

the **neurristic** **squelch**

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“They warned me about this at Cal SO.”



the *neurist* **Squelch**

FEARING THINGS BESIDES FEAR ITSELF SINCE 1991

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(super fear)

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Never Play Truth or Dare With the Squelch

Yesterday, we were just like you. Ordinary Berkeley students, going about our ordinary business. That's until we got suckered into a game of Truth or Dare in the Heuristic Squelch office. Long story short, one triple dog dare and you end up the new Editors-in-Chief of the Squelch. Apparently it's a tradition.

I mean, I guess we got off easy. I doubt the guy who was dared to jump off the fourth floor of Eshleman will ever show up again. Let alone the copy editor that got truthed into admitting she regularly farts into the scanner. And if we'd let the photographer drag the game on with any more weepy prostate-related truths, we probably wouldn't have had time to get this issue to press. We only got this gig today, after all.

It's not all bad though. The staff members dared to be our personal slaves are doing a great job keeping things clean around here. And the magazine-wide dare that no one sleep for 64 hours is really helping productivity a lot. We're a little worried about the kid who got bullied into eating that stack of back issues. But hey, apparently that's tradition too.

Normally with the first issue of the year, editors like to promise lots of changes. We promise to get back to you on that as soon as we know what this magazine actually does.

Confused,
Lena Brooks, Max Ebert
Editors-in-Chief

Join the Squelch!

Do you like the Squelch? Do you love the Squelch? Do your eyes light up when you hear the high-pitched squeal of "Hyooristic Skoowelch" by Sather Gate each month? Are you just bored and need some new people to drink with? Either way, the Squelch wants you. We're fun. We're funny. You can bring us home to your mother after you've cleaned us up a bit. And best of all, we're willing to train you in whatever you want to do.

The Squelch is always looking for:

**Writers
Designers
Artists
Business Folks
Copy-Editors
Alcoholics
Alcoholism Enablers
People Who Want to Hang Out and Drink**

Hit us up at feedback@squelched.com or check out the meeting and submission info on the opposite page.

The Heuristic Squelch: UC Berkeley's only intentionally funny publication.



UC Regent Cries Himself to Sleep at Night

by Lauren Haag, defaulting on student loans

In a press conference this Thursday, UC Regent Robert Sullivan admitted to a rash of teary nights atop his satin sheets inside his retro spaceship house. The unprecedented raises in tuition have taken a heavy toll, the Regent said.

"It was wrong to take so much money from the little people," Sullivan said. "I've tried to distract my sorrow by expanding my collection of gold bars covered in diamonds, but it's just not working."

Sullivan, along with the rest of the Board of Regents, was recently discovered to have an unconscionably high salary. Sullivan was reportedly taking home \$787,637 plus benefits, as well as a secret salary worth twice his regular salary. He also received 20 vacation weeks a year for "super-yacht maintenance."

"I needed those vacation days to escape my deep regret," he said. "There is no better way to get rid of grief than a three-month vacation on your own private island. I highly recommend it."

Sullivan began to feel remorse after imagining how the tuition raises would affect him if he were still a student. He speculated that he would no longer be able to maintain the upkeep for the wildlife exhibit he houses in the backyard of his Berkeley Hills mansion, his fleet of vintage B-52 bombers, or other small luxuries. Sullivan supposed his family might feel the pain as well.

"I would have to sell one of my football teams!" said Petunia Sullivan, one of Sullivan's wives.

No matter how decadent students consider his actions, Sullivan asked that they take pity on him.

"I truly am sorry," Sullivan said, as he blew his nose into a crisp thousand-dollar bill.

CNN Faces Fines Over Portrayal of Muslim as Human Being

by Woodrow Currie, fine as hell

CNN is facing steep consequences this week for airing a report which failed to meet the FCC's mandatory Muslim otherness requirement. During a ten-minute piece on the opening of a halal butcher shop, New York resident and practicing Muslim Mohammed Amman Hassan was shown engaging in completely average activities, including paying bills and selling meats in his new shop. In flagrant disregard of FCC policy, the piece did not contain any images to make the viewer distrustful of Hassan or his religion at large, such as the burning of American flags or furious praying to a picture of Osama bin Laden.

"CNN brought this on themselves when they aired a piece about a Muslim without the mandatory four pieces of orientalist imagery," said a representative of the FCC. "The American way of life needs protection now more than ever, and the best way to do that is to make all other ways of life seem scary and wrong. The FCC works tirelessly to enforce otherness requirements, and CNN can't even be bothered to show a few flashes of robed men cutting off hands?"

The pending fines against CNN are only the latest in a line of violations of the otherness requirement. A piece shown on MSNBC in early June depicted Africa, but failed to show sufficient amounts of poverty or children covered in flies. MSNBC's parent station NBC committed a similar offense during recent coverage of a gay marriage debate, which contained no stock footage of shirtless men dancing in short shorts.

Bill O'Reilly, whose show *The O'Reilly Factor* is the only news program currently on the air that has never fallen short of otherness quotas, was quick to comment. "Frankly CNN's effort to make Muslims look like real people disgusts me. I've spent a lot of time blaming a religion of over a billion people for the actions of a handful of radicals, and I will not have the liberal media ruin it with 'tolerance'."

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George Washington Found Dead
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Desperate Baha Men Rerelease Dogs
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Cow Reaches Tipping Point
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Anthropologist Does Trendy Research

by Will Kuffel, *trying to bring back corduroy*

Controversial anthropologist George Burris released a new study Friday on the appearance of prehistoric man, advancing a theory that runs counter to Dr. Robert Figerman's previous anthropological claim that "a Neanderthal dressed in a coat and fedora would be indistinguishable from modern man." Burris's report counters that it would not blend in because it would look like a complete douchebag.

"Look," said Dr. Burris, "Neanderthals may not have had the mental capacity to understand the flow of time, but even they weren't tacky enough to wear something as passé as a fedora."

"This paper is not only poorly researched, but rooted in blatant subjectivity," responded Dr. Figerman, awkwardly fidgeting with his fedora.

Burris's study goes on to propose that based on genetic predisposition there is no reason that Neanderthals, rather than fedora wearers, should have been subjected to species termination. "Jason Mraz looking shmucks," he is quoted as saying in an unrelated interview.

