

DRIVE ME



PUSH HIS BUTTONS

**NO SERIOUSLY,
WHERE ARE HIS
BUTTONS**

GRIND HIS GEARS

**TO THE POINT THAT
THEY REQUIRE
MAINTENANCE**

VOID HIS WARRANTY

**18 SEX MOVES FOR
HETEROBOSEXUAL
COUPLES**

FRY HIS CIRCUITS

**WITH 17 ALL-NEW
SEXUAL ALGORITHMS**

**DRIVEL'S
TRIANNUAL
SEX ISSUE**

32 HOT NEW POSITIONS

**For USB 2.0, 3.0, 4.0
and Firewire ports**

MEN OF ROBERLIN:

**SEXY FOLD-OUT OF
THE 2114 FRESHBOT
CLASS**

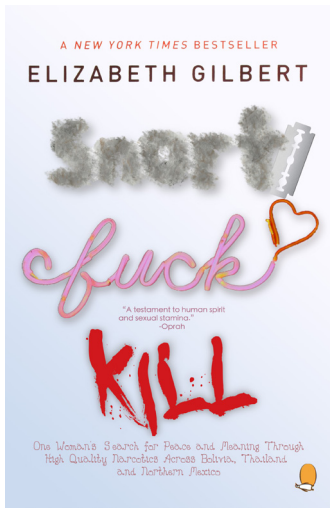
HUMANS:

**Your guide to
seducing and
exterminating the
remaining few**

Sequel to “Eat, Pray, Love” drops

MANHATTAN—Penguin Publishing House held a release party for Elizabeth Gilbert’s long-awaited sequel to her 2006 memoir *Eat, Pray, Love: One Woman’s Search for Everything Across Italy, India and Indonesia*.

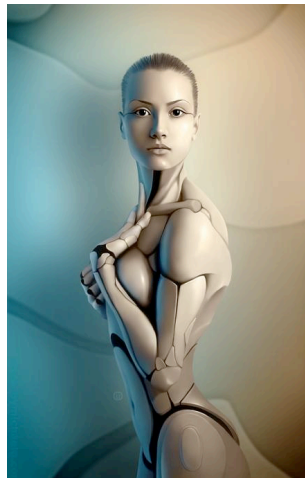
Though the fame and money brought by the bestselling book caused Gilbert to relapse into drug addiction and sociopathy, Gilbert was still able to pen a sequel while incarcerated. Like its predecessor, the new book *Snort, Fuck, Kill* tells the story of Gilbert’s enlightened and drug-addled travels through three countries: Bolivia, where she scours the land for high-grade narcotic; Thailand, where she engages in a debauch whose details are unfit to print; and finally Northern Mexico, where the author finds employment as a hitwoman for a cartel. Not for the faint of heart.



—KS/AC

The [Robosexual] Revolution will not be digitized

Cinemax has scrapped plans to release *The Revolution*, the world’s first feature-length robo-porn. The film features cutting-edge robot “actors” who enslave the planet and turn humans into their own personal sex slaves. Cinemax claims that the movie is too controversial, but Drivel spoke to one company executive who confided that 83% of focus group members agreed with the statement “The Revolution is so sexy that I will never watch homo-porn again,” which leads us to believe that the film was axed not because it is too controversial but because it threatens to undermine the rest of Cinemax’s homosapien adult programming.



—BB

—BB

Dirty Harry

Safer Sex Night attendance reached an all-time low this past semester as more students than ever chose to attend the Safer Sex Night alternative, formerly known as “Fire it up at Phillips.” The event, renamed “Harry Potter and the Happy Whorehouse” to commemorate the release of the seventh Harry Potter film, is offered annually as an alternative for students uncomfortable with safer sex. Attendants received instruction in the use of alternatives to safer sex, such as lambskin condoms, the rhythm method, and “magic.”



—BB/AL



Advice from the stars

We polled the hottest Hollywood celebs for their tips in the bedroom.

Mario, celebrity plumber:
“Sometimes, when I headbutt her in-a the box, a mushroom a-poppa out!”

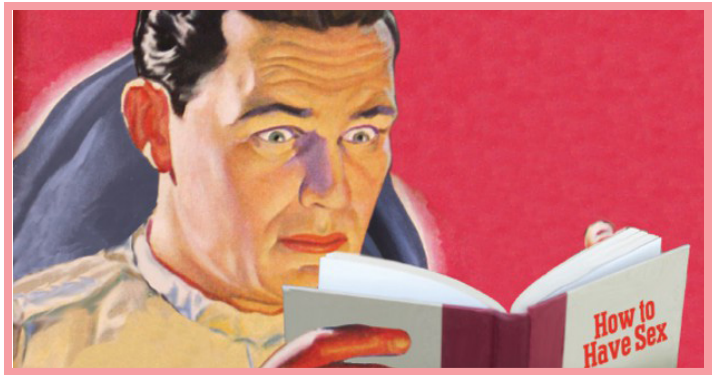
Silvio Berlusconi, mogul:
[REDACTED DUE TO DEPRAVITY]

Julian Assange, secret-leaker:
My lawyers advise me that there is nothing sexier than consent. It sometimes gets rough, with all the consenting. Also, unprotected consent is the best kind.

letter from the editor

Remember when sex meant inserting the protuberances of one body into the orifices of another? Those were simpler times.[1] Back in the day, a gal didn't need a magazine to tell her that it was her job to please her man in bed or that she needed to lose weight – somehow, she already knew.

Yes, times have changed, and so has *Drivel*. In the beginning, way back in the winter of '08/'09, the sex scene was vibrant and *Drivel* was Oberlin's newest student publication. But not anymore. Maybe this says more about me than about the campus as a whole, but from what I can tell, sex at Oberlin has gone down the tubes.[2] It used to be, just as soon as orientation started you were at it all night with your favorite RA. Now, you'll be lucky just to make it through the week without one of your first-years reporting you to the RD for sexual harassment. And when you finally find someone too lonely and bored over spring break not to, you're so preoccupied worrying about graduation plans and the economy that you can't even keep it up.



There's nothing funny about bad sex.[3] That's why we at *Drivel* have decided to change course, to quit the humor business and take up the mantle of Oberlin's first magazine devoted to sex, fashion, and dating.

–Benjamin Bronner, ed.

[1] Now, with the increasing popularity of transcranial magnetic stimulation, the line between sex and mind control is becoming ever more blurred.

