

THE PAMPHLETTE

Getting Mistaken for Sketchy Clarkies since 1987

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Sochi Olympics Break “Protest-Fucking” Records

Sure to displease Russian President Vladimir Putin, the Sochi Winter Olympics, barely underway, have already broken records with the number of athletes, coaches, and even heads of state engaging in sexual acts on television, or “protest-fucking,” in defiance of new Russian anti-Gay laws.

“Are we intimidated? Nah, it’s more like we’re accepting a challenge,” said Todd Lodwick of the US ski team. “I mean, the Athlete’s Village is always pretty crazy in terms of sex antics, but this year people decided to just take it where cameras could see us. We’re all pretty mad about non-heterosexuals being marginalized, so we’re showing as much solidarity as we can.” Lodwick, who is married with children, did not participate in any bouts of protest fucking for long, but he has been spotted performing the maneuver known as the “helicopter dick” while making direct eye contact with watching photographers.

“Yeah, we’re doing it too. Why?” said Polish PM Donald Tusk to news outlets, accompanied by Czech Republic PM Bohuslav Sobotka. “I mean, Poland’s not as hot about gay rights as the CR is, but we hate Russia just as much, so why wouldn’t we?” The interview ended when Tusk began giving Sobotka a loud, sloppy blowjob, which reporters lost interest in after several minutes.

Putin has not yet used force to disrupt the protest-fucking, but he has made it clear that he is not happy. “These great Olympic games are not the place for such vulgarity,” said Putin. “The fact that I am content to make homosexuality become threatened and persecuted against in Russia isn’t a good reason to be mad at me, not during the Olympics. What would the great, and definitely straight, Russian athlete Zangief say?”



“I am strong! I will put you between my thighs and crush you until you burst!”--Zangief

by SS

Gary Snyder: “Olde Reed’s Fuckin Dead, Dude.”

Reed College’s most beloved and acclaimed alumnus, Gary Snyder ‘51, returned to campus on Friday to discuss his days at Reed, read his newly reissued Cold Mountain Poem translations, and remind the current administration and student body that we’re a bunch of “bland Amherst-y pussies” who don’t know the first thing about Olde Reed.

“This college is lame as fuck now,” the Beat poet told a packed Vollum Lecture Hall. “Like, first thing I did when I got here was stumble up to the Bong Loft to roast a bowl or two, you know, for old time’s sake. And what do I find? No bongs. Nobody partaking in the sacrament while really picking apart the Rig-Veda like we used to do back in the day. Instead, I find a video game. You know, for nerds.”

Snyder’s rant touched on every organization and facet of campus culture, including the Pool Hall (“This fascist manager told me to put out my cig while I was shooting pool. What is this, Brigham Young?”), Beer Nation (“Fuckin’ fratboys wouldn’t let me bring my date into the Centennial beer garden, just because she wasn’t ‘of age’ or some shit. When did we start kowtowing to the state, know what I mean?”), and the Humplay Title IX kerfuffle.

“You know how Humplay started?” shouted Snyder, leaning over the podium. “Do you guys even know your history? My buddy Ginsberg was in town again, with a backpack full of peyote and an original copy of Burton and Indrajī’s translation of the Kama Sutra, and we just happened to run into a bunch of hot freshmen coming out of the last Hum lecture and got inspired. Let me tell you, it was more like Title *Sixty-Nine* that year, if you know what I mean. No clothes, no Ke\$ha, just sex and spirituality.”

President John Kroger’s tenure came in for criticism as well. As a visibly uncomfortable Kroger stumbled through the presentation of a Reed lifetime achievement award, Snyder turned to the audience and mouthed “NARC” while pointing at the President’s back.

The poet laureate of Deep Ecology closed with a reminder to “not eat any weird Chinese mushrooms,” before dashing off to score some blow for Theme Reveal.



