

How to make the most of your shiny new (or old and gross) thesis desk!

Fellow seniors, this past week we have begun to embark on our year-long journey of self-discovery. Those of us not in the psychology, biology, chemistry, or physics departments (why would you want a whole office to yourself? so silly) have finally acquired our tiny little private workspaces in the Hauser Fun-Dome, and all this "thesis" business is beginning to take shape in a physically embodied reality.

Like me, you may have hoped that once you got a desk exclusively for the purpose of writing your thesis, you would automatically start being productive and working on it fruitfully every day. And like me, you may have quickly realized how naive a hope that was. Maybe you've checked out a few books for the year, but still haven't quite pinned down your topic. Maybe you've done a little bit of research on the economic impact of microbrew culture, or started summarizing the religious ideologies reflected in nineteenth-century Russian literature. But most likely, you sat down at your thesis desk for the first time, got all mentally prepared to face the task ahead of you, and forty-five minutes later found yourself scrolling through your Facebook feed with a lonely unopened book lying beside you and an empty document in an abandoned window.

We all know this feeling. The helplessness of procrastination, the inevitability of the passage of time, the crushing weight of responsibility, the seemingly unattainable weekly goals set by your thesis advisor. We will all face this from time to time. But with these helpful tips, you can alleviate procrastination by transforming your thesis desk into an ideal workspace!

1. Keep it neat, but not soulless. You'll want to keep the atmosphere of your desk calming, but not so much that it'll put you to sleep. Keep the books in one corner, and a creepy porcelain doll in the other. Its cold stare will motivate you to get shit done and not let your eyes wander from the page. Add some personality to your desk with a little bit of graffiti, but try to keep it PG-13. An image of a throbbing erection will probably not help you focus. (Unless you're a Classics major.)

2. Maintain a controlled reward system. Keep yourself caffeinated, but don't overdo it. Buy a large bag of chocolate-covered espresso beans and keep them under lock and key. Have a few to get you started, but set goals in between snacks and only refuel when it's absolutely necessary. You may think that 20 oz coffee is a magical door to productivity, but it's really just the door to the restroom. Your bladder is not your friend.

3. Isolate yourself. You and your best friend thought it would be cool to share a thesis desk, but it was a really bad idea. If you find that you're giggling to each other about dank memes instead of writing about the cultural semiotics of dank memes, it's time for a change. Build a wall around your half of the desk. Use a soundproof, windowless box to block out any noise that might travel through the library. You may become anxious from being completely shut from the outside world, but the alternative is worse. Distraction is your worst enemy. Don't let yourself out until you've written a few pages. (This will also be more incentive to beware the side effects of coffee and tea. But hey, maybe you work well under pressure.)

4. Personalize it! I've given a couple decorating tips already, but you should really consider how to take your own desk to the next level. You live in a material world, so get crafty and embody your aesthetic. You should be proud to sit at your thesis desk, proclaiming to the world that you are your own person. Broadcast your darkest secrets and most embarrassing fetishes. Hang a taxidermied squirrel off one side and drape a garish grandma quilt over the other. Heck, maybe you want to install a Calder mobile above it. Go all-out. You want to look threateningly confident. Intimidate the freshmen. Show them what they will become.

5. Don't live there. Thesis desks are for working. Not for sleeping, partying, or fucking. I've heard rumors of past seniors who became so attached to their desks that they couldn't bear to be apart. It should be a committed relationship, but with healthy boundaries. Don't let your dependence on your desk escalate to an abusive level. Remember that it needs to be alone sometimes too. Go, enjoy the outdoors or something. Don't lose track of your hobbies, like fighting with geese, baking magic brownies, and performing gigs with your band *Vulva Druids*.

By ER

Horoscopes for the Damned

Week 4. There's no escaping now, and those classes you thought had started out hard are ramping up. Tough it out, my friends. Reed isn't any harder than that really shitty pork roast they served at Commons last night.

Aries: It's a shame that incredibly attractive person in your conference admitted that they think that poor people are just lazy. You could give up your crush on them, or you could hate-fuck them and then steal their wallet in an act of ironic vengeance. Your call.

Taurus: I'm working on a ritual for becoming a canyon cat. Cats don't have to write essays. Give me a call.

Criminy: When your life is spiralling out of control, making drastic and ill-advised changes to your hair can only be a great choice.

Cancer: Anyone who makes it through Reed without crying in front of at least one of their professors is probably a dick anyways.

Leo: Don't do it. Seriously.

Virgin Sacrifice: You haven't had the true Reed Experience™ until you've had to scrape goose shit off your Birkenstocks with a stick.

Libra: You could do your homework like a responsible student, or you could put down a giant tarp in your room, fill the room with water, and create a Dorm Room Swimming Pool Supreme. \$5 per person for entry would buy you a lot of mozzarella sticks at the Sev.

