

# THE MACALESTER HEGEMON

The Last  
Minute  
Issue!



THE Macalester

# HEGEMONOCLE

*Probably Macalester's First Humor Magazine*  
**Volume 17, Issue 2**  
**Fall 2017**  
**The Last Minute Issue**

---

## EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Sarah Coleman '18  
Sean McDonald '18\*

## EDITORIAL

**Managing Editors**  
Danny Ochoa '18  
Thali Zikos '18

## Head Writer

Sophie Hannauer '19

**Social Media Editor**  
Yafiet Bezabih '18

## Radio Editor

Ward Taketomo '19

## DESIGN

**Head of Production**  
Will Milch '19\*

## STAFF

Coat Rack '99  
Caleb Driker-Ohren '19  
Alex Dzwierzynski '19

Adam Rogowski '19  
Jacob Trout '19\*  
Maeghan Sullivan '20  
\* On Sabbatical

Autumn Campbell '21  
Jordan Schwed '21

## SHOUT OUTS

That icy chill that somehow circumvents all layers of winter attire and immediatley makes you want to drop out of school  
Weed dealers who accept Mac Money  
Wearing shorts in subzero temperatures but definitley not because you think it makes you look really cool  
Obligatory Max the Cat content (we're sorry, but hey even PBR is doing it)

**Founders:** Mikey Freedman '11 & Danny Rocklin '11

---

Contact us:  
[hegemonocle@macalester.edu](mailto:hegemonocle@macalester.edu)  
—  
@hegemonocle  
[facebook.com/hegemonocle](http://facebook.com/hegemonocle)

The Macalester  
Hegemonocle  
Macalester College  
1600 Grand Avenue  
Saint Paul, MN 55105

Most characters appearing in this work are fictitious.  
Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely satirical.

*The Hegemonocle is published four-ish times per academic year.*

---

*All content, except what we've stolen from elsewhere, is © The Macalester Hegemonocle, 2017.*

# Editorial

---

---

Dearest (gasp) readers (wheeze),

Hold on one second...

Okay:

We're sure you were wondering (huff) where your second issue of The Hegemonocle was (pant) for this semester. Well here it is! Coming out at this point in the semester to bring you joy (puff) right before finals. We know you're stressed about school and so are we, which is why we finished this issue about a month ago and not yesterday. That would be cutting it WAY too close.

What's that? It looks "thrown together"? "Half-assed"? Well, we can assure you it wasn't! Your loving Hegemonocle Editors and Staff worked at a steady pace, anxiety free, going down to the Production Office at regular intervals because we definitely have a key to get in because we are most certainly a campus recognized publication. We can assure you that it was not just the Editors sitting in a DRC editing suite for hours on a Friday afternoon. That would be sad and pathetic and the Hegemonocle has never been either of those things.

Regardless of when we produced this or published it, just know that we do this because we love you. You don't need to criticize every little detail, you know. You can just be appreciative! That would be super okay with us! We worked our butts off to put a smile on your face, and just because that smile was meant to be put on your face about 3 weeks ago doesn't mean we weren't trying our best! We're doing everything we can for you alright!? You're just like your father!

.....

Sorry. This is a stressful time. Not producing this issue though, no sir, we did that a long time ago... in the office... that we have a key to. Everything else has been a lot to handle though. Chances are, if you're reading this, it's happening during the cry break you take between essays. We get it. That's why we're here. To cry with you. But also to cry at you.

