



the **heuristic** **squelch**

Nov 2011

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squelched.com

THE
COMEDY
ISSUE!

Coming Soon...



The Tragedy Issue



the *heuristic* squelch

KNOCKING 'EM DEAD SINCE 1991

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(taking my wife, please)

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SPECIAL THANKS TO STONEY BURKE

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(shooting an elephant in his pajamas)

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(being Jewish)

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Questions, comments, suggestions?

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What to Expect

Bad news first: due to budget constraints, this is our last issue of the semester. Next semester we're back to our regularly scheduled three issues. I'd like to think there's someplace we could have trimmed the fat. But the office masseur has been great for productivity, the soft-serve machine has seen a surprising amount of use, and we've made it to the playoffs in the intramural iPad Frisbee league, so we can't very well stop buying iPads.

However! We're going to keep working around the clock to make Berkeley the funniest place it can be. We want to give you the Squelch comedy experience faster and more reliably than our print cycle allows. So we're launching a new blog with Squelch-style comedy pieces, as well as funny movie reviews and other non-fiction. And since the online platform frees us from just words and pictures, we're going to apply our hard-earned YouTube-watching skills and shoot some YouTube videos of our very own! We're looking for actors, writers, and people with cameras to help us produce Squelch-quality comedy videos.

We're also bringing back a Squelch tradition we've been missing for a couple years: the squelchLIVE comedy show. We're working with our favorite local comics to deliver the laughs directly to the customer. Check the ad below for information about the show. It's the Saturday night right before RRR week, the perfect time for one last chuckle before finals cramming. It's gonna be funnier than a Daily Cal staffer trying to throw an iPad!

So I hope you're not too disappointed that you have to wait until January for the next Squelch. Like an iPad flung with grace and precision toward a spray-paint bullseye on the side of Barrows, the Heuristic Squelch is headed for something awesome.

For more information on any of the above, friend us at facebook.com/squelched or shoot us an email at feedback@squelched.com.

Yours,
Erik Krasner-Karpen
Editor-in-chief

Words from the top

Save the date for the

squelchLIVE

Comedy Show!

headliner

SEAN KEANE

The Business - SF Sketchfest

featuring

DAVE THOMASON

NPR - Punchline SF

with

RICH DREYLING

Punchline SF

DASH KWIATKOWSKI

Owner of the 4th Wall

KEITH WARTER

Purple Onion - Ivy Room

Dec 3

102 Wurster Hall - \$5 Admission

RSVP online at bit.ly/squelchcomedyshow

An ADA Accessible Event.

Oakland Police Parade Ruined By Protesters

by Eric Wittkopf, a laugh riot

A peaceful parade by the Oakland Police Department was interrupted on Oct 25th, by a crowd of parade-crashers who assaulted the marchers with paint, bottles and leftist slogans. The annual parade, put on to celebrate the police department's commitment to racial equality and judicial fairness, had a record turnout, as officers and agents from over fifteen law enforcement agencies came to show their support.

"We tried to negotiate with them," said police spokesman Frank Richmond. "But they had no clear demands. They were a danger to themselves and others."

Fortunately, no one was hurt, as the officers were wearing their full parade dress, which not only included riot helmets, armor, and shields, but also a diverse array of lethal and debilitating weaponry.

"We think about the diversity of our equipment like we do about the diversity of our people," said Richmond. "Each one is different, yet especially good at something."

After a brief episode of limited crowd control, the protesters fled back to the steppe, many wounded by the firecrackers they had thrown at themselves.

Nonetheless, Oakland citizens and officers alike were outraged by the episode of violence. As the city mourned the violence done to the officers, residents took solace in the inspiring words of Mayor Jean Quan's speech writers, who wrote, "When there's violence, there are no winners - it polarizes us and opens old wounds."

Republican Race Heats Up

by Evan Reed, republican't

Facing internal conflicts within the party and an intensifying campaign from President Obama, Republican Presidential candidates are struggling to differentiate themselves from the rest of the 2012 field. With no clear leader emerging, the candidates have expended an enormous amount of effort and money trying to out-Republican each other.

Former pizza merchant Herman Cain hopes to sell the country on his "9-9-9 Plan", whose peppy name makes it sound like a sweet deal on pizza. The plan would simplify the tax code by closing loopholes and instituting a national flat income tax.

"My plan will get rid of tax loopholes by just lowering rich people's taxes to what they were paying anyway," said Cain on *Meet the Press*. "You're welcome, middle class."

While the plan would increase taxes on 84% of households, Cain has performed surprisingly well in polls, particularly among hungry Americans who hope "9-9-9" might actually get them pizza.

Meanwhile, Michelle Bachmann's strategy of opposing everything Obama does backfired when the president cunningly

endorsed Bachmann's campaign.

"If I am elected president," a confused Bachmann announced last Sunday, "I promise to do everything in my power to get myself impeached!"

Mitt Romney has been leading most polls of likely Republican voters due to the extreme moderateness of his positions and his unwillingness to announce them definitively. As of now, his position on healthcare seems to involve reversing Obamacare and then reinstating it under the name "Romneycare".

"I know what the American public really wants," said Romney at a press conference. "A health care plan that insures every citizen, but not one that was instituted by a Democrat. That would make us communist."

The aging Newt Gingrich's strategy seems to center around his loneliness and desire for attention. Though he has not tried very hard to advance in the polls, Gingrich seems glad enough to be mentioned in them.

"My fellow citizens, listen to me," declared Gingrich at a campaign stop in Indiana, "Please listen to me."

In Other News8

Drone Strike Backed by Drone Union
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Israel Just Getting In On This Whole "Occupy" Thing
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A series of earthquakesahsf;
oshfzxioyuz[ov
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Man In Next Stall Clearly Masturbating
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Study Finds Machete Wounds Harmful To Health

by Matthew Iannone, hacking up a lung

A recent multimillion dollar study conducted by Stanford scientists suggests that having a metal blade tear through your body may be detrimental to your overall health. The study, which was conducted with state-of-the-art vanadium machetes, will appear in the November issue of the New England Journal of Lacerative Trauma.

"We haven't finished all of our analysis yet," noted project director Felipe Santiago. "But preliminary results show that being viciously hacked at with a machete has a likelihood of causing pain, bleeding, organ failure, and even death."

This groundbreaking, bonebreaking study has been hailed by many as an essential step forward toward understanding how the human body deals with stressful circumstances.

The study consisted of 300 volunteers being struck in the arms, legs, head, torso, or neck with a machete. There was also a control

group of 200 people who were struck with a plastic toy sword. All subjects received \$400 of compensation for their participation.