“I’m not mad...I’m just disappointed.”

by BC

How to Have a Close Encounter

I know it’s early, but it’s really important to me that you guys get laid at thesis parade this year, and, while you might not see the appeal right now, I can guarantee you that the “Close Encounters” theme will be nothing but a boon to your sexual endeavors. Here are just a few of the many surefire pick-up lines and techniques you can use. These are complimentary, by the way—I’m just nice like that, I guess.

- We’ll start, of course, with the basic “Hey, babe...you wanna go have a...*close encounter*...somewhere a little more...*private*?” I don’t mean to insult your intelligence, of course, by suggesting that you wouldn’t have thought of that on your own. This is just in case it slipped your mind, somehow.
- Next up, let’s try something a little more sophisticated. For this one, you first have to paint your penis green. (You might also want to affix some googly eyes to it, though I will leave that up to you, because lord knows peeling them off later could be an absolute bitch, and I don’t know how committed you really are to this.) Next, approach the object of your desires and whisper the following in their ear: “Hey there. You ever seen an alien before? No? Well then...you wanna see my... *little green man*?” At this point, gauge your beloved’s response. If they are amenable, proceed to display your handiwork, preferably somewhere private. They will be sure to appreciate all the effort that went into the gesture. (NOTE: PLEASE REMOVE ANY PAINT AND/OR CRAFT SUPPLIES FROM YOUR PENIS BEFORE INSERTING IT INTO ANY ORIFICE ON ANOTHER LIVING BEING. THIS IS NOT A DRILL. DON’T NOBODY WANT A GOOGLY EYE LODGED IN THEIR VAGINA, FRIENDS. DON’T. NOBODY.)
- Not feeling either of those suggestions? Well then, you might consider this one: it’s one of my personal favorites, and while it does require the donning of a costume, I’m assuming you were planning that anyway, so it shouldn’t be too much extra work. First, dress up as an alien. What *kind* of alien is up to you, although I would recommend a tried-and-true classic--green morph suit, bug-eyes, the works. (You’ll see why in a moment.) Next, approach someone who pleases you aesthetically, and say, in your best nasal, alien voice: “ON THE ORDER OF MY SUPREME COMMANDER, I MUST COLLECT THE FLUIDS OF A HUMAN. MAY I TAKE YOU BACK TO THE MOTHERSHIP FOR PROBING?”

Well, that’s all I’ve got for right now. Worry not, though: I will likely be back some other week, once more giving baseless, unsolicited book-up advice. This is what you Top 40-ed, friends. You’re welcome.

by EC

Cause of Snowpocalypse--Revealed!

After almost forty-five minutes of searching, the committee appointed by the Reed Senate last Thursday to discover the cause of sudden snowfall has announced what they believe to be the root of the strange weather.

“Witches,” James Corey, the junior who headed the committee, announced last Friday, minutes after their investigation concluded. “Well, ‘black magic’ would be more accurate, as we have reason to believe various warlocks and demon summoners also played a role, but those who orchestrated this weather were definitely witches.”

According to Corey, this cold weather was caused by a group of between five and ten witches, each with several acolytes, summoning various minor demonic creatures for hours at a time, until Satan decided to retaliate by wrapping Reed in a blanket of snow. “We don’t know why Satan thinks the snow will stop the demon summoning,” Corey told The Pamphlette. “But we do know that the possibility of ending certain classes due to the weather was, at most, a peripheral objective. Personally, I think this cult just really likes summoning demons.”

Corey and his committee’s findings were both universally mocked by students and faculty throughout the conference until one of the committee members returned with a caged goblin. The creature, approximately two feet in height, with rough, knobby features and a Danny DeVito-esque voice, appeared perplexed by the snow outside of the cage, but not at all cowed, snarling at any who stepped too close to its prison. “Yeah. This isn’t a joke. That’s a goblin,” Corey said. “We’ll still try to find the cult itself and why they wanted a bunch of demons on campus, or why satan thought snow would be the best way to retaliate, but maybe you guys should focus on the bigger revelation that magic exists? And Satan, I guess? Wow. I’m just realizing this is kind of a big deal.”



Students are also advised to be careful of trolls that may have taken over the southern part of the canyon.

by SS