeah, I just, you know, they all sort of asked me to be their prom date, and I didn't know how to say no.

**Nurse Stacy:** Yuki-sama! The limo's pretty cramped, but you can sit on my lap!

**Cat-girl:** Honda! Hurry! All of our breasts are jiggling, and we can't stop them without your help!

**Yuki:** I knew I should've gone with that guy from my Broken English Class.

-AC



## Top Ten Politically Correct Movies

10. The Good, the Bad, and the One with a Great Personality
9. African American Swan
8. One Flew Over the Mental Health Facility
7. President of the Rings
6. The PTSD Locker
5. Boys Are Socialized Not to Cry
4. Consenting Adult Relationships in the City
3. No Country for the Elderly
2. Star Conflicts
1. Resident of Developing Country Millionaire

## Top Ten Underutilized Prom Themes

10. An Evening in Paris, TX
9. Chaperones Under the Sea
8. Carrie
7. White Ties and Unwanted Pregnancies
6. PTA Casino and Fundraiser
5. The Realization That This *Will* be the Best Night of Your Life
4. Enchanted Breathalyzer Checkpoint
3. Dirty Dancing: STI Awareness
2. A Night You Intended to Remember
1. Streamers in the Gym

## Top Ten Reasons that a Wooden Peg Leg is the Ultimate Hipster Accessory

10. It's vintage
9. You could carve cats and shit into it
8. Nautical is the new whimsical
7. You can DIY install it at the bike co-op
6. Easier to fit into skinny jeans
5. The guy from Wolf Parade has one
4. It's an excuse to go thrifting for wooden chairs
3. Hollow it out to smuggle PBR into All Ages Venues
2. You can start a tumblr about it
1. The ability to walk is so cliché

# **So You Want to Change the World:**

## **A Public Improvement Pamphlet for Students from the U.S. Department of the Status Quo**

We in government have worked very hard to establish what is known as “the status quo.” The status quo is powerful, effective, and efficient. It’s what made this country as great as it is. Now, going to a university, you’re going to hear a lot of big talk from some socialist agitators, or “professors” as you call them, about how the status quo doesn’t work, how it’s somehow flawed. They think that it needs to be changed. But just how would you go about doing that? Let’s take a look at the ways in which YOU might try to change the world.

### **Large Non-Governmental Organizations (e.g. PETA, Greenpeace)**

Joining a large activist organization is an ideal way to work towards your goals when you’re not dedicated enough to consider operating outside the law. Since you’ll probably never have enough money or sway to start such an organization on your own, your best bet is to join one started by someone richer and better than you. As a member, you will feel morally uplifted by spending the majority of your time bothering uninterested shoppers for donations and reading literature on how much better of a person you are for joining. You can watch from inside as your organization works tirelessly to become the basis for endless media parodies while you successfully prove the merit of your values to people that already agreed with you. Though you may not ever be personally involved in the actual “results” of the organization’s work, you’ll love producing exploitative ads and accepting corporate funding while you slowly alienate every grassroots organization that made your movement important in the first place.

### **Small Radical Group (e.g. Animal Liberation Front)**

So the impotent, ego-stroking world of NGO’s has left a bad taste in your mouth and you want to make a “real difference.” Well then, you might think the next route is to try operating outside of the general legal spectrum. In the world of radicalism, your righteous indignation will take the subversive form of organizing vegan potlucks and socialist book clubs. In the cafés and suburban living rooms of your fellow supporters, you will successfully discuss the imminent revolution with a political minority group that has no real grasp on general public desire. Watch as your small group grows into something with enough manpower to subvert the established norm. Then watch as we subtly infiltrate your group, spread false information about your motivations, jail your followers, and ultimately counteract any positive change you made—we’ve done it before.

### **Working Within the System**

After you’ve realized that most legal activist groups are ultimately ignored and that the primary result of illegal activism is serious jail time, you may think the best answer is to change the system from within. Well if you have a colossal amount of time, money, and social status, then welcome to the world of politics! You can choose between running for office backed by a party that is either slightly right or slightly left of center. Not that it matters—once elected, any bill you truly believe in will be mercilessly set upon until all that is left is a weak, impotent version of its former self which still has only a marginal chance of being passed. Besides that, you’ll spend the rest of your time tirelessly bogged down in the mire of federal bureaucracy and bipartisan struggling. Congratulations! Your work accomplishes nothing.