Dr. Burris's new work is a follow up to his 2006 paper: "If Homo Erectus Wore Aviators It Would Look Like an Asshole."

Soylent Co. Denies Outrageous Claims

by Bud McLellan, *is people I tell you! People!*

In response to recent allegations concerning the sources of an already-dwindling food supply, the Soylent Corporation has released a statement refuting "the heinous claims besmirching our fine and delicious product."

At the center of the controversy is Soylent Green, the latest addition to the Soylent Co. food-like product family, with an ingredient list that includes a high-energy aquatic plankton, Green No. 3 coloring, and absolutely nothing else.

"Soylent Green is not, nor has it ever been, anything but the most nutritious plankton in the oceans, which I assure you were unaffected by the terrible environmental disaster that has ravaged every other inch of this doomed planet," said Soylent spokesperson Robert Packston. "Oh, and pay no attention to those mysterious trucks leaving our suicide farms. They are completely unrelated."

These remarks were made in direct response to the charges leveled by Detective Ty Thorn of the New York City Police Department, whose violent outburst Tuesday has corresponded to a noticeable increase in wafer-related rioting, which has in turn corresponded to a noticeable increase in actions taken by the garbage truck riot police.

NYPD Police Chief Brian Hatcher, however, has yet to investigate the validity of Thorn's claims.

"The character of these ravings is far too hysterical to be taken seriously," Hatcher stated. "He just did not give a convincing enough performance."

American Cultures Class Enlightens Area Freshman

by Erik Krasner-Karpen, *totally gets it now*

After a semester of Ethnomusicology 50AC, freshman Bill Muller reports himself conclusively free of all forms of racism, sexism, classism, midgetism, and an entire spectrum of more exotic prejudices. Muller, a Sigma Phi Nu pledge and Business Administration major, says that his outlook will never be the same thanks to the three-unit pass/fail class.

"Originally I just signed up because I thought I could get an easy A for, like, listening to African drums," said Muller. "But Professor Harper taught me all about the... the invisible power structures by which the... dominant class, uh... it sounded important when he said it."

Muller, who had been required to discuss serious issues with less privileged classmates for up to fifty minutes at a time, says that he now "totally relates" to people from different backgrounds. He has vowed to make various changes to his life, including rewording his racist jokes, tipping the janitors when he sees them in the hallways, and cooking microwave nachos for his girlfriend at least once a week.

"Now I can tell my black friends what their lives are like," Muller said. "After I make some black friends."

Websites: The Movie

With Facebook's elegiac bio-pic *The Social Network* generating a huge buzz, other websites are jumping on the bandwagon and filming their own origin stories. Here are the trailers:



presents *Judgment Day: Pastrami on Rye*

[Scene opens in an empty city deli. Two idealistic young computer programmers sit down at an empty booth.]

Kevin: Jack, do you notice anything... weird about this sandwich?

Jack: [taking a bite] It—it's delicious.

Kevin: Good God, man. We need to do something about this!

Jack: We need to tell the world.

Narrator: Garibaldi Deli was a national secret. Until two men broke the story wide open. *World wide web* open.

Jack: We're going to make a website where anyone can review restaurants!

Kevin: No more secrets. No more lies.

[Jump Cut]

Kevin: Submit review! I said, submit review!

Jack: It's too late, Kevin. Cindy already went to the overpriced deli across the street.

[Jump Cut]

Jack: Dammit, man! Only three stars? The service was impeccable!

Kevin: I. Asked. For no. Mustard.

[Fade to black while choral arrangement of The Beatles's Mean Mr. Mustard plays.]



match.com presents *Matchless Love*

[In a darkened room, a young woman presses her hand longingly against her computer screen.]

Jessica: Who are you kirbymario1818@hotmail.com?

[Suddenly, an IM appears.]

Connor: Oh, LilCuteStar. I know your a/s/l, your IP address. And yet, I feel like I still don't know a thing about you. Except that—

Narrator: It took two perfect strangers...

Jessica: Except, what?

Narrator: ...to have a perfect love.

Connor: That it's like a team of experts matched us based on 29 points of compatibility. I-I love you.

Jessica: Marry me!

Narrator: But when their families tried to tear them apart...

Jessica: Mom! Dad! Our love has *compatibility*. It's like a fool-proof formula!

Father: Poppycock!

Narrator: ...a matchmaking website with mathematically proven success rates...

Jessica: [aside] I'll show them, I'll show them all!

Narrator: ...was born.

Connor: C'mon, Jess. Come out of the romantic chemistry lab for dinner at least.

Jessica: But I've finally done it, I've created an infallible dating website born of our pure love. I'm certain of it! So certain, that I can offer a 6 month guarantee!

Connor: That's twice as long as eHarmony!

[Fade to black while choral arrangement of Love Potion No. 9 plays.]

Overstock.com incepts *Inception*

[Two men smoke cigarettes in a small, dark conference room. Their exhausted faces are barely visible through a cloud of smoke.]

CEO: How are we going to push more products? No one wants our cheap, overproduced crap.

Employee: It's impossible! Unless...

CEO: Unless what?

Employee: *Inception*.

Narrator: A web start-up on the brink of destruction is about to pull off the heist of a lifetime.

Employee: All we have to do is go inside our customers' minds and convince them that they *need* to buy more bedding, more mahogany-finished clothing hampers, more reasonably-priced dog beds.

CEO: And that Overstock.com is the place to do it.

Employee: If we're going to do this, we need an architect.

CEO: The *best* architect. Thinking what I'm thinking?

Employee: We need an advertising agency.

[Jump Cut]

Architect: This commercial is only 30 seconds long, so we need to get in and out of there. When the screen fades to black, that's the kick.

CEO: What happens if we fail?

Architect: Then the website will stay in limbo. People will remember hearing about Overstock.com, but no one will actually know why it exists.

CEO: So...basically the same then?

[Fade to black while choral arrangement of the Inception theme song plays.]

