

THE PAMPHLETTE

Helping you procrastinate since 1987

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Tips From A Departing Senior Who Obviously Has A Crush On Hugh Porter

My thesis is burned, my finals are almost done, and in less than a week I will officially be an alum. As I prepare to clean out my thesis desk, I've been thinking about the times I've had here, the friends I've made, and acting President Hugh Porter's deep blue eyes ... sorry, what was I saying? Right, leaving Reed. Here's some tips from a departing senior on how to make the most of your Reed experience.

1. Be yourself

College is a place to explore all the weird hobbies, pastimes and parts of yourself you felt too awkward to show in high school. Feel free to change your major, realize gender is a social construct, and/or tell your secret crush about your feelings even though you know it can never be because he's married, cis-het and the acting president of Reed.

2. Study abroad

Spending time in a foreign country gives you perspective, teaches you independence, and improves your language skills. It can also take your mind off your forbidden lust for Hugh Porter. That's not the reason I studied abroad, FYI. Just a totally random reason why someone (not me) might travel halfway across the world.

3. Write for the Pamphlette

Or the *Quest*, or *Receipts*, or the *Grail*, or a new journal not-yet-created. Get your voice out there, and keep student discourse thriving and subversive. If your articles are good enough, maybe Hugh Porter will turn his piercing gaze your way and say the words you long to hear.

4. Preserve institutional memory

Remember #OutOfRespect, Fossil Free Reed's collaboration with the Yes Men, RAR's sit-ins, and the Student Workers Coalition unionizing the HAs. Make new activist memories, and pass them on to the first-years before you graduate. And never forget those precious months when our acting president was the steamiest dreamboat west of the Mississippi.

5. Know who sells the best acid

The best acid dealers on campus are Fredrick Heisenbrenner, Sandra McClintock, and Gary Granger when he's off-duty. God, who am I kidding? I just want to hold Hugh Porter close to me, and as long as we're apart my life is torture. Luis Bateman's LSD is also pretty top-notch.

by AB



And be BIKES, too?!?!? Not that I care. I don't want to ride with him on a bicycle built for two while the sun goes down over the Willamette or anything, that sounds stupid.

Hum Faculty Confident They Can Finish New Curriculum by 5 PM Deadline



What Mexican novel is Sameer teaching this Hum conference about? We don't know yet!

All eyes have been on Hum 110 this year, now that the course includes works by people with a skin tone darker than #E4B359. But for those asking what the second semester will hold, the answer from Hum faculty has been "we'll tell you when we know". With barely seven weeks left until the next semester kicks off, first-years are beginning to wonder if they'll be starting an unfinished course.

Professor Tamara Metz seemed unconcerned by the looming deadline. "We're not too worried," she reported in an interview conducted last week while she frantically skimmed the readings for the course. "We got a rough draft done, like, last month. And it's already almost 1500 words, so we just have to bullshit the last paragraph." She drained a sixth 5-Hour Energy, then continued. "Worst case scenario, we just turn it in incomplete. It's not like we're getting graded on this."

"Honestly, I think we kinda left it to the last minute" said David Garrett. "But I work better under pressure. I'll just grab a few caffeine truffles from Homer's and finish it on Saturday. It's not due until 5:00, so I can just wake up early." Garret then left the room, chanting "I can do this" under his breath and looking up last-minute tutoring hours.

When asked what texts would be on the new curriculum, Elizabeth Drumm had strong words for the tentative reading list. "I just don't get why we have to read all these texts. I mean, this is the only required course at Reed- why do we have to read about black and brown people for a whole semester? These works have nothing to do with our experience as old white professors."

Pancho Savery was the only professor who seemed content with the curriculum. "I had a book list for the Harlem Renaissance section done before the change was even announced. The rest of it was a breeze. I'm so glad the school finally listened to me and are teaching Hum 110 as a black history course!" When asked about the Mexico City unit, Savery responded "the what?" and rushed out of the room in a panic.