By now it should seem obvious that the status quo is going nowhere. If you still feel the need to make a difference, then we encourage you to vote! Not that voting actually makes a difference. This government has remained essentially unchanged for over 200 years. Do you honestly think you’re the first person to try and change it? Better men than you have tried and failed.

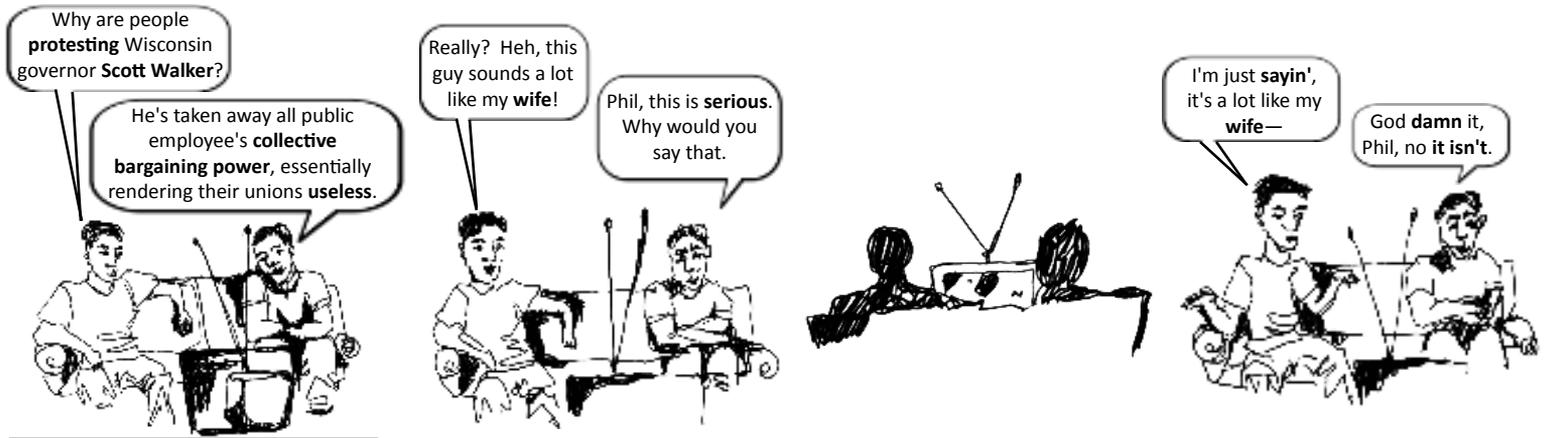
Printed by the U.S. Department of the Status Quo.  
*Teaching you to accept the best you’ll ever get.*

**THE DEARTH OF IRONY DEPT.**

Good grief, readers! It seems like everything in the news nowadays is about some disaffected group of schmucks or oppressed schmendricks wresting power from a deeply entrenched and abusive schotalitarian regime! How can anybody keep it all straight? Well, don't worry too hard, our artists are here to condense these extremely complex and important events into easy to digest, reductive punchlines!

# The Lighter Side of Global Civil Unrest and Upheaval

-DH



# The Squelch Sells Out (And Fails)

We at the Heuristic Squelch put a lot of work into this magazine, and we figured it was about time we got something back. Unfortunately, corporate America didn't agree. The following are 100% real rejection letters from our attempts to get free shit from sponsors.



Dear The Heuristic Squelch:

The first time you contacted us regarding the possibility of sponsoring your magazine, we seriously considered taking your offer. The promise that your publication reaches our target demographics of “nerds, frat boys, and weird old people trying to look cool” was, in fact, very tempting. However, we were forced to respectfully decline after the content of your magazine came to our attention. Namely, that you had on numerous occasions ridiculed Red Bull and the consumption of Red Bull.

It was to our great dismay then that, despite our effort to end communications politely, you sent us a second, obscene letter asking us to reconsider our decision. In it, you claimed that you “drink so much Red Bull that you sweat, piss, and bleed Red Bull.” This is not only disgusting, it is scientifically impossible. Furthermore, our product testing department assures us that slight discoloration of bodily fluids after drinking Red Bull is a normal byproduct of optimally increased energy levels. The inclusion of a lock of your hair “as a sign of your devotion” was also unnecessary and unsanitary.