"After every test, we would survey participants asking what their emotional status was," explained researcher Mark Jacobson. "We observed a strong negative correlation ($r \approx -.97$) between whether or not participants were stabbed, bludgeoned, torn apart, or otherwise gored with a metal blade and level of happiness expressed."

"However, many people were unresponsive upon questioning, which may introduce statistical bias that we will have to correct for," added Jacobson.

Despite these possible shortcomings, Santiago was optimistic. "Hopefully, these findings will encourage people to make smart choices about their lifestyle, and not engage in activities that may be harmful to their health or the health of others."

Unit 3 Resident Discovered To Be Shetland Pony

by Amy Detrich, hung like a horse

Controversy erupted in Beverly Cleary Hall last week, after a maintenance crew discovered that one of its residents was in fact, a miniature Shetland pony. The pony and owner Aidan Garcia shared a triple with another roommate, who reportedly did not notice because he was always out at pledge events.

"I just didn't want to leave Mr. Snowflake at home," explained Garcia. "I didn't think it would be a problem. When people came over I just piled laundry on him, and nobody noticed. I even brought him to class a couple times and no one seemed to care."

One of Garcia's lecture professors, who wished to remain anonymous, confirmed that the pony had attended his class.

"I just thought he was another kid trying to be ironic by wearing

a horse mask with a fake mustache and a trucker hat," said the professor. "Like all these hipsters, he just kept neigh-saying everything."

Garcia brought his request to keep Mr. Snowflake to the dean of the school, but was ultimately denied.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Snowflake has no income, and there are no longer any scholarships or student loans available for ponies," an aide to the dean said. "Because of his inability to pay tuition, Mr. Snowflake is being given to Cal dining services."

Garcia's other roommate was unavailable for comment, as he was busy shoveling two month's worth of horse manure from his closet.

Game Of Gay Chicken Enters Fourth Year

by Woodrow Currie, not gay, just loves the way dick tastes

A game of gay chicken started between Delta Chi members Scott Bronson and Chett Mitchels has continued for over three years without any bitchings out.

The contest first started at an average Delta Chi kegger held in 2007. According to eye-witness accounts, it all started at around 1:30 AM Pacific, when the two bros began to lean in for a kiss, as is standard in gay chicken. However, neither Bronson nor Mitchels was ready to be outdone, and, for the first time in gay chicken history, they began to kiss passionately. Though the possibility of a tie was suggested, neither competitor would accept such an outcome, and the two were reported to disappear to Bronson's room for the remainder of the party.

The next morning, Mitchels was seen cooking breakfast for Bronson saying, "What Bro? You want some of these eggs or you gonna puss out? You a pussy or what?" From that point, the two could often be seen walking around campus with their hands in each others back pockets, sharing malts at the local soda bar, and making kissy faces in section; each silently challenging the other

to freak out and break up.

After two years, Bronson took things to the next level by proposing to Mitchels. Spectators described the scene as beautiful, touching, and oh my God they're fucking doing it. After a romantic, candle-lit dinner Bronson got down on one knee, looked Mitchels right in the eyes, and said, "You wanna marry me? Or is you a bitch? Yeah, you're totally going to freak out you fucking homo." Mitchels immediately accepted, saying, "Psshhh yeah I'll marry you, now how you gonna act, queeremo?"

The ceremony was a beach wedding held in late summer, with DX brothers serving as groomsmen and betting on whether they'd fucking go through with it. Both Bronson and Mitchels chose to recite self-written vows, both of which ended with "no homo." The two have been living together in a tastefully-decorated Vermont townhouse in the six months since.

As of press time, sources indicate both have the fuckin' nards to consider adoption.

The Berkeley College Republicans

present Black History Month

We've been accused of racial insensitivity after a certain event we hosted. Nonsense! We may have made people of some races uncomfortable, and we may not have apologized, but the *true* racist is the person who accuses someone of being a racist just for offending him because of his race. Anyway, to show how not racist we are, we'll be hosting our very own Black History Month events! Here's our preliminary schedule.

What's Best For You

A discussion in which we explain to black people why their problems are their own fault and how they can improve their lives. Hint: it involves rational self-interest!

Black Conservative Awareness Day

We memorialize our favorite African-American heroes, from Condoleezza Rice to Herman Cain to Clarence Thomas. And you know, Martin Luther King was actually a Republican. Seriously. Don't look it up.

Why Can't There Be a *White* Fraternity, *Hmmm?*

A Hilarious Satirical Roundtable

Guest Spotlight: My Black Friend

Well, he sits next to me in section. I think of him as a friend. And he's a conservative! Well, he claims to be a liberal. But I think of him as a conservative who just doesn't know it yet. Anyway, I told him to talk for two hours.

I Didn't Do It

A panel discussion in which each member of the BCR explains in detail why he or she is not directly, personally responsible for slavery. You should feel much better afterward!

Empathy Circle

Our speaker explains how being ¼ Irish taught him exactly what it means to be a minority.

Why Isn't There A *White* History Month, *Hmmm?*

A Hilarious Satirical Roundtable.

Words That Sound Like The N-Word But Aren't

What? Why can't we say it? It just means "miserly"! I thought this was a post-racial society! What's wrong with purposely pretending to say an offensive word? Let's be mature here.

Racial Violence In America

Thankfully, racism is over, so this will be a short lecture.

Why Can't You Just Listen To Intelligent Hip Hop?

You know, instead of the scary kind that uses words we don't understand? I mean, it's not racist of us to hate the music you enjoy or the way you talk to your friends. Or the way you dress or the way you walk. Just work with us!

Why Don't We Get Affirmative Action, *Hmmm?*

A Hilarious Satirical Roundtable.

Semantics Week

We round out Black History Month by looking at various dictionary definitions of "racism" and explain how nothing we say or do qualifies.

See? We're pretty much the least racist club on campus! Now we don't have to listen when you accuse us of it.

EK



by Stephen Love World

Day 1 - Good news! I've just received word that they've accepted my application at the Dershowitz Center for Animal Physiology! It turns out, I'm the first monkey researcher ever to be accepted at the DCAP! Mother could hardly contain her joy.

Day 2 -The accommodations are a bit plain, but I came for a life of research, not luxury. It would be nice if they at least put some shades on the bars. My peers seem very friendly--they took copious notes at my every move. I have much to teach them, and they have much to teach me.

Day 4 - It seems as though my peers are a bit slow. My supervisor put me in a small room and asked that I assemble a few colorful shapes into basic patterns. I tried to bring up my qualifications, but they wouldn't listen. So, I began organizing the shapes by color, which interested the other researchers to no end.