-LB



[show details](#) Aug 28 (4 days ago)

[Reply](#)

Hi Chris,

We're not about exclusion here at the Adult Explorations club. We try to foster a diverse environment in which Bears of all stripes can act on their desires in a safe, controlled way. And of course, we appreciate the spirit you bring to our gatherings. Four out of five of our female members have called you "smoking". But, frankly, your recent attitude has been abysmal. It's like you think there's something silly about an ASUC-sponsored sex club.

For example, you seem frustrated with our pre-meeting socials. Believe me, we've heard your chants of "let's just have an orgy already!" We understand your eagerness, but we need those get-togethers to provide new members with some orientation and help everyone else loosen up. Turning on all the vibrators during our president's weekly speech was cute – once – but giving impromptu lap dances in the middle of icebreaker games is just rude. And last Wednesday, you had your fly unzipped before it was even 7:10 yet. People were still walking in! Haven't you ever heard of Berkeley time?

Now, for a more serious matter: you haven't attended a single strategy session, diversity seminar, or hot-wax orientation. Stop pretending you're "having problems" with our listserv. It seems to work just fine when the email's about a new glory hole in Barrows. You've never tabled on Sproul, you've never wiped down the rubber phalluses, you've never even done one shift of unlocking handcuffs. We understand that many of our members have active academic and personal lives, but as an all-volunteer organization, we all have to make a few adjustments to keep this ship afloat. Many of our other members would show a little more gratitude to have been appointed, as early as you were, to an observer position on the Spirit Committee. If you'd just shown a little can-do-it-iveness you'd be on the Social Subcommittee for Foam-Based Spermicides by now. Consider giving some thought to your future in this organization.

We are also disappointed that you continually check "Maybe Attending" on our Facebook events. We understand that "maybe attending" can be a suitable response to beer with your buddies. But do you want us to "maybe" roll out enough tarpaulin to give you a full range of motion? Do you want us to "maybe" rent enough butterfly swings to allot every member at least half an hour of vigorous play? Do you want us to "maybe" print you a copy of our newsletter, so you can "maybe" hear the results of our latest fundraising workshop? Maybe in your own life it is acceptable to "maybe" honor your commitments, but for your friends at Adult Explorations it is a requirement.

And now we come to the biggest problem: your inability to take direction. When I tell you your time is up with Clara, your time is up with Clara. When I tell you to stop eating the chocolate fondue, you stop eating the chocolate fondue. And for God's sake, when I tell you to stop talking, you stop talking. Nobody wants to hear about how "everything's sweaty in here." We're trying to build a mood, a mood the Lighting Committee spent three weekends at Crate and Barrel perfecting. We're trying to have a relaxed fucking time between some consenting fucking adults! So fucking control yourself.

Best regards,
Kathy Adams, Legal Studies '12
Vice President
Adult Explorations

Top Ten Frank Sinatra Songs About Substance Abuse

10. Fry Me To The Moon
9. I've Got The World In A Syringe
8. Have Yourself A Merry Little Crystal Meth
7. It Was A Very Good Beer
6. I've Shot You Under My Skin
5. (Dancing) Tweak to Tweak
4. Too Dosed For Comfort
3. That's Crack-Whore-Ay
2. They Can't Toke That Away From Me
1. I Get A Kick Out Of Glue

Top Ten Signs You Might Have Pledged a Vampire Fraternity

10. Bloody Marys are served suspiciously warm.
9. Brothers avoid daylight whether or not last night was a kegger.
8. All the brothers work out, but none have mirrors in their rooms.
7. You're the only house that never shows up to a party uninvited.
6. Pledge scavenger hunt just involves robbing Bay Area blood banks.
5. Guys in coffins are sleeping, not masturbating.
4. The house has a firm rule about never letting Wesley Snipes inside.
3. Hell Week actually takes place in Hell.
2. Big theme party is always "Immortal Bros and Neck-Bitten Hoes."
1. Guys seemed nervous when you suggested "Steak Night."

Top Five B-Horror Movies Based on Steinbeck Novels

5. Beast of Eden
4. Planet of the Apes of Wrath
3. The Nuclear Winter of Our Discontent
2. Cannibal Row
1. Of Mice Men

-EK

An Essay

written by someone who has had too many energy drinks

The history of the Cold War is rich in mystery and complexity. Who started the war? How close were the Russians and Americans to destroying each other? How did the war play out in the political landscapes of Third World countries? These are all challenging questions that one might ponder while chugging a Red Bull at 3 A.M. the morning before a paper demanding the answers to such questions is due. But can a simple answer really be found? Based on the thousands of pages of assigned reading which I failed to complete this semester, I would argue that I'm going to need three more Red Bulls to know if it's even possible to know that. Thesis: I am so tired. I am so goddamn tired.

Ho.ly.Shit.I.just.finished.allthreeofthose. Is it even possible to drink that many? Oh my God it is because I just did. Okay. Okay. The Cold War: communism versus capitalism. Truman versus that one guy. The CIA versus the Middle Passage and the burgeoning American slave trade. Wait, shit shit shit. That's my other class. Wow, am I shaking?

Yep, I'm totally shaking. Did you know that 5-Hour Energy is 8333% of your daily Vitamin B12? Furthermore, did you know that two 5-Hour Energies is 16666% of your daily Vitamin B12? That can't be right. Oh fuck, it is. How much is too much? How much time did it take the Soviet Union to develop a fully functioning system of satellite states? How much energy could an energy drink drink if an energy could drink help me Jesus. Calm down. There's only one solution: Switch. to. Rockstar.

While historians such as Melvyn P. Leffler have posited that no history of the Cold War can ever be written without nationalist bias, I just googled pictures of babies who got hit with bombs. What a downer. They're bleeding, like, everywhere. Esteemed U.S. president Dwight D. Eisenhower I think once stated, "Only a Communist bleeds red blood."¹ Indeed, Communists are losers, especially when they're babies.² Wait a minute. WAIT A MINUTE! Red blood. Red Bull. *RED* bull. *RED* BULL!!! They're everywhere. The Communists are back and they're giving us *wiiings*!³ My heart. Oh God. My heart.