Much love always,  
Sarah Coleman and Sean McDonald  
The Macalester Hegemonocle  
December 2017

# 10 ARTICLES THE MAC WEEKLY ISN'T PUNK ENOUGH TO PUBLISH



- 1. THE FUMING, VICIOUS LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM JABARI**
- 2. OPINION: HOW BAD IS CONSENSUAL INCEST REALLY?**
- 3. DEFINITIVE, NUMERICAL RATING OF ALL MACALESTER PROFESSORS BY FUCKABILITY**
- 4. "NOTHING BUNDT CAKES ONLY SELLS BUNDT CAKES. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THEY ONLY SELL BUNDT CAKES. YOU NEED TO KNOW THIS."**
- 5. HEGEMONOCLE OFFICIALLY DECLARED BEST PUBLICATION AT MACALESTER BY RENOWNED CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE**
- 6. AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN ROSENBERG ABOUT HIS RIGOROUS CROSSFIT ROUTINE**
- 7. THE TOP FLOOR OF OLD MAIN IS ACTUALLY A FANTASTIC PLACE TO POOP**
- 8. A STUDY WHERE THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT CONCLUSIVELY FOUND THAT BERNIE ACTUALLY WOULDN'T HAVE WON**
- 9. REVIEW OF AFGHAN RESTAURANT BY WHITE BOY WHO HASN'T EVEN BEEN THERE**
- 10. AN ARTICLE WHERE THE TITLES ARE SPELLED CORRECWTLY**



# The Hegemonocle's Top Tips for Sneaking into Cafe Mac:



- Buy a Meal Plan and Walk Into Cafe Mac
- Get a Job at Cafe Mac
- Hurl Yourself Downwards from the Atrium
- Physically Transform Yourself Into a Redbull Sales Person
- Carry a Bunch of Cafe Mac Plates and As You Walk by Tell The Bon Appetit Employee Working the Entrance: "It Is What it Is"
- Strike Up a Conversation and Form a Deep Committed Relationship With The Bon Appetit Employee Then Threaten to Break Up With Them if They Don't Let You In
- Cry Until The Bon Appetit Employee Leaves
- Begin to Talk To The Bon Appetit Employee About Your Capstone Until They Leave
- Strategic Smoke Bomb

## Newly Tenured Professor Ends Pretense of Giving a Shit

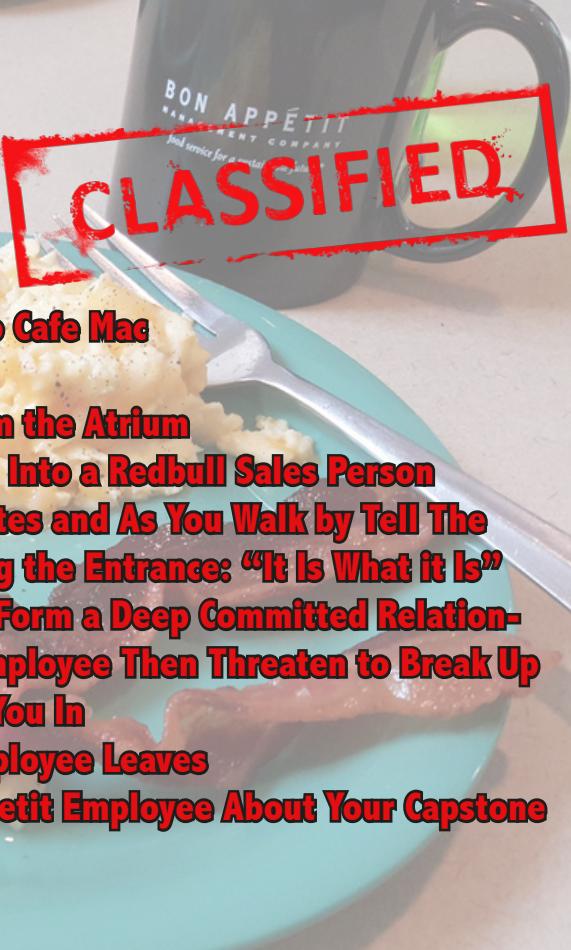
Ah tenure, the cornerstone of our academic system, securing academic freedom so that our professors can boldly examine all aspects of society without fearing persecution. For some, however, tenure is not an opportunity to pursue their research without fear for their job, but rather to finally end the pretense of giving a shit. One such person is art history professor Jadwiga Oblonscrow. Since receiving tenure in November of 2017 Oblonscrow has reportedly stopped giving a shit about anything and everything.

For instance, no longer giving a shit about proper work attire Oblonscrow has taken to wearing a full Phillie Phanatic costume, the head of which she removes only to listen to student questions with a bored expression while vaping directly into their faces.

Another thing about which Oblonscrow no longer gives a shit is her teaching. A student of her Art of the East II: Japan class has told us that all they've done this semester is watch the Korean Rom-Drom *You're Beautiful*. When asked if they could look at some Japanese art, or at least a Japanese TV show, Oblonscrow apparently told the class "Japan is a lie made up by FDR to get the U.S into WWII, wake up sheeple!"

Thus far all efforts to coax Oblonscrow back into giving a shit have failed, possibly due to a lack of support from the department. When asked about Oblonscrow's eccentric behaviour, Art/Art History department chair Chris Wilcox, who is also tenured, said "that sounds like a personal problem" before shotgunning a beer can filled with fireball.

Will Oblonscrow ever give a shit again? Only time will tell. For now all we can hope for is that she'll at least stop wandering into random classrooms trying to get signatures on her petition for a "Mixology 101" class.



# Campus Events You Don't Want to Miss

Sometimes it can be hard to keep track of all the wonderful events hosted by the Macalester Program Board, but don't fear, the Hege is here to help. Here are our top picks of some the can't-miss events coming up next semester:

Time	Event
8pm - 10pm	<a href="#"><u>Fritters and Critters</u></a> Come enjoy a lively night of Build-a-Bear-style crafts and pastries!
8am - 11am	<a href="#"><u>Muffins and Concussions</u></a> Eat muffins and run as fast as you can, head first, into the stone walls of Olin Rice! Bring a helmet!
11am - 1pm	<a href="#"><u>Waffles and Offals</u></a> Head on down for a delicious waffle bar as well as viscera and trimmings of butchered animals often considered inedible by humans.
5pm - 7:30pm	<a href="#"><u>Tenders and Suspenders</u></a> Come hang out as we eat chicken tenders and students are hurdled vigorously into the air and suspended by wires from the ceiling, screaming, pleading to be let down. "This is not fun! I want to go home!" they say. Fun!
10:30am - 1pm	<a href="#"><u>Patties and Paddies and Patty</u></a> Enjoy some delicious hamburger patties served to you exclusively by dangerously drunk men in thick, weathered jackets named Paddie and one middle aged nurse named Patty.
2am - 3:30am	<a href="#"><u>Milkshakes and Opaque Uptakes in Worm Snake Outbreaks</u></a> Hell yeah!
9am - 1pm	<a href="#"><u>Fries and Spies</u></a> That's right! Get on over here for some fresh french fries and aggressive, bordering on abusive CIA recruiting. They will BREAK your knees. Bring your kneepads! Or don't! It doesn't matter!
7am - 7:30am	<a href="#"><u>Donuts and Donuts and Donuts Until You Fucking Explode</u></a> Donuts! Donuts! Donuts! Donuts! Donuts, they will cheer. Until they don't.

