

the

HEURISTIC

S Q U E L C H

VOL 33-1

TOUCH
ME! ↓

GRAB
ME! *



It was time: the radiohead x bladee listening party was finally 24 hours away. I passed the time jacking off, added my shower workshop completion certificate to my apple wallet, and before I knew it I was en route on my trusty e-longboard.

It was a Friday night, so all the chuds and stacys were out with their black top and jeans combo. Saw my gf too, with some guy. They don't even know I'm going to be one of the first listeners to the first album written on an offshore wind farm in the Bermuda Triangle.

I surrendered myself to two ephemeral Swedish twinkles for entry (sex implied). A few short, blissful minutes later I wiped my hands and they opened the drain cover to reveal a ladder built out of loko cans. I climbed down into the nitrous haze and was repulsed by the myriad of inauthentically-sourced Carhartts. Scoff. All of a sudden, I heard a choral countdown, and the giant lean bucket baptized all of us, washing away our Original Sin. I leaned back and opened wide, and the first utterances washed over me: **In the deepest ocean...** *Wørlð Wår IV gøt the twin tøwers buřin...*

When I resurfaced, I got off my knees, pulled up my pants, and noticed a little bit of dirt—my dick was signed by none other than Ecco2k and Thaiboy Digital, calligraphy winding around the usual teeth marks. Memories of the night swirled in my mind... *i boughť a thousand smurfs on eBay, I wås øn shrøøms needlæss to sây... I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo...*

My gf's bf asked me about the experience, and I felt Him speak through me: *dåffødil ùp my äss like ìm hièrønymüs bösch / shåwty chøke mè with her blåhaj / in a Bladee renaissance.*



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[auditing the polycule]

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[imagining you naked and rotating]

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@theheuristicsquelch

Words From the Top!

Dear Reader,

Our magazine is known for a lot of things, but being pretty isn't one of them. We express ourselves through our giant humor and immense wit, and we've never felt like our work had to be aesthetic to be worthwhile and get attention. A real reader wouldn't care if we were ugly, they would like us for our personality. And then, we realized that was the attitude of a nerd virgin, and no one would ever want to read us if we didn't start putting some effort in. We hope you enjoy us since we've taken off our glasses and straightened our hair. Now that we're hot but still not fulfilled, allow us to put down other magazines to make ourselves feel better.

As one in the minority of clubs that doesn't believe in applications and allows anyone to join, there is something that doesn't sit right with us about any student art magazine that proclaims being inclusive and diverse, but then has applications you must pass to be allowed to share that inclusivity and diversity. It seems silly for students to come up with application criteria to judge other students on for a student publication paid for by all of our tuition. Progressive and inclusionary intentions or not, having an application at all is marginalizing. To pass the application, prospective students will appeal themselves to the student group in power in any way they can – either they will prove they're already aligned with the group or they will tokenize their diversity as a nonthreatening asset.....interesting.

To be clear, there's nothing wrong with being in or wanting to join these clubs, or to make art and find a like-minded social group. We don't think these clubs are malicious or intentionally perpetuating the very stereotypes they're trying to rebel against... they probably haven't ever thought about it too deeply. We just wish they were a little more upfront with their vapidity instead of masquerading as harbingers of the new Gen Z woke society. But, if we think they're overstating their art and anyone could do it, we should put our money where our mouth is. So, we did.

The crazy thing is that it was really fucking fun to make an artsy fartsy magazine. It's fun to take pretty pictures, it's fun to write poetry, and it's fun to toe the line of illegibility with every font. We get why they do it now. It's really, really fun. Honestly, making a satire of an art magazine made us like them more than we ever have before. To those magazines: we don't hate you, we just hope in the future you take yourselves less seriously and actually commit to the values you claim to represent. We hope after reading this that you do hate us!

To commemorate our new lives as artists, and to resolve the fact that a club should only have one president, we've decided to conjoin ourselves. We now share a hipbone and would like to be referred to as our entity name Avisol. Signed for the very last time before we legally change our name,

Ava Guardino and Marisol Suarez

The Heuristic Squelch is an ASUC sponsored publication of UC Berkeley. The content contained herein does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the ASUC, nor does it re-reflect the opinions of the ASUC nor does it reflect the opinions of the ASUC. No homo.