We asked Kris Cohen for his opinion on the new curriculum. However, no one on the Pamphlette staff could decipher his response, which was delivered over the course of several hours via interpretive dance and a mixed-media oil painting covered in Silly Bandz. The Classics and Religion departments responded to a request for comment by holding up their middle fingers and screaming "NOT OUR PROBLEM!" in unison while buying their holiday plane tickets to the Bahamas.

by SWM

Have A Hallmark Holiday!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This week you may be thinking "I should study for finals, I need to pass classes!" Wrong! It's not too late to move to a rural town named Holly or Snowflake or Some Other Technically Non-Denominational But Obviously Christmas Associated Named town expressly to get away from the chaos of the season and instead find your high-school boyfriend who you've secretly still loved this whole time and who still loves you and your mom liked more than your current partner/a curmudgeonly widower who chops wood for a living and has a precocious daughter between the ages of 9 and 11/a simple baker to have a Romantic Winter Relationship that will end with a kiss under a beautifully lit pavilion. Fuck finals! Leave your stressful city life to get back to nature and the meaning of the season - baking cookies with a hot but generic man! Add some scandinavian sweaters to your wardrobe and give up your entire life for a holiday-themed fantasy - it's not like you were competent in your magazine journalist/hotel manager/vague business/academic life anyway! Maybe your mean, aging woman boss with severe bangs and power suits will see the light of Christmas too and not tear down Holly/Snowflake/Insert-Themed-Town-Name-Here and not bulldoze the old folks home/orphanage/family run bakery/SANTA HIMSELF on December 26th! It's never too late!

by CP



Sometimes when I wake up in the night I see these people just standing at the end of my bed

The Wrath of Lord Humongous (Part II)

In last week's story, members of Reed's top admin met in Elliot Hall to gloat over how they teamed up with the Trump administration last semester to push for a national basic repeal of student worker labor rights. They did this in part to bust the HA Union. After busting the union, the admin decided it was time to celebrate with a public display of administrative might.

Mike Brody, Vice President of Student Services, wanted a moat for Elliot Hall. But Lorraine Arvin, Vice President of the Treasury, decided that an expensive marble benches and patio would do the trick. But there was a rumbling under Elliot. The admin's self-centered rule had awakened Lord Humongous, a killer rabbit living in the steam tunnels.

"HUUMMONGUSS!" bellowed the rabbit.

The admin tried to sic Gary Granger on the beast, but even Gary's sledgehammer, Thor the Retiring, was insufficient. The admin failed to contain the beast. A team of pest control experts was called, but they didn't have any experience with killer rabbits. Before long, it was too late.

Mike and Lorraine ran away from their offices, as the whole building of Elliot crumbled into the earth behind them.

"Where can we go?" said Lorraine.

"Let's hide . . . in Commons!" said Mike.

"Eh . . . I don't like going in there," said Lorraine. "I prefer to see the students as data points on a spreadsheet, not living, breathing people with unique thoughts and desires. It creeps me out to see them face-to-face."

"I understand your feelings, Lorraine," said Mike. "But my fear of Lord Humongous has given me a HUGE appetite for meals that are subsidized with student board plans." "Sure. Let's get it to go," said Lorraine.

Mike and Lorraine waited in line at the checkout. Lorraine did her best to avoid eye contact, while Mike bestowed his wise, benevolent gaze upon all the students he saw. Finally it was Mike's turn. Looking over, Commons George surveyed the scene.

"And what do we all have here?" said Commons George.

"HUUUMMMMONNGGGUSSSSSS!!!" said a voice, booming like thunder from above.

With a grinding, screeching groan, the roof of Commons ripped away from the walls. A monstrous rabbit hunkered over the building.

Mike grabbed his food and ran away without paying. He and Lorraine ran down the hall. Looking for a place to hide, they ran into the GCC bathroom. All was quiet.

"Are we safe in here?" said Lorraine.

Mike didn't respond. His attention was fixed on the wall. There, a student had spelled an epic prophecy. In blood red ink, it said: "THE RABBIT WANTS CARROTS."

"Lorraine! Look!" said Mike.

"Look at what?" said Lorraine.

"See this cryptic message on the wall? It says, 'The Rabbit wants Carrots.'"

"Mike, you're breaking your vow to me that you wouldn't ever again take seriously the input of a student unless it was indirectly relayed to you through the assessments of an expensive consulting firm."

"Yeah but Lorraine, what if the students are really on to something this time?"

"GET IN LINE," said Lorraine.

"Okay," said Mike.

They made a run for it, out of the bathrooms, and over the bouncy bridge, towards 28 West.

"HUUUUMMMMOONNNGGUUUUSSSSSS!" came the roar from behind them.

The admins ran, faster and faster, until they reached 28 West. To their dismay, it was already destroyed.

"What's happening to Reed?" wailed Mike.

"It's . . . It's fine, Mike," said Lorraine. "We can just take out another huge loan of Wells Fargo blood money to pay for anything that's needed. . . Well . . . anything except elevators for the old buildings . . . Anything except raises for Student workers . . . But marble patios are good . . . So are the new CSO cars . . . What I'm saying is, we can definitely rebuild 28 West."

