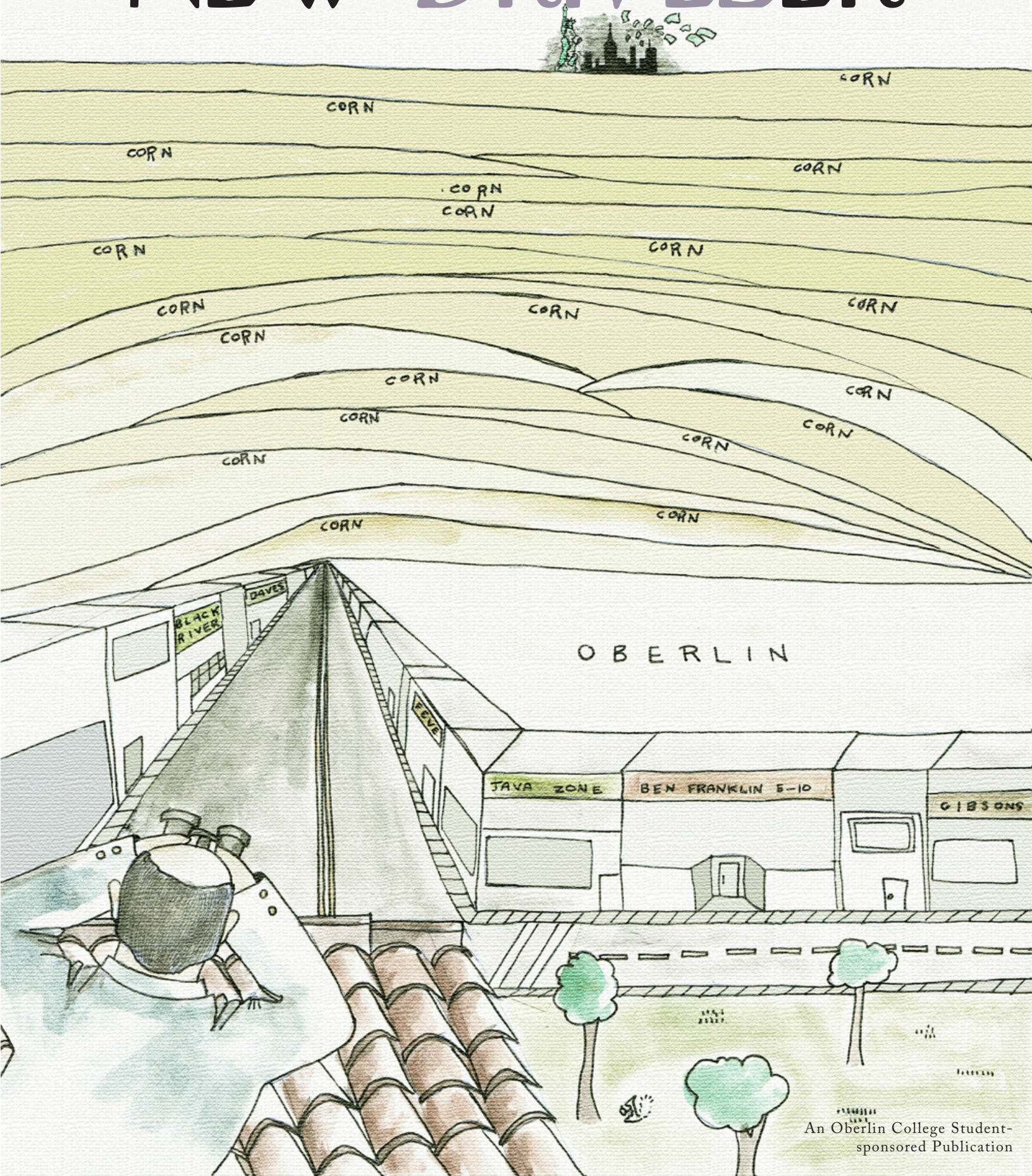


THE NEW DRIVELER



THE WILDER VOICE

THE NEW DRIVELER!

April 2009
Volume 1 Issue 2

READ THE LAST
ISSUE & THIS ONE
ONLINE



AND IN COLOR
AT DRIVELMAG.
BLOGSPOT.COM



Finally, a bag that says
“That croc ate my kid,
but I got the last laugh.”



DRIVEL

APRIL 2009

Hello, esteemed *Drivel* reader. If you noticed a format change in our quaint quadrennial, then you’ve likely already discerned that we discerned the discerning tastes of Oberlin students and realized we had to adapt to a, how you say, more *affluent* student body. The tabloid format of our pilot issue (still available free at drivelmag.blogspot.com) had the unfortunate side effect of appealing to the, ahem... “lower quartile” of literate adults. *Quelle Damage*.

But no more. With the second issue of *Drivel*—or the *New Driveler*, this time around—we’ve changed our look to appeal to a more yuppish, literary bon-vivant. Because, let’s face it: we’re liberal arts school students. Ten years from now, nine out of ten of us are guaranteed to be living in Westchester county with our black-turtleneck-wearing S.O.s, driving Subarus, reading the Wall Street Journal, and lying about having read *Gravity’s Rainbow*. I don’t think it’s a stretch to say that every one of us is incubating a remissive case of *affluenza*.

