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 nineteen-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.
You’re a very, very pretty man.
THE REAL ISSUES

Problems with the University that we can no longer ignore

It is commonplace, on our campus, to believe that there are a whole host of social issues as of yet unresolved in society. These issues are said to range from "corporate oppression" to racism, and a whole host of others in between. None of these problems exists. Rather, many of these problems do not exist and those that are, in fact, real are not quite so large as the alarmists on campus would have one believe. On the University campus, many things are distorted, told only in part, or blatantly lied about. No, the big-bad administrators and "the man" are not at fault, but rather the unfounded perspectives of the particularly loud groups on campus. The issue is not diversity or multiculturalism. It is not minority faculty or capitalistic injustice. The real issue on our campus is the lack of focus on changeable items that have an effect on the everyday lives of students.

The first and most important item is the fiscal accountability of student groups and the persons charged with administering the incidental fee. If anyone took the time to actually look into it, he or she would be aghast at how poorly student money is administered and spent. For instance, the Vietnamese Student Association and Chinese Student Scholar’s Association were caught in blatant misuses of student money. Both groups purchased personal items for their officers, including tents and shampoo. Abuses like this run rampant in the accounting of ASUO groups. Just ask Justin Sibley, a former ASUO Controller and Commentator alumnus.

A further abuse of the ASUO accounting system is OSPIRG. This issue has been with the Commentator since the magazine’s inception in 1983, but the root problem has not changed. Aside from this magazine’s oft-stated objections to OSPIRG’s political alignment, the issue of how they abuse student money and trust should infuriate everyone on campus. OSPIRG does not have a line-item budget; they do not comply with ASUO or PFC regulations. For that matter, they do not comply with State and Federal law. However, this group continues to receive money from every student on this campus. Why? Because no one cares about the rules unless the group in question is unpopular among the clique controlling the money. The paper trail can be traced from OSPIRG to other organizations off-campus and lobbyists on state and national levels. The items opened up in the discovery phase of Rounds v. OSPIRG (1995) show this clearly. For those interested, there are seven notebooks of information in the Commentator office. Not only is it morally egregious to take student funds and spend them off-campus, but also it is fiscally irresponsible and illegal.

A lot of people on campus were up in arms over Enron when they had lost nothing and were not aware of all the facts, but where are their protest banners with this clear misuse of money that is actually theirs? Environmental causes, ineffectual as they may be, are popular on our campus. This popularity causes many to turn their heads the other way at violations of rules meant to keep the student groups honest. The solution to the problem is simple, take control of this money away from students and give that control to qualified professionals. Students could still participate in the process, but there needs to be some professional oversight to ensure that complicated rules and procedures are followed by all groups and that groups failing to comply face consequences.

The second real issue concerning students is the lack of conflicting opinions on campus, particularly in classrooms. As an example, the Economics department does not thoroughly cover Supply-Side theories in its classes. Generally, the more Keynesian models are preferred. That may not make a whole lot of sense to most folks, but it is analogous to learning about Demand but not Supply in some sense. In addition, good luck finding a sociology professor who isn’t a rabid Marxist or a “Corporations-Are-Great” attitude in the Political Science department. If the University is truly a place for inspired learning, an environment where many different opinions are not only condoned but also encouraged must exist. For all the babbling
that protesters do about diversity, there is a sadden-
ing lack of different perspectives on campus. Perhaps many of the students were born “liberal by
default” as one OC alumnus says. Maybe they’ve
not yet had the experience to come to their own con-
cclusions or, perhaps, those with differing opinions
prefer not to display them for the public to see.
Whatever the cause, only one perspective is heard
loudly on our campus and this needs to change. By
only hearing predominately left-wing arguments,
many of which simply pat their proponents on the
back, students are not taught to consider possibilities
and come to conclusions. This is simply unaccept-
able.

The final and greatest real issue facing our cam-
pus is the lack of any clear vision for the future. Solving this problem might help take care of the oth-
ers mentioned above. The lack of vision seems to be
present at all levels at the University. The student
body is content to sit and absorb what their profes-
sors and the loud protesting community feed them.
The few, the sad, the ASUO fight the same fights
every year and accomplish nothing but wandering
around in a confused haze, asking why none of their
goals is being accomplished. This lackadaisical
approach to life only serves to further damage the
ability of ASUO officers to see problems in their
organization. Even the administration, mostly in the
form of President Frohnmeyer, lacks a clear vision
for the future. Because he will bend to the will of the
Politically Correct loudmouths, the administration
manages to accomplish nothing useful every year.
From joining the WRC to allowing certain student
unions to have their own graduation ceremonies, to
making the official mark of the University a giant,
green “O,” the Frohn has been quite capable of
demonstrating no focus or vision going forward.
Why is vision important? Without a clear set of
goals moving forward, the University will continue
to be nothing more than a safety-school for kids
from within Oregon that leaves out-of-state students
wondering why on Earth they are paying $18,000 a
year just for the privilege of attendance.

And so it goes, our campus has real and notable
problems that can be solved with a sufficient amount
of effort on the part of students, faculty and admin-
istrators. The issues, however, aren’t diversity and
corporate oppression, but rather the lack of any clear
purpose by any notable group on campus. We, as
students, must demand more than par for the course
from our University. It is not right for us to only
hear certain perspectives because they are popular in
academia, and it is certainly not an effective learning
environment if the War of Ideas stays in the state of
Napoleon at Waterloo.
Men of the Year
Nilda Brooklyn and Joy Nair

This year’s Men share the special honor of being ASUO Executive, a job that no one who is qualified wants or could get elected to do. These two men have spent most of the year battling diligently against the evil Energy Fee. We had all better thank God that these two gentlemen managed to save us $15 on that horrible fee this year. How dare the University want to make students pay for the electricity they use on campus. And, where would we be without Executive-sponsored programs like...wait, they haven’t done anything all year. The only visible thing that the Exec has done in its 12 months in office was “Doin’ It In The Dark,” which was intended to lower energy usage all over campus. This program did not have the desired effect. So, hats off to this year’s Men of the Year, Nilda Brooklyn and Joy Nair.

Rising Star
Zachary Vishanoff

Up and coming this year is the self-proclaimed “Moss Street Defender.” His never-ending fight against progress, change, and the demolition of 60-year-old crack dens will live on in our memory for years to come. Vishanoff is going to go far in this town. His protest against demolishing the homes on Moss Street was only the beginning; he’s currently working on a plan to stop cheap, affordable electricity from coming to the greater Eugene/Springfield area by protesting the opening of the Coburg power plant. Not only will this continue to make our power expensive, but also it will keep the town of Coburg from making money due to the sale of public lands to the people building the plant. In addition, Zach has started posterimg about a cellular tower going up at one end of campus and the “radiation panels” on the side of PLC. Good luck, young star, and congratulations.

Debacle of the Year
Dry Fraternities

This would not be such a debacle, except that fraternities are privately owned and that the policy was supposed to be decided before any of those who would be affected by it were to know. If the University wants to dictate that kids living on-campus cannot drink in the dormitories, fine, but saying that students living off-campus in non-University owned housing must comply with a no-alcohol policy or lose their privileges is ridiculous. It would be one thing if the University were just going to stop violators from participating in lame events like Rush, but the University has threatened to write the national chapters of any policy violators and have the charters of the local chapters revoked. This means that if any of these frats violate the new policy, set to be instituted in the fall, they lose their house. Sucks.

Woman of the Year
Michael Moore

Every year on this campus, we have our share of ultra-left speakers, presenters, guest lecturers, professors, students and wonks. This year was no different, and one of those women receives our gracious honors. Michael Moore, author of the “10 Stupid White Men,” a bit of misinformation that appeared in the ODE, is this year’s Woman of the Year. Moore’s list didn’t seem to mention that she, in fact, is white. I suppose it’s okay to make a list of “Stupid White Men” if one is some sort of deluded, leftist fruit, but it doesn’t seem okay if one also happens to be white. Michael is just a foolish lady without much in the way of reasoning skills. She’s been on this Anti-Corporate, Anti-America bender for a while, and she’s grown quite adept at it. Bravo, Michael, and congratulations on your award.

Professor of the Year
Deb Merskin

Every year a very special professor receives this award from our magazine. Deb Merskin is no exception to this well-established rule. Deb has successfully joined the widespread campaign against silly sports mascots and has managed to be offended by pretty much everything on campus this year. Atlanta Braves? Offensive. A picture of a woman giving birth? Offensive. It’s good to know that we have such wonderful instructors on our campus. From teachers like Deb, students will learn the value of jumping on the politically correct bandwagon as a knee-jerk response to anything and everything that is more offensive than toast. We’ve certainly learned that paintings of a perfectly natural process are a horrific display of “rape culture” and that women should never be depicted as anything but the superior overlords that they are. Thanks Deb, and best of luck.

Rising Star
Zachary Vishanoff

Up and coming this year is the self-proclaimed “Moss Street Defender.” His never-ending fight against progress, change, and the demolition of 60-year-old crack dens will live on in our memory for years to come. Vishanoff is going to go far in this town. His protest against demolishing the homes on Moss Street was only the beginning; he’s currently working on a plan to stop cheap, affordable electricity from coming to the greater Eugene/Springfield area by protesting the opening of the Coburg power plant. Not only will this continue to make our power expensive, but also it will keep the town of Coburg from making money due to the sale of public lands to the people building the plant. In addition, Zach has started posterimg about a cellular tower going up at one end of campus and the “radiation panels” on the side of PLC. Good luck, young star, and congratulations.
# Hot/Not List 2002

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Hot</th>
<th>Not</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Emerald Wacko</td>
<td>Aaron Rorick</td>
<td>Pat Payne</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dirty, Dirty Porn Shop</td>
<td>For Your Eyes Only</td>
<td>Castle MegaStore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pulse Columnist</td>
<td>Dave Depper</td>
<td>Jeremy Lang</td>
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<tr>
<td>Biggest Campus Lush</td>
<td>Mike Kleckner</td>
<td>OC Copy Chief</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crazy Campus Stalker</td>
<td>Bruce Miller</td>
<td>Campus Stalker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virgins</td>
<td>College Democrats</td>
<td>College Republicans</td>
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<tr>
<td>Way home when you’re drunk</td>
<td>Driving!</td>
<td>Saferide</td>
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<tr>
<td>UO Sport</td>
<td>Men’s Basketball</td>
<td>Women’s Anything</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheap Booze</td>
<td>Burnett’s Vodka</td>
<td>Captain Morgan’s</td>
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<tr>
<td>Campus Vendor</td>
<td>Café Romas</td>
<td>Tim the Hot Dog Guy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Worst Student Publication</td>
<td>The Siren</td>
<td>Student Insurgent</td>
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<tr>
<td>Best Way to Smoke Weed</td>
<td>Knife Hits</td>
<td>Gravity Bongs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Biggest Screw</td>
<td>Peter Hockaday not winning Editor-in-Chief</td>
<td>Jack Roberts not winning gubernatorial race</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biggest Gay Mecca</td>
<td>McKenzie Hall Mens Bathroom</td>
<td>Emerald Office</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who the Fuck is this Guy?</td>
<td>Geezer with long gray hair who stands in EMU amphitheater pontificating about the evil Bush family</td>
<td>Guy who stands outside dorm windows masturbating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brainerd Lab attendant</td>
<td>That tall blonde chick</td>
<td>That guy in the Chevron jacket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most Cheerleaders Bagged</td>
<td>Freddie Jones</td>
<td>Joey Harrington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easiest Major</td>
<td>Journalism</td>
<td>Sociology</td>
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To Whom It May Concern:

The fact that our magazine is given away for free does not give you the right to take 400 issues and throw them away. I just thought I’d put that out there for starters. I can understand not liking our magazine. Many of you out there are what we in the office refer to as “silly leftists,” and by that fact alone, you may not like our content. Fine. While we disagree with your political leanings, they are none-the-less yours to hold if you so choose. Some of you out there may even go beyond disliking our magazine to having some sort of outright hatred for it. Good, fine, we hate you too, hippie. Seriously, though, our goal as a publication is to stir up debate around campus and keep the War of Ideas moving along at full speed. A college campus is not an environment conducive to learning if there is only one opinion on the campus. Whether that opinion is right, left, center or socialist, having only one is a bad thing indeed because it leads to complacency.

That said, you only have the right to choose not to read our magazine for yourself. You do not have the right to stop others from choosing to read our magazine if they wish to. Your freedom ends right where theirs begins. You are all pro-choice, right? It’d be terrible to think that we had fascists running around on our campus determining what is and is not appropriate reading material for the masses. That sounds like Nazi-esque behavior and I would hate to think that we have a problem with Orwellian thought police here at the UO. Wait, we do. And all of you folks who are dumping our boxes know who they are...YOU. By throwing away our magazine, you make yourselves into book-burning censors who certainly do not have a leg to stand on when it comes to moral authority. Anyone we’ve spoken to about our issues being dumped has replied with “those bastards” or something similar. So, your actions are convincing no one.

Moral clarity aside, your actions clearly impede a right you claim to hold dear, the First Amendment protection of press and speech freedom. Throwing away our issues, for whatever reason, tramples on our right to present our opinion, no matter how unpopular it is. If you think you’re somehow “sticking it to the oppressor,” you’ve apparently never taken the time to even read our mission statement. We oppose totalitarianism, and we certainly do not condone true suppression of rights by dictatorships such as those in many West African nations. We are, however, major proponents of the free-market because we believe that the ability to make choices with one’s money is as fundamental as one’s right to speech and religious freedoms. Purchasing choices, to put it bluntly, are a form of speech and should not be denied.

That said, you are acting like pathetic little children by throwing away our issues. Personally, if I catch anyone dumping our issues, I will chase that person down and hurt them. I know that doesn’t sound very friendly, but I believe that our right to publish our magazine is worth fighting for. If you want to take your chances on scrapping with me, fine, but you won’t be too happy afterwards.

Finally, if you’re thinking, “but all I am doing is exercising my right to choose by dumping out your issues,” you are right. You are exercising your right to choose, but you are also impeding the right of others to read our publication if they wish to. And that is wrong. For the same people who want legal drugs, abortion and third-party candidates, you sure have a lot to learn about how to apply a framework to all situations. If you don’t want to read our magazine, don’t, but if you think that you’re doing some sort of good by dumping our issues, you are sadly mistaken. And, trust me, if we catch you doing it, you will be none too pleased with the ensuing situation. Oh, and don’t put superglue in our office door, jackass.