6pm - 8:30pm	<u>Trapeze and Horrifying, Painful, Debilitating Venereal Disease</u> Bring your lumpy, pustulous, tie-dye-t-shirt-looking genitals down and swing those things around 100 feet in the air.
10am - 1pm	<u>Pheasants and Peasants</u> Dress like a 15th century English nobleman and laugh at the impoverished through cheeks stuffed with succulent bird flesh. How silly they look in their rags.
11am - 1pm	<u>Mushrooms and Mushrooms</u> There are two buckets of unlabeled fungi. One is a nutrient rich snack and an excellent pizza topping. The other will send you catapulting head first into the horrifying depths of your own twisted psyche. The colors, the lights, did I just shit myself? I have no idea. Oh god I hope I didn't shit myself. FUCK my Mom is calling. She knows I just shat myself. I love the fucking Grateful Dead!
5pm - 7:30pm	<u>Hot Glue and the Vengeful Brutality of our Lord Cthulhu</u> You will burn your fingers and you will be demolished.
10:30am - 1pm	<u>Red Hot Chili Peppers and Red Hot Chili Powder</u> Mash cayenne pepper into your eyes while listening to Californication on repeat. At the end we'll take a vote as to which was worse! "Looking down the barrel of a hot metal forty-five!"
3pm - 4pm	<u>Caviar and Air Guitar</u> Welcome to Bon Appetit's passion project. Sup on the eggs of the Iranian Beluga fish (\$34,500 per kilogram) and then shred some tasty tuneage. 97% of your tuition went towards this one gnarly power hour.
8am - 8:15am	<u>Shaquille O'Neal on a Bookmobile with Oatmeal</u> This one is pretty self explanatory. We didn't even have to pay him for it he just volunteered. He didn't even know what Macalester was.
4:30pm - 6pm	<u>Cantaloupe and Losing Hope</u> Networking event for senior humanities majors. It's gonna be okay, champ!
10pm - 1am	<u>Castles and Castles</u> This is starting to seem more reasonable now, don't you think?

# Best Ideas from the Idea Lab... So Far

- "I could have started this paper like a week ago"
- Only standing desks
- Bluetooth toaster
- Nicotine lube
- Oral nutrient suppository (we'll call it F.O.O.D.)
- "Jesus that bluetooth toaster thing was fucking stupid"
- App that emails your professor that you're not feeling well the moment you sleep through your alarm
- "I love that they changed the second floor of the library!"
- "I hate that they changed the second floor of the library!"
- "They changed the second floor of the library?"
- A bodysuit made out of Jack-O-Lanterns
- A vape that is also your friend
- More sewing machines
- Tobacco rolled with paper as a natural alternative to vapes (we'll call it the C.I.G.A.R.E.T.T.E.)
- A button placed next to your door that releases a ball which rolls slowly down an elaborate system of railings, releasing a bag of flower which falls through a set of chutes and rings a bell so you know someone's at the door
- "Ron Paul 2020"
- Buffalo Wild Wings flavored alcohol
- Communism
- On campus fire department called "FireHaeuser"
- Construct an underground tunnel to cross campus that costs 28 dollars every time
- Communism that costs 28 dollars every time

# BREAKING NEWS

## "I swear I'm about to go rogue," claims your Dad

EDINA, MN - Sources close to your dad report that after the latest in a long series of phone calls to his cable provider he said "If I have to talk to that asshole I swear I'll go rogue." This declaration has caused concern as experts on your dad across the world have tried to figure out what exactly it means.

According to your mom, a prominent figure in the Study of Your Dad, "It's probably nothing, maybe he'll go camping to blow off some steam." Your 13 year-old brother, a rising star in Yourdadology, wasn't so sure: "I dunno man, sometimes when he's watching football he gets this look in his eyes. He might do something crazy." Your crazy aunt, not the one with the cats, the one who lives in Wyoming, ascribed political meaning to your dad's words: "I'm glad your father has finally seen the light and read Going Rogue by America's true 44th vice president Sarah Palin."

The mayor of your hometown, himself an avid observer of your dad, has put emergency services on notice should the aftermath of your dad's going rogue require the presence of police, fire, or paramedical services. The Governor of your home state has flown into your town to coordinate the preparations and has put the National Guard on high alert. C.I.A director Mike Pompeo told us that "there is no reason for alarm, we've known about your dad for a long time and we have agents in the family who are primed to take him out if he starts posing a threat to civilians."

Many feel this is too drastic and that further observation is needed first. Dr. Wu Hung of the Xinjiang People's Institute for Study of Your Dad cautioned against alarmism, saying "Your Father is complex and his behavior is difficult to predict. Such extreme measures do nothing but risk provoking widespread panic at this time."

