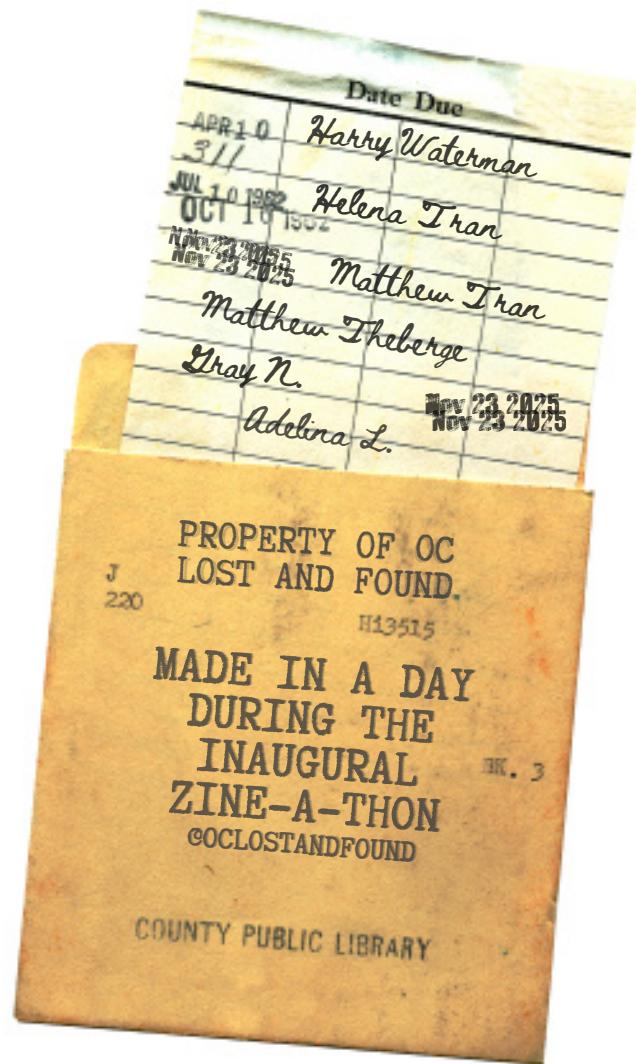


human experiments



What it feels like to
be a boy

What it feels to
be a boy



GIRLSPOTTING

By Aussie Twentiheimer, Senior Board
Member of Voyeurism Club at UCI



1.jpg



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WHO SAYS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO IN IRVINE? I've spent the better half of a six-year undergraduate degree keeping an eye on the "talent" at UCI. The sport of girlspotting, and yes, a "sport" is the most accurate description of the endeavor of waking up at dawn, instant oatmeal and telephoto camera lens equipped, and riding the Anteater Express E line in loop until you're kicked off; this undertaking of the sporting man in the 21st century advertises a high barrier of entry for the curious. A gatekeeper I am not, however, and the tools and tips of the trade spend hours rapping against the inside of my skull and begging for scraps of reciprocity. I obey.

GETTING STARTED

Girlspotters revel in the inherent beauty of the human condition. Crucially, though, your subjects aren't leaving the house unprepared, and neither should you. Necessary: discreet camera, notebook and pen for logging, elementary figure-drawing skills, constantly wandering gaze. Unnecessary, but useful: fake identification for a modeling agency, binoculars, camouflage.

HONING IN

Practice makes perfect. As you hone your route, narratives emerge from standout subjects.

One of mine, 4 days apart:

Stunning brunette with blond streaked bangs standing on the bus. Utterly wide eyes. Sloped nose. Loud red low-cut sweater, well-fit blue jeans, tall fuzzy boots. Blue backpack with laminated NYC metro card hanging from a strap. Looks bored. Looks more alert than her eyeliner suggests.

Same brunette. Hair in a bun. Sitting with blue backpack on her lap, no more metro card. Looks as if she hasn't slept.