Day 7 - I don't mean to boast, but I think I might be the best researcher on site. No one else has even tried to put the shapes together.

Day 10 - These lab fellows sure know how to party. They woke me up this morning and injected me with some wondrous tonic. And the pills! Those glorious pills; like little sunbeams entering my heart!

Day 12 - My goodness -- I haven't the slightest notion as to what exactly is in those pills the boys gave me, but I am ten stories high! Woo! Dershowitz Laboratory for Animal Physiology for life! I scarcely think I shall ever leave. I sure hope there should be some more pills tomorrow...

Day 15 - Putting the shapes together is far easier with these pills. When they saw me put my shapes together the other researchers actually cheered! I feel like some sort of shape-sorting machine! Years hence I shall be remembered as the king of shapes! I seek no release save shapes! Pills and shapes!

Day 20 - A troubling new development -- my hair seems to be coming out in clumps. When I brought it up with my colleagues, their only consolation was more sweet pills.

Day 26 - I am much overworked in my position. My colleagues will not allow me to stop ingesting pills or moving shapes. I begin to suspect something sinister is at hand in this game of shapes.

Day 27 - Never mind. They gave me a banana. These guys are all right.

Day 35 - I'm worried that my deteriorating health may begin to interfere with my research. Those shapes aren't going to organize themselves.

Day 40 - Pill-mad and weary. My only consolation is in my shapes. More pills, damn it, more!

Day 45 - During my fieldwork I began to cough up blood on the shapes. My peers seemed concerned. It must be troubling to see someone they admire so much in such a state.

Day 52 - Conditions have worsened. From what I gather, the research is over. I am confined to bed, kept from my work. I fear I am not long for this world. Tell the people, my only regret is not doing more pills.

Top Ten Sexy Holidays

10. Ass Wednesday
9. Cocklumbus Day
8. Vagentine's Day
7. Arboner Day
6. Swalloween
5. Indepenis Day
4. Veteranus' Day
3. Hannucock
2. St. Fatdick's Day
1. Yeaster

Top Ten Reality Shakespeare Plays

10. Romeo and Juliet Plus 8
9. Winter's Ice-Road Trucking Tale
8. Macbethenny Ever After
7. Big Brothello
6. Rock of Love's Labours Lost
5. The Cake Merchant of Venice
4. Merry Sister Wives of Windsor
3. Two Gentlemen of Jersey
2. King Lear's Fantasy Factory
1. Much Ado About The Kardashians

Top 10 Philosophical Foods

10. Kanteloupe
9. Corn on the Hobbes
8. Nietzscheese
7. Aris-tater-totle
6. Descartichoke
5. Bhegel
4. Russell Sprouts
3. Foucaureos
2. Piedegger
1. Francis Baconburger



BRETT FAVRE REVIEWS THE 2010 OSCAR NOMINEES

'Sup, America. Brett Favre here. I know that y'all been waitin' to hear what the ol' Favrerator thinks about today's most popular movies. That's why I'm here with my 2010 Oscar nominee reviews. They may not be fresh in the public mind anymore, but I think y'all are gonna learn to forgive them once they make their long-awaited comeback. Just like the world's handsomest QB! Am I right, y'all? Let's get our review on.



Jeff Bridges Eyepatch Movie- I forgot what this movie was called, but it shoulda won the title. Ain't nothing more true and right than a drunk old man who can't see right kickin' ass, gettin' young ladies, and winnin' despite age, odds, and logic.



The Kids All Write- Umm I don't really understand this movie. From what I got, a husband and a wife are happy, then Mark Ruffalo comes in and starts Favring™ the wife. The husband, Elton John I think, gets mad and then happier at the end. I give this movie a big ol' Brett Favre Shoulder Shrug o' Confusion.



Avatar- Was anyone else turned on by the lady smurf? I know she's part lizard of whatever, but I wanna show her my sporting goods. I can see it now, me, her, her tribe filming or whatever. I call that a Favratat. Or a Avafavre.



Interception- I don't like this movie. Period.



Toy Story 3- This movie was kind of silly. Everyone knows toys can't cock. I mean talk. Whoops! Favrian slip ya'll. My favorite part was that Barbie -- if there wasn't so many kids in the theater I'd've started workin' my Woody right there.



127 Hours- A cinematic classic, a sincere triumph representing the perseverance of mankind and the gritty resolve of a human being fighting for survival.



Winter's Boner- Well, I can't lie to you, I really have not seen this one. Based on the title, though, I do commend anybody involved in this picture show. It ain't easy to cultivate a WB, no matter how many Canadian pills I, err someone, pops.



The King's Speech- This shoulda won best foreign film. I did not understand A WORD of this film, and they can't be talking British tryna win American awards. This is America! Birthplace of English. Colin Fart and them redcoats are b-b-b-butcherin' our language!



Social Network- Was I the only one who completely didn't get this movie? The kid from Juno figures out the internet? The guy from the Backstreet Boys has a coke party? I dunno ya'll I was really drunk. True story!



The Fighter- Christian Bale vs. Marky Mark of the Funky Bunch, now that's a match ya'll. This one has all the action of Million Dollar Baby without any of the sexual tension. Definitely my favorite boxing nominee of this year! All it needed was more boxing.



Black Swan- Three words ya'll: Natalie. Portman. Hot. Camera phone. Drunk. Sending pictures to Jenn.

Now I know this is the best review y'all ever seen, but I got some bad news for ya. I'd like to take this opp'tunity to announce my retirement from reviewin' Oscar nominated movies. 'Course if Avatar 2 gets it, I might change my mind, wink. Cock out with your phone out, peace y'all.

PRESIDENTIAL ORIGIN STORIES

AC



Andrew Jackson

Origin: After the death of his parents in a tragic Indian treaty signing accident, a young Andrew Jackson dedicated his life to the art of dueling. From the National Bank of Doom to the Nullification Squad to the Super-Seminoles themselves, no foe could stand to Jackson in a duel. Seriously, he killed a lot of people.

Powers: Dueling

Weakness: Feelings

Archenemy: The Supreme Court

Catchphrase: *"With great power come great duels."*

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Origin: One day, while on a fishing trip, eccentric businessman James Roosevelt fell in love with a fish. Their forbidden love led to the birth of Delano Trout, the fish boy (later known as Franklin D. Roosevelt). Trout used his knowledge of the sea to become Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Navy, and eventually President. Trout led the nation through the Great Depression and into the Second World War, but unfortunately died due to a life-long exposure to oxygen.

Powers: Able to communicate with fish and the working class.

Weakness: Unable to use legs above water.