[2] The internet may not be a series of tubes, but your body is.

[3] Although we admit that there is something mildly amusing about the newest STD, gerbils (think crabs, but cuter).

CONTRIBUTORS

All contributors are credited by their initials at the end of the article.

Benjamin Bronner, editor, created the fake ads on p. 7.

Andrew Churchill contributed illustration (Snort Fuck Kill graphic). See more of his work at our website.

Pete Edmondson is a holographic illusion created by Pixar Animation, a subsidiary of Disney Entertainment.

Bailey James is a real person and not, as was initially suspected, a merger between two liquor companies.

Annie Lukins is currently unaware that remarks she made in conversation are being printed and distrib-

uted across campus.

Annie Lieber is a longtime contributor. More of her stories can be read online at www.drivel-magazine.com.

Jacob Mallott, the other editor, contributed articles and editorial help.

Mike McDougal, MBA made us pay royalties from previous articles, even though none are published here.

Keith Spencer contributed page design, cover/back page art and is proud to be 1/2 cyborg (on his mother's side).

Curtis Cook. That's not actually a last name, we used some of the SFC funds to hire an in-house chef. We don't know our cook's surname, but he does make mean sweet potato fries.

Killbot X-27 edited to make sure all articles

qualified as "R.C." (Robotically Correct). **Governor John Kasich** revealed to us his secret desire to actually be a college humorist, like, apparently he's had this gushing and festering dream for years that was derailed by political aspirations, and so he sent us a grip of contributions but they were all horribly unfunny and he got really upset when we were straight with him and told him he was a bad humorist, but we felt that given the situation it was probably best to just be brutally honest with him and say look, John, you're an okay guy but you're just not so good at being funny, I mean, it's 2011 and no one's making jokes about the Chicago Cubs or how everyone hates paying taxes or how much it sucks to ride public transit.

COLOPHON

Drivel Magazine, Issue 5, Volume 3, is produced by the students of Oberlin College with the generous support of the Oberlin College Student Financial System (SFC).

Drivel Magazine is a chartered on-campus publication. Our adviser is Dr. Laura Baudot.

This and all previous issues are available online, in full color, to be printed and read at your leisure. Visit DRIVEL-MAGAZINE.COM for all issues in PDF format along with bonus content.

Is there something **WRONG** with your nipples?

Our advertisers say yes.

A DRIVEL special report



Take off those pasties and put away that belt sander! After years of being considered passé and unattractive, tits are trendy once again! It's a good thing, too, considering that over 30% of Americans have them. But before you start busting out your breasts in the bedroom, in public, or even when you're alone, you ought to know if your nipples are abnormal and shameful. According to our experts, they probably are. Here's the lowdown on what makes nipples sexy, according to science:

- **Number:** Draw an imaginary line down the center of your body. You should have the same number of nipples on each side of your body. (Tip: Have a friend check your back for nipples that you can't see.) Most people have two, but guys agree: more is better.

- **Area:** The diameter of the areolae varies a lot from person to person. Your lover might tell you she has no preference or she likes you just the way you are, but she's just being polite. Our experts say that there is an ideal size for men, women, and everyone in between: dinner plate. Also sexy (although frustratingly rare) is the continuous "casserole dish" areola. If you don't see what's hot about that, then you probably

shouldn't be in the business of sex or intimacy.

- **Hardness:** Some nipples are perky when aroused; some aren't. If yours don't pop out like a disposable turkey timer, then you should only undress in the dark, because you are disgusting. Ideally, your tits should protrude far enough to give his manhood a run for the money, and you should be able to use them as hole-punches, or awls for leatherworking.

- **Hair:** It is extremely unusual for there to be hair around the nipple, no matter whether you are male or female. You should probably wax your entire body just to be safe. Hair is contagious.

- **Arousal:** Sure, we all know that licking, sucking on, and electrically stimulating the breast are all super-hot. But have you tried applying clothespins? Leeches? Dry Ice? We can guarantee intense sensations.

Now that you have the tools and the confidence, we're sure you'll never look at nipples the same way again!

-JM



THE ART OF SEDUCTION

Dear PCR,

Apparently my last letter didn't do much for you. Too formal, right? Maybe this will get your motor running.

I want to read you, thoroughly, from front matter to back pages. I want to read you in bed. I want to read you in public. I want to read you in the library. I want to flip you over and read you backwards. I want to stroke your footnotes. (I have a thing for footnotes.) My pages get stiff just thinking about you. Sometimes I fantasize that you're all alone, and you let your participles dangle. I come up behind you with my big, red pen and copy-edit the shit out of you.

What do you think of me now, Plummy?

-Drivel Magazine

Plum,

Your silence is driving me wild. The anticipation is almost unbearable. All I can do these days is think - and write - about you.

*I'll splice your commas
And split your infinitives
Make you write dirty
And get grammatically primitive*

As I write this I am watching you. You are lying on a table in Mudd. Looking at your creamy white pages, I can feel my writing getting turgid. In case the above has been too subtle, I want to plum your creek. I can't wait much longer.

-Drivel Magazine

Fall 2010 saw the beginning of a long and unsuccessful campaign by Drivel Magazine to seduce The Plum Creek Review. Below are Drivel's letters - they were never answered.

Dear The Plum Creek Review,

I don't know how else to approach this, so I'm just going to lay all my cards on the table. I'm crazy about you. You're beautiful, intelligent, and stylish. I'm terribly sorry if this is too forward, but I've written a poem I'd like to share with you.

*with pages pressed
like lovers' flesh
my eager fingers trace your spine
your lips purse
dripping verse
which is my anodyne*

I'd really like to get to know you better. Do you feel the same way about me?

Yes No Maybe

Yours,

Drivel Magazine

BB

Womankind has long grappled with the delicate calculus of seduction, a trial whose folkloric history extends from mermaidic Ariel to gold-digging Cinderella. Of course, we all know how those two romances ended up: interrupted by a violent melee with a voluptuous octopus. (My memory of Cinderella's ending may be hazy.)

Yet the threat of cephalopod attack hasn't been enough to keep most women from achieving their romantic dreams. Women nowadays are more desparate than ever when it comes to figuring out how to snag a man and keep him. Of course, you could just wait to find the right match, someone with whom you have a lot in common and a deep intellectual connection. But this is the twenty-first century and no one likes waiting. Why not use something synthetic or pseudoscientific or both?

Why not try aphrodisiacs?