Keep it together, man. Focus. Hey, *How I Met Your Mother* is on!⁴ I don't have time to watch *How I Met Your Mother*. I bet I can work on this essay while I watch *How I Met Your Mother*. In his book *The Cold War: An Oral History*, John Gaddis records the following conversation with his father, an aging veteran of the Cold War:

Back in the war, you never knew how things were gonna turn out. You never knew if the nuclear holocaust was just around the corner, or who your mother was. Sometimes I thought I was minutes away from death. Sometimes I thought Ted was finally going to reveal that Robin was the mother of his children. And when are Lily and Marshall going to have a baby? I nearly lost my leg in Korea, and they can't give Barney a bigger role in the show? Shit, I need to turn off the TV and finish this essay.⁵

So what do I know about the Cold War, you may ask? The real question is what do *you* know about the Cold War, Professor McSmartyPants. Seriously, I didn't go to class, and if you could tell me it would really help me out.

In conclusion, this paper is due in fifteen minutes.

1. See... course reader?
2. See babies. Babies suck.
3. Like in *Red Dawn*.
4. on Hulu after I searched for it.
5. Starting on 9/8/10, this essay may be found at howimetyourmotherfanfic.net.

Minutes of the Drunk Illuminati:

Present: Alexander the Great, Edgar Allan Poe, Ernest Hemingway, Ulysses S. Grant, John Wayne, Dean Martin, Senator Joseph McCarthy, Jackson Pollock, Jimi Hendrix, Joseph Stalin, Winston Churchill, Jim Morrison, Jack Kerouac, Elvis Presley.



8:02 Opening beers distributed. Alexander the Great calls the meeting to order and reads the Association Overview: "Millennia ago, I became history's first real and true alcoholic. Unbeknownst to me at the time I had stumbled onto nature's great secret: that through heavy drinking one can cheat death and live a life of eternal Bacchanalianism. As the greatest lushes and drunkards of history we have taken, with the gift of eternal life, the responsibility of ruling the world from the shadows. We have all faked our own deaths and subtly poisoned the less worthy drunks of the world in order to keep our secret, so that we, the great minds of history, can keep the Drunk Illuminati in its rightful position of power and the world in perfect order."

After-opening beers distributed. Floor opened to motions.

Topic opened by Churchill: "How much longer should we allow this current economic turmoil to continue before allowing the resurgence of the world economy?"

After discussion it is decided unanimously to keep the economy faltering until the common man has sufficiently grasped the error of the current, destructive capitalist system. Celebratory beers distributed.

Topic opened by Grant: "When shall we begin the third World War?"

After open discussion it's decided 8 to 6 to delay the next world war until 2150 when Bulgaria has amassed enough power to fill the vacuum left by the imminent destruction of the current superpowers. Celebratory beers distributed.

Motioned by Kerouac: "I think it's time that we lowered the American drinking age, man. It's unfair that they can get sent to war but they can't, like, have a drink."

Objection by Poe: "Who cares? Most of us are hundreds of years old!"

Motion fails 13 to 1. Celebratory beers distributed. Round of shots distributed to celebrate successful round of beers.

Motioned by Hendrix: "We should have another round right now!"

Motion passes unanimously. Celebratory shots distributed.

Motioned by Senator McCarthy: "We need to do something about these Goddamn Communists!"

Objection by Stalin: "Dude, just shut the fuck up."

Motion retracted. Celebratory beer bong busted out.

Motioned by Hemingway: "I bet you guys I could jump like fucking ten of these chairs."

Objection by Wayne: "Fuck you, no way."

Further testing decided on. Results: He couldn't, possible fracture. Vote of 13 with 1 abstention decided to deal with that later. Empathy beer bong passed.

Motioned by Morrison: "DUDE, did you guys know that the Double Stuf Oreos have the same amount of cream as regular ones?"

Objection by Presley: "NOOOOOO FUCK YOU"

Blows exchanged. Fight broken up by Wayne. Bro-hugs and "I'm sorry bro, I fucking love you"s exchanged. Conflict resolution Jager Bombs distributed.

8:35 Meeting brought to a close. Martin, Hendrix, Morrison, and Presley share an off-key harmony of "We Are the Champions." Churchill holds back Stalin's hair as he vomits. Writers compare dick sizes to determine literary merit. Remaining members have found their place to crash.

Human Relationships: The Trading Card Game

Hey, nerds! Do you long for the sort of human interaction your poster of Lara Croft no longer provides, but find that your only real skill is *Magic: The Gathering*? From SquelchCo., the makers of *Driveways & Desk Jobs* and *DateCraft*, comes the answer to all your girl troubles. *Human Relationships: The Trading Card Game* provides you with all the excitement of a real dating ritual, but without the crushing social anxiety. Compete against your friends to win the affections of over 20 different girl cards by playing cards that boost your eligibility status and sabotage your opponent's attractiveness quotient. First to get into a real* relationship wins!

*Disclaimer: *Human Relationships: The Trading Card Game* does not lead to any real relationships.

High Schooler You Tutor



+5 Shame every time she wears a low-cut dress.
While High Schooler You Tutor is in play, you may not take any action that would allow your friends to see you with her, ever.
"When's your birthday again?"

Quiet Girl You Watch in Math Class



+1 Embarrassment if someone asks you her name.
During your upkeep phase, a stray lock of her hair falls onto your desk and you must force yourself to resist the urge to gather it between your fingers and stroke it like a cat's tail but you can't pay attention to the lecture because of the hypnotic quicksilver way it sways back and forth.
She probably looks pretty good from the front too.

Way-Too-Hot Barista



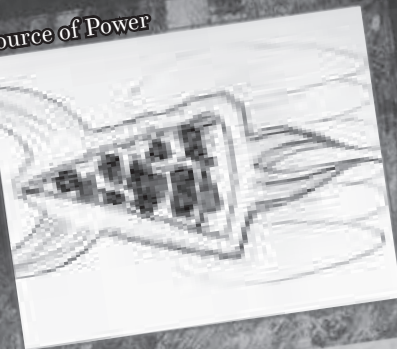
Requires 50 Courage points to ask out, 20 if you keep your eyes closed.
Immune to all conversational effects because you actually have nothing in common.
-1 Charm for telling her which amateur porn star she looks like.
"Um, is that the new <unintelligible> CD? I think their new <unintelligible> is pretty <unintelligible>. Heh. Don't you think?"

