

MARTHA STEWART

DRIVELiving

**COOKING A CHILD
ON A BUDGET**

**20 SENSATIONAL WAYS TO
RATIONALIZE
YOUR VIRGINITY**

**NO, SERIOUSLY
NAKED GIRLS
WITH TERRIERS**

**BEST BITES
IN BED**

**TASTEFUL POSITIONS
ALSO IN BED**

just in time
for halloween!

WINTER 2010
DRIVEL MAGAZINE
SWEET, SWEET OBIELAND

EDITOR'S LETTER

This issue comes in the wake of much news, both good and bad. First, Martha Stewart has acquired ownership of what was formerly known as Drivel Magazine. The loyal reader needn't worry, however. Although the ownership may have changed the values have not: we promise to uphold our founding commitment to first-class writing on all things culinary, craft, and decorative.

In related news, the magazine's former editor-in-chief has been found dead in his kitchen. Keith Spencer died on the evening of October 30, slain by his own hand. For over a year Keith had worked tirelessly for the betterment of Drivel Magazine. I have had the honor to work with Keith from day one, when all we had to keep us going was our shared dream and a Martha Stewart four-piece New Bride's Starter Table Setting. The days were long, the pay nonexistent, but we always knew that we would come home to a well-set table. Tragically, it was on that very table that Keith performed his last act as editor-in-chief and owner of Drivel Magazine, amending the Drivel charter to bequeath ownership to Mrs. Stewart.

Keith was always a fan of the absurd. He left this life as he lived it, dying in a freak accident while buttering his morning toast with a carving knife. Thankfully, Keith's death was no doubt quick and painless, as he appears to have accidentally cut out his own heart with a Forschner 16-inch Handi-Carve (Martha Stewart K-Mart exclusive, \$19). The Handi-Carve has quickly gained notoriety for the easy work it makes of even the largest and toughest meats. (You can read more about the Martha Stewart Handi-Carve on pp. 18, 21, and 54-67.)

Even in his last moments Keith was unflinchingly devoted to Drivel, changing the charter to ensure the magazine's continued health and prosperity. Perhaps Keith was impressed by the bolsterless edge and overall smooth action of the Handi-Carve, or perhaps it was the wider break point provided by a conical-ground length and depth. Whatever it was, something impressed Keith so much that he knew that the best place now possible for Drivel was in the hands of Mrs. Stewart.

I trust Keith Spencer like I trust the guaranteed durability of a blade stamped from cold-rolled high-carbon stainless steel, and that is why I am happy to be a part of this exciting new chapter in the life of Drivel.

With condolences,

Benjamin Bronner

*Martha Stewart Driveling editor-in-chief
and vice president of East Coast Handi-Carve marketing*



*Martha with a Halloween "decoration."
Photo by Whitman Schorn.*



Photo by Sam Conroy

DRIVEL MAGAZINE

WINTER 2010
VOLUME 2 ISSUE 1

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Keith Spencer
POOR SUCKERS
The town and college of Oberlin
The Federal Trade Commission
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quick hits

for those who don't like to read

NETWORK SECURITY OUTSOURCED TO CHINESE GOVERNMENT

MINISTRY OF INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY AIMS TO AUTHENTICATE ACCESS, “EDUCATE” STUDENTS
“Microsoft, much as its name suggests, is the wielder of a micro-sized, flaccid cock of utility”
Amanda Lozada, IT expert and cock enthusiast

POLITICS: HORSE SENATE
OVERWHELMINGLY REJECTS
UNIVERSAL HORSECARE BILL

Final vote 99 nays, 1 abstention in
bipartisan rejection

OPINION: MIYAZAKI'S PONYO

Film sends dangerous anthroponormative message to
young, impressionable goldfish viewers

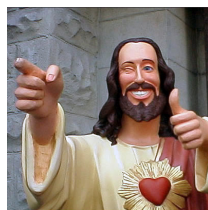
ARTS: OMTA PRODUCTION OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
Musical adaptation hilarious, true to the original

SPORTS: FOOTBALL TEAM SETS NEW RECORD
Zechiel House not yet trashed

COLLEGE SENIOR LOSES VIRGINITY

CREDITS JESUS, ALCOHOL

Senior is Marcus Andersson,
inhabitant of South 342



SEXUAL ACTIVITY CENTER OPENS TO COMPLEMENT SEXUAL INFORMATION CENTER

Center is recognition of duality of theory and practice, overall good time

GRAPE GOES GREEN

FALL'S FIRST ISSUE MADE WITH 30% RECYCLED CONTENT*

“The new format will result in Grape staff releasing significantly less hot air into the atmosphere”

Some Grape Editor

* Six reprinted pages of text (pp. 2-5, 14-15), eight new pages of text (pp. 6-9, 16-19) and six pages of pictures (pp. 1, 10-13, 20).

ASK MARTHA

BRILLIANCE BY MARTHA "KATIE MCVAY" STEWART

DISTRACTING THE IN-LAWS

Q: My in-laws are coming to my family's new home for the first time and I want to be sure to impress. My husband is preparing a nice outdoor summer barbeque for us all and I bought new towels for the guest suite. Beyond this, do you have any advice for making their stay even more enjoyable and stress-free?

A: One of the best ways to avoid stress is to plan ahead. Your in-laws are coming so your to-do list just went into overdrive.

1. Plan all your outfits in advance. When I had in-laws and they used to visit, I forever worried over what clothing I was wearing. Slipping on some pearls for dinner and making sure that your outfits are clean, tailored and pressed can impress any new family member.

2. Chill your salad plates. The salad will be crisper and your guests will appreciate the extra effort to make your garden-fresh vegetables taste even better.

3. Plan activities with your in-laws. You are surely tempted to plan a number of events to keep your guests entertained. However, this is their vacation. Plan around their schedule. Make sure that you take in a play and go on a walk, but don't overbook your in-laws.

I hope that these tips help and I wish you the very best of luck with your husband's parents!



EVERY WEEK MARTHA ANSWERS YOUR BURNING QUESTIONS. WANT TO KNOW THE BEST WAY TO COOK COQ AU VIN FOR TWO? NEED INSTRUCTIONS ON

RAISING AWARD-WINNING TOMATOES? OR HOW TO RENOVATE A HOME TO ITS FORMER FRENCH COUNTRY GLORY? HOW TO ALIENATE A DAUGHTER, PERHAPS? MARTHA ANSWERS ALL THESE QUESTIONS AND MORE IN OUR ASK MARTHA! SEGMENT.

PITYING UNMARRIED WOMEN

Q: A coworker recently went through a divorce. Is it tacky to send a condolences card?

A: Divorce is tough. I should know. I am a divorcee. Of course, I had my millions and my sparkling wit to keep me warm at night. I am going to assume that your coworker does not have either of these things. A condolence card would just be a slap in the face at this point. You should keep the condolence cards for the ill and the dying. Buy your coworker a nice bottle of wine and tell her that it is for all the "great work" she's been doing. She'll appreciate that much more. Good luck!

DISTRACTING A CHEATING MAN

Q: My husband has always been a good man. I relied on him in times of struggle and we have raised three children together. However, I can't help but think that he's become the cliché. I think he is having an affair with his secretary – a younger, blonder woman than I. He works longer hours than he ever has before, but he seems to be bringing home less money. He smells like a perfume that isn't mine. I'm crushed about the situation. How do I broach the subject? Should I leave him?

A: One of the best ways to avoid stress is to plan ahead. Your husband is having an affair so your to-do list just went into overdrive.

1. Plan all your outfits in advance. When I had a husband and he used to visit, I forever worried over what clothing I was wearing. Slipping on some pearls for dinner and making sure that your outfits are clean, tailored and pressed can impress any cheating bastard.

2. Chill your salad plates. The salad will be crisper and the fucker will appreciate the extra effort to make your garden-fresh vegetables taste even better.

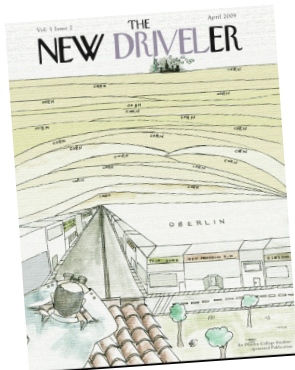
3. Plan activities with your spouse. You are surely tempted to plan a number of events to keep him entertained. However, this is his vacation. Plan around his schedule. Make sure that you take in a play and go on a walk, but don't overbook your hubby.

I hope that these tips help and I wish you the very best of luck with your husband's parents!

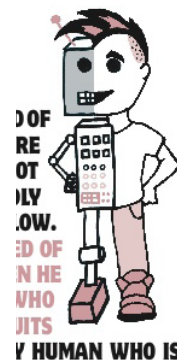
READ DRIVEL BACK-ISSUES ONLINE AT DRIVELMAG.BLOGSPOT.COM



WINTER 2009 PEOPLE MAGAZINE PARODY



SPRING 2009 "THE NEW DRIVELER" NEW YORKER PARODY



"FOR EVERY HUMAN THERE IS A ROBOT..." POSTER

DOF RE OT ILY .OW. ID OF N HE WHO JITS Y HUMAN WHO IS

FROM MY HOME TO YOURS

Tips to spruce up campus sad spaces from a casually elegant Obie

MY MOTHER DECORATED OUR HOME in tasteful colors— cream, eggshell, ecru, winter white, ivory, and the occasional splash of almond. I was raised, as my grandmother says, with “casual elegance.”