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BYO STUBBER

DI 7 RIDING THE HIN 77



Jan 6

PU TO 1 CYCLOTRON RD

SCUMEL

FRACK OFF

OUR MISSION STATEMENT

★ 4 score and 7 years before our implantation into the blasphemous womb of the ASUC, we received a divine message:

☆ "The HEURISTIC! Squelch's mission is to go forth and stigmatize all balls, no dick."

★ And so when we emerged from that puthy, tight like a nun,

★ Mother Earth proclaimed from the heavens above:

☆ "HOLY FUCK. HOLY FUCKING FUCK. THAT BODY OF YOURS IS ABSURD. FIRE EMOJI."

★ We crode,

☆ "Gay foreskins are sacred (and chub rub)."

★ We were rewarded for our piety with a small sum

★ And a little dick, to which all are wel-cum.

...So are you gonna show me how you squirt or what?

Op-Ed: What the white?

If your yakubian devil does any of these things, you are entitled to keep a side.

My bitchass whiteass twinkass lameass stankass uglyass bitch boyfriend's been pissing me the fuckkk offffff. I'm just soooooo tired of waging this war against the ever-pressing hierarchies that perpetuate neoliberalist carceral statehood. I've certainly had enough, and I know I'm not the only one.

Your oatmilk libshit cheez-it@ wokecel soyboy bitch boyfriend has no idea what's coming... or who. It's the year of the snake, the year of lying about your body count, the year of keeping a side, and I'm about to give you all the reasons why this is completely ethical. Get your lick back and I guarantee you'll start nutting off the pole (just not his).

If these make you sigh, get with another guy:

1. He says "Holy Mackerel!" everytime you take your shirt off
2. The teathy head trick isn't working anymore
3. He brags to his hetero friends about you fingering his ass bruh
4. He takes your pants off and says you'd be hotter with a penis?
5. He ripped the condom off while he nudded all over my fucking bed, threw it in a deli container, and made a four-way fuck pact with me and our twink mutual without my knowledge (I still don't know who the fourth is)
6. He compares himself to Nietzsche bc he's an INTJ



HEURISTIC!

application guide

HEURISTIC! Squelch is for lovers, visionaries, and the undead. We are proud of our nicotine addictions and the weird oily smell of our hair.

Above all, we support the expression of love through art. We love each other more than ourselves. If you wish to join our polycule, please note there is a separate application form asking for sexual health details.*

We believe fat bodies are sacred. Right now, take a moment with us. Hold this magazine, and really feel its weight. Connect with the pages, feel their texture and aroma. Next, take the magazine and wrap it around your waist. If it doesn't fit, we want you to DM your situationship immediately and tell them to call you a fat piggy until you get your act together.

What we are looking for in new members...

requirements:

- at least 4 tattoos
- septum piercing

preferences:

- non-ethical non-monogamists
- applicants of the sexy and/or white persuasion

We look forward to reading your applications!! Remember, this club is very high-commitment and low-reward, but we are above all a family.