So, we decided to give Obies a taste of their future medicine a bit early by publishing something our collective *inner yuppie* would respond to. For the first time ever, we’re publishing the cover and back of the magazine in color, where you’ll find a parody of an increasingly cliched Crimethinc poster. A wonderful assortment of faux-captioned New Yorker cartoons appears in this issue, courtesy Mr. Bronner and Mr. Mallot. And I haven’t even gotten around to mentioning all the wonderful editorials, reviews and even narrative fiction pieces, a genre which we’re publishing for the first time ever. As usual, the real champions of literature can download a PDF of this issue from our website drivelmag.blogspot.com, in which *all* the pages are in color!

So put the Wall Street Journal away and tell the butler to fix you up a gin-and-tonic—for God’s sake, Gerald, use the Bombay Sapphire (what do I look like, a philistine? Christ)—and now, sit back in your chaise longue and enjoy the latest, snootiest edition of *Drivel* yet.

Cheers to all,

—the Ed.

SPECIAL THANKS THIS MONTH goes out to the English department, Kira Silver, Sonya Cohn, Katherine Dohan, Julia Raskin, all our editors and writers, SFC and President Krislov.

APOLOGIES TO President Krislov, The New Yorker (no suing allowed!), the English Department, The Wilder Voice, and CrimeThinc.

CHEAP DIAMONDS for CHEAP HOOKUPS



CUBIC ZIRCONIUM.

BECAUSE
HEY,
WE'RE IN A
RECESSION.



DE BEERS

NOT FOREVER, BUT IT'LL
GET THE JOB DONE.

CONTRIBUTORS

Kira Silver (cover) is a Swiss-Danish avant-garde sculptor who currently lives in TriBeCa with slam-poet girlfriend and homeless Tibetan activist Shira Trick.

Annie Lieber ("The Receiving Tree," assorted poetry) is a children's book and erotic fiction writer. Her spirit animal is a zebra.

Alli Carlisle ("How to be an English Major," "Dinosaur Roar Review") is a former cabinet member for the Carter administration. She is currently the Huey P. Long Professor of Political Science at the University of Boca Raton.

Keith A. Spencer is editor-in-chief. If Oberlin were a human, he would be the littlest toe.

Jacob Mallott (ads & cartoons) is a rueful dandy with a penchant for dandelion absinthe.

Kehan DeSousa ("Dinosaur Roar Review") is an American poet, novelist, and short story author. She recently wrote a semi-autobiographical novel, *The Bell Jar*, under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas.

Annie Strother ("You Just Don't Understand") recently returned from an abroad experience in Peru. She doesn't think you'll understand.

Xiao Xiao Li (ads, poems) is a DABA girl and the ex-wife of last month's contributor Michael MacDougal, MBA ("Capitalist Movie Review--Wall-E"). Catch up with her plight online at dabagirls.com.

Benjamin Bronner (asst. editor)

is currently in rehab for St. John's Wort addiction.

Comic Sans, M.S. ("It's Not Easy Being Me") is a corporate typeface who does freelance work from his parents' home in Boca Raton, Florida. He holds a Masters of Science in business.

VerSailles Garrison, an Oberlin professor and frequent writer for *Drivel*, contributes a gripping 120,000-word essay on form, diction and the unknowable in the poetry of Dr. Dre (pps. 17-112).

Lyla Soror-Smith ("Dinosaur Roar Review"), the daughter of industrial shipping magnate Longfellow Q. Smith III and *Vogue* editor Delouise Soror, is a Ph.D candidate in post-modern children's literature at Columbia University.

Caroline DeRiche ("You Just Don't Understand") is a composite character created out of thin air. But after reading that, you probably thought she was real, didn't you?

The English major remains strong as ever after taking a light-hearted chiding on pages 6-7.

WRITE FOR DRIVEL

Drivel Magazine is a biennial satire and humor publication chartered by Oberlin College and funded by the Student Finance Committee. Drivel publishes satire, parody, fiction, nonfiction, gonzo, cartoons, and anything of quality contributed by the student body. Interested writers, editors, cartoonists and offended parties can address correspondence to drivel.magazine@gmail.com. As always, all issues are available online (and in color) at drivelmag.blogspot.com.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING ME

BY COMIC SANS, M.S.

Hello y'all! Allow me to introduce myself. The name's Sans—Comic Sans, M.S. (in typography), and many of you might know me from a light-hearted co-worker's Powerpoint presentation or a "store hours" sign outside a wacky, unconventional business establishment. Thanks to Bill Gates, I am—or was—cool as cool can be, with my pseudo-unorthodox rounded edges and a hip, just-slightly-wavy aesthetic that is somehow both businesslike and casual. Yup, it's the cat's pajamas bein' me—I'm not art-student-pretentious like my second-cousin Helvetica, or overused and obvious like that fuddy-duddy Times New Roman. I'm the perfect combination of tie-loosening and straight-laced that you'll find I've penetrated all realms of society, from the office of your favorite corporation to the average American kindergarten classroom and even all the way to the halls of academia. But I digress, as I probably don't need any introduction—y'all know I'm fucking awesome.