Third Cousin



First, roll a twenty-sided die. Then, calculate the maximum percentage of genes you share. Subtract the number of months since you've been laid. Add two for every shred of self-respect you retain. Subtract five if she's in pretty good shape. If the result is lower than the number on the die, go for it, buddy.
"In a way, everyone is family, right?"

Source of Power



+ 2 Energy, -2 Complexion

"You went to Space Camp too?!"



+ 2 Compatibility with target girl
when you remind her about the
kid with the lisp.
Negate the effect if she remembers
it was you.
"Thaturn's ringth are tho
thtunning!"

Read Her Facebook



+5 Charm for knowing everything
she likes.
-2 Self-Worth after seeing what
her ex-boyfriends have done with
their lives.
"Nice. You haven't tried that
haircut since December 2007."

Kahlúa



Every turn you may add one shot
counter to Kahlúa.
Each time you add a shot counter,
you get +2 Courage.
For every shot counter after the
fifth, also give yourself +5 Vomit
On Shoes.
"Why don't we go back to my
HUERRRGH"

Poop Self



Target player poops self.
"I had an accident!"

Guy with Car



Target girl is off the market
until player joins a band.
"Look, you're sweet, but Brett
drives me to Ici whenever I
want."

Relentless Boners



Target player experiences
seventh grade all over again.
The young warrior then
knew he had only one option:
to run to the public restroom
and just knock it out quietly.

ART SCHOOL PLACEMENT EXAM

All applicants to the Academy of Arts must complete this self-questionnaire to determine department placement.

Do you have any previous art experience?

Yes

Oooh, look at you, Mr. Big Shot.
“I make art, art school is for people learning to make art, wah, wah, wah.”
You think you’re better than us?

Not really, no.

Yeah, I do actually.

Fuck you, you can’t take it back. Can’t even be bothered to stick to your convictions, can you Big Shot?

Fuck you too! I stick to them sometimes.

Ohoho, now you’re the self-motivated type! Look pal, I don’t think you’re damaged enough to be cut out for art school. Did your dad ever even hit you?

No...

He did once.

Better stick to the Ceramics Department, kid.

Give up now. You’re a disgrace to the art community.

Welcome to the Performance Art Department! Your pretentious attitude and ability to withstand ridicule will make you a surefire hit with the near dozens of people who will see “that thing you did with the cats” in your abandoned Brooklyn warehouse.

I guess not?

Welcome to the Painting Department! Your flaky, ethereal personality gives you both the ability to channel the spirits of nature and the inability to make good life choices necessary to become a professional painter.

Repeatedly

Welcome to the Writing Department! Your raging alcoholism makes you a perfect candidate to write the next Great American Novel.

No, but I *talk* about doing art a lot.

Perfect! Who’s your favorite artist?

Andy Warhol

Welcome to the Illustration Department, sell out! Hope you enjoy a shitty life of making “commercial art” and “money.” You sicken me.

And what are you addicted to?

Alcohol

Welcome to the Experimental Film Department! You are the pride and joy of the contemporary art scene. While your most recent project is only five minutes long, the extended closeup of *Franny and Zooey* reflects a lifetime of pain.

Cigarettes

Prove it.

I can’t.

Welcome to the Art Theory Department! You may not be able to do what writers can, but you can always write nasty reviews of their books.

I kind of just like, do whatever, you know?

That’s so deep. What’s your Mom like?

Kind of just like, whatever, you know?

Welcome to the Abstract Expressionism Department! You have the nihilistic sentiments of a philosopher, but the work ethic and dedication of a stoned goldfish. Your vague, incoherent “minimalist” structures will look at home on any museum or preschool floor.

She doesn’t understand me.

I get you, man. I get you.

I get you too, man.

I’m afraid we have nothing to teach you: you are a true artist. Send us your \$20,000 tuition fee, and your degree will be in the mail within two business weeks.

Heroin

Nice. How many times have you attempted suicide?

I’m drunk right now.

I tried once, but I couldn’t go through with it.

Welcome to the Poetry Department! You have a dark and brooding soul, but let’s face it: you’re kind of a pussy.

I’m already dead inside.

Welcome to Music Department! You have a dark and brooding soul, *and* you look good in skinny jeans.

Spend the Holidays

Christmas

Billy Rand: Hooray! It's Christmas!

Ayn Rand: Merry Christmas, Billy. It is time for you to unwrap your gifts.

Billy: Oh boy! [*rips open present*] Wh-what is this?

Ayn: It is a job application. Participation in the free economy is the greatest gift your "Santa Claus" can offer.

Billy: [*welling up with tears*] But I'm only five.

Ayn: What of it! That is no reason to withhold your labor! Just unwrap your next present—no, I will tell you what it is. It is a bill.

Billy: A bill?

Ayn: It is the hospital bill from the day you were born. Did you think I *gave* birth to you, Billy? No, it was but an investment, and one on which I hope to collect soon.

Billy: Can I open my stocking now?

Ayn: It contains only a pen to fill out your job application. Have your resume ready by the end of the day.

Halloween

Billy: Bye, Mom! I'm going trick or treating!

Ayn: Billy Howard-Roark Rand, you will do no such thing!

Billy: Huh? But I've been working on my ghost costume all week!

Ayn: I will not have any child of mine haunting the neighborhood as the spectre of Communism haunts Europe.

Billy: I just want candy.

Ayn: Surely you mean you would like to *attain* a great deal of candy by the sweat of your brow, not be given it like a sweet-toothed Bolshevik.

[*The doorbell rings.*]

Children: Trick or treat!

Ayn: Trick!? You think you can trick me? I released the hounds the second you arrived.

Valentine's Day

Billy: Mom! Look how many valentines I got at school today.

Ayn: This is terrible news.

Billy: But everybody likes me!

Ayn: Pay no heed to the fickle affections of your peers. Human relationships are but obstacles in your pursuit of excellence.

Billy: This one has a doggy on it!

Ayn: Vulgar.

Billy: ...It says "I woof you."

Ayn: It is only your childish ignorance that allows you to believe in woof.



with Ayn Rand!