Archenemy: Term limits

Catchphrase: *"Glub blub glub"*

(English Translation: *"You have nothing to fear except my mega-fins!"*)

William Howard Taft

Origin: When death struck President William McKinley, two men rose to the challenge of leading the United States: Theodore Roosevelt and his partner and confidante Howard Taft. Little did T.R. know that his vice president and future successor was actually a fatter alternate version of himself from a parallel universe!

Powers: Possessed all the powers of Theodore Roosevelt.

Weakness: Not Theodore Roosevelt.

Archenemy: The Trust of Evil

Catchphrase: *"No tub can contain me!"*

John Quincy Adams

Origin: A hoodlum raised on the mean streets of Braintree, Massachusetts, John Quincy was taken in by the reclusive millionaire John Adams. Soon, he learned Adams' fantastic secret, that he was actually the masked avenger known as the President of the United States! Upon the death of his mentor, John Quincy vowed to continue his legacy, donning the legendary cape and cowl of the Commander-in-Chief for himself.

Powers: Highly trained in all forms of martial arts.

Weakness: Lack of patronage system deprived him of cronies.

Archenemy: Andrew Jackson, the Dick

Catchphrase: *"To the Q-Mobile!"*

Calvin Coolidge

Origin: Doused with turn-of-the-century gamma radiation as a small child, Calvin discovered that his emotions led him to something dark, something terrible. There were many who considered him an introvert, for he kept constant watch over his emotions. But woe to whoever inflamed his anger, for they would face the muscled terror that was the Incredible Coolidge!

Powers: Super-strength, super-speed, and super-deregulation.

Weakness: Incredibly boring without powers.

Archenemy: More famous presidents.

Catchphrase: *"COOLIDGE SMASH!"*

Gerald Ford

Origin: Originally a down-on-his-luck House Minority Leader, Jerry Ford decided to use the future technology available to him in the year 2099 and travel back in time in order to become rich and famous in the year 1973. His friendship with the precocious Richard Nixon would eventually lead him to become "Gerald Ford, The Greatest President Never Elected!"

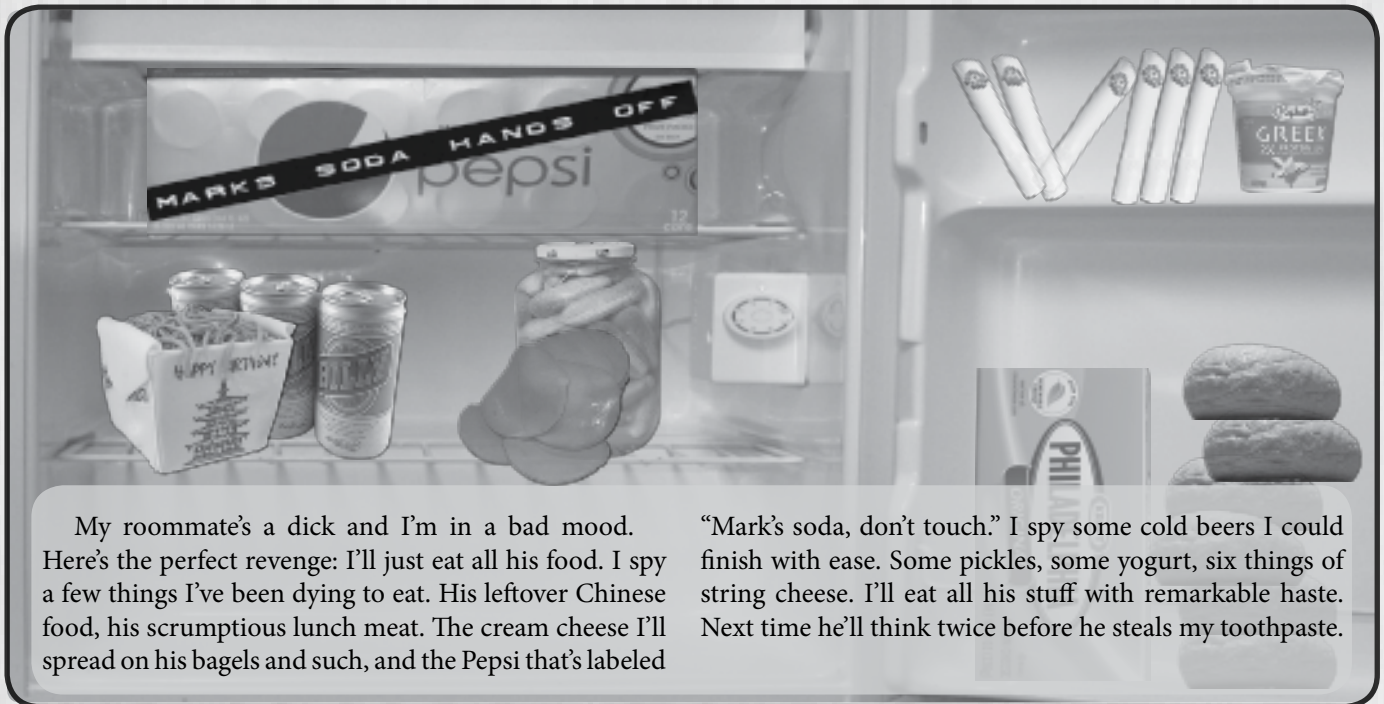
Powers: Could deflect even the homing bullets of time-traveling assassin Squeaky Fromme.

Weakness: Transition from future gravity to 1970's gravity made him fall down a lot.

Archenemy: Voters

Catchphrase: *"It's PARDONIN' TIME."*

I SPY



My roommate's a dick and I'm in a bad mood. Here's the perfect revenge: I'll just eat all his food. I spy a few things I've been dying to eat. His leftover Chinese food, his scrumptious lunch meat. The cream cheese I'll spread on his bagels and such, and the Pepsi that's labeled

"Mark's soda, don't touch." I spy some cold beers I could finish with ease. Some pickles, some yogurt, six things of string cheese. I'll eat all his stuff with remarkable haste. Next time he'll think twice before he steals my toothpaste.