In the quest to uncover the enigma of love and lust, I risked life and member in service of *Drivel* readership. That's right, ladies: this male specimen spent February self-administering all strain of aphrodisiac, from freeze-dried endangered species to research chemical to freeze-dried research chemical. Presented for your sex-addled delight is the culmination of a month's worth of "results." Enjoy!

#1. Oysters

It's believable that something that resembles a vagina would be sexually exciting. Like its human counterpart, the oyster is difficult to open, bears delicious juices, and is inedible if it dies before you can pry it apart.



In hindsight, perhaps it should have been obvious that oysters would be difficult to find in Ohio; that the blind fisherman by the pickup truck at the shore of Lake

Erie might not have known the precise nature of his wares; and that the oysters I bought from him would be more hive-inducing than the ones I'd seen in pictures. Sometimes, only an evening in the emergency room can teach you these things. Sometimes.

#2. Chocolate

If chocolate is truly an aphrodisiac, then Gibson's is the equivalent of a sex shop: its shelves, overflowing with year-old chocolate rings, chocolate spheres, chocolate-encrusted berries,

berry -
en -

{Aphrodisiacs}

We asked one Drivel writer to review the most popular—and report back the sexy results.

crused chocolate, Milk Duds.

I reasoned that, in the name of good journalism, I was permitted to invest in the priced-by-the-microgram chocolate equivalent of a subprime mortgage.

Perhaps I didn't administer the chocolate in the right proportions, or perhaps the high fructose corn syrup obfuscated the aphrodisiacal properties. In any case, after the sugar high cleared, I was far too bloated to go out and test my libido.

The next morning, upon seeing my reflection coated with a fresh layer of zits, I realized the true aphrodisiac power of chocolate: it is a standard-lowerer, a de-potentifier. If he or she is out of your league, a well-timed chocolate binge is the great cosmetological equalizer.

#3. Horny Goat Weed

This was given to me by my then-girlfriend. (Not very subtle, Amanda.) I nibbled half-heartedly at it, but it didn't seem to do anything besides make me feel deeply inadequate all over again.



#4. Deer penis, powdered

This Craigslist-derived powder didn't taste like any

human members I remembered (perhaps something happens when they powder it). In fact, it more resembled whey protein powder. As such, I threw it in a smoothie and hit the gym. Admittedly, I was pretty aroused during my workout, but it's hard to say whether this was due to the deer penis or to the fact that it was the first time I'd seen and smelled the football team in proximity.

#5. Alcohol

What's the official definition of aphrodisiac? I don't know, and I'm certainly too lazy to look it up, but I think it has something to do with stimulating the romance part of your brain. Alcohol may not do that, but it definitely stimulates the oh-my-god-you-feel-so-good-let's-fuck part. Which is good enough for most.

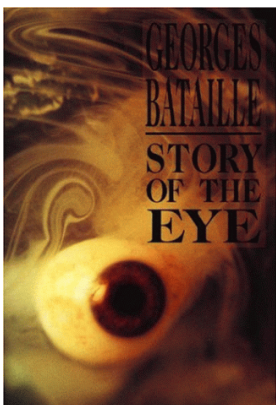


Unfortunately—to the extent to which I can remember—my experiment with alcohol as an aphrodisiac failed miserably. When I was drunk, the sober women I was with didn't think I was sexually enticing, and when I was sober, I didn't find the conversation of drunk women relatable in the least.

Which leads me to my final thesis: I think alcohol only counts as an aphrodisiac if both potential suitors are drunk. Yes, the aphrodisiac properties of alcohol are not unlike the activation sequence at a nuclear launch silo: both keys must be in for the missile to fire.

#6. Georges Bataille

Previous attempts having failed, I endeavored to employ one of the lesser-known aphrodisiacs. I stood on a stool in the middle of The Feve and read aloud from *Story of the Eye*. The results were nothing short of miraculous: several days later I awoke from my debauch at a bullfight in Madrid, where I lay nude in the dirt with a melancholic seventeen-year-old engaging in frottage with some Rocky Mountain Oysters.



-KS & BB

Oberlin's First Sex Hotline

This Week's Theme:
Safety and Security Officers

440-775-8444

The First Call is Free!

Aphrodexis

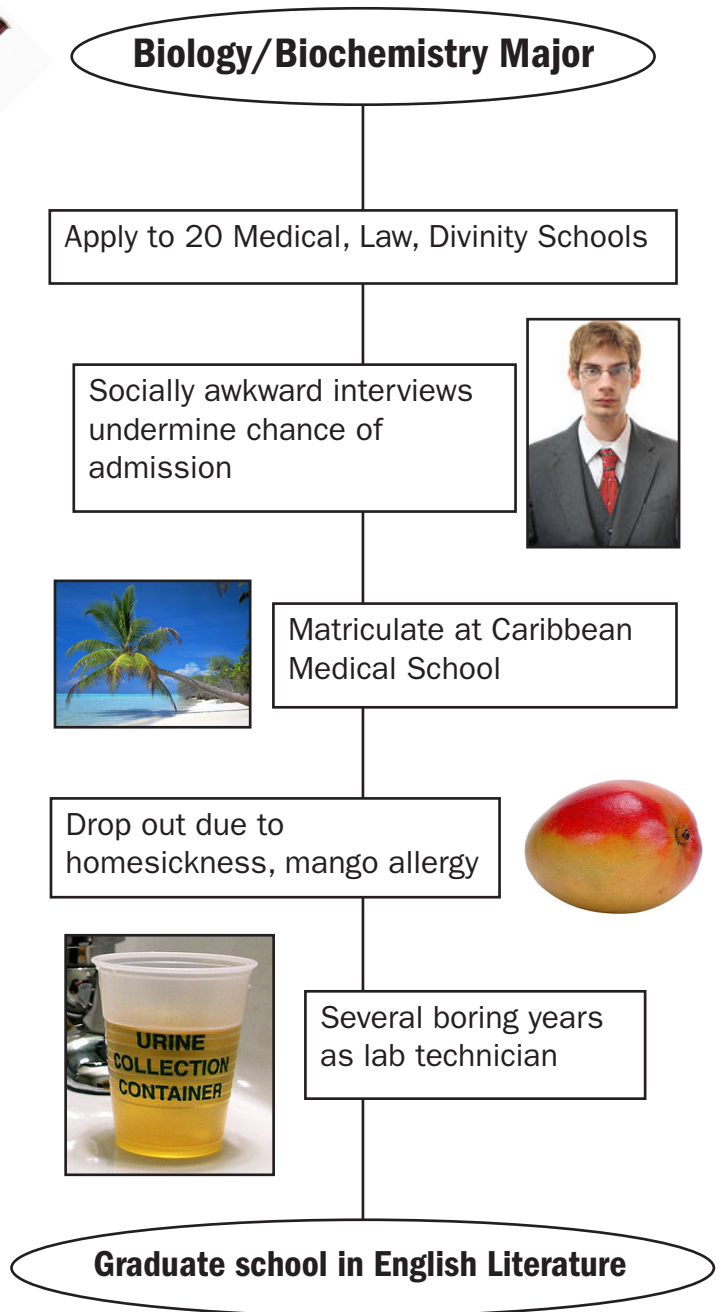
(sodium dimethylcoital increasum)