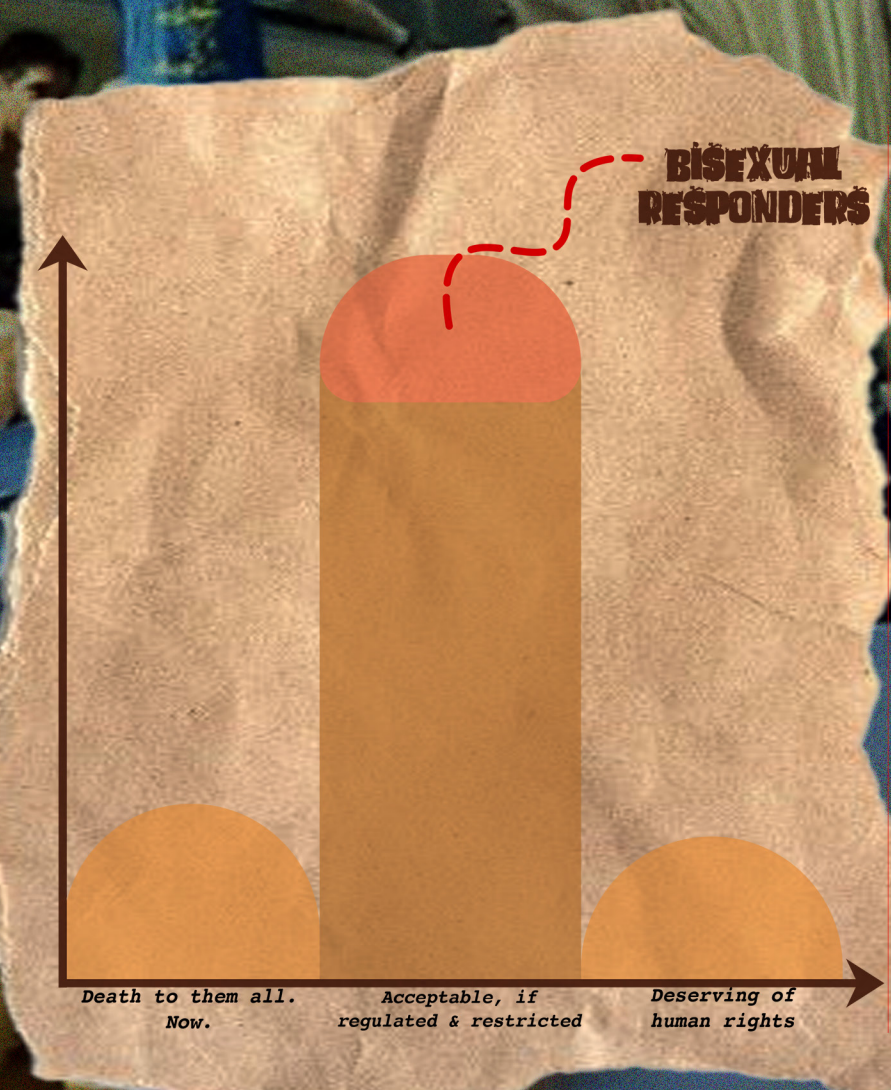
Be yourself & answer how you see fit --- have fun with it! <3

*We are legally obligated to request this information after the May 2024 incident when 40% of our members contracted chlamydia from Sock Dover (they/any).

As to bridge the gap between the straight and gay community, we here at The Heuristic Squelch decided to reach out to the straights and contact members of Greek Life to share their stories and opinions. After polling some of the biggest Berkeley frats and sororities, 76% of them deemed the LGBTQ as "acceptable, if regulated and restricted," with only 24% wanting "fags to be put to death," and 2% referred to them as "acceptable members of society." This shoots our previous polling attempts out of the water! The frat men and women of Cal truly stand out as some of the most progressive and elegant students in the world.

We also interviewed some heteros living that Greek Life and asked them to define what Greek Life is all about. Here are some responses:

New pledge: "Man, Greek Life is all about brotherhood, brotherly love and stuff. You take a vow to always take care of your bros and teach them how to live a solid and righteous life. I remember when I first joined Delta Upsilon, they tied me to a chair and blindfolded me then made moaning noises and fed me a cracker covered in goo that tasted realllllllly bitter. When they took off my blindfold they were all naked and wrote "cumslut" on my chest with Sharpie. I know some people are gonna say, 'Ew, gross gaytard, you ate cum' but since that day I've gotten to know my brothers in arms, and they would never make me a fag bag by forcing me to taste their boyhood paste on a saltine; we aren't about that. We don't cause each other pain, we give each other sweet, gentle love, every single night. If one of my buddies needs relationship advice, I'll come. If one of them needs help taking dick pics for their girlfriend, I will come. If one of them needs a sparring partner for oil wrestling, I. Will. COME. That's what Greek life is all about, (homo)sapiens loving each other."



Delta Upsilon
(REDACTED) Chair:
"The creamy cracker?
Yeah, that was cum."



DRESS TO IMPRESS (no one)



Welcome! This interactive page invites you to dress up Oski in an array of shitty clothing. Get your scissors out and start scissoring!!! (cutting the clothes out...)