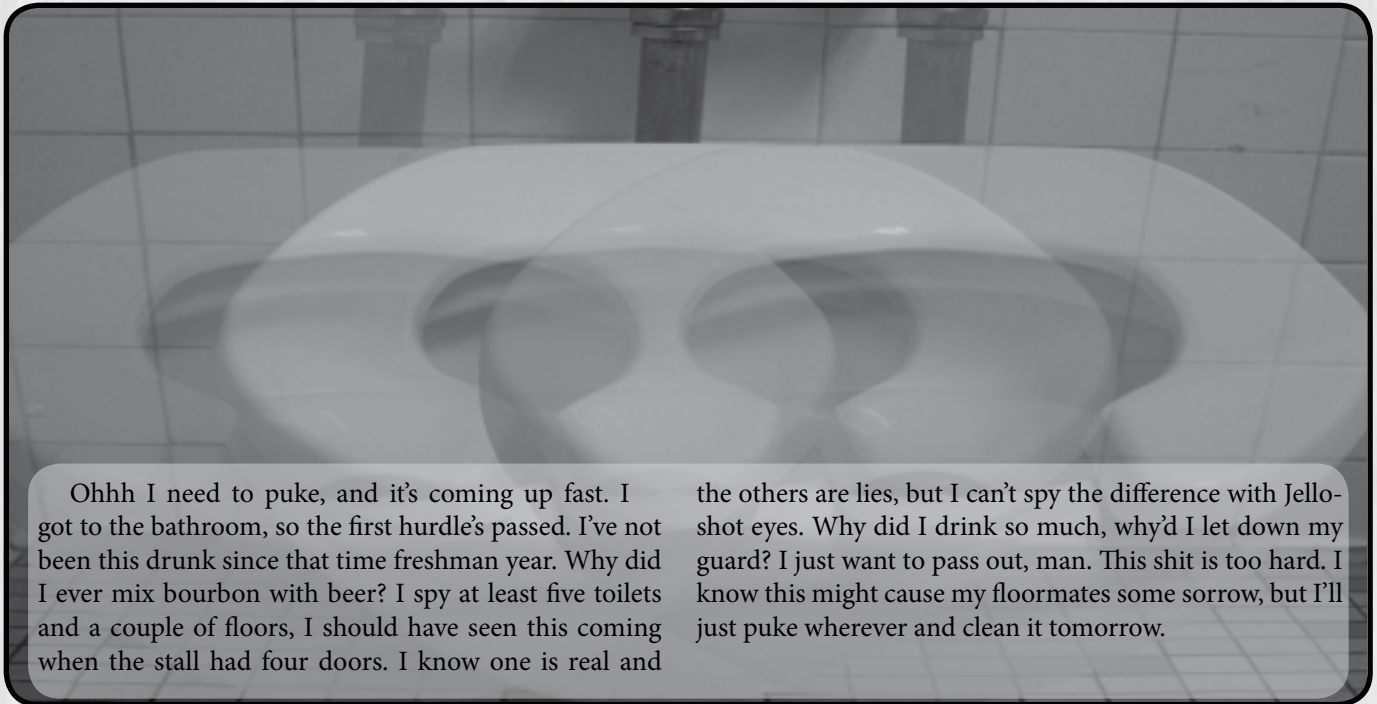


My mom's coming over, my mom's coming soon, I've got to clean up--why'd I sleep in past noon? I spy so many illegal things that must go. My overused bong, my baggie of blow. Three fatty joints, tight and ready to smoke. The razor and mirror that I use for my coke.

She's ten minutes early, she's knocking on my door. I'll pretend I'm asleep to buy five minutes more. Can I cover it with something? Maybe my sheets? Oh fuck, if she sees this I'm out on the streets! She's turning the knob, this is my last chance! How much of this stuff can I stuff down my pants?

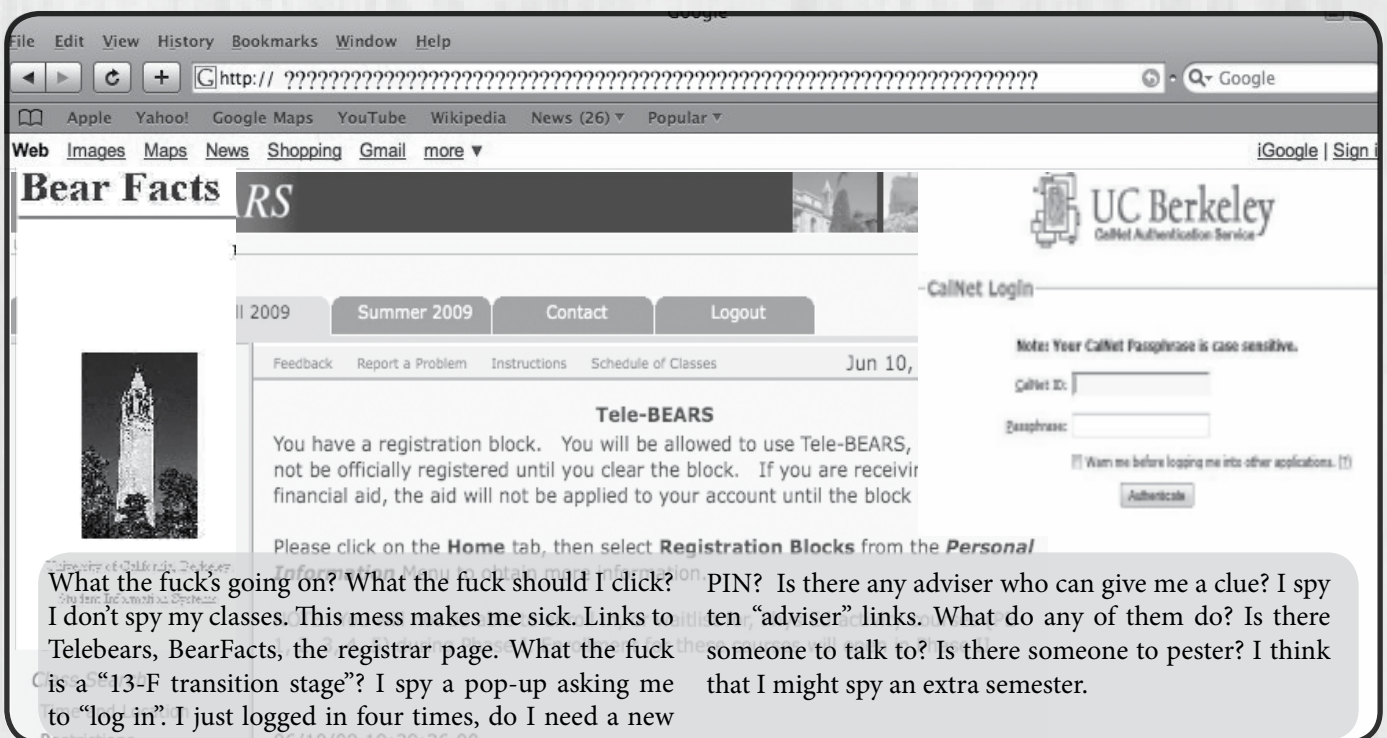
COLLEGE EDITION

WC



Ohhh I need to puke, and it's coming up fast. I got to the bathroom, so the first hurdle's passed. I've not been this drunk since that time freshman year. Why did I ever mix bourbon with beer? I spy at least five toilets and a couple of floors, I should have seen this coming when the stall had four doors. I know one is real and

the others are lies, but I can't spy the difference with Jello-shot eyes. Why did I drink so much, why'd I let down my guard? I just want to pass out, man. This shit is too hard. I know this might cause my floormates some sorrow, but I'll just puke wherever and clean it tomorrow.