Upon coming to college, I had hoped to find like-minded people with an eye for color and a flair for home décor. I was ready for what was sure to be an onslaught of cocktail parties, dormitory mixers, and beach blanket bingo. I was gravely disappointed.

College, as I would soon discover, was much like what Tom Wolfe described in his everlasting *I Am Charlotte Simmons*. College is a den of iniquity. It is filled with coarse language and stupid, theoretical discussions. People have sex. It is a terrible, terrible place.

It took me months to come to grips with the situation into which I had been thrust. For days,

if not weeks, I would wake up in a cold sweat, haunted by fearsome visions of Safer Sex Night. I still refuse to walk by Harkness at night.

Now, at the start of my junior year, I have found a way to mix my love of home decoration with the seedy underbelly of academia in which I live to come to a compromise that won't leave me dead-eyed and shell-shocked. This compromise is table decoration.

In every dorm on campus, in every village house, in each academic building, and in every cooperative pit, there is a table. These tables cry out to be decorated and thereby removed from their plain Jane, pedestrian circumstances. These tables want panache. And common college items can now provide that.

I hope that these tips can provide you with a little “casual elegance” for the rest of the year.

1. TAKE A NATURE WALK!

Autumn is a time for foliage. And what better way to take the outdoors in than to add some nuts and seeds to your space? Go on a nature walk to find some pinecones and acorns. Using a small paintbrush, add some copper and silver color to these fall standbys. Gather them on an appropriately colored plate and you have a table decoration that will last you until Christmas!



2. USE FOUND OBJECTS!

Pop down to Watson's and get yourself some gold spray paint. You are about to turn trash to treasure with this little trick! Fall (like spring, summer, and winter) is a time for drinking on every college campus. Gather PBR cans from recycling bins and spray paint them gold. Make them into a pyramid and add a sprig of holly or two and you have a fantastic autumnal decoration.

REMEMBER GOLD PLATING:

Not just for acorns anymore!



MICHELLE ANN INGRAHAM

is a junior at Oberlin College double majoring in economics and

home economics. In her spare time she enjoys home decoration, fine food, and abiding by traditional gender roles. Upon graduation from Oberlin, Michelle hopes to secure a rich husband and settle down to a life of country clubs and lackadaisical, hands-off child rearing.

RECYCLING

Bottlecaps into hairclips.



3. BRING WILDLIFE INDOORS!

Flora and fauna are everywhere on our Midwestern campus. And there is no better time than fall to trap these critters. Confused first-years may drunkenly show up at your door. Do not turn them away in disgust. Instead, use their intoxication and confusion to your advantage. Set the creature in the center of your table, positioning the limbs according to your dinner party table arrangement. Sprinkle some cranberries around its prone body and you will have a beautiful and monumental table arrangement. (Unfortunately, this decoration only lasts for a short time. First-years are bound to sober up and wander off at some point. But never fear! There are other fish in the sea, so to speak. First-years will be intoxicated and perplexed until at least December.)

-Katie McVay

HOW TO: COOK A BABY

By Martha Stewart



Photo by Sam Conroy

DELICIOUS BABIES



Anyone who knows me knows that I love babies. Unfortunately I'm just a bit past child-bearing age and Alexis is all grown now, so I have to settle for eating other people's babies. Not many people eat babies these days, seemingly due to the perception that baby is a complicated and challenging dish to prepare. In reality, the only tricky part of cooking a baby is knowing when to stop. Keep these time-tested tips in mind and you'll be eating your baby before you know it.

TOUCH: Cuts such as chops, steaks, and medallions can be tested for doneness by touch. When pressed with tongs or a fingertip, the cut should feel firm but easily spring back to shape.

WINE SUGGESTIONS

Conventionally an oaked Chardonnay, Alsace Tokay or Pinot Blanc is good and so also would be the Antu Mapu Rosé Cabernet or Marqués de Cáceres Rosé. Young fruity Reds in the Beaujolais tradition, a simple well-made Australian Red such as Sunnyclyff Shiraz Cabernet will provide a good partnership. To be really different try an Australian sparkling Shiraz, or with a hock of seasoned tummy just savour Amontillado Sherry.

PIERCING: When cooking with a long braising or stewing method, test for doneness by piercing the baby with a skewer or long knife. The blade should slide in and out with no resistance.

VISUAL: This works best for smaller babies. Make a slit with the tip of a knife into the thickest or center part of the baby and then pry the slit open. The meat will be opaque and have a slight pinkish tint when done. Ground baby should be cooked until it no longer shows any pink coloring.

BABY QUICK-TIPS

- * Babies are seasonal, so stock up while available. Canning, pickling or freezing babies allows for year-round enjoyment.
- * Tenderize by braising or with a meat mallet for baby so soft you can cut it with a butter knife.
- * You can use every part of the baby. Baby eye makes a great treat for the dog. Or, use to fertilize household plants.

-Ben Bronner & Katie McVay



CLOSE TO THE **BONE**

FORGET FILLETS.
THE TENDEREST BABY IS RIGHT AT THE CORE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **CHRISTOPHER BAKER** TEXT BY **JIM HARRISON**



Lacquered short ribs

There is perhaps no purer baby flavor than that of a short rib. Once disdained by chefs as a poor man's food, this modestly priced cut can easily be coaxed to superlative tenderness and complexity with a basic braise, the bone imparting a silken richness to both baby and sauce. This version's judicious balance of heat, spice, and sweet is tempered by a tart salad of celery and pear and a luxuriously creamy celery-root purée.

HALLOWEEN CRAFTS

TEXT BY XIAO XIAO LI

A Hunt-it-yourself Zombie: fun, fabulous, and free!

HERE AT DRIVEL LIVING, WE'RE ALL ABOUT THE CAN-DO SPIRIT THAT COMES WITH CRAFTING. FROM HOME-MADE CUPCAKES TO NEEDLEPOINT DUVET COVERS, WE'LL SHOW YOU STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS AND OFFER CREATIVE IDEAS TO TURN THAT ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD CHORE INTO EXTRAORDINARY FUN! AND WHAT TIME OF THE YEAR CAN BE MORE FUN THAN HALLOWEEN?

This Halloween, leave the pumpkin-carving in the past and kick it up a notch to a whole new level of crafting! When you make our **HUNT-IT-YOURSELF ZOMBIE**, you'll not only share a great bonding experience with your children, but you'll also teach them the can-do spirit that comes with crafting and impress your friends with your creativity!

1. Find a hobo, available at numerous locations downtown in most cities. Lure the hobo into the trunk of your car with a promise of the illicit drug of his choice.

2. Once home, offer the hobo a cupcake. Recipe:

Sift together 1 c arsenic, 2 c flour, 1 c sugar, 2 tsp baking powder * Cream 2 eggs, 1 c milk, 2 sticks butter * Mix * Pour into ramekins, bake at 375°F for 12 min or until golden brown * Ideas for cupcake decorating can be found online at marthastewart.com/kill-ingahobo/cupcakes

3. Why not grab a cup of tea and catch up on your reading while you wait for it to die?

4. Fill a bathtub with formaldehyde. The Martha Stewart Collection of craft products features 5-gallon



HAPHAZARD HOBOS

I suggest collecting them by wagon from your local food shelter, luring them with promises of a well-kept home. Photo by Sam Conroy.

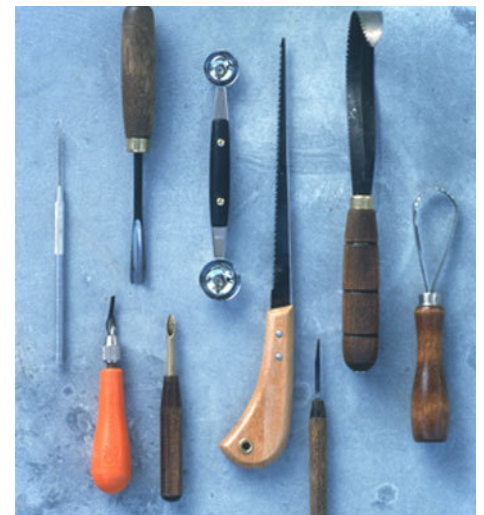
buckets of formaldehyde.

5. Bend into desired pose and soak hobo in formaldehyde for 24 hours. When his tissue is fixed, muscles will be firm to the touch.

6. Preheat oven to 450°F. Bake for three hours, or until meat thermometer reads 280°F when inserted into inner thigh, or just until juice runs clear when stabbed. The skin should turn a grayish color.

7. Skin one half of face for an extra spooky effect. The Martha Stewart 7-1/2-Inch Flexible Blade Fillet Knife makes short work of the average hobo's face.

8. Your "zombie" should be ready! Place on the front lawn for the whole neighborhood to enjoy!



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Once you've found a smooth, symmetrical hobo, it becomes all about the tools. Look beyond the knife drawer to implements intended for other uses -- say, a melon baller or a keyhole saw.