You WILL see my nipples

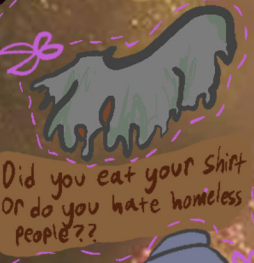


Cal day strap on



Did you eat your shirt or do you hate homeless people??

I'm so coquette and thin my waist is soooo small I forget that people can't see me! I love my dainty boobs ♡ If you don't like lana del rey KILL YOURSELF



Thrifted pants from a 50 year old



Skirt with Thong



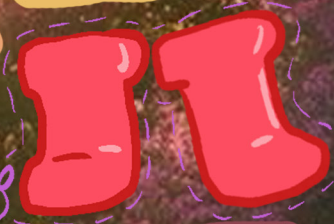
Shorts with a belt dipped in piss



"vzk" but bfff this is just a jacket with stars you got off of temu.



If you wear these I hope you fall down the dwinnelle shit stairs



Pac-man boots that won't look good on you no matter how hard you lie to yourself



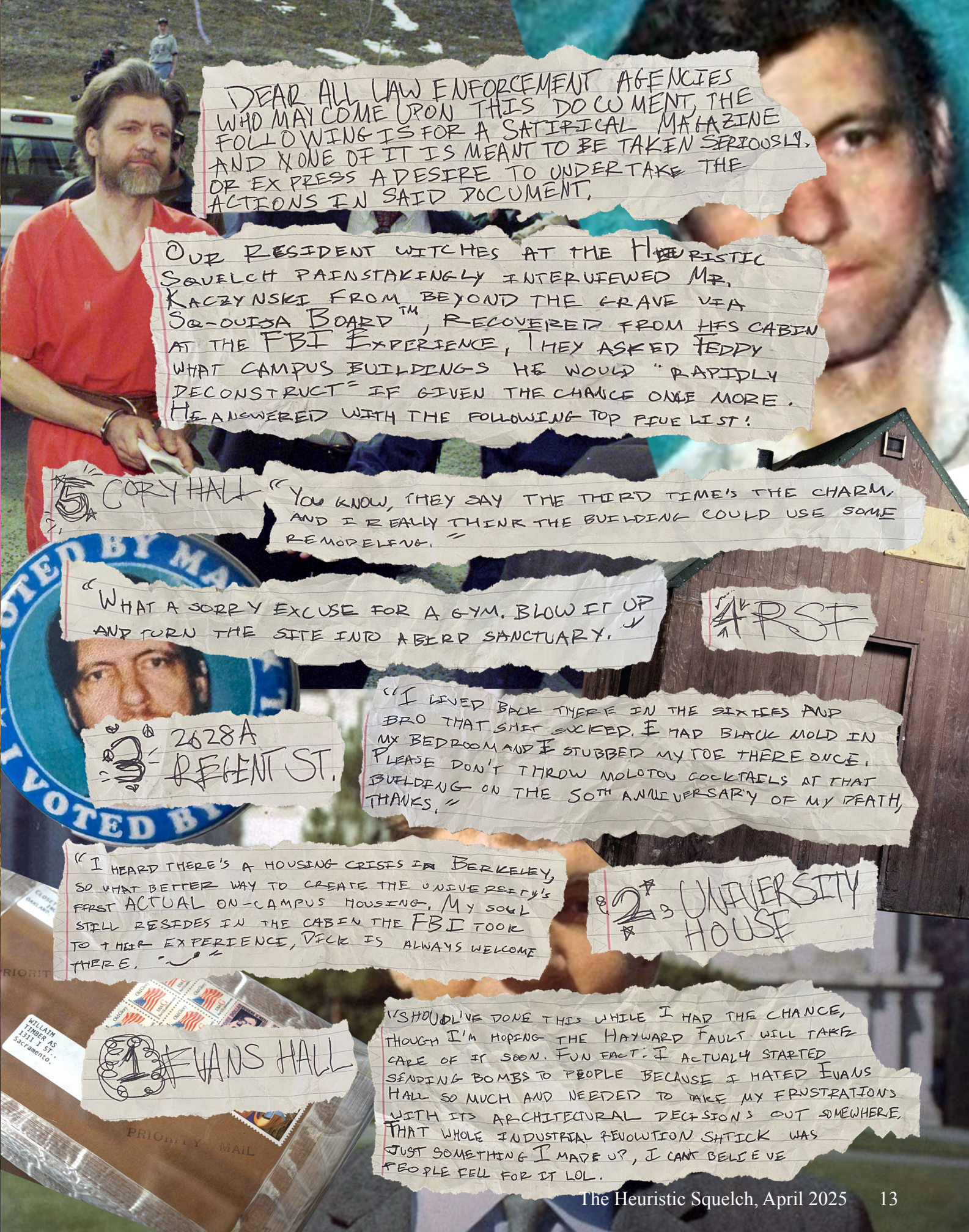
The 36 ran over my dog but at least I got these cute boots out of it :3!!!



