

# Quick, to Canada, comrades!

## If your candidate lost, flee to the land of cheap prescriptions

**Joe Piazzisi**  
The Clackamas Print



If you fear that you may be suited up and shipped off, this article is going to apply to you. Everyone has been worried about the draft and if it will be reinstated if Bush is elected. Unfortunately there is no actual way around it unless you are willing to put in some jail time.

Fortunately, I know how you can escape it! All that needs to be done is flee the country for a little while. I'd say for about a four-year period—you know, the amount of time Bush would be in office again.

There are tons of ways out of the country but I am only going to give you a couple routes. The quickest is to take I-5 North until you hit the Canadian border. The downfall to this is there will be customs guards trying to keep

people in if the draft is reinstated. There is a slightly longer route, but I can almost say there will be very little border patrol if any at all. That is, unless the border patrol reads this article.

Take I-5 North for a very long time. You want to go roughly 100 miles north of Seattle. Take Highway 543 North. About 1800 feet up the highway, take the H Street exit and turn right. Stay on H Street for about one-and-a-half miles, then turn left on Allan Street. Go north on Allan Street for about 800 feet and turn right on E Street. E Street will turn left onto Jerome Street. At the end of Jerome Street, turn right on W 99th Street. Go up this road for 500 feet and stop. The Canadian border is to the left, less than a football field away. Just on the other side of this field is an intersection. This will be 0 Avenue and 184th Street. Cross the field, and you shall be free!

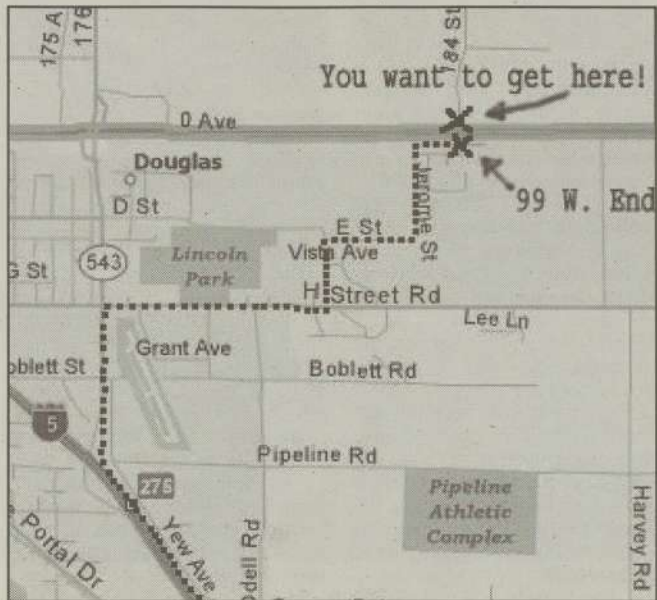


Photo Illustration by Joe Piazzisi Clackamas Print

## Sign stealers hear this

**Hilliary Ferguson**  
Opinion Editor



Last time I checked, the First Amendment guaranteed me freedom of speech. Wait—yeah, it still says that. But, for some reason I cannot quite understand, I have been silenced and I'm not about to take it lying down.

Captain's Log: Oct. 20, approximately 6 p.m. I stop my car in the parking lot of my apartment building and gather my books. Walking to the door, I notice something missing. Indeed, there is a void that was once my "No on 36" sign. Where could it have gone?

Pause. I must stop for a moment to explain. You may be asking yourself, "But who would be enough of a jerk to do something like this?" Well, it's not so hard to grasp when one realizes where I live—Canby (some call it the armpit of Oregon). Un-pause.

I thought hard about whom it might have been that had taken my sign. Thinking wasn't getting me anywhere, but with a little sleuthing on my roommate's part I was able to finger the culprit. My landlord of all people had shattered my First Amendment rights in a fury of fear and right-winged-ness.

My upstairs neighbors reported that our landlord had said, "I'm for free speech and everything, but not on my property."

What a load of bull hooey! Apparently, in Canby, freedom of speech is only for those who side on your issues. I can guarantee that, had I been a freedom-hating Bush lover like the rest of my red-neck town, the sign would have been left as is. But no, you get one person who's for civil liberties and all of a sudden freedom of speech doesn't apply—now it's "no signs, this is my property."

What's worse is I had quite possibly the only sign in Canby

that didn't advocate Bush for president or read "One Man, One Woman"—and why should the man go first, you sexist pigs? I have just as much of a right to state my opinion as the guy a block down the street whose lawn is riddled with those god-awful Bush signs. Here's a secret, you moron: you're a lower middle-class working man—Bush would use you as cannon fodder at the first opportunity.

I spent much of the night wondering why conservatives fear civil rights. Why the hell should they care if gay people get married? And here's something to ponder a while: gay people can't marry as it is! Remember last winter when gay couples were allowed marriage licenses? It seemed that in no time the right was revoked, and it still remains banned. Why are they trying to pass a measure that prohibits something that's already illegal? What are they so afraid of? Shame on them.

Property or not, the First Amendment still applies whether I own my home or rent it. Living in an apartment does not limit my freedom of expression, no matter what my stance may be. Just because my landlord fears diversity does not mean that she has the right to silence me. Besides, I have a newspaper.

Newspapers putting the sign in the yard was not the best idea. On later contemplation, I should have put it inside my window, especially since I live in a town full of conservative capitalist a-holes.

This was my sneaky plan: I was unable to find another sign, so I fashioned my own using my trusty computer and color printer. Then, with Scotch™ tape in hand, I defiantly taped the sign to the inside of my window, directly above where my sign (rest its soul) used to dwell. Ah, revenge. I cannot be trifled with! I am young, I am loud and I will not be pushed around!

## Sex goes public in PDX

**James Tombe**  
The Clackamas Print



Today the computers in our cell phones are more powerful than the one that originally sent astronauts to the moon. We can grow new organs in a laboratory. We can clone sheep, for chrissakes, so I'm more than a little amazed that after thousands of years of evolution,

the abolition of slavery and breaking down barriers to gender and racial equality, sexual orientation is still an issue. Even though it's politically correct to use "orientation" instead of "preference," I sincerely think that there is quite a bit of both in there somewhere. The issue account for those who fall on both sides of gender identification, such as hermaphrodites (biologically) and bisexuals (sexually), one has to admit that there's a middle ground somewhere.

Luckily, through family dysfunction, my father either chose to or forgot to teach me his prejudices. I grew up with a lesbian aunt, so of course I had the luxury of being used to the idea—"How horrible," some may say, "yet another example of the gays corrupting a poor child!" Well, my aunt also did a lot of drugs, and even as a child I could tell that the

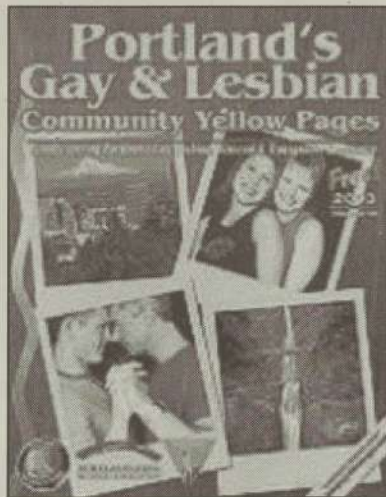
drugs were hurting her, but her sexual orientation wasn't. I never shared her same-sex orientation nor her drug use (even our taste in women is different). Apparently, I wasn't too brain-washed.

I thought it curious the first time I saw the "Gay and Lesbian Yellow Pages" sitting on an endtable at my aunt's house. Being the inquisitive sort, I thumbed through it. It was merely a listing of businesses that had nothing to do with sex—and let's face it, it's

a sex thing, not a "who you love" thing. That's why we call it a sexual orientation. Jesus claimed to love men, but very few consider him gay (although those that do have some interestingly creative interpretations of scripture).

So anyhow, I asked my aunt what the purpose of this particular phone book was, and she replied that it was "to support businesses that support our choices and lifestyle."

Personally, I'm of the "whatever floats your boat—as long as it's of the age of consent" philosophy, but until now, I also thought that sex was a personal experience, not a public one (except for that one time in a state park—but I digress). Now my eyes have been opened by the precedent that has been set, and I anxiously await the "Casual Oral Sex Yellow Pages" (my preference) or the "Frustrated Masturbator Yellow Pages" (my actual lifestyle).



Internet Photo

## STUDENT POLICY

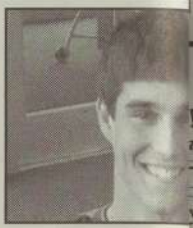


What do you think of bucket doughnuts?

\*This ad ran on Issue 1



"Ugly people being timeless!"  
Elichia Oza



"As long as he covers it's all good."  
Chris Burrows



"Can I have a bucket doughnut?"  
Serena Star



"It was great; [it] guts."  
Dave Moore



"It was funny, I was to see it in the..."  
Kearsten Moore

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