The OLCC Strikes Back • Brown-Bagging It • Andy, We Knew Ye Too Well

The Tater Awards
MISSION STATEMENT

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 seventeen-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.
INSIDE

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June 21, 2000
Copyright ©2000 Oregon Commentator Publishing Co., Inc.
We have met our staff quota for Brians and Brandons. No more at this time, please.
We promise this will never happen again. Honest.

As of press time, our editor’s whereabouts are unknown. Various reports allege several destroyed mailboxes (vomit), cars parked and moving (vomit), and supermarkets (vomit). The reliability of this information is inconclusive. According to eyewitnesses, he was last seen in the back of a Jeep at the corner of 13th and Kincaid toting a handle of Cutty Sark and wearing a Viking hat—only a Viking hat. The only address/contact we had is a mobile phone unit somewhere in the vicinity of the Silver Dollar Club—and all efforts to reach him at that number proved futile.

The last article to be submitted was this editorial, which remains incomplete. In there interests of journalistic purity, we are publishing the partial manuscript as it was found, scribbled illegibly on the side of an OSPIRG Renter’s Rights handbook recovered in the wake of the carnage.

Notes left on the back of a pack of Camels were indecipherable, due to some viscous liquid encrusted in the packaging. There is a certain consistency to the garbled ramblings however, indicating his disgust with the University’s last nine months, disapproval of Blitz Weinhard’s relocation to Tumwater, WA, and in the only distinguishable passage, that “the supermarket was asking for it.”

The Oregon Commentator will resume publication when (and if) he resurfaces.

Andy Combs, Publisher
The Fox and the Clowns

The OC’s disharmony with the Sociology department struck a new false chord this week when our AP columnist was accosted by an unidentified faculty member, moments after delivering copies of our last issue to the seventh floor of PLC — just outside Julia Fox’s office, as fate would have it.

According to this irate Marxist-by-default, the Commentator is composed entirely of “undergraduate punks” who have no concept of the consequences of their actions, and that we bear some responsibility for a death threat Ms. Fox allegedly received last week. The OC is officially appalled: appalled at Ms. Fox’s irresponsible in-class defamation of our fine publication, which started this whole imbroglio; appalled at the indecency of any buffoon who might sink to death threats (if you are among our readership, moron, you are officially disowned); and especially appalled at the childishness of a member of the Sociology department who would hurl insults at an otherwise sympathetic student. Shame on all of you.

The word on the grapevine is that last year’s Professor of the Year Award recipient has had enough of this cesspool, and will now be leaving us to our own devices. We’ll miss you, Foxy.

Roselio Goes Bananas

On May 24th, Roselio Reyes, a former Nike plant worker and current labor activist, spoke to a crowd of 150 people in the Knight Law Center. While the majority of Roselio’s speech played into the hands of the anti-Nike sentiment, there was one major point that Roselio made that was missed by many people there and lacked coverage in the Emerald.

“When the students are buying these [products] they are supporting the families in the Dominican Republic whom have no other means of employment,” Roselio said. “If we boycott these companies and stop buying their products they’ll simply close down the factories.”

What Roselio would like to see is an improvement in the working conditions in the plants, not a boycott. He asked students to buy the products so that students will wear them and in return the workers get a paycheck. No Nike, no jobs. We at the Oregon Commentator are working to put food on these people’s tables by wearing our Nike shoes. What are you doing?

Knob Creek Blues

Not to worry, the South University neighborhood is safe and secure. Especially since the EPD has now decided to take their actions to private property.

Early on a Sunday morning, (according to the officers on the scene) somebody apparently decided to steal gas from vehicles in the area — that, or they were breaking into a van. The EPD wasn’t too clear about that part. Hell, they could have been harvesting kidneys.

Either way, whoever it was got away clean while the EPD spent about half an hour hassling an OC staffer and a fellow boozer, asleep in his own back yard. Credibility lost again.

After the typical bombardment of copper jack moves, the friendly drunks were free to go about their business. That is, after an official commendation on their choice of whiskey. They may not have been straight, but their story was. Ah, Eugene’s finest hard at work.

Things to Do

- Sue your landlord. He/she deserves it, don’t they?
- Visit Nerve at http://www.nerve.com for your coital position of the day.
- Drink. The year is over. You’ve earned it. Come to think of it, you’ve earned a hit off a crack pipe. It’s up to you.

*Viggy is currently in contract renegotiations. Or passed out. Whichever.
When ideologies clash and eggs are thrown, the Commentator will be here to tell you about it. An exclusive interview with the Johnson Hall egg-tossing trio.

INTERVIEW

BY TED WHITAKER

It all has to start somewhere, it always comes to an end, and in between are the antics. A cause being fought that affects a majority should expect verbal confrontation as well as some non-vocal assaults. Eggings? Yes, they happened, but the credit is in the wrong place. For the perpetrators, on that one spontaneous intoxicated evening, the result of their actions could not have been more pleasing — the fact that there was a reaction at all. Full sheeted experiments like this don’t usually expect to create much of a reaction, except for the camaraderie shortly afterward and the guilt in the morning. But this time, a few ill-informed, scapegoat-seeking individuals decided to point the blame at a potentially obvious source. This is not surprising considering the common mob mentality that bears down our fair on campus. Autumn DePoe, former student senator and activist, credulously attributed the assault to C.J. Gabbe, Matthew Swanson and their fraternity. It seems they were playing capture the flag, hence a lot of running around in camouflage, the same night of the eggings. The so-called conspiracy behind the event went as far as pointing out a potential mastermind behind it all as well, once thought to be Scott Austin. Well, guess what kids: this incident had nothing to do with WRC politics, fraternities, or protests. It was simply a reaction from a group of students who actually had the balls to represent the “real” majority on campus.

The following is a face-to-face interview with Oregon Commentator correspondent Ted Whitaker and the anti-WRC protesters.

OC: So how many of you were there?

A: Well there were three people, but one we didn’t know, he was just a disgruntled person we met at Circle K while picking up our beverages to go home with. It was not a premeditated event, the idea came from a discussion we had while standing in line.

B: I guess you could say that it was premeditated in the sense that we just wanted to have a little indiscriminate, ignorant fun. You know, messing with the hippies. As we kept thinking about it, the protesters were not representing anybody but a very small group and they were very ill-informed. While sitting there, and of course having some drinks and discussing politically in the back of the tavern like in the old days, we kept coming up with products we saw being used that they were protesting: Nike, North Face, Mountain Smith. It was inconceivable for us to see these people protesting and not going full bore at it.

Goo goo g’joob: Two of the three egg men pose for the OC’s cameras, dressed as they were on that fateful April evening.

OC: So would you guys like to establish a theme for your actions, maybe a group name?

A: Why do you keep asking us that, it isn’t important! Are you going to take this and turn it into a bunch of sensationalism? If you want to put a name on us you could say that we are the “concerned citizens.” I want to state now that I am not an anarchist, I don’t have a name, I’m a concerned citizen, so that will be my name since you insist.

OC: What was the philosophy behind your actions?

A: My whole gig is that by taking away jobs from people...
Wassup OC:

Your April 3 series on OLCC brought back memories of my college days. Like many students today, I saw little use for the OLCC. But in the intervening years I’ve seen the toll alcohol abuse has taken on families, friends and society in general. I eventually changed my view.

I appreciate the time and ink you took to get information to your readers about OLCC’s health and safety mission. And I understand that not all your readers, much less OC’s editorial policies, appreciate that Oregon is a liquor-control state. But I’m sure we all can agree on the importance of informing Ducks and other feathered folks about their responsibilities under the law. Your series was of great help in carrying that message to students — a key audience for OLCC.

In fact, I’d bet that OC and OLCC have more in common than a partially shared acronym. Clearly we’re both interested in ensuring that students have reasonably in-bounds, safe and legal fun. OC and OLCC could easily form a strong public-private partnership — that’s government lingo for working together over the long haul.

And by the way, I’m also sure that your liquor price guide for minors was simply meant as casual information for your readers. As a socially responsible publication, I’m confident that OC would not encourage or otherwise advise breaking the law. But you know, the Great Communicator was fond of saying, “Trust, but verify.”

Sincerely,

Pamela S. Erickson
Administrator, Oregon Liquor Control Commission

Dear Ms. Erickson:

Thank you for your response to our April 3, 2000 OLCC issue. We at the Oregon Commentator appreciate the fact that you took the time and effort to reply to our criticism of the Oregon Liquor Control Commission.

Given the tone of your letter we draw the conclusion that you intended, a) to connect with us by speaking the “lingo” of our “generation,” b) to talk down to our level, or c) no disrespect and this is simply how you always address professional letters on official, State of Oregon letterhead. Nevertheless, we were honored.

Our main point of contention is, and continues to be, who should be making decisions about the consumption of alcohol: the individual, or the collective? The Commentator is of the opinion that individuals should make such decisions for themselves, whatever the consequences; it is not the place of bureaucrats in Salem or Washington to regulate private actions.

Students should have the right to enjoy themselves however they see fit, without interference from a government-imposed morality, so long as they do so in a manner that does not harm others. We also believe that students are going to drink and will do so regardless of what we print or how strict you make your laws.

We thank you again for your letter and hope to continue this discourse into the future. If you have any comments or inquiries, please do not hesitate to write again or call. Next time you’re in Eugene, drinks are on us.

Sincerely,

Editor and Publisher
Oregon Commentator
Long ago – we’ll say the 1950s – college was reserved for intelligent, highly motivated, achievement-minded future leaders of the community; those who were not up to the task were soon weeded out. Over time, universities like this one have relaxed their standards to the point where almost any mildly retarded high school graduate with a debit card can attend college.

It wouldn’t be so bad if the morons around campus would just blend into the grass and stay out of basic university operations, so the rest of us could go about our business in peace. But they don’t. On this campus, the dumber you are – the more notable you are. As the 1999-2000 school year ran its inevitable course, the visibility and power of campus idiots grew exponentially.

It was a time marked by political and public relations debacles that tried the patience of the university community. The year began like any other: UO President Dave Frohnmayer helped exactly one student move into the dorms for a generic photo op; the standard issue ASUO Executive promises of tuition freezes and increased diversity; and the lame *Emerald* columns by lame *Emerald* columnists, skewering the foibles of college life.

**GENOCIDE AWARENESS PROJECT**

But the tone of the year (i.e. overblown outrage followed by useless public discourse) quickly set in with the Genocide Awareness Project’s display, brought to an EMU amphitheater near you by the fledgling student group Justice For All. Bent on sickening the populace into a pro-life stance with massive, unavoidable posters of aborted fetuses, the GAP brought many important untruths to light. First, that the Holocaust was a minor tragedy that killed a handful of people – nothing compared to the insidious tragedy of a woman’s right to choose. Justice For All apparently thought the best way to create an open forum on abortion was to visually attack anyone who walked by. Justice For All’s free exploitation of the practice they aim to stop, coupled with their casual disregard for the Holocaust and the Jewish race as a whole – makes you wonder if Bible Jim was somehow involved. Expect more next year: Justice For All is now a funded student program. If luck prevails, the Abortion Fair could be a yearly occurrence, sandwiched between the ASUO Street Fair and the biannual keep-or-ditch OSPIRG controversy.

**FROHNMAYER’S ARRYTHMIA**

Campus life was more than useless debate and protesters with nowhere to go, at least when President Frohnmayer was struck down by a touch of extreme physical distress. “The Frohn” experienced a heart arrhythmia, first believed to be a heart attack, while attending a conference in Washington, DC. The Frohn was rushed to the fortuitously-nearby Bethesda Medical Center, where he was treated and spent his recovery. Over that fateful weekend, the UO community was glued to its televisions, newspapers and online news services, in pursuit of any little bit of available information: Is he okay? Is he getting better? Is he dead yet? We didn’t bother to check before we ran our overwhelmingly popular and well-received “Dave Frohnmayer: 1940-1999” cover in the fall. Apparently he’s still alive, so good for him, I guess.

**INITIATIVE 2000**

No matter how barbaric or physically dangerous, certain things are essential to the college experience, and such traditions must be upheld forever. This includes an almost inhuman consumption of cheap, effective booze at that old bastion of collegiate alcoholism, the frat house. Then came sagging fraternity enrollment, followed by Initiative 2000, which threatens to permanently end the Delta House-inspired lifestyle of Jello shots, keg stands, shooters and beer goggles. Initiative 2000 is a pledge by fraternities and sororities promising to not hold functions that serve alcohol, or even keep alcohol of any kind at chapter houses (yeah, right). All of this is purely image related, selfishly motivated and has nothing to do with alcohol safety – the Greek houses get kickbacks for signing on.
WTO / BATTLE IN SEATTLE

Eugene and the surrounding area made the national news a couple of times, most eminently when a considerable number of anti-capitalist demonstrators and political activists made good on their promise to shut down Seattle via riots and vandalism during the WTO conferences in November. This was the major national news story for a week or so, bringing the national press back to Eugene for the first time since June of 1999 – also because of anarchists. Older generations, which had once labeled us apathetic and jaded, now called us reckless and hypocritical. They also decided that the Eugene branch of the anarchist population represented the entire array of protesters in Seattle, which isn’t fair: some of them were probably from Springfield.

WHEREFORE ART THOU, Y2K?

To those of you just now crawling out of your Y2K bunkers, I’m sorry to report that a computer glitch did not destroy the world on January 1, 2000. No martial law, no nuclear winter, no cannibalism, no nuthin’. Even the Space Needle survived. Kind of a letdown. All we really was extraneous news coverage of children in every time zone dancing around while fireworks went off at the major landmarks behind them. Nevertheless, winter break was two days longer to allow for any national mishaps – apparently, the end of the world would have been fixed in two days, just enough time for school to start up again.

STUDENT SENATE INCOMPETENCE

This year marked the long-awaited public admission that most of the popularly elected student senate are incompetent, of unsound mind, and are wholly unfamiliar with Robert’s Rules of Order. Accusations of misallocation of funds and failure to hold office hours led to much finger-pointing and buck-passing. The attempt by longtime rabble-rouser Scott Austin to impeach several senators proved futile, but did cause a number of senators to quit post haste, bailing on student govt, likely because the senate leadership was making the job unbearable.

ASUO ELECTIONS

Student Senator CJ Gabbe was a central figure in the ongoing senate bitch-fight, and over the past year has been involved in more scandals than any other student official in recent memory. The floppy-eared sycophant made an unsuccessful bid for ASUO Executive in the spring, amidst further allegations, grievances and questionable ethics. Gabbe and running mate Peter Larson sponsored an International Student Association coffee hour/voter information (read: Vote for CJ and Peter) meeting. Since they paid for the coffee and cookies and

TURN TO THE YEAR, PAGE 19

If anything in this life is certain, if history has taught us anything, it is that every year is a catastrophe at the UO.

BY BRIAN BOONE

JUNE 21, 2000

If you put up pictures of dead babies, they will come; a big tree fell over; The Collier House closed and reopened to zero fanfare; Squirrels ran amok, mocking us from their treetop perches; The 1992 Democratic Convention was a big hit; This fence was later murdered in cold blood; Frohnmayer tried to salvage some dignity; Jay Breslow didn’t so much win ASUO Exec as CJ lost it; Group hugs preceded group sex; Even Ryan isn’t sure who he agrees with; And just who is that sexy woman?
As the Year Goes, So Go the Tater Awards.

There are only seven categories to begin with, and in the end, only seven lucky individuals/organizations/trends make the cut. This year the finalists were all worthy and the voting (carried out by secret ballot at the May 17 OC staff meeting) was close in all categories — except for Woman of the Year, for which frequent pariah Gabbe was the unanimous choice. The categories changed slightly this year, with Professor of the Year giving way to the broader Faculty of the Year, but everything else is the same, as is these awards’ purpose: to highlight this campus’ most flagrant examples of arrogance, stupidity, malfeasance, incompetence and misconduct. Enjoy.

Man of the Year
Melissa “Munger” Unger

Munger has arrived on the scene and has followed her brother’s footsteps to become one of the biggest targets for the OC this year. For those of you who aren’t familiar with Munger, let us give you a short run-down: She’s wasted thousands of your dollars with OSPIRG, illegally campaigned on behalf of CJ and Peter as their campaign manager, and was a large contributor to the WRC protest. Have you had enough? We have.

Woman of the Year
CJ “What, Me Worry?” Gabbe

Oh CJ, you must look back at this year and really kick yourself. You got a well-connected, marginally diverse running mate and campaign manager, outspent your opponents three-fold, and campaigned your little tail off. But you lost, and by a pretty convincing margin. And now to top it all off, you’ve been named Woman of the Year. But, hey, look at it like this: at least you won something.

Student Group of the Year
Justice For All

What do you get when you add Scott Austin to a fledgling student group? Answer: A mix of fun, excitement and pro-life hijinks. Justice For All contributed to probably one of the most controversial events to hit the campus when they helped sponsor the Genocide Awareness Project last fall. In order to protect the sanctity of human life, they chose to show some of the most horrific pictures on the face of the Earth. Here’s something to remember: anything taken from the human body looks disgusting. It could be an aborted fetus; it could be a gall bladder — either way it will gross you out. Now the group has been granted student money so next year your incidental fees will pay to bring the grotesque images back to campus. Long live Southworth.

Hack of the Year
Jen Evans, Oregon Voice

Wasting no time out of the gates as Executive Editor of the Oregon Voice, Evans worked overtime to produce the single worst issue of the Voice this year. The Voice’s Annual Sex Issue proved one thing, and that’s that down at the Voice, nobody’s getting any. Mad with power as she may be (her name appears on almost every page, sometimes multiple times), this queen has no subjects. Since fall term, the masthead has slowly thinned out; what were once a few dozen rejects are now just a few rejects. If the magazine continues on for more than another year or so without being forcibly taken over, it’ll be a god-damned miracle. The Voice may have sucked this year, but the way things are shaping up, next year Jen is going to shoot the moon.

Faculty of the Year
Dave Frohnmayer

Once just a washed up gubernatorial candidate, now responsible for one of the most costly mistakes in University history: President Dave Frohnmayer. Take our advice, Dave, when 30 million dollars is on the line, it doesn’t hurt to make a 30 cent phone call to ensure that your bumbling and fumbling won’t cost the UO the single largest donation ever. You lacked the foresight to see the possible consequences of your decisions; now present and future students will have to pay the difference. Dave, we have staff positions available after you get canned.

Rising Star
Sarah Jacobson, WRC

Until the Worker Rights Consortium hit the big time, Sarah was just another unwashed and slightly dazed inhabitant of Suite Four. Today, when not saving the indigenous people of third-world countries from the hands of ruthless industrialists, Jacobson spends most of her time getting letters printed in the Op-Ed page of the New York Times, plotting future blows to the evil regime of global capital, and talking on her cell phone. With the WRC up for review in just a year’s time, look for her name to pop up again and again and again.

Debacle of the Year
WRC/Knight Tug-of-War

Phil Knight may not be the world’s most popular guy at the moment, but the fact that he can look at himself in the mirror is not because he is heartless — it’s because he’s right. As far as the protesters are concerned, using the University as an experiment in the dangerous field of social engineering is stupid enough, but when the quasi-governmental agency charged with carrying out said experiment is as disorganized and precarious as the WRC, well, only more tumult is on the way.

1999-2000
HONORABLE MENTION

The “It Would All Be Worth It If C.J. Would Just Talk To Me Again” Award
Jay Breslow, ASUO phyrric victor

The “I’ve Got Noam On the Other Line” Award
Sarah Jacobson, anti-globalization flavor of the month

The Today the Voice, Tomorrow the YM Internship Award
Jen Evans, Voice despot

The Lifetime Achievement Award
Autumn DePoe, closing in on her first decade of undergraduate education

The My Headphones Told Me To Vote ‘Yes’ Award
Michael Anthony Dixon II, not paying attention

The Bilbo Baggins Award
Randy Newnham, Suite One elf

The I Am Not My Age Award
Jack Clifford, Emerald heir apparent

The Who Forgot To Renew The Nation Subscription? Award
Suite One collective, hierarchically-challenged

The Living Proof That There Is An ASUO NewsGroup Award
Autumn DePoe, Jeff Miholer, Brian Wise, bravely posting where no one else posts

The “Gee, I Hope Dave Is Still Gonna Write That Letter For Me” Award
Wylie Chen, future Eugene city councilman

The Improbable Nike Endorsement Award
Willie Thompson, Commiehater hater

The Beads Make The Man Award
Mason West, Emerald Vince Medeiros stand-in

The Silent Z Award
Jereme Grzybowski, unpronounceable senator

The WTO Dismantle-by-Absentee Ballot Award
Spencer Hamlin, ASUO miniature collectible

The NBC Must-See-TV Is My Life Award
Laura Cadiz, Emerald czar

The They’ll All Miss Me When I’m Gone Award
Scott Austin, finally promising to leave, hopefully

The “If I Mention The Word ‘Beer’ One More Time, They’ll Just Have To Spew Me” Award
Jessica Timpany, Student Senate potentate

The “When Am I Going to get Spewed in the Commentator?” Award
Jeremy Gibons, impatient former ConCourt Chief

The “I Wasted $6,000” Award
Robin Miller, ASUO Federal Affairs Tycoon

The Reggie White Award for Gridiron Evangelism
Ryan Schmid, Ducks religious magnate

The “I Can Get My Dad To Recycle All Of You” Award
Mitra Anoushiravani, waste-management heiress

The ASUO Bores The Hell out of Me Award
Travis Geny, KWVA News Kingpin

The Rotating Cast of Characters Award
Kameron Cole; Napoleon Linardatos; Mason West; Fred Collier; Whit Sheppard, temporary Emerald op-editorializers

Complaints may be directed to: ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu. Please wait four to six months for sarcastic reply.
The word “diversity” gets tossed around at the U of O quite a bit, but what does it mean? According to the official diversity web site (http://diversity.uoregon.edu) of the UO it means “understanding that each individual is unique, and recognizing our individual differences.”

“The University of Oregon considers diversity a top priority,” said David Hubin, Executive Vice-President. In fact it is such a high priority that they have spent more than $1.6 million of the university’s ’99-00 budget on it. The majority of this money comes directly from the student in the form of tuition and incidental fees.

How much does diversity directly cost the student? With the exception of the diversity-related student unions, all of the diversity spending comes from the general fund. The general fund is 65% student fees and tuition, with the rest coming from the state government. The student unions are 100% funded by incidental fees. According to the Office of the Registrar, there were 16,342 students (full and part time) attending winter term 2000. This works out to more than $73 per student, per year.

This year the UO offered many programs and activities aimed at increasing cultural diversity and multiculturalism. Among them:

- The Steering Committee for Diversity
- Administration-sponsored speakers Edward James Olmos, Bobby Seale, Tim Wise, and Frances Fox Piven ($2000)
- Three administrators and two students sponsored to go to the Albuquerque, New Mexico “Educating All of One Nation” conference
- Ten diversity interns of summer ‘99 ($15,500)
- The Administrative Team for Diversity
- The President’s Council on Race
- Eight administrators and three students sponsored to go to the National Convention on Race and Ethnicity
- President’s Advisory Board for the UO Native American Initiative
- Diversity-Building Scholarship program ($603,063)
- UMAS & UMAS-J Scholarship (Underrepresented Minority Academic Scholarship [$293,052])
- The Bias Response team ($5000)

There is also a permanent Office of Multicultural Affairs ($453,811), and as required by law, an office of Affirmative Action. According to Hubin, the proposed Diversity Institute should be up and running next year. There are also several permanent positions devoted to diversity within various offices. Two of these are “Diversity Affairs Coordinator,” and “Assistant Dean of Student Life for Multiethnic Student Programs.” The offices of Student Life and Student Academic Affairs had not furnished these budget items by press time.

The ASUO is also very devoted to diversity: it funds some 25 diversity-related student unions to the tune of $305,575 through incidental fees. ASUO president-elect Jay Breslow put diversity on par with mathematics and reading, “It’s a core part of education.” Breslow worked closely with the President’s Office in the wake of the Johnson Hall sit-in of ’99.

Based on the heavy emphasis placed on diversity one might conclude that the UO is suffering from not enough minority students: this is not the case. According to the 1996 Census data for Oregon, the minority fraction of the population is 12%, while the UO reported a 15% minority student population in 1998. For this year, President Dave Frohnmayer reports that “Acceptances for all groups of students of color are running at about 150% of last year’s figures.” In spite of these numbers, it seems that increasing the minority student population is very important to those in charge of allocating funds. When asked if he thought the current diversity spending was justified, given the racial statistics, Breslow responded, “We have to do better than [Oregon’s minority population]. The diversity budget is justified and should be augmented.”

The ten diversity interns and the Steering Committee for...
Diversity were established to meet the demands given by the Johnson Hall sit-in protesters last summer. The only thing the ten interns produced was a video about diversity and a $15,500 bill for the President’s Office. This is a clear case of the administration slapping a band-aid on the problem to pacify the protest crowd. The “problem” here is hard to define. The protesters claimed it was the “climate of intolerance” that they were responding to, but in reality there have only been a couple of isolated incidents, nothing like the supposed pattern of racial inequality they contend. The administration did the politically smart thing in this case: they made a relatively minor cash commitment and set up a temporary diversity internship. “I don’t see the diversity internships being continued,” stated Hubin. What have the diversity interns and other such programs at the UO actually accomplished? They certainly haven’t changed the “climate of intolerance” because there is no “climate of intolerance.” Eugene is easily the most liberal and tolerant campus in the state, and along with Berkeley and Evergreen, one of the most on the West coast. This was a non-issue from the start, with the proper non-response from the administration. “We’re not saying ‘throw money at this,’” Hubin said. “The amount of money currently being spent is appropriate.” At least one person in charge of the budget isn’t pledging huge sums of other people’s money for non-issues.

The stated goals of the diversity-minded are nebulous at best, but they do all have one common denominator: a fixation on politically correct issues. Gender, sexual orientation, and particularly race are the central issues of those who administrate these exclusive programs. It is interesting how the very people who tout a “colorblind society” constantly make race a central part of their agenda. It’s no different with gender and sexual orientation. Sometimes though, the diversity issue takes on a more ominous tone. While commenting on the fragmented nature of the diversity bureaucracy, Breslow said, “We need to coordinate efforts. The problem right now is that there’s no system of audits. If we had a central diversity organization we’d be able to evaluate people and hold them accountable.”

Academics should not be sacrificed for goals that are unattainable at best and social engineering at worst. Money that is spent by the university should be spent on education and not on special interests who are only concerned with spending other people’s money on their pet programs.

Brandon Oberlin, a sophomore majoring in biology, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.
Brown Bagging 101

When the sun comes out, we dress down. “Skin to win” seems to be the common denominator for the fabricated contest of sexual appeal. This is not true for everything. The 40oz lives in a strange world where its garnishing appears opposite to that of the season we all tend to close in on nudity. That’s right people, it’s time to break out those trusty jackets and take it to the streets.

Despite our nature to want to be in the sun, our booze seldom gets to see the light of day. Does that mean we must continue to confine ourselves in local brothels and stuffy apartments to support “the cause” as we have all winter? No, and there is a simple brown option.

The art of brown bagging is now reaching its peak season, and as Ice Cube once said, “you need to check yourself before you wreck yourself.” Are your skills up to par? The OLCC does not grant special rights to our intoxicating glass enclosed friends during the sun induced season, so it is up to you to make sure they continue to make it to the party. Help yourself by helping others and jot down these handy tips on covert drinking operations.

1. Figure one shows you what you will need (Duh).

2. Not only does your trusty brown bag conceal your incriminating partner, it also insulates during that high noon sun. Make sure to get that initial roll down nice and tight.

3. Can you palm a basketball, didn’t think so. Make it easier on yourself with this multi-purpose handle, good for chugging, passing and pouring a little out for yo’ dead homies yo’.

4. Now, as the nearly all-white hip-hop group named the Young Black Teenagers once said “tap the bottle and twist the cap.” The rest is up to you. Might I suggest chicken wings, “Shaft,” and some Excedrin for the morning.

5. Don’t make this mistake when at the quickie mart, ask the clerk for the wino bag. With this scenario you might as well try hijacking Cuban cigars in a jellyfish.

By Ted Whitaker

Photos by Dan Atkinson
6. Here is a good example of mistake number two. Now where do you expect to get another $2.29 from?

7. Finally, pick up after yourself. Don’t leave cleverly concealed bottles laying around in public. The less EPD sees this kind of thing, the less they are going to look for it while they’re in action. Besides, you don’t want to give away your secrets. They could come in handy during finals week.

It’s OK to pour a little out for... you know who, but this is ridiculous. What a waste. Quick, get a sponge and an empty glass!

Shake what your mama gave you, but don’t toss the sauce. Start a collection instead. It’ll be off the streets and you’ll have some mementos.
If you’re looking for brilliant and insightful writing, please do not read any further. However, if a trite ramble is what tickles your fancy, then continue on.

June 10, 2000 marks the day I get paroled from the University of Oregon. I have done my time and the board is letting me out early for good behavior. Now it is decision time.

When I graduated from high school it was a foregone conclusion that I would be attending the University of Oregon. You see, I was too lazy to fill out any college applications. My mom, a UO alum, filled out the UO application on my behalf and I signed my name to it. That fateful signature landed me in Eugene four years ago, and I’ve been here ever since.

My mom has put her foot down now and demanded that I start filling out my own applications for grad schools, jobs, the Peace Corps, etc. This has severely hampered my post-bac prospects. Luckily, I coerced my girlfriend into filling out a couple of applications, and so far the UO Law School and the Subway at Valley River Center are the only places that have shown any interest in me for next year.

Well, I don’t know how I feel about being a lawyer or a Sandwich Artist. I’ve never been very “artsy,” and the legal profession has too many egotistical, assholes in it to support one more like me. So here I sit, befuddled.

I think I just realized what the problem is: I lack the necessary skills to get a good job. I made the decision when I entered college to major in political science and to minor in business and economics. I am now realizing that these decisions have crippled my chance for success. I have been tested on my ability to think about what others think about things. Who is going to pay me now to think about what others think? I’m not smart enough to work for a Washington think tank. They want people from Harvard, Columbia, and Stanford working for them, not because they’re any smarter, but for some reason people listen a little closer to a fancy school graduate than to a UO grad. Go figure.

I took a class from Professor Jerry Medler in the Fall of 1997 regarding political power. The most profound statement he made was one day during lecture he stated, “You people are not elite students, I am not an elite professor, and this is not an elite uni-
versity.” This just didn’t slip out of Jerry’s mouth either. I could tell that he had thought about this, and I also knew that he was damn right. On the next quiz Professor Medler asked a True/False question asking us if we were elite students at an elite university being taught by an elite professor. The correct answer was “false.”

I’ve thought about that statement a lot over the past three years. We really aren’t elite here. We’re a second-rate school. Even our athletic programs that get everyone all excited about are second-rate. When was the last time an Oregon sports team did well in the post-season? Whenever it was, it was prior to my enrollment here.

I could have chosen to attend Oregon State and possibly could have learned how to do something practical like engineering, animal husbandry, or forestry. But I’d probably still be lost and confused and already fed up with learning about trees and trying to get a goat to screw a cow in order to get some new hybrid milk chain.

The UO is not a bad school, but it is not too good either. It’s the home to mediocrity. To get anything from this place you cannot rely solely on your academic record, because that will not get you respect from grad schools or employers not directly related to the UO. Extracurricular activities are the key to having success here. If it was not for the things I did out of the classroom, I would have absolutely no chance of going anywhere after graduation.

The main problem is that this school places the importance of its athletic programs far over anything else including academics, music, or the arts. Most people are content to know that as long as the Oregon sports teams are doing well than it doesn’t matter how we stand anywhere else. The administration hopes that a good football team will attract incoming students, but this strategy leaves our core learning areas ignored.

This logic angers me greatly, because it is the same thing I saw in my small town high school. We had no AP classes and the lowest SAT scores of any high school in southern Oregon, but it was all okay because our cross country, basketball, and wrestling programs were in good shape. If a kid got a scholastic scholarship to attend a college he or she was given a minimal amount of praise. But if some soon-to-be washed-up athlete received some type of tuition waive at a community college it was like he or she had just got drafted into the pros.

To get a full picture of just how entrenched our little system of rewarding athletes is here, look no further than to the Alumni Association. Towards the end of May they held a senior send-off with free pizza from the Residence Halls. A common passerby would probably think how great it was for the Alumni Association to hold such an event, but let’s take a little closer look.

The event’s main purpose was not for the seniors but rather a shameless promotion for the Alumni Association. They wanted to let us seniors know how important it is to give as an alum of this great school and gave us free pizza and a CD holders to let us know that they cared about the common student. Well, if you really think that the Alumni Association gives one thought towards the average UO student, then you are sadly mistaken. The majority of the money collected from past graduates through the Alumni Association goes directly to athletes. Until the UO changes its policies concerning athletics, the university will continue to have problems attracting top notch students and faculty.

Enough of that; I don’t want to sit here and bitch about athletics. This is my last piece and just want to say all in all, I’ve had a fun time here at the UO. Also, you younger folks think that it may seem like a long time away, but graduation will come for you too. Well, partner, I’m saddlin’ up and heading off into the sunset. It has been a pleasure.

SO FAR THE UO LAW SCHOOL AND THE SUBWAY AT VALLEY RIVER CENTER ARE THE ONLY PLACES THAT HAVE SHOWN ANY INTEREST IN ME FOR NEXT YEAR. I DON’T KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT BEING A LAWYER OR A SANDWICH ARTIST.

ANDY COMBS, a senior double majoring in sadism and masochism, is Publisher for the Oregon Commentator.
EGG MEN, FROM PAGE 6

that work in the Nike factories would do more harm than good. There is a different standard of living there, we can’t expect to put American living standards into those countries. Throughout the evening, the people who we talked to were agreeing to these points and others with us.

OC: What kind of people?

B: Random groups of people we knew and did not know were all saying the same thing.

OC: So pretty much what you are saying is that you got feedback the same way that statistical information is traditionally gathered for any type of measurement.

A: Yes, we were inspired by what we were hearing, and what you hear on the street is what is happening not what you hear in the news paper.

B: News paper, television, or the group that is being interviewed by television. It’s the same damn group that is going to go and protest the Snowy Egret next week that is endangered in New Zealand. Chances are they will have only half the information again.

OC: Did any kind of preparation go into this?

A: There was no preparation, it was spontaneous. The only preparation was....

B: [Laughing] Drinking! Standing in line at Circle K.

OC: So how do you feel about the finger pointing that went on afterward?

B: Again, it shows a lack of information. It’s like calling the kettle black. It was similar to what happened during the McCarthy era. They needed a scapegoat.

A: The only finger-pointing that should be apologized for is the finger-pointing at Mr. Phil Knight.

OC: What about these emails* that were traded back and forth.

B: Brian Wise had his facts straight, , and wasn’t making fun of anybody. This guy Scott Austin on the other hand simply ripped on people, there are no facts, he doesn’t state an argument, he doesn’t support his comments, there is absolutely nothing in here that says he is educated.

OC: What was the deal with you being questioned by the authorities?

B: Yes, I was questioned about the situation but luckily for me I was wearing camoiflague so I guess they had a hard time seeing me.

OC: Do you feel that OPS did their job?

B: What job?

OC: Wasn’t there supposed to be some raw meat involved instead of just eggs?

A: Yes, but it is too expensive, we would have thrown Malaysians but we didn’t know where to buy any.

Not everything that happens on campus is the result of a big-headed student organization. This proves that somebody out there is paying attention: like ants in your house, if you see a few, there is bound to be a nest nearby. If only they all had the guts to come out at once. So the war of ideas continues, and as sure as future protests are being contemplated, so too are the gears turning in the minds of the reactionaries.

*Go to the Online Extra section at http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~ocomment to view the emails yourself.
whatnot as an official campaign action, fellow candidate (and close runner-up to Mr. Austin in the ASUO heretic category) Autumn DePoe alleged that giving food to voters constituted bribery. The Constitution Court agreed, but could not remove Gabbe and Larson from the ballot due to an error on the Elections Board’s part. So, the little weasels got off on a technicality. Eventual victors Hay and Jolly (as it were) used the unapologetic stance of their rivals to great advantage with a string of Got Ethics? campaign posters. Despite Gabbe’s campaign budget of several thousand dollars, thirty dozen or so campaign volunteers/amateur spin doctors and unabashed manipulation of the system, they somehow lost the race.

**SOUTHWORTH**

OSPIRG sends the money it collects from student fees to its parent group/political lobby in Portland for reasons for them to know and you to not ask; it goes without saying that they are unethical, and perhaps even evil. Now, thanks to the Wisconsin v. Southworth ruling, they now have the Supreme Court’s permission to inexplicably charge each and every student $9 for its meaningless political maneuvering. The case was brought by students at the University of Wisconsin who objected to paying incidental fees to support student programs they didn’t agree with – foremost being the political machine called the PIRGs. After considering the possibility of allowing an option for students to direct their portion of the fees away from particular programs, the Court ultimately ruled that students must pay the fee, so long as it is distributed according to some unbiased, impartial method from Never-Never Land. Thus, OSPIRG et al, are safe – for now.

**DO YOU AGREE WITH RYAN?**

If drinking doesn’t fill that painful void inside of you, then religion is surely your last hope. At least that’s what Ducks football center Ryan Schmid – the utterly idiotic, goonish figurehead of the Do You Agree With Ryan? campaign – thinks. Our good friends in Campus Ministries unveiled the evangelical assault over a two-week period this spring, with the full cooperation of the *Emerald*, which was clued in long before the ubiquitous question was put in context. This venture can best be described as a third-rate Jesus wannabe backed up by a fourth-rate media machine. Alas, Ryan was not the Messiah, but when the son of God finally does show up, we’ll recognize him not by the halo and trumpet herald, but by the football uniform, full-page newspaper ads, and slipshod rally.

1999-2000 was another dismal year of posturing and inflation of things that, beyond campus, are incredibly minor. The GAP’s dead baby gallery made people ill, frats went dry against their will, CJ almost got elected Prez, and Phil Knight won’t give us any more money. Somehow, the world keeps on turning and we manage to get up each morning. The same things will happen next year, the year after that, and the year after that. Campus events may seem high-pressured and exciting to the handful of us who care – but will never, ever make a damn bit of difference outside this podunk town.
What I Really Learned in College

In one fell two-page swoop the over-educated Bryan Roberts exposes the very pointlessness of that over-education.

By Bryan Roberts

This is it: classes are ending; people are marching away from the world of used books and smelly bars and into the world of paychecks and financed cars. I feel very much a part of this progression, being a senior and knowing a lot of people who are graduating. I also feel excluded from it, being that I still have leftover incompletes from fall term and a needed class I cannot get into this summer, my supposedly last term, because of that deficiency. I am in self-imposed limbo. I don’t know what happened. I had it all together when I arrived in this enigmatic burg a few years ago. Really, very together. Then at some point I decided, without deciding, to become a wordsmith at the expense of all other pursuits. I decided without deciding that the agony in this world is more interesting than the satisfaction. So I have no degree to show you. You will fax your resumes all over the country and settle for a flavorless but well-paying job and put a down payment on a house; I will wallow around and possibly finish my degree and wind up a hypocritical advice columnist for some publication I haven’t heard of yet. I am tempted to suggest that to make a value judgment would be to miss the point — but such assumes that I know what the point is, which I most certainly do not. All that I do know may be distilled into a collection of anemic observations, most of which owe their existence to my search for the everlasting hangover. Here’s what I really learned in college:

• People have little taste for sincerity. People revel in being duped, which they call entertainment, and it satisfies their urge to escape all the other ways in which they can’t help being duped, and it makes them feel victorious. “Look at that over-sincere jackass,” people say. “By laughing at him I am better than him. I believe that he is a dupe.” Somewhere a pathetic pantheon of gods convenes to howl with ridicule at humanity.

• As humans, the act of being born constitutes a swindling of the world. While here we tend to take more than we give.

• You are quick to point out that (as far as we know) we do not choose to be born. In a sense it is an act of violence that the world perpetrates against us. It creates us, then commands us to apologize. In response we conquer it for no apparent purpose.

• The only way to validate the experience of being alive is to press our love upon the world with all our strength, in every
instance. The trouble is that such an approach is suicidal. The world has no sympathy for vulnerability, however brave or ethical. We are forced to love with economy.

- Drunken one-night stands simply do not lead to fulfilling romantic relationships. They may, however, sometimes complement some very interesting friendships.

- If you desire moderate and stable success in a life of crime, go into law enforcement. On top of all the free drugs you’ll score in your “busts,” you’ll also receive unprecedented opportunities to unleash your demoniac tensions upon society’s castaways. The state will sanction this activity and sponsor a respectable home life for you and your family, conspicuously free of any hassle from your neighbors, who will be dreadfully afraid of you. Or you could join the mob. Same thing, really, but the law enforcement gig is far more stable. Eventually it may become monotonous. If you really want to make a killing at the expense of your more honest fellow humans, your best bet is to run for public office.

- Segregation is a time-honored tool invented by evolutionary forces, implemented voluntarily and without ceremony by humans far more often than by states, which preserves the integrity of evolutionary phenomena — ideologies and preferences just as often as races or classes — and allows them to flourish. Find a black-clad anarchist, a door-to-door evangelist, and a sports fan on his way home from Hooters all engaged in friendly, respectful, and agenda-less interaction, and you shall witness not only the elusive answer to humankind’s desperate search for peace but also a retirement of those evolutionary forces, an encroachment upon the integrity of those disparate groups which will meet vehement resistance from the groups themselves. For me to admit that I am no different from you is to alienate myself from all groups to which I already belong, and to be different from them.

- In 1668 Thomas Hobbes undertook the impossible task of rendering a century-long war between two Christian empires compatible with the obvious pacifism of the Gospel by declaring that all men are naturally at war and that it is only by submitting to a social contract, an explicit agreement, that men may be at peace. This social contract he equated with Jesus’ Golden Rule, “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.” Whether or not Hobbes was correct is not nearly so pertinent a question as these: Why did the whole of Europe, even and especially those who never read this philosophy, take Hobbes’ conclusion as fact and proceed to wage war against the whole of the unprepared world in the interest of forcing it to sign the contract? And why have the aggressors refused to sign the damn thing in the wake of their victory?

- Philosophy is at best an interesting way of reiterating that we don’t know anything. Since most people find this unpalatable, philosophy becomes a sophisticated way of talking in circles to produce the illusion that we know everything.

- Any attempt to save face in an embarrassing situation is a proclamation of your acceptance of the ignominy. To rage against it is to flail your arms in feeble resistance to your consumption by a malevolent beast.

- To expect a social movement of any sort to stand up to the trial of logic is to demand that a non-entity exist as an entity. Social movements never exist as unified ideas; they are bundles of various and sometimes disparate passions. To agree with the movement is to identify with one or more of these strains of passion, possibly because your mind, which you might think of as logical, can grasp it and tell you a story about it. Or your agreement might simply mean your failure to stand defiant in this passion’s path.

- Nothing that is written on this page is truth. Everything is an approximation of subjective observations. Truth really is a chimera, no matter what these sophists try to tell you. A very unfunny kind of irony lies in the impossibility of relating the verity of such an idea from one party to another, from me to you.

There you have it: a shining monument to a college education. I’ll see you in the unemployment office; or perhaps you’ll run across me near your horoscope.

Bryan Roberts, a senior majoring in English, is a featured columnist for the Oregon Commentator.
ON OUR VERY OWN FALSE CHRIST

Sarah is a remarkable human being, capable of juggling and balancing the most intense passions for justice with an uncompromising rigor for intellectual clarity and honesty... What can I say other than that I believe she models some of the greatest human virtues of our time.

—Michael Dreiling, assistant professor of Sociology describing Sarah Jacobson to the Eugene Weekly, in the June 1 edition. Man, is somebody trying too hard to get laid, or what?

I saw people being exploited and forced into depleting their own natural resources.

—Sarah Jacobson, from the same article, explaining her decision to pursue student activism. We understand how she feels. After all, it isn’t fair how impoverished third world countries have to deplete their own resources to survive, while here in civilization we get to make things materialize out of thin air.

ON LUCRETIA MACEVIL

When the workers from the Dominican Republic are making these hats, they make them with all the care and love that they can because they know that these hats are going to be going to students in the United States and we want the students at the university to wear these hats.

—Former Nike slave and current anti-Nike activist Roselio Reyes at the Knight Law school. We American hat-wearers appreciate the love, Rosie, but it’s the blood, sweat and tears that really sell. Thirty thousand more hats, stat!

ON BETTER LIVING THROUGH DOUCHEBAGGERY

Here is advice from Rob Elder, a senior who has been an intern at the Redmond Spokesman, Warner Bros., the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel, The Oregonian, the San Jose Mercury News and Premier Magazine.

—From an email to J-majors, highlighting the wisdom of Oregon Voice Douchebag Emeritus, Rob Elder. How many internships does it take to get yourself a real job?

Start freelancing for newspapers, magazines, and try to sell your journalism assignments/stories. Most importantly, start working for campus publications like the Oregon Daily Emerald, Oregon, and of course FLUX.

—Rob Elder, in the zone. Hey Rob, we noticed you accidentally left us off the list. Where’s the love, Rob? Where’s the love?

ON GOOD TASTE

You guys can go about your business. By the way, we commend you on your choice of whiskey.

—EPD officer to an OC staffer passed out on his own back lawn, clutching a bottle of Knob Creek. That EPD: they may be fascists, but they sure do know their liquor. Excelsior!
ON KAZAAM!

I’m the big Aristotle.
—Los Angeles Lakers center and mental midget Shaquille O’Neal, during the Lakers-Kings series of the NBA Playoffs.
How did he fare? Big, yes; Aristotle, no. That’s one for two, Shaq — a little better than your free throw percentage.

ON PEOPLE ARE ASIAN, RUGS ARE ORIENTAL

The Bloodhound Gang’s “Yellow Fever” — whose chorus is “Chinky chinky bang bang I love you / Chinky chinky bang bang I hope you love me too” has drawn the ire of a coalition of the University of Maryland’s student unions, which plan a protest of the band’s Friday night on-campus concert.
—An emailed call to action, forwarded from Maryland to ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu. If the lyrics don’t offend your sensibilities, then rest assured: the rest of the music will.

The whole song is about how I want to bang an Asian girl.
—The Bloodhound Gang’s Jimmy Pop, in response. Jimmy’s real crime isn’t his insensitivity to the peoples of Asia; it’s his insensitivity to the ears of discriminating (as it were) listeners expecting more than a chintzy drum track and a half-sung drone.

ON THEN AGAIN...

Are you bilingual? I was wondering if you were, because your syntax in your paper is just a little, well, off, and it sounded kind of Asian. And since your last name is “Rice,” I thought that maybe you were Asian.
—J312 Professor Deanna Robinson, handing back an assignment to an indisputably caucasian student. Just another example of the institutional racism that runs rampant at this university.

ON THE GRIZZ

[Student Senator Jereme Grzybowski] traces his political “awakening” to a high school environmental group field trip to Salem where he observed OSPIRG staffers being ignored by lawmakers and business interests.
—Eugene Weekly, June 1, highlighting the utter uselessness of the our favorite whipping PIRG. Thanks for the help, Jereme, but which side of the battle are you supposed to be on?
Phil Knight donates $30 million to Lane Community College

BY BIT BITTER
Community Reporter,
Oregon Daily Emerald

Lane Community College’s wallet just got a little fatter.

In a stunning turn of events Thursday, Nike CEO and UO alumnus Phil Knight bequeathed the thirty million dollars originally earmarked for Autzen stadium to Lane, the pitiful excuse for a community college situated in the stagnant, decaying cesspool that is south Eugene.

During the press conference held in the Forum at Lane’s main campus, Knight presented the cartoonish, oversized check to Lane President Jerry Moskus. “This is the beginning of a whole new era not just for LCC, but for Nike as well, and for my many, many Indonesian children,” Knight said. “I love them Indonesian women.”

Said Moskus, “I’ve been playing the horses with LCC’s money for a couple years now, but no more of that. Mr. Knight just saved my ass.” With up to 40,000 students enrolling during a given year, approximately 75% of those who do graduate end up working such low-paying jobs as picking oranges, strawberries and potatoes, as well as manufacturing shoes and textiles. “Mwa-ha-ha-ha-ha,” Knight cackled evilly in an interview from Beaverton’s Nike headquarters.

The community college’s wish list is said to include a half-dozen Cray supercomputers, thirty Clydesdale llamas, a pair of tickets to the NBA Finals, a set of Crayola pens, and enough chalupas for the entire faculty and student body. “We might have some money for textbooks, too,” Moskus said. “We’ll have to see after the Lear jet.”

On the other hand, the president’s Saturday acquisition of a Porsche Boxster has raised more than a few eyebrows. “The purchase was entirely appropriate,” Moskus argued. “You people don’t know what I have to put up with around here. Everywhere I look: it’s losers, losers, losers.”

Contacted at his office on Friday, UO Athletic Director Bill Moos confirmed rumors that he would consider moving the athletic program to Lane. “I just want to do the best thing for my football team... as for women’s volleyball, we might as well just cut our losses here,” Moos explained. “I go where the money is. It’s that simple.”

Elsewhere at the UO, others were less optimistic. “I’m totally getting fired,” bemoaned President Dave Frohnmayer in a faxed statement. “I just know it. Lynn is going to be so pissed.”

Previously reported to be a 1959 (!) UO graduate, Knight revealed the truth for the first time in his Thursday Lane address. “Upon applying for my accounting... to come clean after all these years and announce that Lane Community College is my true alma mater, and always has been.”

Contact to Moo Lah, page 6