

THE PAMPHLETTE



Shame-shaming since 1987

Vol. 14, Issue 3

PORTLAND • A SEWAGE DRAIN • THE SEV

September 21, 2015

Pamphlette Writers Make More Friends Than Willamette Week

If you're considering a career in journalism, you'll want to make sure you choose the path to success and happiness. Don't meet the fate of the low-lives over at *Willamette Week*, the local shitrag where news goes to die. Their commitment to vitriol and elitist rhetoric may appeal to your young, malleable mind, but don't be fooled. Recent studies have shown that *Willy Week* contributors lead painfully one-dimensional, joyless lives.

Our team of researchers surveyed journalists from both their publication and ours, and found that five years after beginning their career, *Pamphlette* veterans had an average of four more friends than the *Willamette* contributors. Overall, Pamphlettitors reported a more positive outlook on life, responding with the appropriate joy to pictures of trees and pleasant recordings of birdsong.

Willamette Week reporters, on the other hand, were overwhelmingly proven to be absolute curmudgeons. When shown a photograph of a majestic sequoia, one of the subjects merely groaned and mumbled something about Eastmoreland needing more nice new houses. Another participant was given a 75%-off coupon for coffee from Safeway, and where a Reedie would have jumped for joy, this woman cringed and began ranting about how much better products are sold at New Seasons.

Each participant was interviewed about several key dimensions of their current lifestyle, including interpersonal relationships, job satisfaction and security, housing conditions, and emotional stability.

"Sure, I may live in a 'hovel,'" admitted Clint Freiburg '14, a *Pamphlette* alumnus currently residing nearby in Southeast. "And I might not have a real job. But I'm really thankful for what I do have. I've got everything that I really need -- a nice couch, Netflix, a cat, and a handful of good pals to share some beers with every weekend. Livin' the dream, really?"

Meanwhile, despite living in a really nice landscaped neighborhood, *Willamette* journalist Jenny Frost can do nothing but complain. "Ugh, my life is just, like, so hard. I clean my three living rooms every day and have all this lovely designer furniture and it all goes to waste. I never have any guests over. Tonight, like all nights, it's just me and my bottle of 2011 Adelsheim syrah."

Frost claims that her job writing for *Willamette* is her only regular source of satisfaction. "The *Week* will always be there as an outlet for my sorrows. After my most recent breakup, my colleagues were there to support me -- Gerry left a Vosges fair-trade 75% cacao bar on my desk, and my boss let me publish another article about how much I hate Reed College. Man, I love taking out my frustration on those ratty liberal-arts kids."

That poor woman. Don't end up like her. Don't get trapped in a dead-end job with the Willy Weaklings. Keep on loving life, and like we do here at the *Pamphlette*, find humor and joy in the everyday.

by ER

"That Guy" in Conference Builds Literal Ivory Tower, Invites No One

Last Thursday morning, students walking towards Commons for their early morning bagel noticed a new building in the middle of the quad. The pure white edifice stands over 100 ft tall, its walls sloping gently from the base to the elegant point at the top. A single window at the very tip of the obelisk-like structure interrupts the smoothness of the walls. Later analysis reveals that the surface of the walls are so smooth that the bumps are not even visible at the atomic scale, leaving scientists dumbfounded. Students gathered around the giant monument, debating the origin of the structure. Possible theories ranged from an alien invasion to a surprise new physics building.

The crowd was then silenced by the emergence of a head from the solitary window. Turns out it was that guy. Yeah, *that guy*. You know the one. That one white guy from California somehow in every single one of your classes? He was taken down a peg during Tuesday's conference when the conference leader shut down his rant about academic freedom, and was later seen sulking during physics lab. It appears as if he is taking it out on the student body by building an *actual ivory tower* in the middle of the quad. However, it seems as if That Guy did not include a door into the structure, therefore trapping himself within. The rescue effort took five hours, 4 CSOs, 300 ft of rope, and 2 gallons of Sev surpees.

This reporter attempted to interview That Guy after the incident as he sat on the patio outside commons, sipping gingerly at some chamomile tea provided by the HCC. He did not respond to any of my brilliantly composed questions, instead he just grumbled something under his breath about trigger warnings. Many have raised concerns about where he had attained the raw materials to build such a decadent structure. Many organizations such as the WCS, AWF, and even PETA (eww) are investigating the source of all that fucking ivory. Meanwhile, the student body funds have mysteriously disappeared on Wednesday afternoon. It is currently uncertain whether these two incidences are related.

by HZ

Margie's Munchies: Doritos Dinamitas

My boyfriend and I have been in a relationship for about three months, and looking back on our time together I will always remember the first time I saw him cry. It was not due to a death in the family or a fight over our relationship, but because of Doritos' Dinamita Chile Limón.

I vividly remember him sitting on the common room couch, fingertips marked by a pervasive red powder, unable to stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks as the inescapable taste of Chile peppers and MSG slowly drove him insane. These knock-off Takis are comparable only to hell itself, in both appearance and flavor. Their rolled up shape makes them look aggressively like Satan's penis, and they taste of brimstone and fire from the moment they first touch your tongue to hours after when you are lying on your back regretting every decision that has led up to this moment while simultaneously convincing yourself that the only way to exorcise the demon that is inhabiting your small intestine is through either a juice cleanse or a priest. The name itself is misleading in that there is no hint of lime, only the overwhelming flavor of stale Sriracha mixed with the sins of the heathens who dared to create this monstrosity.

The only redeeming quality of this snack food is the Dorito base it has been made from. Doritos brand has perfected the art of engineering corn and sugar together into the irresistible triangle shape that occupies the hearts and arties of college students across the nation. Regardless of the scarlet color that marks the adultery and failure of the system upon this food, at its core it is still a wholesome, pure Dorito.

Therefore, I give Doritos Dinamita Chile Limón a 1.5 out of 5 Doritos. They can be found at your local Safeway sometime between your fifth beer and 2 am.



They're supposed to be triangles, goddammit.

by MO

Paul Hovda Announces Plans to Continue Charming, Smiling

"It's what the people have said they want, and I'm prepared to give it to them." In a move widely considered beneficial to all parties involved, Professor Paul Hovda has announced plans to continue flashing his dazzling smile and generally making everyone feel a little better. A rare issue both parties, students and faculty, could get behind, Hovda has said his future plans involve strolling around campus, giving passersby a glance at the twinkle in his eye, and muttering students names with a head nod as he passes them.

"Look, of course I'm happy to do it, it's probably what I'm best at here, but it brings me joy to know so many others are in support of this decision." When polled, 99.2% of the student body said this was one of the best decisions a faculty member has made in years, and that they look forward to more plans from Hovda in the future.

However, not all are thrilled with the newly-announced action; Ellen Millender has expressed her dissatisfaction with Hovda's decisions numerous times in the past. "It's just, eventually, enough is enough, you know?" She said, shaking her head. "Sometimes I just want to walk across campus without feeling like Paul Hovda and I have some cool little secret that just the two of us know. Whatever happened to a good old 'hey?'"

At press time, Hovda was confirmed to already be fulfilling on his lofty goals.

Photo Not Available



Alas, his smile was much too bright for our camera to handle.

by JG