



Wearing dirty socks, since 1987

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PSYCHE! SURVEY

Psych Major: Hey let's put a behavioral survey on the internet.

Other Psych Major: yeah and lets get people to take the survey by promising them their choice of candy bar if they complete the survey.

Psych Major: Hey you know what'd be funny? Not giving them the candy bar.

Other Psych Major: yeah that'll show them for choosing majors that are academically rigorous.

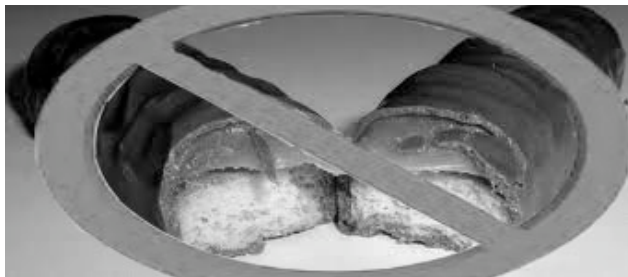
Psych Major: This is so great. We are so funny and clever.

Other Psych Major: Yeah! Funny and clever, a triple threat! Oh wait that's only two things.... Sometimes math is hard, although obviously not as hard as psych.

Psych Major: Not giving them the candy bar means we are conducting two experiments: the one where we ask people stupid questions on the internet and see how they respond, and the one where we lie to people about whether or not they are about to receive a candy bar and see how they respond.

Other Psych Major: Cool. If we are doing two experiments then this is probably enough work to count as both of our theses. The only problem I see is that we will have no empirical way to accurately obtain data from the second experiment.

Psych Major: That's OK, we don't have an accurate empirical assessment of the data from the first experiment either, because we are not a science! We can just get the results of the second experiment by hypothesizing about how students will respond to our treachery.



What was in my mailbox

Other Psych Major: Good idea. I bet it will go something like this: when a student respondent to the survey, such as, hypothetically, Jeff Blum who, for some reason, even though we have never met, I have a grudge against, gets his hopes up because he thinks he will have a delicious Twix in his mailbox after a long hard day in classes that are much harder than my psych classes, he will have no sugary treat, only a little purple slip of paper inviting him to enter the Mary Barnard Poetry Contest.

Psych Major: yeah, and had he had a blood sugar boost from that Twix he could have entered and perhaps won the Mary Barnard Poetry Contest, but now he won't have the energy to write any poetry at all, let alone competition grade poetry.

Other Psych Major: I always felt that somewhere deep inside him was the makings of a great poet even though he hasn't written any poetry since the traumatizing events of the third grade where he had to write poems for class and he used the word 'hapless' in a poem about an egret

that was really quite precocious and his mean third grade teacher told him in a really condescending voice that, "Hapless isn't a word. But it's OK, you can make words up in poetry." and then he insisted that it was a word and they looked it up together so that she could prove him wrong and of course it was a word because for someone entrusted with the minds and futures of our nation's youth she was really fucking stupid, and for the rest of the year she hated him and when one day, for reasons that he has successfully blocked out of his memory, he started crying in class she just told him to suck it up. But I guess we'll never know and that potential hidden talent will lie dormant forever.

Psych Major: I bet he will have forgotten all about his horrible third grade teacher, but then the betrayal and pain of not having a candy bar in his mailbox will remind him that there is great evil in the world and he will think about those bad times again and he will rehash that whole painful year in his head.

Other Psych Major: Yeah, and then he will remember that that teacher promised to teach him and his entire class how to write the script alphabet but reneged on that promise when she got engaged halfway through the year and decided to forgo the last 16 letters she had promised to teach them in favor of showing the class her shiny engagement ring which, although admittedly very shiny, did not help prepare them for the future as well as the script alphabet would have. Kind of like we reneged on our promise to leave a Twix in his mailbox.

By JB

COLD

Dear Pamphlette,

It's cold and rainy and I wanna cry. How do I keep from cutting myself through these winter months?

-Soggy in Portland

Dear SIP,

I feel ya. Here's what I got:

1. Drink a lot. That will at least help with the cold part. Plus, AA meets at Reed for a reason.

2. Interpretive foot dance to Enya. It will keep you warm and really, who doesn't want to Sail Away on A Day with Rain?

3. Gain the freshman 15. That is, if you're a freshman. If not, then just gain weight that you have no excuse for. That extra layer of blubber saves lives.

4. Don't do drugs. I know they seem like the only escape from your sad, pathetic life, but SOS. Since I'm stuck in a confined space with you for the next few months, I'd rather not have you eating all my food and laughing about dumb Pamphlette articles.