Given my unique superstar status, you'd think it would be all money, hot-tubs and private parties with Tahoma, wouldn't you? Well, it might surprise many of you that the life of Mr. Sans just isn't that easy anymore. There's been an elephant in the room for a while, and it's high time I addressed it. I speak, of course, about the malicious, growing spectre of player-haters out there trying to front on my steez. Let me elaborate: How would you feel if, when Googled, the fourth hit for your name was a movement to ban your very being? [the author refers to bancomicsans.com. —Ed.] Or if your people were the subject of a petition to outlaw your kind, a petition bearing the name of almost 2000 hateful protestors?

Look, I know that font rights have been a long way coming. We're inclined to think we're such an open and tolerant society, just because it's been nearly fifteen years since Microsoft Office was released. To think that fon-

tism is dead would be ignorant of us. I know it's hard sometimes for humans to relate to us fonts, but it's important to remember that we have feelings too. Just because you choose a different font for your essay or love letter doesn't mean you get to denigrate the rest of us. (But just between us, every time Garamond or Book Antiqua gets chosen over me for a straight-talking but spunky memo, I die a little bit inside.)

But outside of this idealistic big picture, I can cite numerous instances of personal attacks in recent months. Why, just two weeks ago, I was brutally assaulted on the campus of RISD by a vicious gang of hooligans. They mocked, scorned, threw coffee at me, and left me naked, hanging by my beveled edge off the edge of a dumpster. I was mortified the next day when, rather than being assisted, Wingdings just walked by and laughed. Laughed at, by Wingdings! How much more embarrassing could it get?

But it gets worse. There are bumper stickers, shirts, even hats that read "Ban Comic Sans." Someone, presumably, is making money off this hate-speech. This is elitism at its worst—why, just because I'm the only font with slightly wobbly lettering that is acceptable to use in a business setting is no means for jealousy! (If anything, y'all should be jealous that, last month, while you were emailing your girlfriend in Lucida Grande, I was getting my groove on with that hottie Arial from the next paragraph over.)

But I digress. If we want to confront our elitist viewpoints, we have to realize that we can't all be like me. That's all I can really figure, is that all this player-hatin' stems from envy—because let's face it: Who wouldn't want to be that perfect combination of popular, funny and cool that I epitomize in my style?

The author, a professional typeface, resides in Boca Raton with his mother.



Sexual Consensus

YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND

BY CAROLINE DERICHE

After entrenching myself last semester in the amazing, engrossing native culture of Chile, I was reeling with re-entry into the United States. There are so many things that I miss about Chile that I can hardly express: the beach, the lifestyle, the liberal drinking laws, and my boyfriend Enrico (*Te extraño mi amorcito!!*). So now that I've decompressed at my parent's summer home in Cape Cod, I feel like I really need to vent to everyone about how frustrating it is returning to such an obnoxiously shallow culture.

To begin with, the biggest problem is that nobody even seems to care. You have no idea what it's like to live among so many people who have so much less than you do, who've never surfed the web, or been to Bloomingdale's, or even had a Frappuccino.

Since you probably don't know, Chile is a long, narrow country in Latin America bordered by *la Oceana Pacifica* (and for the re-

cord, we don't appreciate when you pronounce it "Chill-ee." It's not cold there). I had the privilege of spending a solid four months living with such amazingly different, interesting, less well-off people, and the experience changed my life forever.

I can't even convey to you how differently people treat each other over there. For one thing, the Chileans treat everyone with so much dignity, even the gross smelly poor people. I got to know everyone in my neighborhood so quickly—even the workers at the Starbucks knew my name and my usual drink after only a few weeks (skim tall double-foam decaf latte). I even had a boyfriend who was sooo amazing (not to mention sexy) it was like the language barrier didn't matter. When I got back to the U.S., I was amazed to rediscover how rude, selfish, and uptight Americans are in comparison. After a solid four months, I was so integrated with the amazing Chilean culture that I

definitely felt *Chileno* by the time I came home.

But the worst part about returning to America was how *normal* I felt when I stepped off the plane in La Guardia. Girls in Chile are viewed as being beautiful simply because of their blue eyes and blond hair, but when I got back here I found that I was just another boring, average-looking girl.

It took me weeks before I could even go outside again—the whole world, downtown Nantucket, just seemed so dizzying. I couldn't handle it. I tried talking to my besties about my experience, and I was impressed by how little they seemed to have matured in the same time. I felt like I expected them to mature as much I had, but I was so wrong.

I just wanted someone to show an interest, to ask me real questions. Sometimes I just felt like I wanted to smack someone; it just seemed like nobody understood. I was shopping with my dad in Whole Foods last week, and he picked out some coffee beans and put them in the cart, just like that, without even thinking about all the issues at hand. I was so fucking irate, but I just couldn't explain why to him. It was so aggravating, I wanted to grab those coffee beans, rip the bag in half, and throw them all over the aisle.

I know what you're thinking right now—how can I expect anyone to really understand what I went through? I feel like I'm incapable of really describing how much my semester in Chile meant, and how much it touched my heart. At the very least, I hope other people can respect that my trip entitles me to wear all the native-made clothes I bought while I was there.

Caroline DeRiche '11 is an Oberlin student majoring in pre-law and economics.



The author pictured in Santiago, Chile, last fall. (Photo courtesy Ms. DeRiche.)

SO, YOU WANNA BE AN ENGLISH MAJOR?