"HUUUMMMMMMOONNNGGUUUUSSSSSS," said the voice, nearby.

The administrators kept running away, from a monster of their own awakening.

Unsure of where to go, they ran over to the nearby dorm, Farm Haus.

"Let us in! We need help!" said Lorraine.

Some kindly vegan Reedies opened the door and let in the admins. They collapsed on the couch.

"Thank God that we didn't cut Farm House, along with the Theme Dorms," said Mike.

"There's this wholesome vibe of self-sufficient community and class year integration in her - wouldn't it be so nice if all of our campus was more like this wonderful house?"

"Mike!" said Lorraine. "The plan was to get rid of all that! Don't you remember?"

"HUUUMMMMMMOONNNGGUUSS!" came the booming voice.

"AAAAAAHHHHH!!!" said Mike and Lorraine, together. "HEEELLPPP!"

"We'd be glad to help," said one of the students in Farm House. "But haven't you read the prophecy in the GCC bathroom? It says: 'THE RABBIT WANTS CARROTS.'"

"I don't think that has not come to my attention yet," said Mike, looking away.

"Oh," said the student.

Walking outside, the student went over to the Reed Community Garden. Paying little mind to the enormous monster rabbit hulking nearby, the student stooped down and straightened up with an armful of carrots.

"Here Bunny Bunny!" said the student.

Lord Humungous lumbered over and gingerly nibbled at a carrot. First, he ate one carrot, then two, then five carrots. Before long, the rabbit was yawning. Soon the rabbit was fast asleep, having laid down on the grass for a nap.

"Nothing fancy," said the student. "Just common sense."

THE END

by AJ

Horoscope: What Does Your Zodiac Sign Say About Your Thesis Title?

Spring/fall seniors just turned in their theses! Fall/spring seniors just turned in their first chapters! Everyone else just got a relief from the constant complaining of seniors freaking the McFuck out about turning everything in on time! It's a Reed tradition. Do you know what else is a Reed tradition? The *Pamphlette* churning out a bullshit horoscope that fills space!

Aries: "Our Potties, Our Cells: Living conditions for bacteria in toilets and Bourdieu's *habitus*"

Taurus: "MY ANACONDA DON'T WANT NONE UNLESS YOU GOT an equidistant distribution of physical features: Symmetry in human psychosexuality"

Gemini: "Dance Dance Revolution: The role of tap dance in the development of the occupation of the Malheur Wildlife Refuge"

Cancer: "Some shit about GMOs. Pass me, you fucking cowards"

Leo: "Facing the Faceless: The facility of face-wise facetary fascination in *Face/Off*"

Virgo: "You wanna know how I got these scars?: An investigation into escharotics in British medicine from 1430-1485."

Libra: "Dicks: Dicks"

Scorpio: "The Cigarette Burned Slowly: A Novel"

Sagittarius: "Afrofuturism: what is it? When did it arise? Who talks about it? Does anyone know? Anyone? Please, I'm so confused, someone please tell me anything about Afrofuturism oh god"

Capricorn: "This thesis is only 16 pages but it's a lot of math so"

Aquarius: "Hey, How's Everybody doin' tonight? Lemme tell you, I just flew in from Cleveland and boy are my arms tired. Heyo, no but seriously folks, lemme talk to you about some stuff that, I'm gonna be honest, kinda gets me right in my craw! Look at this guy, he knows how to have fun: The economic policy of Martin Van Buren"

Pisces: "IF IT PLEASES THE COURT, ID LIKE TO POST SOME EXTREMELY RELATABLE SHIT: Staging Dril as devised performance" *by JJ*



This is a blurry picture of Anthony's actual thesis. It is titled "Neoliberal (In)Equity: Eco-gentrification in Portland's Lents Neighborhood". For the record, Anthony is a Sagittarius.
- Ed

Think you could write an article even half as good as these?
Submit it for next month's issue!

pamphlette@gmail.com

(Articles should be 300-600 words. Can be about literally anything, so long as it's honorable and punches up not down. Feel free to send us an image as part of it.)

Check out our past issues online:

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Which Olde Hum lecture will you miss the most?

ANTHONY BENCIVENGO: "The *Aeneid*: The Tim Burton's *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* of the Ancient Roman World"

CARRIE PADULA: "Pastoral Poetry: Sheep Are Just Cool, Guys"

SHANNON WELLS-MORAN:

JACK JACKSON: "The *Golden Ass*: I Guess We're Just Reading Weird Porn in Class Now"

AREK JUNGWIRTH: