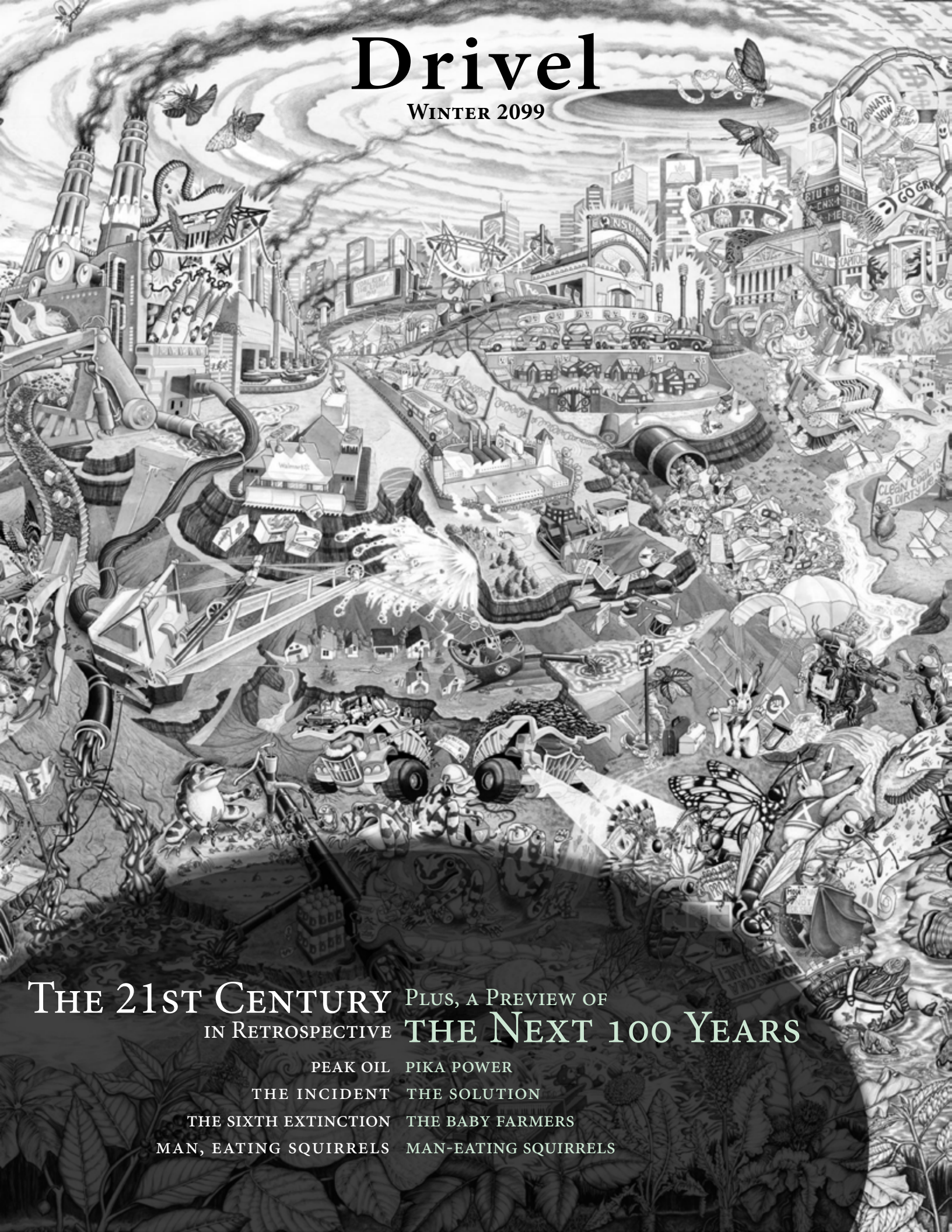


Drivel

WINTER 2009



THE 21ST CENTURY IN RETROSPECTIVE PLUS, A PREVIEW OF THE NEXT 100 YEARS

PEAK OIL
THE INCIDENT
THE SIXTH EXTINCTION
MAN, EATING SQUIRRELS

PIKA POWER
THE SOLUTION
THE BABY FARMERS
MAN-EATING SQUIRRELS

Drivel is Oberlin's first and only humor magazine, founded in the winter of 2008-2009. Chronically short on staff but long on ideas, we are always looking for writers, editors, photographers and comic artists to join the cause.

Benjamin Bronner is one of *Drivel's* two chief editors. He spends his time procrastinating, drinking tea and writing creepy letters to girls, which can be seen online at www.drivel-magazine.com (don't forget the hyphen!).

Jacob Mallott is one of *Drivel's* two chief editors, former vice president and an award-winning global warming activist. He denies all recent allegations of sexual misconduct.

Keith Spencer is *Drivel's* founder, former editor-in-chief, Oberlin graduate and current contributing editor.

Stephen Graves is a frequent contributor and is fucking crazy. He is much loved.

Earth First! members produced many articles and ideas for a collaboration that unfortunately never happened. One of their articles has been revised and published and they provided inspiration for additional articles as well as for the issue's theme.

Prolegomenon: Electricity was Fun

Remember science? I liked science. They did all those neat things with lasers and test tubes. It was good to know that every day we were getting a better understanding of the world and we could use it to help people live better.

It's a real pity all the scientists died.

Some days, I want to go out and do science and rediscover whatever it was those geeks were talking about before they were vaporized. I'd work in a laboratory, just like on *CSI: Miami*. That was a TV show, back when there was color TV. It had a man with sunglasses, and sometimes he'd take off his sunglasses. He was a very serious man.

But that isn't my point. My point is, I miss those stories about monkeys controlling robot arms with their minds. We all used to think that we'd be moving robot arms around telepathically some day. But much like health care reform and unicorns,¹ that promise went unrealized. No matter how many needles I shove in my skull (and believe you me, I have tried), I can't get any electronics to function correctly.

But I have a plan, people. I remember some details of how technology worked. We erect a bunch of poles and then tie them together with ropes. Electricity ropes. Then we tie one end of the rope to a hamster, and it runs on a wheel. The secret is, we feed the hamster magnetic ball bearings! That should do it.

This could be the first step to rebuilding our society. We at *Drivel* are proud to lead such a movement. But before we move forward, we must first look back. With this in mind, and for the inspiration and education of the reader, we proudly present the following retrospective of the 21st century.

- Jacob Mallott

¹ I don't count as "unicorns" the ferocious rhinoceros-hyena hybrid monsters that have taken control of the East Coast over the last several years. I do not think they are an effective form of health-care reform, either, despite the administration's claims.

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www.drivel-magazine.com

Credits

Most articles are credited at their conclusion with the author's initials. Otherwise:

Cover art - From *The True Cost of Coal*, by the Beehive Design Collective (approved for non-commercial use)

Review of *The Road* - Keith

Image of "Earth First!" bumper sticker - Keith

Timeline entries - Jacob and Ben

"New Course Listings" - Ben

Exterminix ad - Ben

Layout - Ben

Special thanks to Oberlin College and the SFC for funding our magazine.

JBHMD!

Most of the historical record has been lost. The only thing that is known from these years is that Jake Brody huffed mad dong.



PETA announces its "Fish are the Kittens of the Sea" campaign.

Mexican-themed party is a huge success. Coalition of multicultural student organizations celebrate how awesome the party was.



While moving into the Naval Observatory, Dick Cheney injures himself lifting a crate of ball-gags. As he recovers, he is pushed in a wheelchair by a manservant named Justin.

Arby's announces its "Kittens 'n' Chips" value meal.



LOOKING BACK

ARTICLES FROM THE LAST 100 YEARS

During the dark ages of *Drivel*, one of the editors routinely abused the “letter from the editor” feature, publishing personal correspondences in an effort to save on postage.

Spring 2009

Editor’s Letter

Dear Dean Bickford,

I stand accused of furnishing alcohol to minors. Regrettably, I must admit that I am guilty as charged. As to the question of what I regret most about my behavior, I find myself like a pedophile on a playground—so many bad decisions that it pains me to choose only one. Perhaps I regret the most that I have unwittingly become complicit in the liquoring up and dumbing down of our already languid and vulgar electorate. It is said that alcohol has become a means of social control, but, to be quite honest, it does not take much to yoke and steer the bewildered herd. Still, I cannot help but feel that spirits are an especially pernicious and insidious agent of infection and general social disarray, comparable in pestiferousness only to the most severe case of the clap, and only then after treatment has been withheld for at least a fortnight beyond the first crimsoned appearance of the external urethral meatus.

I am nearly as sorrowful for the corrupt life that is now in store for those among my peers unfortunate enough to have made their acquaintance with the bottle under the auspices of Banana House; at least, that is, if the gateway theory of drug addiction is to be believed, and if anything from 10th grade health class is to be believed, it is the gateway theory of drug addiction. That, and the fact that the microscopic holes in condoms are small enough to keep out sperm but large enough to let through immunodeficiency viruses, whether human, simian or feline. In any event, I am speaking of course of the life of the marihuana addict, as Kandel *et al.* (1992) have provided decisive scientific evidences that alcohol is a gateway to marihuana, a narcotic about which the

prominent American scientific publication *Scientific American* recently had this to say: “Marihuana produces a wide variety of symptoms in the user, including hilarity, swooning, and sexual excitement...it often makes the smoker vicious, with a desire to fight and kill.”

The transformation which this incident has effected in me can perhaps best be summarized by quotation of the great drunkard and poet John Philips:

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling; he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper’s, Magpye, or Town-Hall repairs...

Yet, by line 94 the narrator’s trousers are suffering “winter’s fury and encroaching frosts” and it is not long before “the battering waves rush in / Implacable, till delug’d by the foam, / The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.” Foundering, indeed.

But be not worried, gentle dean, for I was not to perish in this pleonastic pants-apocalypse, but rather, like Rose in James Cameron’s Academy Award-winning film *Titanic*, my heart would go on; namely, my heart would go on to thought reform via the profession and recording of statements of contrition and repentance which reflect sentiments not that I possess but that it is desired that I possess. As denizens of Airstrip One or the Hanoi Hilton well know, this is a most efficacious and humane penal instrument, and as such I find it uncontroversial that I am hereby cured where previously afflicted, reborn where moribund, upstanding where slovenly, and generally Fit for Public Display.

Yours in Christ,
Benjamin Bronner

To see bonus material from this letter, visit our new website at www.drivel-magazine.com



A bitter old loser who claims responsibility for seatbelts (?) tells Obies to stop playing bridge and start going to city council meetings.

The Death Panels mandated by health care reform go into effect. Hundreds of retirees are found dead in back alleys with light-saber wounds.

2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019

First-years move into the Kahn dormitory, pledging to sacrifice daily to Gaia in exchange for quick access to Stevenson dining hall.

Very few Oberlin students surveyed know how to play bridge. Clearly, Nader is having an effect.

Photoshop CS6 includes “content-aware genitals,” allowing anyone to seamlessly add breasts to any image, even landscapes. *Especially* landscapes.

Though almost forgotten today, *The Road* proved to be an eerily prescient piece of pre-*Incidental* cinema. Below is the original Drivel review, first published in Fall 2010.

The Road (2009)

Walking out of the theater, I was left totally speechless for a good sixty seconds (which is when my Blackberry went off). But in those sixty seconds at the end of my six-hour lunch break, standing there with one of my mistresses on the way back to my uncle's hedge fund office, I felt like I had a true moment of free-market transcendence.

You see, I have never seen such a stunning metaphor for the perfect libertarian utopia. If you haven't read the book by Cormac McCarthy—which I haven't, of course, though I suspect this fellow might be related to my hero Senator Joe McCarthy (RIP)—this is an excellent story about the cut-throated nature of the Free Market.

In this dark vision of the future, a man and his son travel through a post-apocalyptic America in a quest for capital and resources. Jockeying for survival among other humans (allegories for businessowners), these decrepit warriors compete (kill each other), merge (join forces), and commit hostile takeovers (cannibalize) in a quest for dominance.

This nameless family, the man and the son, a clear metaphor for a joint biz partnership—or possibly the American family unit, I'm not sure—essentially wander through the country scouting for (metaphorical) investment opportuni-



Our budding proto-corporations at work, hawking and scrounging for resources.

ty, enjoying some (direct quote) “delicious” Coca-Cola (**KO 57.42 buy**) and Del Monte peaches (**DLM 10.94** a steal at that!). What I'm getting at is that product placement was fantastic, even in this grim post-apocalyptic world.

The strange thing was, the whole post-apocalyptic every-man-for-himself thing was very emotionally resonant. (I know what you're thinking: McDougal, you old bastard, don't get soft on me now! But bear with me for a moment.) I was fondly reminded of my days at Harvard in the MBA program, where game theory was always at play and “friendship” was merely a way of taking advantage of your enemies in order to steal their contacts and fuck their fiancées.

There's also this thing about the world being destroyed, poverty, some bullshit like that, but that was really only secondary to the main story about the virtues of the free, free market.

Rating: \$\$\$\$\$ (5 USD / 5 USD)

BUY: Coca-Cola (KO), Del Monte (DLM), other post-apocalyptic resources



Michael J. McDougal is a venture capitalist and hedge fund manager on Wall Street. A graduate of Harvard Business School (MBA '96) and the University of Chicago (BS Econ '94), he splits his time between residences in Dubai, Las Vegas and Manhattan. As an amateur film critic, he takes a few minutes out of his busy schedule

each day to share some of his fiduciary wisdom as it relates to cinema. Mr. McDougal, a proud libertarian, lives with his petty trophy wife and spoiled children. Read more of Mr. McDougal's reviews at capitalistmoviereviews.blogspot.com.

Iceland makes itself relevant by detonating its secret weapon; the volcano Mxyzptlk erupts, leaving Europe in a state of...hassle.



The 3D movie fad declines, because seriously, everyone is unemployed.

Cheney's manservant Justin is hunting-accidented to death to harvest organs for the former (and future) VP.



2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029

After blogger complaints, Facebook president Mark Zuckerberg announces that users may now make private the “sexual stamina” field in their profiles. Advertisers are still able to use the information.



A particularly cold day on the East Coast spurs conservative pundits to declare, “Where's your global warming now?” For the first time, the words “local” and “global” are calmly explained to them, followed by several minutes of silent embarrassment.

Winter 2012

Exxon Mobil Elected President

Crowds Celebrate Death of Archaic Cult of Personality

Some of us *long-haul* students may still remember that fateful dewy night four Novembers past, that most special night when Amerikan and Global histories were at last sheared into the high cliffs. (barbaric) Hoards of students sallied out of their dormitories and cooperatives the evening of November 2nd, 2008, seduced by a violent, sexualized hope for the future, the emaciated glee of the collective unconscious, shifting listlessly and thirstily through the desert, sprung by a distant, evanescent glimmer of the SAVIOR, and by a travelling brass band.

I'll admit that in retrospect, we knew nothing; our cervixes had been shoved down our own throats, so to speak, and I personally was too busy masturbating the naked Jewess dancing at my side to admit to myself the obvious: Amerika had committed a fatal error in sliding its cock away from neo-liberalism and down the sugary-slick path of proto-racialized Obamian post-Trotskyism. And all those bobbing, panting young heads could think of one dream and dream of one

thing only: that their bodies may be among the first to be ravaged—and among the most carefully and sweetly stroked—by the bonded-Christ's socio-economic stimulus. Yes, we wanted to get laid; instead, however, we were fucked.



Former Exxon Mobil CEO Lee Raymond at a press conference following the historic election.

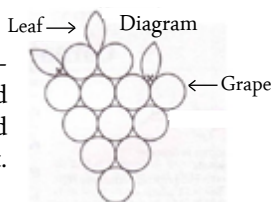
The election this past Tuesday of Exxon Mobil, the wealthiest and most militarily sophisticated Post-State in Civil history, reflects the Amerikan public's auto-autocratic acceptance that the death of capitalism shall indeed coincide with the destruction of all mammalian civilization. Mammals in the great global population centers, from the Upper West Side to the East Village (mammaling counter-clockwise), reacted to the news with a myriad of (hegemonic) responses: the most rational opinion, however, seems clear: in times like these, humanity needs the gung-ho tight-lipped efficiency of the partyless one-party stateless state.

It seems opaquely clear that the car bomb which took President Obama's life last month meant far more than a mere continuation of the Anarchist's cowardly campaign against easy living: more than a horrific spectacle, the slabs of the President's flesh and bone which burst into the air were like fireworks celebrating the dawn of a new era and the death of an old one: the post-modern cult of the individual is no more. SG



Exxon Mobil follows a strict "earth first" policy.

Last issue of *The Grape*. It was like any other campus newspaper, but they said "fuck" sometimes, and they didn't report the news very well. It was named after the grape, a juicy, bead-like, now-extinct fruit.



After years of struggles, the Large Hadron Collider finally shows...something. Few understand, and fewer care.

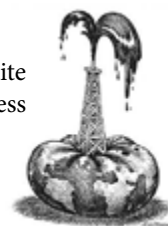
2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039

The word "dude-piston" is banned by the FCC.



Patrick kills SpongeBob in a lovers' quarrel.

Peak Oil! Being a stiff peak, it works quite well for my meringue cookies. It is less good for geopolitical stability.



Fall 2015

Local Activist Chains Self to Tree, Ends Mountaintop Removal

Oberlin student Chelsea Flick, '16, returned to school this week after a brief absence spent protesting mountaintop removal mining in rural West Virginia.

"Every major victory of the last century was won by direct action—women's suffrage, labor laws, racial integration and civil rights, the list goes on," Flick explains. "I realized I couldn't just stay in school when something as destructive as mountaintop removal was happening so nearby."

The gamble paid off, as last week Massey Energy Company announced a halt to all mountaintop removal pending further review. "Think one person can change the world?" company spokesman Brett Jensen asked before smiling wryly and answering his own question with a self-confident "We do."

Massey CEO Don Blankenship explained the decision at a hastily called press conference on Thursday. "Can we continue mining as if Ms. Flick had never entered our lives, never touched our hearts and vandalized our property? This is the question we are faced with, and I for one say *no*." Clearly distraught, Blankenship paused to regain composure before concluding. "I don't know what to say—I'll never rape a mountain again. In fact, I'm going to sell the company and use the money to develop a car that runs on smiles and gender-neutral pronouns."

While much of corporate America is shocked by the announcement, Oberlin students have taken it as a sign that direct action is their best chance for social change. Flick's victo-



Don Blankenship is very, very sorry.

rious return to campus has inspired a spate of similar actions by students: Ian Murray, '16, chained himself to a vending machine in Azariah's; Natalie Kim, '18, chained herself to an SUV parked in front of Gibson's; and first-year Teddy English traveled to the local McDonald's and chained himself to a non-unionized worker. *BB & JM*

Spring 2023

Feds Shut Down Local Eatery

Freddie Weinstein's House of Pancakes and Youthful Debauchery was closed by the Department of Health last week after a federal investigation revealed violations of health code, labor laws and animal cruelty statutes.

"The first thing that tipped us off was the name," explained health inspector Jim McGruder. "What exactly was this youthful debauchery, and why did it involve pancakes?"

"We put pancakes on cats, old people—we even put a pancake on a dyslexic kid one time," confided a former employee who preferred not to be identified. "We would cook pancakes, place them on the surface of the customer's choice, and that was breakfast."

At least six cats have been injured in the employ of the House. "We've seen butter burns, syrup in the eyes, damage from errant forks, you name it," said Dr. Leo Strauss, physician at Cleveland's Dove Lewis Animal Hospital, which has received many of the injured cats.

Asked for comment, Mr. Weinstein paused, flashed two thumbs-up and recited his restaurant's tag-line: "Hot pancakes on crazy shit, guaranteed!" *BB*

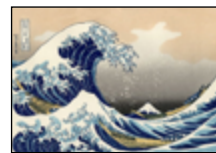


Mr. Nibbles claims that he was paid less than minimum wage during his time at Freddie Weinstein's House of Pancakes and Youthful Debauchery.

BattleBots becomes an NCAA Division I sport.



The Incident



Rising ocean levels leave 80% of Obies without home states to return to.

2040

2041

2042

2043

2044

2045

2046

2047

2048

2049



Scientists attain complete understanding of the human mind. The possibilities for bettering society seem endless.

Due to high levels of airborne toxins and the steady abandonment of net neutrality, a hole is ripped in the blogosphere, exposing us all to higher levels of bullshit and UVB radiation.

Fall 2054

Oberlin Becomes First College to Admit Mollusks



First-year Rupert Withersby once worried that he would be out of place at Oberlin but says that he has since found his niche.

With ever-rising sea levels, integration of man and mollusk has become an undeniable fact. True to its forward-thinking history, Oberlin recently welcomed its first class containing mollusks since a failed 2026 experiment which ended in misunderstanding and seafood poisoning.

The most recent effort has not been without incident. Twice since September, Safety and Security has been called to remove rowdy barnacles from campus. Though none of the barnacles involved were students, some ask if Oberlin has gone too far.

“This just cements Oberlin’s status as a safe haven for anarchists, nihilists and crustaceans,” claimed radio talk show host Rush Limbaugh’s cryogenically preserved head.

Asked if the new students were integrating into the community, senior Gina Hales responded that they “absolutely are,” while second-year Andy Thorpe added, “I’m pretty sure one of the cuttlefish ate my girlfriend.”

While the response from students has generally been positive, some complain of a culture gap. Garrett Dunn, '56, is among them. “There’s this really condescending oyster in my biology class,” Dunn explained. “I don’t think he should even be here. I think he actually escaped from one of the department’s aquariums. He should just go back where he belongs.”

Despite the problems, the administration remains opti-

mistic about the new admissions policies. “I truly believe that this is the right way forward in our increasingly tolerant and interconnected world,” said college president Cynthia Wurd at a recent press conference. “It’s new, it’s different, and some people are going to need some time to get used to it. Like calimari.” BB



Protesters demonstrate a contempt for the new molluscan students equaled only by their ignorance of Linnaean taxonomy.

Spring 2061

Activist Erotica

It’s 4:30 on a Friday afternoon when I arrive at the office of Red Harvest, Oberlin’s newest environmental studies professor. I’m nervous, and I’m sure he can tell. “Please, call me Red,” he offers after I fumble my opening line—“Thank you so much for meeting with me, uh, *Mr. Harvest*.” I quickly take a seat, but Red suggests we enjoy the afternoon and take a stroll.

We walk barefoot in the direction of the arb, talking about Oberlin, the environment and life in general. Red’s history of activism is as long as his dreadlocks and nearly as dirty. He’s bombed cement mixers in Washington State, spiked trees in Oregon and liberated ferrets in California. Now he’s come east, drawn by Oberlin’s growing reputation as both a hotbed of direct action and a locus of environmental innovation.

With his knapsack covered in patches, I can’t help but think that Red’s patching up pieces of himself—Beehive Collective to stitch up the wound of mountaintop removal, Crimethinc to paper over the hole left by his modern day wage-slave existence.

Red’s hands are as big and strong as old-growth and he gestures softly as he speaks. We talk about small things, like the AJLC and the living machine, or my experience with the environment studies department, but we dance around the one thing I’m dying to discuss. It’s a slow, sultry dance that only stokes my desire; it’d be a tango, or perhaps a flamenco,

The sun is blotted out by a cloud of toxic smoke.

Northern Ohio takes notice.

No more rainforests.

No more weekends.

No more polar bears.

2050

2051

2052

2053

2054

2055

2056

2057

2058

2059

Deep budget cuts force the Army’s unmanned warfare division to improvise.



Good news: gender-neutral pronouns become mainstream. Bad news: it has less to do with a rethinking of gender and more to do with the water causing an increase in intersex births.

Activist Erotica, continued

except that neither of us possess Hispanic ancestry and I don't take cultural appropriation lightly. Ours is a dance of indeterminate cultural origin, a dance which nonetheless burns with the mad hot blood of a thousand Latinos.

It's the question on everyone's lips, and he knows it. What's Red going to do now that he's at Oberlin? I hint. "So, what now?" I leave it ambiguous whether I'm talking about our walk or his academic plans. "More of the same, I suppose." He leaves it just as ambiguous. He feigns disinterest, but I know that he's teasing me; he wants it just as badly as I do.

We enter the arb and stop under a big oak tree, reclining in the grass, ostensibly to rest. I laugh shyly and make several furtive glances in his direction before Red finally breaks the silence.

"I know what you want—what they all want. There's only one reason little boys like yourself come by my office on Friday afternoons. I can see it in their eyes, too embarrassed to ask but too excited to leave."

"I...I don't know what you're talking about."

"Just say it. I *want* you to say it."

He's making me ask—making me beg. It's demeaning, really, forced to childishly ask the same question he's been artfully skirting for weeks. Of course, both of us know what I



want and equally know that I'm at his complete mercy for an answer. I feel so naïve, so ready to completely surrender as he leads me through the woods of my blossoming activist identity.

"I want—" I pause, caught by Red's eyes. It's the first time the whole afternoon that this typically bashful man has held eye contact

for more than a moment. Now his eyes won't let me go. I'm a small town in Appalachia and he's Massey Energy—he can't wait to rip off the nearest mountaintop and use it to fill in my fertile valley.

"I want you to fill me in. Tell me what you have in store for us, the ideas you've brought, the kind of ideas so visionary and beautiful I'll tear my clothes in sorrow and weep for redemption for my wretched self and this whole wretched world!"

Red's eyes go wide and his teeth flash.

"I think we're ready to take Oberlin to the next level."

I quiver in silent anticipation.

"I'm thinking rooftop gardens." He draws closer. "They keep buildings warm in the winter..." I can feel myself blushing now. "...cool in the summer..." A shiver runs down my spine. "...and reoxygenate the air." I gasp.

Red's so close I can feel his breath on my neck when he speaks.

"Tell me more."

"Composting toilets," he whispers.

"God yes!"

"Reforestation. Energy modeling." They come faster now. "Plastic-bag bans. Professor carpools. Paperless digital textbooks. Guerilla gardening. Rainwater harvesting...for credit."

Finally! For the first time since his arrival, Red's exposing his entire package—the integrated, almost messianic vision he had brought with him to Oberlin—and it's too sublime for words. We lie there, not speaking, for I don't know how long. Eventually I'm in Red's arms, my face pressed against his chest, crying silently. It's over, and it was beautiful—terrifying, and beautiful. BB

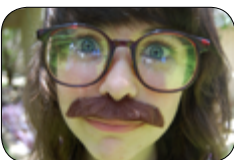


The irresistible Red Harvest.

College historians discover that Oberlin's endowment is mostly an undated IOU from Andrew Carnegie.

The New Corporate Reform Bill passes after significant compromises. Firms may still massage their financial numbers, but the practice of "happy endings" is forbidden.

2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069
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Fifth-wave feminism takes hold, characterized by handlebar mustaches and the prevailing notion that the clitoris is a means for telepathic communication. Most feminist scholars choose to ignore this dark period.

First pastry-American president accidentally elected.



Spring 2066

EPA Conservation Effort Targets Obies' Junk

At a press conference in Finney Chapel, EPA officials announced on Monday that pubic lice are to be placed on the endangered species list. As Oberlin is one of the few remaining places where the creatures' habitat remains, it has been declared a wildlife refuge and will receive \$500,000 annually to promote the spread of pubic lice.

Why is it that Oberlin has so much pubic hair compared to the rest of the world? This is one case in which the college's left-wing paranoia has paid off. Elsewhere in the world, there has been an epidemic in pubic alopecia, or "crotchular balding" as it is commonly known. Officials believe that pubic alopecia is caused by the unique pesticides needed to properly cultivate Monsanto brand Thirty-Foot Corn.

"Monsanto-bot cannot feel compassion, and therefore has nothing to apologize for," said Monsanto-bot Johnson, Senior VP of Public Relations and Monoculture, in a written statement.

Echoing the haunting, soulless voice of corporate America are the Campus Republicans. "We like having food choices and our perfectly smooth groin regions, thank you very much," said Tripp Mudscrap, '66. "This government intervention is an outrage! What use do we have for pubic lice anyway? The government has more important priorities, like Zombie Welfare Reform. I am sick of those zombie welfare queens."

But overall the tone on campus is positive. "Today we are proud and itchy to have this distinction bestowed upon us," said President Florence Flintac in her brief statement. That sentiment was shared by Annabelle Sharfstein, a third-year scavenging major with pubic dreadlocks and an earthy musk. "We should love our bodies exactly the way they are. It is a return to a natural state of beauty," she declared before reaching into her overalls and rubbing furiously.

It is as yet unclear how the college will achieve the goal of 20,000 bites/day, but a joint student/faculty committee has been formed to brainstorm possible plans. The Sexual Information Center could be on the chopping block, according to some sources. Safer Sex Night, an ironically named event and the cause of 23% of Oberlin students' drunken regrets, would likely be spared in any restructuring. JM

Winter 2072

Oberlin Graduate and Last Marxist Executed

Allison P. Odegaard, OC '49 and the only remaining member of any Marxist party on the entire planet, walked somberly down death row to be executed for thoughtcrime early on September 3. Awaiting her were a few family members and the corporate employees of the Apple Inc. capital punishment division, who performed the execution by firing squad. Odegaard was 45 years old upon her death in Guangzhou, China, where the execution was outsourced for cost-saving reasons.

Odegaard's status as an Oberlin Graduate® was considered a great embarrassment for the campus community as well as shareholders of Unilever, the parent company of Oberlin College Inc. Unilever's public relations team scrambled to resolve the issue before settling on execution as the best way to avoid a public relations crisis.

Odegaard was convicted of practicing Marxism, a once-popular political philosophy now banned by Wal-Mart. Marxism was founded by nineteenth-century German philosopher Karl Marx before the advent of the Friedmanicrat/Consumican two-party system.

History professor Nafta Yeardley offered an explanation of the outmoded philosophy. "It sounds strange, but Marxism originated in an era before the Right to Consume was recognized and codified," said Yeardley, sipping on a delicious Pepsi Cola. "It's hard to imagine, but this was long before



An ice-cold Pepsi not unlike that enjoyed by professor Yeardley. See article for the delicious details.

Hollywood reintroduces 2D films. "Now we can tell stories that just couldn't be conveyed in one dimension."



Students occupy Wilder Hall, demand takeout. "It's the only demand we could all agree on."

2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079



The declining human population forces companies to market products to nonhuman primates.

Chairman Meow rises to leadership of the CCCP (Central Committee of the Cat Party).



Obie Grad Executed, continued

corporate government, when some believed the rich and the poor were equal," she added with a laugh.

The recent media spotlight on Marxism has left local community members confused. "That's weird," said iPod McClusky, a manager at the local Subway Sandwich store. "My employees seem perfectly happy with the newly instituted 90-hour workweek. I wish she didn't have to die, but then again, she should have spent her time worrying about real things, like how we can lower the minimum wage again." KS



Some of the many fine Unilever brands.

Spring 2093

Oberlin Archaeologists Discover Lost City of "Cleveland"

For years, it has existed only in the mad ramblings of the elderly and obscure literary references to burning rivers and "steamers." But Oberlin archaeologists announced yesterday that they have uncovered evidence that "Cleveland" really did exist. The find has major ramifications for our understanding of northern Ohio and pre-Incidental America.

It has long been assumed that Oberlin was always surrounded by desert wilderness and no-name towns. The discovery of the ruins of "Elyria" three years ago supported this hypothesis. However, the metropolis of Cleveland appears to have been quite large. Based on the size of the site, it is believed that upwards of 100,000 doomed souls once lived in the city.

Along the edge of the site, where the city met the now-dry Lake Erie, a massive glass pyramid was unearthed. Inside, a collection of elaborate costumes and other religious artifacts were found. "This was clearly a place of spiritual

significance," said Anja Rannikko, a third-year student who spent her Nuclear Winter Term working at the site. "In the basement, we found shrines to various deity figures or shamans, such as 'David Bowie' and the bearded god-warriors of ZZ Top."

Further excavation of the pyramid has stalled because of fears that there may be booby-trapped chambers or vengeful mummies.

Other discoveries include a sprawling hospital complex called "The Clinic," suggesting an incredible amount of disease in the city, as well as multiple sports arenas. One such stadium housed a team of Indians, who presumably played cricket for the cheering masses.

Researchers have yet to find any material links between Cleveland and Oberlin. "It is strange, given Oberlin's proximity to this massive city, but we do not believe there was much cultural exchange between the two," says Anthropology professor Cyndi Jimenez, who led the dig.

There are many hypotheses about why Oberlin operated outside Cleveland's sphere of influence. One theory posits that the two towns were at the borders of warring states. Others claim that Oberlin was full of out-of-state students who cared more about their own bubbles than about the broader community.

Or perhaps the blame lies with Cleveland. "There is ample evidence that Cleveland was just too bleak and depressing," says Jimenez. "After LeBron James left, there was really nothing to live for."

Professor Jimenez will be presenting her results at the annual meeting of the American Archaeological Association, shortly after the keynote presentations, "Indiana Jones 5: Negotiating Nazis, NAGPRA and Neurosyphilis," and "Pots: Why are they always Broken?!" JM



Once cracked, a pot can remain broken for hundreds of years or more.

Learning and "labor." Oberlin integrates education, impregnation in repopulation campaign.



Nancy Dye returns with her army of robots, as foretold by the ancient Mayans.



2080 | 2081 | 2082 | 2083 | 2084 | 2085 | 2086 | 2087 | 2088 | 2089



An army of children marches on Washington in an attempt to install Blues Clues as president. The military takes the opportunity to test new "less lethal" death ray.

Dye rules Oberlin with an iron fist (literally), but everyone admits she is keeping the college financially solvent.

Pika Power

Proposed Program Proves Polarizing as Prominent Protesters Present Problems for Promise of Prodigious Power Production from Proprietary Process; Prolific Procrastinator Provides Profoundly Prolix Prologue

A team of scientists at Japan's Osaka University unveiled a major breakthrough in power generation, publishing the details of a new process that allows the capture of massive quantities of energy with close to zero carbon emissions. The new energy source is known as "Pika power," as it relies upon the Pikachu, an electric-type Pokémon native to the Viridian Forest.

According to lead researcher Sakuma Wikipedia, Pikachu store energy in electrical sacs. Squeezing a Pikachu's sac results in discharge of its electrical load, which can then be stored for later consumption.

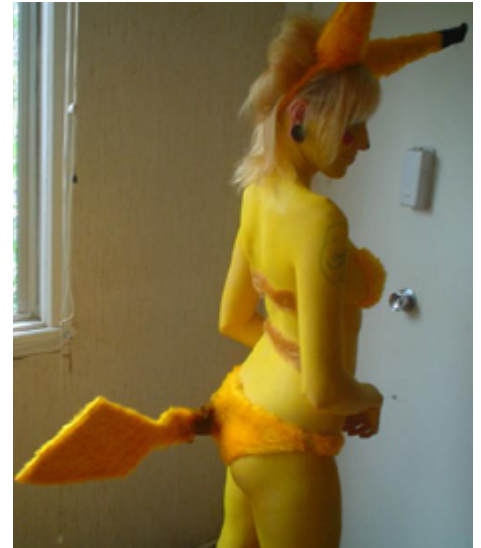
While the new process is being hailed by the Japanese government as the future of alternative energy, Sakuma faces criticism that his team is simply giving hand-jobs to Pokémon.

"Our work has been cleared by the appropriate oversight committees," Sakuma responded. "Additionally, the Pokédex states that 'an inability to achieve discharge results in illness,' hence our methods of energy extraction benefit all parties."

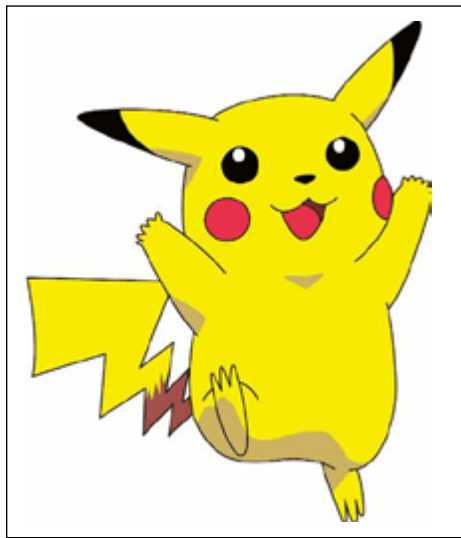
Animal rights groups lead the opposition to Pika power. "This gotta catch 'em all mentality is truly disturbing," commented

Animal Defense League member and college junior Santiago Herrera. Olivia Greenjeans, of People for the Ethical Treatment of Pocket Monsters, released the following statement: "For years, the government has done nothing to stop juvenile delinquents from forcing Pokémon into the hellish world of blood-sports. Now a team of morally deficient scientists is not only legitimizing such violence but is also prostituting these poor creatures by using their sexual functions for profit."

Asked to comment on the allegations of sexual misconduct, Mr. Pikachu replied solemnly, "Pika pika. PikAchu, pika pika pika. *Pikachu.*" *EF!, BB & JM*



A laboratory technician prepares to enter the load extraction room.



A Pikachu with its red, energy-storing sacs clearly visible.

write
draw
photograph
drivel@oberlin.edu

ADHD children sent to "concentration" camps.

A magnitude 9.1 earthquake kills 200,000 in Pakistan, reveals Earth to have a soft nougat center.

Typos in the New Testament come to light. The righteous are taken by the ~~rapture~~ raptors.



2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099

Infant mortality has risen to the level where "dead baby" jokes are really inappropriate.



South Hall proves remarkably well-suited to fending off zombie hordes. While the art museum is an excellent action set piece, it is ultimately abandoned as indefensible.

Suicide becomes the new direct action.

NEW COURSE LISTINGS

SPRING 2100

HIST 246 – Scholarship after the Incident

The study of pre-Incidental history has been marred by inconsistency and ambiguity. We will explore how so much knowledge was lost, what can be reconstructed about life before the Incident, and why contemporary scholarship may be more inaccurate than previously imagined.

HIST 440 – Colonialism, Conquest, and the Muffin

India, 1757. South Africa, 1815. Papua New Guinea, 1883. Wherever the English muffin has gone, bloodshed and repression have followed. What makes this muffin such an emotional powderkeg? What drove the Europeans to take up “the white man’s burden,” spreading their breakfast food of choice to hesitant cultures? And why has the post-Incidental history of the English muffin been so unusually peaceful? History and home economics majors given priority.

PCST 200 – Introduction to Post-Cultural Studies

Is there such a thing as “we” anymore? What are the implications of post-Incidental life for traditional culture theory? How will the ongoing transition to post-literacy affect the spread of ideas across time and space? Will course descriptions ever be written in declarative sentences again?

CAST 363 – Deconstructing the Atom

After surveying the works of Democritus, Boyle, Dalton and other historical figures, we turn to a critical examination of the writings of contemporary physicists. The major theme is the social construction of the atom—its socio-cultural origins, the contested status of contemporary atomic narrative, and the reasons for continued belief in the atom. Broader aims of the course include exploration of the ways in which academia universalizes certain notions of physical reality, as well as the ways in which gender, sex, and class influence one’s embodied experience of subatomic particles.

PHIL 300 – Philosophical Research

Methods

Ever since the advent of so-called experimental philosophy in the early 21st century, there has been a trend towards moving thought experiments out of the classroom and into the field. With an emphasis on instantiating the classic thought experiments of philosophical ethics, we will derail trolleys; kill hobos, lonely strangers and other social isolates; harvest organs from hospital passers-by; and learn the Singer method for luring children into deceptively deep ponds.

Prerequisite: PHIL 200 or a history of torturing small animals.

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