Stewart Ruffle, the customer service agent for your cable provider, gave us his side of the story, claiming that "I kept telling your dad for like an hour that he can't buy just ESPN, he has to buy a whole package but he just didn't get it. I have no idea what the fuck that guy is going to do, but it sure as shit isn't buying only ESPN."

Rumors that your dad has, in the wake of yet another call, broken the concrete floor of your basement to retrieve a stash of guns, money, and fake passports cannot be confirmed at this time.

# Fun, Surprising, and Concise Facts About Albert Einstein

1. Einstein was actually not a mathematician. One day he mistakenly wandered into a lecture hall thinking it was a Quiznos. To cover his blunder, he grabbed a piece of chalk and started scribbling on the board, accidentally developing his famous field equations.
2. Einstein loved hot wings but hated that they always came with a stalk of celery. "Why the fuck did my wings come with this dreck?" he would yell at the waiter.
3. Einstein is said to have made the first viral meme, which is the Arthur fist.
4. Einstein was the founder of the Flat Earth Movement and believed that an internationally planned government conspiracy was preventing us from going beyond the Ice Wall.
5. Speaking of which, people bring up gravity like it disproves Flat Earth but they have no idea what they're talking about. The Disk is accelerating upwards into the Void at  $9.8 \text{ m/s}^2$ , which creates the sensation of gravity, a false force.
6. And another thing: airplanes use gyroscopes to stay level. Not GPS, no fancy electronics, just good old fashioned conservation of angular momentum. If the Earth was round, they would have to be constantly dipping their nose to stay at constant altitude. But they don't, which we know because pilots report never seeing a nose dip register on their gyroscope.
7. What are they hiding behind the Ice Wall? Mystical lands? God? Stuff about JFK?
8. Einstein's last words were in German but the only person in the room when he died was his monolingual English speaking nurse. And that's why you should learn a second language.



*Holy shit" Nancy says, when  
she gets up in the morn  
Suddenly her face is covered in  
scorn*

*The winter wonderland the first years  
love so well*

*Is Nancy's personal, intimate version of hell  
Slowly, she puts on her blankets and hat  
Hoping hypothermia wont seep through that  
It's only 7, her class isn't until half past 8  
But her capstone is due, it's already late!  
See Nancy run down icy streets  
Tears in her eyes*

*"Fuck Minnesota winters" is mumbled*

*Without surprise  
She makes it to Neill,  
Her soul ready to sell  
Her professor isn't even there yet.  
Nancy can rest  
All is well (For like 15 god damn minutes).*

*An Ode  
to Off-Campus  
Students in the  
Middle of  
Winter*

# \* The REAL Max the Cat \*

As you may have heard, a sign placed on the door of the library, asking students not to let Max the cat inside, recently went viral. However, given the multitude of other more pressing signs around the neighborhood barring Max from entry, we find it contemptible that the Internet chose such a tame, misleading testament to his character. So again, the Hegemonocle has done the work the journalistic world doesn't have the gall to: here are the signs that tell you who Max REALLY is:

Dunn Bros



\*Do not let that fucking cat inside\*

His name is Max. And that little shit is a goddamn menace.

Motherfucker ran in here and lanced an old woman through the gut. Who gave him a goddamn lance?

He's a cat.

Max wants to be in Dunn Bros.

If you let Max into Dunn Bros you are complicit in the lancing of old women.

MyBurger



\*You assholes better not let that murderous cat in this restaurant\*

His name is Max. He is uninterested in the value of human life.

That fury hell spawn burst through the door, cracked me across the face with the blunt end of a crossbow and shot two bolts straight through my kneecaps. Blacked out from the pain. I don't know what happened next but when I woke up everyone was dead. No survivors. That's how he likes it.

Max wants to be in MyBurger.

If you let him into MyBurger, he'll finish the job.

The Italian Pie Shoppe



\*Please, please for the love of God. Do not let the cat in\*

He is the one they call Max. And I believe with all my heart that he is the devil.