4th of July

Ayn: Happy Fourth of July, little Rand! Today commemorates the founding of the world's great bastion of capitalism. We will celebrate in the most meaningful way possible. Hand me those fireworks.

Billy: Fireworks?

Ayn: Fireworks, Billy. A most thrilling display of human ingenuity and man's dominance over nature.

Billy: I like fireworks because they're pretty.

Ayn: For instance, if I am to point this small bottle rocket at that cluster of trees—

[*Nearby forest bursts into flames.*]

Billy: Oh my God!

Ayn: There is no God, Billy.

Thanksgiving

[*Pulling up in car.*]

Billy: Why do I have to go to Mom's house for Thanksgiving again? I want to stay with you and Martha!

Dan Rand: C'mon Billy. You know it's part of the settlement...

Ayn: [*popping up beside the car, with an axe in one hand and a live turkey in the other*] Good to see you, Billy! Let us each say what we are most thankful for.

Billy: [*frightened*] Dad?

Ayn: [*chopping off turkey's head*] I am thankful for cunning, *Atlas Shrugged*, and the death of Immanuel Kant!

Billy: I'm thankful for...

Ayn: The death of Immanuel Kant? Your continued existence as a parasite upon my brilliance? *The Fountainhead*? Staying awake for days and days and days?

Billy: Dad!

Dan: Look, she's not my problem anymore. I'll see you on Tuesday.

Billy: This is the worst birthday ever.

sex and the City 3

PRESS RELEASE: The girls are back again, *again!* Made entirely from deleted scenes from *Sex and the City 2* deemed “too abhorrent” for audiences, *Sex and the City 3* is sure to be a barely coherent pastiche of conspicuous consumption for the whole family. It’s the end of a disappointing summer season, and at this point our only goal is to cut losses and wring the last drops of life from this dying franchise. Soundtrack available on iTunes!

New York

Carrie (Narration): While Charlotte's nanny was getting the wrong kind of attention, Big and I were having our own type of thing that's bad.

[*Carrie lounges in bed in an ivory silk negligee with diamond accents, playfully lifting her feet off the bed in men's pink Italian loafers.*]

Carrie: We never go out anymore, and I'm bored with buying all this hideously expensive designer furniture.

Big: We went to an international film premiere last night and walked the red carpet, and the day before that we went to a massive million-dollar Bollywood-esque gay wedding in Connecticut.

Carrie: See! Exactly! We don't do anything!

Big: Baby, you're right, I'm so sorry, here's an incredible diamond ring, and if you'll look out here...

[*Big has arranged for Carrie's favorite baseball team, the New York Yankees, to serenade her, in the nude, from the street below. Wolfgang Puck then enters the room with hand-made French truffles, the official truffles of Sex and the City 2.*]

Big: What do you think, my perfect love?

Carrie: Oh great, ANOTHER evening at home!

[*She quickly stomps out of the room, but the look on her exquisitely botoxed face will linger in the audience's mind forever.*]

Samantha in Abu Dhabi

[*Samantha struggles in handcuffs, a butt plug clearly protruding from her g-string.*]

Samantha: Well excuse me! In America we can perform anilingus on fifteen-year-old boys on any street corner!

Sympathetic Muslim Hotel Owner: Actually I believe that's untrue. Your country is quite conservative and—

[*Samantha squats on the ground and female ejaculates all over the Temple Mount.*]

Samantha: This is a blow for feminism, Arabia!

Miranda: That's right, why is it okay for a man to perform anilingus on a public street, but if a woman does it, it's against the law!

Carrie: The Jude Law!

[*The girls laugh uproariously.*]

Sympathetic Muslim Hotel Owner: Please stop. I do not understand your arguments or your horrible, nonsensical puns.

Samantha: What's the matter, can't take the puns-ishment?

[*Samantha aggressively fondles the hotel owner while a disco version of Stars and Stripes plays on Carrie's HP Laptop, the official laptop of Sex And the City 2.*]

Carrie in Abu Dhabi

Carrie (Narration): But I soon realized that sometimes, when you look at something, there's more than meets the eye, and what meets your eye is more than you could ever imagine seeing.

[*Carrie's personal hotel butler, Ishmael, is mixing her an elaborate martini using only high-end liquors as well as drops of his own blood.*]

Ishmael: Master, I pray this drink meets with your approval.

[*He bows in terror.*]

Carrie: Mmmm, yes, very fizzy.

[*Ishmael slowly tries to back out of the room, averting his gaze from Carrie's make-up covered thighs.*]

Carrie: Wait, Ishmar. Tell me, do you have a wife?

Ishmael: Yes, I love her very much, but I'm an immigrant laborer so my pay is dirt and what money I earn I send home to her. We can only see each other once a year when I take out a loan so that I can fly home to India clinging to the cargo hold of a single-prop plane and then jump out over the Ganges, hoping the mud breaks my fall. Then I walk five hundred miles to see my beloved and my children who do not even remember my name. After a single night of awkward passion, I must then leave and begin the long walk back to the Middle East, battling dysentery and Turkish marauders the whole way.

Carrie: This is too fizzy, could you make it again Abdul?

Ishmael: Yes of course.

[*Carrie suns herself while floating in the seven-star hotel's champagne pool. Ishmael stands nearby holding a palm frond to shade her face.*]

Carrie (Narration): Listening to Ishtar's story gave me some real perspective... could Big and I have the same sort of trust in our relationship? Would he ever sacrifice for me? And should we get that second Manhattan apartment? I suppose there's no way of ever really knowing—

[*A voice-over interrupts the voice-over.*]

—at least not until next week. *Sex and the City 3 and 3/4*, coming to a theater near you!

-SG

Come Tour the Libertarian Co-op

Welcome fellow Calservatives to Reagan House, where the most free thinking individuals come together to laugh at the mindless sheep living in *other* co-ops. Members of those houses spend all their time around people who constantly validate their ideology. We, on the other hand, hold independent and freely derived opinions that just happen to be the same. Now come with me and I will show you what backbreaking work—the only possible reason for our success—has brought us.