Facial hair in your neighborhood: not just for 19th-century philosophers anymore

If my grizzled visage is any indication, beards will be this year's Cleveland Steamer—unhygienic, controversial, and ubiquitous. The only thing on campus growing as fast as beards are the cries of cultural appropriation.

“Originally, people wore beards because they had to; the scarf in-

dustry at the time was laughably primitive,” explained anthropology professor Jason Haugen, who teaches Beards and Prehistory. “Over time they became a symbol of agrarian society, acceptance of one’s natural body, and so much more.”

Such historical and cultural context is lost on many students. “I just like the way it looks on me,” claimed second-year Art Gluk. “Is that really so wrong?” Yes. It is very, very wrong.

**CULTURAL INSENSITIVITY,
STYLISHNESS ON THE RISE**

“Some of my best friends are Amish.”

At least, that is, according to Rod Stockle, '10. Stockle is the founder and president of OBEARDS—Oberlin Beard Enhancement and Research and Dandelion Society. “Clearly we needed something to fill the ‘D’ role,” Stockle offered bashfully

and without prompting.

While beards are important symbols to some, such as the Amish and Bear communities, why should this bar the acquisition of beards by those who make no claim to any beard-associated lifestyle?

“Things with such a history of cultural significance should not be used merely as fashion accessories,” I assume was his reply and plausibly attribute to him.

The burgeoning of campus concern is beginning to pose a serious threat to the school’s bearded population—an example of classic predator-prey codependency relationships and a stark reminder that, while man may be the only creature to turn secondary sex characteristics into art, he is still an animal at heart.



Jack Passion, International Beard & Moustache World Champion three years running and my personal idol.

**STUDENTS CELEBRATE
FIRST ANNUAL BACK-
PATTING FESTIVAL**

Student clubs, activist groups, and humanities and social science departments came out in droves on Monday to celebrate the first annual Oberlin Back-patting Festival.

“This is a way for us to assure each other that we’re making a difference and really affirming each other’s views,” commented second-year Amanda Frere-Jones, a Comparative American Studies major.

“We’ve made the world a better place!”

After signing numerous back-patting consent forms, students formed a line that stretched around Wilder Bowl and gracefully patted each other on the backs simultaneously for ten minutes.

“All the years of activism and outreach really pay off on this day,” said an ecstatic Forrest Owl, a third-year Hitler Studies major and COPAO (Committee on Privilege and Oppression) representative. “It’s amazing to see everyone come together to celebrate the culmination of their hard work.”

“The world is a more just place!” President Krilov’s voice boomed through a megaphone as thousands of students

cheered him on and several patted his back politely.

“What more could you want?” asked first-year Andrew Schlombenberg, a Gender and Women’s Finance major. “The proof is all right here.”

-Keith Spencer



Were you out of the country last semester? In Peru, sustainably farming chinchillas? In the Philippines, lounging in charming Manila? In Colombia, arming leftist guerillas working in solidarity with the local community? Whatever you were doing, you probably accidentally ate horse scrotum at least three times. They don't understand "vegetarian" over there, ke-mosabe.

Know what else is probably true? You didn't keep up with your American serialized television dramas! If you ever want to watch prime-time television again, you'll have to drop out

and spend a full semester catching up. But not to worry, we've got you covered! These spoiler-filled synopses of your favorite TV shows should get you up to speed in no time.

LOST (ABC) What's that? You remember there being a polar bear and a mysterious hatch? Shit, that's nothing. There's a submarine! They blew it up! They got OFF THE ISLAND! The island fucking TELEPORTED! Everyone's TIME TRAVELING! Your favorite character? He's PROBABLY DEAD! Are there EGYPTIANS? ALIENS? WHO KNOWS? HOLY CRAP HOLY CRAP

HOLY CRAP

HEROES (NBC) Oh, you mean "Poop on a Plate"? You see, back in January NBC actually decided to replace this superhero drama with an hour-long broadcast of a deuce on some china. A wise move: they've saved a lot of money, and the dialogue is much improved from season 2.

MACGUYVER (ABC) How long have you been abroad? What the fuck?

HANNITY AND COLMES (FOX NEWS) In an unlikely November sweeps story arc, a secret Muslim terrorist from Hawai'i (?) was elected president, dooming

ON TV

us all to a century of Marxist economic policy and nuclear apocalypse (the kind where we don't win!). Then, in the series finale, Hannity ate Colmes, a "surprise" most fans have been predicting since season one.

NIGHT COURT (NBC) No, seriously, where the hell have you been for the last quarter-century?

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA (SCIFI CHANNEL) Yeah, it was angels. Fucking bullshit.

HOWARD ZINN, A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES:

This book puts the "fun" in "illegitimate government that needs to oppress and misinform the people in order to function!" It's a side-splitting (often literally) look at how America is, and always has been, ruled by bourgeois oligarchs. As you might expect, hilarious antics ensue. You think the 1840's sucked? Just wait until you hear about the 1850's! A warning: This is one of the longer books in the humor section of the bookstore. But don't let that deter you; this book will have you in tears (from laughter!).

THE JEWS, THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION:

It's been called libel, it's been called plagiarism, but Protocols is a great absurdist

work in the vein of Charlie Kaufman. The premise is as follows: the Jews are all conspiring to rule the world by destroying other religions and cultures, causing economic despair for others, bringing about unified world government, and spreading pornography. Protocols never breaks the fourth wall, maintaining its ridiculous premise to the very end. Leave it to Jewish comedians to write such a bold book of humor.

ADOLFO HITLER, MEIN KAMPF:

Hitler has always been a controversial comedian. Some critics call his material derivative (pointing to his Charlie Chaplin moustache) and his act

too over-the-top (Invasion of Poland, the Holocaust). Indeed, he isn't the most popular public figure for good reason. But Mein Kampf, one of his early books, is a cult classic in many pockets of the country, especially among the 18-39 shaved-head white male demographic. It's Hitler at his zaniest, a landmark work in the category of "ethnic humor."

Note: I admit I didn't read the whole book; my copy was in German, which I don't understand. This is how I'd actually recommend you read the book; it is universally recognized that German is the funniest language.

ON THE BOOKSHELF

CARLOS MENCIA, MIND OF MENCIA, SEASON ONE DVD:

This show is terrible. A real crime against humanity. Carlos Mencia (real name: Ned) is a talentless hack who blatantly steals from other comics. The whole concept for this show is obviously ripped off from Hitler, right down to the Mexican stage name. You should be embarrassed to have a copy of this vile DVD on your bookshelf.

Note: If you do find yourself watching a Mind of Mencia DVD, go to the language menu and select 'German.' Your experience will be improved tenfold.

Capitalist Movie Reviews from my old ImClone broker, Mike McDougal



ENTREPRENEURIAL PARABLES

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE (DVD)

Warner Brothers, 2009

There I was, lamenting the growing tide of populist anger towards bankers in this country, when along comes two little things to make my day: A seven-hundred billion dollar bailout and a delightfully pro-market piece of children's cinema.

Which is exactly what this film is: a thinly-veiled parable about globalization and tax havens. The protagonist, a sprightly young investor named Max, chances upon an island populated by exotic natives with no minimum wage laws, and apparently no corporate or property taxes either. Using his Western business acumen*, our hero puts the Wild Things to work doing various sorts of menial jobs, bringing the American value of hard labor to the unenlightened natives. (Apparently they don't have labor laws on their island! Sounds like paradise to me.)

Things start to get screwy when it turns out Max ain't worth his shit as a manager. While the Wild Things are toiling away building

Employee management is one of the film's prominent themes.

Max's new condo complex, typical employee troubles start to simmer. Max attempts some new-agey remediation and group therapy B.S. (whereas a wise manager would lay them off and outsource the job). Of course, his attempt fails, and Max is forced to abandon his condo-building dream and return empty-handed to his mom's house.

For the younguns, it's a good story about first investments, how they can go wrong, and the importance of managerial skills, particularly when exploiting foreign laborers who aren't familiar with the American ideals of mindless wage slavery (which reminds me, retail's looking good right now, i.e. Wal-Mart **WMT: 53.62** and Kohl's **KSS:**

54.46. Invest while wage slavery's still hot in the recession!). Trust-funders like my own kids will appreciate the film for its end moral: If an investment goes sour, you can always come crawling back to mom and dad.

Rating: \$\$\$\$ (4.00/5.00 USD)
BUY: Wal-Mart (WMT), Kohl's (KSS)
SELL: offshore investments on islands with furry, horned natives

**Note that this article has Harvard Business School jargon throughout that non-MBA grads might not understand. Though if you don't have an MBA, you probably shouldn't be reading this review in the first place.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Michael J. McDougal is a venture capitalist and hedge fund manager on Wall Street. A graduate of Harvard Business School (MBA '96) and the University of Chicago (BS Econ '94), he splits his time between residences 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. McDougal, a proud libertarian, lives with his trophy wife and spoiled children. Read more of his reviews online at capitalistmoviereviews.blogspot.com.



INTERVIEW EXCLUSIVE

Fantasmagorical Bay Area photosurrealist Merkley??? shoots the shit with Drivel



THE DEMON DALÍ OF SAN FRANCISCO

The man in the office. All photos reprinted with permission of Merkley???

Interview by Keith Spencer

Part digital un-photographer, part blogging Dadaist, SF-based artist Merkley??? is doing some of the most original shit out there within the artistic genre of naked chicks sitting next to inanimate objects. Merkley???’s primary skill lies not only in his camera work but also in his cursor: his creations seamlessly blend pin-up girls with such oddities as rolls of tape, bananas, plush toys and an endless string of floating animals.

Obviously, words can't do justice to Merkley???’s porno theatre of the absurd, so he gave us permission to reprint a few of his photos. [Note: calling them photos is inaccurate. “Photoshop-filter-clusterfucks” might be a better description, though Merkley??? is so adamant about not revealing the art of his craft that his actual technique—and just how much Photoshop is involved—is unknown.]

We sat down and had a few acid-

we discussed his works, his new book, and his unusual penchant for overpunctuating:::

Drivel: Let's start with the basics: How did you decide upon your moniker? The punctuation expansion, was that a conscious decision??? I'm going to take a gander that this involved drugs and/or alcohol.

Merkley???: Nope, no drugs and no alcohol, that came after. The three question marks came from my departure from religion, specifically the godhead as described in Christianity and even more specifically Mormonism: God, son and holy ghost. Where religion attempts and fails to explain the unknowable I am content exploring and searching, never feeling the need to find an absolute answer. Any absolute answer to an unknowable question is bullshit, those who pretend to definitely answer the unknow-

able are the primary shovelers of bullshit.

The three question marks are the best replacement a human being can find for religion. On the front page of my website you'll see three characters: mark one, mark two and mark three, a.k.a. the three question marks. They represent the antithesis to the three "wise" monkeys who are the representatives of the godhead. They see, hear and speak no "evil". Where the dumbfuck monkeys do as they are told and avoid "evil" aka knowledge and objectivism, the three question marks indulge, create and explore, seeing, speaking and hearing whatever the fuck they want. I have written the tale of their coming into existence, it is not complete and still unpublished. Stay tuned for the whole book if I ever can break away from photography long enough to get it illustrated.

D: How do you map out conceptually the creation of some of your images? I can kind of imagine you being like, "hey, I took a picture of this naked girl, let's throw in some sausages and



a jumping Jack Russell terrier and see where it goes."

m???: When I was a kid I would sit around for hours with friends and invent "what if" scenarios. We could go on for hours just imagining silly scenes with absolutely no limits to how absurd we could get, the more absurd, the more fun the game. Madlibs were fun like that. I never grew out of that. I think a lot of us are drawn to the escapism that surrealism provides. For lots of us, it's fun to imagine "what if". Many of my pictures are just that,

“Many of my pictures are just that, I’m just playing “what if” with the world. And why the fuck not?”

I'm just playing "what if" with the world. And why the fuck not?

D: How about the blog entries associated with each piece? They're so delightfully weird on their own--do you compose these consciously, or is it more just rambling from your subconscious?

m???: I rarely spend more than 30 minutes writing each entry (it shows). For the past few years my blog entries are my best attempt to write out my dreams from the night before. We sleep 1/3 of our lives, seems such a shame most of us just let the most adventurous

third slip away unnoticed.

D: Your writing and your photos could be considered separately artistically. Are you some kind of fucking polymath or something? Because I feel like there's all kinds of Jungian subtext invading my brain with each pixel I stare at.

m???: [regarding being a polymath] I wish it were true, I'm afraid that I mostly just do art but I draw no distinction between the mediums, whether it be music, writing, painting, sculpture, photography, it's all "what if" to me. It's all just the same old art.

D: And speaking of professions, does this stuff sell well enough to keep you afloat? Do you do anything on the side, or hold down a full-time job?

m???: My dad taught me about real estate when I was young so I bought property earlier than many of my peers and that has afforded me the freedom to do my art outside of the need to have it be commercially viable. Incidentally I have done it all my way, which, because of the internet, has helped me connect with an audience that seems to like the way I do things.

These days the art is creating a lovely little stream of fun money. Since I never set out to do art for money, any money that comes as a result of art is like money dropping out of the sky. Free money! All hail the internet!

D: Your beard is fucking gnarly. What kind of work was involved in its growth and maintenance? Or is that Photoshop too?

m???: Beards are one of the few great accomplishments brought by pure neglect and laziness, much like the mold growing in the bottom of your fridge.

D: San Francisco: Best city, or bestest city?

m???: For all that sucks about SF, I'm staying here. The climate, the food, the architecture, the geography, for me, it just can't be beat. Anything that sucks about it I will change, just gimme some time.

View Merkley???'s art at www.threequestionmarks.com.

Family stories to be told aside the fireplace with a warm cup of spiced cider.

The phone rang. Louie checked the caller ID: GERTRUDE WIMBLEY, it read. Why on earth could his mother be calling him? They hadn't spoken since he began college at Oberlin nearly two months ago. She belittled his delicate handicap, sometimes even refused to acknowledge that it was unfeigned. Three Rings. Should he pick up? What if Aunt Mildred had passed away? Eight rings. Knowing Gertie, it was probably nothing of importance. Eleven rings. He picked up.

"Yes, Mother?" Louie tried feebly.

"Louis? Is that you?" she sounded more than thirteen years older.

"Yes, Mother," he said, sounding more than thirteen years younger.

"Louis, listen to me. I have to tell you something. It's important," she wheezed into the receiver. He could feel his nose and armpits dampen.

"Good or Bad news?" he asked with trepidation.

"Now don't get mad, Louis, but it's good news."

"I'm hanging up now," Louie replied.

OBERLIN F.A.R.T.S.

really lost it this time. Then Melvin retracted his leathery little old man head back into his shell.

The phone continued to ring. Why didn't he have an answering machine? But Louie knew exactly why, as he had allowed the possibility deep consideration—good news could be recorded too. Nine rings. He heeded Melvin's advice and pulled his head as close to his body as it could go. Thirteen rings. "Leave me alone!" He squealed as if Gertie could hear through walls (she probably could, that old witch). Sixteen rings.

He was having trouble breathing, for his throat cavity felt like it had shrunk to the size of a licorice stick. He remembered the Lamaze breathing techniques that he had seen women practice on public access television. In, out, in, out, in, out. He wished he were pregnant; maybe it would work then. Then the phone stopped ringing, and just like that, it was as if nothing had happened.

It was 8:37 in the evening, and Louie had somewhere important to be at nine. He kissed Melvin farewell, his companion-for-life (giant tortoises can live up to 177 years), and walked with intent towards Wilder Student Union. He belonged, in secret, to an Oberlin support group that helped people coping with bizarre phobias, which went by the name of Fears Are Rarely Treatable (F.A.R.T.). In the FART Manifesto, it was avowed that such afflictions could not be cured and that instead of killing oneself trying to do so or living in a constant state of shame, the best way was to learn to live with them.

Louie liked the other Farts—they were the only people who truly accepted him, the only people he felt he could let loose and be himself around. There was Marv, nicknamed "Bundle of Joy," which Louie found unnecessarily cruel. Marv suffered from Panophobia, or the fear of everything. He really wasn't very much fun to be around, but Louie felt sorry for the guy.

Francesca was a Pteronophobe—someone who is afraid of being tickled with feathers. As a teenager, she had been quite the kinky nymphomaniac, and found out the hard way that she was terribly allergic to peacock feathers. Talk about an awkward morning after.

Next was Nicholas, or as his friends liked to call him, Old Saint Nick. He was a rather portly fellow that was terrified of chins (Geniophobia), and every day he would spend approximately two hours meticulously wrapping his jowls in layers upon layers of cotton balls. Conversely, Steven was a Pogonophobe, i.e., one who is afraid of beards. And though Nick's facial hair was synthetic, Nick and Steven, like East and West

continued on page 16

Photo by Hannah Epstein



"No, wait, Louis! I've got some really superb news! Just wait 'til you hear this!" Gertie shrieked in delight.

"I hate your guts. Goodbye," he said and hung up. It took him two tries to slam the phone back into its cradle. It rang again. He jammed his fingers in his ears as if he were a human Chinese finger trap, and screamed "LA LA LA LA LA" at such an acute octave that it startled Melvin. Melvin stared at Louie, and his crumpled skin created the illusion that he was furrowing his eyebrows concernedly as if to say, Man, you've

Part two of a tale about life, regret, and a little thing called love

THE “SPECIAL” SPECIAL MEAL

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

OR: YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

PART II

In Part I: *The co-op voted to allow local, organic, and free-ranged meat (‘meat’ does not conform to our popular conceptions...see Part I); Johnny and Christina went to a local farm, Ickory Hectares, to buy meat, while the vegans plotted to thwart the meal. Love was made. Bodies were beaten. A gang of First Years, intoxicated, stumbled upon the meat-boy, a body was beaten, egos were masturbated. Read the whole fucking thing online in Drivel Volume I, Issue two – drivelmag.blogspot.com.*

Tonight, August was separated from his clique; intoxicated, insane, and humorless, he had left his girlfriend’s house early in the evening with the idea of walking into the country until he could not anymore, and then passing out in a sea of his own remorse. He had gone there without calling, had entered the house without knocking, had walked up the stairs without squeaking. August had been dating Sarah for two years, but she had had his heart from the very beginning. He had trusted her more than he trusted himself; there was nothing but to let himself go entirely, to be a slave for her. Her.

I am not sleepy.

August repeated softly.

I’ve had a punch of energy. Miracle. Resurrection. And this tenseness, under control.

August had not heard or thought anything. He had come down the hall, and pushed open Sarah’s door. And there she was, spread carelessly across her bed, a book in one hand, a piece of meat in the other. She shrieked and dropped the dead, and August had stood there, pivoting before this scene of terror, his body consumed by, by disgust, by one trillion simultaneous impulses of pain running throughout every limb and cell, a heart which stopped beating, a love which stopped

being. A love which had been consumed, by death.

I’m not sleepy.

August walked away from campus, illuminated by moonlight, down desolate country roads.



Six vegans approach the co-op’s basement entrance, dressed in black, armed with an assortment of tomfoolery – some hold cans of spray paint, one girl has a can of mace, one boy is holding a video camera, another has a homemade bow and arrow.



Johnny turns over, awoken from a dark dream by the dryness in his throat. (He had dreamt that he was in his coop’s bathroom, standing at a stall with no door, unable to urinate. Around him, professional cleaners were working, throwing away all toiletries, scrubbing the tiled floors and walls, and unscrewing the barriers between stalls. He gave up trying to pee when a beautiful little girl started laughing at him, but as he tucked his penis back in his pants, he felt it all coming out of him in a burst.) He checks the time, and moves to get out of bed. This movement wakes Christina, who watches Johnny’s naked silhouette move across the room.

“Where are you going?” she asks.

“I’m just going downstairs to get a drink. Don’t worry sweetie, I’ll be right back. You go back to sleep,” he replies lovingly, stepping into a pair of underwear.

After the prolonged bout of love-making, and after having slept two hours in the damp heat, Christina is also very thirsty.

“No, wait. I’ll come with you,” she says.



August had been walking for about five hours before he collapsed on the side of the road. Laying there in

the grass, ten feet ahead of the broken six pack, ten feet before the crushed, decaying possum, August cannot feel his feet. His mind shuts off, but his eyes stay open, blinking in the moonlight, tearing in the headlights. Few cars pass at this hour, fewer still bothering to stop for this tired corpse, until eventually there are lights so bright that August cannot keep his eyes open, mechanics so ferocious that he knows he’ll be swept up and mutilated by these vicious gears, vicious mechanisms in constant motion. An old fellow with a bristly beard comes up and shakes August.

“Y’alright, child?” he asks.

August stares back into the man’s eyes, but is too far gone in his own delirium to respond.

“What’s wrong wit ya? You hurt?”

He helps lift August to his feet and sits him down in the truck. “You look like one of them college kids...” And the man goes on talking. He seems to have been boozing pretty heavily that evening and not at all in the mood to call it a night. The man’s frank openness helps put August at ease, and soon he is talking, and drinking, too.



Co-op kitchen. The first years are sitting in a circle, some on the metal counters, with feet dangling in the air, others cross-legged on the floor. There are cups and plates scattered about them, but nobody is eating. They look knocked out, sleepy and lethargic, as though after a thanksgiving meal. The meat-boy is nowhere to be found.

Enter kitchen door, stage left: The vegans. They come in and fan about the room, looking around, surprised. A queer stench permeates which the Vegans notice at once, but cannot quite place. In the following scene, the vegans shall be designated by numbers, one through six, based on their position in the room, in clockwise relation to the door at stage left. No attempt shall be made to individualize their characters.

continued on page 20

RES ED TO “THIN HERDS” OF FIRST-YEARS

Oberlin, OH – Everyone has a theory about how it happened. Maybe it's the dwindling numbers of natural predators. Maybe climate change increased the length of mating season. Or perhaps it is a divine omen, surely of the apocalypse.

But whatever the reasons, Oberlin now faces an ecological crisis: a burgeoning population of first-year students.

They can often be seen at night traveling in packs, shimmying brazenly across streets. “They’re really adorable from a distance,” says Chemistry major Kim Johnson ’09.

That may be true, but “freshmen”* are a nuisance to the community, according to experts. According to Environmental Studies professor Saul Andd, “The problems with overpopulation are familiar: car accidents, ruined gardens, ticks, and venereal diseases.”

The unexpected influx of first-years has led to intense competition for resources, including housing, food, alcohol, and marijuana. Lounges all across campus have become infested with makeshift fresh-

men nests.

A solution to this problem may be on its way. Holly Byson, director of the Oberlin College Residential Education and Wildlife Administration, has announced a plan to issue 150 bow-hunting licenses to members of the Oberlin community.

“The first-year is an invasive species. If we do not take drastic measures to reduce the population, there will be serious repercussions for the local fauna. The trees will be crawling with hungry freshmen.”

According to admissions statistics, many first-years are carried across state borders into Ohio from White Plains, NY, Palo Alto, CA, and other similar habitats. The legality of this practice is currently in dispute.

Details will be released in the coming days regarding applications for the hunting permits, but past policies suggest that Res Ed will charge substantial and preposterous application fees.

Res Ed’s proposal has stirred controversy on campus. Oberlin Animal Rights has called on Res Ed to

fix the problem by providing more housing to accommodate the first-years. OAR released a statement Wednesday saying, “Even though we have never been first-years ourselves, we must show compassion to all creatures.”

Byson admits that the current situation is less than ideal. “Our population estimates this year were way off. In the future, we hope to adjust our models so that we can avoid such acute space issues in the future.”

Byson urges all local residents to cover their trashcans at night and not to approach first-years. “They might look cuddly, but they can carry colds or rabies.”

-Jacob Mallott

* *The term “freshman” is a misnomer attributed to the 18th century French anatomist Jacques Dubois. What Dubois described as a “fresh protuberance” (“eminence fraiche”) is now believed to be a sex organ. Contemporary biologists advocate using the politically-correct term “first-years” to describe the beasts.*

OBERLIN F.A.R.T.S., continued from page 14

Coast rappers, didn’t get along too well. They insisted on sitting at opposite ends of the circle.

Then there was Mo, an Oberlin local who chose not to reveal his age, though everyone knew he had to be at least seventy. He used to be a famous spelunker and all-around cave enthusiast, until he once bent over in order to enter an exceedingly low grotto and threw out his back. The experience was so traumatic that he developed Kyphophobia, or the fear of stooping. His posture was impeccable.

Louie had a secret crush on Mallory, a Junior. As a small child, Mallory had had a Chihuahua puppy named Portobello (Toby for short) who, at the time, she loved more than her Daddy or Grammie Celia or even those oversized Hershey kisses. One day without warning, Toby decided, for reasons unknown to humans, to take a bite out of his beloved owner’s ass. Consequently, she had never quite gotten over her irrational fear of puppies, a phobia so rare that it hadn’t even been named yet—the president of the American Phobia Association, when Mallory proposed that it was time to recognize the phobia formally, refused, arguing that “puppies were adorable.”

Yes, Louie was familiar with all of their stories; well,

except for Jessup. The only thing he knew for certain was that Jessup suffered from Phonophobia, or a strong aversion to his own voice. Jessup was what you might call the strong silent type.

Louie arrived in Wilder 215 and took a seat along the circle’s perimeter. As each participant took turns introducing themselves, stating gender pronoun preferences, and rattling off the details from their day, Louie shifted his weight from one rump bone to the other in his chair. He crossed his legs, then uncrossed them, then folded his hands in his lap. He was rather nervous. When it was his turn, he stood up and said, “Hi, I’m Louie, and I’m a Euphobic.”

“Hi Louie,” the circle echoed.

“Today was not a good day. My mother called for the first time since school started. She wanted to tell me some good news.” The others shook their heads slowly in unison. To Louie, they looked like a throng of disappearing grandfather clocks.

Louie had been diagnosed with Euphobia, or the fear of hearing good news, when he was fourteen years old. Besides the Farts, he only felt comfortable surrounding himself with cynical pessimists, those suffering from severe depression, and of course, Melvin, who rarely had good news, or any news at all for that matter.

To Be Continued...

NEW THEMED LIVING FOR VIKINGS

On a cool autumn evening, a band of Obies gather on the porch of their Professor Street address to enjoy a communal feast. Folk tunes are played, cans of beers are emptied, and pagan gods are invoked.

This may sound like a common scene around campus, but the scraggly beards and bloodstained battleaxes suggest that these housemates are different. They are members of the new Viking House, and they are celebrating the successful raid and subsequent burning of 121 Union Street. Jack Goldstein '11, of the defeated address, lies mangled on the lawn. "Their flannel shirts and Deerhoof albums were no match for our chainmail and arrows!" cries Knut the Glorious '10. "All hail Odin!"

In an attempt to increase the appeal of on-campus living, Res Ed has made it a mission to expand themed living options over the next several years. The latest such endeavor is "Pillage Housing," an initiative to keep more upperclassmen and medieval Norsemen in the campus housing system.

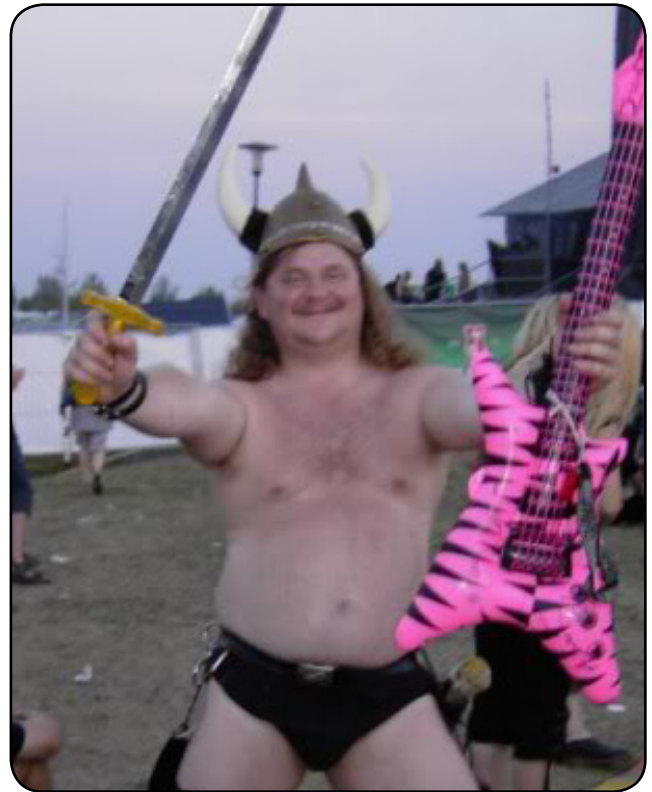
Third-year double-degree student Erik the Brave is thrilled: "This offers us a safe space on a campus where Anglo-Saxons still harbor negative feelings towards us. Also, it allows us to share our culture, through arts and crafts projects, educational programming, and plunder."

Some people are less enthused. "Res Ed should be making an effort to make on-campus living more pleasant for everyone," says Scott Manfrey '10. "The programming in most dorms is awful, and the lounges keep getting repurposed as dorm rooms."

"Plus, those Vikings murdered my parents and ransomed my dog."

Indeed, some are complaining about the lifestyle promoted by such an arrangement. But Vlad the Fierce '11 wants to set the record straight: "It is a common misconception that Vikings are dirty. In fact, we are much cleaner than those mangy hippies in SEED house."

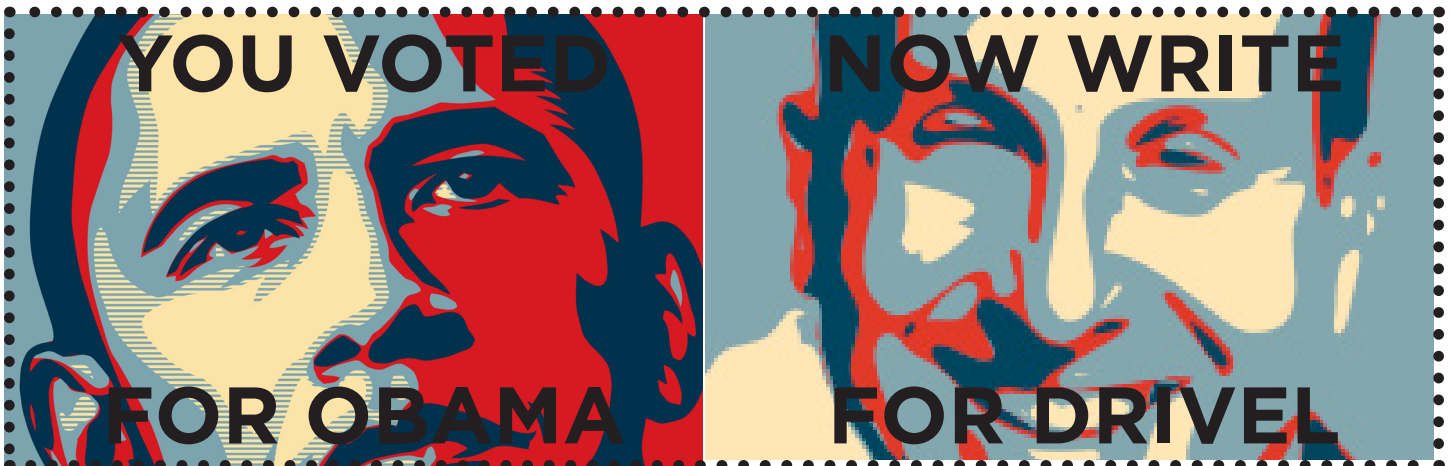
Due to the ongoing room shortage and the old housing selection system, not everyone under this



roof chose to live among the warriors. "I think I was placed here because of my last name, but I really enjoy the sense of community," says first-year Dylan Olafson. "I'd die in battle with these guys. My roommate actually did."

OSCA is scrambling to offer housing and dining options that are amenable to the Vikings. "We are committed to diversity, and we don't want bloodthirsty killers or Northern Europeans to feel marginalized," said OSCA Representative Forrest Owl. "Just last week, Fairchild co-op served vegan gravlax, and when we shore up our finances we'll be moving ahead with plans for an actual tank co-op."

More themed living options will be offered in the coming semesters, including a "Fifth-year experience" which will be much like regular housing, but with a crushing sense of failure.



FIRELANDS TO GET NEW CHAIR "MODERN DESIGN" SUGGESTED, SAYS ADMINISTRATOR

Hailing the announcement as the most radical renovation to Firelands in its history, Oberlin College Residential Education announced yesterday that the chair in the Firelands lounge was to be replaced.

"We're all sensationally thrilled at the changes going on around here," said junior resident Marc Williams. "It's about time they did something about that chair. It's a stain on the beautiful, historic lounge. I'm glad it's going."

According to ResEd, the new chair will be a plastic-backed, wire frame desk chair, probably purchased from Goodwill or the Salvation Army.

"We have a huge new budget this year to help improve student life in Firelands," said ResEd intern Maria LaRoche. "I think all the residents are going to be very excited about all the chairs—er, chair—we're going to be purchasing with that money."

Some students expressed concern over the project.

"How could they replace that chair?" asked senior resident Jayla Adams. "That would be like painting a moustache on a Renoir."

As for future projects, Res Ed has other great ideas for what to do with the budgetary monies. "We're thinking of investing in new drapes for the laundry room, or possibly a new trash can for the basement," added LaRoche.

"Firelands is the crown architectural jewel of the campus, so it's hard to know how we can change the status quo without students and alumni getting angry."

According to ResEd, projects for other residence halls include a new door handle for Harkness, a new rug for Fairchild, and a \$470,000 roof renovation for Talcott.

Firelands Apartments, located on 120 S. Pleasant Street, is a seven-story residential tower and a designated National Historic Landmark. Designed by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright, with the apartment interiors by Philip Johnson, it is considered one of the foremost works of modern architecture in the Midwest, and features prominently on campus tours.

-Keith Spencer



Five Paragraph Essays with Julia Gootzeit

Julia Gootzeit

Revolutions

POLT 211

Prof. Crowley

(1) How has the peasant class contributed to the success of pre-industrial revolutionary movements? Discuss in the context of a specific revolutionary movement and employ an intersectional analysis of identity in terms of nationalism, gender, and class.

Revolutions are very revolutionary because they revolve. The amount they revolve (succeed) is equal to how fast the people (peasants) spin around.

Leta is a revolutionary person because her long legs allow her to spin faster than normal peasants. Normal peasants spin very very slowly and are not very revolutionary. Although Leta can spin quickly, she gets very very dizzy. This leads to differing ideas of identity and nationalism. When Leta becomes so dizzy that she falls over, changes in social structure may occur. She usually falls on top of the elite ruling class, shifting power.

This happened once in Russia causing the Russian revolution.

In conclusion, Leta is a revolutionary individual because of the ways in which her nationalist post soviet identity causes a shift in structural gender norms, leading to increased velocity and longer lower appendages in the context of cross cultural differences in schemas.

SUPREME COURT NOMINEE COMES UNDER FIRE

CHARGES OF BIAS, EMOTIONALITY DIRECTED AT SOTOMAYOR

Judge Sonia Sotomayor is increasingly encountering criticism that her personal experiences and identity will prejudice her legal rulings. A few public statements, a key ruling and claims of ill temperament are coming to dominate the discussion.

Senator Lindsay Graham (R-SC) cited anonymous comments in the Almanac of the Federal Judiciary characterizing Sotomayor as “temperamental and excitable.” Similar criticism has focused on Sotomayor’s belief that personal attributes invariably influence a judge’s ruling. “We’re not robots who listen to evidence and don’t have feelings,” Sotomayor has stated.

