

Shocked? Well, that's only half the humor

No apologies this year, gang. Yes, we made a few mistakes in last year's issue. We tried to have some mindless fun, and ended up being accused of sexism. Well, if we're gonna get our papers ripped off, we're gonna make it worth our while. Since there are no shades of gray with the touchier elements of the campus, we're putting everything in black and white. Let's face it — there are a lot of assholes and idiots out there. And we want to hear from them.

We want to hear from the Greeks, who only put on charitable activities to rationalize their student-subsidized fantasies of self-destruction. We want to hear from certain athletic person-
sez us
nel, whose code of ethics may be legal, but hardly decent. We especially want to hear from political

extremists, who think that making noise qualifies as news, but not nuisance. So we're pushing their buttons, so to speak. We hope we're pushing yours, too. We want to disturb you — to make you think about *what* disturbs you. And tell us. No, we don't care if you laugh or not. This year's Immorald is not designed to be humorous — it's designed to provoke humor. Read the letters to the editor during the next few weeks. You'll see what we mean.

ken snork

even editors get blueballs

All of you people who come up to the Immorald and pester us are real assholes.

We don't care about your trivial political issues or your piddly-shit little projects. We like to write about fires and protests and the latest athletic scandals. That's exciting.

And being very busy people, we hate to waste our time with you whimpering nincompoops who tell us how "important" your twiddle is.

You tell us we're incompetent journalists if we

don't do what you say. Then you go home and tell everyone how fucked up the Immorald is. Well, you're just like the other 15,000 assholes who say the same thing.

We know we can't please anyone, so we don't try. We just try to do the best job as *journalists* that we can. And we don't expect you to understand. We know you hate us, and we have to live with that every day. We just want to be left alone so we can do our jobs.

We make as many mistakes as any other

newspaper, but we always catch more shit. All you frustrated geniuses point your boring, irrelevant criticisms toward us because no one else on campus will listen to you.

And if we spell your name wrong you want a front-page correction with a written apology. All I can say to you is, "Eat shit!"

You say "Well, if this was *my* newspaper, I'd..." Forget it. It ain't your newspaper, and you don't know anything about how it works.

sez them

UNREHEARSED PRESS SYNDICATE
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ELERANT
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HUH?

OVER YOUR HEAD

sez you

Go ahead — have fun at others' expense. It makes no difference. Football players will be raping women here long after you've left.

You Know Who

Give me a fucking break.

**Max Rijken
Oregon Legislature**

You can be replaced by batteries, you know.

**Touchy Feminist Bitches
Hanging Out By Newspaper Drops**
We understand you're on our side, but we don't think you're helping much.

**Chester Faller
Director, ALERT**

If we didn't get so much free front-page publicity in the Emerald, we'd really be pissed at you.

**All the Left-Wing Crazies
Outside the Fishbowl**

If you think men's hazing is terrible, you should hear about the shit we get into.

**Pretty Cunts All in a Row
Alder Street**

I'm so fucking rich that I don't give a damn what you say about me.

**Aaron Jones
Jumpin' at the Woodside**

You promised you wouldn't tell.

**Dave Eaton
ASUO President**

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Dear Mom and Dad,

Back in 1858, Bland Ozonehead was walking down a street in Richmond, Virginia, when a chained string of 35 blacks was forced through the street by the whip and shouts of a swarthy man in a broad-brimmed black hat.

"What's goin' on here, man?" Bland assailed the varlet with that most unanswerable of rhetorical flourishes, the rhetorical question. "Don't you know that slavery is bad and shouldn't be allowed in a society where I, Bland Ozonehead, walk through the streets bursting with sensitivity?"

"Get the hell out of my way!" The slave driver cracked his whip across Bland's face, then laid into the slaves with extra relish. Bland ran for the nearest alley, stinging from the cut across his

Oregon Daily Immorald

face, but proud of standing up for his principles.

"That guy was probably a Christian," he thought.

Mom and Dad, the Christians haven't changed a bit since then. Even here at the Legislature, we reporters, defenders of truth, justice and the '60s, have to listen to them ranting and raving about changing society their way. This kind of attitude is understandable from people like you who don't understand how bad you have it in little Oregon towns, but for people who have been to Salem and even to Eugene to talk about bringing their "Christian principles" into public forums is perfectly ridiculous.

Hard as it is to believe for someone like myself who has spent the last ten years in school and

working on a student newspaper, these people can't seem to realize that "All you need is love" and a little "Purple Haze" to get through any decade. They turn instead to Jesus. Everywhere you look, they're talking about their rights to have their children taught what they want, about abortion, about the decay of the moral structure.

They're taking over the country; they're trying to reinstitute slavery. Behind every bill and ballot measure Jerry Garcia wouldn't vote for, the faces of Billy Graham and Pat Robertson lurk — can I use their word? — evilly.

As Bland Ozonehead said more than a century ago, "Slavery is bad." C'mon Christians, give us a fucking break.