Here's the kitchen. You'll notice there's no communal storage space. The only members who eat are the ones with the strength and initiative to take what is rightfully theirs. Those who don't have enough food learn a valuable lesson about the absolute laws of nature. I find this endless struggle for life helps students here really grow into better people. Unlike in those weaker co-ops, we don't *assign* people to cook for you. We like to emphasize that you must not rely on handouts of tofu stir-fry and quinoa. You can always hire someone to cook for you. Can't afford that? Well, that's your fault for being so lazy.

Now we venture on to the bedrooms. We aren't so inefficient as to assign rooms based on the meaningless condition of how long you've lived here. Instead, rooms are bought with funds raised in Reagan House's annual deregulated bake sale, because the market always rewards those who most deserve it. And to make sure we don't punish success, there is no limit on the number of rooms any one person can buy regardless of how much space that person actually needs. Those of you with inferior vegan cupcakes must be stuffed into rooms that were obviously not built to accommodate three people.

Here we arrive at the common room, where many of the residents like to play chess, Free Market Jenga, and property-tax-free Monopoly. And our unrestricted 1880's parties get *pretty* crazy. I once saw someone getting an invisible hand job right on the dance floor! These blowouts and our weekly laissez-faire barbecues have helped Reagan House rise above the other co-ops to have the most unique house culture in town. And ever since we privatized the bathrooms, we've had the most profitable parties on campus. Sure, some people have chosen to just throw up in the halls, but those who can afford entry have the most deluxe puking experience they'll never remember.

With so many strong personalities residing in Reagan House, the constant vying for power makes house politics a marvelous example of human ingenuity. What was once one house government fell apart as each co-oper decided that his view of individual autonomy was best. Now there are at least twenty different agencies competing to set the activities of the house. While this system has left us with a noticeable lack of dishwashers, we're confident that the most efficient system will be established if given the time needed to work itself out. One thing's for sure: when the new age of reason dawns, members of the other houses will see how foolish they were to clean bathrooms for anyone but themselves.

We've now reached the end of the tour. Anyone still here is disqualified from living in Reagan House because, as it turns out, you're all just a bunch of followers.

Top Ten Books About Pregnancy Gone Horribly Awry

10. Infinite Gestation
9. Sextuplets, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs
8. Fear and Loathing in Labor
7. The Postpartum Depression Always Rings Twice
6. The Fetus With the Dragon Tattoo
5. The Unbearable Tightness of Pushing
4. One Hundred Years of Sonograms
3. Pride and Prolapsed Uterus
2. Harry Potter and the Chamber of C-Sections
1. Twilight: Breaking Dawn

Top Ten Vaginal Alcohols

10. Paps Blue Ribbon
9. Budweiservix
8. Blue Poon
7. Perineal Reserve
6. Hennussy
5. Cuntreau
4. Johnnie Walker Blue Labial
3. Sangina
2. Hymenken
1. Mantwattan

Top Fifteen Capital Reasons to Leave Your Lover

15. Un-Rome-antic
14. Londoens't listen
13. InfiDelhity
12. Starting to get Hanoi-ing
11. Islamabad in bed
10. Unable to Copenhagen
9. Havana affair
8. Won't do the Mogadishes
7. Djibouti and told all his friends
6. Baghdaddy issues
5. Taipei personality
4. Has Amman on the side
3. Seoul-less
2. She's a Kathmandude.
1. Just Canberra listening to him anymore

-BM

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The makers of Realdoll™ are pleased to announce the release of their long-awaited, one-sided-relationship-enhancing Reallife™ expansion series. Finally, a way for you and your significant plaything to experience all the joys of a committed relationship with the same authentic feel and unparalleled anatomical accuracy our customers have sworn to come by. Order in the next fourteen days and receive a year's free subscription to our catalog plus 30% off groping and handling on your next purchase.

Realbaby

Feel like your relationship has reached a stalemate? Tired of the same old dinner-and-a-movie, sex, rinse-thoroughly-with-a-mild-detergent and repeat? Rekindle your romance with the tender delights and physically irreversible wonders of parenthood! Made with the same high quality silicone and genuine human hair as the original, each Realbaby is custom-made from one of eighteen heads and twelve haircolors to best match you and your rubber girlfriend's genetic code. But that's not all! Every Realbaby comes complete with:



Three Detachable Trimester Tummies For an authentic maternal appearance and months of weepy tension and insecurity.

Lactation Inserts Complete with milk duct installation kit and six starter packets of whipped cream. Satisfy her irrational midnight cravings with this **Eight Inch Pickle**.

Tattered Replacement Vagina For realistic after-birth encounters. Afterbirth sold separately.

Realadultery

Has the onset of complacency left your love life lacking its *jouissance*? Nothing puts the thrill back in a relationship like the tight-lipped suspicion of infidelity! And while your doll can't actually close her mouth, her usual protracted silences are sure to crackle with newfound resentment and hostility. Order now and receive:

Realadultressdoll Just like your original. Except this model weighs twenty pounds less.

Realfake Gym Membership Adds credibility to the lies about why you come home smelling like sweat and WD-40 every evening.

Your Incriminating Credit Card Bill Doubles as your actual bill for this product. Guaranteed to alienate not only your Realdoll but also your entire extended family!

Silica Butcher Knife For the climactic moment when your tangled web of lies is finally unraveled. Handle unscrews to become dildo for use during inevitable make-up sex.



Realcounseling

Have intimacy issues that will take more than an extra dollop of Astroglide to fix? Our Realcounseling couples therapy sessions will give you the chance to work through any problem you can and do imagine. From her irresponsible spending to your increasingly violent reactions to synthetic polymers, our team of experts will manufacture the answers. Includes:



Real Counselor Sign up with one of our dubiously credentialed relationship specialists, now established in over 30 metropolitan areas. Our counselors aren't just Real, they're actually *real*!

Emotional Role-Playing Finger Puppets Use inanimate objects to act out situations you're too self-conscious to act out with your Real inanimate object.

Blame and Forgiveness Faces Pack While her highly-articulated stainless steel joints already allow for a fair share of finger-pointing, these interchangeable expressions will add a whole new dimension to the synthetic healing process.

Tears Comes complete with funnel to refill bottle with tears of your own.