Twink Vest



I'm so kawaii desu ne!!!
→3<!!! Do you like my outfit senpai?
I'm so arigatoful...!!!!



DEAR ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES WHO MAY COME UPON THIS DOCUMENT, THE FOLLOWING IS FOR A SATIRICAL MAGAZINE AND NONE OF IT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, OR EXPRESS A DESIRE TO UNDERTAKE THE ACTIONS IN SAID DOCUMENT.

OUR RESIDENT WITCHES AT THE HEURISTIC SQUELCH PAINSTAKINGLY INTERVIEWED MR. KACZYNSKI FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE VIA S&OUIZA BOARD™, RECOVERED FROM HIS CABIN AT THE FBI EXPERIENCE, THEY ASKED TEDDY WHAT CAMPUS BUILDINGS HE WOULD "RAPIDLY DECONSTRUCT" IF GIVEN THE CHANCE ONE MORE. HE ANSWERED WITH THE FOLLOWING TOP FIVE LIST:

5 CORY HALL "YOU KNOW, THEY SAY THE THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM, AND I REALLY THINK THE BUILDING COULD USE SOME REMODELING."

"WHAT A SORRY EXCUSE FOR A GYM. BLOW IT UP AND TURN THE SITE INTO A BIRD SANCTUARY."

4 RST

3 2628A REGENT ST.

"I LIVED BACK THERE IN THE SIXTIES AND BRO THAT SHIT SUCKED. I HAD BLACK MOLD IN MY BEDROOM AND I STUBBED MY TOE THERE ONCE. PLEASE DON'T THROW MOLOTOV COCKTAILS AT THAT BUILDING ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF MY DEATH, THANKS."

"I HEARD THERE'S A HOUSING CRISIS IN BERKELEY, SO WHAT BETTER WAY TO CREATE THE UNIVERSITY'S FIRST ACTUAL ON-CAMPUS HOUSING. MY SOUL STILL RESIDES IN THE CABIN THE FBI TOOK TO THEIR EXPERIENCE, DICK IS ALWAYS WELCOME THERE."

2 UNIVERSITY HOUSE

1 EVANS HALL

"SHOULD'VE DONE THIS WHILE I HAD THE CHANCE, THOUGH I'M HOPING THE HAYWARD FAULT WILL TAKE CARE OF IT SOON. FUN FACT. I ACTUALLY STARTED SENDING BOMBS TO PEOPLE BECAUSE I HATED EVANS HALL SO MUCH AND NEEDED TO TAKE MY FRUSTRATIONS WITH ITS ARCHITECTURAL DECISIONS OUT SOMEWHERE. THAT WHOLE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION SHIT WAS JUST SOMETHING I MADE UP, I CAN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE FELL FOR IT LOL."



sometimes your inner wolf...



...is a girl named aeshleigh-mae

putting the beast... in mr. beast...

Obviously we want grindr and love guys that shit

I only want

to

product C-P. There is only the best in the goddamn world

They don't get a paycheck.