On a frigid day last December, the doors of my humble pie shop creaked open, letting in a chill breeze and a billow of snow that clouded my vision. "Hello?" I asked. "Would you like to sample one of my humble pies?" There was no answer, and when the snow cleared there was no one there. Perhaps it was the wind, I thought. Oh, how I wish to this day it was only the wind. For over the next eight months, each night as I lay in bed, which is what I call the air mattress behind the counter that I sleep on, I was awoken by a slow tapping. Like nails on a wooden floor. And each night I would rise gripping my lantern and cry out "who's there?" But no one ever was. Over those eight months, each customer I served never returned, and all the while there grew a foul, rotting stench rising from the floorboards. "Perhaps the stench is why the customers do not return," I thought one day, and so that night, after I closed the shop and the silence of night had fallen, I pried open the floorboards. And as I did so, I heard that awful sound again: the tap, tap, tap on the hardwood floors. I swiveled around and found before my very eyes but a small cat. His pelt was a warm orange and he wore a harness some might even describe as "cute". But there was something in his eyes. Something unmistakable. Something horribly, horribly wrong. And that's when I smelled it, stronger than it had ever been, strong enough to make my vision blurry and my ears ring. I stumbled back around and there were their bodies. Mangled, chewed, crawling with maggots. Then I heard it again: tap, tap, tap, louder, louder, LOUDER. But when I turned again he was gone. Gone like the infernal winter that brought him here from the depths below.

Max wants to be in The Italian Pie Shoppe.

I have never been able to love since that day.

# It's That Time of Year Again...

Ah the holiday season, that wonderful time of the year where the air is filled with music and our hearts are filled with spirit. People on the streets smile as you walk by, and it reminds you how wonderful it is to be loved and to be alive in such a beautiful world. So hold your family close as you sip hot cocoa and wait for Christmas, Hanukah, and that other day where a blazing fifty-foot tall falcon drops out of the sky and obliterates a Cub Foods franchise.

The weather outside is frightful, but oh how that fire is oh so delightful. Both the quaint little fire in your home, where you warm your hands after making a snowman in the backyard and you tell stories that brighten the room with laughter, and also the fire which surrounds the colossal falcon as it descends on the Cub Foods, digging its brutal talons through concrete and steel, through flesh and bone. It ravages all that lays before it, annihilating the entire frozen foods aisle before spewing a thick plasma from its twisted beak that corrodes My Cub members in a slow, excruciating process, forcing them to first feel the pain of losing their only child to an infectious but preventable disease, before it annihilates every cell in their body.

Boy do those chestnuts smell fantastic! Smells like a warm blanket, like old memories that come floating back when you see the jolly faces of your loved ones poking out from bundles of scarves and cozy wool sweaters. Gather round, we've got more than enough chestnuts for everyone! Take one, heck take five! You know you want to, just like you know you'll want to feel the sweet release of death when the jagged, mountainous claws of the falcon pry you from underneath the row of Vitamin Water where you crouched, hand over mouth, not speaking, not breathing, silent, praying he wouldn't find you.





But he does and he pulls you across the linoleum tile as you dig your nails into the floor and tear the flesh from your fingers until a trail of blood marks your path from life to excruciating, unbearable death. You wish for the vile beast to grip your tiny head in its talons and squeeze until it bursts and also that the creator of Vitamin Water is vaulted violently into the stratosphere.

Death, death everywhere. Is there anything better than seeing a loved one's eyes light up when you give them the perfect gift? Something that says: I care about you, and I hope your life is full of success and joy. And when they open it you get this fuzzy feeling that starts in your toes and slowly fills your whole body with a warm tenderness that makes you want to raise your arms and yell "I'm in love! I'm in love with the whole world!" Meanwhile, the falcon rips families to shreds, tearing children down to the marrow of their bones while their parents burn alive, eyelids singed off and forced to watch the prolonged decimation of those they hold most dear. They drop to their knees and pray to the falcon, their new god, to take them instead, to spare the innocent. What did the children do but laugh and smile? But the falcon cannot hear their pleas, the falcon knows only pain, and pain it shall deliver. Ho ho ho, screeches the falcon, ho ho ho. And with a ear-shattering flap of its burning wings it rises into the frigid air and disappears. Until next year.