Love and Kisses,

Timothy Dreier
Managing Editor
A Kall To Arms:

There comes a time in the life of every language when change must occur or the language shall perish. Such a critical point has come for English and we must take steps to alter our alphabet lest our beautiful language goes the way of the dinosaur. What is this crisis? What is the major problem facing our sacred and beloved language? What is this threat to the continued dominance of English on this planet? The letter “C.” Indeed, C presents a great quandary for those of us who are English speakers. Why? Because the letter C is completely useless. In every instance of its usage, C can be replaced with either K or S. This useless letter needs to be eliminated from our alphabet in order for English to continue to prosper as a language.

English uses the Roman alphabet, this is all well and good, but C has ceased to have any usefulness to us. In Latin, C makes the “Ch” sound and serves a purpose. But, in English this sound is made by the simple Ch convention such as in “cheese” or “cherub.” Because C serves no distinctive purpose other than for this archaic convention, it would be simple enough to change the convention to “Kh” and thus have “kheese” and “kherub.” Of course, the spelling of khaki would have to be changed to “kaki” but that’s not such a big deal. Aside from the obvious logistical advantages of eliminating C there are some interesting numerological implications.

If, as I am proposing, the letter C were removed from the English alphabet, we would have 25 letters. What is the significance of 25? Well, 25 is five to the second power (5^2). Five is the fifth term of the Fibonacci series. Adding together the previous two terms as follows generates each term of the series:

- The first term is one and the second term is also one (1+0 = 1)
- The third term is two (1+1 = 2)
- The fourth term is two (1+2 = 3)
- The fifth term is five (2+3 = 5)

This continues indefinitely.

As you can see from the statement above, five is indeed the fifth term of the series. So, what is the significance of the Fibonacci series? Well, as it turns out, many things in the natural world have proportions that fall on the Fibonacci sequence. What does that mean? Well, for instance, all of the major intervals in music are Fibonacci numbers, the third (3), fifth (5) and octave (8) are all part of the series. That is to say that if one starts at any arbitrary note on the scale, call this note one, major intervals will be formed if one plays note one in conjunction with note three, note five or note eight. Notes three and five also form an interval, along with notes five and eight.

In addition to the fairly freaky musical implications of the number five, there are implications in the proportions of other things occurring in the natural world. One other example is the proportion of different sections of nautilus shells to one another. Basically, the same proportionality demonstrated above with musical notes fits nautilus shell sections. The Fibonacci sequence is everywhere, and is thusly unavoidable. In a completely unrelated note, we here at the Oregon Commentator would have to change our name to Oregon Kommentator, but that is OK with us.

In addition to being part of the Fibonacci series, the number five is also prime. With one fewer character in the alphabet, English would have a set of letters whose total was the perfect square of a prime. How kool is that? As things stand now we have 26 letter, 26 isn’t a perfect square, it isn’t odd…it’s just a pathetic little product of two primes. Any number can be the product of two primes. 26 isn’t special. Eliminate the letter C for the betterment of society.

What We Did This Summer:

- Body Shots off of hookers in a Mexican hellhole
- Located Jimmy Hoffa in OC office couch
- Converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints
- Sent representatives to various parts of this great nation on quest of peace, attonement and binge drinking
- Tried not to rip off The Onion, failed miserably
- Auto-Erotic asphyxiation
- Your Mom

Fall 2002
When the young Californian immigrant Andrew Adams stepped off of a freight ship at the Willamette River dockyards four years ago, his heart was filled with hope and excitement at the thought of beginning his years of college.

But the road to prosperity at Oregon was not paved with gold, and Andrew had to fight hard to be able to sit on the porch at Rennie's, drinking a gin and tonic and say: “I’ve made it.” It’s a privilege to write the final shot for Andrew, even though I guess it’s just because he’s too damn lazy to actually do any work for the magazine.

He came to this school because of two reasons: one was to leave the harsh religious persecution and oppressive land laws of California, and the other was that the film “Animal House” changed his life.

“I had seen ‘Animal House’ before but it was always the cleaned up version for T.V.,” Andrew says. “Then one night, when I was 18, I rented the full-length version and it blew my mind.”

Growing up in a one-bedroom, straw-roofed shack with his four brothers, three sisters and their sheep, Andrew had always dreamed of leaving his harsh life on the moors of California, and “Animal House” was all the motivation he needed.

“Me ma told me to grab hold my dreams like a bottle of poteen and never give up; well, ma, I haven’t given up and I’m still clutching that bottle in a death grasp,” Andrew says.

Following a bumper grape crop in the economically-depressed “Wine Country” area of California that allowed him to leave his small village, Andrew jumped on the first ship to the promise-filled shore of Oregon to find his new destiny.

But all was not well in track town. Shortly after arriving in Eugene, Andrew found that the “Animal House” dream had largely died at the University. Greek houses were, for the most part, a hell of a lot drier than the glorious Deltas at Faber University and the members were mainly a bunch of uptight preppies from Lake Oswego or other assorted Portland ‘burbs. In the dorms; there was partying, but it was dorm partying; cool, but not all that different from the beer and whiskey-drenched nights back in his village pub. No, Andrew had come to Oregon with a dream of the “Animal House” life and what he was finding was like something out of “Pre.”

“It sucked man; I was holding out, hoping I could find some guys like D-Day, Bluto, Hoover and the others, but I’m not finding them, it sucked,” he says.

Yes, that would suck, but one bright spot came when Andrew ran into me. I’ve known Mr. Adams for all our years here in Eugene, and while our paths took different routes, he eventually worked for the Ol’ Dirty Emerald while I slipped into a year of brandy abuse and Native American studies and welding classes at Lane Community College. We were joined at the OREGON COMMENTATOR. We met in the University Inn on the second floor, I had done some writing for this esteemed publication, and I showed Andrew a few copies.

“I was like, ‘this is great,’” Andrew says, “The OREGON COMMENTATOR embodied all of the Delta house antics that I had longed for.”

The Hate Issue, Back to the Booze and other fine examples of the OC inspired Andrew to accomplish better things on the University campus, to get drunk more often and offend more people. As Bluto said, “Did we give up when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor?” No, we didn’t, and Andrew wasn’t about to let his broken dreams keep him from accomplishing what he had come to Eugene for in the first place.

“I was going to throw a damn keg out of a window or die trying,” Andrew says.
What followed was nearly two years with the OC. Andrew put his talents at writing and sheep-raising to good use, drafting well-researched articles and making hand-knit sweaters for the staff.

“Sure his writing was good,” says then-OC editor Bill Beutler, “but what I’ll always treasure the most from Andrew is the sweater he made me. I’m wearing it now, I’ve spilt my beer on it, oh my, I’ve set it on fire, but I love it.”

The first years for Andrew at the OC were quite a success.

“Back then we had a really energetic liberal activist community here,” he says. “They were always doing this real wacky shit and gave us at the OC plenty to write about.”

Several of the articles Andrew wrote for the magazine earned awards and several of the parties Andrew attended with the OC earned him insanely high levels of intoxication. There were pranks and hilarity, a general lack of maturity and common sense: Andrew was living the “Animal House” dream.

But just as the Delta house had to be shut down, so too did the good times at the OC.

“Part of me was beginning to realize that I had to make something of this News/Editorial degree from the J-School,” Andrew says.

His parents had sold most of the sheep and two of their sons into indentured servitude to provide for Andrew’s college career. A career that was supposed to lead to newspapers, and Andrew realized at the end of his sophomore year that working at the Emerald would be an essential step on the path of that career.

“As great as the OC is, the Emerald is a real working daily paper and I needed that experience,” he says.

Beutler offered another opinion.

“I think it really had to do with the fact that I’m a Protestant and Andrew’s a Catholic,” he says.

Several other folks on the OC thought Andrew’s move was a mistake. Well, I don’t know if it was a mistake, but it kind of hurt his ties with the OC when he split for the Emerald. I also moved away from the OC, but I know that was a mistake two years ago when I said, “Sure I’ll hippie trip,” and took that acid, ecstasy and cocaine; I ended up in a boxcar in Junction City mumbling incoherently and wearing a sarong.

The year and a half at the Emerald went well; he met some good people and had some great times. But when a change in management at the Emerald essentially forced him out of the newspaper in the middle of his senior year, Andrew was again at a loss of what to do with himself.

“At that time I really didn’t know what to do, but then I started thinking about a return to the OC,” he says.

Andrew realized that the only place on campus for him was with the OC. Conservative party animals don’t have many options here at the University. “During my brief foray into the world of hairy liberalism, I realized that you have to either go liberal or sane, and I chose to go sane and go back to the OC.”

Andrew and I didn’t talk about our return to the OC, but I think since we had both joined near the same time, and had both tested the water of campus liberalism and found it too uncomfortable, it made sense that we would return to the magazine at the same time.

The return was heralded with happiness, but there was an undercurrent of resentment.

“As a rule, I don’t trust anything that isn’t from Douglas County,” he says, “but Andrew returned to good form at the OC.  I just wish he actually did some copy editing and not just sit on the office couch drinking 40s and making up conspiracy theories.”

But drinking 40s is what the OC is all about, and to be able to do that again was a welcome relief to Andrew.

“Ending at the OC is something that brings tears to my eyes because I just wish me poor ma could see me now: her son in a place of honor at one of the greatest publications on the University of Oregon campus,” he says.

If one has ever made it into the 16-room OC compound on the fourth floor of the EMU, they know it’s a ramshackle place, well lived-in and frankly a little rank. It’s a great deal like the Delta house, so for Andrew to really live that “Animal House” dream, it made sense to return to the OC. But to finish this bitch, I’ll pass the mike to Andrew for the final cheap shots.
With almost certainty, I can say this will be my last piece for the Oregon Commentator. After more bylines than anyone can count, I must call this the last. For almost half a decade of being a student at this university and contributing to this great magazine as a writer, a board member and editor, I will now become something else: an alumnus.

It is at best an open secret that, barring extenuating circumstances, I would stay with this magazine for the rest of my life. But after a great many hours of pondering and many more rounds on the porch at Rennie’s, I have finally come to a decision that I will regret for all my life, but nevertheless must regret.

Effective June 15, 2002, I resign my position at the Oregon Commentator.

I surrender my title as Editor Emeritus, though it will be less of a lifestyle change compared to resigning as Editor-in-Chief a year ago. Simultaneously, I resign from my post as Director on the Board of Directors, which actually wasn’t so different from being Chairman of the Board in the first place.

I hand back my key, the key to the office that has been like a second home to me — an office that in fact was my home for a few weeks one summer, not to mention just about every finals week. Maybe this key is nothing more than a few ounces of copper or pewter or what have you, but it’s also a symbol, as keys so often are. It was a symbol of membership in something that changed me and that I changed in turn. I hand back this key with the acknowledgment that I have no more to offer the organization on a day-to-day basis. And the $10 deposit will get me two pitchers of PBR at Max’s.

I leave behind what I’ve tacked, stapled and glued to the walls. I leave behind a computer monitor for your computer monitoring. I leave behind the color pages in each issue, which at long last another writer might enjoy.

I resign because, and only because, I am unable to contribute to the Oregon Commentator in the way that I once did. To begin with, my interest in the politics of this campus has waned to the point of diminishing my journalistic ability.

For most of my editorial career, I followed the student government and University affairs from a healthy distance. I didn’t often attend the Wednesday Senate meetings, and I made a habit of only having drinks with the senators and directors who had a decent tolerance, or at the very least, were tolerable.

“ Debacle” and “something really stupid” became catchwords when I worked under my predecessors, and they’re as timely now as they were at the end of the last century. As I prepare to leave, I consign their fate to the next generation like cherished heirlooms, to be made use of again, but not often enough to cause undue depreciation in value.

The politics of public university incidental fees and student governments is admittedly an esoteric and often painfully tedious subject. I’ve tried to convince others they should care about the process, but at the end of the day, I can no longer convince myself.

Hard as it is to concede, I must admit that I can no longer play an active leadership role in this organization. I am an old man, too old to belong. Most of the kids around here were in high school when I started college, and I’m starting to feel like the incoherent forty-year-old parolee who wanders into your party, drinking your beer and being rude to your female guests.

But I was a leader, once. Not that you’d know it now, but there was once an entire generation of students who knew only me as the head of the Commentator. Today I ask: can you even remember the name on this article’s byline?

I once had people. I had people make phone calls, write articles, visit officials, arrange for plane tickets, assemble budgets and file paperwork. When somebody from the state or the University or another publication asked me to do something, I could say: “I’ll put somebody on that.” And then I would. Today, if I tried to delegate some of my daily activities to the people I know, I’d get only puzzled expressions.

They were great people, even the ones who left before I did, and that includes those who left because of things I did. These people were my editors, writers and attaches of various utility, who bought my beer until I was able to do so myself, and whom I subsequently bought beer for after I ceased to polemicize about...
the national liquor laws. This discussion of alcohol reminds me to admit another fault: I just can’t drink like I once could. If I’ve ever been true to the legacy of the magazine, as many of my friends, acquaintances and citing officers will attest, I have been true to the booze.

During my freshman year, I drank Beast Ice out of a Pringle’s can in the dorms and Everclear out of a coffee mug during lecture. My sophomore year, I lost a fake ID, was convicted of a misdemeanor, and spent a whole summer shelving books at the Knight Library as community service. My junior year I lived in a house that had a name: the Plantation. It was a party house that became a wasteland, where kegs were tossed and shopping carts set on fire, where I passed out on the roof on several non-consecutive occasions. And last year, once I’d turned 21, I ran up such a large tab at Rennie’s without tipping that when I went back I got read the riot act and had to endure several weeks of my ad hoc punishment: exceptionally shitty service.

Ask anybody: My blood alcohol level looks like others’ blood blood level. I doubt there’s been a week in the past five years that I haven’t met the criteria for what is called binge drinking. A lot of people know me for taking bottle caps off with my teeth. I say the same thing to them as I say to those who know me for chasing Yellowjackets with Long Islands: I will try to stop.

