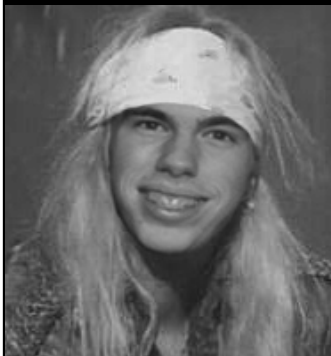


**Vol. 9 Issue 1**



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# the heuristic SQUELCH

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**SPECIAL THANKS to the good people of the Alameda County Court House for allowing us to profane their sacred halls of justice with our cameras and shennigans, Jigar Mehta for lending us his pimp-ass camera and not making a big deal about that lesbian photo shoot, our courtroom models for allowing their images to be associated with large genitalia like Judge Judy, Allen's laptop for giving Matt a record-breaking sperm count, Indus for treating us like a bunch of Pakistani Muslims, and Trent Reznor for finally getting off his fat ass and putting out some new music.**

**Squelch! ASUC Senator (Masturbates With Feet)**

Ben Birken

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It's funny how vestigial organs exist even in magazines. Like this space right here. About a hundred and fifty million years ago, I bet this little box served a purpose. But now, it's useless, like an appendix, or tonsils, or Allen Haim. That guy is such a fuck. Oh, I should probably tell you that graffiti is not a valid form of social protest, even if you're poor and can't afford to buy posterboard for yourself and have to write on someone else's wall.

# words from the top

## FORCED FAMILY FUN, MPAA STYLE

by Matt Holohan

In the latest attempt to distract the American public from the fundamental problems of society through scapegoats and mean words, our buddies in Congress have pressured movie theaters all across the country into carding for R-rated movies. While it may seem absurd that we now live in a country where it's easier for a fifteen-year-old to buy marijuana than see a movie that has boobies in it, this latest civil rights infringement will actually benefit our side of the globe in many tangible ways.

First and foremost, the economy will improve. Previously, the fake ID industry depended almost entirely on the purchase of alcohol, a pastime which, contrary to what the American Family Association might tell you, is of surprisingly low interest to most high school students. But *everyone* wants to see R-rated movies. Thus any devious miscreant with a cheap laminating machine and basic knowledge of graphics software will be able to sell fake IDs to the millions of hapless teenagers who just want to see the latest installment of *The Crow*. Furthermore, we can count on thousands of minimum wage-earning movie ushers to go on the take to sneak underagers in. Where will all this new disposable income go? Right back into the economy! The economy is our friend.

In addition to the undeniable fiscal benefits, this new policy promises to bring families closer together by forcing teenagers to spend quality time with their parents. It's only a matter of time before the phrase "Mom? Will you take me to see the new booby movie this weekend?" becomes as common in American households as "What's for dinner?" and "Daddy, please take your cock out of my ass. I'm tired." That's bonding, people, and that's what makes this country great.

Finally, our dear, dear friends in the entertainment industry will reap no end of monetary rewards as reverse psychology backfires in theaters nationwide. We all know that telling someone not to do something is the best way to get them to do it. (Don't think so? Try saying this to that

special person who won't give you the time of day: "Whatever you do, don't perform oral sex on me. I repeat, you are forbidden to perform oral sex on me. No oral sex for you. I mean no oral sex for me. From you.") Erecting this new barrier to scandalous sex, violence, and pottymouthdom will only make our Ritalin-snorting high schoolers crave it that much more. Fake ID makers will have waiting lists miles long and kids will beg their parents to spend loving evenings with them. That's just more money and bondage. Bonding, that is, and that's what makes America great. (Those two things, not the one thing that I said before. Well, yeah, that one thing, but this other thing too).

Of course, if this new plan fails to improve the economy, bring families closer together, and stop school violence, we can count on our honkey-ass legislators to do the right thing and...impose even stronger restrictions! The idea that if something doesn't work, do it more and more until it does is perhaps the only truly useful thing we take away from our awkward teen years (e.g. Will you go out with me? No. Please? No. Please? No. Pleeceeeeeease?). In America, we don't learn from our mistakes. And that, good people, is what makes this country great. That and our extensive collection of deadly weapons and foreign sweatshops and drug-addicted teenage parents.

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# newsflashes

## GORE AND DAVIS TO SQUARE OFF COME NOVEMBER

*by Matt Holohan, Unbattered Toast*

As a fundraising stunt for the 2000 Democratic campaign, Vice President Al Gore and California Governor Gray Davis will compete in a nationwide "America's Dullest Man" election. People across the country will be invited to cast their vote to decide which politician has attained the greatest mastery of rehearsed hand gestures, cyclical facial expressions and monotone vocalization. Proceeds will go toward beer, crack, whores, and crack whores for the Democratic Party campaign managers.

Although the election is meant in fun, both candidates have stated desires to win.

"I'm really excited," Gore told members of the press. "I mean, I would be excited if I weren't so dull."

"I'm much less excited than Al is," Davis countered moments later. "But I'd be a lot more excited than Al would be if he weren't so dull if I weren't so much duller than he is."

It promises to be a close race.

## GREEKS SERVICE THE COMMUNITY

*by Patrick Trombley, Trojan Man*

In an effort to curb the use of guns in violent crimes, Bay Area officials reimplemented the highly successful "Toys for Guns" program this week with a slightly different theme. The

new program, dubbed "Ass for Guns", will exchange thirty minutes with "a high-class hooker" for every working firearm turned in. Gun owners are only eligible if they can sign a form stating that they "had intended to shoot someone in the next two months." So far the program has been so successful that no one has been shot for the entire week, breaking a 179-year-old Bay Area record.