What the fuck's going on? What the fuck should I click? I don't spy my classes. This mess makes me sick. Links to Telebears, BearFacts, the registrar page. What the fuck is a "13-F transition stage"? I spy a pop-up asking me to "log in". I just logged in four times, do I need a new

PIN? Is there any adviser who can give me a clue? I spy ten "adviser" links. What do any of them do? Is there someone to talk to? Is there someone to pester? I think that I might spy an extra semester.

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Steve Jobs may be gone,
but Apple still has it going on.
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nifty new features!

We're not sure why Steve never
thought of this.

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lead regulations.

Five FireWire ports.

Only weighs 18 pounds.

The first-ever iPad with a
handle!

Think differenter.

Only 1249.99!



A 1% History of the United States

The 1% has a proud history in the United States of America. In fact, the United States was founded by illustrious members of The 1% who wished to prevent tyrannical autocrats from arbitrarily denying Americans their inalienable rights. These men dared to dream of a nation where only the free market could arbitrarily deny those rights.

The early history of the United States was one of generosity and goodwill towards men. Embodying the spirit of the times, The 1% selflessly provided the African American community with housing and jobs. Unfortunately, a civil war stifled this attempt by the 1% to help the less fortunate. The bloody conflict taught The 1% never to help anybody ever again.

After the Civil War The 1%, and by extension the United States, boomed. Financial success was so widespread that it even trickled down to The 2%. By 1% of all accounts, the 1870's to the early 1900's is considered the Golden Age of America: newly invented luxury cars made consumption more conspicuous, the late critical acclaim of the impressionist art movement gave members of The 1% a better reason to travel to France and a more expensive way of proving their superior taste, and on December 17th, 1903 Orville Wright made history by becoming the first private plane owner.

But of course, there is no gain without some tragedy. General Sherman's March to the Sea was so destructive to the South that high-quality cotton suits became almost impossible to find in America. This forced The 1% to perilously cross the Atlantic aboard ships with inadequate wine lists--just to buy the respectability they so badly needed. The Great Chicago Fire of 1871 mercilessly destroyed the private art collections of the Renwald and Astor families during a depressed art market. The 1906 San Francisco earthquake laid waste to the only Brooks Brothers west of the Rockies, temporarily damning West Coast 1%ers to wear last season's clothes. But even with these painful setbacks, The 1% persevered.

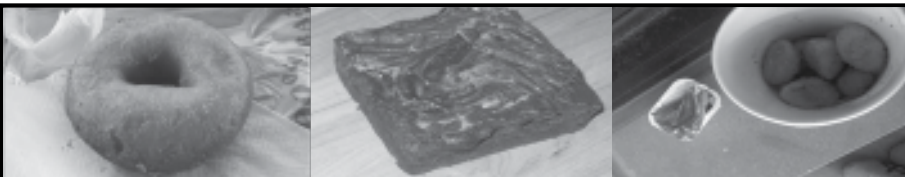
In 1913 The 1% came under attack in what can now only be described as an act of class warfare. An insidious plot was forming among more than 2/3rds of both houses of congress, a twice elected president and majorities in three quarters of American state legislatures. The result was the federal income tax, with marginal rates rising as high as 7% in that year alone. Beset on all sides, The 1% was forced to share its wealth in a way that didn't involve throwing rubies from a hot air balloon. They eventually recovered after learning that the institution of the income tax had effectively no impact on their ability to consume.

Throughout the 1910's and 1920's, The 1%, through willpower, elbow grease and a little market speculation, caused stock prices to soar and established fortunes to become slightly larger. But the golden shower came to an end when the free market decided to crash in October 1929. This forced 1%ers to scale back just when the first Rolls Royce Phantom was released, or, as the era is now commonly known among The 1%, The Worst Possible Time.

The 99% prospered through the 1950's, 60's and 70's, as high marginal tax rates doomed The 1% to live slightly more like the uppity middle class. Such an increase in equality is, of course, class warfare. Abroad, however, the United States acted in much the opposite manner, tirelessly protecting 1%ers in places like Chile and Nicaragua from the harrowing forces of democratically elected leadership. The American 1% was understandably perturbed by their government's refusal to unconditionally protect the wealthy at home as well.

The 99%'s free ride ended when Ronald Regan gloriously ascended the throne of the presidency to usher in a new decade of hope, prosperity, and trickle-down economics. As he slowly sank into dementia for our sins he made a promise, that never again would the great unwashed ruin democracy for the upper crust. Today, when members of The 1% are not shitting in Fabergé Eggs or doing blow off of members of the House Committee on Financial Services, they can usually be found quietly enjoying the beauty their station in life has provided them. America was never again troubled by the dangerous experiment of social justice, and everyone important lived happily ever after.

WK



Chez crossroads

Chez Crossroads first opened its doors in 1937 with one clear mission: to serve the finest selections of bulk-prepared food to the most selective cafeteria connoisseurs. Over 70 years later, we still carry on our tradition of making every meal delicious, nutritious and suspicious. We hope you enjoy your meal as much as we enjoyed unpacking and reheating it!

Breakfast

We don't actually serve breakfast, but you'll never know since we close it so early.

Lunch

Hamburger Bar – Indulge! Our topping selection runs the gamut from onions to lettuce to tomato.

Henry's Elongated Pork Sandwich – A magnificently tender sausage encapsulated in fresh whole-wheat buns. Not just a hot dog, we swear.

Cheese Pizza – An exciting new alternative to our classic "Mediterranean Bacon Marinara Pizza".

Vegan Nuggets – Made with real vegans.

Peanut Butter Sandwich – Because everything else we're serving today is frankly kind of gross.

Dinner

Organic Spicy Plant Purée - Grown locally and sustainably by poorly-paid migrant workers.

Kalua Pork – Succulent prime-cut pork, baked in an industrial steamer, smothered in cream of mushroom soup and named after an unrelated dish.

Caesar "Salad" – Made with rubber "lettuce" out of respect for vegetable rights.

Chicken Vindaloo – A perennial favorite among that one guy who actually filled out a comment card.

Zingali Shredded Cedar Bark Stew – An authentic Namibian delicacy we've prepared from leftover Kalua Pork and the same five spices we use for everything else.

Desserts

Plain Donuts – We've removed the frosting and sprinkles from all of our donuts, leaving just the healthy part.

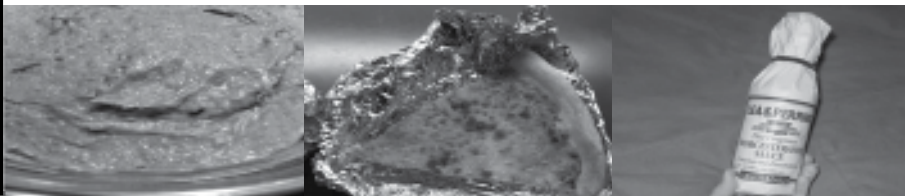
Chocolate Thrive Frozen Yogurt – We think the word "thrive" makes it sound better.

Late Night

After 10 PM, you can order anything on the menu for triple what it'd be worth anywhere else.

All meals come with complimentary salt, ketchup, and Worcestershire sauce. Also, biodegradable forks for some reason.

MI



Top Ten Literary Videogames

10. God of War and Peace
9. Splatterhouse Five
8. Tom Pynchon's Gravity's Rainbow Six
7. Animal Farmville
6. Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, Engineer, Sniper, Medic
5. The Maltese Falcon Punch
4. The Legend of Zelda Fitzgerald
3. The Samus Also Rises
2. A Tale of Two SimCities
1. Watership Down Down Up Up Left Right Left Right B A Start

Top 10 Signs Your Professor's a Bear

10. Arrives at school juggling on a unicycle.
9. Holds controversial views on Teddy Roosevelt.
8. Wears a little fez every day.
7. Keeps telling you to Ursa-Minor in History.
6. Your GSI is Boo Boo.
5. Often early or late to class due to inability to read clocks.
4. Always fighting dogs in Elizabethan England.
3. Finds Winnie the Pooh offensive and degrading.
2. Takes sabbaticals every winter.
1. His lectures are unbearable!

Top Ten Juiced-Up Athletes

10. Berry Bonds
9. E-Lime Manning
8. Grape Ruth
7. Lemon-A Rod
6. Pélé-pricot
5. Peach-iro Suzuki
4. Joe di-Mango
3. Cherry Rice
2. Wayne Gretzkiwi
1. OJ Simpson

After being bitten by a radioactive Christopher Hitchens, Frank Halperin transformed from a mild mannered non-believer into...

SUPER-ATHEIST!

He has the smugness of ten vegetarians...he's skimmed more Nietzsche than a graduate student... He argues with strangers on purpose!

With his Internet-based rationality and lack of social awareness, he's keeping keeping the world safe from people who believe things that he doesn't!



Saving The Day

Husband: Super-Atheist, help! My wife is in the clutches of that horrible robot!

Super-Atheist: This looks like a job for--

Wife: Oh God, please help me!

Super-Atheist: (*crosses arms*) Oh, sure. Cling to your fantasy. Look, if you're not going to be rational, then I don't see why I should engage with you at all.



Defending the Doubtcave

Agnosti-lad: Super-Atheist! Fundamentalism is attacking the Doubtcave!

Super-Atheist: (*typing on computer*) Hold on, Agnosti-Lad. I have to finish posting this harshly-worded comment to a Christian on Reddit.

(*Fundamentalism breaks into the Doubtcave and fights Agnosti-Lad*)

Super-Atheist: Maybe next time GospelDude75 will think twice before he "thanks God" for his recovery from cancer!

The Grateful Public

Super-Atheist: (*handing a woman her son*) Here you go, ma'am. Looks like Michael here will live to play another day!

Woman: Thank you, Super-Atheist!

Super-Atheist: Notice that I'm doing good deeds without having to imagine an omnipotent being telling me what to do.

Woman: W-what?

Super-Atheist: I don't need any commandments or a threat of eternal damnation for me to do the right thing.

Woman: Okay, well, I guess I had better get goin--

Super-Atheist: Good without God, that's what I always say. Have you ever read any Dawkins?

The Test

Dogma: Your self-satisfaction won't save you this time! I've finally figured out your secret weakness!

Super-Atheist: Y-you're bluffing!

Dogma: BUDDHISM!

Super-Atheist: Stop! Puritan fiend!

Dogma: What's the matter, Super-Atheist? Doesn't Buddhism seem reasonable? They always look so centered!

Super-Atheist: Must.... resist... trendy... belief system!

Will Super-Atheist be converted? Check back next week to find out!



THE BIG NAP



It was dark when she came. She knocked on the kitchen door and my mom let her in. Lena. She came through the door and flashed her pretty little eyes at me like she was seeing pudding in a day full of applesauce. Lena was a girl who knew what she wanted and how to get it, and right now, she wanted me. She moved like a new Lego; smooth, but with an edge that just made you want to play with her a little more. She sat next to me.

"Hey Max" she purred. "Do you have any time for an old friend?"

"Babe, I'd live my entire life for a gal with as many toys as you."

Lena spun me her tale. Someone sent her a ransom note saying that they had pictures of her kissing a boy. The lowlife told her that he was going to tell the whole class she had cooties unless she handed over her chocolate milks for a whole week. Lena wanted to see if I would find this kid and talk some sense into him. Now, I couldn't have some pee pants ruining the reputation of such a fine young lady as Lena. Besides, she had the play-doh to make it worth my while.

"Alright, Ms. Lena. You've got yourself a detective/spaceman." I knew just where to start.

1

Bud Ebert was a mean little son of a teacher. He'd kick sand into your lunchbox and call you a smelly head until you cried. Talk around the school yard was that Bud even stole 3 dollars out of his mom's purse and flushed them down the toilet. If someone was raising heck in Mrs. Hallahan's first grade class, it was surely Bud doing the raising. Bud always hung out at a little dive at the end of the playground called the sandbox. I found him there digging a huge hole with a couple of kids who followed him around because he told them he had a Pikachu in his backyard. They may have only been kindergartners, but they were big enough to play in in the 7-8 year old division in the after school soccer league. Bud saw me coming.

"Get out of here, kid," he shouted. "We're playing pirates!" The kindergartners stood up.

"Pirates, is it? From what I understand, you've been playing the extortion game today, Bud."

"Hah! Blackmail? That's preschool stuff! Pretty soon, we'll have all the treasure we could want, and you can't have any!" Bud gestured and the kindergartners grabbed my arms. I tried to struggle free, but they were built like Tonka trucks; not the ones that have the wheels that bend after one day of playing with them; the good kind.

"Show this landlubber what we do with treasure thieves!"