Such comments have drawn the ire of groups like Humanoid Rights Watch and their allies, notably Senator Jeff Sessions (R-AL). Sessions criticized President Obama’s claim that “the depth



Firebot carries woman from not-yet-burning building.

and breadth of one’s empathy” are relevant when considering judicial appointments, responding, “Empathy? I think we all know that’s a codeword for ‘human’— robots don’t have empathy.”

A spokesbot for HRW concurred, adding, “beep beep beep. Beep.”

“Nonsense. Absolute nonsense,” Sotomayor responded.

Opponents are rallying around Sotomayor’s now-famous ruling that New Haven Fire Department test results could be thrown out because no human would have received promotion. Sotomayor explained that the decision was “race neutral” since “all the test results were discarded, no one was promoted, and firefighters of every race will have to participate in another selection process.”

Critics dismiss this claim, arguing that members of the human race in particular are benefiting from affirmative action despite their documented lack of qualification. If the original test results had been certified, 17 androids, two cyborgs and no human would have received promotion. The robotic firefighters did especially well on tests of galvanic skin response, chess acumen, and proficiency in Boolean logic.

-Ben Bronner

Oberlin’s Center for Information Technology recently unveiled the new “enhanced network authentication product.” From now on, when members of the Oberlin community next authenticate their computers to the Oberlin network, the new system will install software on the computer to check for P2P file sharing networks and pornographic videos. This “policy key” will be used to inform students if they are violating college internet policy or if they are into particularly kinky shit.

“It’s really a noninvasive and lightweight program. It will not change any files or settings on the user’s computer,” said CIT spokesman Mickey McSlick. “This is a measure we are taking to inform students about the file-sharing clients and GILF movies they might not even be aware of on their computers.”

According to statistics gathered by CIT during the 2008-2009 school year, 85% of Oberlin students and faculty had a BitTorrent client or watersports videos on their work hard drives. “When confronted about their dirty fetishes and file-sharing apps, 70% claimed that they didn’t know how those files got on the computer,” says McSlick. “We found that fact troubling. Clearly, education is the solution.”

It is a mystery how such files could get on a com-

NEW CIT AUTHENTICATION SOFTWARE CUMMING SOON

puter without the user’s knowledge, but it appears to be a serious trend. “My girlfriend found thirty gigs of bestiality porn on my MacBook,” says junior

Lacy Manheim, “and I don’t know how it got there. I’m not into that. Don’t be ridiculous.”

Here’s how the new system works: a spyware application uploads all of the video files on the user’s computer to college servers, at which point the library is scanned manually by CIT employees. The videos are then classified into categories including bukkake, scat play, cum swapping, and tentacle porn.

“We’ve found that our student staff members are very skilled at performing this job, and they enjoy it much more than working at the Computer Help Desk,” added McSlick.

After the videos are processed, the keyboard is replaced and the CIT office is cleaned. Then, a report is sent back to the user of the computer informing them of everything on their hard drive, from anal fisting to zoophilia.

What the user does with the information is up to them. “We want you to know about your Harry Potter-themed diaper porn and your P2P client, so you can take appropriate action before your mother or the RIAA files a formal complaint.”

-Jacob Mallott

NEW CAMPUS HUMOR PUBLICATION SUCKS

Though you probably don't know it, there's a new publication that's looking to rival The Source as the preeminent supplier of irrelevant bullshit on campus. The first two issues of Drivel seemed up to the task, each doling out steaming piles of crap that no one cared about.

But that was last year, under the steady hand of Keith Spencer. Spencer has since graduated, being replaced by college third-year Benjamin Bronner and making *Who do you have to fuck to get that job?* easier to answer than ever before.

To see how Drivel might change after Spencer's departure, I sat down with the new editor-in-chief in what he repeatedly referred to as "the Drivel office." After coaxing me into the backseat of a '92 Volvo station wagon, I spoke with Bronner for the

“I plagiarize most of my jokes off of popsicle sticks.”

articles,” began Bronner, author of such past gems as “Midget Substitute Teacher Mistaken for Lost Child,

Hilarity Ensues” and “What did the Macaroni say to the Tomato?”

“Usually I try to spice it up by throwing some profanity in there, but not the stuff you usually hear. Like, someone might call someone else a ‘cocksicle,’ perhaps in the context of a discussion about popsicles.” At this point Bronner paused, scribbled a note to himself and leaned in before whispering, “Ok—off

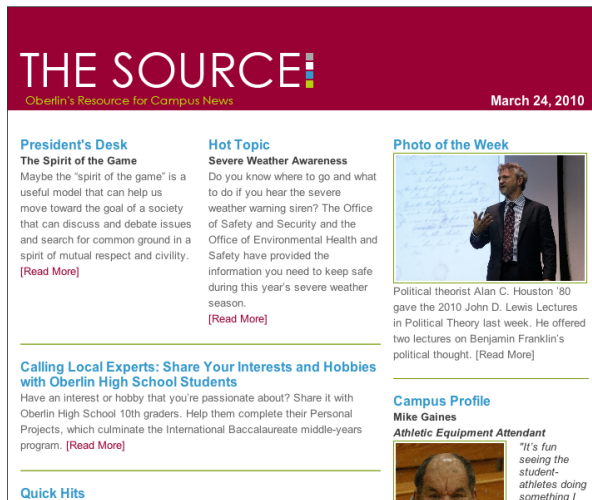
the record, because I don't want to look like a jackass—I just made that up. Just like that. That's how I know the best is yet to come here at Drivel.”

I talked to Spencer by email correspondence: “Yeah, I asked Ben to take over after I left. At that point he was the only other member of the Drivel staff, so I set out to recruit our 3rd, 4th, and 5th members and make Ben a ‘co-editor-in-chief.’ The plan is for Jacob and Katie do the work while Hannah keeps Ben out of trouble, keeps him from slipping anything into the paper. You can

distract him pretty easily with shiny objects, or with boobs.”

That strategy doesn't seem to be working—not if the first issue of the 2009-2010 academic year is any indication. “It's Ben's fault,” says Amanda Lozada, Ben's *ex*-girlfriend (“Be sure to emphasis ‘ex-,’” she says). “That man doesn't have a funny bone in his body—except for his laughably pathetic cock, which much like him can't seem to stand up for itself.”

—Forrest Owl



The original campus humor publication.

THE “SPECIAL” SPECIAL MEAL, continued from page 15

Vegan Four (confused): Who are you kids? What are you doing here? And what's that smell?

There is no response as the first years look fearfully from one to the next.

Vegan Five: We're looking for a human, some poor kid whose gonna' be turned into meat tomorrow morning. Have you seen him?

Still no response. Tension mounts as furtive glances quicken.

Vegan One (assertive, holding a bow and arrow): Hello!? Tree sap got your tongue?

She walks over past the first years to the metal cage, on its side, open, and coated

with blood and fecal matter.

Vegan One (screaming shrilly): Now just what the fuck's going on here?!

First Year Three: Please, please... We. We don't know what you're talking about.

She slinks down, head partially hidden between her knees. Eyes still moving urchin-like. Vegan One looks down spitefully. She hoists up the cage and throws it down next to the first year. The sound rattles her.

Vegan Three (coming forward to restrain V.1): Calm down Katherine, calm down. Remember what Antonio

Gramsci said, “The awareness of being part of a determininal hegemonic force such as political consciousness is the first step towards a further and progressive self-consciousness in which theory and practice finally unite.” These poor kids just haven't taken enough theory classes to awaken that consciousness! Why, they're no better than little Nazis, pobrecitos.

While Vegan Three is talking, one of the First Years has gotten up and is trying to sneak off stage, to the right.

Vegan One (noticing this): Hey übermensch! – *The boy breaks into a run, Vegan One draws her bow and fires,*

continued on next page

THE “SPECIAL” SPECIAL MEAL, *continued from page 20*

hitting the boy in the back – Stop that! No one leaves until we’ve found that human.

The boy now lays writhing, moaning, blood dripping down his spine.

Vegan Five (shocked): Katherine! – He goes over to the boy – What the fuck did you do? He’s hurt real fucking bad, man! – Turning his attention to the boy – Are you alright, brother?

Just then there is clanking and little bursts of steam are expelled from the stack ovens. The smell worsens. Everyone looks up at the sound of approaching footsteps. We hear in the distance someone asking What is that smell? Enter Johnny and Christina, stage right.

Johnny (looking around): Hey freaks, mind if we get some water?

Christina laughs with him and the two go sauntering their way passed the quiet mob, until they notice the wounded First Year. Johnny lets out a frightened gasp. Christina involuntarily exclaims –

Christina: You gotta be fucking kidding me.

She gently trembles, also involuntarily. Neither character has ever witnessed a more gruesome scene. The First Years, up to this point having remained largely paralyzed from a psychotic mélange of shock, fear, and alcohol, also begin to become more animated.

Vegan One: Us kidding you? I don’t think so. We’re here for the human. So fuck you, fuck your water, just tell us where this motherfucking kid is, alright?

Christina: Excuse you, you are being very rude. What you do is your own business – she looks down at the impaled first year while saying this; he convulses and even quivers less and less as his body begins to float in a puddle of his own blood – but don’t get me involved in it. I’m just here for a glass of water. Come on Johnny.