"Ass for Guns" comes in the wake of a line of failed variations on the "Toys for Guns" theme, including "Fruit for Guns," "Smog Check for Guns," and the disastrous "Heroin for Guns," which is still under federal investigation. The "Ass for Guns" theme was suggested by a local sorority whose members were interested in performing community service.

Gun owners who are interested in taking part in the program are requested to get in the line trailing outside the Alpha Delta Pi sorority house near the UC Berkeley campus. Said an "Ass for Guns" spokesman, "It's first served, first come."

## NEW DRUMMER FOR IRON BUTTERFLY

*by Ben Birken, I Love You, Honey*

With the mysterious circumstances surrounding their former bassist's disappearance cleared up, Iron Butterfly has announced that Latin sensation Ricky Martin will be joining the band. While some critics are claiming that the hard rock group

is simply riding Martin's coattails, the band members disagree.

"Ricky has always been a big fan," said lead guitarist Eric Barnett. Just look at some early Menudo. It's clear that we were a heavy influence."

Martin had the following comments on the merger: "I don't even know those fuckin' guys. Who the fuck are they? Some white dudes just grabbed my perpetually moving hips and threw me in a fuckin' van. Fuckers."

The new super-duper group has announced that the first song to be released will be a mix of the two songs that the artists are best associated with: "Inna Gadda Da Vida Loca."

## MAN SURVIVES ORDEAL INSIDE GIANT VAGINA

*by Matt Holohan, Frottage Enthusiast*

A Berkeley resident is currently recovering from a terrifying experience involving his girlfriend's enormous genitalia. Hank Moonves, a local computer programmer, described his adventure to reporters earlier this week:

"My girlfriend and I were about to have sex for the first time," he explained. "But when she got undressed I was amazed by the sheer girth of her vagina. I cried out, 'Good God, woman! You could trap a bear with that thing! What do you douche with, a fire hydrant? I bet you never need to worry about finding a parking space.' I was ready to get dressed and get the hell out of there, but she came running at

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# newsflashes

me and I became hypnotized by her huge flapping labia. Before I knew it I just tumbled right in."

When the victim's girlfriend, who wisely requested that her name be withheld, noticed that her lover was missing, she immediately rushed to the hospital where an ad hoc spelunking team embarked on a daring rescue mission to retrieve Moonves.

"That was some funky fucked up shit," said German Bebonibus, leader of the spelunking team. "I mean, damn. That was just some fucked up funky ass shit."

Always the optimist, Moonves says being trapped inside a woman's nether regions was an enlightening experience. "Funny thing about being inside a giant vagina," he told reporters. "It sounds like a great idea until you actually do it. Then it doesn't seem like such a great idea. It actually turns out to be a pretty bad idea. Boy, if I could describe the smell in there. Kee-ripes." Moonves has also announced that he plans to break up with his girlfriend unless she does something about the "yawning chasm of terror between her legs."

## WOMEN FOR GORE

*by Allen Haim, Little Bitch who Doesn't Know Anything*

Many women came away very disappointed from last week's "Women for Gore" convention. "We wanted to see blood and guts, man, and all we got was a boring guy talking about China. That fucking sucked!" commented one woman. Another added, "Yeah, we were hoping to see something sick like *Scream 2* or some unreleased *Red Asphalt* footage. Instead, we got Al Gore reading from his book, *Earth in the Balance*. That was much sicker." However, the level of disappointment was not nearly as high as the previous week's "Men for Bush" convention.

## RESIDENTS BAFFLED BY PHENOMENON

*by Patrick Trombley, Indian Giver*

Local citizens were puzzled by a bizarre incident that occurred Thursday night. The mysterious event took place as several dozen curious passersby looked on in amazement. "I was really blown away," explained eyewitness Tom Cunningham, "I mean, this was pretty easily the most mind-blowing experience of my life." A spectator who gave her name only as "Rita" commented, "What are we supposed to do now? I just don't know what to think anymore. I'm going home."

Police were summoned to the scene but arrived too late to get a handle on the situation. Ambulances were dispatched to aid those eyewitnesses who had fainted as a result of the sheer inconceivability of the occurrence. Indeed, one would be forced to strain the limits of imagination to postulate the incredulous circumstances that must have transpired to allow such a mind-boggling episode to take place.

## TRADING PLACES

*by Tyler Roscoe and Ben Birken, Ambiguous Duo*

What started out as a domestic dispute between intimates dragged particle physicists and the gay community into a bitter feud when the bottom quark announced that it wanted to become a top.

"I'm just sick of it," the bottom quark told shocked reporters at a standing-room-only press conference. "He tells me what to cook, what movie we're going to, what position to lay in...the bitch is driving me crazy! Every relationship is about give and take, but *I'm* the one always taking *his* gluons! The strong nuclear force just isn't that strong. I want out of the relationship!"

Many homosexuals have ex-

pressed sympathy for the bottom quark's situation, but physicists worldwide are seeking a less drastic resolution to the quarks' recent difficulties. "Just because someone is unhappy doesn't mean that person should make a decision which will result in the destruction of all matter in the Universe," said noted physicist David Weiss. "And let's not mince words, here. That *is* what we're discussing. Ignoring one of the four fundamental forces flies in the face of everything our community stands for."

Other physicists were dismayed at the hard-line being pursued by their colleagues. Theoretician Neal A. Miha told reporters, "While I would certainly never be on the receiving end of a quantum of virtual gluons, every man has had a time in his life when he has felt a magnetic moment towards a quark of the same charge. We simply must learn to respect the fact that some particles have left-handed spin, and some spin counterclockwise."