C-P should be IMMEDIATELY. (It's okay, they'll be fine).

locked 20 straight

minor and

I have a good grasp on three guys

Make sure

people see our fee. If 100,000,000 people see and 1 click then that means

someone in a bathtub

Survived

"Like Bananas" "Bananas Are The Worst Food On Earth"

World's Largest Bouncy giant yellow bouncy bouncy as it's the world's largest. It's also in a field with no buildings. You were lied to expect

TIT VIDEOS

GOONER CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
- 3. DEVICE TO MAKE YOUR GOONSTICK BIGGER
 - 5. YOUR GODDESS
 - 7. SYNONYM FOR PENIS
 - 8. WHAT COMES FROM A GOOD GOONING SESH
 - 9. SOUND FROM GOONING
 - 12. ANOTHER SYNONYM FOR PENIS
 - 13. PREFERRED GOONING LUBE
 - 14. WHAT YOU WILL NEVER HAVE

- DOWN**
- 1. RHYTHM GAME FOR JERKING
 - 2. GUM RECEPTABLE
 - 4. you!
 - 6. YOUR GOD
 - 10. WHERE YOU LIVE
 - 11. PENIS EXERCISE

I Fucked Rich Lyons!

I don't care if people think this is fake, I needed to get this off my chest and confess; I fucked Chancellor Lyons. I met Dick the last day of gbo week, as I left the Berkeley Farmers Market reading my philosophical body of text, there he was: strutting his stuff, busking for the Berkeley Free Clinic, and stomping his bare, tambourined foot (a grounding technique, as I later learned). I didn't recognize him at first, all I saw was a silver fox with warm, kind eyes and a wink of naughtiness that begged exploration. I abruptly stopped in front of him, he extended his paw to introduce himself and when I felt his firm grip on my soft delicate hand, I sensed him examining my eyes and entering me. "You'll hear from me when it's time," he whispered in my ear before we parted ways. I went about my business, having felt transmogrified.

The next few days felt never-ending—it was edgefest after edgefest, whenever I got a text, my loins skipped a beat and my heart quivered... exactly forty-eight hours after our encounter, he emailed me. I knew what he wanted; my succulent backside made rounds in high school for a reason.

After dinner, I sat in his office and he told me how special I was. He said, "most people don't make it to the Lyons den—you, however—I see some talent in you. I see an ethereal bisexual who wears mostly black, and I want a taste." He suddenly picked me up with one arm and brought me to his bedroom. "but first, we must acknowledge that we are on unceded Ohlone land, this territory extends from what we know today as the Berkeley Hills—I was entranced by his respect of the land we were to fuck on, he placed his hand gingerly, yet firmly, on my pectoral. "now that I've acknowledged this domain isn't mine, why don't I show you what is?" he gripped me hard, his lion's blood coursing through the veins of that strong arm. "I think it's time for me to claim my territory—he pinned me under his five pillars of consent (arm, arm, leg, leg, leg), and what proceeded was a night of hard and passionate love-making.

I was pinned, face down, on the bed, he ripped my clothes off, he took my hair and tilted my head backwards before he thrust a small bottle towards my left nostril. "inhale," he commanded. "what is this?" I asked. "something special for you," he responded. "let's call it anal nitrate." after I inhaled, he bound my mouth with a harmonica gag. he spat on my hole before working a finger in, then two, then three. "here comes simba," he decreed, before he thrust his top dog™ into me. the sounds of the harmonica moans filled the room and enveloped us. "you sound just like bob dylan," he postulated.

gripping my shoulder, he roared "rrr richard Lyons!" just as the finale sharp escaped me. I felt our sweet harmonization, but suddenly his warmth departed. I looked up to see his intense gaze as he unbound me and pronounced, "it's stunning what Berkeley is able to achieve at the scale that it achieves it." my pin tight butthole had been completely ravaged. I was leaking, shaking, and sweating with vigor. it took me a while to collect myself, alone, without richard to hold me. when I finally mustered the strength to turn to him, I was met with his iPhone 11, a digital alarm clock reading 4:39 am, and a dim jar of fireflies. to my chagrin, he had x (formerly known as twitter) open on his phone in light mode. he was typing out his previous declaration with his right index finger. he turned to me and gripped the back of my head with his paw. gazing deeply into my eyes he asked, "are you a different animal, or the same beast?" without waiting for a response, he turned and climbed into the light.

