

# THE PAMPHLETT



*Failing to Take Definitive Stances on Campus Controversies since 1987*

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PORLAND • YOUR (WEIRDLY SEXY) NIGHTMARES • DITCHES September 16, 2013

## Alternative God-Appeasement Tactics for a Bountiful Year of Hum

After this past week's Title IX complaint, the Hum Play cast has asked us to come up with a variety of other ways for them to appease the gods before next year's first Hum lecture. (If you doubt the need to appease the gods before a new year of Humanities 110, please ask any member of Olde Reed about what happened to Joseph Grafton, class of 1992. May his soul eventually find peace.) Anyway, here's what we came up with:

- 1.) Burn a whole goat on a pyre in the library reference room, then distribute the charred meat to all who will have it (Note: please refrain from offering a charred prime-rib more than twice to any one student, as this might be interpreted as pressuring that student to consume meat, which he or she may find offensive.) Be sure to sing the praises of Athena, goddess of wisdom, at the top of your lungs in the original ancient Greek throughout the ritual.
- 2.) Pass around a collection bucket during the lecture, and spend all of the accrued funds on a statue of (fully-clothed, non-suggestively-posed) Zeus to be erected in the Quad. (Note: no swans. No bulls. You know what I mean.)
- 3.) Do something relating to the Egypt parts of the syllabus! (Note: actually...don't do this. Please. There are things in that unit that could definitely get you actually arrested. Horus and Seth have no place on our campus. Only in our hearts. And our salads.)
- 4.) Dress up Reed's largest student in a hyper-realistic Cyclops costume, and allow students to shoot at it with hand-crafted bows and arrows. (Or, you know, maybe paintball guns. Nobody wants all that blood on the Volumn steps.)
- 5.) Skip Classes, Smoke Weed, 420 Blaze It! (Note: this is a suggestion for everybody, all the time, always. It is by no means to be limited to the First Hum Lecture.)



*Perhaps something...slightly different...*

by EC

## Satan: “Fuck You, George Zimmerman, the Deal Is Off!”

Considering the national attention the trial of George Zimmerman gathered this summer, it's hardly surprising that people have opinions on the revelation that Zimmerman was last week detained by the police and accused of violently threatening his ex-wife's parents. What surprised many was when Satan, the lord of the pit, emerged from a flaming portal that suddenly appeared across the street from Zimmerman's house to express his frustration with the recent turn of events.

“Are you serious? Really?” Satan shouted as bystanders gaped, fled and fainted in equal measure. “We had a deal, George! Your fucking lawyer wrote it! I give you crazy, crazy devil-luck, which exonerates you and even lets you keep your gun, and all you had to do was give me your soul and not get into anymore trouble.”

“Fuck you, George Zimmerman, the deal is off! Why would you even still keep a gun after what happened? Wouldn't you want to *not be about to be imprisoned for years?* I have enough dumb-people souls from when all those theaters showing *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* were burnt down with people still inside, thank you very much. I don't need more. Just, fucking...” at this point, Satan let out a very low, disappointed sigh. “...whatever. Fuck you. I'm getting some ice cream.”



*This is not what George Zimmerman looked like while Satan was yelling at him.*

by SS

## New Yorker Poetry

*As an incredibly articulate and witty girl (I practiced writing epitaphs in my youth), I was filled with primordial rage upon receiving a letter of rejection for a poem I submitted to the New Yorker. The magazine is not in the habit of rendering a justification for the life-ruining slight that is literary rejection, but in my case they made an exception. Their denunciation reads:*

Miss Looney,

You are the stuff of nightmares, a girl who reaches for human connection with a clawed hand. Your words are hollow in a way that has left us bereaved. As though the commerce of the human race could be shattered by your mere existence. There is bad writing. Would to God that your writing was merely bad. Your writing is a feigned embrace, a lie to a child about love. It is the song of human mediocrity sung in notes that soar only to crackle at their apex. It is you who would pick a flower and throw it upon the pavement to be crushed by the masses. It is you who would read billets-doux while laughing mirthlessly at the men who poured their tendernesses into them. For you there will be neither joy nor sorrow, although on Sundays you will find yourself longing for both. Looking upon a Rublev icon, you will feel nothing. Pitable corpse, you will walk for miles through the fog of your own emptiness. You will sow your dull hatred in the alleys of the world, and if you sigh, it will not be from love. Your drink will be bitter, and you will down it with a wan smile. Has the world wronged you? Nay. It was you who sullied the earth with your slithering. Crawl home to your lair, little one, where children become men and the powd'ry snows melt to reveal a wasteland reeking of the emptiness of all eras. Who could ever love you, little one? The answer, O Enthralling Nothing, is whoever you will fool.

We cannot accept your work at this time.

Respectfully,

The New Yorker Editing Staff

P.S. two-year subscriptions are \$69.99 for a limited time! Call 1-800-825-2510 for more information!

The poem was about a dog I had when I was little.



*D'Annnnn...YOU MONSTER.*

by HL

## In Wake of Title IX, Reedies Demand Kroger Release Nude Pics

On the heels of Reed President John Kroger's announcement that a Title IX complaint has been filed against Reed due to allegedly belligerent naked Reedies in front of Volumn Lecture Hall on the day of the first Humanities lecture, many in the Reed Student Body are calling on Kroger to prove his loyalty by appearing in public naked, or at least to release nude photos of himself.

“In allowing the Title IX complaint as he legally has to do, Kroger has once again revealed how little he cares for Reed College,” senior Pat Valkner said as he solicited signatures for the petition to force Kroger to disrobe. “To acknowledge the existence of laws and customs outside of Reed is to stab Olde Reed in the back. Reed exists as its own entity. We are ungovernable.”

“Honestly, this is the only way I'll be able to trust Kroger again,” junior Kristen Clarkson said. “How can someone be president of Reed if they care so little for Reed's tradition of nudity that they will comply with federal law if someone complains? What kind of monster is this man?”



*Is this what you want, Reed? IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT!??!*

by SS