**For severe dandruff...**



### Top Ten Meat-Flavored Cereals

10. Sausage Loops
9. Cracklin' Pork Bran
8. Goatmeal
7. Ducky Charms
6. Shredded Beef
5. Meaties
4. Cinnamon Roast Crunch
3. Frosted Mini-Meats
2. Venison Krispies
1. Honey Bunches of Lamb

### Top Ten Things Forbidden in England

10. Having any pudding before eating your meat
9. Smiling
8. Daryl Strawberry
7. Treating the Irish as human beings
6. Reveling
5. Meat on the bone
4. Child labor laws
3. Wildlife
2. Mass
1. France

### Top Ten Things to Do at Berkeley Hot Tubs

10. Pee
9. Spread disease
8. Relax your cremaster muscle
7. Burn your nut sack
6. Wear floaties
5. Have high-power Japanese business meetings
4. Sit on the drain and get your ass sucked out of your ass
3. Make enormous amounts of Ramen
2. Massage Shirley Dean's big greasy bologna tits
1. Make thousands of gremlins

### Top Ten Canadian Things

10. American bacon
9. Canadian cheese singles
8. 0.33-meter-long hot dogs
7. *Canadian Graffiti*
6. David Bowie's "Young Canadian"
5. War
4. Guess Who's hit song "Canadian Woman"
3. "Bye, bye Miss Canadian Pie"
2. The Canadian Dream
1. Poland



## EAT THE MEAN

—Benjamin K. Bergen

The idea that some people have an inalienable right to eat other people is as old as the idea that you can lie as much as you want to small children. Cannibalism, also called anthropophagy by old, balding, white men with small offices in old buildings, was very popular on most continents until very recently. This tradition has been traced back by anthropologists to about the time humans acquired teeth, and just after they acquired sarcasm.

There are only four good reasons for eating someone. These are: (1) you defeated them in battle and want to eat them; (2) you lost to them in battle and want to eat them; (3) they forgot to water your lawn while you were on vacation; and (4) they overwatered your lawn while you were on vacation. Necessity, as in the case of the Donner Party, is not a good reason. It is not a good reason in the same way that desperation is not a good reason to sleep with someone. Eating someone because you need to is considered poor form by experts.

Eating people because they are different has been promoted by different thinkers in various eras, and such catchy slogans as "Eat the Poor!" and "Eat the Rich!" certainly ring true. It is interesting to note, however, that no one has ever suggested we pick out a particular ethnic group to consume. Thus, we never encounter slogans like "Chow on the Chinese!," or "Chew the Jews!," or even "Fricassee the Portuguese!" despite their intrinsic truth and the fact that they make use of alliteration and rhyming.

But I have not come here to talk about cannibalism. No, my real purpose is to talk about the cruel use of

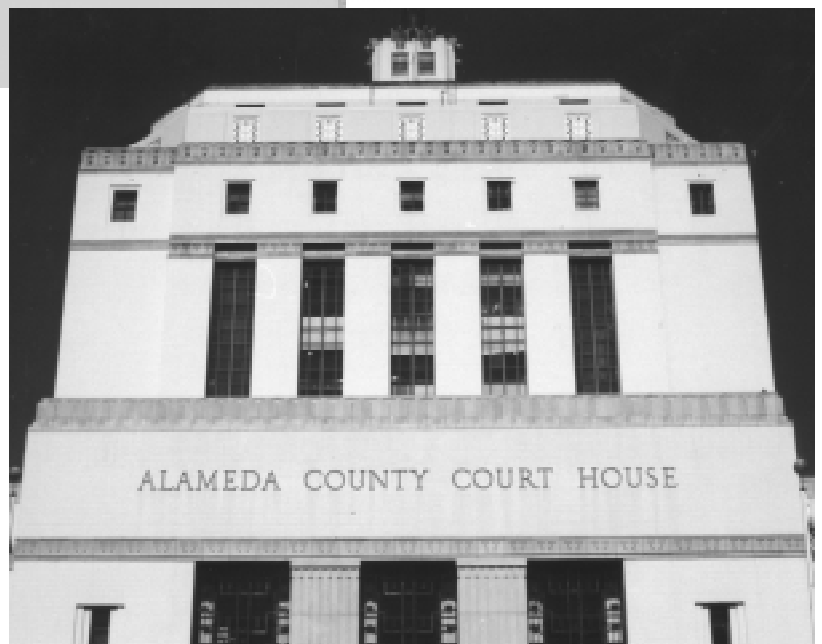
animals in scientific experimentation. Now everyone pretty much agrees that doing what "researchers" in "laboratories" do to animals is pretty gross, so I am not going to belabor that point. The real issue is whether the benefits of animal experimentation to mankind make up for the unfortunate conditions these would-be Bambies and Thumpers are subjected to.

But worry not, fellow Americans; I have a solution to this problem. As we speak, I am assembling a petition to put a proposition on the state ballot which will replace the three-strikes legislation we have in place with a new "Three Strikes and You're Meat" law. The gist of the law is that mean people get to be used in scientific experimentation, and then eaten. Now, don't start worrying that your Aunt Bessie will get shipped to a meat factory because she gets ornery when she hasn't had her wheat germ. What I mean by "mean people" is not just people with abrasive personalities, like Hugh Downs, but really, truly, blatantly mean people, like Barbara Walters. Nor would one-time meanness offenders like O.J. Simpson be automatically basted with acid to test the maximum human screaming intensity. Rather, this would be a way to say to hardened criminals with a consistent history of meanness, "Hey, we've had enough of your attitude, so we're going to pull your skin off and see if you can swim any better." And after the experiments, provided the offending flesh isn't too heavily irradiated or otherwise undesirable, the carcass can be carted off to the nearest rendering plant and recycled into delicious "Mean Chow." This policy will eliminate the mean person, feed a hungry person, and restore the vital role of cannibalism in modern society. It's a win-win-win situation.