But this year, despite all my unsubstantiated boasts, I have been falling behind while I watch younger members of the Commentator staff drink and drink and drink until their vomit turns orange. What do I have over them? What do I have over the kids today? Though the fun is gone, I can still write confidently about what has happened in years past. Not because I remember it any better than my contemporaries, mind you, but because I am sure no one else remembers it any better than I do. Drinking, I am afraid to say, has blacked out only a few of these memories.

Memory of course, the institutional variety more specifically, is woefully short at the University of Oregon, and is lamentably so shorter within the network of students that participate in the ASUO. The Commentator, unlike most student groups, can reliably count on its alumni for information, support and legal counsel. Another good thing the alumni are good for is buying drinks.

But again: I can no longer drink the way I once did. I can’t even drink the way the alumni do, at least not until I join the productive economy. These days I’m likely to opt for a micro pint instead of a double G&T. If for no other reason than that, it is time for me to throw in the towel.

I don’t want to come off sentimental here, especially not after re-reading Oberritter’s “Fuck It, I’m Leaving” from 1998, but my times in the Commentator office were among my best at this school, to speak nothing of this town.

I remember early in my freshman year, before I had any idea what this magazine was, talking at a meeting about an article that I had planned out about how I hated working at Blockbuster Video the summer before. I was met with puzzled head-shakes, forcing me to rethink my approach. Later on, once I’d stopped being such a dipshit, I remember Ed and Tamir at a party telling me that I was “up to bat,” that I was the “dude in the chair,” and not until months later when I was laying out my first issue did I realize then that I had been told I would take over. I remember the all-night layout marathons, sometimes starting the new day with a shot of bourbon on top of the EMU, by the ballroom, watching people walk and ride onto campus for the morning. I remember signing copies of my last issue as Editor, my great epic Hate Issue, on the porch of (where else?) Rennie’s, with my friends and beer, but most importantly, my beer.

Looking back, no one is more shocked than I that the magazine is in as good of shape as it is following a two-year period where I bore ultimate responsibility for its success.

Today, the current leadership is...
Radical Moderation

By Michael Rust

In a book describing the 1960 presidential campaign, novelist James Michener described how then-candidate John Kennedy had been heckled by some youthful Republican sympathizers at Indiana University. Michener indignantly reported this was all-too typical of students of his acquaintance: indeed, he prophesied darkly that the 1960s would reveal American college students to be shock troops of some monolithic American right-wing movement.

As it turned out, history responded to Mr. Michener's analysis in about the same way that critics have usually responded to his novels. All of this is long past, of course, but there's a certain symmetry if one compares Michener's Camelot-era fears and similar concerns today.

For the past several years, a great deal of finger-wagging has been directed against the supposed conservatism of college students. Reports of membership increases in ROTC and fraternities and sororities have been common. Even more frightening was Nicholas von Hoffman's claim in the pages of Harper's in May 1982 that Ronald Reagan "is abetted and egged on by the myriads [sic] of capitalist youth marching and chanting societies, the Jousters for Jesus, the Young Americans for Freedom, the Helms helpers. Organized on every campus and in every church, the youth brigades emit a constant white noise roar of approval through with these hard old men pursue the work of finding and refining the unalloyed abstract values so dear to demented idealism."

Although it was a considerable relief for many to have identified the source of that white noise roar that rang in the ears every time they stepped on campus, my spirits were not lifted by the knowledge that even a splendidly progressive place such as Eugene was not immune from the nightriders of the Right. At the same time Hoffman's article was on the stands, a genuine law professor from Boston's Northeastern School of Law named Denise Carty-Bienna was informing a wide-eyed Women's Symposium audience at the University, "You're living in the middle of a fascist, totalitarian state and you haven't yet realized it."

This unnerving information was reported by the dutiful, if somewhat credulous Oregon Daily Emerald, as well as Carty-Bienna's contention that college students ignore racism and women's issues "because of an increase in apathy and a decline in a desire to learn."

In June 1982, the Emerald weighed in with another scoop of sorts. In the last editorial of the 1981-82 school year--a piece ominously called "Gray neo-right"--the Emerald maintained that Eugene, the onetime "Berkeley of the Northwest," was undergoing a swing to the right that was causing it to bear a "striking resemblance to Bob Jones University--or for that matter--Oregon State." Even as recently as last year, a woman criticized an Emerald article about the Cuba Study Group, asking if it was an example of "the creeping conservatism currently raging" across the company. The specter of conservatism simultaneously "creeping" and "raging" is a bit disconcerting, but one gets the general idea.

Happily, it seems as the Age of Reagan continues, students are redeeming themselves. No less than Mr. Garry Trudeau, the Pulitzer Prize-winning creator of Doonesbury, told a Harvard Class Day audience last June that he had observed signs that students are about to begin another cycle of protest activity. Trudeau cited the hostile reaction to recent campus appearances by United Nations Ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick as reason for his optimism. Apparently, the idea of a speaker being howled off a platform meshed quite well with Mr. Trudeau's memories of his own youthful idealism.

In an atmosphere of this sort, the birth of a publication such as this is bound to elicit greatly varied reactions. In my own case, it has triggered some musings about my own political attitudes and how they have evolved throughout my University years.

When I arrived at Eugene in the fall of 1979, I was glad to be in a place with a heritage of political activism and a reputation for being a haven for 60's refugees. In the small coastal community where I came from, I had worked as a volunteer for liberal candidates in a couple of campaigns--hardly a radical step, but the closest thing I could find to political activism. A 1972-vintage Wayne Morse poster was among the objects on my bedroom wall. Hunter S. Thompson was my favorite political journalist, I had four years worth of back issues of Rolling Stone and I preferred "Alice's Restaurant" to the soundtrack from "Saturday Night Fever." Obviously, I was up on most of my classmates when I arrived in Eugene.

During the 1979-80 school year, I was involved with a num-
ber of political groups, most notably Students for a Nuclear-Free Future. I participated in and helped organize demonstrations, leaflet distribution, as well as the petition drive to place nuclear power measures on the ballot. I made no great claims about any of this; although my political involvement allowed me to feel virtuous as I compared myself to my "apathetic" classmates, it was miniscule to that of other people and involved no great sacrifice on my part. I mention it simply to show where I was when my attitudes began to shift.

By the time I left my budding activist career, the 1980 election was upon us. We shall never see days like those again. It's difficult to explain to those who were not present just what the response to Reagan's victory was in places such as Eugene. The most popular explanation seemed to be that some vast horde of religious fanatics had risen throughout the country with the objective of wiping out tidy little citadels of progressivism such as Eugene.

It really seemed that some students, no matter how sincere or well-meaning, lacked something--call it historical perspective. I still remember one earnest young man in a literature class discussion about censorship mentioned the blacklisting that occurred "during the era of Eugene McCarthy." Admittedly, Gene had endorsed Reagan, but still...

This pestilence of historical illiteracy sometimes seems to be uncontrollable. Theoretically, education helps alleviate this sort of situation, but the system does slip from time to time. Here, I think particularly of a young woman I know who graduated with a history degree from the University's Honors College program with rather good grades. Her one rather unique contribution to historiography was the theory that the Japanese meant the attack on Pearl Harbor to be "a warning."

Far more disturbing than the confusion of well-meaning students was what appeared to be the almost willful ignorance of some of the more self-consciously "radical" sorts. This became painfully evident whenever discussion of Vietnam arose. The rhetoric of accountability and morality had left its mark on me. I was quite willing to hold American politicians accountable for the decisions they made; shouldn't the former peace movement at least take an honest look at the results of the American withdrawal from Indochina?

The distinguished sociologist and former anti-war activist Peter Berger has written that "the fact that totalitarianism today is limited to socialist societies" is a fact that "flies in the face of the socialist dream that haunts the intellectual imagination of the West." In some circles, however, there doesn't seem to be even any curiosity about the fate of post-1975 Indochina. When I mentioned something of this sort to an acquaintance, he snapped with rather good grades. Her one rather unique contribution to historiography was the theory that the Japanese meant the attack on Pearl Harbor to be "a warning."

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This pose of moral superiority, so favored by Leftists, is increasingly absurd. The track record of leftist regimes world-wide hardly inspired confidence. The apocalyptic posturings of some local activists seemed more suited to the Watchtower or Awake than a modern campus. Although their rhetoric spoke of compassion and concern, more than a few "activists" seemed to be rather bigoted and neurotic in person.

The appearance of returned Iranian hostage Victor Tomseth on campus in January 1981 was a revealing incident. Tomseth had been accused of being a CIA agent, and the animal-like hate directed toward him by some audience members was staggering.

The Tomseth appearance was in some cases enough to be funny--the mob howled "racist" at Tomseth, unaware of his Thai wife standing nearby; Tomseth's accusers were unable to pronounce the Iranian names he used fluently--but there was nothing amusing about the brownshirt mentality that was present there and seemed to appear whenever dissenters from orthodoxy dared to show. Exposure to the University's brand of political activity transformed me into something of a radical moderate.

A certain amount of skepticism toward the extremes should be maintained by those who want to defend a liberal democracy, which it seems to me should include all members of a scholarly community. This skepticism should be directed against mindless cheerleaders for both capitalism and socialism. Capitalism can be dangerous to liberal democracy because, as Sidney Hook has pointed out, "for them freedom first means profit first; with an eye on profit and loss in the short term, they will supply the technical means and skills to totalitarian regimes that in the long run may ultimately destroy free culture." Socialism should be treated with equal skepticism, but many communities like ours find this difficult.

Last spring I interviewed Norman Podhoretz, the editor of Commentary and a veteran of many polemical battles. Perhaps predictably, he was somewhat unenthusiastic about the intellectual community, with which he often seems embattled.

"There are very few true believers in that world--they're mostly mindless sheep following the path of least resistance," he said. But Podhoretz later told me, when we were discussing the pressure to conform, that "being independent and having a critical mind is a reward in itself." Which at least partially explains why publications such as this do exist.

Michael Rust, a founding member and Trustee, was the first Assistant Editor for the Oregon Commentator.
Another year has come and gone here at the University of Oregon. We sit isolated in our middle-of-nowhere town and observe as the rest of the nation and world pass by. The city sleeps through important issues and happenings, lazily remembering the 1960s when there was something worth getting all riled up about. The University campus is no different than the rest of Eugene; really it is a conical example of the above. University students find a cause to get behind every year, and they protest to their little hearts’ content. Some years it’s animal rights, some years it’s third world labor issues, some years it’s just a nonsensical railing against basic laws of microeconomics. In addition, every year sees horrible decisions by both administrative and student leaders, poor usage of student money and plenty of whining about things like “multi-culturalism.” This year on our campus has been no different. The 2001-2002 academic year has run the gamut of campus politics and protesting wonkishness. The average student may not remember all of the happenings from this past year, but we here at the Commentator do. So, without further ado, I present a somewhat chronological review of this year’s most notable campus events.

September 11th Backlash
On this campus, it seems that facts do not matter too much when it comes to protesting a military action by our country. Say what you will about the United States of America, but you have to admit that this country is a pretty damn good place to live. Aside from that, any nation has an obligation to its citizens to defend them from potential threats and to maintain the sovereignty of its soil. The backlash against our government and our nation on this campus was, and is, strictly absurd. Is it okay to be dissatisfied with the actions of our leaders? Yes, of course. However, there is a difference between being dissatisfied and blaming our government for the actions of a few extremists with severely anti-American views. Saying that we shouldn’t have retaliated is the equivalent of giving Poland to Hitler. The logical inconsistency of the protesters is also quite appalling. These are the same people who watched with pity the documentaries about how awful the Taliban was to women. These are the people who are always talking about diversity, oppression and all of that garbage. One would think that they like the Taliban being gone, but don’t like that we destroyed it. Whatever. Think I’m a victim of propaganda? Fine, but you better get down on your knees and thank whatever God, gods or higher power you believe in that you live in a country where dissent is not only condoned but also encouraged. Reasonable dissent, formed from thought is what drives this democracy. I’m saddened that these protesters leapt on the anti-war, anti-American bandwagon without thinking.

The Energy Fee
Remember what a big deal Nilda and Joy made out of this at the start of the year? I didn’t think so. This fee was proposed as a way for the University to recoup some of the losses suffered by paying for the electricity required to run all of the computer labs, buildings and other power-using things on campus. At $30 per term, this fee was going to be pretty minimal. And, really, it
makes sense that students would pay for the energy they used on campus. Tuition and state subsidy barely cover the cost of keeping professors in classrooms, everything else is paid for by either fees or donations. This was also a fee for something that all students use, energy on campus. Whether or not you go into a computer lab, you’ve been in a classroom and probably more than once. This fee would’ve applied to all students equally and would’ve made sense. However, the ASUO Executive was not going to have any of that. By loudly protesting and looking quite indignant, the Exec managed to get the fee cut to $20 winter term and $15 fall term. This saved the average student a whopping $35 all year. It doesn’t take an accounting degree to realize that $35 is beans in comparison with the total amount that students spend on school every year. Hell, that’s not even one measly textbook. If the Exec had really been concerned with saving students money, they would’ve pushed the PFC to have OSPIRG, USSA and OSA completely defunded, that would’ve saved over $200,000 in incidental fee money. Or, maybe, the incidental fee could be done away with completely. Hell, that would save students about $500 a year. Too bad it will never happen.

PFC Debacle

The PFC screws up every year, so this one isn’t really a surprise. However, the biggest mess came with the initial tabling of the budget for this very magazine. Joe Streckert and other members of the PFC took objection to the phrasing of our mission statement. The PFC then took it upon itself to propose changes to a mission statement that has been the same since the founding of the Commentator in 1983. Not only is it insane for four kids who were nothing more than small, food-processing bags of flesh in 1983 to try to change the mission statement of this publication, but also it violates the viewpoint neutrality so clearly handed down in the Southworth decision. Viewpoint neutrality does not mean that the groups must not have viewpoints, but rather that the process by which they are funded must remain free of the biases of the participants in fee disbursement. The PFC was obviously not being viewpoint neutral when they tabled our budget because we are conservative and they are not. Fortunately, when we came prepared to show them how silly they really are, the PFC approved our mission statement without any further debate. This magazine’s problems with the PFC aside, they had to recall most groups’ budgets after discovering that ASUO employee Jen Creighton had forgotten to multiply by three and caused a $500,000 budget shortfall. The easy solution would’ve been to defund any group that did not have transparent accounting. However, that didn’t happen and the PFC had to take money away from student groups that did follow the correct accounting procedures. The PFC is a horrible system for dispensing millions in student fee money. There needs to be administrative oversight because students are just not qualified to make such decisions on their own.

Campus Safety

Safety on our campus is an issue every year, but this year it has been a much larger one. With many attacks on women, it seemed that the problem was escalating. We had protests by “radical cheerleaders” and articles condemning “rape culture” appearing right and left. There were all sorts of examples of how to “raise awareness” floating around, and a new volunteer patrol group was formed. Great, but none of these things has a snowball’s chance in hell of actually making a difference. I’m not afraid of a couple of students in yellow windbreakers wielding $2.99 flashlights and rented radios; do you think a rapist will be? Really, why not catch the criminals who are perpetrating these attacks and maybe fix those damned dark lights behind the library? Also, if you really want to know how to defend yourself, skip the Women’s Self Defense classes and take Jeet Kune Do from Ryan Kelly. JKD is not a nice art, and it will teach you to really take care of yourself using weapons you already have (knees, elbows, etc.).

UO Athletics

The only news in this department is that we kick ass. The football team made short work of all opponents and demonstrated who really should’ve been playing Miami for the national title. The men’s basketball team nearly made the Final Four. The women’s team won the WNIT title. The track teams whooped up at NCAA nationals. And all the other sports that nobody cares about did pretty darn well too. More sports victories mean more people know about this school which means that we get more money in terms of tuition and alumni donations. Score.

Dry Frats

This is our debacle of the year, and really not much more needs to be said. They’re being forced to go dry with the possible penalty of losing their charter. They didn’t know about the policy until only a few weeks before the Frohn signed it into action. It sucks for them, and the administration should not push these policies onto a certain group of students because they are easy to identify.

That pretty much wraps up last year. I spent my summer drinking, driving and working in an office furniture warehouse in South Texas. Y’all are still here, good...I need some folks to socialize with.

Timothy Dreier, Econ geek and all around good guy, is Managing Editor of the Oregon Commentator

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still putting together the same magazine as the leadership I served under during my freshman and sophomore years. Make no mistake: it’s no mean feat for an editorial staff to reinvent itself each year while remaining true to a legacy now in its third decade. With my passing, everybody I once knew so long ago has been replaced; yet this is still one of the best student magazines at any university in the country. Already, most of those who remember the last few years have left. And most that remain don’t remember much at all: not those Tuesday afternoons at Clancy Thurber’s, nor the Wednesday nights at the Tiki Lounge, let alone those entire Fridays on the deck at Rennie’s. Those times were good, and those times are gone.

In that time, I argued with Dave Frohnmayer about university policies to absolutely no discernable effect. I came within one hundred votes of denying OSPiRG their funding in what will probably remain the last ballot measure they ever had to win. I helped to plant a few stories in the Emerald and on November 2, 1997 won a prize spot on the cover, incognito though I was. And all I have to show for it is a Bachelor of Arts underwritten by a debt whose eventual repayment will one day, a few decades hence, trigger a mid-life crisis.

Currently, however, I am on a much shorter time frame. Within weeks, days and now mere hours I will graduate, leaving this school and town behind, something that would make it all the more impossible to carry on with my editorial duties.

The conclusion is academic, meaning that even an academic could see it: For the good of myself and this magazine both, I must resign. I am unfit for the job; I know my limitations. And with only this paragraph left in my career as a booze-addled, sleep-deprived student journalist, I want to thank you all. To those who were there for it, and even those who merely read about it, everybody knows: We put out a good fucking magazine, and never let anyone tell you otherwise.
www.oregoncommentator.com

Pictures to Send Home

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL
by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

If you die and go to Heaven, thousands of people up there will be better than you at anything you try. Think your life down here is depressing? My friend, you have no idea.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL
by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

After years of declining ratings, Sesame Street is finally cancelled.
It stands to reason that one time I write something that's actually topical, the issue it was intended for would vanish into the ether. But patience, or sloth, is not without its rewards. If you just bide your time, you can be certain that a few hundred drunken assholes will come along and set fire to things. And so it is that the lost AP column on the riots at the end of the last school year is miraculously relevant again. Or no less relevant than it was when I wrote it, anyhow. Some things have changed. The rioters have become more numerous and - somehow - more depressing. "Fuck the Lakers" is one thing; chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" as you destroy property and throw things at the cops is just bizarre.

Secondly, the Emerald didn't do nearly as well this time around, and I hope they'll start treating these stories with the deadpan sense of fun they merit, instead of just wringing their hands and being appalled about things. Oh, and Murph didn't get re-arrested, you'll be pleased to know. But other than that, it's business as usual for the West University neighborhood. Marx had a point: history repeats itself twice at the very least - once as tragedy, once as comedy. Or, in this case, once as an episode of "Jackass". And we may not be done yet. An OC alum reminds me that the traditional time to riot at this school was, for years, Halloween. It could be that all we have witnessed so far is the limbering-up exercises. Given that the preferred rioting location (henceforth "PRL") has been moving steadily westwards since 1997, I wouldn't recommend moving to Mill Street until after Thanksgiving. Regardless, that's about it for my year's custody of the AP. Thanks to all who read and responded. Enjoy the Evenson already in progress. Cheers.

I can tell that I'm getting old, because I actively avoided the riots. A year ago, I might have been curious. A year ago, I might have wandered down there with a tape recorder to see what was going on. Actually, a year ago I lived in the Patterson Street building where everything kicked off, so I wouldn't have had a great deal of choice in the matter. However, somewhere between then and now I lost any appetite I may once have had for watching drunk people tear down street signs. In case you have forgotten the details or don't live in Eugene: an estimated three to five hundred people, having consumed a respectable quantity of booze and been asked to disperse by EPD, started doing their best to level as much of that part of the West University neighborhood as possible. It's a decent enough elegy for the year, I suppose. The guy I felt most sorry for was the silly bastard posing for the next day's Emerald cover, crouching in the street next to a pile of debris that he had thoughtfully set on fire.

The views expressed in this column are those of Olly Ruff, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Oregon Commentator.
He looked extremely happy in the picture, but his mood presumably worsened once he was charged with a felony. There's something refreshing, but more than a little sad, about the absence of even the thinnest veneer of politics from this most recent fracas. In contrast to the gala success of the Eugene anarchists’ field trip to Seattle a couple of years back, this was a simple, old-fashioned affair like the fondly-remembered Halloween riots: alcohol, late nights, high spirits, a cast of hundreds, and a common foe made easily identifiable by their blue uniforms and nervous disposition. The closest thing to a political statement that made it out of the melee was, as the Emerald dutifully reported, a battle cry of “Fuck the Lakers.” Not that one disagrees with the sentiment, but come on, for God’s sake. Endlessly irritating though it is when people decide to express their political viewpoints by rampaging around breaking things, I think this sports-nihilist approach might be even worse. “It was just in the name of destruction,” one Emerald interviewee is quoted as saying. “It was spontaneous combustion.” The interviewee does not specify whether or not he was making a devil-horn gesture when he said this, but it’s fun to imagine. However, in the absence of any comprehensible reason why this took place, there have been some half-hearted attempts to cast the riot, retroactively, as some kind of protest against the actions of the police. The idea - for want of a better word - is that mean old EPD showed up loaded for bear, and provoked a peaceable throng of liquored-up students into an orgy of bottle-throwing, authority-defying, and Laker-fucking. Suggestions have ranged from “the police shouldn't have shown up wearing riot gear” (“It was kind of like, OK, now we're supposed to riot,” is another Emerald quote to make you want to knock your head against the wall a few times) to “the police shouldn't have shown up at all”, which is somewhat optimistic when you have several hundred drunk people standing in a carport. I don’t think it would be possible for that many people to do anything without committing a noise violation, let alone enjoy themselves. Although this line of argument has been capably taken care of by various others already, it’s worth mentioning again: this is not a police brutality issue. It was not a disruption of a peaceful protest. It was not random harassment. “It annoys me when I see people bitching about police tactics,” says area builder “Murph”, one of the eleven people arrested that night. “I spent thirty hours in jail, and I don’t have a problem with their tactics. I think they handled it as well as could be expected. They certainly didn't create the situation. You have a bunch of drunk people in the street throwing bottles at them. What are they supposed to do?” During the party Murph managed to end up with the worst of both worlds: first by getting physically involved and trying to prevent people from destroying property, and then being charged with disorderly conduct after forgetting some cardinal rules of dealing with the police: they don’t usually want to have a conversation, and they’re liable to treat drunk people as if they pose a threat. “Well, I was asked to leave, and I didn’t leave,” he shrugs. "Fair enough. You have to accept responsibility for your actions. And, you know, not resist arrest.” Pretty much the sole non-depressing aspect of the whole situation, and one that might be worth ending with for that reason, was the subsequent coverage in the Emerald. Their report on the riot was punchier and more detailed than that of the Register-Guard, and had a sense of engagement, urgency, and local interest that it’s hard to conjure up in most “straight” student journalism, except perhaps on the sports pages. The news sections of student newspapers always have a tendency to feel a bit forced, a bit too much like an exercise. The story has to be not only of “local interest”, but also actually interesting, before a student paper can really compete with the proper media. In this case, the Emerald surpassed themselves. It’s enough to give us hope for the future, and if such golden opportunities are unlikely to arise very often, it would be hard to blame the Emerald editorial staff if they decided to engineer, or out-and-out fabricate, West University news events of a similar magnitude. Bring back the guy who was trying to recall Bonnie Bettmann, and this time let’s see if we can get him to go after a senator. Other than as a touchstone for small-scale newsworthy events, it was a troubling way for the year to end - some admixture of directionless rambunctiousness, disrespect for others, and hatred of the Lakers that will no doubt be with us for a while. But it’s safely behind us now, and it’s time to be leaving. Just remember: if you’re going to throw things at the police, it had better be in the cause of world peace or something. God knows, it didn’t do anything much to help the New Jersey Nets.

Olly Ruff, who has surprisingly good teeth for an Englishman, is the AP Columnist for the Oregon Commentator.
I ain’t not afraid of nothing. Join the staff of the OC or I’ll eat your children before they reach the womb.
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This Aggression Will Not Stand

Random accusations of bigotry and misogyny? This is what happens when you sodomize an unfamiliar individual in the hind area.

Nihilists! Fuck us. Say what you like about the tenets of National Socialism, at least it's an ethos. But these kids today operate with no regard for the law. This is not ‘Nam, there are rules here. Are we wrong?

The radicalism of campus is so entrenched that it is taken for granted. Sometimes making your way through this throwback campus leaves you with the uneasy feeling that you’re like a child wandering into the middle of a movie. What do these people know that you don’t? How could you have been unaware all this time of the dominant paradigm controlling the society around you? Weren’t you invited to the meetings?

Campus radicals—by and large—are throwbacks to a more romantic era, the late sixties. Dillon, Nixon, the Port Huron statement and a little television show called “Branded.” Whereas a happening social scene surrounding the culture of their predecessors, these kids now-a-days are pariahs whose overwrought cynicism is more responsible for their “radical” behavior than any overwhelming pacifism.

The corporate monolith is the enemy because it’s the easiest target. Word association time: Corporate. Rock? Corporate rock sucks. We hate the fucking Eagles. If corporations are distilling rock and roll, what else are they holding back from us? Corporations must be evil. Nader said so, and the dudes in Pearl Jam seem to like him. Didn’t Pearl Jam fight Ticketmaster? Fuck Ticketmaster. Fuck corporate America. Thus goes the viscous circle of radical logic.

“Fuck it,” that’s their answer to everything they disagree with. They might as well tattoo it on their foreheads.

Look at our situation with these PC Nazis protesting in front of the EMU. Nazis? Yeah, Nazis, come on, they were practically threatening castration. They needed some saps to pin their latest self-invoked crisis on, so they look around for some deadbeats, some losers, people the square community won’t give a shit about. They blame the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

But we’re not responsible for their problems, they are. Just as every bum’s lot in life is his own responsibility, regardless of whom he chooses to blame. We can’t solve their problems, only they can.

There is no way to bring back a social atmosphere of personal responsibility and intellectual freedom except through a virulent war of ideas. “If you will it, it is no dream.” Theodore Herzl said that, and it’s as true today as it was then. We didn’t watch our buddies die face down in the muck so that some nihilists can fritter away the potential of a learning institution. Are we living in the past? One hundred and twenty-five years of beautiful tradition, from Phil Knight to Steve Prefontaine—you’re goddamn right we’re living in the past.

These fascists can tell us to keep our voices down, but the Supreme Court has roundly rejected prior restraint. We’re going to stay right here and finish our White Russian. This aggression against common sense will not stand. It’s about drawing a line in the sand. Across this line, you do not — Are we wrong?
I spent my first 18 or so years living a peaceful, satisfied life in the only place in the state of Oregon that really matters. Hell, for as long as I remember, I figured it was just a rumor that people would actually choose or be forced by some twisted fate to live outside PDX and its subsidy. And to this day, having seen many of the one-gas-station-towns of this less-than-prodigious state, I can say with full confidence that Portland, including its suburbs, is a lonely beacon of hope in an otherwise unremarkable land.

Because I am arrogant, and we needed to fill space in this issue, it fell to me to explain the attitude of all Portlanders with respect to their view of Oregon. There are many who make the misleading claim that there are worthwhile spots here; I will rebuke this perspective with extreme prejudice. Hence I speak for an entire people, the Portland People.

Exiting the Seattle’s Best Coffee shop near the Pioneer Courthouse Square, a PDX native surveys all around him to gaze at buildings that exceed two stories and are actually as attractive as they are practical, brick in the ground and in walls, lively storefronts, panhandlers with finesse, jazz and comedy clubs and real-life, coke-addicted athletes. There’s even a cost-effective public transit system. There are too many nice restaurants to count and too many watering holes to hide in. Travel ten minutes away from downtown and you can find neatly built suburbs with teen-hangout malls, each replete with yet another Starbucks, a Jamba Juice and all the department stores you could possibly traverse in one Christmas season.

In contrast to the rest of the state, which I can only assume shares but one gene for the untold thousands of Mongol wretches, we have full electricity, highways and byways, J. Crew and Saks stores and the corporate offices of Nike and Adidas.

With respect to the quality of talent put forth from PDX compared to the rest of the state, one of the examples closest to home I can use would be the historical leadership of this very magazine. An overwhelming majority has come from the Portland area. I hail first from Hillsboro and then Beaverton. The previous Editor-in-Chief, William Beutler, hails from Portland proper. Owen Brennan Rounds originated from Hillsboro. Ed Carson — PDX, baby.

There are, of course, the occasional years when talent is so hard to come by that the magazine is forced into accepting those who hail from the hinterlands. Current Editor-in-Chief Pete R. “Ethan Montana” Hunt is from Tiller, OR. (So is anal anthrax, but public health officials testify that’s just a coincidence.) Former publisher Jonathan Collegio was from Bend, or Roseburg, or Grants Pass — I can’t quite recall now because they’re really all the same to me.

I must admit that this year has been one of diversity and growth for me, however, as I’ve met plenty of interesting and borderline-acceptable people from outside my own province of pleasure. I have a friend from some place called Redmond — it must be quite dissimilar to Redmond, WA, I assure you — and, of course, Pete Hunt comes from Tiller. (Tiller, for God’s sake! It only has one fire hydrant and one dog to deface it.) I’ve even met a girl who admits to being from Ashland, where the code of life lists high school football just above of Jesus and civil rights in terms of societal priority.

Some also try to make economic or social arguments for inclusion of other towns into the society of polite Oregon. There is the state capital, but where we Portland People come from, we’re fairly sure that the attempt to make Salem the state capital was an early oversight and will be corrected when we finally get a reasonable governor in office. Then there are some who boastfully point to Eugene, this hellish black hole that neither permits logic, true dissent or personal hygiene products, as a critical part of the state. We needn’t even deal with that small bit of absurdity.

There is a lot of land in this state, but there’s only one place to live. The rest of you can go to hell — oh wait, you’ve been there for years.

Bret Jacobson, who hasn’t ever ventured outside of the 503 area code, is the publisher of the Oregon Commentator.
Pseudoephedrine is a cruel mistress that brings you to the heights of decongestant bliss before leaving you alone in a cold sweat, bed sheets clinging to your Vap-O-Rub-embalmed body. I have spent many a night in the grasp of lady Sudafed, my mind reeling and my heart pounding. And let me tell you, if you haven't abused Robitussin, you haven't lived.

While there's no doubt that over-the-counter drugs provide welcome relief from a host of common symptoms, it's anyone's guess whether they do more harm than good. As any seasoned (not to mention frugal and law-abiding) drug abuser knows, the simple fact remains that you can't do anything with methamphetamines and Mad Dog 20/20 that you can't do with Tylenol Cold and Sinus and a bottle of Vicks Formula 44.

Here's a run-down of my knowledge of over-the-counter medicines (OTC's), and what they can do for you. Keep in mind that this is coming from a drug-abusing college sophomore who can't read an analog clock without moving his lips, so you shouldn't take this as medical advice. If you take any of this seriously, you deserve all the death and discomfort that a bottle and a half of NyQuil can render.

Speaking of death and discomfort, someone recently offered me a "fry stick." After I gave him the international sign for "What the Hell are you Talking About?," he explained that a fry stick is a marijuana cigarette treated with embalming fluid and laced with PCP. Who are you people?

My first experience with OTC's was nearly seven years ago, when I spent one rainy Easter Sunday at a theme park in Kansas City. My body was so saturated with Benadryl I was viewing the world frame-by-frame, like that scene at the end of "The Natural," but with less Robert Redford. The slow motion was especially interesting on the "Zambezi Zinger," a roller coaster that boasted speeds of nearly 120 mph ("nearly" meaning give or take 60 mph), and I almost went insane when a lightning storm struck as we crested the first incline. These things do happen.

I rediscovered over-the-counters in my senior year of high school, when I accidentally took two Drixoral tablets instead of one. It was a good night. "Do not operate heavy machinery," the package read. No shit.

Drixoral is a cocktail of two of my favorites: pseudoephedrine, the stimulant they put in "Yellow Jackets" (a staple of any self-respecting meth-lab) and a cough suppressant called dextromethorphan (DXM) that is classified by the FDA as both a cough suppressant and a "dissociative." Dissociatives are the chemicals that even your delinquent step-cousin is afraid of - PCP, ketamine... and, although comparatively weak, DXM. The good thing about dissociatives is that death is a relatively rare side effect. The bad thing about dissociatives is that severe brain damage is a common one.

DXM is also the main ingredient in most cough syrups, so if you've ever thought it would be a good idea to drink an 8 oz. bottle of Robitussin and were subsequently visited by demon dogs and/or Mötley Crüe, you can chalk it up to DXM.

I was so impressed by my first Drixoral experience ("Drixperience," as it's known in the industry) that I tried it again at our drug and alcohol free all-night graduation party. I received my diploma with three Drixoral tablets wrapped up in a paper towel and hidden neatly in my sock. I ingested all three on the bus ride to whatever bowling alley/community rec center/grange hall the grad party committee had decided on — I can't remember what it was — and thus began my second Drixperience.

About 15 minutes after ingestion, you get the feeling that nothing is going to happen. You, my friend, are wrong. Something is noticeably different as you get out of your seat and walk towards the front of the bus. It's a difficult sensation to describe - your mind is held captive by a ferocious interior monologue, while your perception of time gradually deteriorates to the point that it no longer has any hold over you. Your motor skills are dull, and you have trouble negotiating complex situations such as exiting a yellow school bus.

Once out of the bus, you are greeted by a terrifyingly beautiful world of color and blurred motion. I almost started crying. Pseudoephedrine is a synthetic version of ephedra, which you might know as "herbal ecstasy." The marketing of natural ephedra as a herbal equivalent of MDMA is largely a scam. Pseudoephedrine doesn't have the same affect on everyone, but in higher doses the drug can feel a little like MDMA (it can also make your heart explode). Stepping off the bus, I gave my health teacher a big hug, and thanked her for all her hard work. The irony was startling.
At about midnight, you’re feeling quite drowsy. People who take DXM like it’s their job know that it’s best to take with large quantities of caffeine, as it tends to put you to sleep. If you do, and if the DXM brings along its friend pseudoephedrine, you’ve got two stimulants, caffeine and pseudoephedrine, staving off your body’s natural urge to shut itself down in order to figure out what the hell to do with all these new chemicals. But you’ve got a young, healthy heart (right?) so a couple of caffeine pills can’t hurt.

At this point, pat yourself on the back. You are now a confirmed pill-popping drug abuser. Apartment rentals in Springfield are surprisingly reasonable.

At around 2 a.m. you’re sitting at a blackjack table across from the dealer, who also happened to be your former high school woodshop teacher. He may or may not be on to the fact that your body is dripping with psychoactive compounds, but you don’t really care. You’re sweating from the caffeine pills and the pseudoephedrine, and your eyes wander erratically, fascinated by the fluorescent light fixtures that seem to be the source of all life on earth … so beautiful … so amazingly beautiful.

With a growing sense of respect, you realize that the Drixoral buzz has legs. Each tablet is supposed to afford 12 hours of symptom-free cheer. But for our recreational use the high probably lasts about six.

If you've ever thought it would be a good idea to drink an 8 oz. bottle of Robitussin and were subsequently visited by demon dogs and/or Mötley Crüe, you can chalk it up to DXM.

Getting HIGH On Your Own Supply

Name: Yellow Jackets
Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Ephedra
Price: $1.29 for three caps down at the 7-11 on 29th and Willamette
Packaging claims: Taking more than the recommended serving may result in heart attack, stroke, seizure or death
We Say: Empty the tabs, line the powder, sniff it up and experience nirvana at 120 mph

Name: Drixoral Cold and Allegry
Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Psedoephedrine and dex- tromethorphan
Price: $8.99 for 20 pills
Packaging claims: Helps decongest sinus passages
We say: Helps you find hidden patterns in swirling lava lamp

Name: Ephedra
Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Ephedra
Price: 99 cents for six pills
Packaging claims: Herbal Stimulant
We Say: Let’s crank out that info-gathering paper in three days with no sleep

Name: RobiTussin
Active Ingredient That Gets You Looped: Psedoephedrine and dextromethorphan
Price: $8.99 for 12 fluid ounces
Packaging claims: Do not use more than 4 doses in any 24-hour period.
We Say: Extract the DXM using 100ml of water, NaOH, a heating device and a coffe filter

Ignatio J. Peters, a third year senior majoring in culinary arts, is paying $50 a month to sleep in the Oregon Commentator office.
They told me I wasn’t safe to drive.

They told me I should stop drinking.

But nobody told me to put on my seat belt.

**If You’re Going to be**

**Driving Under the INFLUENCE**

**Make Sure You’re BUCKLED UP!**

**Myth:** “I’m too drunk to buckle up!”

**Fact:** If you’re sober enough to run red lights with your eyes half open and one foot out the window, you’re damn well sober enough to put on a seat belt.

**Myth:** “Seat belts make me uncomfortable.”

**Fact:** Your driving makes other people uncomfortable, especially after you’re a fifth of Jim Beam in the bag. Just do us this one favor.

Save Lives, Save Drinks, BUCKLE UP!
Hey, man! Hey, over here! How’s it going, bro? You studying for the test? What test? The biology test bro. Yeah, I’m the guy who sits next to you in biology class. Remember that time you were all, “Dude, this photosynthesis bullshit is really lame.” And then I was all, “Yeah, fuck photosynthesis.”

Yeah man, that was me!

So what’s going on, man? Not much, huh? How am I doing? Man, I’m glad you asked. Things aren’t going too well lately, bro. Not too well at all. Parents cut me off… No dinero, Benjamins, greenbacks, you know what I’m talking about? If that wasn’t bad enough—and trust me, a lack of funds is pretty shitty for an around the town swinger like myself—my roommate just up and moved out last week. Didn’t say a word about it. I walk in and I’m all, “Dude, I just snatched a giant pepperoni from the Domino’s guy when he set the box down to ring a doorbell,” but there was nobody there. He just up and left and took all of his shit with him. Couch? Gone. TV? Gone. Microwave? Vamoose. I’ve got three weeks worth of frozen burritos in the fridge, now what the hell am I supposed to do with them? You ever bite into a frozen bean? Fucking blows! Now all I have in that apartment is a bean bag, a pink recliner, and a coffee table that smells like a bong.

Whoa, where are you going? Going to snag a bite to eat? Hey, let me walk with you man, I could use a munchies run. Hey. Hold on, hold on… You want to buy some weed? I got some dank shit man, some d-a-n-k-s-h-i-t. Don’t smoke, huh? How the hell can you study for a test without a phat bowl? Man, my brain just doesn’t work right when I’m not high.

What the hell was I talking about? Oh yeah, do you got any pets? Cause I hate to trouble ya’, but my roommate kind of left his dog behind. Grabbed the shower curtain but forgot his own dog, can you believe it? Bastard didn’t even leave any dog food. I’ve been feeding ol’ Sparky gorditas and cheetos. So anyway, look, could you take this dog off of my hands for a couple of weeks? Just until I find that asshole roommate of mine. I swear, that guy’s begging for a beating. He hasn’t paid the rent for two months. Which is kind of a bummer for me, being unemployed and all. I was kind of living off of him. Yeah, I’ve been getting notes from the landlord. 30-day notice or some shit like that. Fascist.

Hey, hold up. You want to buy some weed? Oh shit, I already asked you that, huh? Sorry man. Hey, do you know anybody who wants to buy some weed? I got this chronic that this hippie guy gave me last night. I was at this party over at my amigo Dave’s pad, and this old guy asked me if I want to smoke a bowl. I’m all, “Hell yeah, Grandpa.” I guess he had one of those medical marijuana licenses. Arthritis or some shit like that.

So he takes me out in the backyard and we start puffing away on this little metal pipe. Guy’s taking some serious hits man. Then he starts talking about how he saw his buddy’s face get blasted off in Vietnam. Next thing I know, he’s rolling around in the grass showing me all of these combat maneuvers. Starts yelling about Charlie and the Bravo unit and all kinds of crazy shit. Fucking weirdo. So anyway…

Huh? You gotta go to class? That’s cool man, let me have your number. Yeah, so I can call you sometime and see about dropping off Sparky. You may need to take him to the vet. He’s got some weird itch thing going and he’s rubbed the skin around his nuts raw.

Don’t have any paper? Don’t worry about it, I have a great memory. Just tell what it is. Okay, 3-4-6… yeah got that… 3-4-6-9-9-9-9? Man, is that a real number? Alright, I’ll give you a call tonight, man. I may just drop by, I think the fucking landlord turned off my heat.

Alright, later man. See you tomorrow in class. Good luck on the test.

Man, that guy was pretty cool. I think I’m going to have to go ahead and move in with him. Maybe he’ll help me sell some weed. Hey, isn’t that the guy from American Lit? Hey, buddy what’s going on…
Economics is an important tool for understanding our free-market system. However, economics can seem like a daunting topic for the average Joe to learn. Therefore, this economics lesson will incorporate examples based on my two favorite subjects: alcohol and prostitutes. As you scurry down the page to absorb as much knowledge as you can, reference the graph on the upper part of the second page. One quick note about the graph, Price is represented along the axis labeled “P” and Quantity is represented along the axis labeled “Q.”

1) Demand: The black, downward-sloping line on the graph to the right is the demand curve. For most examples in basic economics, the curve is a straight line. The demand-curve represents the relationship between price and quantity for consumers. Each point along the demand curve represents a Quantity Demanded (Q_D) at any given price. So, P1 is the demand at P1. There is a mathematical explanation as to why the demand curve slopes downward, but we won’t go into that. Think of it like this, “As price increases, people will want to buy less of any given product.” Also, we assume Diminishing Marginal Utility. Basically, this means that every time you get another of the same product, it makes you less happy than the last time you got one of that product. For example: If you are wandering around at a keg party with no beer, the first glass of beer you get will make you very happy. Beer always tastes good fresh from the tap. The second beer is good, but it doesn’t quite quench your thirst like that first glass. The third one leaves you a little less satisfied than the second and so on. By the time you get the twentieth glass of beer, it does almost nothing for you because you are passed out on the lawn with a dog licking the pizza sauce off your face.

2) Supply: The gray, upward-sloping line on the graph above is the supply curve. It too is called a curve although the line is straight most of the time. The supply curve is upward sloping for complicated mathematical reasons that we won’t cover here in Micro for Tards, but think of the obvious; as the price gets higher, producers will want to sell more of what they make. That said, each point on the supply curve represents a Quantity Supplied (Q_S) at any given price. Thus, as before Q1 represents the Q_S at P1. If you’ve ever been looking for an eighth of weed on a Saturday night, you know that low supply can mean high price. This will come into play later on.

3) Equilibrium: Equilibrium is the point at which the Q_D is equal to the Q_S. That is, the Equilibrium Point is the point where the demand curve intersects the supply curve. What this intersection point means is that at the Equilibrium Price the number of consumers for a given product is equal to the number of sellers of that product. For example: Say that the graph represents the market for hookers in Los Angeles. At the Equilibrium Price, P1, the pimps are willing to supply Q1 hookers and there are also Q1 Johns out there willing to pay P1 for a trick.

4) Price Ceilings: One thing that can affect the market besides supply and demand is a Price Ceiling. This is when the government or other controlling body sets the maximum price that can be charged for a good. If the Price Ceiling is set above
the Equilibrium Price, it has no effect on the market; howev-
er, if the Price Ceiling is set below the Equilibrium Price, the market is affected. For Example: Let’s say that the graph represents the market for prostitutes in legal brothels outside of Las Vegas. If the agency in charge of regulating the brothels sets a Price Ceiling at the line CF1, there is no effect because P1, the Equilibrium Price, is below the Price Ceiling. However, if the agency feels that hookers outside of Las Vegas have gotten too expensive and sets a Price Ceiling at the line CF, this causes Excess Demand because at the new price, P2, there are more Johns willing to buy some sucky-sucky than there are hookers willing to supply it at that price.

5) Price Floors: Price floors are essentially the same thing as Price Ceilings but in reverse. A Price Floor is the governing body setting a minimum price at which a good can be sold. For example: Let’s go back to the Los Angeles prostitute market on the graph above. If Fatty Calderelli, who controls all the pimps in the market, sets a Price Floor at CF1, there will be Excess Supply in the market because at the new price, P3, there are more hookers willing to turn tricks than there are Johns willing to pay for a little disease-infested poon-tang. However, if Fatty sets the Price Floor at CF2 there will be no effect on the market, because the Price Floor is below the Equilibrium Price.

6) Pareto Efficiency: This concept is probably one of the simplest in all of economics, it is therefore one of the hardest for people to understand. It took Ron Davies the better part of two hours to make all of the morons in my EC 201 class understand, I hope to God you people are smarter. Here we go. A situation can be said to be pareto efficient if nothing can be given to one party without having to take it away from a different party. That is, a situation is pareto efficient if in order for anyone to receive something, that thing must be taken from someone else. So to say, a person cannot get anything without someone else being hurt. For Example: If I have all of the beer and all of the hookers in Los Angeles, the situation is pareto efficient because you cannot give any beer or any hookers to someone else without taking them away from me. But, if a hooker then magically fell from the sky, the situation would no longer be pareto efficient because you could give that hooker to someone without having to take it away from anyone else.

Well, that about finishes up this little lesson about microeconomics. There are, of course, some concepts that weren’t covered such as Dead-Weight Loss, Isoquants, Isocosts and the like, but I must leave some things for the Economics Department to teach. Besides, I’m way too involved with my beer and hookers to remember which part of the graph is the Dead-Weight Loss from the floors and ceilings above. Good luck my slightly more educated peers, I’m off to make this ‘ho earn her tip.
Within days, University President Dave Frohnmayer could deliver himself to a very bad place where irate students occupy his front lawn, reporters call and cameras come calling — a place he was at just twenty-four months ago.

Frohnmayer may again find himself caught between the interests of anti-business students and student-indifferent businesses, where he will be stuck with the thankless job of settling the matter in such a way as to enrage the smallest possible mob of angry letter writers.

The situation is remarkably similar to April 2000, when the ASUO petitioned the Administration to consider membership in a non-governmental organization — basically a corporate monitoring collective — called the Worker Rights Consortium (WRC). Students camped on the lawn of Johnson Hall long after its organizers knew Frohnmayer was going to sign, and when he did, Phil Knight of Nike fame led investors and alumni (often the same people) on a temporary walkout. Two years later, Knight is still giving money to the school and for all of the negative reaction to the UO’s WRC membership, UO athletics could hardly be the worse for it.

This time it isn’t an external organization but a promise that students want Frohnmayer to sign. Led by law student Laura Baxter and endorsed by the school’s Sports and Entertainment Law Forum, this petition will ask Frohnmayer to stop the Athletic Department from participating in events with schools whose mascots and logos are deemed offensive.

It’s an interesting idea, but Frohnmayer should not consider signing this petition. He might, though, because rarely has Frohnmayer displayed much in the way of fortitude. It isn’t that the Frohn is a bad guy, it’s just that the Frohn doesn’t really have a strong vision for his job, and so minor squabbles often balloon into full-fledged debacles. Frohnmayer should learn from past mistakes: the more he lies down, the more he gets walked over.

In 1997, Frohnmayer accidentally used the word “Oriental” to describe Asian students at a town hall meeting. He obviously meant nothing by it, but felt it necessary to apologize in a formal letter anyway. In 1999, students occupied the lobby of Johnson Hall, demanding Frohnmayer address their misplaced concerns, resulting in yet another meaningless pro-diversity program: the Center on Diversity and Community, or CODAC. Everyone felt better about themselves and Dave didn’t lose any friends. But the fiasco surrounding the WRC just one year later was too much for him to handle. The story became a news circus, attracting interest from government officials and private businesses all over the state. Other presidents at major American universities may or may not be worse than the Frohn, but it just hasn’t been his luck recently.

At the moment, this debate looks like it might just shape up the same way. The proponents of this particular petition, including School of Law Dean Rennard Strickland, are coming from the same perspective as many, many other dissidents in spring terms past. They are eager to be on the side of what’s right and good, want very much to combine moral clarity with a defiantly good time, and are willing to ruin Dave Frohnmayer’s week if it comes to that. It is certainly plain to the law students and professors, if not to others, that they understand the meaning of other schools’ symbols better than do those schools whose symbols are being targeted.

The story is, torturously, a very long one. It goes back to the middle of the last century to the 1944 founding of the National Congress of American Indians (NCAI) and...
American Indian Movement (AIM) in 1968. While both groups focused primarily on important issues such as economic freedom, abrogated treaties and tribal land use, they also got a little distracted by opposing the use of Indian symbols by schools and franchises as athletic mascots. Most of the early success in this respect was in the Midwestern states. Among the first targets was the Cleveland Indians’ grinning Chief Wahoo. In the liberated, post-civil rights era, the NCAI persuaded many a school to abandon long-held mascots — though they have to date proved less successful in professional sports.

Some of this name-changing is acceptable, particularly where school boards and sports fans are already willing to change their name. But those that prefer to keep a team’s name probably shouldn’t be called racists because of it. That only makes people more determined to stand by their team, not less. Persuasion by sincerity and example is a fair method of effecting that kind of a change. Demonization is easier, but counterproductive.

Sometimes the name changes just don’t make any sense. Hartwick College in Oneota, NY, decided in 1994 to abandon the name “Warriors” for “Hawks.” Why they thought that their warrior couldn’t be of any ethnicity is apparently an argument just too obvious to have been taken seriously. Furthermore, when Marquette University retired the name “Warriors” before the 1994-95 season, they opted for another bird mascot, the “Golden Eagles.” One imagines the current of thought must have been: At least we still get to use the feathers.

Stranger still are the mental reservations made about the use of Indian words and symbols in circumstances outside of athletics. After all, more than half of the fifty states in the union take their name from Indian words and tribes. Add to that hundreds of cities and towns. Then factor in rivers, creeks and landforms that are still called by the same names the Indians used. The closer one looks, the more apparent it is that Europeans largely deferred to the sort-of-native people on what to call things.

In 1996 the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga discontinued the use of their “Chief Moccanaoga” mascot — but evidently remained the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga. And it gets dumber still — the year after it was decided the school would clip its nickname from “Moccasins” to “Mocs,” supposedly in honor of the Tennessee’s state bird, the Mockingbird.

If American Indians themselves owned such a franchise or school, they would be lobbied to abandon an ethnic-specific logo? Of course not. After all, in a supportive statement issued by the American Jewish Committee, the use of such names and logos is acceptable only when “the affected group has chosen the name itself.”

That may be a fine operating ethic if you’re afraid of causing offense. But it’s harder to understand as a sensible legal position that only a particular racial group can use the symbols associated with it. This controversy also pops up whenever the newest Caucasian rap artist starts climbing the charts. Can a race own a cultural artifact?

So do Indians have the sole right to use Indian iconography? Not quite, but occasionally somebody gets offended (and organized) enough to make a case of it. A lawsuit filed against the Washington Redskins in 1992 could strip the team of all federal trademark protections. It’s certainly not impossible: Speedy Gonzales is no longer found on the Cartoon Network in this country, for fear of encouraging negative stereotypes. (This is stupid, right? If the stereotype assumes that Mexicans are lazy, then doesn’t our hero, Speedy, defeat that notion?)

It is a fair point that logos using Indian symbols are indisputably cartoonish, whereas geographic names are not. Even so, activists should consider that Indian mascots are caricatures not because they are Indians, but because they are mascots. And it is not like they have been singled out for the indignity of mascot-dom. Mascot names come from anything and anywhere: frontiersman, ranch hands, canines, felines, birds, fish, music, dinosaurs, local industries, religious figures, sacrilegious characters, natural disasters and even unfashionable clothing.*

Granted, the term “Redskins” is more easily taken as pejorative than any of the above, and more so than the names “Indians,” “Braves” or “Chiefs.” The latter words all have neutral or positive connotations, while “Redskins” draws attention to the difference in skin pigmentation, a touchy subject for a great many people. Some or all of these may eventually be tossed on the ubiquitous ash heap of history, for better or worse.

But when mascot opponents carp about there not being teams like the “New York Blacks” or “Miami Hispanics.” But there are such teams: the Boston Celtics, for example, or the New York Yankees. “Yankee,” in fact, was once a term of derision, applied to Americans by the British first and to New Englanders by Americans in the South. Eventually the Yankees grew to be proud of the designation, not ashamed, as has unfortunately happened with many who prefer the technically inaccurate moniker “Native American.” The

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Yankees redefined “their” term, something that can be done with any phrase or word, given enough concerted effort.

Women have recolored the word “bitch,” which is now far beyond just denoting a female dog and connoting negative feminine attributes. Today it can be a multipurpose interjection used by one sex or the other to describe one or the other, perfectly decent among consenting adults. So too, almost, have sexual minorities (another disputed euphemism) done with the word “queer.” Why that tongue-twister, alphabet soup of a student group, the LGBTQQA doesn’t just economize and become the QA is beyond explanation. Not only could they make use of “Q&A” as a catchy poster concept, but it would save everyone four whole syllables.

Debate in Eugene is already under way. The Sunday, March 24 Register-Guard included a commentary by UO journalism professor Debra Merskin about an intramural team at the University of Northern Colorado — roughly as prestigious as Eastern Oregon University in La Grande — that cleverly nicknamed themselves the “Fighting Whites” to protest a nearby school’s mascot, the “Fighting Reds.”

Contrary to the impression most fans of “Red Dawn” may be left with, the mascot is not a goateed Lenin but rather a mohawked Indian. Merskin thinks the “Whites” are swell, and uses it to argue that the “Reds” perpetuate negative stereotypes and hurt the interests of real Indian people today. Actually, the “Whites” have hurt exactly as few Caucasians as the “Reds” have hurt Indians. But when she disapprovingly cites the “Jeep Cherokee, Dodge Dakota, Toyota Tacoma, Pontiac and Winnebago” car makes as evidence of “the depth of the problem,” she loses it. By hinting at the “oppression” of Betty Crocker and “damaging” portrayal of Uncle Ben without giving any good reasons for interpreting these corporate logos as demeaning, Merskin mistaking her assumptions for the proof. Because she thinks society at large is tainted with racism, any so-called minority represented in the mainstream media is necessarily being treated poorly.

Merskin is actually rather genial toward the obviously horrible people who cling to old ways, compared with the NCAI-supporting “‘American Indian’ Sports Teams Mascot website”, which states, “By coupling American Indian people to such traits via the use of symbolically related logos, etc., negative stereotypes and historical inaccuracies are subtly encouraged and perpetuated.”

It sounds grim, but it’s opinion, not fact. The actual symbols themselves — the Indians’ Wahoo, the Blackhawks’ war-painted profile — are not patently derogatory. Only when negative attributes are ascribed to them by others (read: hysterical guardians of the politically correct) are they even remotely sinister. What’s more, the mascots bear no more resemblance to most American Indian people today than the Notre Dame mascot bears to (most) Irish-Americans.

Another mistake is that they ascribe simply too much power to the logos in the first place. It’s the same mistake made at greater length and more frequently by the anti-commercial “culture jammers” at Adbusters. Part of their argument is that the logos are too simple to effectively convey useful information. Another part of it is that the logos are controlled by large corporations ruled by the patriarchal oppressor class, who of course have it in for us all.

If that assumption sounds harsh, consider the following paragraph about the psychological damage done to American Indian by the tyranny of American football, worth quoting at length from the “‘American Indian’ Sports Team Mascots” site:

“Attitudes toward the use of ‘Indian’ related mascots are inculcated at an early age when the individual is highly susceptible to influence and social pressure. This phenomenon was suc-
Cessfully exploited particular attention to conditioning youth to adopt anti-Jewish beliefs.

Similarly, it is also interesting to note that several elements that were typically present at Nazi spectacle events including cheering crowds, martial music, marching, and lights (such as are used in night games) are also regular parts of high school football.

Wow. But wait a second, what if your team is the Indians, and you’re playing the rival Senators? Wouldn’t you, drunk on cheap beer and armed with a plastic noisemaker, then be rooting for your tribe to defeat the hated European invaders?

Even if this paranoid interpretation of high school sports was true, then changing the mascot would do nothing. The patriarchal oppressors would still make sure you arrive before the game starts and stay until at least halftime.

None of this contrarianism is to suggest that American Indians don’t face a substantial number of problems today. Name any five social ills and chances are that each one is disproportionately more common on Indian reservations than in the rest of society. But as far as mascots and emblems go, surely nobody thinks that changing the mascots could possibly effect a noticeable (to say nothing of positive) change in the welfare of American Indians.

Actually, UO student Laura Baxter does, and so does Dean Strickland. Why? Part of the answer may lie in their telling insistence on use of the phrase “Native American.” The term is a somewhat misleading category invented by the Department of the Interior in 1970. Comedian George Carlin, writing in his 1997 tome “Brain Droppings,” is especially informative on this controversy, arguing against knee-jerk rejection of the word “Indian.”

The first point is that the word Indian was not derived by Columbus out of carelessness, as we were all told in school. After all, the country we know of today as India didn’t exist; it was known as Hindustan. “Indian” is derived from the phrase “in Dios,” which in Columbus’ Spanish means “in God.” Only a Madalyn Murray O’Hair atheist could find that ominous.

Carlin also agrees that the activists have identified problem areas, “but I don’t agree that these failed campus revolutionaries know what to do about them. When they’re not busy curtailing freedom of speech, they’re running around and inventing absurd hyphenated names designed to make people feel better. Remember, these are the white elitists in their customarily paternalistic role: protecting hapless, inept minority victims.”

Sensitive it’s not, but to the point it is. And Carlin is essentially right about the paternalistic nature of the protesters. The petitioners are certainly guilty of this, but they only wield so much power. And there’s no disputing that no one has more power to exert unintentionally detrimental influence upon Indians in this country than the federal government. Reservations are tightly controlled by Interior. In February, the Interior and Treasury departments were found guilty of failing to disburse funds from an account promised to the Indians in 1887. There are few problems that Indians today couldn’t fix by getting the government to keep its promises and stay out of their lives.

AIM leader Russell Means, who was in “The Last of the Mohicans,” “Natural Born Killers” and other movies, has run for elective office several times — on the Libertarian, not Green Party ticket — to end federal mismanagement.

Why wouldn’t the law school, which should know a thing or two about law, lobby the US government to cease acting upon its inability to plan society on Indian reservations? Write legal briefs, publicize them, explain what went wrong and what might be done to rectify it. Don’t just extemporize about incalculable debts and subconscious repression, because the law doesn’t usually have any jurisdiction in such matters. Whether their heart is in the right place or not, this is the epitome of supporting a cause that requires no sacrifice. Everybody will have a really swell time and be done in time to shoot a few hoops and hoist a few pints.

If the law school actually intended to see a change in other universities’ polices, the law itself or even society at large, they might first have to locate an issue where one could show measurable success or failure.

If Dean of Law Rennard Strickland, who claims Osage and Cherokee ancestry, wanted to focus his legal acumen on a really substantive issue, he would do well to start questioning the power of the federal government over his fellow Indians. Rather, he’s following the script, like so many others since 1968, and will continue to do irrespective of all common sense, objecting to a symbol instead of a policy.

“The impulse behind political correctness is a good one. But like every good impulse in America, it has been grotesquely distorted beyond usefulness.”
Should the University sponsor the Graduation Pledge of Social and Environmental Responsibility? Of course not, because it’s the...

Worst Idea Ever

By Pete R. Hunt

During my tenure at this University, I’ve become increasingly protective of my signature. Last year, after a drunken night of debauchery at Taylor’s, I accidentally signed a legally binding contract guaranteeing one of my kidneys to a rich industrialist from Saigon. You can only imagine my surprise the next morning when a black van pulled up to my house with a fully stocked mobile operating room, an anesthesiologist and an unlicensed but surprisingly competent surgeon. After that, I promised myself that I’d keep my John Hancock to myself, and that I’d stop drinking so heavily as not to damage my one remaining kidney.

The relevance of this story—if there is any—is that the recent push to reinstate the Graduation Pledge of Social and Ethical Responsibility is just as bad an idea as giving away organs. While the organ trade has always remained on the black market, the pledge movement recently entered the mainstream, thanks to the Emerald’s editorial against it. By giving ink to the pledge, the Emerald inadvertently created a pro-pledge campaign in the form of letters to the editor that rallied support for the cause. The pledge instantly went from being a mere idea to an actual issue on the table. But discussion is always a good thing, so let’s discuss some of the cons.

The pledge movement was initiated at Humboldt State University in 1987, but the current pledge movement is part of a campaign effort launched in 1996 by students at Manchester College. Since then, dozens of colleges and universities across the nation have followed with similar programs. The University of Kansas, Harvard, Notre Dame, and Stanford all offer the pledge as an option on graduation day.

The pledge reads: “I __________ pledge to explore and take into account the social and environmental consequences of any job I consider and will try to improve these aspects of any organizations for which I work.” On the back of the card is a listing of organizations that may help the student find a job with an environmentally responsible and socially conscious employer.

What’s all the fuss about? After all, the card is optional; you don’t have to sign it. And even if you do, it’s certainly not a legally binding document. What’s the harm in encouraging students to make socially responsible decisions?

Here’s what it boils down to: if you want to sign the card on your own time, then by all means, grab a pen and sign away. But when you offer the pledge card at graduation, you’re entering a difficult gray area. Though student-initiated, in order for the pledge card to be a fixture at University graduation ceremonies it has to be approved by the administration. Approving the pledge card aligns the University with an agenda, which is inappropriate for a graduation ceremony. And make no mistake, the pledge definitely supports an agenda. Links from the Graduation Pledge Alliance’s website include Environmental Careers Organization, The Feminist Career Center, and Naturalist Network. If these groups don’t have agendas, then they certainly have priorities, and drilling for oil in Alaska certainly isn’t going to be one of them.

When the University signs up for the pledge, we all become statistics for the Green movement. The Graduation Pledge Alliance will be able to list the University as a member, and that will be used to promote the pledge to other universities. That’s how grass-roots based programs perpetuate themselves. GPA’s website lists ways in which the pledge can be used as PR, including having those taking the pledge wear green ribbons, getting one of the speakers to discuss the pledge, and having the pledge printed in the commencement hand-out. The website also encourages getting the local media involved to garner up support for the cause. These are all standard grass-roots techniques, but they seem more appropriate for a rally than for a graduation.

Consider this, would the University allow a pledge that read: “I __________ pledge to support the Second Amendment of the Constitution, and I will take into account the rights of gun owners when choosing an employer.” The back of the pledge card could have links to NRA-friendly sites. I doubt this would hold water with the student body. I’m not comparing the graduation pledge with the NRA, but the example is relevant. Being pro-environment no longer means simply recycling your beer cans, it’s about taking a solid stance against opening up national forests to logging, protecting our natural resources against “industrialization,” and making non-issues like miniscule changes in arsenic levels in water into national headlines. Maybe you agree with these points, maybe you don’t, but let’s not pretend that the pledge isn’t about promoting an agenda when it clearly is.

But I’m just a guy with one kidney, what do I know?

Pete R. Hunt, Editor-in-Chief of the Oregon Commentator, is currently accepting bids for his appendix.
women seeking men

I Want a Man Hung Like A Horse
Seeking male of no specific age, height, build. Simply need genitalia to be comparable to large, land-based mammal. Kids? Job? Neither important. Don’t waste my time shaving to make it look bigger. #8482

Girl in Coma seeks Man to Bear Child
I'm writing this on behalf of my beautiful daughter Kelly, who's been in a coma since the first Bush administration. As I write this, I'm just an hour out of their day and “visit” my daughter on the fifth floor of Mercy. The doctors say she won't even notice. #4672

Vegetarian Seeking Meat
Me: 32, attractive, feminist, vegetarian. Likes works of Angela Dworkin, vaginal poetry, organic coffee, dry humor. You: 20-40, funny, gentle, leftist thinking, ample male ready to skewer me like a shisk-a-bob. #3128

Looking for Athletic type
Hi, I'm a SAF, 5'7", 130 lbs, very toned body, looking for single girl into working up a good sweat. Love: Water sports, ice rubbed down my naked body, lotions, tongue rings. I'm very ticklish, hope you are too. (Note: Actually posted by 45-year-old male deli owner.) #6378

women seeking women

I want A Hot Mama
Girl, if you'll be my apple pie I'll be the vanilla ice cream melting all over your steaming wet body. Looking for voluptuous sexual goddess, 17-23, thin, blond hair, medium to large breasts, ass I can eat off. #2727

I'm a work in progress
Alcoholic, former pain killer addict, father of 5 children by 3 women, legally still married in Nevada, single swinging guy! 38, 5'8", No job yet, most of money invested in pyramid scheme. I guess I’m still a dreamer, and I hope you are too. #6483

Umm... Maybe we could go out some time
Hi, you know if it’s okay with you, and if it’s not that’s fine... but if you want to get together some time and have some coffee or something. I know you probably don’t but I just thought I’d ask. I’m sorry, I’ll just go home now. #2552

Young Man Seeking Much Older Women
Seeking sensible female, 70+ years, YOU: looking to share love, romance, weekly sex, extremely large bank account. ME: Young sexual stallion, need to see bank records, property deeds, list of all assets. #2435

Looking for Athletic type
Hi, I'm a SAF, 5’7”, 130 lbs, very toned body, looking for single girl into working up a good sweat. Love: Water sports, ice rubbed down my naked body, lotions, tongue rings. I’m very ticklish, hope you are too. (Note: Actually posted by 45-year-old male deli owner.) #6378

men seeking men

Wrongly Convicted
SWM, 35, 6’2”, 240, inmate at state penitentiary, looking for fresh meat to drop soap. If you haven’t killed anybody yet, you might as well get used to being a bitch. #2879

Let’s Instant Message
You: forgiving, lonely, aways waiting for my IM. Me: Senator w/ 10 fingers to type, one bad attitude, looking for hot man gravy. Can’t meet in EMU Computer lab anymore. #3724

Bf, looking for water sports and LTR. Must be Warhol-literate, gerbil friendly. Reach around appreciated. #5789

Serenity Lane
I was coming down off a three day ether binge. You looked wired out, probably speed or meth. Eyes had rolled back in your head, nose was bleeding, skin pale and dry. Love at first sight. Let’s get together and dope up. #8543

Oregon Daily Emerald Office
You were printing off your fantasy baseball team stats. I was photocopying my ass. You sneered at me, and I wish the bouncer hadn’t interrupted the table dance. Sometimes my hands just roam. #2424

Police Station
You were #3 in Saturday’s EPD lineup. You tried not to make eye contact, but we both knew it was love when I fingered you in a dramatic role reversal. You bring the cuffs and I’ll bring the baton. #2982

alt-natives

Looking for adventourous women willing to tie me to chair, whip me with belt, urinate all over my face, kick me in the groin, put cigarettes out on my chest, leave me for dead in basement, revive me in two days and then make sweet love. #4957

Girls Scouts
SWM, looking for girl scouts 14-15 religiously exempt from age of consent laws. I’m willing to buy as many mint swirl cookies as necessary, so long as you get mommy and daddy to sign a few legal forms. #8384

SWM looking for two SWF to spend weekend with. Fulfill my fantasy and yours, let’s go camping in the woods and pretend we’re back at summer camp. You’re the two naïve catholic girls, I’m the dominating counselor. #4673

WILL PAY FOR SEX
Lonely law student/ student senate member. tired of defending funds, let’s spend em’. Age/gender not important. We can have post-coital chain smoke session at Erb Essentials. #4747

Bukkake- Me Today?
Low self-esteem, short on rent money. Wannabe actress seeks you and 4 friends to make a movie. Have $173.59. Let’s say action together! I promise, every shot is the money shot. #8928

To respond to an add call...
1•900•346•4365
$1.89/minute • 18 or older
OR FOR DIRTY PHONE SEX...
1•888•346•4373

This is your LAST chance for intimate contact with another real human being. God you're PATHETIC. Nobody will blame you for choosing SUICIDE.
For better or worse, the homeless are simply a fact of life in Eugene. You know you're a true Eugenian when the sight of two overweight transients "porking" in Pioneer Cemetery no longer upsets you. But no matter how long you've lived here, the strong homeless presence in this town can be trying at times, particularly when they're asking you for money or breaking into your car or stabbing you in the forearm with a "shiv."

Now, I'm not the kind of guy who likes to make gross generalizations, but based on the empirical evidence I've observed, homeless people are worthless and foul-smelling. They also love beer, loose change and porn, but those characteristics hardly distinguish them from the rest of society. While it may be fun to toss a few pennies into a crowd of transients and giggle at the ensuing loose-ball fouls, by and large the only homeless people worth recognizing are the ones with knives, and then only if you have a larger knife and/or a car.

As heartless as I strive to be, there's no denying the human side of homelessness. Pungent odors notwithstanding, there's nothing as saddening (or as sadistically thrilling) as the sight of a shivering old man hiding from the cruel January wind, or a tearful young woman humbly asking for spare change (for food?). But what can we do to help these poor souls? Or if not help, what can we do to get them to stop fucking touching me?

In half-assed response to decades of failed economic policy, I have found an answer. My answer (which I call the "Newer Deal") has not come easily, but as one of my semi-edified friends pointed out, FDR probably took a while to come up with the New Deal, too. FDR may have wrestled with the problem of homelessness long before I hit the socioeconomic scene, but without the ingrained Gen-X cynicism that I wield like a gym towel, FDR failed to recognize that solving problems is clearly not one of the functions of government. The government can't give meaning and dignity the life of the urban nomad. To solve the riddle of homelessness, you have to look beyond the confines of government, all the way out of the public sector, to the miracle of corporate advertising.

Advertising, like some post-modern corporate messiah, has the power to save the world, if only the world would accept its free gift of grace (limited time only, offer void where prohibited, see rules for details).