5. If your dorm has a JewKrew, put up a Christmas tree, then tell them to suck it.

6. Think about how the squirrels must feel. While they're tap-dancing on your roof at night, you're in your warm bed. Not to mention your heater is probably on 5 and your room is a sauna because one day you were just SO cold that you idiotically decided to turn it up that high and now it's broken and you're stuck in hell with your heater wheezing like a dying child desperately in need of an EpiPen.

Love,

The Pamphlette

By MB



MAD GABS!

1. Eye Yam Wah Chin Goo Riden Ow.
2. Taye Cough York Loathes.
3. Ate Wah Scone Cent Choo Well Eyes Wear.
4. Off Is Her Aye Thaw Tea Waugh Sateen!
5. Thaw Cow Oak Ayn Ism Eyebrow The Errs.
6. Solace Eatings Owned Czars Sh.
7. Ingot Made Eel Err Prey Gnat.

1. I am watching you right now.
2. Take off your clothes.
3. It was consensual, I swear.
4. Officer, I thought he was eighteen.
5. The cocaine is my brother's.
6. ???
7. I got my dealer pregnant.

By AC

ASK WIKILEAKS!

Dear WikiLeaks,

I am on a covert mission on the mountainous border region of Afghanistan and Pakistan. I have lost touch with my informant and my home base, I am out of food and ammunition after becoming stranded and engaging enemy fire on several occasions. I don't have much time and fear imminent capture by a nearing band of roaming Taliban militants. Help me, WikiLeaks! Sincerely, Being Lethally Attacked, Can't Keep On, Please Save

Dear BLACKOPS,

For now, stop having sex in public if it makes you feel that way — sex shouldn't bum you out. That said, I think you may misunderstand your boyfriend's public displays of erection. His desire for public sex doesn't mean he lacks desire for you. A lot of men — and women — get turned on by the danger of it: They view it as an enhancement of their sex lives. So tell him that you're not okay with doing it in public...but add that you're eager to explore new things that he'd be into and which you would be comfortable with.

Dear WikiLeaks

I'm attending an EU Delegation meeting on Euro-American data sharing protocol, and I am nervous about meeting so many International leaders, all of whom have different standards and norms regarding manners and negotiation politesse. I want to display confidence and amicability, but I am worried I will accidentally offend someone! What do I do, WikiLeaks? Sincerely, Jittery In Brussels

Dear JIB,

Here are several tips for situations you might find yourself in:
-Walk up to that Taylor Lautner look-alike standing alone at the party, give him a playful smile, and say, "I heard there would be tons of cute guys here. So far, I've only seen one."
-Ask your BFF to do some recon work, check out the scene, and report back - remember, two heads are better than one (*wink wink*)
-Step off the dance floor and quickly adjust one of your thigh-high stockings. Uh-oh, did that hottie sitting a few feet away catch you?
-"Trip," fall against a man's chest, and say "Damn, your pecs are so hard, I felt like I was falling into a wall."

Dear WikiLeaks,

I recently attended a Diplomatic fete of sorts that somehow ended up oddly. It started as it usually does at a secret Bath House in Florence, but somehow I blacked out and now am locked in a cage in what looks like a governmental office handcuffed to a Snow Tiger and a dead stripper. As an influential diplomat from a powerful state, I cannot be seen like this! What should I do, WikiLeaks? Sincerely, Trapped in I Don't Know Where

Dear LAME,

Trading intimate details about each other's romantic pasts is seldom a good idea in any relationship, and just because a guy has been with other girls, it doesn't make him the Chlamydia King. If you start grilling him because you fear he has an STD, he'll understandably feel defensive and maybe even a little angry. You should probably err on the side of trust, because asking a man to get tested is tantamount to attacking his masculinity! Good Luck!

By AC

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

HAPPY HOLIDAYS*
from The Pamphlette

*Including but not limited to:

- Anti Raymi
- Bodhi Day
- Samhain
- The Signature of the Constitution of the Republic of China
- Chinese New Year
- Saint Nicholas' Day
- Christmas Eve
- Christmas
- St. Stephen's Day
- St. John the Evangelist's Day
- Holy Innocent's Day
- St. Sylvester's Day
- Feast of the Circumcision
- Feast of Fools
- Twelfth Night

- Tet
- Armenian Apostolic Christmas
- Eastern Orthodox Christmas
- Candlemas
- Yule
- Diwali
- Hanukkah
- Chaunukah
- Tu Bishvat
- Eid ul-Adha
- Samhain
- Imbolc
- Sadeh
- Yalda
- Chanar Shanbeh Suri
- Matariki
- Saturnalia

By AR