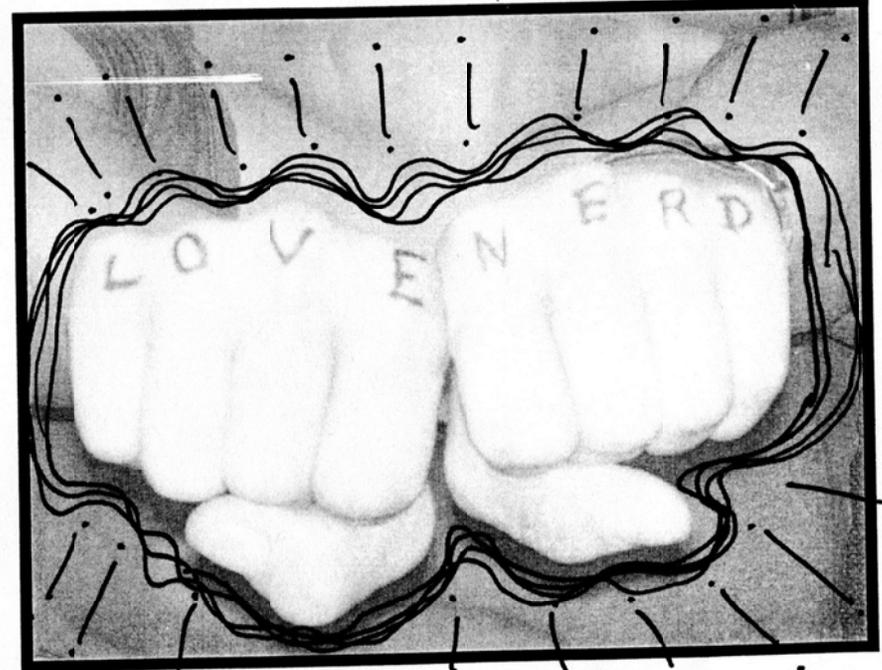


The Nerdfox's Guide to
Loving
Nerdfoxeses



Summer 2007, Volume One, Issue Two: The Secrets Issue
Edited by Dana Kuhnline

Please send snuggles,
sunshine and watermelon to:
Nerdfoxes Intl.



♥ To the wonderful: ♥

Stamp
love!



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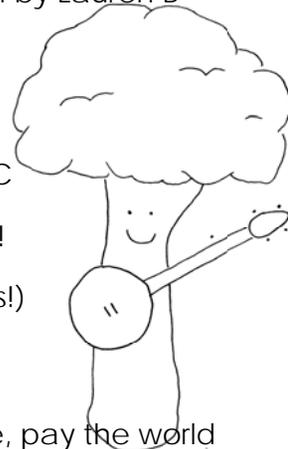
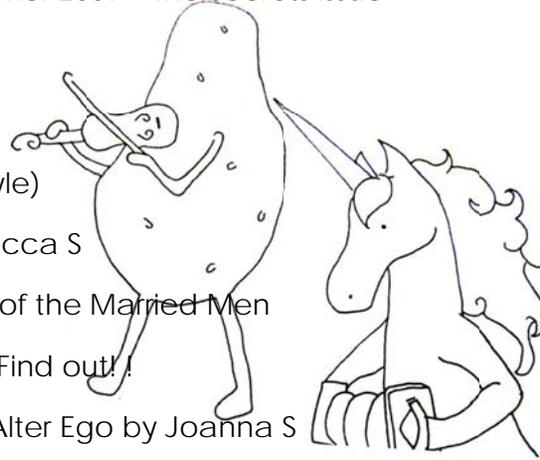
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Important Note! Instead of paying me for this zine, pay the world by making a few or few dozen copies of it to share. Or make a few copies of your own zine to share. Thanks! Dana

Our Totally Rad and Babe-alicious Contributors:

Lauren B Joanna S
Zack C Jennifer C
Becca S Cover concept by Eleanor
Editor and Overlord of Nerdfoxes Intl. is Dana



and lending them music that is more to your liking. Or asking them why they like that gong crap so much. Unfortunately, some people, like me, for example, listen to awful, cheesy country radio music because it makes them happy, and your only hope is to ask them to not listen to it when you're around. And I'll do my best.

The other option is to argue that their ability to find beauty and truth in terrible music shows a uniqueness of outsider perspective that makes an ironic and/or witty social statement so that instead of being lame because of their music taste, they are actually cooler than people who are so generic as to settle for cool music.

As for the polar fleece, try and wait it out till spring. Good Luck!

STENCIL DIRECTIONS: 23

Some people prefer to screen print, but I love to spray-paint-stencil t-shirts and purses and coffee tables and small children and trees and even SUV's because it's so easy and all you need is **cardboard** (like cereal box) and **spray paint** and a **xacto knife**. People often ask me if spray paint really lasts, and my answer is that anything that will stain your clothes can be used to stencil. Ketchup and coffee, for example. However, metallic spray-paints do wash out after a while. You can get used spray paint at Habitat for Humanity Re-Stores and attics, garages, etc...

1. Cut out stencil. Glue it to some light cardboard and cut it out with a xacto knife. Follow stencil common sense—all the cardboard pieces have to connect or it will fall apart. If cardboard lines are too thin, the spray paint will bleed under them.
2. Practice on scratch paper. Paint outside. Be sure to cover anything you don't want to have spray paint on. Hold the stencil very tight to the surface. Use really light fast strokes—it's better to do multiple passes than to have it bleed all over because you held it too long in one place.
3. Let the stencil dry between uses, or the paint will get all built up.

Hot Tip 1: Don't spray paint while drunk and wearing expensive boots.

Hot Tip 2: Buy used t-shirts at thrift stores or Gabes (if you live in WV).

Hot Tip 3: Make matching shirts for all your friends. Sometimes wear them together because you are cool like that.

Hot Tip 4: Wear gloves, OR walk around with painted nails for 3 days.

Hot Tip 5: Wear a mask if you are going to spray painting for an extended period of time. Spray paint induced lung infections are a huge bummer.

Dear Nerdfox,

I have a crush on a boy (okay, man, whatever) who is definitely a nerd, but not quite a fox. How can I encourage his foxy-ness? What I mean to say is that he's got horrible glasses and an affinity for polar fleece. He also listens to music with gongs and chimes. Is there hope?

Editor responds:

Ethically speaking, our position is this: you have to re-define "foxy." Being a nerdfox is not only challenging others to see the glorious, sexy and sexual human being in us, but seeing that in others as well.

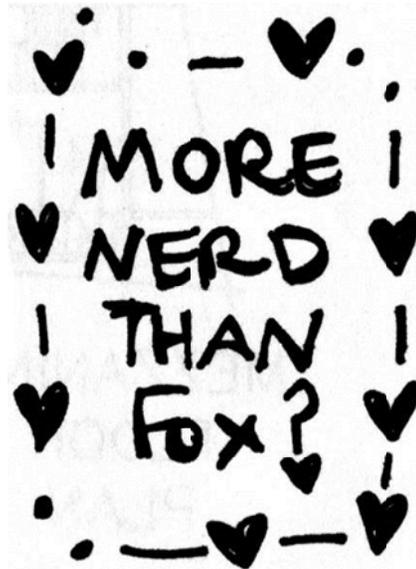
We have to be careful we aren't judging people by the same cruel rules that society is constantly badgering us with. As some feminist said, "It's hard to fight an enemy with outposts in your head." That being said, it can take a pretty deep passion to overlook gongs and chimes, and sometimes we just don't want to.

So you want to accentuate the Fox in your Nerd: There was a great article in the New York Times about secretly using animal training techniques to tame your partner. I sometimes enjoy the intrigue of complicated secret agent techniques to getting your fledgling love interest to do what you want. However, it is often more efficient to just say what bothers you. For example:

Forthright: "I think you would look really nice in these other glasses, as the ones you have now hide your lovely eyes, and also, your entire face."

Passive: "Let me see you without those glasses, God - you're beautiful" or "Those frames look uncomfortable, have you ever thought about contacts?"

As for bad music, some people listen to bad music because they have never heard good music. So, you can always try listening to what you think is good music whenever they are around,



Submission Guidelines: Please send your responses, feelings and questions, cartoons, arts, songs, performance art pieces, poems, favorite recipes, night time fantasies and harlequin romances (especially your harlequin romances!) to dana@waterpenny.net.

Your payment will be a copy of the zine, the narcissistic thrill of seeing your name in print, and knowing that you did what you could to help the hopeless be happy. Also some randomly chosen contributors will receive nerd-themed stitchery that I make.

Send any submissions to Dana@WaterPenny.net.

Editor's Note: I thought that I would call this issue the secret issue, because I was thinking about all the secrets we have, and how they get in the way of a lot of good things. But on the other hand, sometimes secrets are good. You know that quote, "Better a cruel truth than a comfortable delusion?" Well, let's be honest, who doesn't pray for a comfortable delusion every now and then?

The first secret I was thinking of is how much people obsess about people they have a crush on. Holy Moly! See "It's Not Your Fault You're Obsessed" for more info on that. It's always so embarrassing when you get completely fixated on someone to the point that you realize you are sitting there wondering what their favorite cereal is, and maybe grinning off into space while you are doing it, and you don't even know if that person even knows you are alive. Not that that has ever happened to me.

One of the main secrets I was thinking of, however, was how lonely we human beings are. And how a lot of us feel like we don't know where we're going, or why we're going there. And a lot of us really want a nice friend who likes us for who we are; somebody nice to eat dinner with and make jokes with. And how we try really hard and wonder if anything good will ever happen to us. And most of us think that we're alone in that. And that's a bad secret. Growing up I was so shy that I got a nervous belly ache every time I had to talk in class. One year I had my birthday at camp, and everyone started singing to me and looking at me and I was so

upset and panicky I cried. One reason I'm not as shy anymore was because I realized I had to speak up to get shit done. But another reason is that I learned a secret. I realized that people are lonely. And sad. And of course people are happy too. But I think we all want people to like us and tell us nice things. Realizing that made me a lot more brave socially. Because what did I have to lose? I am a nice person who likes people. And I bet you are too.

And that ties into romance, too of course. Because, as I always say, people will be flattered that you—a smart, attractive, capable and lovable person with unique ideas about life—are attracted to them. And sometimes they will like you back, and sometimes they won't. That's just chemistry, you can't help that. But regardless they will feel better about themselves. So go out there and make the world less lonely by filling it full of your awesomeness. Yeah! And then, give someone a high five.

Hearts and stars, yr pal, Daners

Nerdfox Valentines – cut out and share with the one you're terrified to tell you love!

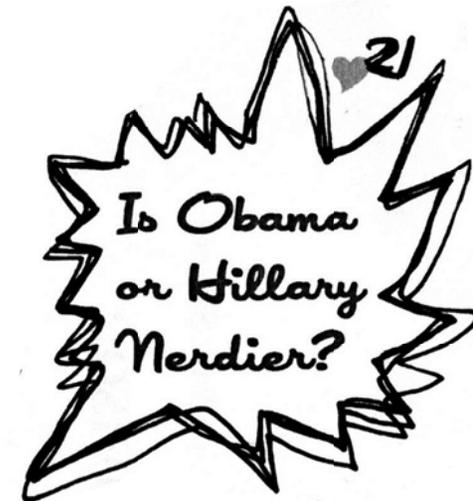


Dear Editor and Overlord of Nerdfoxes Intl.,

As president of the New York City chapter of Nerdfoxes, I must submit my disagreement with the official Nerdfox Myspace profile, which states you are eager to meet Barack Obama. My problem is; he is simply not a Nerdfox, where as Hillary Clinton is a Nerdfox.

Allow me to explain: Statistics show that aside from senior pictures and proms, Nerdfoxes are ugly until they enter their early twenties. Us nerdfoxes simply peak later. Of course we all love being attractive nerds, and the people who were beautiful in their youth now have babies and fat rolls. Hillary Clinton's opponent for New York state senator published pictures of Ms. Clinton from her highschool years, to prove she was ugly.

Barack Obama on the other hand, recently had pictures of himself in a swimsuit published in People Magazine. Let's face it, he's dreamy, but he's not a Nerdfox. One drawback of being a foxy nerd is the fact that we can take incredibly unflattering pictures. Can you name one picture where Obama is not a dreamboat? No, you cannot. Hillary Clinton has posed for many unflattering pictures, along with flattering ones. She is a fox. She is a nerdfox. I beg you, as editor, to endorse Hillary Clinton. We are in a very early stage of presidential elections, however, even in this stage it is important to recognize and endorse such a wonderful candidate. Please welcome Ms. Clinton back into the White House. And if you ever question the sincerity of her role as a nerdfox, simply type Hillary Clinton High School Pictures into Google. You'll feel warm all over.



Love, love, and love,

Jared K, Nerdfox

Letters to a Nerdfox.

Here at Nerdfoxes Intl. we love getting letters. These letters previously appeared on our Myspace page. Yeah, we're cool.

Dear Nerdfox,

I am considering the purchase of contact lenses as an alternative to my thick frames for fancy evening occasions. Would this be Nerdfox suicide? Fretfully yours, Lex

. X . X . X . X . X .
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 . Contacts? .
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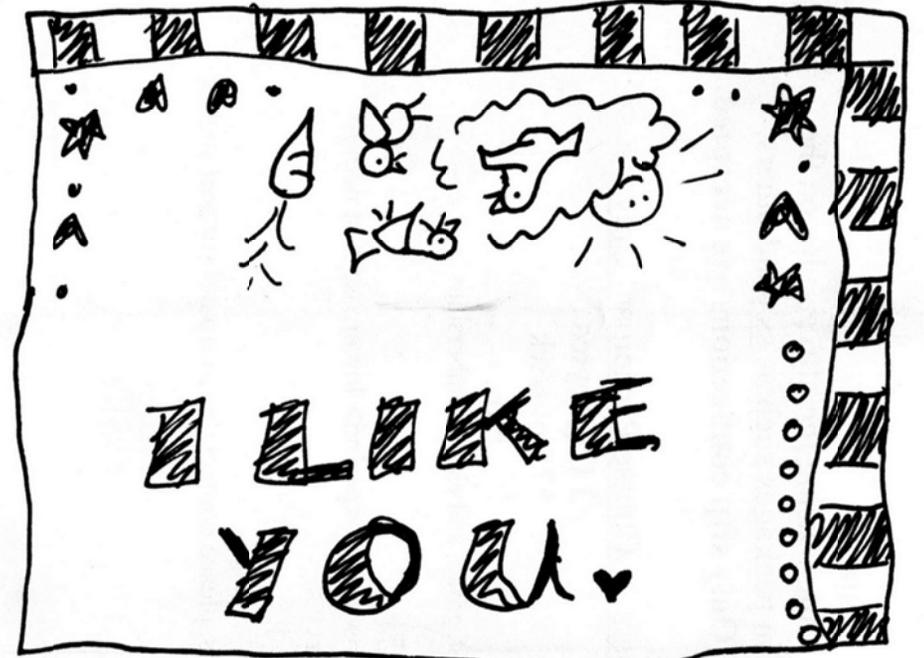
Dear Fretful:

I personally wore contacts for one summer. One sad summer. Then I put my frames back on and felt my superhero powers return. That being said, there are many nerdfoxy activities that are hampered by glasses. For example, I hate how you can't really lay your head sideways against the couch while reading without squashing your glasses against your face. Then again, there's nothing like the sound of glasses tapping glasses when smooching.

While glasses are a popular symbol of geek chic, it is important to realize that not all nerds have been gifted with myopia, nor have they exacerbated these eye troubles by incessantly reading under the covers during their formative years. Therefore I don't wish to alienate this minority of our readership by saying that glasses are crucial to maintaining a nerdfox identity. It's what's deep down inside that counts. Wearing contacts doesn't mean you're not a nerdfox. While nerdfoxes Ghandi, FDR, Gloria Steinem and Clark Kent all wear glasses, so do several of the Spice Girls and occasionally Sylvester Stallone, who are not nerdfoxes at all.

HOWEVER, if when you take your glasses off, you are so cool that everyone chants your name and carries you around on their shoulders and confetti falls from the ceiling, then yes, it is nerdfox suicide to take your glasses off. But I would anyway, just for the experience.

Sincerely, Editor and Overlord of Nerdfoxes Intl.



Cut out, and fold in half twice to make your special Nerdfox valentine.



Waist Watching Tips By Becca S

A recent BBC News article recently revealed that for a man to find a female (or male) attractive, that female had to be moving in the right way: walking and swaying her hips. So maybe you don't have that perfect hourglass figure. Maybe you don't know how to sway your hips just right. Will you die cold and alone as a result? Not if we can help it. Try these beauty tips to draw attention to your marvelous middle:

1. Use a fannypack. A neon one.

Let's face it: you've been eyeing that bright pink fanny pack with the double pocket for a long time. Well baby, nothing's gonna get you that cute nerdfox faster than a fluorescent fanny pack that shows the way your hips swivel with every step. So run out there and put it on, and we guarantee that person you've been eyeing is gonna wanna rip it off and get it on.

Tip: If you really want to captivate a sexy nerdfox, make sure your fanny pack has a hidden pocket!

Added Bonus: Fanny means vagina in England, so if you're trying to snag a Brit, just go on and on about how you love to show off your fanny. Pack, that is.

2. Full-length Jean Skirt.

Comfortable, practical, and not just for Southern Baptists anymore, the ankle-long jean skirt might seem too intimidating for a novice nerdfox. But getting over the fear is worth it. The jean skirt has a unique ability to retain a completely rectangular shape at all times. What does that mean for you? Any sway from left to right is perfectly contrasted by the skirt's angle. You'll look great, everyone will know it.

3. Gigantic Bead belt. A really shiny one. That jingles.

Here's a fun DIY project: take your favorite belt, your favorite beads, and your favorite embroidery floss. Add them together. You've got yourself a fashion accessory that screams "I'M HIP!" with every foot forward. Not only are you hip, nerdfox, you've got hips. And everyone within a thirty foot radius hears it.

6. What is your first instinct when seeking a potential mate in a club/bar type situation?

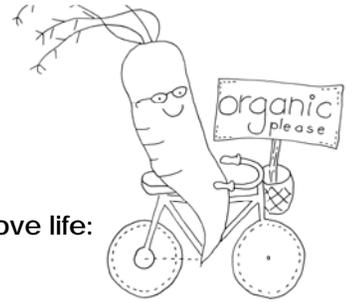
- Use em and lose em. It's like, bam bam bam and thank you ma'am. Never give out your real name.
- Are you cold? Do you need to borrow a sweater? A whole lot of your skin is exposed.
- Discuss feminist theory, the politics of the body, historical influences on current merriment theories
- Sit in the corner and feel awkward.

7. How do you dance?

- Cool
- Weird
- Contra
- Don't

8. The following song best describes my love life:

- Girls, Girls, Girls
- In my Garage, by Weezer
- Pretty much anything from The Little Mermaid soundtrack
- Bringing Sexy Back, by Justin Timberlake, but in an ironic way



9. The first thing I want to know about a potential love interest is:

- The type of cellphone they have
- If they know when to use who and when to use whom
- How good their car/bike's gas mileage is
- If they can play chess

The more questions you answered (A) for, the less likely it is that you are a nerdfox. However, if you couldn't answer any of these questions, because you are too analytical to choose something so arbitrary, then it is quite likely you are a nerdfox.

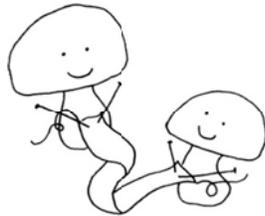
If you felt a kinship to some of the non (A) answers that simultaneously amused and annoyed you because you don't like to be defined so easily and life is more complex than some stupid quiz, then it is also likely that you are, indeed, a nerdfox.

The other tell-tale signs are (1) If you are, or have been, a nerd, and (2) If you are, or think you could be, a fox. If both (1) and (2) are true, then it is likely that you are currently, or have the potential to be, a nerdfox.



Are You a Nerdfox? Take this quiz to find out! No cheating!

- I think that _____ is very sexy.**
 - Hot bod, loads of money, tricked out ride.
 - Not completely despising me
 - Playing scrabble
 - A lisp
- My life motto might best be described as:**
 - Sex, drugs, and rock and roll
 - Do or do not, there is no try.
 - Moderation in everything, particularly moderation.
 - Math explains that.
- What would drive you to kill?**
 - Defense of your prowess and territory, be it sexual, monetary or other spiritual or physical space over which you wish to proclaim your dominance.
 - Passion for an ideal
 - Am pacifist. Would be killed first.
 - Fear of failure
- I find _____ most attractive:**
 - J.Lo
 - Richard Feynman
 - Sarah Vowel
 - JD from Le Tigre
- How do you plan on getting in shape for this summer?**
 - Exercising in a gym with my paid membership; a celebrity fad diet involving celery, bacon and diet coke; and ceaseless tanning
 - Reading about barnacles on Wikipedia at 3 am
 - Gardening and Hiking
 - Slogging through the African rainforest studying endangered ferns
- My yearbook photo is hideous, awkward and/or humiliating in the following percentage of school years?**
 - 0%
 - 25%
 - 50%
 - 100%



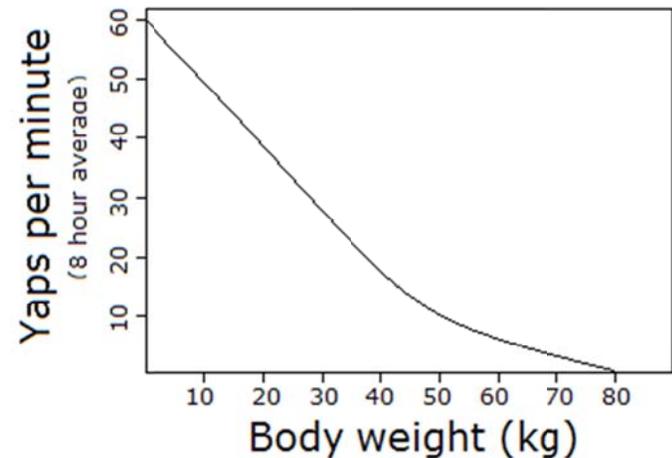
Tip: To increase the belt's seduction radius, switch your favorite beads with your favorite jingle bells or wind chimes. You won't regret it.

4. Suspenders: Not just for the old Italian man in your life.

While it may be possible to walk around with your underpants hanging out and still be a nerdfox, it's hard. Hitch those trousers up, cover your drawers, and get you some suspenders! With every sway, a pair of dark suspenders contrasted against a light shirt shows the way you move and slims the waist. Shifting like a skier's poles, your suspenders will let a cute nerdfox know what you do best: dress to impress.

5. A small dog.

As you can tell by our graph, as a dog gets smaller its yaps per second increase. Though a large German Shepard will stay relatively silent, your average terrier will never stop reminding you that it exists. And why is this good for your hips? Because by strapping said terrier to your waist, your canine companion will remind everyone that you exist: look at you. LOOK AT YOU! And when they look at you, they're gonna see that dog at your hips and think "Damn: that dog is going left to right." And then, "Damn: that's a sex machine if I've ever seen one."





Croteau's Corner:

Episode 3: Jennifer and the Mystery of the Married Men

Avid Nerdfox readers will note that Episode 2: Jennifer and the Terrible Tongue Attack was slated to appear in these pages, but it has been traded for a secret themed episode. It will appear in a subsequent issue- until then let the suspense slowly kill you...- Editor

I am a strong believer in the idea that everyone has a gift to offer the world, a knack if you will. Superman can fly faster than a speeding bullet, my sister can drink beer while hanging upside down, and a friend of mine can talk perfect Pig Latin. My super hero talent is my innate ability to attract and date married men.

Before you brand my forehead with a scarlet letter- H for harlot? - let me preface this by saying I attract and date men that are married unbeknownst to me. I date men who I have no idea are married. Now if this scenario had happened just once it would have been sorrowful and tragic; however, it has happened to me three times which classifies it in the oddly hilarious category.

The first incident of dating a "taken man" occurred when I lived in Lexington, KY. Brian* was great- charming, nice, and witty. He even bathed on a regular basis. He had two children and had been divorced for over a year. Brian was a native of West Virginia so I felt like I had a little piece of home in my adopted state. Everything was going so well that I wanted to fly to the Alps, run through a grassy meadow, twirling my arms, and break out in song. Then the matrimony hit the fan, divorced turned into legally separated, turned into just "taking time apart" turned into still married, turned into Croteau once again reenacting a scene from Bridget Jones' diary.

The next married man surprise occurred when I went back to Lexington to visit friends. Mark* had a decent sense of humor, seemed kind and we always had a lot of fun together- by fun I mean that we sat around and played a lot of Scrabble. Mark was fresh off of a divorce and we had known each other for a few years- most of these years he had spent in a joyless marriage. Was he a Nerdfox- No. Did he get my warped sense of humor? No. Did he understand my verbose use of words like hackneyed, copious,



Which might not be a bad thing, since we don't have much control over what objects our stupid brain chemicals get attached to. Damn chemicals. Luckily, the chemicals go away. There are theories about how they might last two years, or four. In lasting couples, they are replaced in part by oxytocin, which is a bonding hormone. Which is a relief, as the author points out, because we can't spend our whole lives mooning around. Apparently, like any drug, our brain maxes out on the chemicals released by lovesickness and becomes immune to them after a while.

Almost all cultures have evidence of romantic love, but the interpretations of it play out differently. The point is that I'm not crazy, and that crush was not my fault. It happens to almost all human beings. It's just your stupid chemicals in your stupid brain. And it will go away. Both the chemicals, and your brain.

Secret Limericks by Danny C



A secret love for spam mail is mine
Ridiculous line after line
Love an African Prince
for inheritance
It makes my day job really shine



Hobby of Memorization
Really is its own creation
WV counties done
All presidents won
Trivial Pursuit, my vacation



Writing mediocre limericks
avoids hearing the clock's tocks and ticks
Special for Nerdfox
Not for Goldilocks
Nerdfox is an addictive fix



The Secret Science of Crushes:

Why It's Not Your Fault You're Obsessed

The February 2006 issue of National Geographic basically changed my life. At least it made me feel less crappy about my life. At the time, I was languishing under the yoke of this obsession with this guy that I couldn't shake. Sure, he could play like ten musical instruments and had cool hair. Sure, one time I bumped into him at a show, and he took my hand in his and looked into my eyes and asked me how I'd been, and I said, "Pretty much perfect" and he said, "I've always thought so" and then I almost puked all over him. But logically, I barely knew him, he had his faults, I had shit to do, and yet I couldn't stop thinking about it. Constantly. I was pretty sure I was going crazy. I re-evaluated the vitamins I was taking. I took some cold showers. I laid on the couch and contemplated my childhood influences. I tried to talk it out with my friends (thanks friends). And still yet, I hadn't seen him in six months, and a picture pops up of him on the internet and I get so startled that I knock over and smash a wine glass (sorry Eleanor).

I was pretty sure I was going to have to euthanize myself. Everything else had failed. And then I read "Love" by Lauren Slater in aforementioned issue of Nat'l Geo. She gets her data from Helen Fisher, who is an anthropologist that does cross cultural studies of love. She was one of the pioneers of the theory that the "fickle female orgasm" was an evolutionary development to find out whether men would stick around and be good fathers. She also looks at brains and brain chemicals of people who are in love.

Apparently, when you are in love, your brain sends out dopamine like crazy, which gives you extra energy and super motivation. It also causes this sort of lovesickness with the same qualities of obsessive compulsive disorder. Apparently love skews up your serotonin levels, much like OCD, and can actually be treated with drugs like Prozac and Paxil. So basically, love and OCD could have the same brain chemical profile. And if you are on psychiatric meds, it can be harder for you to fall in chemically-based love.



or sophomoric? No. But he had a pulse, and I did like him. The affair ended when Mark* went back to his "ex"-wife. (cue sound of a needle skidding off of the side of a record).



Next I met Stephen* at a bar in downtown Charleston. He had warm brown eyes and was very nice. He asked for my number and in turn he gave me his business card. It turned out that Stephen* worked as a lawyer at the same firm that my friend worked at. When I returned to work on Monday, I emailed a brief hello to Stephen* and he emailed back. I contacted my friend (Stephen's* coworker) to get more info about him- I make no apologies for snooping—a girl has got to be careful. It turns out that Stephen* was married (puke)

and that his wife may be expecting (double puke). I cut all ties and ran; if he had been in front of me I would have punched and run. Since everyone in Charleston knows everyone else, low and behold the details of Stephen's* past read like a dark comedy. It turns out that Stephen* had taken a nasty fall out of a second story window his last year in law school. He has, quote, "never been the same since." I believe that this accident has resulted in Stephen's* selected amnesia. By selected I mean that he conveniently forgets about his expecting wife whenever he sees a girl at the bar.

What has all of this taught me? That men (and women) can always tell you what you want to hear, look how you want them to look, and laugh at your corny punch lines. Ladies and gents- you have to kiss a lot of frogs before you find your prince(ess). According to this ideology I am due for some good Karma in the love department. All I have to do is wait patiently for it to rain down on me- wait? is that thunder that I hear???

*Some names have been changed and some have not. I will let you go crazy trying to figure out which ones are real and which ones are not.

Is Your Date Married? Some tips to find out:

Ask: Are you married? Not even a little bit?

Look: Is there a ring? Don't forget tan lines or calluses from rings handily forgotten.

Listen: How furtively do they answer the phone? Do a lot of their stories involve people whose names aren't mentioned?

Snoop: No shame. It's a matter of national security.

Quiz! Are You Married?

It can be tricky to find out if you're actually married or in a long term relationship that would make it a tad rude for you to be out dating people. Let Jen and Dana help you find out.

1. Do you remember a legal ceremony where you answered a question with the phrase "I do"?
2. Does your bathroom have matching hand towels labeled his and hers?
3. Is there a person in your cell phone address book labeled wife/husband?
4. Does your bank account have two names on it?
5. Do you wake up beside the same person every morning?
6. Are there children that live in your home that resemble you, or does one of these children go by the name Junior?
7. Do you have a tacky photo album covered in white satin and lace that is labeled "Our Wedding"?
8. Do you own a mini- van?
9. When you drive this mini van do you sometimes have to readjust the seat, as if someone else had been sitting in it?
10. Have you noticed that there are more dishes in the sink than you could have possibly dirtied?
11. Do you have closets filled with clothes that do not belong to you?
12. Is there a person that's not related to you that ends your conversations with "I love you" or calls you by an endearing term?

If you have answered yes to one or more of these questions, then chances are you might be married. You might try checking at the courthouse or perhaps asking the person living in your house if you are married or otherwise committed to them. Notice we did not offer our congratulations due to the fact that this quiz is not designed to assess the happiness of your union.

When you find the person you might be married to, the next step is to openly discuss dating people who are not your partner, and also to discuss your partner with the people you are wanting to date. If you have not done both these things, and yet are dating unsuspecting nerdfoxes, please punch yourself.

Stalking the Wild Nerdfox by Zach C

While Nerdfoxes may not have the nutritional value of wild edibles, they offer a unique pleasure all their own, avidly sought by those with refined taste. -Editor

Finding large groups—a pride, pack, gaggle, herd—what have you—of nerdfoxes is easy! They have been known to congregate at events like conventions, any competition of home built equipment (e.g. home made rafts or potato guns), political rallies for unique or honest candidates (e.g. Dennis Kucinich, or any random Socialist), teach-ins for concerned people, any sort of demonstration (against war, for people or the earth), religious services that practice meditation till it hurts, celestial events (like comet viewings or meteor showers), nerdrock concerts (put your preferred band here), and even sports events (the nerdfoxes are the people that come up with chants that scare their own team).

Small groups of nerdfoxes are a bit more difficult, but you can still bump into them... roaming the trails of the nearest wilderness area, drinking and playing board games in intellectually friendly bars or cooperatively owned coffeehouses, or working with Food Not Bombs, wading in a public fountain with their pants rolled up, in a study room, talking philosophy at 3am in the local 24 hour diner, sledding down a hill on a cafeteria tray after a snow, or lip syncing "Free To Be You and Me" and playing instruments made out of Lincoln Logs in the basement.

Discovering an individual nerdfox is like sighting a rare bird or getting a missile shield to work, it takes careful planning and usually some inside information so you can be in the right place at the right time. An expert may find them prowling the streets, camping on the side of a highway, in a city park, or on a cliff, sitting on park benches reading newspapers or knitting scarves in the summer, napping under or in a tree, roaming the art museum, sitting in their car with the radio on listening to NPR with the engine off, in the library digging through the stacks for a rare book, or in a computer lab texting other people in the same computer lab.



spend time with a first tall, dark, and handsome super-babe I'd met. He spoke three languages, traveled the world, and could cook like nobody's business. He basically had my heart in a jar beside his bed, with me ready to bust through his bed room walls to ravage him. Oh, the invitation was there (lying fully to one side of the bed with the light dimmed, door open, and "that look" on his face is a sign, right?), but I didn't make things happen. Then he moved. To another country. Without me. Bohunks will do that.

Then I met guy number two. He was nice and funny and made me laugh a lot, which is a major plus. We played cards together, discussed sustainable farming, chatted until the stars were beginning to fade into the morning sky, wandered through the forest to my cabin in the woods and then... played more cards and went to sleep. The interest was mutual, but darn it if neither one of us made a move. All night in my mind I was practicing my mantra, "Would you like some tea? Would you like to make out?" I even practiced aloud, though not too loudly. Somehow it never got past my lips louder than a whisper, and I ended up alone in bed, again, cursing myself.

As a result of these mishaps, I began to spend more time trying to build a time machine and fix those failed situations than figuring out how to move forward with new nerdfoxes. I realized that if Napoleon Dynamite and Kip couldn't assemble a time machine, chances were I couldn't either. Nerdfox zine to the rescue.

I re-read the guide, met another rad guy who was visiting the area (I'm telling you, three non-offensive men in five months is an absolute record here), and put my plan into action. It's all about making things happen!!! I hitched a ride with a nun for the seven hour trip to his city, and met up with said nerdfox, and made things happen. Make out sesh, check. Double check, in fact.

What gave me the confidence third time around, you ask? Not desperation, but a feeling of confidence and comfort in being with said nerdfox. He is witty and smart. He has lots of freckles and pretty feet. He knows a lot about labor organizing and can't finish any book he begins. He likes his family, watches too much tv, and wants to learn to tango. He's a nerdfox, and I like him. Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.



Find Your: Super Secret Alter-Ego

By: Joanna S AKA. The Mighty Snork, Protector of Frippery who controls the forces of Whipped Topping.

Yes, we all have one lurking within. Some of us may be more in-touch with this declarative-sentence-making, large-object-scaling, bizarre-spandex-wearing side of our personality. Others may need a little more help. To find the Super Secret Alter-Ego that's right for you, I suggest this handy, semi-mystical method.

Simply put yourself into a light trance. Take the index finger of one hand (Warning: left-pointing may skew your Alter-Ego towards the sinister). Close your eyes and run your finger up and down each column in turn until the power within bids you stop. Do this three times, until you have three separate names (one Title, one Salutation, one Provenance, and one Aegis). Then combine them using the formula below. And Viola!

Please remember to use your Alter-Ego for good (non-destructive evil is probably acceptable too).

"Title" "Salutation" of "Provenance" who harnesses the power of "Aegis"

Your Title:

Potentia/Potentior
RapsCALLION
Absentia/or
Flagrentia/or
The Masticator
Formidable Fiend
Malevolentia/or
Anachronistia/or
RandamonIA/or
The Great Doodler
Cranium
The Mighty Snork

Salutation:

Master
Mistress
Protector
Bane Of

Provenance:

Cruciferous Edibles
Biodegradable
Cleaning Products
Those Who fear To
Speak In Math Class
Lords of Hopscotch
Arcane Vocabulary
Pulchritudinous Sofa
Tax Attorneys
Pahoehoe (Ropy
Lava)
Lovers of B-Grade
Action Flicks
Kitten Kissers
Cheese Mold
Daring-Do
Differentiating
Homonyms
Frippery
Baubles

Aegis:

Giant Herring
Wombat
Magic Marker
Chiffon
Eraser
Whipped- Topping
Bucket
Elbow Grease
String
Leeks
Lichen
Man-hole Cover
Rusty Nail



Tips to Initiate a Make Out Sesh

First—It's so important to keep consensuality in mind, and to realize that all of us have been through different things, and some people take certain aspects of sexuality very seriously, and I respect that. At the same time, I have spent a lot of time listening to my friends crybaby around because they want to kiss on some really cool person who thinks they are really cool too and never get around to doing it. Which is just plain silliness.

Step One: Remember you are lovable and capable. You are good at lots of things. You are complex, multi-faceted and have a lively mind. And you enjoy smooching. And other people enjoy smooching too. We are all grown ups here, and there is no reason why two grown ups can't enjoy something enjoyable together.

Step Two: Think about how you would feel if an intelligent attractive, fascinating specimen, much like you, (but who isn't you) approached you in a romantic but respectful way. Say you are not interested, would you feel flattered nonetheless? Say you are interested, would you feel happy about having someone nice and smart and good looking to smooch on?

Step Three: Find a being worthy of your time and cosmic babe energy. You are worth a lot, by the way. My advice is to avoid nihilists, addicts, materialistic freaks, body builders, serial killers, crybabies and people who are married/partnered. Also people you work with or who are related to your best friends might be problematic choices as well. But to each their own, naturally.

Step Four: Since we are all grown ups, act like a grown up. You don't have to putz around for ten years trying to figure out some kind of super smooth move. Try one of these grown up lines:

"Would you like some tea, water, coffee? To make out?"

"I think you're nice. If you wanted to smooch, I would like that, if not, that's ok too."

"Can I kiss you?"

"I have a theory that two people snuggling is better than two people not snuggling—do you adhere to that school of thought?"

Step Four: Smooch your face off. Or if they politely decline, feel good that you were so respectful of them and that they trusted

you enough to be honest. Realize that all people are different and have different motivations that have nothing to do with you. **Do not be an ego-maniac and pretend that other people's decisions are all about you**—they have their own reasons and it's not because your butt is too big/small or because you are unlovable or whatever. Get over yourself. Move on. Do not be a drama queen and pretend you will die alone because you were not compatible with this one single person on the entire earth.

Step Five: Be nice and respectful and responsible of your feelings and bodies. **Being responsible is hot.** Treat the person like you like them for who they are, and like you want them to be happy. And if they don't treat you the same way, **punch them in the nuts and run!** You are precious, and you are wonderful, and you don't owe those lousy bastards a thing.

Lastly: If you are the sort that loses all ability to speak in these situations, you might try writing down a phrase on your hand and just holding it up. Don't sweat so much the ink runs, though!



Make Things Happen! Third Time's a Charm.

By Lolo B

The stars must have been aligned the past few months because I've met several amazing nerdfoxes with some serious potential for making out. I live by myself on a mountain top with bears, dogs and five women between the ages of 50 to 70 (think Jane Goodall riding a fourwheeler), so meeting any comrade my age, let alone a male nerdfox, is monumental. Meeting a male nerdfox who says things so witty I have laser eyes attached to him the rest of the night is quite monumentally colossal. But it happens occasionally. I just can't figure out what to do with it. Read on.

Determined to make things happen, I traveled to another city to