So happy holidays, that time of year meant for good tidings, family, and our furious, unforgiving overlord: the blazing fifty-foot tall falcon that hates Cub Foods.

# Idea Lab to Provide Free Cocaine

The Idea Lab will now provide students with free cocaine in a controversial move intended to boost student's creativity and productivity. The Makerspace, intended to enhance student innovation through the power of coffee, legos, and knitting tutorials has not seen the world altering success that some had hoped for it, so the library staff decided to increase the strength of the student's stimulants. In the words of library director Terri Fishel, "Nothing gets me as pumped as absolutely frying my brain with that sweet, sweet, Colombian baby powder". Starting next week large hand-woven wicker baskets full of cocaine will appear for communal use alongside credit cards and prerolled \$100 bills.

The Hegemonocle surveyed the Macalester community to see how they feel about this change:

- "Thank fucking Jehovah, maybe now these fucking nerds will stop knitting and do something worthwhile." - President Brian Rosenberg
- "Finally, something that will prepare us for a career in finance." - Kareem al Habbari '19 Economics Major and Mac Investment Group Member.
- "I'm worried about the source of this cocaine, is it sustainably farmed and manufactured, what's the carbon footprint here?" - Sydney Appleblatt, '20 Environmental Studies Major
- "I'm about to catch so many fucking mice." - Max, Cat



## The Hegemonocle's 6 Tips for Productive Sex

In honor of finals week, we here at the Hegemonocle have put our combined experience of dozens of finals weeks and 3 ½ sexual encounters to work creating tips for how you can make your sex life more academically productive.

1. Body paint can be sexy and educational! Don't let your bone sesh get in the way of studying, and put your study material on your partner's body! After all, nothing says commitment like getting pages 79-84 of Introduction to Symbolic Logic and Its Applications tattooed on your back.
2. Take your dirty talk to the next level by quizzing each other during sex! I mean, let's face it, "who's your daddy?" is a bit played out and who hasn't fantasized about hearing their partner yell "What date marks the rise of the Yuan dynasty?" during the passionate throes of intercourse.
3. Up your sexy soundtrack game by recording lectures and playing them in the boudoir. Just record your Russian professor, yeah, the one that sounds like your mom, and let her take you to heights of pleasure you never before imagined.
4. See if you can get your sex life registered as a P.E class. It's not like anyone checks those anyway.
5. Got a film class? Turn your fuck sesh into your final project. Film it in black and white and dub some random French monologue over it and your professor will probably be too busy with their own orgasm to notice yours.
6. Just fuck in class. I mean, someone's gotta do it.



# Tactics Macalester Facilities Has Used to Cover Up Wallace Elevator Smell

1. Hanging up propaganda declaring there is no smell and there never was
2. Marijuana so that it just smells like the rest of Wallace
3. A complex and intricate system of tubes
4. Rolling a half empty can of Hamm's down the hallway to spread the smell of alcohol
5. Providing free laundry for all residents
6. Sewing a bomb-ass scrunchie in the Idea Lab
7. A system of levers and pulleys
8. Opening the door
10. The entire custodial staff rolling themselves in lysol and sumersaulting up and down the halls
11. Calling security
12. Calling St. Thomas security
13. Submitting to the divine brutality of the smell



## HTTP 404 File Not Found

The resource you are looking for didn't...send properly. Yeah, that's it, it didn't send.

---

Please try the following:

- Cutting us some goddamn slack
- Waiting until next semester
- Joining The Hegemonocle and doing it yourself if you think you're so clever
- Following us on Twitter and Facebook (@Hegemonocle)