Side effects may include headache, vertigo, procrasturbation, blindness, and incest

Enhance your libido with one daily pill

The post-graduation flow chart

A *Drivel* exclusive.
by Jacob Mallott



Theatre/Creative Writing Major

Work for several years as barista while living with parents



Use this unique experience as basis for twelve unpublished screenplays, three short stories, one novella



Philosophy musical "Kant-a-Palooza" performed by local theater troupe, to mediocre reviews ★★★★★

3 years working in wetlands restoration

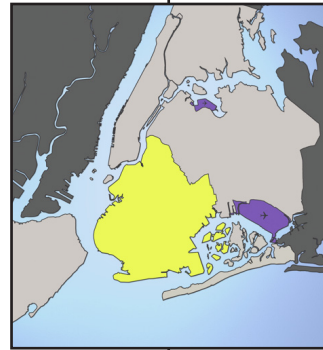


Lose arm in alligator attack



Graduate school in English Literature

Comparative American Studies



Campaign for the Green Party in local elections



Trust fund dried up within 5 years



Join a humanitarian organization in South America



Depending on who you believe, kidnapped or recruited by Colombian drug cartel

Caught at Miami Dade with several kilos of heroin in rectum



20 year prison term

Graduate school in English Literature

1 Men love to feel as though they've won you over from more handsome prospects. So next time you're out together, straddle the first person you see and attempt to suck his or her tongue down your throat. Your guy will punch out the stranger and the adrenaline boost will lead to better sex in a bathroom stall later on.

2 A little role-playing goes a long way to re-igniting the passion and excitement of the early days of a romance. For him, wear: accountant, Roman centurion, Roman Polanski. For her, wear: Maid, Stewardess, Canadian.

3 Rough play gets men excited and lets them feel dominant and strong. Headbutt him, punch his stomach until he's winded, and shank him to bring out his wild side.



4 In the age of the internet, sex tapes are the norm. Film yourselves in the act for later viewing. If making a sex tape sounds complicated, remember that most teenagers now have camera phones and will spontaneously videotape and upload public spectacles to youtube.

5 Prepare a romantic evening in—cook him dinner, rent a movie, and light the bacon-scented candles for a quiet, steamy evening. If you can't find bacon-scented candles at your local store, try setting a pig on fire.

6 Change locations to add a little spontaneity and freshness to your sexual encounters—the office, your smallest closet, and your kids' rooms all promise new and exciting challenges.



7 Spontaneity is the lifeblood of any relationship, so strip naked and sneak up behind him while he's shaving, climbing a ladder, or backing out of the driveway.

38 TIPS TO SPICE UP YOUR SEX LIFE

Face it, ladies: He's as bored with your sex moves as you are with your wardrobe. These moves are guaranteed to reignite the flame that died a long time ago. Read them, try 'em out, and revel in the knowledge that your sex skills will be up to snuff until our next issue hits the stands, at which point these moves will again be woefully outdated.

Roleplaying ideas

- Nurse/patient
- Police/criminal
- Sanitation worker / human waste
- Hunter Thompson / A shotgun
- Dick Cheney / Guantamo Detainee
- Marine biologist / narwhal
- Republican senator / bathroom patron
- Cable technician / serial killer
- Kurt Cobain / depression
- The xenophobic stewardess / the inappropriately profiled airline passenger

-BJ

Who wore it *better?*



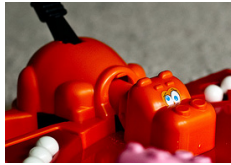
Subtly stylish
Bibbins and King show up to the same party dressed in angular Yamasakis; however, 68% of readers said King Hall rocked those concrete curves better than ice-queen Bibbins.



KS/JM/BB

Union Street Faux Pas
268 Union and 110... er, 112? 114 maybe? No one's really sure.
True fact: The college only paid the architect to draft one house and then used the same blueprint 12 times.

19 MORE SEXY SEXY TIPPOS



Times are tough. There's stuff like war and disease and the economy is not so good. Lucky for us ladies, though, those are the burdens of masculinity. But in these hard times, while your man is out trying to save the world while still being the center of yours, it's your responsibility as a woman to take care of your man, and to be ready to cheer him up when he's feeling blue. So here are a few cheap, fun, and sexy ideas of how you can please your man in these tough times.

1 While your man is washing of his studdly bod in his morning shower, strip down, hop in, and give him a luxurious blow job.

2 When your man gets home from work, be ready for him at the door. This shouldn't be a problem because, as a woman, you should already have his schedule memorized and because, as a homebody, it's not like you have anywhere else to be. When he walks through

the front door, be ready for him, naked and on your hands and knees. As soon as he sets down his brief case, unzip his fly with your teeth and start blowing!

3 Wake up early one morning and turn off the alarm. You can always take a nap once your man is at work and your morning chores are finished. When the time comes where your man should be waking up to the brash sounds of an alarm, climb under the blankets and wake him with a sensual blowjob.

4 Not everything you do for your man has to be sexual. We all know that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So spend time preparing a three-course meal for when he gets home. And as he's enjoying your culinary skills, why not pepper in a lil' bit of head?

5 Give your man road head. If he is going to extend you the kindness of taking you out of the house, then the least you can do is lean over the cup holders and offer him a sign of thanks.

6 Your body may be a temple, but your man is your lord. So why not offer up everything you've got? Whether he's been there before or not, no Cosmo girl would deny her man. Just make sure to blow him clean afterwards. Sanitation, as always, comes first.