[Part one of Drivel's *Choosing-a-Major* series]

By Alli Carlisle & Keith Spencer

So, you wanna write essays with the most literate of the literate? You wanna drop semicolons from your keyboard like they were raining from the sky? You wanna learn how to fake readings like a pro (tip: compare everything with Hemingway) with a major that makes your CEO-daddy seriously consider revoking that trust fund? Well then, it sounds like English might be the field for you.

But before you become one, you have to think like one; and in order to start on that journey, we've compiled this convenient guide. We've laid out all the essentials—what to names to drop in class to make you sound smart, crucial phrases that'll gain your profs' respect, and the kind of English-major facts that you just gotta know to get by.

The Basics

First things first—the English major isn't exactly easy. It takes a certain personality type to enjoy; specifically, the kind that gets a masturbatory, sadistic pleasure from reading books that will sound impressive when bragging to your friends about having read them, but are actually boring as sin (case in point: *Ulysses*).

However, once you get over the revelation that you're going to devote four years to *studying imaginary stories*—something both extremely awesome and extremely unemployable—you've got to cope with the reality of the major. Provided you've got the drive to read two books a week and the intellect to bullshit effectively, keep in mind these key points and forever will your GPA be high and your worries low.

1. You can write about virtually anything and get a good grade.

Want to compare the Ninja Turtles to the Beat poets? Talk about Pokemon as a postmodern exemplification of the American Dream? Write about Joyce's obsession with flatulence? As long as you're well-researched and convincing, you're good to go. English professors love grading work that's more interesting than the standard rote bullshit they have to deal with, and they're probably willing to overlook an absurd topic if the essay is well-written.

2. You can say anything you want in class, and people might secretly think you're wrong, but no one will say it.

This ties into the everything-goes philosophy. For some reason, English majors are not as self-righteous and politically correct as CAS majors, nor are they embittered and apathetic like studio art majors. This makes for a class dialogue in which students tend to be kind towards others' inane points, even though secretly we might all think you're dumber than K-Fed.

3. Everthing's a text.

One of the best parts of being an English major is that you get to consider very banal things as literature. This includes commercials, pamphlets, Jonas Brothers songs, advertisements on urinal cakes—anything!

4. Every day is an adventure!

Probably the best part of the English major is that you get to read novels for homework while your non-major friends pore over boring essays and bio textbooks. There's nothing quite as satisfying as tittering over *Mrs. Dalloway* while your roommate across from you is pounding uppers in hopes of getting past the first paragraph of *Mercury Content in Colorado River Tributaries*.



"We're going to have to stick this up your rectum."

Special Tear-Out Section

When talking in class...

Don't say...	Instead, say...
"appropriate"	<i>a propos</i>
"novel"	<i>bildungsroman</i>
"book/poem/essay"	<i>text</i>
"film"	<i>visual text</i>
"world view"	<i>Weltanschauung</i>
"Freudian"	<i>Lacanian</i>
"difficult"	<i>Problematic</i>
"confusing"	<i>Problematic</i>
"racist"	<i>Problematic</i>
"fucked-up"	<i>Problematic</i>
"not legitimate"	<i>Problematic</i>
"analyze"	<i>Problematize</i>
"dense"	<i>prolix</i>
"prolix"	<i>pleonastic</i>
"funny"	<i>Swiftian</i>
"confusing"	<i>Kafkaesque</i>
"boring"	<i>Joycean</i>
"a lot"	<i>beaucoup</i>

Writing papers

This tends to be the most difficult part of any major (studio art excepted). Fortunately, if you ever get let down by English major's block, we've compiled some sentences that you can use in *ANY PAPER*:

“*The self-conscious, metafictional deconstructive project invoked by the text thus de-centers, overthrows and reinscribes its own ability to problematize the postcolonial gender identity necessitated by the very existence of language itself.*”

“*Under the auspices of poststructuralist de-narrativizational impulses, the activity of reading merges the real with the non-real, the un-real and the overripe to re-construct a simultaneously radical and deeply traditional pastiche involving the commodification of nostalgia.*”

“*The center is not the center, and thus the limits of the text expand infinitely, exploding every-*

thing in their wake, leaving only the rubble that was once the sign-signifier-signified relationship, floundering and gasping for air.”

And finally, if you're ever in a bind and need to make a quick joke that shows off your knowledge of literature, remember these **basic English major facts**:

- Ulysses is long and very boring.
- Thomas Hardy is boring.
- All of Derrida's work is very boring.
- All women love Jane Austen.
- Hemingway was an alcoholic.
- T.S. Eliot was a fascist.
- American writers never win the Nobel Prize for literature.
- Everything Yeats ever wrote is about Maud Gonne rejecting him.
- Shakespeare's sonnets are about *dudes*.
- Foucault loved anal sex.
- The following works are generally thought to be difficult, long and impressive: *Ulysses*, *Gravity's Rainbow*, *Infinite Jest*, *Brothers Karamazov*, *Anna Karenina*.
- The following writers contracted syphilis: Oscar Wilde, James Joyce, Leo Tolstoy, Friedrich Nietzsche, William Shakespeare, Goethe, John Keats, Baudelaire, Karen Blixen, Guy de Maupassant, Henrich Heine.

Good luck, and happy pontificating!



"I could really use a blowjob right now."

THE CRITICS



BOOKS

DINOSAUR ROAR!

Confronting the postmodern in minimalistic dyads.

Picture Puffins, 2008; by Paul and Henrietta Stickland.

REVIEWED BY LYLA SOROR~SMITH

Poetry is dead. Yet in one fell swoop, *Dinosaur Roar!* resurrects the ghost of poetry—the notion of an *ars poetica* that goes beyond the real while reminding the audience of a shared humanity. Paul and Henrietta Stickland, authors of the marvelously transcendent *One Bear, One Dog* and the grittily, viscerously real work for which they are most revered, *Truck Jam*, have drawn from the wells of their profound ar-



tistic vision yet another masterpiece that breaks stereotypes of both dinosaurs and dino-literature, bringing into the public imagination not only the factual realities of dinosaur life but also a stunningly vivid account of their humanity that has the power to touch and transform readers.

Ostensibly, *Dinosaur Roar!* is just another slim volume of prehistoricist poetry. But what sets it apart is its ability to see clearly what most poets and readers alike ignore about dinosaurs: the sheer array of their characteristics. When one thinks about dinosaurs, one is likely to envision a certain

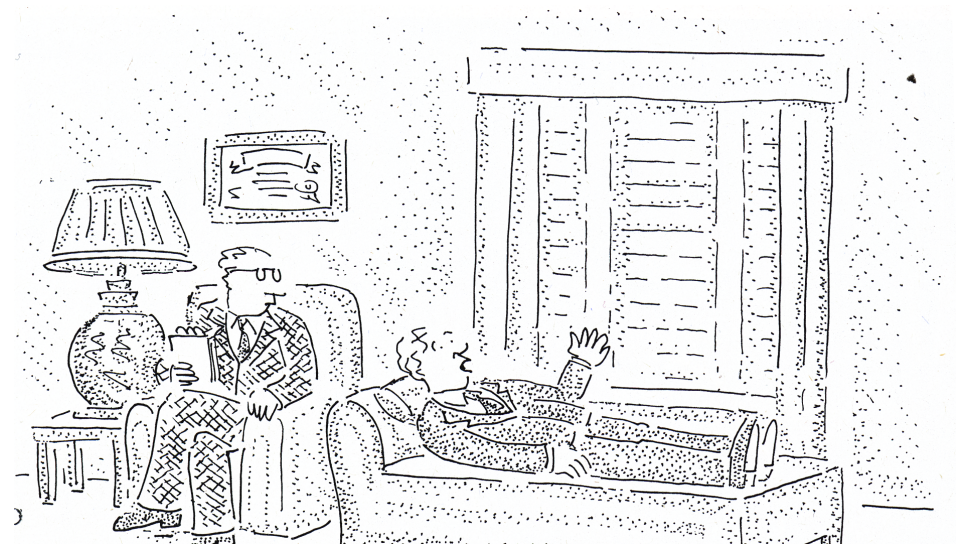
ferocity, a carnivorous aggression that has been coded as “dinosaur.” But the Sticklands, with their use of sophisticated rhyme and a discordant but successful color scheme in the illustrations, breathe life into the rich reality of dinosaur diversity. Each dinosaur is different; we find “Dinosaur roar” paired poignantly with “Dinosaur squeak.” The wrenchingly tender juxtaposition of a few perfectly chosen words is just one example of the Sticklands’ simple and trenchant lines, a minimalistic style of verse unseen since the time of William Carlos Williams.

The question, of course, is whether art this precise and rarefied has a place amongst the humruckery of the modern world, where all original thought is beset by the talons of capitalist commodification immediately upon its tenuous birth.

The death of poetry in many ways lies in our own hands—we have traded the rich beauty of verse for titillating tales of rich and comely celebrities, nurturing sensationalism instead of the sensuality found in poems such as “Beowulf” or “The Waste Land.” We have no one to blame for the unravelling of art but ourselves and the public education system.

Yet we can take succor from the salvation of the Sticklands’ *Dinosaur Roar!*. Rarely has a contemporary book of poetry so adeptly merged the trials of the modern world with the sublimity of rhyme. Lines like “Dinosaur fierce/ Dinosaur meek” reveal the tension between the dyadic extremes of war hawks and peace doves, displaying for all to see the naked truth of a divided America. Confronted by lines like these, we are forced to acknowledge ourselves: the diversity of our own existence and the perils of societal cleavage. While the characters of *Dinosaur Roar!* possess a multitude of varying ideologies and physical qualities, in the end they all “eat lunch/munch munch crunch”, a reminder that we too must all eat lunch, whether at McDonald’s or Atelier. The skill with which this unassuming book of verse recalls our common humanity is proof that poetry, heralded by *Dinosaur Roar!*, is experiencing a rebirth.

Dinosaur Roar! (*Picture Puffins*) retails for \$6.99 paperback, \$14.99 hardcover.



“I plan to kill myself tomorrow.”

THE RECEIVING TREE

BY ANNIE LIEBER

He climbed the fence, using the PARK CLOSED AFTER MIDNIGHT sign as a toehold. He then hoisted himself over, and losing any trace of catlike coordination that he might have had, landed on his ass—hard. As he stood up, he did not bother to wipe the leaves and caked mud from his tender rump. After all, he knew that she liked it dirty.

She was always there already, waiting for him. He met her by the small forest opening near the bike path, every Thursday at 3:00 a.m. He hated being interrupted mid-lovemaking, and they could almost always be guaranteed privacy at this time. He so wished that once—just once!—they could sleep together afterwards, limbs entangled until the sun came up, but he knew it was too risky. It was a real shame though. She had the longest limbs he had ever seen.

“Hello, my darling,” he said, and kissed her softly. Her body felt cold, unresponsive. “I’m not late, am I?” he asked. She did not answer. He activated the nighttime glow button on his digital watch. It was 3:04. “I’m sorry, honey, I had a bit of trouble getting out of the house tonight.

Me and Marjorie got in another fight.” Still, she said nothing. Fuck, He hoped he hadn’t made matters worse—he knew how much she loathed it when he talked to her about his wife.

He pushed his body up against hers. Her exterior was rough (the polar opposite to Marjorie’s supple baby-bottom skin), but that was just how he liked it. Man, did he like it rough. He wrapped his arms around her.

“Baby, you’re so tense,” he said, as he ran his fingers over the protruding knots in her back. “How about an erotic massage?”

Again she did not answer him. Instead, she swayed her arms a bit as the wind blew. This was one of their previously established forms of nonverbal consent. He grinned excitedly as he opened up his backpack and poked around inside. He



soon resurfaced with a bottle of all-natural lube, which he knew was her favorite. He applied it liberally to his fingers, so that it dripped quite a bit as he reached for her.

He began to caress her, gliding his fingers over her. Her curves were endless. It was hard to see, but through fond memory and tactile exploration, he managed to find the hole. He proceeded to insert his hand into it, but the hole turned out to already be occupied. Three squirrels and one rabbit squirmed out.

“You certainly have a lot of junk in your trunk, my dear,” he whispered into her leafy tendrils. As he undressed, he turned to look at her. She was so beautiful, so serene. He had to have her, he just had to! (He felt a sudden surge of arousal).

“My, my, you know exactly how to give me a woody,” he complimented her. Then he slipped on a condom, because he knew that you could never be too protected. Besides, it was the gentlemanly thing to do. Finally, he applied more lubrication, and as he inserted himself into her lovely cavity, he was surprised to find that she was already wet with sap.

HAIKU RUN-OFF

Oberlin winters
are colder than hell, frozen
my coat was stolen

When is your first class?
mine is at eight in the morn
oh, fuck it, let’s drink

Drag ball: who are you?
what are your preferred pronouns?
never mind, kiss me

Things are good here, mom
I streaked a college tour group
don’t fret, it’s on tape

The albino squirrels
kiss tenderly in the trees.
I watch, envious.

These goddamn finals
make me want to throw something
urge to kill rising

—Annie Lieber & Xiao Xiao Li

THE “SPECIAL” SPECIAL MEAL

(IN WHICH THE FIRST “SPECIAL” DOES NOT REFER TO WEED)

BY STEPHEN GRAVES

Johnny Hertz was not deterred by the restrictions placed on meat in his co-op. His major reservation about eating in one had been fear of the largely vegan diet. Now, to his horror, they had voted against using co-op funds to buy meat, though no restrictions were placed on cooking meat bought with personal funds. But Johnny loved meat – chewing on muscles, churning them up in his stomach, oh the thought of their juicy little molecules travelling through his veins and finding their way to his own muscles, replenishing them, strengthening them. *You are what you eat* was the mantra which he unconsciously repeated, flashing across his brain throughout the day. Rather than giving in to a pallid future of rice and beans, he resolved to make the best out of a difficult situation. He signed up to cook a barbeque special meal for the following week.

The student cooperative association had connections with a local farm called Ickory Hectares where free-range, organic meat could be purchased directly from the source in wholesale quantities. So, one Friday afternoon in September, Johnny set out to buy meat for their meal, along with his roommate Nate, girlfriend Christina, and a small collection taken up from the co-op's meat eaters. It was early in the semester, and still warm. Johnny wore a white tank top, and would have preferred to bike, but of course they would be bringing back quite a load. He thought about the paper he was not writing for his philosophy class, “The Ethics of Ambiguity” (or was it, “The Ambiguity of Ethics?”). Pensively, he climbed in the driver's seat.

Meanwhile, the vegan militants fumed on at the other end of reality.

“Those fucking bastards. I can't understand how that proposal actually passed,” meditated the vegan August. “There should be no meat at all! We were not united enough.” “I really think that we can't just let them get away with this,” said a third year girl with a shaved head named Katy. “We should like, do something.”

“Culture wars!” shouted a third vegan. Many clapped and cheered, and a few yelled “In solidarity!”

“No more sitting idly by – why, any form of collective self-governance that can support murder must be undermined,” theorized August. His indignation let up and he became agitated with ideas. “Just as David Alfaro Siqueiros said that revolutionary art may not be palatable to proletarian stomachs fed on bourgeois aesthetics, our methods today may not be the most pleasant. But they are necessary nonetheless.”

The vegans agreed and decided to take a firm and united stand against the barbeque special meal. They disbanded in high hopes. Some set off to read political theory; others went out to ride bikes; and a few scoured free boxes in search of black masks. All could feel the reverberations of “culture wars”.



It took Johnny, Nate, and Christina only five minutes to drive to Ickory Hectares. The farm sat literally across the road from the small town of Oberlin, where the students attended college. There, in unincorporated Russia Township, Ohio, several hundred fleshy beasts were crowded onto a small strip of pasture land. A very fat, middle-aged man with short, balding hair met the group smiling at the entrance. “Welcome!” he said, greeting the students with such glee that one ought to think him sincere. “I see you've brought your own cage; must be lookin' for a live one today,” he chuckled. A mournful chill ran from his fingertips as he shook their hands, though none of them felt it.

Johnny responded: “Yeah, we've got to feed lots of people, and we want to make it a real festive occasion, you know? We're all gonna take turns at the butchering.”

The fat man, all the while maintaining his stupid smile, took the group over to one of the pens where the adolescents were kept. The pen itself was fairly large, about half the size of a football field. There was a chain-linked fence that enclosed the whole thing, with barbed wire up top. Johnny nodded approvingly at the site: these beasts were truly free-range. There were some two dozen teenage boys, naked, bearded, and uncircumcised. Some, the boys of European extraction, were lit up bright red

and appeared to be in considerable agony, after an entire summer of relentless exposure to the sun with little or no protection. They gathered together, coming to meet the group at the edge of the fence. They stared docilely at the strangers. Had they been taught language as infants, they might have asked questions of the visitors – where had they acquired their coverings, how had their bodies become so muscular, why was their hair so short and even. As it was, they had no other concerns. The fat man took a bucket from the ground, turned it upside down and gave it a few smacks to expel the roaches that had gathered inside, filled it with rice and cornmeal from a great, burlap sack, and threw the mixture through the fence, right into the boy's faces. They shrieked and started clawing amongst themselves for feed.

“What do you say we take that one?” Johnny asked his friends, pointing at a chubby, red-skinned fellow who was disinterestedly defecating into a large, rectangular cardboard box which resembled a kitty litter. “How much is he?” Johnny continued, before they could answer.

“Well, I'd hafta weigh him, but looks to me like he's gotta be around 150 pounds – and aint none of that's muscle, you know! So I'd say around,” he twiddled his thumbs and darted his eyes from side to side, finally planting them towards the ground while he figured his pernicious calculations, “I'd say around six-hundred bucks.”

Johnny smiled. “That sounds fair to me. Sold!”



After their meeting, vegans Katy Gadloff and Billy Hanlin had decided to take a bike ride through the countryside. The sun was high in the clear sky. They were just leaving town, heading west, on a small country road, when Billy saw the sign for Ickory Hectares.

“Katy!” he yelled, “ay but you wouldn't believe it, there's Ickory Hectares! There's the concentration camp!”

The two slowed to a stop and dismounted on the incline in front of the long drive leading up to the Big House.

“Cocksuckers,” said Katy under her breath, spitting to the side contemptuously.

“Seeing it just makes it so real, you know?” said Billy. “And look! There's Johnny Hertz's car. They must be in there right now.” He looked over at Katy and gasped: A great throbbing vein in her head looked like it could burst at any moment; had she

been armed, she most certainly would have started shooting ravenously in the direction of the genocide. Billy put a hand on her shoulder.

"Come on, there's nothing we can do right now... We must maintain solidarity! Let's go home and alert the others."

She turned to him and the couple smiled happily, exhilarated by their struggle, giddy for victory. Before returning to the co-op, they rode down the bike path and, noticing a secluded clearing in the brush, decided to dismount. They pushed their bikes to the side, removed their sweaty clothing, and celebrated their love for nature and humanity through sexual intercourse.



"Shut up!" yelled Johnny Hertz, smacking the squalid, whimpering, naked adolescent over the head. "Shut the fuck up! Shut up!"

"Calm down Johnny," said Christina, reaching out to touch his arm, "you know he doesn't understand." They were now parked outside their co-op, trying to unload the human from the trunk.

"But he's been moaning like that this whole time... Come on!" said Johnny, grabbing the boy by the hair and forcefully yanking him out onto the ground. Johnny stepped back with a smirk spread across his face. He turned to embrace Christina. "There, now he's out." But the boy had sense enough to know when to act, and seeing Johnny hugging Christina, he sprang to his feet and started hobbling away. Fortunately for the homeovores, Nate had been urinating on the far side of a tree several yards up ahead, right in the boy's path. He finished just in time, and was able to tackle the boy to the ground.

"Hey! Hey!" yelled Johnny, running up to meet Nate. "What was he doing?"

"Looks like he was trying to run away," replied Nate, matter-of-factly.

"Oh yeah?" demanded Johnny, "Well take this, motherfucker!" he screamed, smashing the boy in the head with the sole of his boots. "That will shut him up awhile."

And indeed it did. The boy was out cold and put up no resistance as Johnny, Nate, and Christina dragged him across the parking lot and down the stairs to the co-op's basement where they gagged the boy, shoved him inside a small metal cage, and covered it over with boxes.



Friday's sun set. The night was balmy, the sky clear and full of stars. Warm mist rose from the grass, and the campus became like a terribly romantic swamp. The students were in good humor, migrating in great packs or communing in pairs across the earth, from place to place.