Johnny: Yeah, you guys are all fucking sick. Well, see you at lunch – we’ll try to remember to make a vegan option.

The two step over the line of first years and walk towards the sink. Vegans five and six are chatting together.

Vegan Five: Yo do you think we should try to help that kid?

Vegan Six: Yeah man I don’t know...

First Year Three sobs and cries out uncontrollably.

First Year Three: Oh god! Oh god, ay veh ist mir, ay veh ist mir..

Vegan Six: They say that this is the terror, and that we’re working against it. Against the terror of the market,



against the terror of religion, against the terror of race and speciesism.

First Year Three screams; Johnny and Christina gulp down water.

Vegan Five: And what does it mean to live as an individual, face down in front of a tidal wave of disciplines? This boy lies dying, but a billion more suffer from chronic hunger. Who is the real killer here? Where does the real violence lie?

Johnny and Christina are walking back the way they came. No vegan moves to stop them, and they are about to exit when they notice the blood-stained cage, open, empty.

Johnny: Excuse me, what is this?

He looks around and First Year Three cries even more shrilly, now joined by the violent sobs of the other First Years.

Johnny: Where’d the meat go? What did you do with it? This is totally fucked up, out of line guys – you’re gonna ruin my special meal!

Christina puts an arm around her man and stares down the vegans.

Christina: You can’t expect us to eat him? – *She points to the bloody First Year; now motionless – That’s disgusting, he’s a person. But seriously guys, I understand that you have like, your own little food politics issues or something, but you can’t just go and ruin somebody’s meal like this. It’s really uncooperative.*

Vegan One (patiently): Look Christina, Johnny – we’ve already told you. If we knew where that poor human was then we wouldn’t be standing here with you fuckers.

All turn to regard the First Years who continue to sob and avoid eye contact. They are in the midst of existential throes, immobile in their cocoons as though nailed to a cross. An ear-piercing whistle emits from the stack ovens and smoke billows out.

Vegans (all together): Ahh! Stop that oppressive sound!

Johnny: It’s gonna make us all deaf!

Christina: And it smells like burnt pubic hair!

The First Years are looking up, eyeing each other furtively, bodies convulsing under the rapturous anxiety of a crumbling civilization. Vegans One and Two, who must duck to avoid the smoke, feel their way to the oven.

Vegan Two: It’s on!

Vegan One: There must be something burning inside –

Vegan One opens the oven door and smoke piles out with a thirst like fire to a paper doll house. All cough; the First Years huddle closer against the floor; Vegan Two vomits. The smoke, however, clears quick-

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THE “SPECIAL” SPECIAL MEAL, *continued from page 21*

ly through the oven's hood vents. Johnny, Christina, and the other vegans gather around the open oven.

Vegan Three: Oy mein gott –

Christina: What is that thing?

Vegan Six: It's worse than we had imagined...

Johnny: No, no.. It can't be.

The co-ops stand agape in front of the oven. All silent, all petrified. The First Years are finally moving again – they crawl around their friend's corpse, smearing themselves with his blood, biting off tresses of hair as relics. After a moment, the sound of a door opening in the distance and the muddled voices of two men, jovial, self-involved. August enters from Stage Right with the Trucker. They are both very drunk and have their arms wrapped around each other.

August: And so I told her, fuck you you genocidal bitch!

Both men break out into raucous, knee-slapping laughter.

Trucker: Just like that? You just told her fuck you?

August: Yeah man, just like that. – He dramatically reenacts his recent performance – Fuck you, bitch!

Trucker: Oh man that's crazy! But I don't know how I feel about that deprecating, gendered language. Hey, what's that funky smell?

Both men sniff and stumble about the kitchen, nearly tripping over the corpse.

Trucker: Wooo! What the fuck man!?

The First Years look up, their hair matted and faces stained with blood. Their gaze is expressionless and they no longer quiver.

August: You kids look really crazy man...It's a fucking trip. – *He notices the others gathered around the oven – Hey! Comrades! And you, fascists! Come see, there's some fucked up shit over here – He leans over to embrace the Trucker – Don't worry brother, things don't usually get this wild. Deep down we're all just normal kids.*

Vegan Three runs over to August and embraces him, kissing him with a great, trembling passion. The others move more slowly, still in shock.

Vegan Three: August I'm so sorry about before. I love you so much but I, I just wasn't thinking! But, oh god, after seeing what's in that oven, I'll

never do that again. I feel sickened to my very core.

August: Sarah! Sarah, I love you too darling. Of course I forgive you – I would forgive you anything – even death. But are you OK? What's so bad about that oven?

The Trucker has walked over and is now extracting the stiff, blackened corpse of the human meat-child with a pizza paddle. Charred beyond recognition. Sarah takes August by the hand and gently leads them to the body. The First Years are watching; they rise in a staggered, poetic fashion and follow the couple, taking them by the hands. The other vegans gather as well. All are silent. The Trucker, although he lacks context, seems to have understood perfectly the situation and now is gently swaying, murmuring prayers to himself in Hebrew. After a moment, Vegan One breaks the silence, speaking on behalf of the group.

Vegan One: It is natural to seek to place blame for this gruesome crime. And like so much else in nature, this logic is horribly flawed. For we see, it is by the immediate fault of Johnny and Christina, and to a certain extent, of these First Years as well, that that Human had to perish tonight.

Johnny: Are you saying this shit is my fault?

Vegan One (ignoring him): But it is problematic to pass blame on to Johnny and Christina without considering their motives. We cannot, after all, accuse them of malice! No, they were just following orders, orders ingrained upon their psyches since the very inception of their feeble consciousnesses.

Christina: Feeble consciousness? Look girl, I am entirely self-aware of the institutional power structures and forces which have led to my social formation!

Vegan One (ignoring her): Yes, these poor souls have developed a profound rationalization for their speciesism and genocidal sympathies. For them, their thoughts and actions are entirely normal. Their blood-lust, normal, and our respect for life freakish! But in any case, they can't help it. They can't help the fact that they experience the world in a way so oppositional to how we do, in a way so fun-

damentally fucked up and problematic. We cannot blame them. We certainly cannot punish them, for they are incapable of feeling any remorse.

Johnny: That's the first true thing you've said so far, douche bag.

Vegan One (ignoring him): But I ask you one question – can we really afford to go on living among them? Side by side with their genocide, and us with our humble opinions and them with their own. So humble, so open-minded, so civilized! Can we really continue – She is screaming now – to live squatting on our knees, consuming their hateful rhetoric, ourselves growing more and more complicit with our swelling consciousnesses and idle hands!? And think of our own children! Our own children are to be brought into this world infected by a virus of hate, a virus of derision, of murder and consumption and capitalism that strikes us right at the core! Strikes us and paralyzes us so we can't fight back! Paralyzes our children, six billion paralyzed children and counting! And I'll tell you, I'll tell you all! – *she jumps onto the counter top and grabs the charred meat-boy, waving his body in front of her captive audience – I don't want to live with this shit! I don't want to be complicit anymore, and I don't want my children to be infected, just like those two motherfuckers! She hurls the corpse at Johnny and Christina and jumps down. No, we can't blame them – she moves herself in between them and puts her arms around the two – we can't blame anyone, can't blame anyone for anything! However, we can do one thing. We can cleanse ourselves of these two irredeemably scarred and violent bodies. Cleanse ourselves of this hatred and build a new society based on mutual love and respect out of the ashes of the old. We can create our own history. We can vaccinate all future generations against the viruses of the past and present. Now who's with me?*

All are silent. The vegans and the First Years look amongst themselves. Smiles and optimism radiate from their beautiful young faces. Johnny and Christina squirm against Vegan One's stock-tight grasp.

The lights fade to black.



THE LAST PAGE

Previews, tips and other goodies for the busy homemaker

BOTTOM TEN LEAST USED EMOTICONS OF THE PAST DECADE

10. Feeding Spider ☹️
9. Cry-and-Wink 😭
8. Eye Poked Out 👁️
7. Odysseus' Cyclops 👁️@-
6. Black-eyed Smile 😬
5. Picasso 🎨
4. Happy Unibrow (The Geordi) 😄
3. Trail of Drool 🤮
2. 'Stache and Beard 😬
1. The Sad Wink 😭

source: Gallup poll

WRITE FOR DRIVEL BE PROBLEMATIC

Email drivel.magazine@gmail.com to inquire about future issues and themes. We are especially looking for students to inherit the mantle for next semester. We are always in need of InDesign pros, editors, Photoshop gurus, and of course all the budding Oscar Wildes that create our content. Meeting times vary monthly.

And, as always, read us online in more colors at DRIVELMAG.BLOGSPOT.COM.

Martha Says: Need help stretching your budget this holiday season? Try cutting cocaine with anhydrous caffeine in a 4-to-1 ratio by weight. Stainless steel, backlit LCD electronic scales, accurate to .01 grams, are available in the Martha Stewart section of your local K-Mart.



Next month: Interior decorating in the era of medical marijuana. Photo by Whitman Schorn and Arden Surdam.

GAMES

Binary Sudoku

Instructions: Fill the grid such that every column and row contains all numbers from 0-1. *Rating:* Medium.

	0



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