GETTING CAUGHT

Every field of human recreation has some stigma attached, and girlspotting is no different. Sometimes subjects get angry. Occasionally a bystander gets angry, probably out of jealousy caused by not being a subject. There are a few ways to deal with this.

1) Run

The simplest option. It's a big campus.

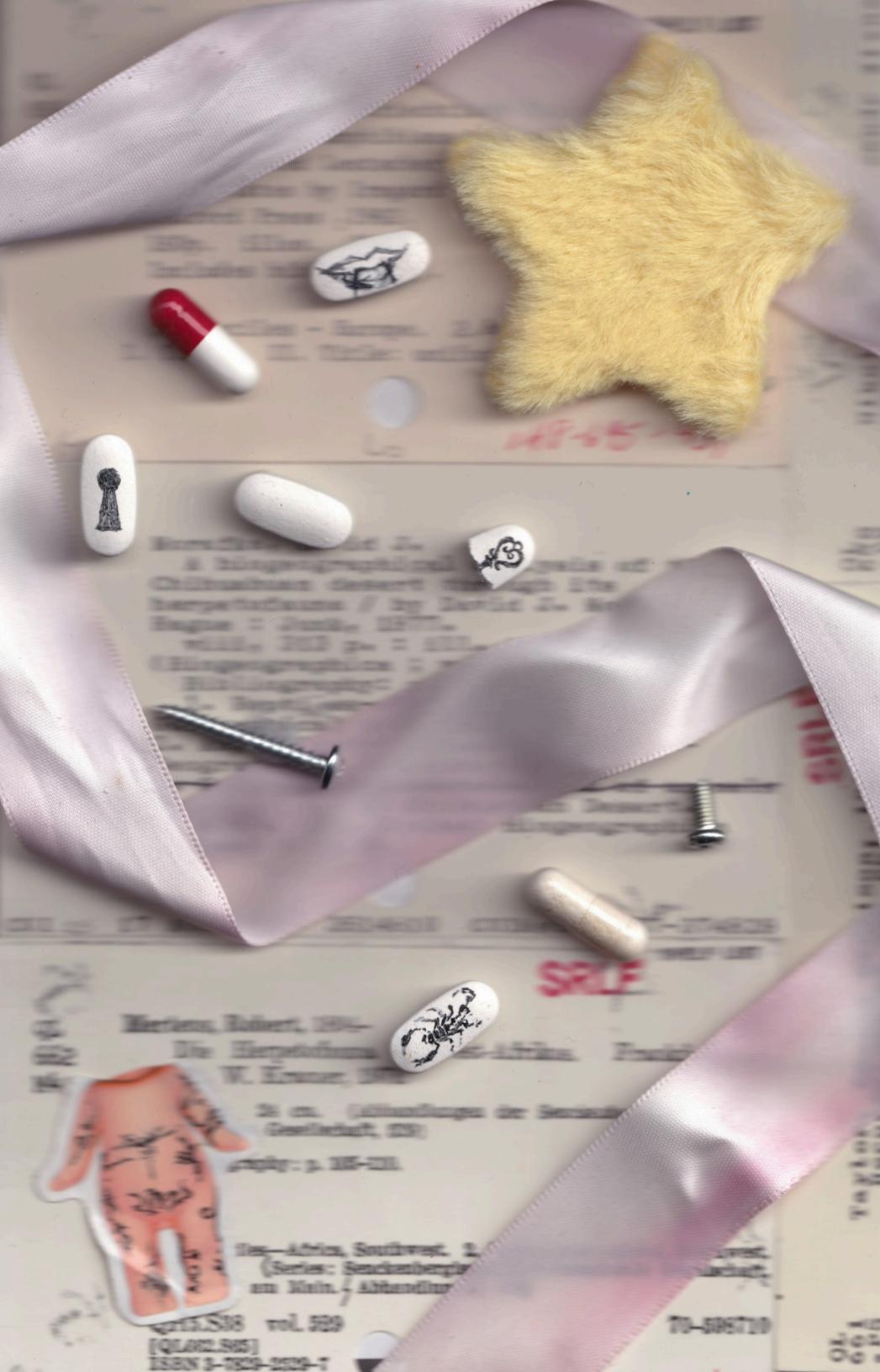
2) Filibuster

Play it off as a class project, or identify yourself as a modeling agency scout.

3) Profess your love

Risky. Occasionally it can buy you enough time to execute option 1.





SPECIAL REPORT: IRVINE'S METH SALONS



By Ehrlich Remedy, embedded reporter

Alcoholic societies. Stoner societies. Tobacco societies. These permutations of substance-based social organizations are well documented in the ethnographic literature. Lesser known, seemingly, is the existence of a fourth structure, attempted only twice in the history of human civilization: the amphetamine society.

Its first manifestation was the oft-problematic nation of Nazi Germany. Blitzkrieg soldiers dosed a steady stream of Pervitin, an early form of methamphetamine, to stay locked in on long missions.

Its second manifestation is Irvine, California. To meet the growing demands of evolutionarily maladaptive labor patterns among the educated class, a cottage industry of Croatian psychiatrists sprung up to

replenish student's dopaminergic needs. But all of this is well-trod territory. What hasn't been explored, until now, is the network of underground "meth salons," usually disguised as boba cafes or coworking spaces. My time in these spaces, while at times disturbing, has been nothing short of extraordinary.

Upon receiving my first lead and running flat into every red light in the city limit, images of dark, cramped, decadent opium dens filled my imagination. The reality could not have been further from this vision.

The salon lay in the basement of a cozy, well-lit tea joint. A female bouncer ushers me from the sparse tea bar to a tight spiral staircase. Opening the door, I'm greeted by an even brighter room that looked like a buddhist-inspired corporate office. Intricate rugs carpeted the edges of white cubicles and warm yellow bars of lighting covered windowless walls. On benches and sofas, kids in their early twenties sat, intermittently blowing clouds of vapor from tubed contraptions. Everyone had a laptop out. The only one to notice

my entrance is a wired-looking boy wearing a white polo and holding a notebook. He shakes my hand and asks what I was "working on." I mutter something about a journalism project as the boy nods vigorously, punctuating each of my words with "uh huh" and "yeah." We stare at each other for about fifteen seconds and I begin to turn away, but realize it may be hard to get someone else's attention in this place. I start plumbing this guy, who identifies himself as "Marcus," for answers.

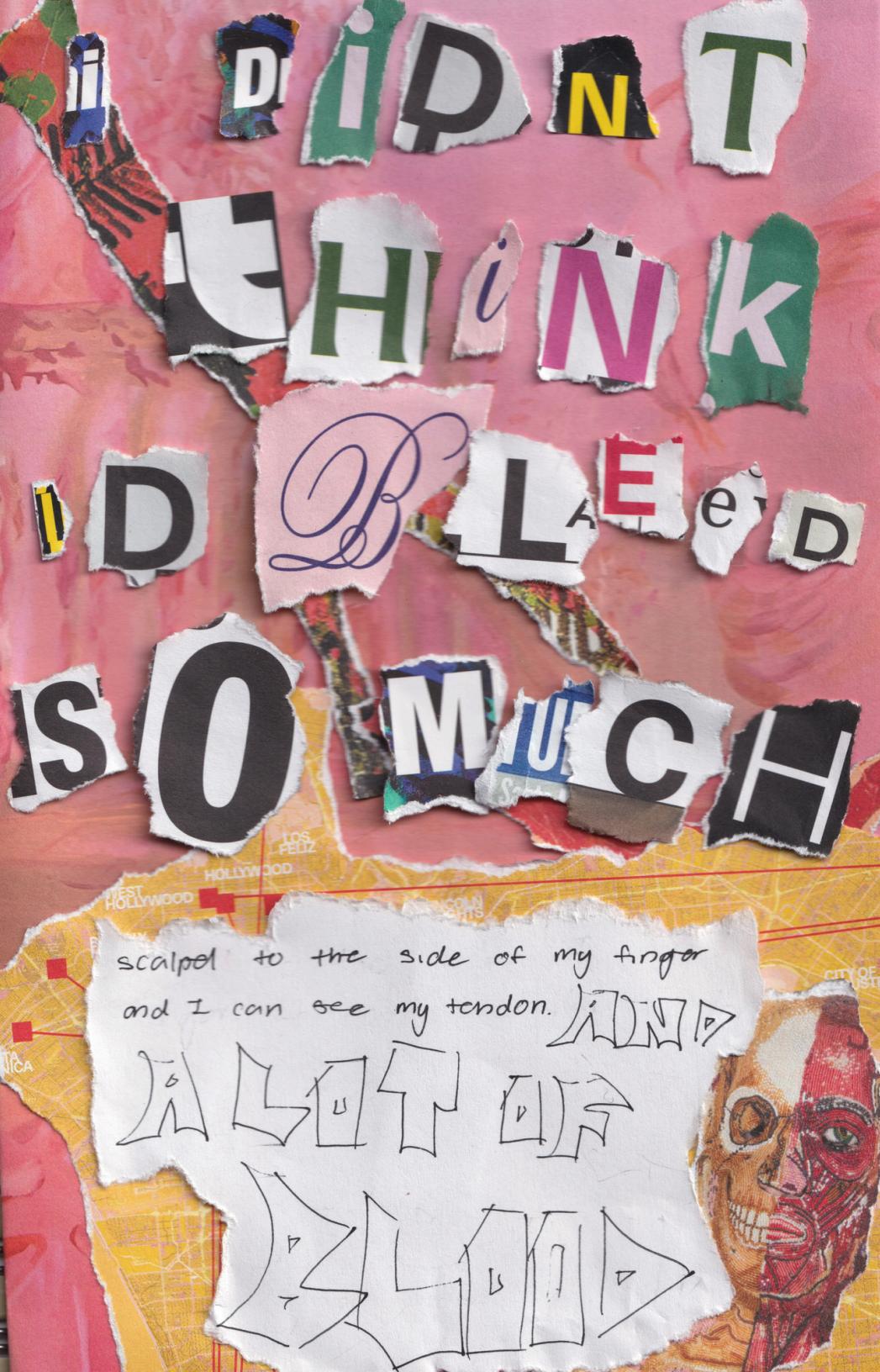
"The kind of person who hangs around here is honestly a couple standard deviations above the mean," Marcus says. "It's for people who know what they want out of life and aren't afraid to pursue it." I ask what his pursuit is, and from what I can tell, it's "Malaysian AI" for a "changing world."

and I couldn't follow much after that. I decide to spill coffee on a girl sitting barefoot on a pillow near the wall.

After apologizing, we strike up a different sort of conversation. "I'm hopelessly addicted to meth," she says, "Who wouldn't be? It's meth. I need it to get out of bed in the morning. I need meth to enjoy anything. I can't even masturbate without it."

Different perspectives indeed. Nonetheless, leaving, I felt energized, perhaps even hopeful for the future. It may have been all the secondhand meth smoke, but for a moment I heard a German-accented voice in my head: "Stay The Path."







DIY TAXIDERMY ANGEL

WATCH YOUR HEAD



Find them on my walls. Watch your head. Their wish is still my command. What was the hardest part? Following Ikea instructions for their installation and subsequent disassembly when I moved from the east side to the west side and took everything and all of them. I find it keeps me honest.