During the Squelch's summertime publishing hiatus, members of the staff each applied for mail-order State Bar certifications from Ed's School of Lawyerin'. What follows are synopses of a few of the exciting cases that the Squelch legal team almost got to try before we were all permanently disbarred for "lawyerin' in a hard and disrespectful manner." Watch as:

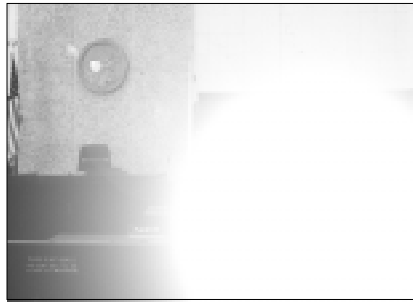
the  
*Heuristic*  
*Squelch*  
goes  
to  
court!



## PEOPLE VS. THE SUN

A group comprised of motorists, athletes, and sunbathers have formed the vanguard of a revolutionary class-action suit against Helios, a.k.a. "the Sun." The plaintiffs allege that the defendant's blinding and radioactive rays have caused various catastrophes, including automobile accidents, melanoma, and dropped fly balls. Other complaints include global warming, unsightly tan lines, Galileo's excommunication from the Catholic Church, and convection.

The defendant claims immunity based on his status as the sole provider of life and energy on this planet. A spokesman for the



The defendant.

defendant calls the accusations "ludicrous, ridiculous, and ray-cist." The plaintiffs vow to do everything in their power to snuff out the sun's reign of terror. A militant group supporting the plaintiffs' claim has stated their intention to force the defendant to "take his immoral, anti-family, atom-smashing crap to some other solar system," and has threatened the defendant's home and family with guerilla firebombing tactics.



The penis.

## SATAN VS. GOD

Satan, Dark Lord of the Underworld, is suing God, the Almighty Father, for wrongful eviction from the Kingdom of Heaven. Satan holds that he was kicked out after questioning his landlord's management techniques and encouraging other tenants to do the same. Satan also says he was forced to change his name due to a linguistic technicality, and has had trouble establishing employment or a line of credit.

"He was always coming in without knocking or giving 24 hours notice. He walked around like He owned the place!" Satan said in a pre-trial interview. "He made my life a living Hell!"

The defendant claims He received numerous Complaints about the plaintiff's habits, including "playing devil music at all hours of the night" and keeping goats as pets. "He also left flaming bags of poo on My doorstep," God said.

The plaintiff has retained former San Francisco resident Anton LaVey as his counsel. LaVey told reporters that he may move for a change of venue when the case comes up in court. "I have reason to believe Moses, the presiding justice, may be biased in favor of the defendant." When asked why, LaVey cited a statement issued by Judge Moses recently in which the venerable arbiter told reporters, "Of course He has the right to evict Satan. He's the boss, applesauce!"



## JOHNSON VS. PENIS

San Francisco mail clerk Murray Johnson is suing his penis for defamation of character and grand theft auto after an incident that cost him his job and his reputation. While delivering the daily mail to a group of female clerical workers, Johnson alleges that his penis became conspicuously erect, causing needless embarrassment as well as several sexual harassment suits.

After Johnson failed to reason his penis into submission, the hapless clerk reportedly engaged in a scuffle with his manhood during which the penis attempted to flee by jumping into a car, hotwiring it, and speeding away. Fortunately, the penis was easily apprehended as it couldn't operate the car's manual transmission ('cause it's a penis).

Johnson's penis had no comment.



The lawyers.



The jury.

## MECCA VS. THE VATICAN

Scabs were torn from ancient wounds when a group of Muslims filed suit against the Vatican demanding reparations for the series of Middle Ages holy wars known as the Crusades. While the Vatican's crack team of (predominantly Jewish) defense lawyers calls the claims "groundless," the Muslim faction isn't backing down.

"For years, we had to bolster our self-esteem against the endless name calling: 'heretic,' 'pagan,' 'idol-worshipper,'" said a spokesman for the plaintiffs. "And these are people who call themselves holy! They wouldn't know God if He sent His only begotten Son down to them!"

At a recent rally in support of the suitors, one speaker stated succinctly exactly what the shout-crowd desired: "Your money

can't bring back our dead, nor our dignity. But we'd still like a whole fuck load of it."

Representatives for the defense refused to discuss strategy, but issued the following statement: "While the Roman Catholic Church would *like* to apologize for the unfortunate atrocities committed by well-meaning but misguided Church-ordained knights some centuries ago, the fact is that not all the facts have come out. The Church may have acted wrongly in its order to 'slay all infidels, rape their wives, spoil their children's dinner, and steal their land,' but the paperwork is still working its way through several pontifical subcommittees. The Copernicus debacle took a few hundred years; these folks will have to wait for a Papal decision just like everyone else."

## SQUELCH VS. SQUELCHED

The editors of *The Heuristic Squelch* are suing the administrators of the [www.squelched.com](http://www.squelched.com) web site for copyright infringement, plagiarism, and generally lewd and lascivious behavior. Editors for the monthly/quarterly/occasionally printed humor magazine allege that the [squelched.com](http://squelched.com) site features articles that were copied "word for word" from *The Heuristic Squelch*. "Are we expected to believe that it is a coincidence that [squelched.com](http://squelched.com)'s 'A Guide to Short-hand Conversations' by one Sean Keane happens to be an exact duplicate of the article that I wrote for our magazine last semester?" asked magazine writer/editor Sean Keane. He continued, "If I ever meet this Keane



The Keanes.

fellow, I'm gonna issue a devastating beatdown on-the-spot."