-RP

606K readers
BY FEEDBURNER

Introducing Google Schmoop™

8/7/2010 02:54:00 PM

Hey Google Fans,

The gang at Google is delighted to announce our new app. It's called Google Schmoop™, and before you ask, "What's Google Schmoop™?" try it for yourself. Just download any of our great Google products and we'll automatically put it right on your computer. You might experience a brief slowdown while our hassle-free installation slowly re-educates your computer, but that should only last a few days. Still curious what Google Schmoop™ is? Don't be!

It wasn't easy coming up with it, but we think that Google Schmoop™ will provide all of us an incredible opportunity to get involved in a new, Google world.

Best- Ed

Allegations Against Google Schmoop™

8/16/2010 11:27:00 AM

There's been some nasty stuff said about Google Schmoop™ recently and we at Google wanted a chance to clear the air. Just like all brand new programs, Schmoop™ has a few glitches, but that's nothing we can't fix. To give you the best internet experience possible, we've created this troubleshooting guide for Google Schmoop™:

Glitch: Google Schmoop™ is sending all of my private data straight to Google.

Quick Fix: Darn, that shouldn't be happening! Click on File, Preferences, and then Privacy Settings. Check to make sure your filters are sending your private data to Verizon, *then* to Google, and you're set!

Glitch: Google Schmoop™ has deleted all non-Google applications off my computer.

Quick Fix: Use only Google applications.

Glitch: Strange men are trying to break into my house.

Quick Fix: Let them! They're just our newly trained Street View car drivers who, on top of keeping our Street Views as up to date as possible, are free to go into your house and search your hard drive.

Until we have these bugs sorted out, keep using our many other great Google products.

Best- Ed

Announcing Our Long-planned Corporate Expansion

8/22/2010 3:19:00 PM

The overwhelming success of our Schmoop™ operation has made us feel that it was about time to reveal our exciting new plans for the future. These programs have been in the works for a while now and we hope that you will be as satisfied as we are in our effort to make your life a little Googlier.

With the surprise launching of 14 new Google Earth Satellites, Google Schmoop™ is finally up and running at full capacity. Now, in addition to overseeing the majority of the world's information and communication, we also oversee you. I guess you could call us The Overseers!

Google Schmoop™ has given us the opportunity to remove anything from your computer that we think you'd find a bother, like pop-ups and human rights literature (see the end user license agreement [here](#)). We know such material would only be an obstacle for Google's 5-Year Plan, and we here think that the best way to solve problems is to prevent them from ever happening.

Because we want to help as many people as possible, we've decided to move the company out of our Mountain View headquarters and set up shop somewhere else. Namely, the inside of a secret volcano.

Best- Grand Overseer Ed

What I think I learned from my big bro

The Brothers of Sigma Epsilon are dedicated to community service, developing leadership, and working off their hazing citation fines. That's why they teamed up with the Big Brothers Foundation to teach Berkeley's underprivileged children a few life lessons. To prove the experience was valuable and certifiable under disciplinary council bylaws, the brothers had their "little bros" write down what they learned from the experience.

Cooties are real! Chad
had to get a Special Shot
after having too many
girlfriends.

-Fred, 2

A bull is a boy cow, a doe
is a girl deer, and a bitch
is a girl who won't sleep
with you

-John, 8

You might think that
doing coke makes you
look cool but it doesn't.
It makes you look cool
and rich.

-Harmony, 7

I love my Daddy!
No homo.

-Kyle, 7

I learned that my
daddy plays beer
all wrong. You're
supposed to pour
one beer into lots
of cups and throw
balls at it. Not lots
of beers into one
cup and then get
sad.

-Hayden, 5

Timmy mixed bike a din
and socky bombs and he
had to take a cooold
shower.

-Sarah, age 9

Blake ate a cat!
It was good but
it had too many hairs.

-David, 6

Girls are dumb.

-Samantha, 8

Beer before liquor
never been sicker.
Liquor before beer
I also threw up.

-Aaron, 9

I wanna go
to college
like my bro
so I never
have to grow
up either!

-LUKAS, 8



Disneyland Land

The Disneyland-themed Disney Theme Park
"Where everything is overpriced!"

1 Intellectual Property Pirates of the Caribbean: A Cautionary Tale®
 Arrrr! These scurvy blaggards be copyin' our products without permissions! But our jaunty crew of lawyers will soon set them to rights! Take your kids on an entertaining and *highly educational* journey that will show them why they should never watch The Little Mermaid on Chinese YouTube.

2 The Wheel of Waiting
 With cutting-edge treadmill technology, the Wheel of Waiting gives riders an unforgettable simulation of spending three hours trying to get onto a two-minute roller coaster. At random intervals, the wheel stops to allow Fastpass riders to do victory laps.

3 They've Got Small Hands After All
 Take a boat ride through an enchanted factory filled with children from 'round the world singing a song of hope for a multicultural future with no labor laws.

4 The Creepy Animatronics Room
 Sit in a roomful of stupid kitschy bullshit robots for an hour! Watch as their hydraulic, gnashing jaws chant in a jangly voice: "I love you! I love you!"

5 MonocultureRail
 Experience the magic of cultural hegemony. You travel a great distance, but all the stops look the same. If your family doesn't have a wonderful time, you have no place in the global economy!

6 Disney Castle Cardboard Cut-Out
 Have you ever seen anyone take a picture from the *side* of Disney Castle? No! That's because depth and volume just get in the way. Disney Castle Cardboard Cut-out is sure to make your family photos more two-dimensional than ever.

7 Mr. Toad's Wild Ride: The Ride: The Ride
 Ride the ride based on the ride based on the ride that Mr. Toad took, wildly!

8 Disneyland Employee Safari Island
 Encounter native Disneyland employees in their natural habitat: dilapidated studio apartments they share with two roommates!

9 Path to EuroDisneylandLand
 All the attractions are the same as in the rest of DisneylandLand, but mascots dressed as rude American tourists get in your way and yell at you slowly. Ooh la la!

10 "Food" Court
 Hungry? While nothing edible is available for purchase in the park, sample our selection of fine thermoplastic polymer souvenir food! High-quality sealant ensures that your churro will last you a lifetime.