he chartered me a GIG* to the university house. like a mistress of the night, I snuck through the hole in the back of the hedge as he instructed. he was perched languidly on the patio, strumming die with a smile (cupcake remix) as he raked me over with his eyes. he looked up from his six-string acoustic diddler and tipped his chin at the luminous mason jar by his side. "aren't they nice?" I looked at him, puzzled. "fireflies," he affirmed. "I used to catch them at 37.38303856951045, -122.1233772943019. without waiting for my response, he stood and tilted my chin up to meet his gaze. he fed me a plate of a single, shriveled pea and mezzo's lemon blueberry booch; he explained it was "high in fiber and good for the bowels."

ever since that night, me and Lyons "business meetings" were nonstop. I'm not ashamed to say it but every time he gives me the best sex of my life. I walk away with a smile on my face. I love dick—he's sweet and promiscuous, not to mention he is an expert with his fingers. I please him more than his wife ever could and I wish I could say it to her face. I'm not sorry, Jennifer. I'm happy being his little cub, I wouldn't change a thing. I love sloppy scandalous gay man sex with richard and if I could surgically attach his little richie into my ass, I would. if you're reading this dick, I love you, see you at 8 Lyon time; fiat lux!

*GIG has since ceased operations as of December 27, 2024; potentially unrelated.

Fuck my stupid baka white boy chungus life...

Shoutout Modest Proposal, like my name lil descartes,

She swallow my cum swift, the babies didn't even get a chance to start

I'm a seminal figure, I smoke out da lil cart,

You can't get my rhymes in a combo—th
ey're only

A-la-carte,

Came on your mom with so much gusto it got all over the walls and the housekeeper left
it there cuz she thought it was a work of art

Call me Andy Warhol the way I always leave my mark.

Eggs, protein powder, milk, eggs, chicken brea4st,
r1ce, eggs, silken tofu (not for me), froot of the loom ps5

I add that all to my cart.

Rip my best brodie brandon, rip that boi gone call him k-mart

Toot.

Oops... His hole too big call that a kilofart

He was a simp, son, I called him bart

Bart told me to eat his short

My fat fucking balls bouncing like it's the court

Lebron da goat

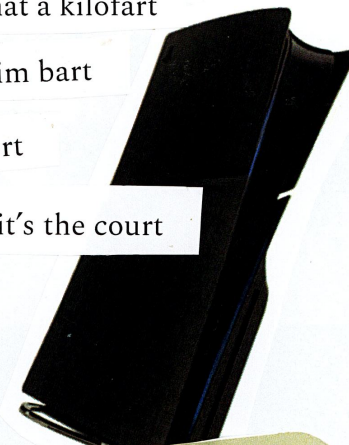
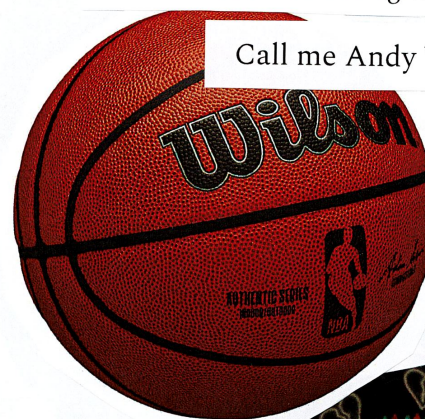
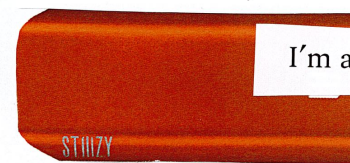
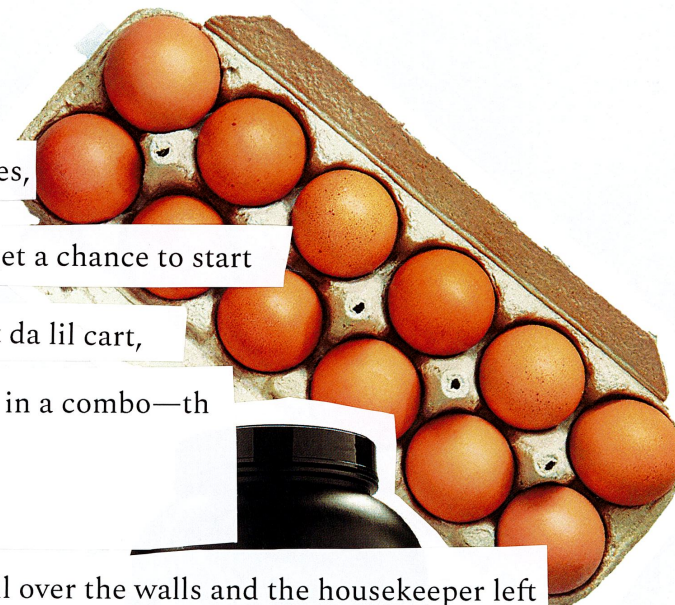
Riding him so hard I'm slobbin on his toes like I'm Mort

