

O R E G O N

COMMENTATOR

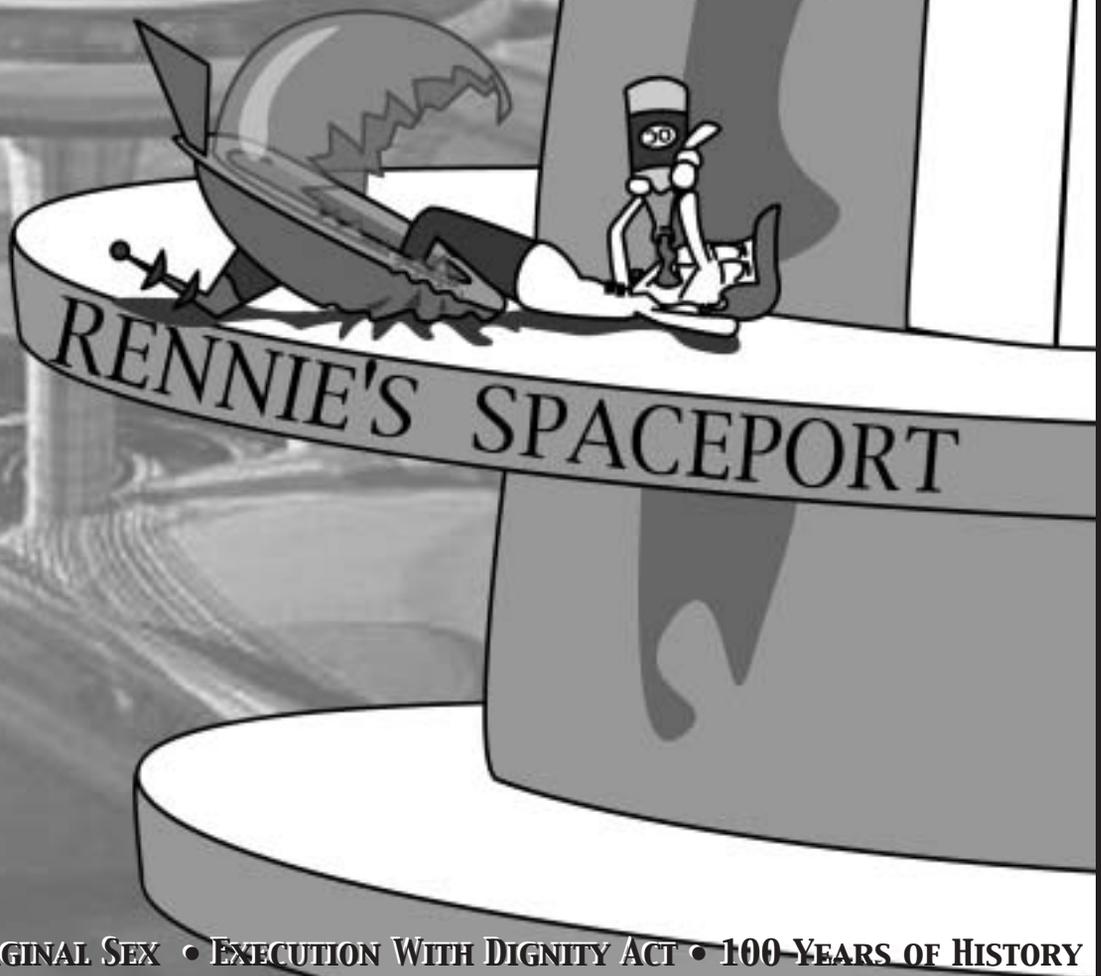
JANUARY 17, 2103

VOLUME CXX, ISSUE VI

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

THE FUTURE ISSUE

FLYING CARS? YES. LIGHT SABERS? NO.
CHEAP BOOZE? YES. UNLIMITED BAR TAB? NO.
A GIMMICK? YES. A GIMMICK THAT JUSTIFIES
AN ENTIRE ISSUE? UMMM...



PLUS: UO BANS VAGINAL SEX • EXECUTION WITH DIGNITY ACT • 100 YEARS OF HISTORY



FOUNDED SEPT. 27, 1983 • MEMBER COLLEGIATE NETWORK

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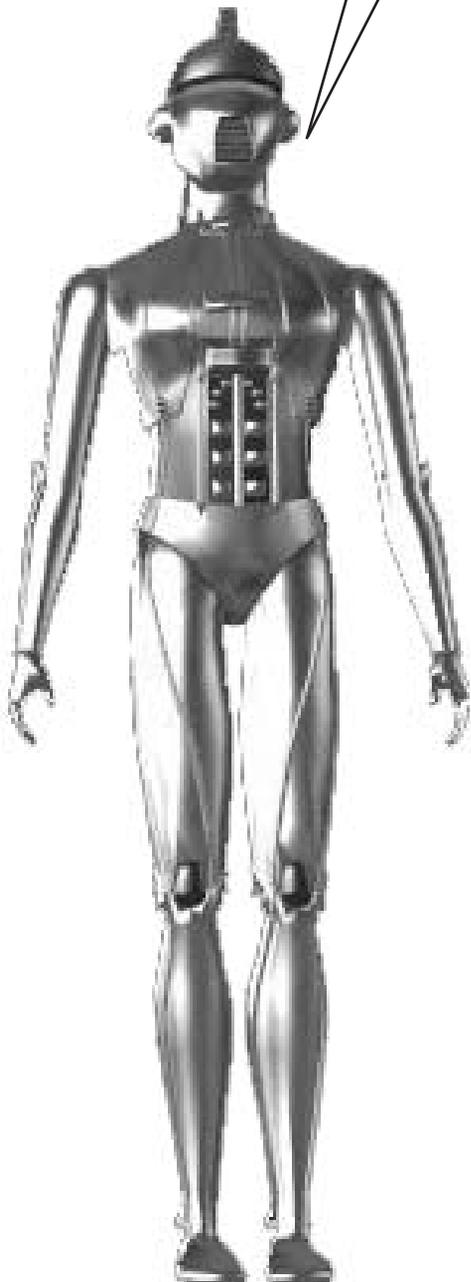
The OREGON COMMENTATOR is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists Sept. 27 1983, the COMMENTATOR has had a major impact in the “war of ideas” on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its 119 year existence, it has enabled University students to hear both sides of issues. Our paper combines reporting with opinion, humor and feature articles. We have won national recognition for our commitment to journalistic excellence.

The OREGON COMMENTATOR is operated as a program of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The paper is funded through student incidental fees, advertising revenue and private donations. We print a wide variety of material, but our main purpose is to show students that a political philosophy of conservatism, free thought and individual liberty is an intelligent way of looking at the world — contrary to what they might hear in classrooms and on campus. In general, editors of the COMMENTATOR share beliefs in the following:

- We believe that the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate — instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.
- We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.
- We believe that it is important for the University community to view the world realistically, intelligently and, above all, rationally.
- We believe that any attempt to establish utopia is bound to meet with failure and, more often than not, disaster.
- We believe that while it would be foolish to praise or agree mindlessly with everything our nation does, it is both ungrateful and dishonest not to acknowledge the tremendous blessings and benefits we receive as Americans.
- We believe that free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.
- We believe that the University is an important battleground in the “war of ideas” and that the outcome of political battles of the future are, to a large degree, being determined on campuses today.
- We believe that a code of honor, integrity, pride and rationality are the fundamental characteristics for individual success.
- Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.

COMMENTATOR

Funny,
 BUT YOU'D THINK THAT IN
 THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS THEY'D
 COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER THAN
 "FREE MINDS, FREE MARKETS, FREE
 BOOZE." BUT THERE'S JUST NOTHING
 BETTER. AND YOU KNOW IT!



VAGINAL SEX BANNED

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Would You Like To Know More?

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OSMOSIS

SURPRISE ME

EXECUTION WITH DIGNITY

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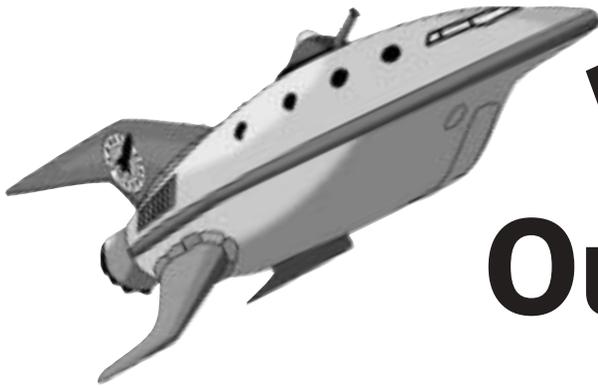
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January 17, 2103

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As I burned them alive, I would squeal with joy,
 because I would be Drug-Free Boy.



Where's Our Future?

One hundred years ago, the world was a different place, a place full of wonder and hope. Hope for the future. Watch the television and film of the era, read the books of the late 20th and early 21st centuries. We were promised flying cars, sexy alien women, robot slaves, machines to do our work for us. We were promised space travel, an end to war and diseases, the colonization of Mars, Venus and the rest of the solar system. We were promised nanotechnology, simulated reality, communication so connected that you couldn't so much as miss the thought of correspondence. We were misled, we were flim-flammed and hornswaggled. We were duped, deceived, lied to and put-on. Yes, friends, the future we were promised has not arrived. We have no plastic pals who are fun to be with; instead we had Giant Killer Robots From Space and an army of androids doing the bidding of an alien-cultist clone. Where is the future we were promised, the future that our forefathers so richly dreamed about? It's gone, amigo, gone with all of our hopes and dreams. Gone.

But to where has our future gone? Where are our electric Barbarellas and improbability drives? Where are the jumpsuits of Starfleet? Why did we not take that path? The answer is a complicated one. And one that would take a lifetime to understand fully. However, there is a simple explanation that will do for now: laziness. Somewhere between dreaming of traveling the galaxy and being attacked by a clonebaby's robot army, we got complacent. In the middle of the last century, as Oregon and the rest of the Pacific coast was falling apart, the rest of humanity was satisfied to wallow in its own crapulence. Europe had become so lazy and socialist over the preceding period of years that it was unable to innovate any further, nor could it take position as any sort of world leader. Japan's economy never fully recovered from the two-decade recession at the end of the 20th century, and it was left too weak to continue as the world leader in useless-but-entertaining technology. The United States was the only remaining nation with the power or the inclination to develop the future that was promised to humanity. Unfortunately, the USA was lulled into complacency by reality television, teeny-bopper music, midget porn and a lust for all things sponge-cake.

By 2024, Eve was the only person left in this country with sufficient motivation to make cool technological advances.

Unfortunately, Eve was also an evil sociopath bent on world domination. Her reign of terror and the events leading up to it are well known to us all. They nearly led to the destruction of life as we know it. America had the gumption to stop Eve, but we immediately went back to drinking and hard-drug use instead of perfecting the future we had promised ourselves.

So, what can we do about it? We must immediately start trying to build a future of space travel and galacto-whores. We need to pull ourselves out of the drug-induced gutter, make the giant panda give us back the sun, and pull ourselves up by the bootstraps. The time for America to lead the charge into the future is upon us. We will not stop until the moon is colonized. We will not quit until mankind is spread throughout the galaxy like so much salmon pâté or other spreadable food product. It is imperative that we be able to build a future in which we are able to gallivant around the universe, wearing jumpsuits made of spandex in ships the size of Manhattan Island. Okay, maybe not all of us need to gallivant in spandex, but certainly the more attractive women need to be allowed this option. There is nothing more important for humanity at this vital juncture than acquiring the future that we were promised. The first step is getting the whole galactic conquest ball rolling.

The second step is finally inventing some goddamned flying cars. 150 years ago, we were promised flying cars and still no dice. Bring us our damned flying cars, you auto-manufacturing assholes. And we mean now. Not tomorrow, not next week, not 10 years from now, now. And, while we're at it, find some way to build cities in the sky. We're tired of this living-on-the-ground shit.

Lastly, we must build giant, inhabitable domes on Mars. Sure,, we've still got that space station, but nothing compares to the glory of inhabitable domes on Mars. Maybe they'll crack and cause hideous mutation, but we don't need to worry about that right now...we just have to build them. We don't even have to populate them immediately, but for the good of humanity, they must be built. Only then, after all three steps have been completed, and we've also acquired some galacto-whores, will we have the future we were promised. The future we desire. The future we deserve.





**ARE YOU RUNNING WITH
THE RIGHT PACK?**



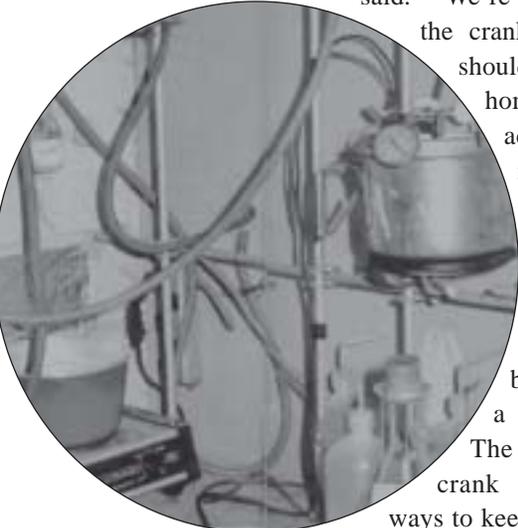
EMU 319. Stop By To Chew The Fat.

What's up in Coos County? Matriculation in the

Institute of Crankological Studies

Coos County officials hope that new developments in the study of crank will help produce jobs to counteract the county's skyrocketing unemployment rate. The county-funded Institute of Crankological Studies, based out of a trailer park in Coos Bay, has situated itself as the nation's most prestigious crankological research center.

"Our goal is, and always has been, to produce as potent a strain of crank as we can," company president Roger Benson said. "We're also trying to level out the crank playing field. Why shouldn't Joe Smith living at home with his mom have access to the same pharmaceutical brand crank that some swanky short order cook at Denny's gets?"



The Institute was founded 15 years ago by Coos Bay officials as a way to curb drug use. The institute paid former crank abusers to brainstorm ways to keep others off of the drug.

But instead, the motley crew of video store clerks and high school dropouts just watched *Saved By the Bell* reruns and came up with new ways to get blitzed.

Today, the institute employs 27 full-time workers and

offers full health and dental plans. The latter remain tragically undersubscribed.

"Most of my help is just neighborhood kids from down the street," Benson said. "Hell, fifteen years ago, I was getting high with their ma's and pa's. Now I'm employing these little buggers to keep the tool shed stocked with fertilizer and cleaning products."

The Institute is still located in the same trailer where it was founded. But the real research takes place far below — 300 feet below the surface, to be precise, at the \$25 million dollar particle accelerator that stretches nearly three miles in length.

"My Uncle Todd did most of the construction," Benson noted. "Same equipment he uses down at the trash heap."

"We're light-years away from the medieval days of smoking through a light bulb," said head researcher Hank Crowley. "Today we're on the brink of fusing human DNA with crank DNA, producing a perpetual crank-induced euphoria. Imagine how effective our working force could be with an unlimited supply of crank-induced energy and paranoia surging through them. This is the sort of thing the Nazis were shooting for."

Coincidentally, Crowley developed the technology for the fusion while on a three-week crank binge.

"I'd been up for a few days already, listening to my old Kenny Loggins records, you know, playing them backwards, trying to find secret messages and shit. That's when it all started coming to me. Kenny was on another level, man. The secret to cold fusion is on *High Adventure*, I'm telling you."

The More You Know

Sudsy here, OC mascot from time immemorial. Kids, remember that anytime you're in an awkward situation, there are always two ways to go. You could just be honest and tell people around you that you need a helping hand, as we all do sometimes. Or, instead of being a Grade-A sucker, you could get some nuts and lie through your teeth. The trick is to tell yourself that it *could* be the truth.



"Her elementary school teacher said she was 18" is one way to go. You just gotta believe in yourself. I do.

OC Opinion Poll

Does the future look most like:

- a) The Jetsons
- b) Logan's Run
- c) Planet of The Apes
- d) Barbarella
- e) Version 2.0 of my own dysfunctional family

UO OFFICIALLY RENAMED U OF PHIL

Move made to “avoid the bullshit” of pretending this school has any other benefactor “worth a fucking shit.” Developing..

In an unprecedented move today, the University officially changed its name to the University of Phil, in honor of recently deceased Nike founder and University alumnus Phil Knight. The announcement, broadcast live from the newly renovated Autzen Stadium, came after three days of closed-door meetings between Nike representatives and UO president Wendy Snyder-Sanchez-Thompson-Blake. “I hate being hogtied by the greedy fist of a powerful corporation as much as the next liberal. After all, they’re only interested in their dirty profits,” Snyder-Sanchez-Thompson-Blake said. “Still, we need the money if we’re going to renew [football coach] Bellottitron-1000’s contract next year.”

Nike and University officials also read from a prepared statement in which they gave the University of Portland two weeks to find another, more suitable name. “We don’t want anyone confusing that second-rate little Catholic school with the U of Phil,” said Nike spokesman Robert Haygood. The statement went on to suggest that Portland should consider Portland State University as a name because, “Hey, outside of the city of Portland, who’s going to care how many Portland States there are?”

Details of the Nike-UO settlement were not readily available at press time, but anonymous sources have placed the figure as high as \$40 billion, including an incentives package that will encourage the school to change the existing Hayward Field track from an oval to a swoosh shape, and a onetime payment of \$10,000 for each building whose name is changed to include either “Knight” or “Nike.” The inclusion of the word “Temple” following either word automatically doubles that \$10K figure.

Campus reactions were mixed, as many students objected to, as sophomore environmental studies major Cindy Gumbel put it, “giving implied support to Nike’s wasteful and unethical business practices.” Another student added that “people will have a hard time separating the policies of Nike from the policies of this university.” The counterargument most often made was that “Nike has always owned the university in all but name, anyway. At least now we can save time avoiding all the bullshit.”

Still, there were talks of a student protest that would involve camping out on the Johnson Hall lawn. Talks with The North Face to provide parkas, fleeces, tents, backpacks, and other provisions for the grueling one-night ordeal were reported to have hit a snag, however. Junior geology major John Roberts may have summed the events of the day up best when he bemoaned, “How can we protest corporate greed and their promotion of hemispherical inequality when we can’t even get sponsorship?”

THE OC ASKS:

How Are You Doing This Century?



President George Q. Bush

I’m doing fine. All that talk about a dynasty is hogwash. You need to focus on the fact that we’re going to war with Iraq to finish the good work my three Bush predecessors have started. Vote Bush!



The Lukes

Things went downhill after those vaguely sexual “Luke Both Ways” ads. We weren’t ready for that kind of pressure. The NBA was never kind to us, but hashish and cheap whores were.



Mandrake, The Gay Mascot

I was ahead of my time! It only took about eight decades for UO fans to warm up to me and my flamboyantly homosexual spandex. Who am I kidding? No one will EVER accept me!



Robocop

The ceremony of innocence is drowned; The best lack all conviction, while the worst Are full of passionate intensity. Surely some revelation is at hand.



Macaulay Culkin

Have you seen my newest movie, Home Alone 47: Left At The Old Folks’ Home? It’s a classic. I slap my gnarled, wrinkled face and shout, “Does this look like a bed sore?”



Saddam Hussein

I’m back, recently cloned and cast opposite Gregory Peck a la Boys from Brazil. My new play—A Tyrant in Love—is receiving rave reviews from the New York press. I’ll be on Regis and Kelly next week.



Dick Clark

Remember all those jokes about how I never aged. Well, they caught up with me and now I’m not doing so good. I’m so old, I misplaced a liver spot yesterday. But let’s keep countin’ those hits!

Of the many things the OC loves about the last century, the explosion of free smut and home vodka kits were probably our favorite. Oh, and the way nuclear bombs are shaped like Hershey Kisses.

UO Bans Vaginal Sex!

Practice deemed sexist oppression of women, outlawed as newest effort to create perfect equality for genders.

By Bret Jacobson III

EUGENE – In an effort to continue its tradition of progressive ideology-turned-institutional-doctrine, the University of Oregon this year became the first public institution to formally outlaw vaginal sex as a misogynistic, rape-like penetration.

Proponents have hailed the passage of the ban as a step toward making men and women completely equal and completely indistinguishable.

“We’re so proud to be part of the first University to formally recognize that all sex is rape,” said Melinda Lee, director of Womyn Against Hegemonic Male Oppressors and Implicit Penile Aggression. WAHMOIPA has been working for the last seven decades to secure passage of the controversial measure.

University spokesperson John De La Grange said the school believed its role is to promote equality for all students.

“Clearly, for over a century, this school has continued its attempt to engineer social structures, and this is just another example. First we discriminated on the basis of color through affirmative action recruitment policies, then we built a reputation in 2037 for progressive policies with our forced student pledge never to engage in any speech that may be deemed offensive.”

Opponents of the ban on vaginal intercourse, including most people who have engaged in the practice, were disappointed with the University’s decision, but couldn’t muster much of a response.

Thomas Cannerly, 21, said many males would soon learn a very colorful lesson about their inability to mount an effective opposition to the blocked intercourse rules.

“Most of us are either going to have blue balls or are going to have to spend some serious Monetary Units on Skin-O-Vision,” Callahan said. “But most of us never thought this would ever happen, so I guess this was the last time guys will get screwed, and this time it really blows.”

Lee disagreed and said men would soon be more enlightened after being forced to have more conversation and less sex with women.

“Once those oppressors realize we have to be dealt with on an intellectual level, they’ll see that women are every bit as capable and able as men at relating to world issues. It’s time



Members of Alpha Kappa Psi may have to transfer to another school before they can finally give someone their most special gift.

men stopped being the aggressor in the bedroom and in political, social and personal conversations.”

The policy precludes male students from engaging in any contact with a vagina for pleasure. It has not been decided whether that ban includes the use of personal plastic pleasure devices or small woodland creatures. The policy does not, of course, cover lesbians who are “free to munch carpet till the end of their days.”

Some in the law school have already been investigating loopholes to remain in compliance with the rules while still allowing for sexual freedom.

Second-year law student Bartlett Scottson said, “Basically, I’m going to have to have a lot of anal sex. It’s up the pooper, or it’s not at all. And I think that’s kind of sad because anal sex is definitely intimate, but it’s not very personal.”

But fellow law student Emily Heinrich disagreed. “Forcing all students to engage in anal sex means that no one will be able to distinguish between men and women, so all sex will be equal and women will be more respected.”

Lee said this policy was a step in the right direction, but there is still more that needs to be done for complete equality.

“We all need to share unisex bathrooms. We can’t have Separate But Equal when it comes to the removal of our common urine and fecal matter. And when that’s done, we’re going to genetically engineer humans to be asexual, self-reproducing automatons. We will love God and She will love us!”

But it was Cannerly who seemed to share the predominant view of critics.

“We’ve lost a little bit of our humanity today,” he said. “We never really put all that much sociopolitical thought into the vagina — and hell, my buddy Hank never put anything into a vagina, and now he won’t ever have that chance. What about Hank? What about Hank?”



Bret Jacobson III, like Bret Jacobson II and I before him, is the Publisher of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

The Shame The Horror The Shavings

By
Bret
Jacobson III

“Public Execution With Dignity Act” Passes

After becoming the first state to legalize suicide through its Death With Dignity Act, the state formerly known as Oregon set a new landmark in legislating death, when voters passed by a narrow margin the so-called “Public Execution With Dignity Act.”

The final margin of victory was 52 percent in favor to 48 percent opposition for the measure. The new law will curtail the public torture and belittlement of the many who face a certain, excruciating death at the hands of the vigilante death squads that have imposed martial law in the province since the end of the Second Civil War.

The controversial Public Execution squads have raised concerns over human rights violations stemming from attempts to keep peace and maintain civilian obedience. Proponents of the new measure say the death squads have gone from reasonable exertion of unnecessary force to overt humiliation and public demonstrations of God-like superiority.

“They have forced people to shave their balls while crying family members look on,” said Mothers Against Too Much Agony director Lucinda Walton. “Then they are beaten and verbally slurred with things like ‘Hey, you shaved your balls in front of your son, you fucking freak!’ Then they’re shot in the asshole and left to bleed to death from the rectum.”

“It was all fun and games when common criminals were tossed around like rag dolls, but now things are different,” said Bob Rilliard, whose wife and daughter were mocked, lathered in Oil of Olay and executed in front of him three months ago in the Rose Quarter after they accidentally ventured into the wrong public security sector.

The new measure means that there will be no more than fifteen minutes of public derision or speechmaking before a prisoner is summarily killed. Torture will also be limited, except in cases when authorities are demanding the defendant to name accomplices.

Proponents of the measure had cited myriad human rights violations by the “ultimate justice” squads. Among

the concerns were the nature of the extrajudicial mutilations and executions, as well as inherent problems with vigilante groups seizing official power.

For instance, in all sixteen state provinces, the warlord of the largest death squad also doubles as the region’s mayor. Also, none of the incumbents in the last seventeen elections have lost. In seven cases, there was no opposition, and on six occasions, opposition party leaders died under extremely grotesque and mysterious circumstances.

“This new law will prevent organized crime syndicates from taking over our politics and our lives,” Walton said. “Hopefully, our children can grow up without fear of political corruption or random execution by bullets up the asshole.”

But not everyone is happy with the new restrictions.

“Society just doesn’t have the right to condone public executions without extremely graphic displays of bravado and cruelty,” said Manuel Rodriguez. “There will be no justice so long as thieves, rapists, dissidents, murderers and jaywalkers can expect a quick and merciful death. Society must maintain its standards.”

For now, warlords are left to ponder the fate of execution squads.

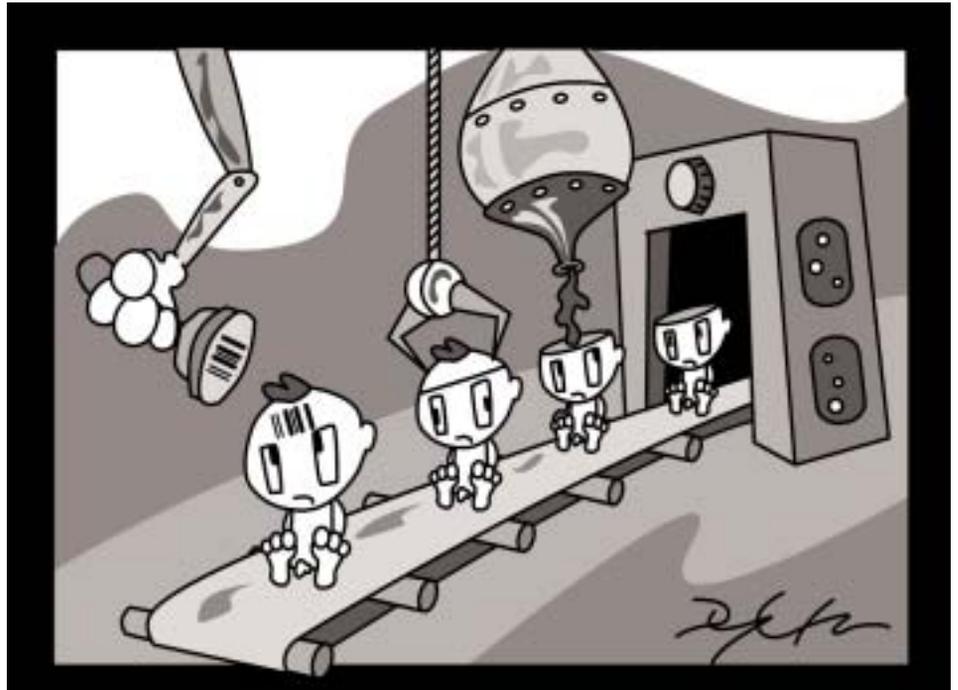
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Death squads once beloved by those seeking refuge in martial law will now be subject to new rules that limit public torture, ridicule and other forms of reasonable law enforcement.

THIS CLONE RIGHTS BUSINESS IS A LOT OF RUBBISH

By Palmer Eldritch III



As a self-proclaimed humanitarian, I pride myself on matters of the heart. I donate a sizable sum of my hard earned income to local charities, such as the Women's Golf Club and the Urban Yachting Team. Every year, I adopt a kitten from the local animal shelter, package it up, and send it to Africa to roam free with its feline brethren.

However, on the issue of clone labor, I'm afraid this "bleeding-heart" is putting his foot down. This Clone Rights movement is a whole lot of rubbish, and I fear a subversive Communist element may be responsible. I assure you, dear reader, clones are not people.

Certainly, clones are an invaluable resource to our society. They do the menial and dehumanizing jobs once reserved for the lower classes and minorities. I cannot imagine myself ever having to clean a toilet bowl, scrub dishes or befoul myself by bathing the children. Oh yes, clones should be thanked for their hard work. Thanked with a solid meal at the end of the day and a clean cage to sleep in..

Though I don't regard clones as people, I certainly wouldn't go as far as to label them animals. I prefer the term "sub-human."

All of the clones I keep are perfectly amiable. They keep their eyes low in due reverence, they don't make any sudden movements around my wife, and they don't mind when little Edward—my youngest—playfully spits on them or kicks them in the groin. Many of these clones are well-kept, their clothes carefully stitched and their hair relatively clean.

Clones lead a regimented life of worry-free domestic service. Why, just the other day my wife commented that our clone workers always seem to be happiest while working. They sing their colorful clone songs and jovially stomp their clone feet as they sweep and mop. Oh, that I could have it that easy!

Clones—as we all know—are born without the ability to

reproduce. This is because they are the genetic duplicates of convicted criminals, men and women who have already proven that they cannot function in civilized society. The cranial modulating chips in the brains of the clones are instrumental in stabilizing their savage brains. Why, an unmodulated male clone would leap upon the first woman he came across, his loins burning with the desire to rape. It is clearly a leap of fantasy to assume that such a beast could ever navigate a dinner party, let alone be given the right to vote.

Yet proponents of the Clones Rights Bill would lead you to believe that clones are actually people, and not simply the slave workers of an advanced society. They argue that clones should not be held accountable for the crimes of their blueprints. This is rubbish. I say, once a scoundrel, always a scoundrel.

Though it is true that the original perpetrator of the crime is locked away in suspended animation, his or her rage-fueled blood—likely Italian—still runs strong through his or her carbon copy.

Now, let me address the issue of the so-called "clone-liaisons."

To begin with, most female clones are copies of whores, drug-users and welfare mothers, all born and bred in the doldrums of lower-class housing. Were the original reanimated, she would certainly give herself willingly to a well-bred, properly shaved suitor. So why all the fuss when a young man has his way with a fetching clone lass? Certainly she is no worse for the experience. And for the young man, why, it's an essential part of growing up, whether we like to admit it or not. Boys will be boys. Why, I'm sure my oldest has taken our clone maid out behind the pool house for a few romps, though he'd never admit it to the "old man." CR-23N, or Elizabeth as we

Continued on page 17

An ANGEL with Wings of Hemp

Skydancer, Eugene's last true Hippie, flows to the great beyond
by Aaron Rorick XVII



It's the end of an era for Eugene, the nation's final sanctuary for a now extinct subculture. For nearly a century and a half, those unwashed, nature-loving, granola-eating, spotted owl-saving hop-heads, known affectionately to all who've lived alongside them as "hippies," have flocked to the Pacific Northwest, and Eugene in particular, to bask in its natural beauty and lack of Republicans. Well, no more.

Honeypot Moonbeam Skydancer III, Eugene's last true hippie, died last Wednesday at his home in the Alder Street Commune of asphyxiation. He was 58 years old.

Skydancer was born and raised in Eugene, the son of bead-smith Honeypot Skydancer, Jr. and folk singer Shakhra Starchild. Skydancer was a prolific political activist, though he never actually held a job. He briefly attended the University of Oregon, where he majored in African American Women's Studies, though Skydancer himself was of purely Anglo-Saxon origins. He dropped out of college in 2065, saying the "traditional corporate academic structure" hindered his potential. School records, however, show he was on academic probation at the time, because of the fact that he spent more time protesting various University policies than attending classes.

While he was at the University, Skydancer led a movement to ban the selling of all meat products on campus, a movement to officially affiliate the school with the Green party and a movement to require that all classes be taught in both the Spanish and English languages.

After leaving the University, Skydancer was a key figure in the passing of the Equality for All Act of 2068, which made all race and gender identification illegal. The law was repealed less than six months later, though, after citizens grew tired of being referred to as "it." He was also an integral part of the movement to ban the cutting of any tree in the state of Oregon, which many now think helped cause the current unemployment rate of 57 percent, as well as the hepatitis outbreak of 2072 caused by the resulting toilet paper shortage.

Skydancer's most controversial protest came in 2080, when he clubbed several animal control officers with a sock full of glass beads when they tried to kill a pack of coyotes that had infiltrated the Whiteaker neighborhood and were preying on local infants, housecats and transients.

"Honeypot felt that the coyotes had more right to this land

than humans, since they had lived in this area so much longer," said Jimmy Ying, Skydancer's housemate. "And by the way, the house on Alder Street is a shelter, not a commune. 'Commune' implies that the other residents actually help pay the bills."

Skydancer ultimately gave up his movement to save the coyotes after he was mauled by four of them.

He is perhaps best known for his role in the Whiteaker Liberation Movement, which ultimately led to the creation of the independent city-state now known as the People's Revolutionary Socialist Republic of Whiteaker. Skydancer was on the front lines during every riot, and legend has it he knocked out three police officers single-handedly during the battle of Out of the Fog – after taking a tear gas grenade to the chest.

Though Skydancer was instrumental in liberating Whiteaker, he only lived there a short time. He was reprimanded in 2083 for eating a hard-boiled egg, in 2084 for making a profit off the sale of his bicycle and again three months later for flea-bombing his apartment. (The killing of any living organism outside the plant kingdom is a high crime in the PRSRW.) As is the Whiteaker custom, he was given thirty lashes and banished from the community after his third offense.

Skydancer's political clout dwindled dramatically in the following decade, when his support base was decimated by the infamous tainted patchouli oil incident of 2085. That, coupled with the mass suicide at a Phish show in 2088, committed as an act of solidarity with the peoples of the Arab world, who were invading Europe at the time, left Skydancer virtually alone, the last remaining hippie in Eugene.

According to Ying, Skydancer "ate a bunch of Quaaludes" Wednesday morning and went into the back yard to take a nap on his futon. "He just never woke up," Ying said. Apparently Skydancer passed out lying face up and choked to death on his own dreadlock.

Skydancer is survived by his dog, Fidel, whom he stipulated in his will should be "liberated from the oppressive collar of bondage."

Services will be held next Saturday at dusk, when Skydancer's body will be composted.



Aaron "I haven't Danced Since High School" Rorick is freshly acquired draft pick for the the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

THE LAST 100 YEARS

OR

Revisionist History Through The Glazed Over Fog of a Vodka Hangover

October 14, 2005: Every copy of the new Student Directory is stolen before they can be delivered to eager students. Freshmen Dick Hunt and Harry Balz are suspected of masterminding the crime.

June 10, 2006: ODE Columnist-at-large Pat Payne graduates with a triple major in Journalism, Political Science and Dungeon Master. Graciously accepts full time position with Comic News.

March 4, 2007: KWVA Musical Director Carl Sundberg locks himself in the booth after PFC cuts KWVA's budget by 15%. After 64 hours of nothing but Night Ranger, PFC acquiesces and ups their budget by 5%.

November, 2010:

Final Results of Gubernatorial Race

Earl Packwood (R) 14%
Eric Bailey (D) 30%
Moonbeam Karma (G) 6%
Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh (I) 46%



January 3, 2012: Undefeated Ducks win the Rose Bowl as Feeley-coached squad outlasts Miami 28-17. Ducks #1 in coaches' poll, but #2 in AP poll as 10-2 Nebraska pulls ahead in Midwestern voting.

May 3, 2018: Everclear plays a free concert at Mac Court. Nobody shows save Peter DeFazio.

Nov., 2022: Backed by Bill Sizemore's Oregon Tax Payers United, Measure 28 would outlaw all taxes on income, property and racketeering.

March 2023: Oregon Legislature forced to balance a state budget based entirely on lottery dollars.

April 2023: Slot machines installed in city parks.

May 2023: Slot machines installed in public bathrooms.

June 2023: Slot machines installed in welfare offices.



December 2032: Victory! Cascadia secedes from United States. Oregon, Washington, Montana, Alaska and a big hunk of Canada form hippie Utopia.

January 2033: War! Aztlan—the borderless nation of the bronze people - invades Cascadia.

March 2033: Compromise! After negotiations, Cascadia settles for Northern Idaho, Aztlan—Southern Idaho. Idaho moves in with Wyoming and Utah. Hilarity ensues when Arizona suspects something kinky.

June 3, 2035: George Beres—UO Sports Historian and noted anti-Semite—passes away on his 103 birthday. His final column, “How I Learned to Love the Covetous Jew” runs in the *Register-Guard*.

July, 2048: Ozzfest date in Salem canceled. Springfield riots. National Guard called to restore order.

June, 2052: Chainsaws outlawed by Oregon Governor and Green Party member Moonbeam Karma.

June, 2052: Residents of Roseburg, a town traditionally dependent on timber money, became so upset over the chainsaw ban that they create their own roadblock on I-5, systematically arresting people they suspect of being “subversives.” “HICKS CONTROL I-5,” reads the *Oregonian* headline.

June, 2052: In response, Eugene residents set up their own blockade on I-5, forcing unsuspecting motorists to take mammoth doses of LSD. “GIANT PANDA DEVOURS SUN,” reads the *Register-Guard* headline.

July, 2054: Long rumored Rennie’s Landing movie finally premieres and becomes an instant blockbuster. The plot concerns three staffers from a campus magazine who run up such a massive bill on a Long Island drinking binge that they are forced to manage the bar to pay for it.

October 5, 2055: The Drunk Driver Shuttle folds after driver takes sloshed student home—to Omaha.

August 28, 2056: Whiteaker neighborhood flattened in meth lab explosion.

September 5, 2056: *Register-Guard* headline: “Say, Has Anyone Seen Whiteaker Lately?”
Eugene Weekly headline: “Price of Smack Skyrockets”
Oregon Daily Emerald headline: “Japanese Dance Night Means Fun, Fun, Party, Party!”

September 18, 2059: Klamath County issues a proclamation declaring itself a new state, followed by a proclamation declaring itself a new nation altogether.

September 23, 2059: Whole matter forgotten



A real man knows his oil to gas fuel mixture ratio. We're rolling on 40:1.



*Puff, puff, pass?
Nah... puff, puff, puff!*



Hey... It's Jesus. Holla!

when Tom O'Connor's pig takes first place at the county fair.

“I reckon that's the biggest durn pig I ever laid eyes on,” O'Connor's proud father declares.

February, 2061: Town of Ontario raped and pillaged by monkeys.

“That was just nature's way of saying of ‘don't have sex with your aunt,’” Ontario Mayor Gary Hines gloomily announces.

March, 2066: Palestinians granted homeland: Corvallis!

April, 2066: Israelis relocate to Albany.

September 5, 2066: J202, the notorious info-gathering class, is changed to J205, the exciting leaf-gathering class. Quality of work out of J-School does not decline.

November, 2068: Backed by Eastern Oregon Farmers, Measure 46 passes, allocating tax dollars to build a massive dam on the Klamath River that does away with 100% of water lost to Californian fisherman.

June 15, 2075: The *Oregon Daily Emerald* announces that the PULSE section will now be available by request only. Send a SASE to Room 300, EMU for self-indulgent reviews of no-name bands and books nobody will ever read.

May 22, 2081: EMU Board finally placates students and announces the return of the bowling alley. Safe, drug-free Christian fun finally has a home again.

August 20, 2088: MIT student develops particle-accelerating bong that sucks weed through a black hole, warps it through the folds of time and space, and returns it to deep within the smoker's lungs. Student receives Nobel Prize, lifetime *High Times* subscription.

May 2090: Mac Court Pit Crew get a life, realize that high-decibel personal attacks and crude language are only a thinly veiled attempt to make up for a childhood full of disastrous games of four square and prison ball.

June 2098: ODE ceases publication. Students forced to buy obscene crossword puzzles from a nephew of Frog's.

January 1, 3000: Eugene smoking ban lifted. Denizens of Max's rejoice. Patrons light up cig after cig. Also, return of Jesus.

Dear Oregon Commentator,

Thank you so much for your article “Like Sardines” on the capsule dorm rooms going up in the Hamilton Complex. Yes, the University can save money by squeezing 3,000 students into one dorm. But that doesn’t mean they should! Last week some one of my capsule mates came home drunk and accidentally climbed into my capsule! I tried to push him back out, but he was already fast asleep. His capsule was locked, so I reluctantly climbed back into my space. But that jackass had just puked everywhere! I had to sleep in the bathroom.

If that weren’t bad enough, I hear capsules at the UI are a full foot wider than normal capsules. I guess because I’m not an athlete or a rich kid, I get stuck sleeping in a coffin while some preppy jock gets to live in the Ritz.

This capsule shit blows!

*Hiro Sunami (!!!)
Hamilton Capsule 205*



Dear Oregon Commentator,

How dare you guys go after the Lesbian Gay Bi-Sexual Transsexual Queer Sado-Masochist Cross-Dressing Domineering Leather Fetish Foot Fetish Alliance (LGBTQSMCDDLFFFA) for trying to include another fetish in their name. My whole life, I’ve had to cope with my Andy Griffith fetish. Let me tell you—it hasn’t been easy! Every time I get to second base with a girl I have to turn on an episode of Matlock.

“Do you love that old man more than me?” they always ask.

“Yes, yes I do,” I always reply.

And that’s the end of that make-out session.

I’ve often wondered if I would ever find a group that would embrace me for who I am, not who society tries to mold me to be. Yet you have the audacity to propose that the LGBTQSMCDDLFFFA should change its name to the all-encompassing Queer Alliance! I certainly don’t find anything queer about trying to myself in front of “Go Ask Alice.” (Also starring William Shatner!)

Is there no place for me?

Robert L. Thompson

Dear Oregon Commentator

Yo, Hola! You motherfuckers at the OC is over the top. I was just saying to my boy, “damn, dog, this issue of the OC is off the hook.” You motherfuckers keep doing whatcha doing!

*Sean Dawg
Repping for Walton, fo’ real*

Dear Oregon Commentator,

I’d like to address your recent editorial, “The University has No Right to Deny Financial Aid to Caucasian Students,” because I’m sure in your ivory tower, where you’re fed on a silver spoon, such opinions are easy to throw around with no regard to fact whatsoever—but in the real world, the world of of a dominant hegemony hell-bent on keeping the disadvantaged in a perpetual state of poverty so that they—the puppet masters of Zion—can keep destorying our Earth’s and Moon’s natural resources and discriminating against radiation-sickened mutants and stealing from the poor with their disproportionate tax schemes and sexually oppressive commercial society, a society built on the back of said individuals, swept down the drain in a flood of their own blood and tears into the gutter, where you spit on them, you look down and scoff—in this world, this urban sprawl, you think you can get away with chopping down our State’s few remaing old growth trees.

Free Palestine!

Rainbow

SEND ALL LETTERS TO:

ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu
or
P.O. Box 30128
Eugene, OR
97403



We'll **BLOW** your
synapses every visit, so
warm up your **HARD**
drive and set your
CEREBRAL
receptors to the greatest
place in cyberspace for
one great mind **JOB**

OREGONCOMMENTATOR.COM

We're not afraid to admit we've got issues. Lots of them. All in one archive.

Jeremy Jones served the OC well and was known widely for his anti-Hippie slurs. But history can be a cruel trickster, and the Jones line spit forth a dirty Hippie grandson for poor Jeremy.

[The following is a diary entry from Jeremy's less-than-prodigious grandson, who fears the techno-reaper]

Look to the skies, all you techno-dependants. See the error of your ways. Our techno-oppressors watch us every second. We traded our spirits of the earth for this shallow cyber-world. Now, I will open your eyes and your minds to the world that can be if we come together against the techno-oppressor.

In this world, you don't sit at home and tell your oppressive home computer to order food for you. No, in the wonderful world I see, you have to track your next meal for days across arctic tundra and kill it with a stick. Then you have to haul the meat home and hope you don't fall prey to a larger predator. When you get home, you must ask Huello, the bringer of fire, to keep you from freezing to death.

This world can still come to pass. The solution is to destroy the techno-oppressor. In our reclaim actions we destroy the products of our techno-oppressors. The biased media often criticizes our reclaim actions, saying that we only destroy other people's technical masters and keep ours. That is true, but it is because we use our property as weapons to fight the oppressor. Other people are just slaves to what they own, and they must be released for their own good. Until they have gained control of what they own and use it in the fight against the evil we all face, then they shouldn't be allowed to use it and become continue their servitude under the techno-masters.

However, simply destroying our oppressive creations may not be enough. It may come to the ultimate redemption. We must realize that our very existence as a species

is killing Swona, the Life Giver. We must realize that our time of destruction is over, and we must phase ourselves out of existence. Yes, I am talking about the new ideology going around that the biased media dubs "impossible", "impractical", and "an idea so stupid, it could only come from the nonsensical lemmings of the UO." Say what you want, Grandpa, but voluntary human extinction is the only way to fix the world.

This problem is the easiest to fix. You people need to stop breeding! Stop spreading your diseased seed all over the world and give it a chance to heal. It can be done, just look at our group of those who fight the techno-oppressor. All of us have resisted the temptation to continue our diseased species. We will be content to die off without having helped destroy the world with another generation of humans that will continue to invent more things to enslave the people and the animals.

My point is, to truly move forward, we must first destroy our techno-oppressor. We are nothing but slaves to our kitchen computers, our communication centers and our satellite guided cars. Look at my grandfather. His dependence on technology is complete. They give him food, they keep him highly medicated, they keep him alive, damn it! If not for those machines, he would have died of any one of a hundred health problems. Instead, with the machines, he stays alive...Damn it!

How can you still be alive you old shit! Why won't you die! Why won't you just die and rid the world of your ilk! No, you're still alive! Alive, damn it! Fucking alive!

This is Jeremy's response after gazing upon the visage of what his loins hath wrought.

I guess I should have seen this coming. God, his father was such a pussy. Mr. Born Again Christian, too busy repenting for his sins to go drinking. Yeah, what do you think now, Holy Man? Your son is a pseudo-intellectual spiritual hippie lunatic, out ranting about the evils of the video cellphone/computer complete with scanner, printer and holograph recorder. I'm pretty sure he's gotten into the Triple T too. Of course this whole pissed-in gene pool is on my second wife's bloodline. Shit, you want to talk about some people in need of serious mental help. She was limber though; she could actually put one of her legs..well I digress. Basically, if anyone wants to strangle this little shit in his sleep, please feel free.

Jump!

(you ignorant bastard)

Continued from page 9

"I just don't know anymore. My guys are artists and they go out there and give it 110% everyday for love of the game" said Portland's chief executioner, Michael Frost. "Would they ask Michaelangelo to put down his paintbrush? No. But here they are those ungrateful bastards, asking us to put down our cattle prods, bamboo fingernail removers and cast iron maces. I just don't know anymore."

Frost gave an icy forecast for a society without random public executions involving extreme demonstrations of malice.

"They're going to miss us when we're gone," he said. "Whenever there's a jaywalker, I would've been there with a baseball bat. When a rapist just defiled your daughter, I would've been there with duct tape, tweezers and a pizza cutter. But now you'll suffer under a slow justice system that allows thieves to go on without fear of a .45 being rammed up his ass and bleeding to death in a grungy street as onlookers tremble before my glory."

Public Executions

Continued from page 10

sometimes call her, is too docile from the modulator chip and strict drug regimen to put up much of a fight.

And the reverse is also true. Though I love and cherish my government-assigned wife, I know I'm sometimes too busy with work and swimming to adequately provide for her needs. That's why she has my blessing to roger our gardener clones. Whatever I can do to please her is my pleasure.

All of this clone-rights business should be forgotten. It's caused too much trouble as it is. I heard the other

day that there have been riots at the mining communities on the moon. I say work them more, 20 hours a day obviously isn't getting the aggression out of them.

When all of this nonsense is put aside, we'll all be better off. Clones included.



Palmer Eldritch III is actually an alias for Pete R. Hunt, who may or may not be Richard R. Hunt, a person who has little or nothing to do with the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Clone Rights

Continued from page 19

tion of the OREGON COMMENTATOR!"

Beutler then turned deathly pale as the cover text began to blur and become translucent, and he ran from the room waving the magazine over his head.

"There is very little time!" Beutler went on to say in an alternate-universe 2081 interview with a thoroughly nonplussed traffic policeman, "You must listen to me. I have seen things that you cannot imagine. It is imperative that I recover that copy of *Maxim!* Listen to me, you foolish instrument of the state's pernicious and far-reaching

control over its blameless citizenry!"

Added Beutler: "Great Scott!"

In terms of strict chronology, Beutler's storied existence came to an end in 2032 after he fell over in the shower. However, various twentysomething incarnations of the guy still show up from time to time and drink all the antifreeze.



The obits section was writtern by and large by Olly Ruff, with contributions by William Beutler, former Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Obits

LAST CALL



The Commentator has been around for over a century. The magazine has had ups, downs, drunken philanderings and more illegitimate children than many third-world totalitarians. But one OC class stands out above the rest. The class of 2002—the men who put together Volume XX.

So, without further ado, it's time to hunker down in the archives and ask the age-old question: Class of 2002, where are you now? Well, that one we already know. You're dead. But - OK, let's try again - how, class of 2002, did you end up that way?

Ikeda, Sho:

After Georgetown and Harvard, Ikeda struck out for Southern California in search of fame and fortune. After laboring in obscurity for many years as an extra—including three weeks of background glowering in the sitcom Belushiriffic!—Ikeda began to infiltrate celebrity interviews—sitting at adjacent tables and talking in a loud voice, bringing room service in a gold spangled jumpsuit, that sort of thing. Fame, of sorts, followed.

Playing up to this, Ikeda found increasingly ingenious ways to smuggle himself onto the sets of major Hollywood productions and, less successfully, into Broadway chorus lines. As a result, his subsequent filmography is too extensive to list. He also enjoyed a profitable spin-off career endorsing various consumer durables, always standing slightly outside the shot. For more details, we refer the curious reader to the biography Ikeda: Star As Meme.

He passed on peacefully in 2046 due to complications resulting from a hernia that he sustained while jumping up and down attempting to get into the frame behind Freddie Prinze Jr., starring in a TV biopic of Trent Lott. He was presented with the Lifetime Achievement Oscar—the first and last time that the general public was allowed to vote in this category - and a star bearing his name is embedded in the sidewalk a little way off Hollywood Boulevard, half a block down Vine Street.

Dreier, Timothy:

After Georgetown and Columbia, Tim's star-crossed voyage through life took him to the bucolic Middle American community of Bedford Falls, where he lived happily ever after. Frequently, he would rise early simply to skip through the dew and grin beatifically at all of nature's splendor. There exist no records of his death.

Hunt, Pete:

After Georgetown and Columbia—which he would frequently attempt to pass off as Columbia on his resume—Hunt returned to his native Tiller and his first love: bluegrass music and home distillation. Fate, however, would leave neither him, nor his banjo, nor his hound-dog in peace. The proposed new state of Jefferson, incorporating much of southern Oregon and northern California, was struggling towards life, and Douglas County was where the deal was destined to go down. As Salem and Sacramento reacted with horror at the prospect of losing this vast constituency of conspiracy theorists and meth-addled hobos, the unshaven Hunt's loyalties were clear.

Alongside be-Stetsoned outlaw journalist Andrew Adams, Hunt risked his life time and again for the cause of Jeffersonian independence, ferrying truckloads of methamphetamine across the Cascades like an industrial-scale version of that one Bruce Springsteen song. He retired as a hero in 2025 to spend more time with his wife, children, and sundry hound-dogs.

However, tragedy struck in the year 2039, when Hunt—convinced to rejoin the movement for one last score—was overrun by uptight suit-wearing representatives of the state's power elite. In the ensuing stand-off, Hunt's cabin was set ablaze, and there—despite much rushing around with buckets of water and automatic weapons—he perished. His status within the movement is undiminished, and a statue of Hunt brandishing a home-crafted flagon stands to this day atop Tiller's one traffic light.

Ruff, Olly:

After Georgetown and the Western Culinary Institute, the bleeding-hearted Mr. Ruff heeded the famous advice of Horace Greeley and headed west. Ruff faced north, turned leftward, and progressed steadily through Florence, Oregon, a hula dancing school in Hawaii, a kodal photography studio in Japan and then a Philippine Nike factory.

After losing his job for stitching cannabis leaves onto the unpopular line of Air Stoudamires, Ruff continued westward, eking out a modest existence through his true love—collating documents—in the American embassy to Uzbekistan. Following the unfortunate (but not unanticipated) assassination of Ambassador Carville, Ruff was appointed overseer of Voice of America's Arabic language division, where he soon befriended the elected heads of Kurdistan, Libya, Egypt, Iraq and (what was then known as) Saudi Arabia. This would lead to the logical conclusion of his career: for after the popular incumbent Qusay Hussein was killed on a trip to Afghanistan (mistaken for a headless calf during a game of pick-up buzkashi), Ruff was chosen by loya jirga—in a zany Peter Sellers-esque scenario—to assume the figurehead position of Caliph within the recently unified Arab region.

Scholars agree that the emergence of this great pan-Arabian leader truly marked a decisive shift in world affairs, leading to the historic Israel-Palestine Jerusalem Time-Share Pact and the proliferation of Marmite throughout central Asia, among other worthy deeds.

Caliph Ruff left behind twelve palaces, eighteen apartment complexes, twenty-two wives, eighty-six children, 340 grandchildren, 1400 concubines, 18 million hectares of land and approximately 36 million heads of livestock. His holdings totalled 14 trillion Euros and 250 million souls. His eventual assassination was viewed almost as an act of economic necessity.

Jacobson, Bret:

After Georgetown and the garment district, Jacobson worked in industry for some years before devoting himself to public service. In 2038, following some mixed experiences in provincial politics and a fund-raising flotation on the stock market, he mounted a campaign for the governorship of

Massachusetts — a quixotic move, given his non-residency of the state and his widely reported antipathy towards its residents. However, against a disorganized Democratic slate comprising a then-record five Kennedys — including a pair of identical twins — Jacobson notched a stunning upset victory and moved to the Northeast forthwith, where the remainder of his intriguing political saga would unfold.

His bodyguard detail, predictably enough, consisted entirely of midgets, whom the Governor would mock and cackle at on account of their diminutive stature. Despite outward appearances, though, a relationship of mutual respect and affection flourished between them, and it came to pass that the entire staff lived with Jacobson in a mountaintop retreat referred to as "Santa's Grotto" by the state legislature and in subpoenae. Although otherwise

security-conscious to the point of paranoia, it never seemed to occur to Jacobson that his loyal friends would be incapable of leaping high enough to take the average assassin's bullet - and the tragically ironic events that transpired that snowy November morning are, alas, well known to us all.

Jones, Jeremy:

After Georgetown and the MK-Ultra program, lovable graphic designer Jones was declared legally dead and installed in Tulsa on a company pension, where he led a peaceful life in tune with nature. Although never called upon to spring into action, Jones had received training at the highest level, enabling him to unobtrusively infiltrate any stratum of society and wait there, unwittingly, until "reactivated" by a pre-arranged signal.

With hindsight, it was perhaps unwise of the Agency to set Jones' "trigger" to be a kazoo rendition of the Allmann Brothers' improvisational extravaganza Mountain Jam. Friends later recalled that Jones had always seemed ill at ease when exposed to this genre of music. It only took the efforts of one unfortunately virtuosic street performer and - well, once again, the events of that snowy November morning have been documented elsewhere.

After being taken into custody, but before an interrogation could take place, Jones himself suffered a mortal gunshot wound at the hands of former OC staffer Chris Sittner. Echoes of Jack Ruby notwithstanding, the federally-appointed Rounds Commission drew no conclusive link between Sittner and Jones' CIA paymasters, and it is generally accepted that the entire affair was a tragic misunderstanding.

Sittner's subsequent whereabouts are unknown, although as the last man standing he acquired a certain cultural notoriety and was played by Ashley Olsen in the 2051 movie Sittneriffic!

Beutler, William:

After Georgetown, North Georgetown, Northwest Georgetown, North-by-northwest Georgetown, six months at Arlington Community College, and a smorgasbord of institutions with names beginning in "Central" and ending in "State", Beutler moved back to Hill Valley with nothing to his name but a Remington typewriter and a twenty-pound liver. Already the author of Filibusterrific! and the inspirational pamphlet How I Fixed My Brain With LSD!!!!, the obligatory crippling-inertia phase of his career as a writer was beckoning. However, it was at around this time that Beutler's home-mechanics hobby bore unexpected fruit - widely reported to be a Volvo station wagon with mysterious time-travelling capabilities.

"Of course," Beutler said in a 1983 interview with the Oregon Daily Emerald, in whose offices he had just materialized. "I neglected to realign the dilithium crystals. A happy accident indeed! Why, it will be simply fascinating to observe the passage of the early Eighties once more! And look here: the maiden edi-

Continued on page 17

GREETINGS FROM THE FUTURE

The OC's intrepid traveler returns from his voyage across the fields of space and time with news from the future. And a sandwich.

By Zach Evenson

Greetings mortals. This is your Great Prophet, Zach Evenson. I have just returned from the future...a future so shocking...so depraved, that even the information contained below will be enough to torture your soul for all eternity...or not. I don't know...I don't care.

In the future, the bodies of historical figures will be cloned from just a few strands of their original DNA. Their brains, however, will not be reconstructed. Instead, the bodies will become merely "flesh-puppets"; belonging to a great, all-powerful, anthropomorphic brain from Dimension X. The newly cloned world leaders will then be forced to reenact great historical battles for the entertainment of the general public.

This month's line-up includes such great reenactments as: "Howard Taft vs. Pol Pot in the war of 1812" and for sweeps week, no one will be sure to miss Mama Cass and Henry VIII as they both desperately vie for the supreme control of a ham sandwich.

In the future, the governments of the world will be run by a democracy consisting solely of potheads who have just barely managed to pass their Introduction to Political Science class. The most important decisions are made around 11:30 PM on Sunday nights while the cabinet is gathered around the television watching re-runs of SpongeBob Squarepants. By unanimous decision the following resolutions will be declared:

- NASA will finally be forced to reveal to the American public that the government grows their strains

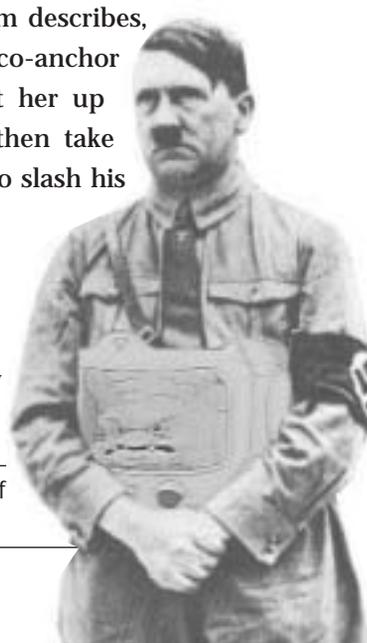
of super-weed on the dark side of the moon and that they in fact do not want you to know about it, man.

- The FBI will be forced to classify the information surrounding the "assassinations" of Tupac and Biggie so that endless hours of witless speculation can continue unfettered.
- The new re-release of "The Matrix" on DVD is the coolest fucking film in existence and I don't want to hear otherwise, dude.
- Dave will finally have to concur with Rol that Jon can, in fact, hear Garfield talk—even though Garfield communicates solely with the use of "thought-bubbles".

In the future, top political pundits will be replaced by rappers in order for CNN to draw a larger, more diverse audience. Ratings soar when Eminem replaces Wolf Blitzer. Eminem eloquently elaborates on his well-known anti-administration views. A big ratings hike for CNN will occur after Eminem describes, in detail, his plans to rape co-anchor Rudi Bakhitar and then cut her up with a chainsaw. He will then take some Vicodin and threaten to slash his wrists.

"Snoop Dogg Lizz-ive" - CNN

After being replaced by Snoop Doggy Dogg, Larry

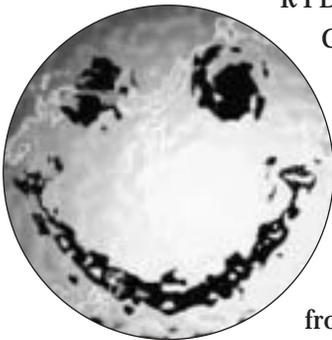


The views expressed in this column are those of Zach Evenson, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the OREGON COMMENTATOR, or the Hitler/ VKrang cloning mishap you see pictured to the right.



King will suddenly gain a bigger fan base when Snoop offers him an exclusive interview. After an intense pre-show “preparation”, King reveals to Dogg his idea for a new Doritos-flavored ice cream.

In the future, due to the increasing usage of club-drugs by the nation’s youth, college classes with bland titles like “World History 101” will now be replaced with more attractive headings like “COOLFUCKINGWORLDHISTORYDANCEDANCERAVECLASS-GLOWSTICKSFUNLOVEHARMONYPEACE 101”



In the future, the United States’ war on terrorism will quickly fizzle out. In an effort to keep the American public from turning on each other, the United Nations will begin talks to bring a common enemy back onto the world scene. The UN will then issue a mandate which calls for Germany to try and take over the world again every thirty years or so, just like old times. And of course, we will kick their asses again...just like old times...USA #1!!!!!!

In the future, cocky, private-schooled American kids who think they’re cool because they can speak French will be sentenced to live in the slums of Morocco, where their French will no doubt become an asset.

In the future, the hippies of the world will find an even more inefficient mode of transportation: a vehicle that runs on their own willingness to bathe and get jobs.

In the future, all bears will be required to wear amusing hats...at all times. Why? Because bears are funny. And by forcing them to wear hats, we are finally giving the bears the chance they need to fit into our fast-paced, work-a-day society.



In the future, Oregon State’s mascot, Benny the Beaver, will be succeeded by his lesser well-known bastard half-brother, Murray the Muskrat. Murray’s ultimate dismissal will be the result of a violation of the public nudity statutes.

In the future, prostitution will become legal everywhere; not because I like visiting prostitutes, but because...uhh...errr...nope...that’s all I got.

And finally, **in the future**, the OSU/OU civil war games will no longer be centered on football and childish rivalry. They will instead take on a greater air of sophistication by becoming a week-long battle royale where drunk Southerners with syphilis shoot and stab each other with bayonet-rifles.

ON *WRITER'S BLOCKADE*—

Dear professors: If a phone rings in your classroom, make a policy that you will answer it. Embarrassment will ensue, and the problem will be solved.

—From a Julie Lauderbaugh rant in the Emerald. “Hello.” “Is this Carter?” “No, this is his professor, he’s in class right now.” “Tell him mama fell, oh Lord, mama fell.”

I’m no sports writer, but a 42-14 loss to Washington is hard to take, especially when inundated in Seattle with Duck jokes...But honestly, we can’t blame a single football player for the shortcomings of an entire team, can we?

—Lauderbaugh, again. First, Julie’s merits as any kind of writer are questionable. Second, we’re quite sure that yes, we can blame the entire season on one player. Julie, have you met Jason?



ON *WHERE ARE THEY NOW*—

I hate people... I hate people... I hate Eugene... God, I hate myself... God, I hate myself... I'm going to go hang myself.

—Scott Austin, in the Oregon Commentator office. Let’s see some of that trademark Austin follow through.



[The Student Senate] always abdicates their responsibilities. They’re all fuckers.

—Austin, again. Actually, Scott, they’re not all fuckers. Because most of them can’t get laid very often, if at all, which is a good thing because if they handled student genitals like they handle student money, there would be tons of unsatisfied lovers filing grievances.

ON *NAMING RITES*

What a weird name. Was your mama on drugs or something?

—Journalism professor Kim Sheehan while taking attendance in J446. No, Kim, Mama wasn’t on drugs when she named us. But she has been high every day since we learned to speak.

ON *BEING A DIRTY GIRL* —

And on some days, when I feel extra dirty, I'll take as many as three showers. But like I said, only on extra dirty days.

—*An Alpha Phi Omega girl in the Greek Life office. Rumor has it that after a barn dance, Alpha Phi girls have to take four showers. And use Scope. Lots of Scope.*

I've got a nice pair of knockers and a nice ass, so I'm qualified to be president.

—*Scott Austin, again. Is he talking about Bush here? Chirac? Nay, good friend. Scott was referring to the leadership qualities of ASUO Student Senate prez Jackie Ray. Jackie is known to don a nice pair of slacks, smart shoes and an icy, icy, death-cold glare that could make Santa question the inherent goodness of children.*



— ON THINGS BEST LEFT UNSAID

He's one of those guys who doesn't say much. And when he does talk, you don't want to hear what he's saying.

—*Overheard at a party near Harlow Road. We know the type. We've partied with the kids from the Survival Center before, and you're best bet is to just to nod your head until you can break away for a smoke break.*

So when are you guys going to start making fun of the Pit Crew?
—*Member of the Pit Crew. Was this the guy the Harlow party rat was referring to? We'll make fun of the Pit Crew when it actually matters. Until then, we will simply regard it as another frat get-together in which the only reason for socialization is a basketball team. But don't worry, buddy, while we may not make fun of you, natural selection may take care of the task.*

— BEWARE! —

ROBO RAPE

UBLIC WARNING • PUBLIC WARNING

RM-22 Quiet Domestic Helpers, manufactured by RoboMakers Inc., have been recalled due to a dangerous habit of spontaneously dropping domestic duties to viciously rape the nearest human or family pet. Attacks generally coincide with odor of Lemon Pledge*.

UBLIC WARNING • PUBLIC WARNING

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This statement is part of a legal agreement with the United States Attorney General. RoboMakers Inc. wishes to acknowledge the pain its corner-cutting has caused in the community. We can't tell you just how terribly, terribly awkward we feel. If you or a loved one has been raped by our products, we hope you won't hold it against us. Things happen. What were you wearing? Anyway, back to the point. We're sorry. And terribly, terribly embarrassed. Please try one of our improved RM-23's next fall!

*The makers of Lemon Pledge do not, as a matter of policy, endorse rape.