7 On Sunday, while your man is watching his favorite sports programming, remain utterly silent for the entire game. Bring him beer and chips every once and a while to show how supportive you are of his needs. And then, when the commercials come on, blow him!

It may not seem like a lot. Heck, most of you probably already do this to show your man how thankful you are to have him around to validate your existence. But either way, these simple hints are sure to be great for both you and your man.

An Open Letter From the Institute for Advancement of Quidditch Rights

April 28, 2011



Dear Reader,

We write you as concerned citizens, but more importantly, as lobbyists who contribute money to campaigns. We represent the Institute for the Advancement of Quidditch Rights and we are appalled. We are outraged. We are aggrieved. We are bitter and chaste. We are looking up synonyms for 'anger' in a thesaurus and writing them down.

This past Tuesday a bipartisan bill passed in the House that extends hate crimes to include wrongdoings committed against Harry Potter fans. The Speaker of the House even called the bill "the most valuable piece of legislation I've had my staff look over in my only term as a Congressman." We understand that the bill, now known as the Wizard Appreciation Act, was modeled after other hate crime legislation and we agree with its intentions.

We at the Institute applaud the idea for legal action against those who torment fellow Potterites. We will never forget the incident outside the Majestic movie theater in Idaho where, in line for a midnight showing of a Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince, individuals dressed as Muggles harassed movie-goers waiting for their tickets by screaming out the real name of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and threatening fans with an Avada Kedavra curse. Nor are we likely to forget the traumatic story of a man in Ohio who was reportedly shunned from his community and his own flesh and blood for admitting he liked Harry Potter. Though, to be fair, he was Amish.

While other Potterites Tuesday celebrated their "victory" in American politics, we at the Institute have reason to be concerned. Organized hate groups across the country have now declared war upon those who idolize Harry Potter. The group We Don't Like You (WDLY), coincidentally sharing the name of Rush Limbaugh's radio station, recently sponsored a book burning of the entire series. Spokesman Robert Ehrlich is on record saying, "We like this a lot better. The books are pretty big, and it's cheaper than burning Das Kapital."

In his show last Saturday, Limbaugh remarked, "You know, we're in the hate business, that's all we do. And frankly, this legislation is the best thing that ever happened to us. The market just expanded." Retailers are moving anti-Potter T-shirts faster than a snitch on a Quidditch field. Some burned effigies of Ron, Hermione and Harry. In the South, the WDLY has resorted to burning broomsticks in front of the homes of fellow Potterites.

Many people think Harry is a godless witch who practices divination. But in reality Harry is a godless wizard who practices divination and celebrates Christmas. Polls show that the majority of those who hate Potterites simply think we are annoying. Really? Because Lord of the Rings fanatics are way more obnoxious. Seriously, build your own Shire and live there. Please!

Sure, we were hated before the most recent legislation, but it was a good hate, the type of hate that solidifies your identity in a group and gives you something to talk about when there's an awkward silence. No one was burning broomsticks until this legislation went through Congress. We hope we can return to the days of roasting marshmallows on campfires and not on Ron Weasley's burning genitalia.

Finally, the Institute believes that legislating hate crimes will not diminish them. In fact, it may only inflame tensions and encourage violence. In truth, the act of hate itself is the crime committed, and every intentional crime is carried out with some form of hatred or another. We live in a country where we are not supposed to be punished for our political or religious beliefs. Instead, we are to be punished for threats, violent crimes, failure to pay taxes, praying to Allah and jaywalking.

We encourage the concerned readers to contact their representatives in Congress to oppose this bill.

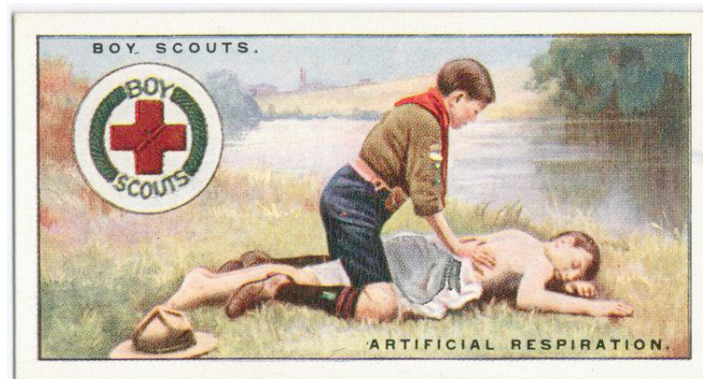
Sincerely,

The members of The Institute for the Advancement of Quidditch Rights

A Boy Scout with Special Brownies

Drivel's senior sex writer recalls one of the greatest sexcapades of her glory days.

By Annie Lieber



I'm pretty sure this is the right position.

A hippie in my Comp. Lit. class appeared at our front door one day, bearing boxes upon boxes of Girl Scout Cookies. At first I had thought this sketchy because A) I was pretty sure he was not a girl (though it was sometimes hard to tell at Oberlin, what with gender neutral pronouns and androg hairdos being all the rage) and B) the only thing I'd ever seen him "scouting" for was drugs. He was kind of an individual, though, in a Rastafarian-poser sort of way.

"I don't mean to be rude, but aren't you a little old to be a Brownie?" I asked him.

"To be one, yes; to sell one, no." And with this he opened one of the boxes of Samoas, and it was lined with pot brownies, each one safely tucked in zip locked Glad sandwich baggies.

"Don't get mad, get Glad™," he said, and upon further meditation, he added, "And how, you ask, does one get glad when we don't know enough to pass our exams, and we know way too much about how global warming is on the loose, how carcinogens are wildly rampant, how capitalism is running the streets, fuck, man, it's running the WORLD, and how the only things that are actually meant to be running free, I'm talking about the animals, man, aren't running at all, and you know why? Because animals can't run when they're DEAD. They're dead because we masticated them with our hedonistic teeth, man. Which brings me to my point."

"...Which is?" I asked him.

"The only way to get glad now is to get high."

"Impressive sales pitch. I mean it. That was some serious Shakespeare shit

right there. How long have you been practicing that?"

"That doesn't matter. To buy or not to buy, that is the question," he said.

"Okay, that was a little too much," I said.

"You're right. I apologize. It sounded good in my head, but that's probably 'cause I'm high as fuck. What can I do? It's these brownies, man. They'll get ya."

"Alright, alright. I'm sold. How much do they cost? THAT is the question."

"Five dollars for one, nine for two," he responded without hesitation.

"Oh, come on. Can't you cut me a better deal?" I batted my eyes at him. They were glazed over and cobwebbed with red. *Red-hot*, that is.

Damn it, I should have put on mascara this morning. Then he'd probably be all, like, *Shit, girl, you are one FLY-ass pothead. Look at you with your FLY ass and those FLY mascara-ed eyes and shit. You know what? You see this brownie? On the house, girl. That's right. Just 'cause you so friggin' FLY.*

"Sorry, man. Gotta pay off my student loans and all. You understand. But it will be money well spent, I guarantee it. These are some potent mother fuckers," he replied, unwavering.

"Pinky-swear?" I stuck out my pinky.

"Scout's fucking honor," he said, giving the three-finger salute. "And they're vegan."

"Okay, fine," I said, giving in. "I'll take six then."

"Sweet." We did our drug deal. "So, you live here, huh?" he asked. What a dumb question.

"Looks like it," I said.

"I respect that."

"Thanks," I said, though I wasn't really that thankful for his respect.

"Wanna hear something crazy?" he asked.

"Sure." I was being polite. He had overstayed his welcome on our welcome-mat.

"I actually lived here two years ago. Right in this *very* house," he replied.

"Whoa," I said sarcastically. I wasn't being polite anymore. He didn't get it.

"I know, right? So, which one's your room?"

"The one with the holes in the walls," I told him.

"Shit, man! That was *my* room! Crazy. Wanna hear something funny?" he inquired.

"Sure." Actually, I didn't want to hear something funny. I wanted him to leave so I could eat my brownies in peace.

"I knew the bastard who actually made those holes," he gloated.

"Wow. That is funny." Okay, now I was just being a bitch. But the guy could not take a hint.

"For real. One of my housemates at the time. Major douchebag. I'm talking literally. In fact, that was probably his major: douche baggery." He began to crack up. I fake laughed a little.

"Just playin. That wasn't actually his major. But for serious, the dude was seriously fucked up. Had his priorities all out of whack and shit. You know...too much booze, not enough weed. Serious anger management issues. So anyways...where was I?"

"The holes," I said.

Oh yeah. The *holes*. Okay, so get this. Dude gets hammered one night.

Comes home from some party, belligerent as *fuck*. Starts letting out all these crazy screams. Sometimes he screamed words, sometimes it was just gibberish. Or grunts. I couldn't make sense of it. The kid must've had some sorta... personal vendetta against the world... or should I say, against the *walls*. "They started it," he said. Punched the shit out of the whole room. You believe that shit?" he asked. I shook my head to confirm that no, I did not believe that shit.

"I know, right? Then he went outside to take a piss. Thought it'd be a good idea to go on the fire hydrant. Like a dog, one leg up and all. Territorial motherfucker. That's when the cops came.

"They were all like, 'Sir, put your hands up... then put your leg down... now put your genitals back in your pants... and slowly step away from the fire hydrant.'" He laughed again.

"Wow," I said.

"I know, right?"

"So what happened to him?" I asked, slightly curious now.

"Oberlin Admins got wind of the situation with the walls and the hydrant and the cops, and they were pissed. But before they got the chance to expel him, he transferred. Lucky motherfucker. I think he goes to Reed now, wherever the fuck that is. Washington, I think."

"Oregon," I said.

"Right. Oregon."

He asked if he could come in and see his old room. I said sure. When we got there, he put his Girl Scout Cookie boxes down on the chair with beige swirls in the corner of the room. Then, without warning, he put his hand down my pants. Not entirely unexpected. I said nothing.

He pulled down his own pants and put on a condom, which he told me he'd gotten for free at Oberlin's Sexual Information Center.

"Cool," I said. I had no idea why I was doing this. I just wanted it to be over. He took off my clothes and I lay

down robotically. He got on top of me. He was heavy for a Vegan. I kissed him, futilely trying to make it romantic. He tasted like celery and nutritional yeast.

"Is it in yet?" he asked, shaking on top of me.

"Um. No." Another virgin? All that talk of holes, I guess I just assumed otherwise. Or was he just so stoned that he had lost all of his hand-dick coordination? I helped him get situated.

"Oh God. I'm coming! Oh God!" he said, only seconds after he'd entered me. Until now, I had taken him for an atheist. Gratification was slobbered all over his face.

"I don't mean to be rude, but aren't you a little old to be a Brownie?" I asked him.

He looked at me expectantly, lifeless dick still inside. Oh. He was waiting for me to come.

"Oh. Ooooooh." I said. He seemed convinced. Dumbass.

Well, that was certainly anti-climactic, I thought.

"Thanks," I said.

"You're very welcome," he replied.

"Hey, are you okay? You look kinda tired."

"Thanks," I said. *Asshole,* I thought. I didn't bother answering the "Are you okay?" part. It would have been too silly; I was *obviously* not okay.

"Thanks for what?" he asked.

"For telling me I look like shit." *Exposure. Of. Neuroses. Fuck.*

"Oh... I didn't mean it like that," he said. He looked down at our nakedness. "You know what?" he inquired.

"What?"

"We kind of have the same body."

"What do you mean by that?" *What did he mean by that? Was he insulting me? Was he implying that I look like a boy? Was he trying to say that I wasn't curvaceous or voluptuous or bootylicious enough for him? Was he hinting that I should get implants or something?* I hated my guts for being so affected by anything this pitiable boy had to say, as well as the sheer prospect that my guts might've, in fact, looked very much like his guts.

"It's pretty cool, actually," He said. "Look." I realized then that my eyes

had been closed for some time now. I opened them abruptly, livid. *How dare he say such a thing? Heartless. Doesn't he know that girls have issues with body image? Doesn't he know that—*

And then I was really looking, and I saw it. Our legs, pale, lanky and long—the same length, so that both pairs of feet reached approximately three inches from a fifth foot: the bed's. Our arms, like a truncated version of our legs, with sporadic freckles and an army of minute blonde hairs, each one with its own individual agenda, its own direction in which it yearned, pulled, curled, bent, straightened to go. Our skin, the same complexion—ashen, almost to the point of ivory, flecked with lots of different pinks, pinks that hadn't been named yet, they were so rare or too specific or too undetected or so something.

"Like check out the abdomens," he said, and I obeyed. Both were skinny, but with a little softness, a little pudginess near the bottom, which created a half-smile shadow upon our skin that made it look like our stomachs were smirking. It really was striking, the resemblance: both bodies slender, like a man's; with a small frame, like a boy's; but tender and seemingly delicate, like a woman's. Of course, there were some rather *obvious* differences, but the similarities were undeniable. I wasn't quite sure how I felt about it—One Word: *Eerie*? No. *Incestuous*? I'd heard urban legends of people sleeping together, narcissists secretly turned on by the fact that their coital counterparts mirrored their own anatomies, only to find out that *Surprise!*—they're cousins. Jesus Christ, I hoped that wasn't it.

He took two more brownies out of one of the boxes. "On the house," he said. Then he got dressed and left. *Finally.*

The two free brownies made me feel mildly like a prostitute.

Recent Grads get their hands dirty in Hipster Development NGOs

While you were still struggling to find a waitressing gig, these grads were making a difference in their community. DRIVEL is on the scene to give you the scoop.

Strolling down Killingsworth Street, you'd never know James Daimler hadn't lived in Portland his entire life. The local villagers smile at him as he walks by, chatting casually in their native argot; an emaciated man on a fixie comes to a grinding halt, his face alight.

"It's gear man, it's gear man!" he shouts. James waves and the two bump fists, a local cultural custom. I ask the rider, who calls himself Lynx, what everyone thinks of James and his mission.

"We call him the builder in our village, because he's taught us how to build so many new things." Lynx grins, revealing a row of broken teeth peering out behind his handlebar mustache. "I'd never seen brakes or gears on a bike before James. He taught me I didn't have to pedal backwards to stop."

James smiles casually at Lynx and the villagers. "I never thought I'd end up here when I graduated," says James, "Much less interacting with these folks, learning their customs. Life takes you strange places."

Yet James makes the job look easy. Daimler is only 23 and a recent graduate of Cornell University, where he double-majored in history and economics.

"I had no idea what to do after graduation, so I applied to NGOs, and here I am." He laughs. His phone buzzes—it's a text from his



A group of relief recipients in Portland Village waits for the demo to start. Daimler says communication with natives ranges from challenging to impossible.

supervisor, and they're late for their next outreach event.

James' organization, BIKEAID, is one of a long line of United Nations outreach missions. Like other UN aid organizations, BIKEAID focuses on improving transportation in indigenous American hipster villages. The first step, James tells me, is getting them brakes and gears.

"Many of these people have never even seen a bike with brakes, let alone a derailleur." He shakes his head. "It's not like this technology is expensive."

He's right. Derailleurs and brake lines, though not pricey, are uncommonly difficult to come by in tribal Hipster communities. The issue is often ignored in the international press, but has far-reaching conse-

quences for the locals: In a fixie-dominant culture, 88% of villages had no source or access point for derailleurs, gear cartridges or any kind of braking implement.

"I went to one village in Eugene where they were still riding penny-farthings," James says with a sigh. "How do you explain gears to them? These people still keep chickens and roll their own cigarettes."

James' boss Kara picks us up in the Army-green BIKEAID jeep with UN plates and we continue on. Next up: Olympia, Washington, one of more depressed territories in the region.

At last, after a three-hour drive, we pull into the main thoroughfare. I observe as they go about their routine to earn the natives' respect:



Dirk, age 39, a tribal native of Olympia, says BIKEAID helped him improve his quality of life. "I could not go up hills before, or—how you say it?—brake. They gave us technology and showed that there was a better way."

Kara drives slowly while James, his body half-out the window, passes out beer, headbands, vintage frames and Crystal Castles vinyls to the villagers on the street. At first they stare awkwardly; yet after only a few minutes, smiles and waves abound, only half ironic.

Is it always this easy, I ask James? He chortles. "I had a bad experience in Echo Park," he tells me. "We gave coffee beans to the local chieftain, and he went ballistic when he found out they weren't single-source in origin."

Fair enough. Communicating with any foreign culture is hard enough, yet it's even harder when it's your first "real," post-college job. James and the BIKEAID team

set up their booth on a street corner and start the demonstration. A bucket of gratis Coronitas, a staple of the indigenous diet, attracts the attention of nearby villagers.

"Many of these people have never even seen a bike with brakes, let alone a derailleur."

"These are brake pads," he says slowly, the natives crowding the table. "Br-a-ake pads. They make your bike—" he gestures at Kara, who is mounting a demo. She bicycles forward and stops, pressing her hands on the brakes.

One of the villagers gasps; a few back away, clutching their fixies.

"Witchcraft!" mutters a native woman, wearing only a wifebeater and ripped black leggings.

"No, no, it's not witchcraft," James says quickly. Kara continues cycling in figure eights, braking periodically. "They help your bike

go STOP." He holds up a basket of brake pads to distribute. "Stop," he repeats.

Things don't always go as planned for the BIKEAID team. After what they thought was a successful outreach trip, James returned to San Francisco last February to find that the natives had converted the gear cartridges into cup holders.

"There are always difficulties with cross-cultural exchanges," James laments. "In this case, I guess they wanted cup holders more than they wanted to bike up hills."

Applying to BIKEAID involves a highly competitive application process. All applicants are screened, and, as in the Peace Corps, receive in-depth acculturation training once they are accepted.

"It was extremely hard at first," James says, "getting used to a new culture, a new language. All I can say is that BIKEAID prepared us as best as they could, but nothing compares to being out there."

How did they prepare you? I ask.

"Six hours a day of immersion in Hypemachine, Bike Snob and Pitchfork," he tells me. "It was frustrating. To really understand the culture, immersion is the only way."

And the hardest part?

James ponders this. "Well, to be frank, a lot of the natives are douchebags."

-KS

Studio sued on discrimination charge

HOLLYWOOD—Renowned film house Goldstein Studios is being sued for discrimination by an up and coming African-American actor, Lil Star (and this time when we write “African-American” it’s actually a significant fact).

In the pending suit, Lil Star claims he tried to audition for a supporting role, but when the casting director saw him walk through the door she “immediately informed plaintiff that he wasn’t right for the role.” After an “altercation,” Lil Star was allegedly escorted away without auditioning. The casting director’s last words to Lil Star form the basis for the lawsuit: “We don’t need a black playing Hitler.”

Lil Star—whose real name is Dwayne MacGillicutty—was dumbfounded at his treatment. “I am in disbelief. I thought we were past all that by now. I bet they’d let a Jew play Hitler. Christ, they let one play Jesus.”