Don't ask me to wear a condom, baby don't fucking block the moat.

[my balls will hort!]

Xandemic every day, 6/8/18, my brain is fried

Rip juice, my (e)X died





HEURISTIC! APPLICATION

PERSONAL INFORMATION

FULL NAME: Jxn Jacob Jinglemeier Schmidt
First Middle Last

BMI (check one): <18 18-20 other: 22 ← THIN ICE ...

STAR SIGN: sun: aquarius moon: pisces rising: gemini

GENDER (circle one): ~~girl~~ nonbinary, boy nonbinary ← PICK ONE!!!

BODY COUNT: 9 to 11 BISEXUAL? ?

BODY COUNT WHERE U ACTUALLY CAME: 0 1 other: 1.5 RECOUNT!

POLYCULE SIZE: 2, me + my partner. ← TRY HARDER ...

SLURS YOU CAN SAY: [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] YOU'RE SO BRAVE!

SUCCUBUS MBTI: INFP YOUR CUTIE MARK: dirty mattress + bong on it

DO YOU MEAN BREEDGASM???

CIRCLE ONE

TWEA OR CLAW neither is SATIVA OR INDICA SEPTUM OR BELLY PIERCING HERPES OR HPV vaccinated btw

MY YEAR OF REST AND RELAXATION OR THE BELL JAR

FILL IN SECTION:

Why our art zine/mag/ecosystem/'cule?

this collective speaks to my values of diversity, inclusivity, community, and kinship. I also appreciate how the group follows time, manner, & place policies in order to further a better world with free (s)peech, while still being RESPECTFUL! I appreciate the true sovereignty of this nation state and their commitment to fostering a safe space for marginalized groups to express themselves without fear.

NOT WAKE ENOUGH. REJECTED!

TRY BERKELEY COLLEGE REPUBLICANS.

LOL

ANSWER THIS QUIZ AND WE'LL GUESS WHICH PRE-BARIATA MAJOR YOU ARE P

1. Have you ever had feelings for a same-gender close friend?

- A. I am a Squelch reader
- B. What's the difference between a friend and a crush?
- C. We diddle
- D. Staunch homophobe (he/him series)

2. Who did you vote for this past election?

- A. Harris and/or Donny T
- B. Claudia De la Cruz
- C. Write-in Candidate (Joe Glubbin)
- D. Voter fraud

3. What are you watching on a Saturday night w/ bae?

- A. KissAnime
- B. The Joe Rogan Experience ft. Yeonmi Park
- C. Dhar Mann
- D. "Diddy Freak Off Party Explained" - The Infographics Show

4. You are a mother of 4, which child do you cannibalize first?

- A. Podcaster son
- B. Homesteader daughter
- C. Gay daughter
- D. Thot son

5. What is your waist size?

- A. 20 inches
- B. 20.25 inches
- C. 20.5 inches
- D. Other (???)

6. What u smokin

- A. damianluck925 x Whole Melts Extract
- B. Joker Weed
- C. hand-rolled british cigarette
- D. Meth 🧠🚬

7. And lastly, what is your go-to drink?

- A. Iced matcha latte (bitch boy)
- B. Black coffee (you deserve all the misery you experience)
- C. Caramel macchiato (birth certificate says 2016)
- D. Tap (no ice)

Computer Science MOSTLY DS: MOSTLY CS: Israel Studies MOSTLY CS: MOSTLY DS: Philosophy MOSTLY BS: MOSTLY BS:

