

**SOME GUY
AND HIS OPINIONS
ON LINDSAY LOHAN**

**PLUS: 129
SMOKIN' HOT GUYS!
(HINT: THEY'RE NOT OBIES)**

**SEXXXXXCLUSIVE
BEST HOOKUP
SPOTS ON
CAMPUS!**

SPECIAL HALF-SIZE ISSUE!

WINTER 2009

Drivel



**MARVIN KRISLOV'S
SHOCKING
SCIENTOLOGY SECRET!**

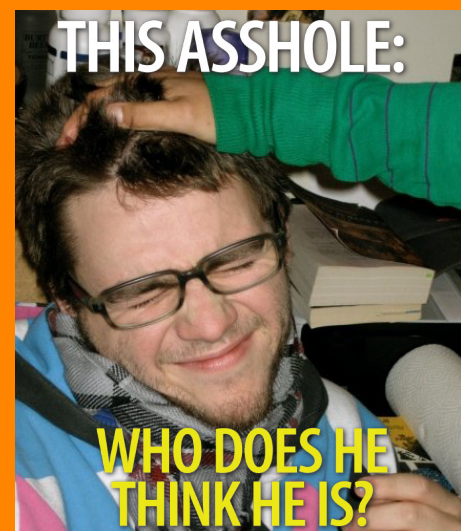
DRIVEL EXCLUSIVE!



**#69: MUDD
FOURTH FLOOR**



**WOW!
PETERS HALL GETS
SEXY MAKEOVER
(JUST IN TIME FOR
WINTER!)**



THIS ASSHOLE:

**WHO DOES HE
THINK HE IS?**

head chef

K.A. Spencer

sous chef

Benjamin Bronner

bussers

Benjamin Bronner, Sonya Cohn,
Tammany Hall, Hugh E. Long, Ja-
cob Mallott, Zoë Trope, Jonathan
Wauhkonen, Laura Bellis, Lindsey
Fiorelli, Caroline Fowler, Annie
Lieber, Matthew Rothstein

health inspectors

Ezra Spier, Chris Gollmar

special thanxx

God, the Academy, Prof. Baudot,
S.F.C., Landone Evans, Katie
Mauck, Rebecca Grodofsky,
Kehan DeSousa, *Fish Rap Live!*,
The Stanford Chaparral, the
Lorain County Republican Party,
Pat Buchanan, the NRA, Mrs.
Spakowski's fourth-grade class

apologies

Joseph Conrad, Flann O'Brien,
Oxford University, President Kris-
lov (LOVE IN THIS CLUB), Doug
Power, and the editors of *People &*
InTouch (please don't sue).

oberlin drivel!

oberlin, oh 44074
drivelmag.blogspot.com

write for us

Drivel is actively recruiting new
writers, editors, photographers
and comic artists. If you have a
penchant for mischief and a strong
disdain for journalistic integrity,
contact us at [drivel.magazine@
gmail.com](mailto:drivel.magazine@gmail.com) for further info. Stuck for
ideas? [Spoiler alert:] The next issue
will be a *New Yorker* parody. Ssh,
don't tell anyone!

The Genesis of Drivel

Looking back, it's hard to believe that the journey to *Drivel* started with a totally unrelated quest. It all began that one fateful day as Ben and I were dining with the pilgrims in the mess-room.¹ The air was dark over Oberlin, and our dinner of porridge and gruel was interrupted by an interloper, a brooding old mystic² who had voyaged from the distant South. He had sunken cheeks, an ascetic aspect, and smoked a long wooden pipe, until one of the Stevie managers came and told him to put it out. The grizzled long-haired sea captain³ told us the tale of an ancient joint, rolled centuries ago by our alumni forebears; a quarter-ounce mix of Bitter Yak Fuzz and Divine Pink Fractal, legendary strains believed to have died with the last Knights Templar. Large as an Old Timbers throwing dart and twice as potent, it was rumored to be hidden in the desolate, savage nest of depravity in the dank center of campus.⁴ This beast was known to scholars by its proper name, which danced on our tongues as we left the mess-room: The Dart of Harkness.

Ben and I endeavored to find this dart, yet the £700 cost was beyond our means. In order to undertake this quest, we would first require funding. We hijacked a ship⁵, *The Smellie*, and set sail for Wilder's third floor. The tide was low, the wind was nearly calm, and the only thing we had to do now was wait. The filth of Wilder stretched before us like the beginning of a festering interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and sky were welded together like a joint, like the joint we sought... that fated dart.

As we reached the top of the stairs, a slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six bureaucrats advanced in a file, toiling up the stairwell. They walked erect and slow, balancing enormous stacks of paperwork in their fleshy palms. A caravan had come in, and we were swept into the Student Finance Committee office with a tide of accountants bearing rapiers. All the carriers were speaking together, and in the midst of the uproar the lamentable voice of the chief agent was heard doling out funds tearfully for the twentieth time that day. A previous group of beggars was ushered out, whispering hurriedly about "nuts" or "grapes"; their language was foreign to my ear. The tallest bureaucrat began to speak, in a booming female voice:

"What do you mean by coming here?"

Ben and I looked at each other in terror. "To make money, of course." Then, Ben got fever, and had to be carried in a hammock slung under a pole. I made a speech in English with gestures, not one of which was lost to the sixty pairs of eyes before me. If we wished to make it out alive, we would have to appease their bureaucratic sensibilities. I took my place opposite the manager, who lifted her eyes to give me a questioning glance. "How much?" she asked, unswerving in her gaze.

"One thousand pounds."

"Done."

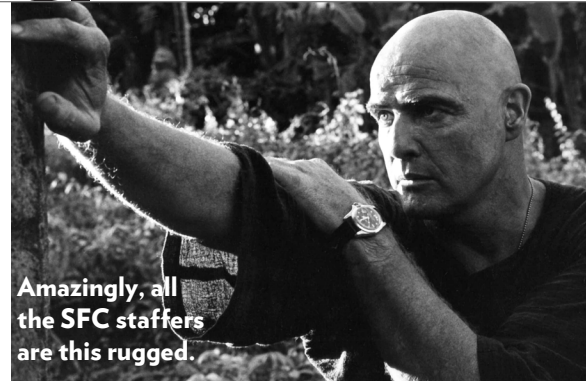
We left the office with a satchel of pieces o' eight. We lit torches as we exited the unholy temple of Wilder. Bells were chiming in the whited sepulchre.⁶ We boarded *The Smellie* and raised the anchors. The night was as black as Ben's pupils, and nearly as vast. We came to a narrow and deserted field in deep shadow, high brick dormitories, innumerable windows with diaphanous Tibetan tapestries, a dead silence; the immense door stood ponderously ajar. We slipped through one of these cracks. The Harkie savages were nude and covered with war paint, silent statues, only watching; we tiptoed up the grimy staircase to the door of our dealers: Siamese twins, both named Curtis, collectively, The Kurts. We entered the dim chamber to find The Kurts sitting elevated on bean-bag chairs, backlit by the faint glow of a Wii. They rose, unsteady, pale, indistinct, like a vapour exhaled by the earth, and swayed misty and silent before us; while at our back grow-lights loomed between the nascent buds. I dropped the satchel at their feet. "The Dart," I uttered. The Kurts laughed. Though they could hardly stand, there was plenty of vigour in their voices. "Go away—hide yourself," one said, in that profound tone. A rustling of paper was distinctly audible. Suddenly, the lights in the room went out, and total darkness took over my vision.

I awoke in a field with our newly acquired joint and what remained of the rolling papers, a biweekly journal on newsprint called *Grape*. Ben opened the first page, then cried out in a whisper at some image, at some vision—straining his eyes to read, he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath: "The horror! The horror!"

My memory becomes hazy at this point. Suffice to say, we quickly burned the leftover newspaper and kept the dart, a dank, fetid blunt of monstrous proportions, and the rest of our change in the satchel. The dart we shared with our coevals, and the remaining cash we decided to invest in this thing you hold in your hands. Welcome, dear reader, to the inaugural issue of *Drivel*.

—the Eds.

1. Stevie. I can't say what the hell the pilgrims are about, though. 2. actually the lovably stouthearted senior Doug Power. 3. Well, he did have a parrot on his shoulder. 4. That oft-ignored dot on Magellan's campus map known as "Harkenesse." 5. by "ship," I mean our feet... but one of us might have been drunk, and you know how sometimes your feet can feel like ships? Yeah, it was like that. 6. Does Finney count as a sepulchre? Or are sepulchres specifically graveyards? [Wikipedia that shit! -Ed.]



Amazingly, all
the SFC staffers
are this rugged.

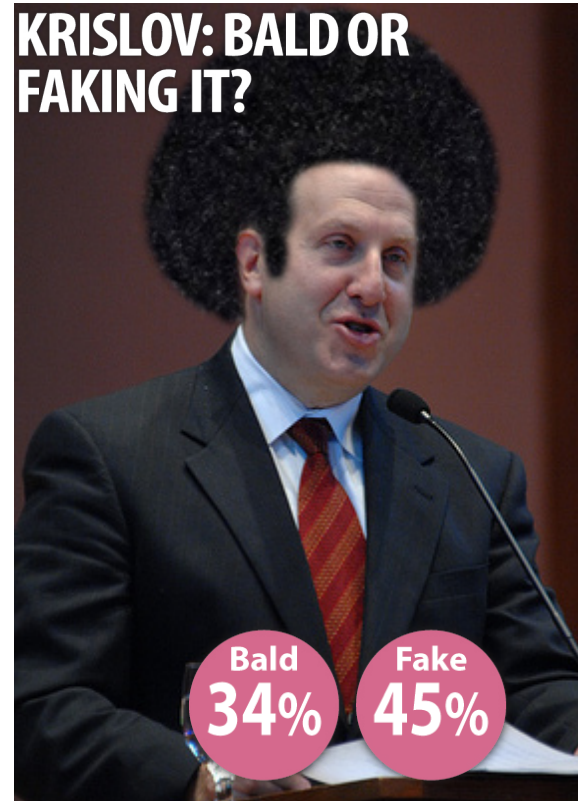
instant **poll** Drivel readers weigh in
The hottest questions of the week

DO YOU THINK OBERLIN SHOULD BLOW THE REST OF ITS ENDOWMENT ON CANDY?



Yes 86% **No 17%**

KRISLOV: BALD OR FAKING IT?



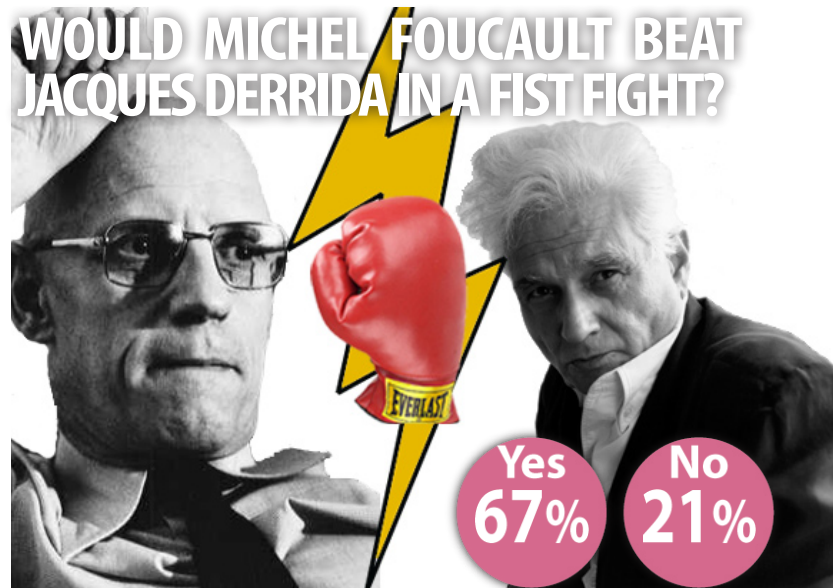
Bald 34% **Fake 45%**

DOES JAKE BRODY REALLY HUFF MAD DONG?



Yes 98% **No 0%**

WOULD MICHEL FOUCAULT BEAT JACQUES DERRIDA IN A FIST FIGHT?



Yes 67% **No 21%**

Read **THIS** and other articles **IN COLOR** online at: [http://drivelmag.blogspot.com!](http://drivelmag.blogspot.com)

Professor Perspectives

We asked your favorite professors for their take on pop culture phenomena!



“Not only were these pirates openly defying maritime law, but also the sexual proscriptions of 18th century English society. For example, the choice of human saliva as lubricant was more than a consequence of the lack of available synthetic lubricants—it betokened the pirates’ acceptance of the human condition, replete with all of its distinctive sights, smells, and secretions.”
-*Lucetta Johnson-Tomes (Philosophy, Philosophy of Film)*



“Egregiously tight pants, when worn by a male, very well may be a handicap signal, similar to the peacock’s tail. The message is basically ‘I have such a surplus of resources that I can afford to squander them,’ which is very much relevant to sexual selection. In the case of what Barelli and Michelson call ‘the hipster,’ he might be saying that he’s so cool and self-confident that he can get away with wearing extremely feminine and rather unflattering pants.” -*Heath Karvin (Biology, Evolution)*



“I’d recommend using a persuasion technique known as ‘door in the face.’ Basically, stun your target with a ridiculous demand, then make a lesser demand that seems reasonable by comparison. Next time you’re at The Feve and find yourself chatting up a hottie, ask if she’d be interested in you s****f****ing her q***k**** like a deranged helper monkey strung out on meth and Viagra. After hearing that, I really don’t see how she could resist an invitation for some heavy petting.”
-*Mindy Kantz (Psychology, Social Psychology)*



“In this piece, Lil Jon—first, notice how self-denigrating the narrator is, referring to himself only in the diminutive, and even projecting this deprecation onto others by insisting that they themselves ‘get low’—in this piece, Lil Jon describes the Sisyphean pursuit of carnal pleasure. At first he merely requests that his consort ‘get low,’ but of course this cannot satisfy him. He then instructs her to, as he puts it, ‘turn that ass, shake it fast,’ yet even this proves insufficient to quench his voracious sexual appetite. Finally, the speaker demands that his partner clap her ass, ‘like hands,’ which is transparently an unattainable ideal. In the end, the protagonist is left desirous, frustrated, with nothing to show for his efforts but the sweat dripping down his balls.” -*VerSailles Garrison (English, Poetry)*

FIRST-YEAR CONSUMER REPORT: SHAMPOO

Our token freshman and the face of Dascomb's second floor shares his fashion and beauty must-haves



by Kirk Windsor

Kiehl's Amino Acid Shampoo with Pure Coconut Oil



I got this off of some New York hipster who was prospieing in our hall. It was in this weird 2.2 ounce bottle, and according to the ingredients, contained certain amounts of bark extract. It said, "Compliments of Kiehl's" on the top of the label, right above the name, "Kiehl's". Gee, thanks, Kiehl.

Smell: 9.5 – Oh my God this smells nice. It was like a liquid scented candle. It's the sort of thing that would bring back childhood memories if I had any childhood memories involving coconut oil.

Effect: 2.5 – This morning I tried pouring the shampoo out of my bottle for like 10 minutes and I couldn't. So the shampoo failed to even come in contact with my hair. I would give it a zero, but what small amount I could get out made my hands smell really nice.

Pantene Pro-V Volumizing Shampoo.

I borrowed this from my roommate. Exactly what would my hair be like after a good volumizing? I waited with nervous anticipation to find out.

Smell: 6 – Kind of like a cross between Starburst candy and Axe body spray. Which isn't actually as bad as it sounds.

Effect: 7 – I'm getting some alright volume. Maybe it deserved a bit of a higher score, but it was just such a let down. I thought it would bring real change, but it was just like all those other shampoos I was naïve enough to trust.



Head & Shoulders Dandruff Shampoo + Conditioner

I borrowed this from my neighbor last night. It's this smooth milky blue, and it kind of reminded me of that stuff Luke Skywalker drank with his aunt and uncle at the beginning of Star Wars.

Smell: 7 – This smelled kind of like fresh apples, except not quite fresh in the way that apples are fresh. More like fresh in the way that fresh mozzarella is fresh. Well, at least I doubt it goes

bad like real cheese.

Effect: 9 – Wow! This was awesome! In the past, I've considered myself to be too manly to use conditioner, but this eliminates that problem, since I'm also too manly to bother trying to remove conditioner from shampoo. Anyway, my hair felt great and I even got complemented on how it looked. The only downside is that I found myself sensuously running my hand through my hair all day, which probably made me look like an asshole.

Ivory Soap

I'm running out of people to borrow shampoo from, so now I'm using my soap. There is a beautiful simplicity to using one's soap as a shampoo. It makes me feel like Thoreau, bathing in the cool waters of Walden Pond, or perhaps a homeless person, bathing in the local river.

Smell: 7 – Subtle but refined. Just the right amount of perfume. Simply Ivory.

Effect: 8 – My hair isn't quite as smooth as it could be, but I love the look I'm getting. My hair is lively, bouncy but without too much volume. The soap's wonderful effects seem to diminish somewhat after a few days, but I'll still be impressed as long as my hair doesn't start falling out.



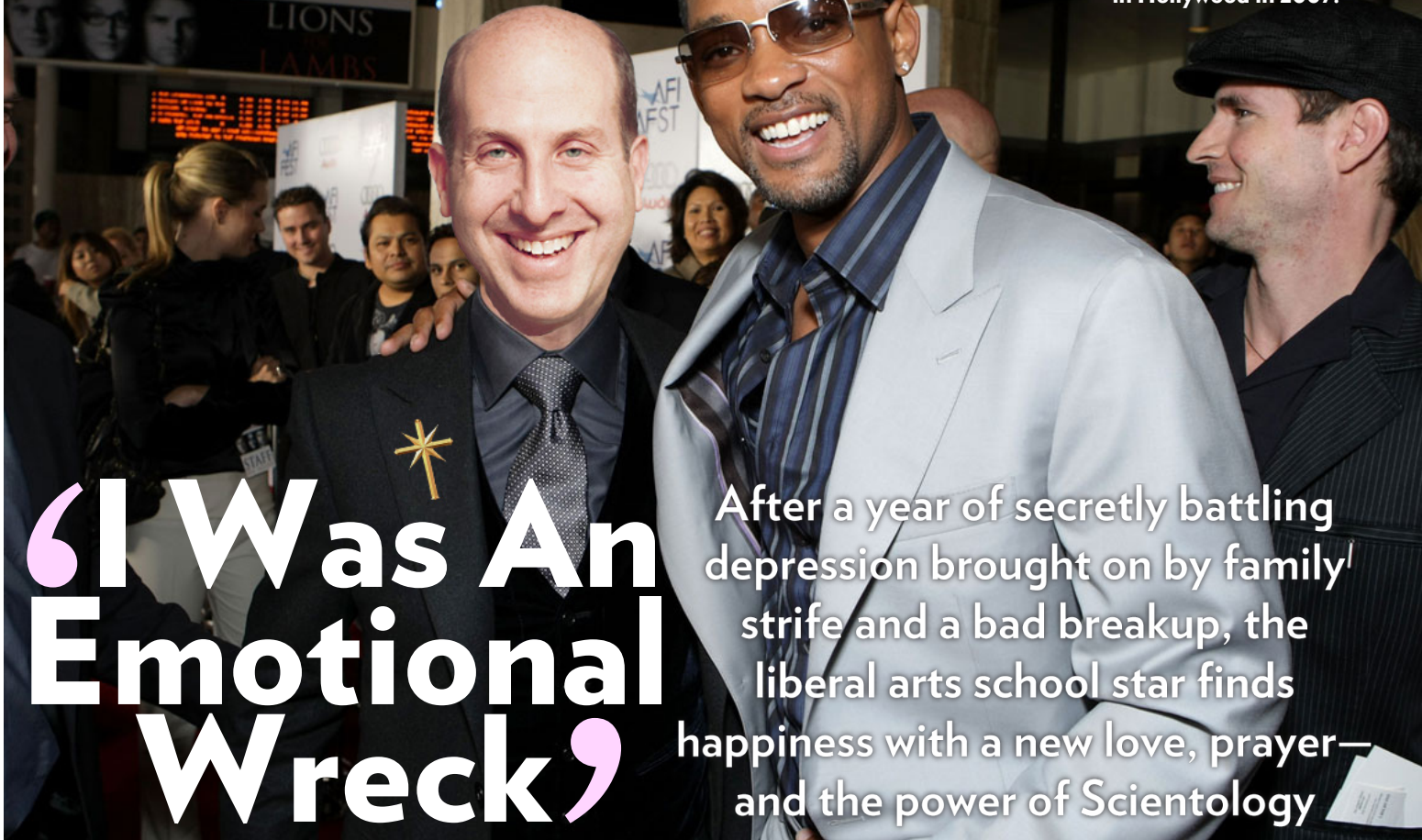
Pabst Blue Ribbon

Technically, this isn't a shampoo, but I was out of shampoo and we had a few cans left over from the weekend.



Smell: 0 – I think most of us know what a day-old open can of PBR smells like: stale hops and regret.

Effect: 6 – It took the edge off my morning routine. One for the mouth, one for the hair. The downside is that it made me smell like an alcoholic for the rest of the day, and it's sticky as sin. Most importantly, it doubles as a hangover cure.



‘I Was An Emotional Wreck’

After a year of secretly battling depression brought on by family strife and a bad breakup, the liberal arts school star finds happiness with a new love, prayer—and the power of Scientology

As the sunny Oberlin College presidential finalist who was clueless about Drag Ball, Marvin Krislov charmed even Nancy Dye – and his past experience with labor unions earned him praise from even the most critical of students. But few people know where Krislov was five years ago – in a corner with a bottle of St. John’s Wort, crying softly.

Abandoned at age 2 by his mother and left to the erratic care of his father, a convicted felon, Krislov, 45, was raised mostly by his paternal grandparents. Though he reunited with his father after his 2002 release from jail, his father was sent to prison again 14 months later in July 2003. By that fall, he was also reeling from an agonizing breakup with popular singer Sinéad O’Connor. “I went through a really rough patch,” says Krislov. “I was in

a bad relationship – I stayed because I didn’t want to see anything else fail. My professional life seemed great, but I was crumbling.”

In December, Krislov quietly checked himself in to the Scientology clinic Down-

MARJORIE MILLER

town Medical in Manhattan. “The first couple days were a nightmare. I just sat in a corner, sweating and shivering. But one night, L. Ron Hubbard [founder of Scientology] appeared to me in a vision. He told me that I was an immortal being, and that this short period of suffering would be over soon. That was a turning point in my life. After that, I knew I could get through it.”

Krislov began to deal with ghosts from his past. “I’ve never come off stage and had my mom or dad say, ‘That

was so amazing!’ Krislov says. But now I accept the things I cannot change: I’ll never have a relationship with my mother, or the relationship with my father that I want. You need to grieve, be hurt and angry, and cry. Then you’ve got to get over

Marv found new friends in fellow celebrity Scientologists like Tom Cruise and his wife Katie Holmes, pictured together below in 2008 at a Scientology convention in Anaheim.



“One night, L. Ron Hubbard appeared to me in a vision. That was a turning point in my life.”
-MARV

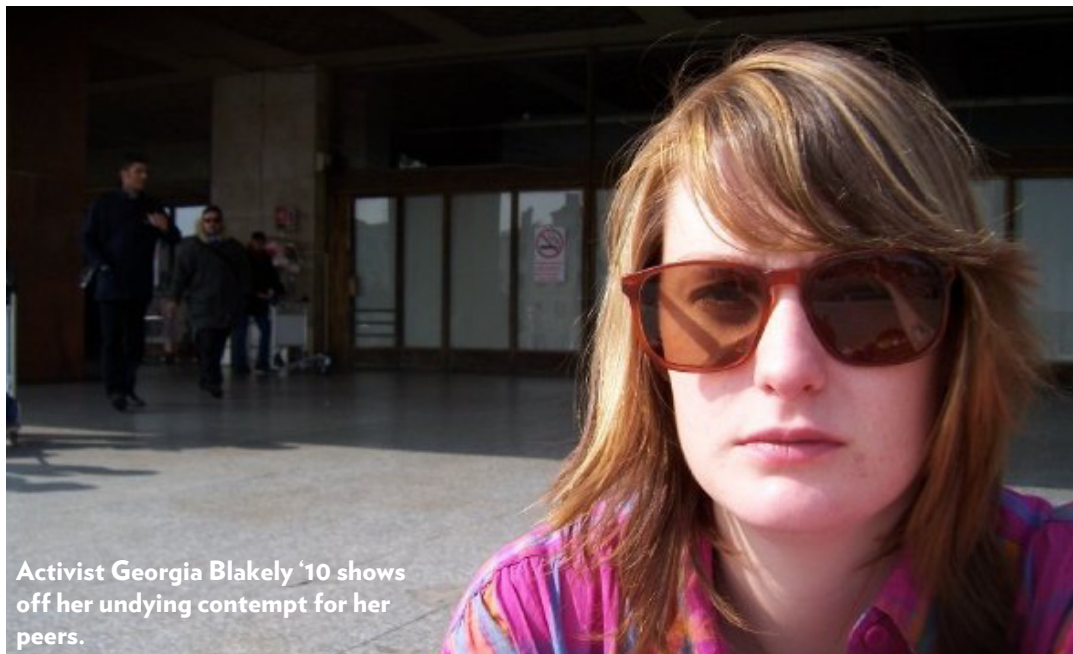
it. I have a long list of blessings on my refrigerator: “Thank you God for my health, sunshine – and the Contemporary Music Ensemble.”

After just two months at the clinic, Krislov packed his bags and headed into the real world, where he quickly found a job, an apartment – and the love of his life, Amy Ruth Scheon.

“I didn’t know someone like Amy existed. She makes me feel so good about being me. I hadn’t seen the way a relationship should be. I’d never seen my mom and dad in the same room except in a courthouse. When I’m going through problems and saying, ‘I need some St. John’s Wort!’ Amy says, ‘No, baby, let me be your pill.’ Amy is so good to me. It scared me at first because I wasn’t used to that. I’m used to craziness and she is far from that. Not a day goes by where she doesn’t tell me how beautiful I am.”

Since Krislov’s wedding to Scheon, he has had three children – Zac, Jesse, and Evie Rose. In 2007, Krislov was named the 14th president of Oberlin College.

“I’ve faced some difficulties in my life,” mused Krislov. “It hasn’t been an easy ride. But with the boost Scientology gave me, I’ve been able to make positive changes that have completely transformed my life. And you can too! Just visit scientology.org!”



Activist Georgia Blakely '10 shows off her undying contempt for her peers.

Local Elitist Battles Elitism

Organizing an October rally of three hundred union laborers for an Auto Workers of America protest was not easy, asserts student and activist Georgia Blakely '10. But then again, neither was honing her wardrobe to an aggravatingly pretentious shit-show of clothes running the aesthetic gamut from ironic to kitschy.

Blakely, 21, a self-described “feminist renegade,” spends her time at Oberlin as most students do: working diligently in her classes, staying up late doing homework, and criticizing people who don’t conform to her viewpoints and chic fashion sense. But when the weekend strikes, Blakely leaves the insular confines of Oberlin to go out into Lorain, where her work is “needed.”

“I really thought that my skills as an organizer could be put to good use in the community,” Blakely says, clad in oil-stained jeans and hundred-dollar aviator sunglasses. “It’s terrible what the steel companies think

they can get away with in Lorain. That’s why it’s important to have people who know what they’re doing help out.”

Blakely repeatedly stresses the fact that she has been attending local union meetings since her sophomore year. “Me and my Asian friend Marc decided we wanted to get more involved in what was happening in Lorain County,” she states.

HUGH E. LONG

“These are real workers fighting real evil companies,” adds Marcus Lee '09. “The most important fights happening in America right now are in our own backyard, where these bullying corporations think they can knock around the worker, the little guy—just because he’s apathetic and uneducated.”

Blakely and Lees’ work has earned them accolades in the local community. In addition to being honored at a recent New Russia Township 4-H meeting, the

pair was also recognized on the front page of the Oberlin website, entitling them to sit on the elevated steps of Wilder with the rest of Oberlin’s hipster elite and look down at the rest of the student body in smug disdain.

Blakely, who hails from New Rochelle, New York, says that it was because of the unique location of Oberlin in the so-called “rust belt” that afforded her such engaging opportunities that would not have been available back home.

“I feel so privileged to be involved,” added Blakely, not looking once at this reporter during the entire interview. “But not *privilege* privileged,” she added quickly. “I can show you my parents’ tax returns to prove it. See?”

When not pursuing her own self-aggrandizing hobbies, Blakely resides in Tank Co-op, where she excludes herself as much as possible from the house community.



The offending vent in an undated file photo.

Harkies Piss Off School, Onto Prospies

It started just like any other Saturday afternoon at Harkness House. The 4:30 campus tour was passing by. A group of naked Harkies assembled to greet the prospective students. But this tour group would be different than all the others. This tour group was about to get pissed on.

“At first I thought we were being squirted with water guns,” recalled prospective student Marcus Andersson, “but then I looked up at the second-floor windows, and all I could see was a bunch of dicks and dreadlocks.”

Student comments suggest that the administration’s recent decision to allow and

BEN BRONNER

regulate streaking may be to blame. “We always streak the tours,” explained third-year student and current Harkness resident Forrest Owl. “We were like, we should do something new. Seeing naked Harkies was just so cliché.” Wanting a novel shock-tactic, yet supplied with nothing but their bare bodies and nudity permits, the students quickly made the decision to urinate on the passing tour.

The administration has promised a swift and thorough response, pledging to suspend the streaking privileges of all students who turn themselves in as participants in the incident. Additionally, a committee will be assem-

SMOKING KILLS

The intake vents have already claimed one student. How many more will it take to quell their hunger?

Horror struck the Oberlin campus Saturday night when College third-year Jezebel Smith-Gerard was sucked into an intake vent near the east entrance of King.

“I saw her leaning on the side of the building, and then she was just lifted off her feet,” recalls Conservatory second-year Jon Dipschmitt, a witness to the tragedy. “It was like [popular 1971 film] Willy Wonka. You know, the part with the German fattass.”

Sadly for this modern-day Augustus Gloop there was to be no river of chocolate, but instead three amputated toes and a full body cast. Smith-Gerard is currently in stable condition at Allen Memorial Hospital.

For years, the college has tried to publicize the dangers of smoking near buildings. Yet because of the winter cold, students are often tempted to put their lives at risk by lighting up near windows, doorways and intake vents.

This fall, Residential Assistants set about trying to educate the student body

about the dangers of smoking. Chalk lines demonstrating the 30 foot no-smoking zone were drawn around buildings, and signs were erected with slogans like “SECOND-HAND SMOKE KILLS” and “THIS BUILDING WILL EAT YOU ALIVE.”

Unfortunately, this tactic did not work as planned. The signs were regarded by

JACOB MALLOTT

the smokers as a cruel joke, as most of them are illiterate. After several days of confusion, most of the smokers discovered that the chalk lines could be traversed safely.

“We believe we are do-

“ I saw her leaning on the side of the building, and then she was just lifted off her feet. It was like Willy Wonka.”

ing all we can to educate smokers,” said RA Edema Schroat ‘11. “Awareness of the policy and the reasons for its existence are at an all-time high.”

Yet when asked about the thirty-foot policy, many students and administrators were unaware of the danger posed by the vindictive vents. “It has to do with smell getting in the building, right?” responded College senior and smoker Nadia Jones. “I think asthmatics complain when the smoke gets in their rooms,” said College sophomore and recovering marijuana-addict Allan Frier.

According to the Center for Disease Control, 440,000 smoking-related deaths occur in the US each year. Presumably, the vast majority of these deaths result from similar incidents.

For Smith-Gerard, this week’s events were eye-opening. “I thought there wasn’t any harm [in smoking in front of the building], but I was wrong. We need to smoke as far away from buildings as possible, by which I mean in the street. Otherwise, someone might get hurt.”

The controversy-inducing Harkness co-op eternally offends our sensibilities.



HARKIES PISS OFF EVERYONE

cont'd from previous page

bled to assess the viability of installing rain-landings below the second-floor Harkness windows. "Don't get me wrong, I'm the last person who would stand in the way of consensual urine-related activities," stated president Martin Krislov, attempting to deflect criticism that he is

woefully out of touch with campus culture. "I myself approved the construction of the specially designed Golden Showers Room for Safer-Sex Night, and even championed the addition of urine-based options to campus dining. But I draw the line at urinating on unwitting passersby."

Yet the students appear to have allies among the faculty. "As long as it's done

with a naturalistic and not exhibitionist intent, I really don't think the college should impinge upon such private creative endeavors," offered philosophy professor Tim Hall, a libertarian and perennial student favorite. "Human urine has gotten a bad rap in contemporary American culture," added history professor Samuel White, attempting to provide context

for the debate. "Most people don't know that urine has a long and exemplary history of human use, as a battle-field antiseptic, fertilizer, and bleaching agent, just to name a few. The ancient Romans even used it to whiten teeth, an application that's really quite effective."

As a preventive measure until the issue has been resolved, Safety and Security has been instructed to respond to any and all reported instances of what have been termed "high-altitude pluri-person genital exposure." For now, it looks like the members of Harkness House will have to be content with their usual "Nude at Nine," a nightly 9:00pm study break of body painting and contact improv in the third-floor group showers.

Students Cope with Overcrowding

It may be drafty, echoey and a bit barren, but to first-year Billy Jenkins, it's home.

Due to unforeseen circumstances, Res Ed was forced to compromise in its housing accommodations this term, forcing students to live in makeshift dorm

ZOË TROPE

rooms. Hallways in East, kitchens in South, and even the classroom King 101 are but a few of the unconventional living spaces that will house incoming freshmen.

Living in a classroom was isolating at first, says Jenkins, but soon he adapted to his unusual situation.

"It's almost like having a super-single," says Jenkins, "except from 9:00-9:50 Monday Wednesday Friday,

and when the custodial staff comes in at night."

Residing in a converted classroom does have its perks, Jenkins adds eagerly. For instance, there are no RAs in sight, only indifferent professors and staff. And although there are no showers nearby, Jenkins says that the custodial staff has been "generous with their mop-buckets."

When pressed, Res Ed was unwavering regarding this year's controversial changes. "Clearly these housing conditions are non-ideal, but we employed every possible measure so as to mitigate any inconvenience," director Holly Byson said in an email exchange. "Additionally, we believe students living in classrooms will be happy to find that they get approximately five times the floor space at the same cost

First-year Jenkins at home in his single in King 101.



as a regular double. Students living in hallways and bathrooms get a heightened social experience, as well as a 3% meal plan discount."

History professor Kevin Folk, who teaches in Billy's room three days a week, sympathized with Mr. Jenkins but thought that he crossed the line when he sexiled his politics class last Wednesday. "I understand that the office of Residential Education

overextended itself this year, but it's a bit frustrating to teach Marxist political theory in a hallway because one student is, according to his text message, 'getting dirty with a Dascomb honey.'"

"At least I don't have it as bad as my buddy Jim in East," said Jenkins. "He's been living in a bathroom stall, and last night some drunk bitch blew chunks all over his mattress."

Socialist, Terrorist Robo-trash

Wall-E (DVD Release) Disney, 2008

Review by Michael J. MacDougal, MBA

\$\$\$\$\$

ANIMATION

What kind of Nader-loving Hollywood pinko ever approved this fucking piece of Marxist trash? To start with, why, just look at the titular robot. See those sad, sagging camera-eyes and rusted metal frame? He's filthier than the emo guitarist scumbag that my daughter took to Exeter's prom. In fact, Wall-E himself is a trash bot! That's right, that little robo-scumbag probably turned to a career in trash collection when he, too, couldn't get into Robot Harvard, and neither Wall-E nor my daughter's emo fag can ever expect anything good in life now.

Let's get started on the plot, which Al Gore and John Kerry probably collaborated on with Disney and Whole Foods Market. (By the way, *DIS* 31.64—sell this piece of trash now if you have any sense in you.) A rogue hippie robot is left on a deserted planet to clean up the trash by himself (he gets his energy from solar—how un-American is that?). We slowly unravel the story through the subtext: Earth got too polluted, man moved to resort spaceships far away until it got nice again, yadda yadda yadda. What a delusional warmist fantasy. Everyone on Wall Street knows global warming is another leftist lie to get humans to stop exercising our fundamental right to consume, consume, consume. Consume.

Even if global warming is as bad as some say, I'm sure we'll be able to rely on private R&D to come up with some solution before we ever have to move off the planet. Unfortunately, Wall-E tramples on this notion, since in their future no human ever works a job, and instead they all sleep, eat and ride around all day on hovercrafts drinking sodas and watching TV. This all thanks to the mega-corp Buy & Large, which seems to be the only visible logo throughout the film, and evidently owned half the planet before divesting and sending mankind into space. (Memo to investors: these guys got the best product placement I've seen in ages. Buy BNL stock [*BUNL*: 45.87] now. Sell before 2100.) Large advertisements for the company are visible everywhere in the film, along with flashing billboards that say "ECONOMY!" in the ship's bay. It reminds customers what they're contributing to, perhaps? Seems like a good idea. Perhaps this might convince Americans to open their wallets more. Imagine large "ECON-



This insolent metal bastard is waving good-bye to deregulation.

OMY!" billboards splattered every few yards in Times Square. It makes me feel patriotic just thinking about it. (Note to self: look into buying adspace in Times Square.)

Yet if you take a closer look, this fantastical vision isn't the capitalist utopia. Nope—it's the communist utopia. But what else would you expect from Walt "Marx" Disney and Steve "Hussein" Jobs? (CEO of *AAPL*: 159.88. Sell IMMEDIATELY). Think about it—no one in Wall-E's delusional sci-fi future ever WORKS. Unless they're living off inheritances, this is not cool. I certainly didn't see any poorhouses on this space resort, which serve a healthy function in any society, that being to punish those lazy fucks that refuse to contribute to said society.

Yeah, so this movie is somehow suggesting that humans would move off the planet someday if it gets too trashed? No shit! That's the whole fucking point of economics—you gotta do what's cost effective, follow the market! If we leave this shithole for the hippies and immigrants to clean up, good riddance—I already got primo property on the moon with a great fucking view of Terra Firma. Hell, maybe with less gravity it'll be easier for the riot police to drop-kick the fucking worker's rights protesters—like the ones that keep popping up like zits at my company's factory in Burma.

Furthermore, I just can't stand environmental themes. The so-called "environment" is just another leafy, boring idea that gets in the way of progress. Hell, I try to avoid vegetables and fruits as much as possible—why the fuck should I care about Nature? The environment is one of those disorderly, messy things we learned years ago to write off as another "externality." I slave away all day screaming into my Blackberry, playing golf and banging the maid. Why should I care about something that raises gas prices and tells me not to drive my Escalade? You show me an environmentalist and I'll show you an insecure bastard who turned to environmentalism when he found out he wasn't shit as a businessman. Fuck Wall-E the robo-Mexican and fuck this liberal trash. Don't show this to your kids if you don't want them to end up like Tipper Gore.

About the Author

Michael J. MacDougal is a Wall Street venture capitalist and hedge fund manager. In addition, he is on the board of several respected corporations



including DuPont, Wal-Mart and Halliburton. A graduate of Harvard Business School (MBA '92) and the University of Chicago (BS Econ '90), he splits his time between condos in Dubai, Las Vegas and Manhattan. As an amateur film critic, he takes a few minutes out of his busy schedule each day to share some of his fiduciary wisdom as it relates to cinema. Mr. MacDougal, a registered libertarian, lives with his petty trophy wife and spoiled children. He can be contacted at capitalist.movie.reviews@gmail.com.

PICK-UP LINES

What does it take to snag a (wo)man these days? Ladies, try this on your next night out.

by Tammany Hall

GETTING LAID

When is the last time you used a good pick-up line? Don't even bother answering that question because you haven't, ever. According to an informal poll conducted at the Feve among people I wasn't too scared to ask, less than 5% of Oberlin students have used a pick-up line in the past three months (Quelle dommage!).

The pick-up line has a rich history, and is an important part of our international heritage. According to Wikipedia, "a pick-up line is a conversation opener with the intent of engaging an unfamiliar person for sex, romance or dating, offering the opportunity for romantic banter or some witty repartee."

Pick-up lines and me: a history

I don't remember the first pick-up line I ever heard, but I do remember the first one I remember hearing. It was sixth grade. In a cheesy informational video on sexual harassment from the 80s, my classmates and I watched a jerk inform a girl in front of her locker, "Your pants are like mirrors – I see myself in them." It was this sort of experience that left me with the impression that pick-up lines were out of style – but I was so, so wrong.

Like a true Oberlin student, I have indeed used pick-up lines but only ironically. At a homecoming after-party senior year of high school, I managed to get my arm around the boy voted "biggest jock in the IB program" with an experimental "If you were a pirate, would you keep your parrot on this shoulder or THIS shoulder?" complete with arm movements as we lay next to each other on a trampoline. Score!

Pick-up lines in college: how they worked for me

Over fall break, I had the pleasure of spending a few days in the fine city of New York. When I learned of my friends' plans to attend a party in Queens, I decided this would be a perfect venue for a pick-up line social experiment. Why not set aside all my inhibitions under the guise of research and see what happens? Furthermore, I was informed that this was a "triple A" party. What did that mean? Was it in an apartment above a Triple A? Maybe I was supposed to dress like a tire. I did not learn until later that "triple A" stood for Asian American Alliance, or, as my Taiwanese American friend joked wryly, "Asian Alcoholics Anonymous". (Note: I would not agree with this designation. The white people, myself included, were the most unfortunately drunk folks at the party. But maybe alcoholics can handle their liquor better.)

At first, I was interested by the idea of picking one random guy (heteronormativity alert!) and making it his "lucky" night, by having one person after another attempt to seduce him with pickup lines. In my mind, it would be a mitzvah, an act which would lighten a stranger's heart and make him feel good about himself. Eventually, though, my mind began to shift to a more self-centered place, as I wondered if I could extend the luckiness of the night to the

gaggle I now belonged to. What if all of us hit on one guy, simultaneously? Surely one of us would be able to woo him.

I shared my thoughts with my host's suite mates. "Becca" was extremely excited, as was "Kelsey", a red-headed Finnish American with an admittedly less-than-satisfactory relationship with Man as a whole, made crystal clear by her favorite pick-up line "I hate men." ("They see it as a challenge," she says. "Sexy," I say.) The evening would be about defying our fears and conquering our inhibitions – or so I thought. After a quick trip to a liquor store for a \$6.99 bottle of wine and some vodka, we found ourselves waiting at a bus stop with the scent of maple syrup floating through the smoggy Manhattan air. Why did it smell like that? Maple syrup truck explosion in the Lower East Side? No one knew. Once we had boarded the bus, we began brainstorming possible pick-up lines for use. They included:

-You smell. Let's take a shower together.

-Was that an earthquake, or did you just rock my world?

-If you were a booger, I'd pick you first.

-Baby, you must be a broom, cuz you just swept me off my feet.

-I heard the word of the day was legs. Wanna go upstairs and spread the word?

-I know milk does a body good, but girl, how much have you been drinking?

-Did you just fall from heaven? 'Cause I have an erection.

Exercise

If you were going to use a pick-up line, which line would it be? Take five minutes to write the pick-up line you would be most likely to use in the lines below. If this magazine does not belong to you, write your answer on a sheet of notebook paper.

Armed with these and other lines, we entered the party, which was admittedly slow. Over time people trickled in. Eventually, I found my target: a boy leaning on a sink a few feet away from me. His slicked pointy hair, striped collared shirt, pretty eyes, and what he would later refer to as a "healthy Asian glow" reminded me of Ryan Chu, the homophobic (potentially because he was attracted to men himself, but in denial) lacrosse player I hopelessly yearned for in high school after prospects with pirate guy fell through. Maybe I could redeem myself and find my place in history.

After reacquainting myself with gin (a childhood favorite), I approached the boy. Too shy to use an actual pick-up line, I broke with the plan and instead informed him of the "study" I was undertaking. I asked him





Spice & Advice

Love & sex advice from syndicated columnist & Christian Chastity Jones, Bentonville High School '10.

Got sex questions?

Chastity gives you nice advice with a spice of Christ!

To get in touch with Chastity, email drivel.magazine@gmail.com.



CHASTITY JONES

Dear Chastity,

I want to use tampons, but I'm afraid that it will take away my virginity. I have heard that if you use tampons long enough and if you do the splits and active stuff like that then you can lose your virginity. Is this all true and should I use tampons?

-*Virgin Territory*

Dear Virgin,

This is serious, okay, my friend totally lost her virginity during cheerleading practice at Our Savior High last year. I don't know if it was because of her tampon, or the basket toss, or something she did in her private cheerleading lessons with Coach Ted, but anyway the answer is yes. You can definitely lose your virginity from doing active stuff, so it's best to save those tampons for after marriage.

The good news is that Jesus is awesome, so he can for real restore your spiritual virginity if you haven't been a total slut. Here's a handy list of situations where Jesus will forgive you for losing your virginity:

- † If you just did it once and it was to save a male cheerleader (and best friend!) from becoming a gay.
- † If you did it with a girl and it was on a double-triple-super-no-way-out dare.
- † If your ASSHOLE ex-boyfriend convinced you that you can't lose your virginity if you wear your promise ring on your middle finger while you're doing it.
- † If you got really drunk after senior prom and did it with that bitch's boyfriend because she told Skyler Aaronson you were "turning skanky."
- † If you tell everyone you conceived immaculately and everyone believes you.

Isn't Jesus just the BEST?

Dear Chastity,

Can you get pregnant your first time?

-*Scared Stupid*

Dear Stupid,

No. Duh! Well, unless you're married. Because once you get married, you get pregnant EVERY time you do it.

<3 always, **Chastity** xoxo :-)

what his favorite pick-up line was. It worked! We began a conversation. I even ran back to the coatroom to get my trusty pen and notepad to jot down his line of choice. These props gave me more confidence. (Incidentally, he chose, "Girl, you must be tired... cuz you've been running through my brain all day!" Sigh.) After we had been talking for ten minutes, I noticed my friends pointing and giggling at us. It was time to start part B of the plan. I beckoned for them to come over. Soon, the four of us had attached ourselves to Kevin Liu. And talk with him we did, all night. One might even say we monopolized him. One might even say of this whole story that we were not giving him the full respect due a human being, but rather treating him like a toy. But I'm not ready to admit the truth.

By the end of the evening, it was clear that Kevin would be coming back to the suite. What was not clear was who exactly he would be coming with. Kevin himself expressed his confusion as we each recommended that he retreat to our suite at Barnard. I had dropped out of the running an hour or two ago (in fact, I was now trying to seduce Lily, one of the suite girls, who, according to my official notes from the evening, was "pretty and understandable"), but Kelsey and Becca were still going strong.

To my disappointment, Lily shoved me in a cab with Kevin, Kelsey, and Becca. Oh god. Becca was becoming sullen as she realized that Kevin had chosen Kelsey over her. (I think it was Kelsey's performance of the aforementioned "word of the day" pick-up line that really won him over. She even put her arm on his shoulder!!!) Kevin was quite happy to pay for the cab with a crisp twenty-dollar bill. He said there was "not even any question" about who would be paying for it. Maybe he himself questioned this statement two hours later, when he found himself in a spare room sleeping alone on the floor.

You might have already guessed what happened. Kelsey, that fiery Finn of a woman, decided she still hated men - or was it that she was still in love with her Finnish boyfriend? It was hard to tell. Nonetheless, she retired to her room. Kevin tried to change course, steering towards Becca, but alas it was too late. No one wants to be a second choice.

What kind of havoc had I wreaked? How could I toy with the lives of my peers as if they were emotionless puppets? How could I sleep at night?! Fortunately, the combination of gin and Ambien knocked me out relatively quickly.

In the morning, they tell me, pancakes were made. Conversation was shared, wrongs were forgiven, and all were merry. But where was I? Where was I?

In Lily's bed. Ladies, try this on your next night out.