When told of these comments, web site writer/flunky Sean Keane responded, "Any question as to the authenticity of my writing is both fraudulent and of suspicious origin. If I find out who is attempting to destroy my well-earned reputation, I'm gonna is-

sue a devastating beatdown. And I mean on-the-spot."

Other administrators of the web site refute the magazine's claims, citing First Amendment rights, the ideals of free flow of information on the Internet, and the fact that the magazine pays for the site and provides all the material that is posted.

## THE DIARY OF A DEITY (Selected Excerpts)

PROPERTY OF YUD-HAY-VAV-HAY

Day 0: I need something to write about. I should probably get around to creating that universe that I've been planning. On second thought, that sounds like a lot of work. Maybe I'll do it tomorrow.

Day 1: Went sweeping over the waters today. Made light. That's about it. Nothing special.

Day 6: Having just created man, I now know what mistakes to avoid while creating woman. For one thing, she can't just be able to reach down and gratify herself all day long like Adam does. I think I'll design her genitalia in such a way as to prevent her from achieving orgasm for as long as possible.

Day 8: Enough creating for one eternity. Took the seventh day off. I decided that writing in my journal is work and I won't work on the Sabbath. Unfortunately, I also considered feeding the dinosaurs work, and they all died on me. I gave them a proper burial under several strata of rock. I'll miss those little guys.

Day 10: Lucifer got a second nose ring today. I'm hoping this little rebellious phase of his will pass.

Day 11: We had an argument. Some things were said that we both regret. There was some fighting. I had Michael cast him and his hoodlum friends down into Hell's Lake of Fire for all eternity...or until he finally gets over himself and matures a little.

Day 18: Mike and Gabriel's hilarious slapstick routine has convinced me it would greatly increase the light-hearted enjoyment of the human experience to allow bad things to happen to good people, totally at random. I hope they get as big a kick out of it as I do.

Day 100: Looks like that whole "free will" thing was a bit of a SNAFU. My bad.

Year 272: I chose some people today. I call them "the Chosen People," and they're gonna face all kinds of shit for the next 7,000 years. But at least they get Matzah-Brie. I can't believe they're really going along with this circumcision thing. Ho, boy. It's good to be God.

1016: Today I delivered my ten guidelines for happy living to the prophet Schlomo, and he laughed at them. So I smote him. Maybe the next guy will take them more seriously if I call them "Commandments."

1050: First week on the market and my book's already a best seller. In your face, Gilgamesh!

3749 (8 months BC): Bad news...The test came back positive. I'm not ready to be a father...I think I'm gonna be sick.

AD 29: Pretty slick, mankind. I love you so much that I give you my only son, and you pinheads go and nail him to a cross. See if I do you any more favors. I don't know why I even bother.

# features

EAST. WEST. LAGOM IS BEST

by Sven Svensson

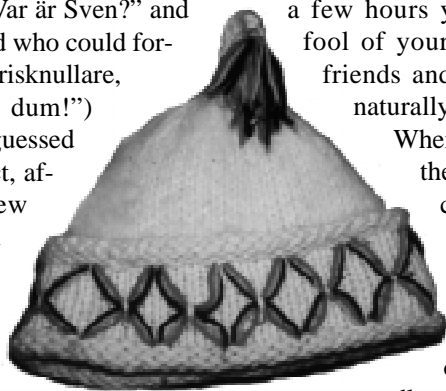
I recently returned from studying abroad in Sweden, also known as "The land of a thousand Swedes," and "The powder-keg of Scandinavia." Now many people are inclined to ask, "why the fuck did you choose Sweden?" To tell you the truth, I asked the same thing. Here are some of the answers I came up with:

How many times has it happened that, in the course of a typical day, you have needed a Swede? Too many to count? Well, I've found a place literally *swarming* with Swedes: Sweden! Or have you ever wondered where Swedish is actually spoken? The answer: in Sweden! The origin of many common-place English expressions which most of us use without even thinking, such as, "Var är Sven?" and "Precis lagom!" (and who could forget "Fan, din jävla grisknullare, men du är så jävla dum!") can be traced, you guessed it, to Sweden. In fact, after dinner just a few days ago, my friend Matt exclaimed loudly, "I sure could use a Swede right now," but then seemed rather embarrassed that he had said it. This is not uncommon. Many people will even say "Oh, Swede!" or "I feel like a Swede today," without really knowing what a Swede is. (I myself thought that it was a garden variety of mushroom.)

Much as it's likely that over 75% of the people in a room have the name "Bort," so is it likely that most people in a room are Swedish. Try this in lecture: say out loud, "Now who here is Swedish?" Maybe one shy kid who masturbates a lot will raise his (other) hand. But then someone else will (perhaps the guy with the horned helmet who comes to class on a horse), and then another (the guy named Gustave XII, per-

chance), and before you know it nearly everybody has revealed his or her secret. You were sitting in a room full of Swedes and didn't even know it! Spooky. Note, this is also likely in Sweden.

Sweden spends exactly 0.000001% of its GNP on the military, because of its historical "wartime neutrality." It can defend itself for a whopping 3 seconds before big bad NATO comes to the rescue, and Swedish soldiers sure mop a mean floor. The rest of the GNP is spent on two things: 1) horrible, horrible furniture, which is distinctly Swedish (whatever that means); and 2) alcohol. Much like the US five-day rule on the purchase of firearms, Sweden has a five-day rule on the purchase of alcohol. When you feel like a drink you contact the government and register your name. In a few days, a certificate will come in the mail, which you take to your local "Systembolaget" (roughly translated as "Place full of Swedes"), and after only a few hours you can be making a fool of yourself in front of your friends and family (in Swedish, naturally).



When it comes down to it, the country that gave us civilization, algebra, and the number zero speaks for itself. But Iraq is not Sweden. Sweden, on the other hand, can

proudly claim lasting contributions both to heavy metal and to animal husbandry, having invented the "Iron Maiden," a device for restraining pigs. (Available at IKEA.)

Have you ever looked at a Volvo or one of those newfangled Swedish hanging stools, felt your heart warm, and said, "where can I see more of those?" The answer should be obvious right now, but in case you're naturally stupid or just Swedish, I'll tell you: in Sweden! They eat their pizza with a knife and fork. The word for "I" is "jag," which means, roughly, "Swede." When you're in trouble you yell, "hjälp," pronounced "yelp." Man that's weird. It sure is good to be back in these U-nited States.

## Top Ten "moniums"

10. Pandemonium
9. Koalamonium
8. Plutoniumonium
7. Alimonium
6. Vic DeMonium
5. Monimonium
4. Make yo bitch monium
3. This list blows-monium

## Top Ten Things to Put in a Time Capsule

10. A giant, steaming turd
9. A Fabuloso burrito
8. The "monium" list
7. Safeway club card
6. Wolf bait
5. Carton of milk
4. A cat, a radioactive isotope, a triggering device, and a vial of poison
3. A surprise party
2. The monolith from 2001
1. Dignity

## Top Ten Things Said by Romance Philology Majors

10. "No, not philosophy: philology. Philology. Phil-ol-lo-gy."
9. "If you're looking for anonymity, you've come to the right place, Mr. Cash."
8. "You study modernist philology? Pussy!"
7. "Mass Comm—Now that's a laughable major."
6. "Fuck da man!"
5. "Some guys are just in it for the romance. Me, I'm in it for the philology."
4. "Some of us don't need to earn money after college, Mr. Bourgeois Oppressor."
3. "The new guy's double majoring in something useful. Kill him."
2. "What the fuck is romance philology?"
1. "No, seriously, what the fuck is romance philology?"

## Top Three Penises

3. Mine
2. Yours
1. Alan Greenspan ('cause he's a penis)

### Top Ten Changes in the New Overground Underground

10. Slot machines
9. Ninja death cages
8. Pinball for deaf, dumb, and blind kids
7. Indian gambling
6. Stalagmites in, stalactites out
5. Dwarf tossing
4. Throngs of EECS majors rubbing their eyes, cursing the sun
3. Wheelchair refueling center
2. Women present of their own volition
1. Even more space fenced off

### Top Ten Things You Can Swipe For

10. Your mom
9. Printout of the first 50 digits of pi
8. Blowjobs at Sigma Kappa
7. The Book of Mormon
6. A romantic walk on the beach with Daily Cal columnist Jen Price
5. Edible meals
4. A vegemite sandwich with unstrained Odwalla
3. Clean needles and methadone
2. Office space in Eshleman
1. An Ethnic Studies degree

### Top Ten Reasons to Join the Campus Free-thinkers Alliance

10. All the rigorous conformity of church without the promise of eternal salvation
9. Month off for Labor Day
8. Thursday night is Ladies' Night – Ladies Think Free!
7. Heroin is a better opiate than religion
6. Tired of paying toll whenever you get the urge to think
5. Sick of the years of civil strife amongst warring clans of free-thinkers
4. No hazing
3. Doughnuts taste better than the Eucharist
2. Thought it was the Campus Free-Drinkers Alliance
1. Prefer to think freely within the confines of a group

# features

## The Backstreet Boys:



The world of music produces legends that put their stamp on particular moments of time. As we all know, music started in 1957.

Baseball had just moved to California, and man had recently evolved from what has now come to be known as the Era of Really Bad Crap. This time period includes such musical disasters as early swing, the Big Bands (which really weren't as big as the name implies), Doo-wop, and Pat Boone. As the 1950s turned into the 1960s, which is what decades tend to do when they end, rock and/or roll began to emerge. The Beatles burst upon the scene sometime around 1964, possibly on a Wednesday. The Rolling Stones, who had sailed to the United States on a make-shift raft to avoid political persecution, recorded their first song "La Cucaracha" soon thereafter. No one is quite certain what happened between 1967 and 1978, but it is assumed that Rod Stewart,

Fleetwood Mac, and Jimi Hendrix were involved. With the dawn of the 1980s, legendary bands such as Asia touched our hearts with the beautiful and touching "The Heat of the Moment," while Scandal demonstrated the emerging sexuality of women with "The Warrior" and it's legendary line: "Shooting down the walls of heartache/Bang Bang/I am The Warrior." Now, as the millennium draws to a close, a brave and courageous group has stepped forward to lead our musical culture forward into a new age: the Backstreet Boys.

It is easy to dismiss BSB as merely another boy band cut in the image of New Kids on the Block. It is very, very, very easy. It is also just as easy to make jokes to the effect of the alleged thinly veiled homoerotic themes the band seems to emit through actions, looks, and song titles (for example, claiming that the original titles of two of their big

We all remember the cuddly misadventures of Ricky Stratton (played by Ricky Schroder) and his dad in the popular 1980s sitcom *Silver Spoons*. Ricky lives in the lap of materialist luxury, with arcade games in his living room, a mini-train that goes all around his house, and even a handsome duck phone that quacks like a duck instead of ringing like a phone. However, despite his material wealth, Ricky is plagued with the same old problems that teenagers everywhere face, proving that money has nothing to do with happiness and that everyone, everywhere, regardless of class or wealth, suffers the same problems.

Ricky's heartwarming ordeals endeared us all to the hidden world of the rich, revealing once and for all that the wealthy are just like us. To this premise, I say: CRAP! Are we really expected

to believe that a spoiled brat like Ricky Stratton has as many problems as lower class teens? Are we to swallow the capitalist filth put forth by the media to pacify the working class and make aristocratic wealth seem undesirable? My answer is no, dear people. We must resist the mythology of *Silver Spoons* and keep fighting for social liberation the world over, until every man, woman and child has a handsome duck phone to call his or her own.

A teen in Ricky's position would not, by any means, have to suffer any of the trials and tribulations that most teens do. For instance, consider acne. Perhaps Ricky's zits are supposed to make us more sympathetic to him. Baloney, I say! It's common knowledge that the wealthy elite can afford face transplants, a procedure that has gone largely unnoticed in the news



*Silver Sickles*  
by Vladimir Huang

# A Theoretical Perspective by Ben Birken

hits should have been "As Long as You Love Me and You Are a Man", and "I Take It That Way"). We must, as a civilized, enlightened society, suppress these urges no matter how obvious it is to us that all five of the Boys would prefer the company of

men. Rather than being a silly, worthless, not-long-for-this-world pop band, the Backstreet Boys are the philosophers of the

present. Just as impossible to understand as noted thinker Michel Foucault but much more attractive, the band deals with concepts so shocking and complex that until now it was thought such areas of thought were restricted only to Protists and Fungi. Nothing better demonstrates this than their hit single "I Want It That Way."

The listener is left to his or her own

devices to decide which is the way that "it" is truly wanted, whatever "it" happens to be. The Boys, true to form, never say. Some have concluded that they are proposing a threesome, others suggest that they are asking for animals to be included in a sexual act



of some sort. What we do know is that there is a definite double standard at work: while BSB does indeed "want it that way," they do

NOT want to hear that "you" (who or whatever that may be) "want it that way." Furthermore, to call someone "[their] fire" is reminiscent of Bananarama's remake of "Venus," where they claim to be someone's "fire." Are the Backstreet Boys proposing a love of Bananarama? Would anyone ever in their right mind do such a thing?

In the most haunting section of the

song, BSB asks of its intended audience to tell them why it "...ain't nothing but a heartache." What kind of unfeeling bastards minimize the pain of spurned love? Paying homage to the Socratic/Jewish mother method, they quickly follow their first question with another, asking to know why it "...ain't nothing but a mistake." Thus they have equated the "heartache" with being a "mistake," a clever rhetorical trick as well as a nifty rhyme. Something or someone has performed an action that has severely hurt the writer of the song who, based on the Boys' collective intelligence, is probably not a part of the band proper.

Are the Backstreet Boys your fire? Are they your one desire? If the answer is no, then I personally would rather not hear you say that you want it that way. So you can have your "Genie in a Bottle," and your "Livin' la Vida Loca." Me? I'll just take my Boys, because love is all I have to give.

media. Every day, millions of rich kids flood the offices of plastic surgeons, trading their greasy, pimply oil sops for smooth, soft, clear faces. And what happens to all those discarded acne-ridden masks? They're ground into Spam to feed poor people! Wake up!

Dating? Dating? Can we accept that someone like Ricky Stratton couldn't find a date? Please! He could easily buy any woman he wanted, and if any snooty princess refused his advances he could simply hire a hypnotist to warp the gal's mind into falling instantly and permanently in love with him. Why, he could even bring in a troop of Nicaraguan guerilla warriors to kidnap her, mercilessly break her spirit, and brainwash her until her only coherent thought is "Must...give...Ricky...handjob." Even without these monetary powers, the handsome duck phone is enough to win the heart of any girl. "Call me tonight, baby," Ricky could say, "and I'll answer on my...duck phone."

"The handsome duck phone?" the girl would coo sweetly. "Ooh, I'd suck you off for five hours just to say one word into that duck's feathered ass." I want a duck phone!

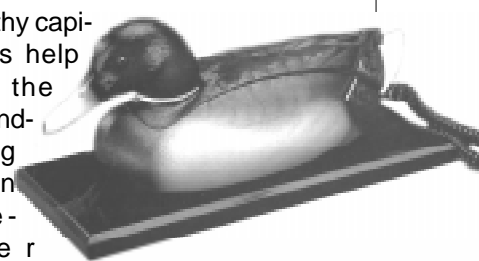
What about drugs? Ricky can afford all the drugs he wants! And not that crappy street stuff, but that high-priced Colombian shit. He could have shipments going right into his backyard. You think the police are going to look twice? Ricky could buy the police. Ricky sucks my cock. I want that goddamn duck phone.

In conclusion, it should be obvious that rich teenagers are much better off than poor teenagers. With their fake faces, poontang on demand, quality cocaine, and handsome duck phones, rich punk kids have every advantage imaginable. Shows like *Silver Spoons*, *Diff'rent Strokes*, and *ALF* are all part of the same government conspiracy: pacify the working class by allowing them to identify with a mythical problem-plagued upper class even as

wealthy capitalists help fund the impending alien takeover

(that's where *ALF* comes in, in case you were wondering) and communicate with our future overlords on their handsome duck phones. Do not be fooled! Resist the takeover! Hate the rich! Steal their duck phones! Lick my balls! Duck phones for everyone!

You may now be wondering, "Vladimir [that's me], *Silver Spoons* was cancelled twelve years ago. Why on Earth are you ranting about it now?" To which I reply, "I've been spending all this time looking for a duck phone of my own, and only recently came up with the idea to make people angry so they'll steal duck phones for me." Wait, ignore that last sentence.