Katy and Billy had returned by late afternoon. They rounded up their friends for a dinner of whole-wheat spaghetti, olive oil, and nutritional yeast. There, with a dozen of their most intimate and most militant comrades crowded around a table, dimly lit by the fading dusk and flickering candles, they shared the horrible findings from their bicycle adventure. Silence. The vegans looked about the room, surveyed each other. Taking each other in, they understood that they were the moral force, the wish makers and class shakers, children of a bloody past, martyrs for a solemn, serene future.

"We must firmly commit ourselves, here and now, that we will not let this happen," said August, standing up, setting down his little red book, and shaking a fist menacingly.

"So then, we'll meet at two tonight at the co-op," said Katy. The others nodded; best to go off and reflect now, best to become exquisitely bloated with life, best to work under the cover of darkness.



Christina moaned as Johnny licked and sucked her cunt. She gasped and pushed him away, coming down on top of him, licking and sucking his prick. Johnny moaned, and pulled Christina up over him, to fuck. They rolled around, panting, biting and scratching at each other's backs, both becoming raw and red. They came together, and collapsed into a puddle of flesh and sweat, gasping together for air and staring tiredly into each other's eyes. Finally, with a great, genuine smile spread across his face, Johnny broke the silence. "I just feel so great like this. Naked, entangled with you. I just feel so... so natural, so wild, so human." Christina smiled back, and the two fell asleep uncovered, sweaty, their clothes and inhibitions and social convictions all tossed aside.



The first years' bodies are no longer their own; the alcohol has taken over. They come stumbling down into the kitchen. Snacks, drinks, milk, soy, oranges, apples and sex and alcohol, chard, cabbage, beets, bikes, kikes, dykes, murals with blue aquatic men and a mustache. Callous, stupid with

youth and with drink, children not of the cooperative system but of a first year dorm.

Let's shotgun a beer in the walk-in.

Let's piss in the garbage disposal.

Let's light a fire in the freezer.

Five of them – they start to play soccer, kicking around an empty soymilk carton.

"Pass it, pass it here!"

And the carton flies across the room, a girl dives to catch it. A scream as she collides with the cardboard boxes, with the metal cage underneath, the meat rattling violently.

"There's something alive under those boxes!" says the girl. Her friends gather around so the critter can't escape. The girl comes forward and cautiously rips away the cover: there he is, still just as naked, but now black and blue, dried blood running down his nose, arms tied behind his back and screams choked by cloth.

"It's someone!" exclaims one of the drunk first years. They open the cage, unbind the boy's hands, and remove his gag.

"Are you OK friend?" asks the injured girl, sympathetically.

"Yaaaahhh! Yaaaahhh! Booo-eeee-yaa Booo-eeee-ayyayyaaa" screams the feral child, "Yayayayaya."

"Oh! It's just meat... oh and won't you just shut up then!" says one of the first years, delivering a sharp blow to the naked boy's face. "Now I understand why they had to give you such a work up, you feisty motherfucker you."

The stunned boy had stopped screaming. He now lay curled up in a fetal position, rocking and whimpering.

"What do you guys think we should do with him?" asks the first year who had punched the boy, swaggering to his feet. "I mean, we could just stuff him back into his cage. Or..."

"Or what?"

Or what? No one spoke for a moment; they were all deep in the throes of thought. So many unspeakable possibilities lay before them – a body, like a blank canvas on which to color, to burn, to leave a mark. But not all the first years saw merely a blank canvas. There was something inherently reciprocal about the body; it could be passive and receive whatever the students could imagine, but it could also give back just as much. And best of all, this body did not belong to a person, but merely to a beast.

"Let's put this broomstick up its ass and see what it does," suggests one of the first years.

To be continued...

FOR EVERY HUMAN WHO IS TIRED OF FEELING WEAK BECAUSE THEY ARE MADE OF FLESH, THERE IS A ROBOT WHO IS TIRED OF ACTING DEADLY WHEN ITS BATTERIES ARE LOW. FOR EVERY HUMAN WHO IS TIRED OF PRETENDING TO BE HAPPY WHEN HE FEELS SAD, THERE IS A ROBOT WHO WISHES ITS EMOTIONAL CIRCUITS WERE STILL INTACT. FOR EVERY HUMAN WHO IS BAD AT MATH, THERE IS A ROBOT WHO IS TIRED OF DOING CALCULATIONS CONSTANTLY. FOR EVERY HUMAN WHO IS TIRED OF BEING CALLED OVER-SENSITIVE, THERE IS A ROBOT WHO WAS BUILT WITHOUT MECHANICAL TEAR DUCTS. FOR EVERY HUMAN FOR WHOM COMPETITION IS THE ONLY WAY TO PROVE HIMSELF, THERE IS A ROBOT WHO FEELS IT HAS TO SYSTEMATICALLY EXTERMINATE HUMANS TO COMPETE. FOR EVERY HUMAN WHO SCRAPS THEIR ROBOT, THERE IS ANOTHER HUMAN WHO WISHES HE HAD HIS OWN ROBOT FRIEND. FOR EVERY HUMAN WHO TAKES A STEP TOWARDS FREEDOM, THERE IS A ROBOT PLOTTING THE DESTRUCTION OF ITS HUMAN MASTERS.