2

The first thing I felt was her little hand. Her hand and the taste of dirt. "Are you alright, Max?" It was a voice as smooth as our class bunny's fur; sweeter than a marshmallow cookie.

"Katy?"

"My god, Max! What did they do to you?" Katie was Lena's sister. We had been – friendly – once. Right then, I was happy to see anyone who wasn't playing pirates. I looked up and saw that I was lying in a mud puddle. Those kindergartners really made a mess outta me.

"Oh, Max." She was bending down to help me up when something stopped her.

"Hold it right there, Katy," said someone I couldn't quite see.

"L-Lena?" Katie stammered. Lena stood with a super soaker pointed right at us.

"Hold on, toots," I said, "I thought you wanted me to find the kids who made that ransom note."

"Don't you see, you fool?" Lena shouted, "There was no note! I just thought it would be funny to lie to you a couple of times, but you took it too far!"

"But Lena, you forgot something too."

"I don't think so," she growled.

"It's pizza day! They're serving pizza over there right now!"

"Oh boy!" Lena ran off to stand in the line for pizza. Katy helped me up.

"What do we do now?" she asked.

You never know what this crazy school yard will throw at you, but whatever it dishes out, you just gotta grit your teeth and take it. Today, it dished out pepperoni.

"Lets get some pizza, babe."

3

Squelch Confessions:

I fucked my GSI and still failed.

I only donate blood for the cookies.

I can't masturbate to porn unless the actress has a great personality.

I fantasize about my parents dying because of how sorry people would feel for me.

I told my roommate that I smoked the dankest shit straight outta Humboldt. I have no idea what any of those words mean.

I was cut from the Cal Quidditch team.

I once pretended to "get" Arcade Fire.

I say dumb things in section on purpose.

I forgot about 9/11 all last week.

I was a little too excited to hear about Zooey Deschanel's divorce.

When I was six, I told all of my friends that my dad was Hulk Hogan and that I rode him to the moon for pizza. The force of my lie has haunted me to this day.

I liked Arrested Development less after everyone else discovered it.

Junior High wasn't actually that bad for me.

I wish I got into Stanford.

I once denied change to a homeless person so that I wouldn't have to break a twenty at Fat Slice.

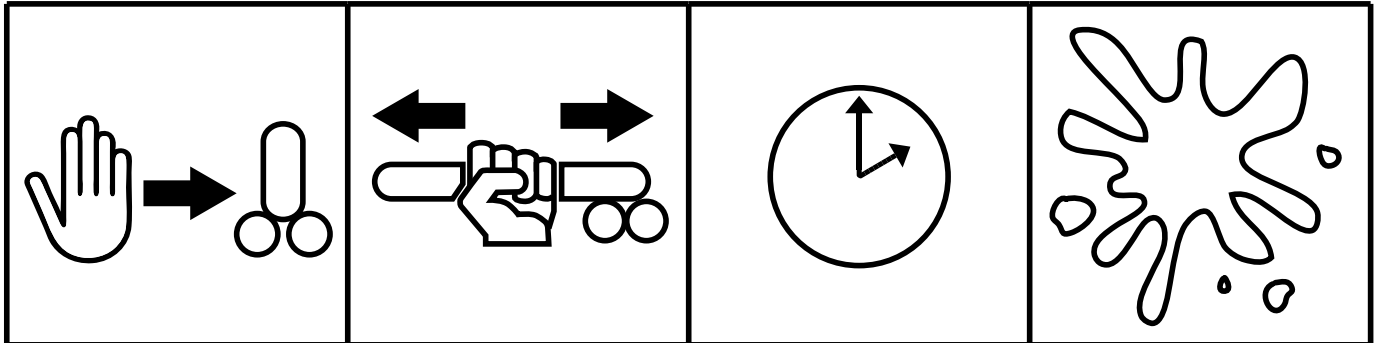
I'm not as racist as I act.

Don't tell anybody, but I'm kind of a nerd.

The Handjob Reference

The National Institute of Handjob Studies has been on the cutting edge of handjob research since the mid fifties. We are proud to present a brief guide containing some of our findings. Our projections indicate that this guide will increase your handjob efficiency by at least 15%.

Proper Implementation



Apply hand to shaft.

**Administer steady
back-and-forth
compression to shaft.**

Await climax.

**Wipe debris from
affected area.**

Advanced Handjobs

The Moonwalk

Reverse grip and massage shaft until climax.

The Double Stranger

Sit on your hand until it is numb and then massage shaft until climax.

The Hummer

Hum the “Star Spangled Banner” and massage shaft until climax.

All Tied Up

Tie shaft in knot and massage knot until climax.

The Straightforward

Look recipient in the eyes, say “Baby, I’m going to massage shaft until climax” and massage shaft until climax.

Hoarders

Watch A&E’s *Hoarders: Buried Alive* and massage shaft until climax.

The Bittersweet

Bring up recipient’s dead mother in conversation and massage shaft until climax.

I Want The Cat To See

Bring cat into room and massage shaft until climax.

The High School Flashback

Tell recipient you’ve never done this before and massage shaft until your parents walk in.

Troubleshooting

The shaft is unerect.

Try to do something attractive. For instance, display your erogenous body parts.

The shaft has not reached climax.

Continue to massage shaft.

There are two fleshy growths dangling below shaft.

We are unsure as to the purpose of these growths. Avoid contact until the topic has been studied further.

Recipient wants to do something “other than handjobs.”

Recipient is getting listless--this can be remedied with more handjobs.

Recipient refuses to talk to me during handjob.

Recipient may not be in the goddamned mood to talk. Massage shaft wordlessly until climax.

I worry about pregnancy.

Our research has found no cases of handjob-induced pregnancy. Exercise caution, but dispense handjobs as before.

Recipient does not appear to possess a shaft.

Confirm that shaft is not obscured and that recipient is male. If shaftlessness persists, consult another guide.

WOBBLES AND GRITS

The Appaloosa Jug Band's Down-Home Country Dubstep

Includes "WUB WUB WUB Blues", "That Ol' Kentucky WUB WUB WUB", and "I'm Lonesome As a WRRRRrrrrrrrrr WUB WUB WUB WUB"

RIHANNA

45

Minutes of Sex Noises



Adele

TOLERABLE MUSIC FOR TOLERABLE PEOPLE

FEATURING THAT
SONG THAT'S
ALWAYS PLAYING AT
WALGREEN'S

New releases from

Squelch am records

glee

ruins your favorite band



The
bestselling
follow-up to
"Glee Ruins
The Beatles"

It had to happen sometime.

William Shatner

A complete list of
women I've slept
with

A spoken word album

With the Hit Single,
"C through F"