Although we endured these initial correspondences, it was your third letter that has prompted us to take action against you. Your hostile claim that you are entitled to legal compensation because you are suffering from “Red Bull blindness” and “hallucinatory wing-growth” cannot and will not be tolerated. Your statements are libelous and most likely false. Additionally, your threat to “go public” with the knowledge that Red Bull contains synthetic bull semen is humorous given that this information is already readily available on our website at [www.redbull.com](http://www.redbull.com). This is your official cease and desist notification. Should you continue to contact us, you will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Sincerely,  
Theodore Jones  
Red Bull  
Legal Department



Hello Heuristic Squelch,

You and your staff are very valued customers. Each of you, you always finish your calzone. Sometimes you even get two. For this reason, we are very excited by your offer. But, we are also confused by the details. It seems that you want us to cater an event for you. But this event is everyday in the Squelch office at 4:20? Also, there is the matter of payment. You seem to think we cater for free. This is not the case. Standard payment for catering is \$10 per person. But for you, our friends, it will be \$9.75 per person.

Thank you for your business,  
Gypsy's Trattoria Italiano

☆ Attn: The Heuristic Squelch Inbox | X  
Re: Apple Sponsorship and Free Computers

-----  
We would be happy to provide you with the three new Apple iMacs you requested. *If it were opposite day.* Ha. Hahaha. HAHAHAHAAAA.

Best,  
Rick Marsden  
Apple  
Public Relations Department

After the death of beloved children's author A. A. Milne, a "lost" Winnie-the-Pooh story was discovered among the writer's notebooks. Never published due to its mature themes, Pooh's last adventure in the Hundred Acre Wood reflects the cynicism and depression that troubled Milne in his later years. Published in its entirety for the first time here, the Heuristic Squelch is proud to present...

# THE NEW ADVENTURES OF WINNIE-THE-POOH

## In Which

*We Are Introduced to Pooh's Peculiar Problem, and We All Must Say Goodbye Forever*

**S**ince last we visited Winnie-the-Pooh, or, Pooh for short, dark times had fallen on the Hundred Acre Wood. And as Pooh was a bear of very little brains, he was most affected of all.



Oh, bother. Bother, bother, bother. Empty again.

1

While Pooh's hunger for honey went up and up and up, the number of places to find any honey at all went down and down and down. Until at last Pooh found a new kind of honey.

Ah, here it is. Just enough to stop the rumble in my tummy. The terrible rumbles.



And it was the only thing that made him happy.

2

But still there was never enough. And so, Pooh went to visit Christopher Robin who, now that he was a bit older, lived in his very own abandoned house.

Excuse me, Christopher Robin. Perhaps, if it's not too much trouble, could I borrow some honey? Oh, just a taste. Just a small lick, I should think.



Silly old bear. You know it costs.

3

Penniless, Pooh searched up and down the Hundred Acre Wood for more honey. He asked all of his friends for help, but no one could give him what he really wanted, probably because they were all conspiring to keep Pooh unhappy.



4

Surely a television would fetch at least a jar of honey. But just then, Pooh came across his old friend Piglet.

P-p-p-p-p-pooh Bear! Is that my television? W-w-w-w-w-what are you going to do with it?

Oh hello, Piglet. I was just going to sell your television for a bit of honey. I'd do anything for a bit of honey.

W-w-w-w-w-what's the matter with you!



6



With nowhere else to turn, Pooh did the only thing a Pooh bear could do, and stole a television.

5



Think, Piglet! THINK, THINK, THINK. There is NO GOD. What is wrong WITH ME? A deep and ANWFUL void, left by the fleeting joys of childhood, which can only now be filled with honey, alcohol, and cheap Poohners.

7

# THE END

# VICTORIAN'S SECRET



Our intimate  
apparel leaves  
only 80% to the  
imagination!

THIS SEASON'S  
SEXIEST BRAS  
*to never think about*  
EVER

Love your body?

*Of course not*

Hide your vulgar figure with our  
new line of Head-to-Toe Corsets

The sun never sets on our  
new Imperial Panty™ line

*Available in White, Queen's White, Ivory,  
Lily White, and Whoremonger Red.*

VICTORIAN'S SECRET FOR MEN:  
**THE WHITE MAN'S GIRDLE**

*For the heavy weight they must carry*

Introducing:

The Twelve-Piece Bikini

*Because our Lord and Savior  
doesn't stop judging you underwater*

*All products assembled by the  
most skilled child laborers*