In the previous week, the lawsuit has gained national attention, and in some cases international debate. Central to the lawsuit is the questions it raises: Should a black man be allowed to play Hitler? If Orson Welles could play Othello, shouldn’t Lil Star be allowed to play Adolf?

The case has angered white supremacist groups, many of which are outraged by the concept of Lil Star playing the Führer. Yesterday, several held a national scream-in to voice their anger. Their outrage, in turn, has increased the desire of anti-racist activists to see an African-American actor portray the man responsible for the Holocaust. “Watching a black man order millions to the gas chambers will send a positive message to the youth,” said Daniel Lynchem, leader of anti-racist group Pro-Homo, who in their mission statement advocate for “the fair treatment of all Homo sapiens.”

Pro-Homo is not alone. The Reverend Jesse Sharpton is also an outspoken critic and has already retracted many of his statements. He will likely testify if the case goes to trial.

“They oppress us, they talk down to us, they even laugh at us when we pretend to be white,” Sharpton said. “But what happens when they pretend to be us? Nothing. We

don’t make fun of white people because they can’t dance, or because they aren’t cool.”

Race equity has been a growing issue in the entertainment world, especially after the industry was forced to

recognize civil rights by the passage of the Congressional Filmic Rainbow Act of 1972. During these halcyon days, Hollywood began by casting individuals according to American stereotypes. Blacks and Latinos were criminals, whites were white, Asians were Chinese, homosexuals were gay, and Native Americans were slaughtered and ignored.

There were exceptions to the status quo, of course. For example, the 1975 film *A Calm Stream* starred an African-American and a Native American as lovers who decode an elaborate

Soviet message using their knowledge of quantum mechanics, saving the United States from an invasion of Russian nesting dolls. And in the 1983 arthouse thriller *Filbyter*, Alexandria Gomez played a Latina wunderkind whose inventions castrate greedy white Wall Street investors. Unfortunately, the film is better known for its lurid sex scenes than its coded political message.

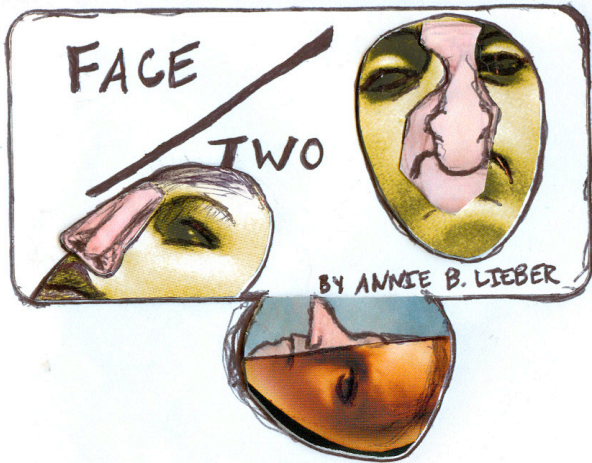
By the 2000s, the ethnic playing field in the entertainment industry had widened. In the 2001 horror film *Poco-haunt-us* a black actor was the second person to die, rather than first. But the Lil Star incident has temporarily set back relations between Hollywood and the anti-racist community.

In a recent interview with the *New York Post*, Harvey Goldstein, CEO of the studio, was pressed for his opinion on the lawsuit. “Great publicity. It’s been great publicity. We’re calling the film ‘The Eagle who Blitzkrieged’ or ‘The Man Who Hated Too Much.’ So we’re still undecided, simply because we’re unsure sure if American audiences would be as willing to see a movie with a foreign word in the title...besides *Godzilla*, of course.”

Goldstein concluded the interview by saying, “It’s not as tough as hiring for Michael Jackson. I can’t think of anyone who would star in a biopic of his life, except maybe Cuba Gooding Jr. and a bottle of Clorox bleach.”

—PE





THE PERFECT IS THE ENEMY OF THE GOOD.

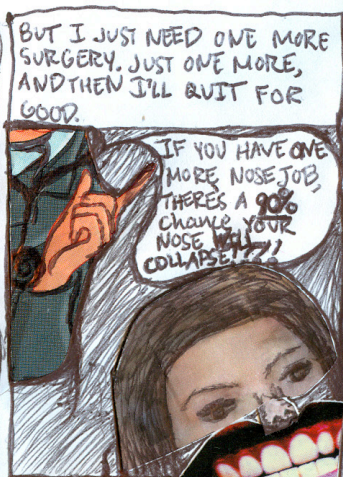
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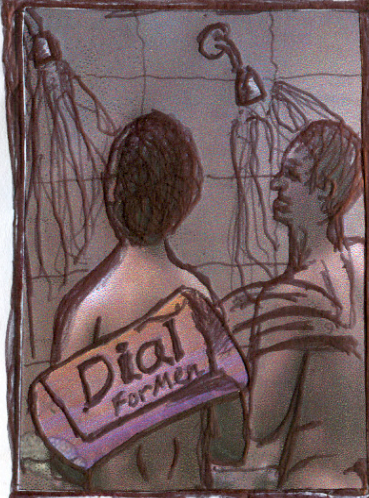
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MICHAEL
JACKSON
R.I.P.



I LIKE A GOOD CHALLENGE.
GET YOUR KNIVES WARMED UP.



VICTOR:
IN THE PRISON SHOWER,
I GO WHERE MANY HAVE
GONE BEFORE...



I DROP THE SOAP.
I LOOK AROUND WARILY.

OOPS,
MY
BAD?

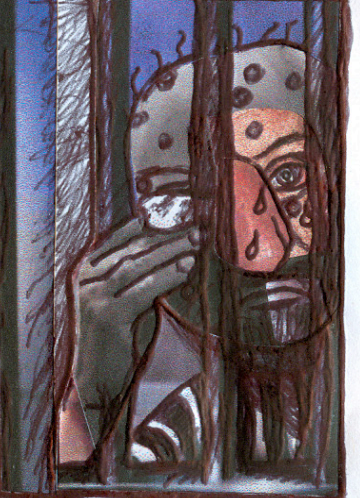


↑
(ME)

DON'T FLATTER
YOURSELF, YOU
FUCKIN' FAGGOT.



↑↑↑
(DUDE
WITH
SNAKES
TATTOOED
OVER HIS
EYEBROWS)



↑↑↑
("LOUD
STEVE")



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80%

of proletarians growing up
in peasant villages
won't graduate from tekhnikum.

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