Scorpio: Is that pamphlet someone stuck in your car door a list of sins, or a to-do list? Why not both?

Sagittaggarrius: I'm not a Ling major, but I'm like 98% sure spelling is a social construct. Also, consider changing your birthday so I don't have to write Sgiittarsuis ever again.

Magikarp: On a related note, the Sev sells mozzarella sticks now.

Aquarius: You've always wanted to stick your face into the pot of alfredo sauce at DIY. Now's your chance. Time to shine, baby.

Pisces: I think you're doing a pretty good job, all things considered.

By FS

Advice column: how to reclaim your intellectual superiority complex

(tw: Drug abuse)

Hey guys! As classes are gearing up and Physics 200 is rendering me into a shapeless blob of tears and problem sets every single night at 3am, I can't help but think back to the good ol' days of high school when I was able to bullshit every single class with ease and elegance. But alas, the linear passage of time marches onwards regardless of my pleas. I am sure that there are other people in the same predicament as me. So for all you lost souls, I have some wisdom to dish out.

1. Intimidate the other people in your conference by loudly showing off all the relevant fun facts you know! Make sure to establish your superiority by constantly interrupting the teacher and taking the role of the "Devil's advocate".
2. Now that you're in college, cope by becoming the party person you mocked back in high school.
3. If you stop going to class entirely, you can justify your low grades by pretending that you never cared at all.
4. One missed homework is a mistake, seven missed homeworks is their problem.
5. Establish a new kind of superiority by doing more and harder drugs than anyone else you know.
6. Don't skip leg day.
7. Take five classes, just do it. Emotional stability is a social construct.

By HZ

Grandpa Too Old To Be Worth Explaining Trigger Warnings To

Claiming that it would "only upset him at this point in his life", Joanna Nightman '16 has decided to forgo the long, arduous process of explaining the legitimacy and importance of trigger warnings to her grandfather, Gene. "I mean, he's 85, and he eats a lot of red meat, so I figure why waste both of our time? He's really beyond the point of doing anything with his own opinions anyway." Nightman admitted.

Dr. Rosenthal of OHSU thinks Nightman is doing the right thing. "Gene came in last week for a check-up, and while there's no real bad news now, I told him he should really be taking it easy whenever he can. The sheer amount of stress, anger, and confusion that could create for a man of Gene's age and political beliefs is simply out of the question."

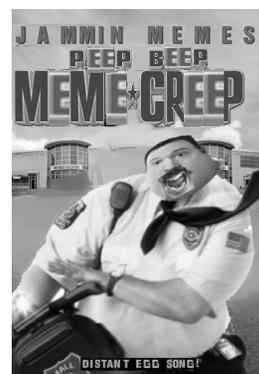
Gene, who voted for George W. Bush twice and thinks anxiety disorders are "a scam made up by Obama", is starting to simply seem like a lost cause to the family. "Look, if he was 30, 40, even into his 50s, I'd be more than happy to sit down and duke it out with him," Nightman continued, "But he's gotta have ten more years at the very most, so let's just let this one slide, right?" At press time, Gene was seen attempting to hang a confederate flag from his rascal.

By JG

Your Shot At Fame And Glory

For the first time in living memory (or at least, like, my living memory, which is about a year and a half at least) the Pamphlette is accepting guest submissions! You may have noticed some of our guest contributors' work printed in last week's Pamphlette - I am pleased to announce that you are also free to send us your forays into satirical writing, your humorous musings, and your dankest of memes (except you, Jerry. If you send me that Paul Blart Shark Cop meme one more time I will call the wrath of... I don't know, Dionysus, maybe?.. down upon you.)

Getting into the Pamphlette is easy! All you have to do is write an article you consider worthy of our esteemed publication, sacrifice a small woodland creature in my name, and email your work to pamphlette@groups.reed.edu. If we deem your writing mildly amusing and not disgustingly offensive, we'll publish it! Godspeed, my young writers. Follow your hearts.



See, Jerry? This is the kind of thing we're looking for. Get your shitty sharks away from me.

By FS

Want to submit a guest article?

Then send us an email!

pamphlette@groups.reed.edu

Feeling nostalgic for Reed humor of yesteryear?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

"What do you want to do with all the sweet funding poll dollars we got??"

EMMA RENNIE: Build a sturdy treehouse out of the extra copies that readers don't take

FOSTER SEYBERT: Use barrels of cash to break down the door of the ivory tower and get the fuck out.

JAKE GONNELLA: Cash incentives for staff members to submit answers.

HELEN ZHANG: Use the money to install heat lamps around the school to appease our lizard overlords.

MARGIE OXLEY: Certainly not on Doritos Dinamitas. Probably some kind of snacks though.