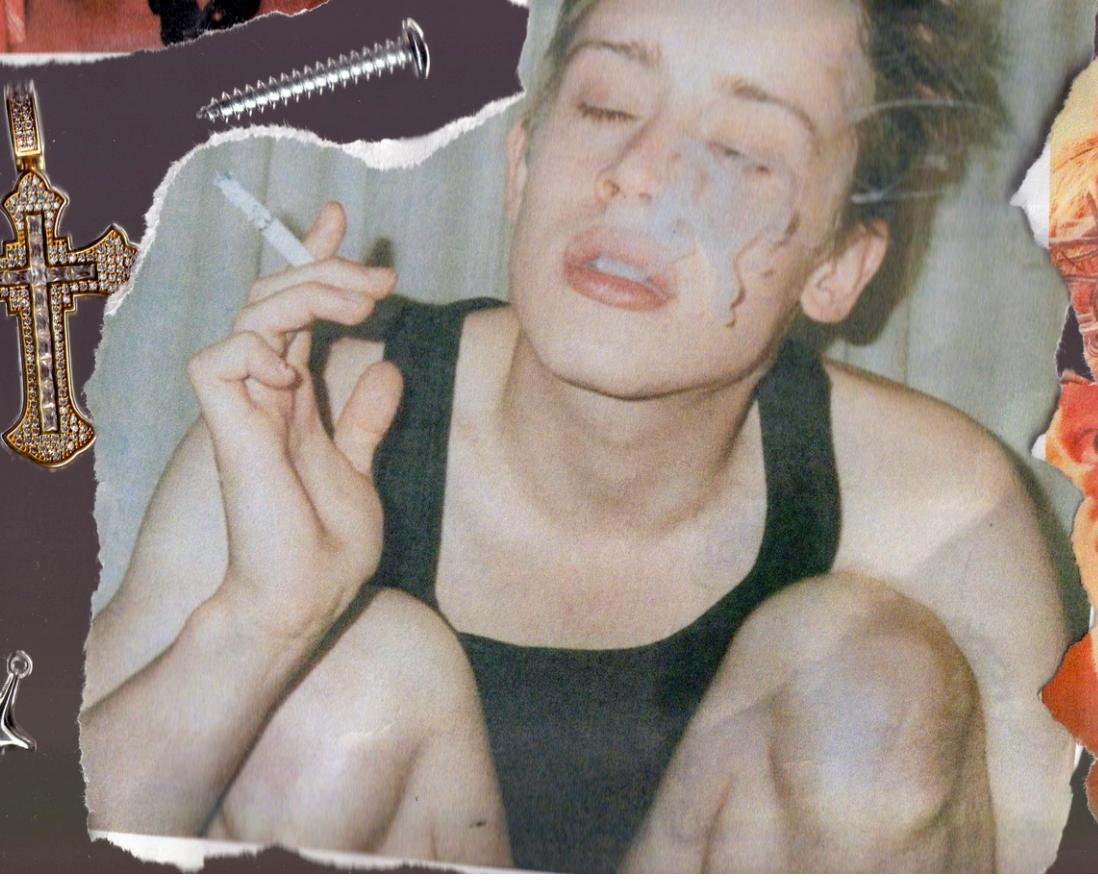
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genius and being the son of God. 180 IQ, infinite empathy, que sodales
patience, good at sex, CRAFT. Wake up every day stoked to be /ivamus vita
lis at vel sem. Pellentesque habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus et males
ac turpis eg She moved in a pendulum, chasing the tree's shadow across et
di partur Barry Goldwater park or

Do thank you i didn't know how to pose cause my hands are so
in awkward so i figured make it awkward on purpose

Oh my God, you actually care about this shit? It's not, like, performance art? We're sitting on top of the school water tower at midnight and instead of kissing me you're talking about the issue?



LEONARDO ON RUMOURS ABOUT HIM
"That I'm gay. That I was passed out for the whole night after doing too much coke. That I was going out with Ellen Barkin. That I'm an alien. Nothing that odd I guess"



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