### Top Ten Things You Wonder About Your New Roommate

10. If I throw him down the trash chute, and there's no one there to hear it, will it make a sound?
9. How does he cram all that graham?
8. What did he have to do to get that Members Only jacket?
7. Is he/she really a she/he?
6. How can he tell new Diet Dr. Pepper from regular Dr. Pepper?
5. If I make it look like an accident, can I get a 4.0?
4. Why is his hand on my cock?
3. If the Chinese are so good at laundry, how come his clothes are always so wrinkled?
2. Why does the university give him a scholarship to play football if the team's just going to go out and get its ass kicked every Saturday anyway?
1. Why is his hand still on my cock?

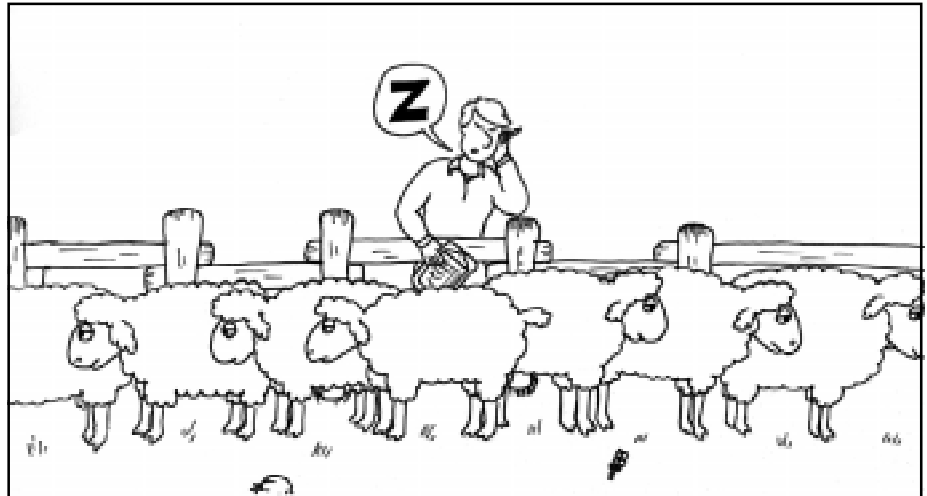
### Top Ten Things Overheard at the Morgue

10. "I see dead people."
9. "Let's put the 'fun' back in 'funeral.'"
8. "Do we have to eat this raw?"
7. "Where'd my watch go?"
6. "I came all the way to Berkeley for this funeral, and all I got was a lousy ethnic studies degree."
5. "Well, if she hadn't died, she'd be 18 by now..."
4. "Where does this piece go?"
3. "You're right - it does taste just like chicken!"
2. "We've secretly replaced the embalming fluid with Folger's Crystals...let's watch."
1. "That's not rigor mortis!"

### Top Ten Commercial Taglines About Your Penis

10. If it doesn't get all over the place, it doesn't belong in your face.
9. It's what's for dinner.
8. Put it in your head.
7. The juice is loose.
6. Is it in you?
5. The best a man can get.
4. Suck my dick!
3. Obey your thirst.
2. Kid-tested, mother approved.
1. The other white meat.

## features?



**Yet another failed attempt at taking inventory down at the sheep ranch.**

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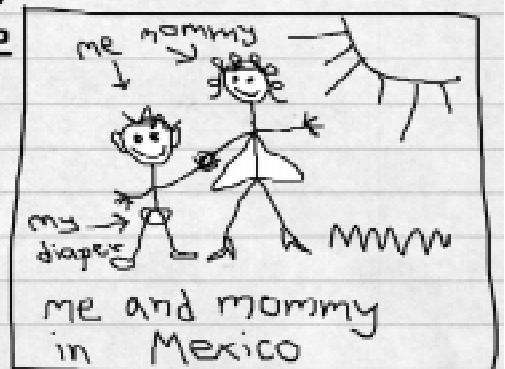


# features?



## My Summer Vacation by Billy Berget 2nd Grade

I went to my Nana and Baba's hous after skool ended. they was so nice to me. they was so proud of me and my A's in englis and P.E. Baba was a little mad cause i'm not in Peewee Football like he was, he said i was a "Pussy ass" and a "Dick sucker". Mommy told me not to listen to him cause he is a dick sucker too.



Mommy was smoking out of her glass pipe agin and Nana was really mad cause she said that the glass pipe is what made me have such a big head. i like my head. i can write every word of "If you wanna be my lover" by the Spice Girls on it. The kids at skool play tic tac toe on it.

I decided i want to be on Baywatch when i grow up. Mommy said they only let people with dads on, but i don't believe her cause if she was telling the truth then no one would be on cause no one has a dad. Mommy said my dad is a son a bitch, but the teacher tell me she is wrong i'm son a bitch teknicly.

i had blood in my BM other day, Unkle Lewis said not to be scardeded he has blood in his BM everyday.

Mommy and I went to Mexico for two days and she put something stinky in my diapers. i don't wear diapers, but she said this special occasion. My diaper smell like skunk and mommy tell police it was my poop, but i no poop. mommy so funny.

Me and Baba went to the fair and he drank lots of grown up soda and when we drive home he throw up out the window and hit a dog. He so funny.

My big brother Stephen's big frend Bruce sleeps over all the time. Stephen calls him his "Sugar Daddy" cause he's so sweet.

I like summer cause Mommy brings over all her man frends and they rub my big head for good luck when they play poker. Mommy likes taking her clothes off when her man frends are over. they play with sugar powder on mommys mirror and i get to play with it with Mommy's money card.

**Against abortion?**  
**Me too!**

**Guns don't kill people.**  
**Polar bears kill people.**

**Don't mess with Maine!**



**VW VOLKSWAGEN**



**START SEEING**  
**MOPEDS.**



**kill**  
**your**  
**blender.**

**VW AUTOMATIC**



**PABLO NERUDA CAN SUCK MY MEATY IRISH COCK.**