Those who decry corporate exploitation and the inescapable manipulation of advertising forget that corporations, like other large-scale organizations, can themselves be exploited. All we have to do is give them a reason to think that their advertising dollars will be well-spent buying beer and clothes for the homeless.

First, let's talk about advertising in the broad sense. In my mind, the crudest form of advertising is the sandwich board: two flat, rectangular pieces of lumber hung over a person's front and back, advertising anything from car washes to the Apocalypse. This is grassroots advertising, and it's as effective as it is simple. Now, while wearing a sandwich board adorned with a Pepsi logo might generate some demand for Pepsi products, this sort of advertising would do little to benefit the homeless (aside from breaking the monotony of a day otherwise spent begging for change and masturbating). This is mostly because the homeless don't have any use for sandwich boards (aside from building Left: The homeless are like wild animals. You wouldn't touch a wild animal would you? Then why would you give one your change?
forts). So what do bums need? Exactly what they use all that spare change to buy: sweet, sweet alcohol.

Here's my plan, in two (2) simple steps that even an inebriated, brain-damaged fourth grader should be able to grasp:

**STEP ONE**

Instead of sandwich boards, outfit the homeless with sweatshirts, jackets, t-shirts, dresses, muumuu - any form of clothing, really - emblazoned with advertising slogans and corporate logos ("slogos," if you will). Sandwich boards may be cheaper and more direct, but the whole idea here is to benefit the homeless, not the corporations. Realistically speaking, clothing is more practical than plywood, and typically warmer on those chilly nights out on the town (which, if you're homeless, is every night).

The corporations will pay for everything, from production to distribution and, in return, they will have their "slogos" prominently displayed wherever particular people congregate (of course, in this case, "particular" means "homeless," and "congregate" means "lurk").

**STEP TWO**

Now that the homeless are clothed, how can we make sure that they don't just hide under their refrigerator boxes and garbage bags? After all, what good is a billboard if it's passed out behind the Methodist church? In order to keep the transients on their feet, we need to give them a reason to wander the city. My plan is to establish checkpoints at various locations throughout the city, stocked with beer and manned by corporate reps with clipboards. The homeless would wander (stagger? meander?) throughout the city like mice in a maze, moving from checkpoint to checkpoint, drinking Pabst out of Dixie cups at every stop. The homeless can't just camp out at one or two checkpoints, though. They have to keep moving. There will be incentives (more beer, for example) for those industrious vagabonds who manage to make it to all the checkpoints in a given city, or for those who make the rounds in the fastest time.

Imagine a world where the homeless are the fastest-moving and most well-dressed segment of the population. Their disproportionate thirst for ale is quenched by friendly corporate representatives who lovingly provide Dixie cups of beer in exchange for the unmatched advertising presence of the homeless. In effect, we are taking the only marketable skills common to all homeless persons (i.e. the ability to occupy space and be seen), and turning them into profitable assets.

Like any example of raw, unadulterated brilliance, there are flaws in this plan. For example, it's not really a solution to the homeless problem, because a drunk and well-clothed bum is nevertheless still a bum.

But the "homeless problem" that left-leaning softies sometimes base their local election campaigns on has more to do with the discomfort that the rest of us feel when we see a homeless person than it does with real concern for the people who, by definition, lack homes. This is simply because homeless people don't vote, and those of us who do don't associate much with homeless people. It's the bleeding heart middle-class that whines about the homeless problem, and while this concern is presented under the clever guise of compassion, I know the truth: we just want to be able to walk down 13th without some diseased ex-hippie asking us for change.

Honestly, how often have you heard a homeless person complain about being homeless? How many times has a transient approached you on the west end of campus and asked you if you could "spare a few dollars for a home?" They don't want homes; they want malt liquor and crank. So if even if this plan only takes care of discomfort that the rest of us feel when we encounter the homeless, we will have vanquished a great portion of the problem. In the eyes of the voting (homeful) public, if we can get the homeless to stop looking so damned depressing, to stop bothering me for change, to stop lounging around bus stations with their "every day is Saturday" attitude, we will have solved the homeless problem.

In all seriousness, this plan has no weaknesses. The corporations get publicity, the homeless get beer and clothing (not to mention some much-needed exercise!), and I don't have to worry about being harassed by some rank-smelling transient trying to get me to "spare some change." Everybody wins (except for the morbidly obese and disabled war veterans who can't wear normal clothes), and it's all due to the miracle of advertising.

Ignatio J. Peters, still living a secret double life, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.
Small adjustments in the way the incidental fee is managed would create financial accountability and require objectivity from the PFC.

By Justin Sibley

With all the campus construction projects being discussed, few have mentioned the area most in need of a drastic remodel.

The shortcomings of Oregon’s incidental fee system have come in the form of bad executive decision making, accounting errors and a Programs Finance Committee that doesn’t know the laws they are to enforce. In hindsight it is easy to see what went wrong and why it did so. It is now our responsibility to use that information to come up with some adjustments to make the system more effective in the future. In short, learn from our mistakes.

Things to change:

The Current system does not make records accessible to ordinary students. So where’s the accountability?

As the system works now, if a fee paying student wishes to know exactly how much and on what his/her money is being spent on, they have to go through a timely process. First, they need to know which group they have an inquiry about and than get a document number for a specific expenditure. Then, they must take that information up to EMU Accounting where they will finally be able to see a receipt or invoice. Although technically each student can find out what his or her money is spent on, there is too much bureaucratic red tape for the ordinary student to cut through and the process is a mystery to all but a few who won’t share this information. Most likely they guard this information because they don’t want the exec to fire them for revealing public record. If Joe Student could just walk into the ASUO office and find out that a given student group spent 20 bucks of his money on a package of three golf balls, it would provoke him to get involved. This pressure would encourage student groups to really examine each expenditure and ask themselves “if every student on this campus knew I was buying this with their money, would they be upset and cut my budget next year?” Frequently, this answer would be yes. On many occasions, the money is spent in accordance with the rules, but not in a way that would benefit the campus community. The only way to achieve accountability is through better information.

The ASUO needs to consider producing a booklet in the controller’s office of all non-fundraising account activity. This should merely be a list of what was bought and how much was paid for it. A photocopy would be made when a receipt is first taken to the controller’s office. These copies would be filed in a binder organized by group and left at the controller’s window. By doing this, we enable the common student to go to the controller’s office, and look at all the receipts and become informed about how the incidental fee is being spent, thus holding the ASUO groups accountable to the students.

The Programs Finance Committee (PFC) is making too many decisions based on personal bias and limited information. Whatever happened to objectivity?

Currently PFC has seven seats, with only four of them present at a hearing to fulfill quorum. Last year, the PFC allocated over two million dollars to student groups. That is a large sum for a group of four to seven people to be making decisions on. Attending these meetings, all you have to do is listen to the side conversations and you can hear PFC discussing what they are going to do with certain budgets before that group has even had a chance to present their reasoning. Some groups are getting cut merely because they can’t make a good argument, while others are being cut (or experiencing “reduced growth”) because the four PFC members evaluating their budget don’t really think they make a worthwhile contribution. The fee allocation process is supposed to be, under federal law, viewpoint neutral and free of any bias. I would argue that this is not possible with only seven students on the PFC, none of which are law students. The way to help prevent some of these biases is to have more people on the PFC and therefore more
Representation.

There are examples that exist on this campus already that we can take and adapt into a workable format for the Programs Finance Committee. The Student Senate is one such example. Although some, including the COMMENTATOR, have doubts to the senate’s overall effectiveness, there is a suitable framework in place. There are designated seats for the different academic areas; Undeclared, AAA, A&L/Journalism, Social sciences, Business and Graduate/Law. This is a great system for better facilitating equal representation, something that the current PFC doesn’t seem designed to do. Another policy-making body from which to extract a good idea is the EMU Board. Like the senate, this group includes students, but the main difference is the addition of an administrator who holds a non-voting position that is used for consultation on matters in which the students don’t have the expertise to make a decision on their own. In this system, the students reserve the right to make decisions against the administrator’s advice.

I suggest using the positive pieces of both bodies to make a new PFC. Consider this; twelve members, six academic seats as listed above, two finance senator seats, two seats elected at-large by the student body and one seat appointed by the ASUO President and the remaining seat be non-voting and filled by an administrator.

The main problem with adding members to the Programs Finance Committee is of course, the budget. The stipend for these positions was budgeted for over $6,000 dollars for this year. Adding more seats would only increase that amount. However, with the desperate struggle for upper division credit, something could possibly worked out so that the PFC received four credits for their work during winter term. This would kill two birds with one stone. First of all, it will cushion the blow financially for the PFC and secondly, it will allow the members to take less classes winter term and therefore be able to devote more time and energy into their position.

When discussing the idea of adding more members, none of the people I talked to were apposed to the idea. PFC Chairwoman Mary Elizabeth Madden said she agreed that there needs to be more members. “When the PFC was created, there were only eighty groups. Now there are well over one hundred” said Madden. Madden also speculated that the reason a change hasn’t already been made is due to the lengthy process of changing the ASUO Constitution. “Now there are too many [groups] for seven members.”

Justin Sibley, a senior majoring in business, is the business manager for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

Did You Know?

At the senate meeting held Wednesday Feb. 20, the senate handed out a couple thousand dollars to groups asking for money to go in their travel budget. Both APALSA and WLF were granted their requests. The troubling part of this is that no senator asked them how they planned on using the information and experiences to educate their fellow students or add to the campus community.

ASUO Accounting Coordinator Jennifer Creighton isn’t accountable to the students or the administration. In previous conversations with Creighton in regards to her hiring practices she told the OC that since she isn’t really an administrator nor is her position really a student position, she doesn’t have to follow the hiring guidelines set for the ASUO. Maybe that is why she is still around after her $500k mistake. (explained in Issue V of the OC)

The Students forChoice (SFC) group takes a stipend for the co-directors the entire academic year while producing only one event during Spring Term.

Oregon Marine Students Association (OMSA) has a total budget of $4,827 this year. All of which goes off campus.
On a dreary Sunday afternoon, SETA got together, smoked a bowl, and decided that the carnivores of Eugene are too happy. To that end, they marched to the McDonald’s on Hilyard and Broadway to protest.

This is in no way a threat to our way of life. It is not a challenge of our ideals. It was just a really annoying exercise in futility that I think you flesh eaters will enjoy.

SETA (Students for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) is a splinter group of PETA (Take a wild guess what that stands for, fruity). Just to get an idea of the kind of intellect we are dealing with here, in Nov. 2001, while driving a PETA-owned Honda Civic, two members managed to hit and kill a deer. They then proceeded to sue the state of New Jersey because, “the state’s mismanagement of the deer population, which includes purposefully increasing herd sizes in order to provide more live targets for hunters and so jeopardizes the well-being of people who use the roads.” Yes, an animal rights group is complaining that there are too many animals. This is the “organized” national branch of the group. God knows what the disorganized Eugene hippie branch has come up with.

It was about noon on this typically cloudy Sunday, and I started to get hungry. I decided to go to the nearby McDonald’s for a metric ton of cheeseburgers. At the time, I thought I wanted to go to because I can get 400 cheeseburgers for about five bucks and in about thirty seconds. Imagine my surprise to find out that I really went to McDonald’s because I have no choice. McDonald’s constant expansion combined with relentless advertising have affected me. I am hopelessly addicted; I must have the corporate goodness that is McDonald’s.

Within a few minutes, I arrive at the golden arches. As I am about to reach the restaurant, I notice that on the sidewalk outside are about a dozen protesters standing between me and the nutritionless corporate swill that I depend on. There were two types of protesters there. First, the sign holders, those enlightening fellows that try to impart their infinite wisdom upon the ignorant populace much the same way a homeless person tries to get money: scribble some incoherent crap on a piece of cardboard, and sit on the street. In practice, it is hard to distinguish these self-righteous hippies with the common bum. In fact, I have been known to lose up to $3.00 in small change during a typical protest. Second, there are the sign holders’ counterparts, the handbillers. These vicious bastards are as aggressive as a rabid badger with a stick up its ass and twice as tenacious. They hold in their hand the secrets for a happy life; you will read them if they have to pull your ass out of the car and staple them to your forehead.

As soon as I saw the crowd outside, I immediately ducked behind a bush. If the handbillers saw me, they would pounce on me like the hemp-clad velociraptors that they are. About that time, a fellow carnivore tried to make an escape from the parking lot in his truck.

The poor bastard was swarmed with hippies shoving reading material at him. They jumped on the hood, screamed through the windows, urinated in his gas tank and generally were rather rude. This was my chance; while they were occupied, I made a run for McDonald’s.

One of them must have seen me running for the door, because just as I was about a foot away, one of the handbillers body checked me into Ronald’s Playplace and shoved a dozen fliers down my throat while screaming, “Fight the Nazi corporate...
oppressor, man! What are you afraid of!?"

It took me the better part of an hour to squeeze my torso out of the Hamburgler’s fun slide, and by that time; the vegans had managed to divulge their entire thought process to me. Perhaps it was the way they explained it to me, or perhaps it was the fact that I had to listen to them, or maybe because my cranium had just smashed through four inches of molded plastic, but their rantings finally started to make sense.

I now realized that through a method of mind control and social conditioning, I had no choice but to eat the nutritionless corporate swill that was McDonald’s. But now I truly had free choice! Now I knew the truth! Now I knew I had to get the fuck away from these hippies! With my new liberty of free choice, I dashed across the street to the Carl’s Jr. Sitting there eating my burger with other carnivores driven from McDonald’s, I started to think about the information they crammed down my throat.

Unlike some groups that withhold information until they finish the mind control tactics, SETA will enlighten anything that will stand still long enough. Here’s what I managed to find out about why McDonald’s is the evil corporate empire:

1. They run advertisements which make McDonald’s look good. This, of course, was the brilliant innovation of Jacob Peawacker in 1985 who discovered that people tend to respond better to advertisements that make the client look good. For some reason the 1984 slogan, “McDonald’s: we sell you cow shit because you’re dumb enough to buy it,” never took off.

2. They kill cows... Yeah, I know! You would’t expect that from a burger joint.

3. Their commercials and use of prizes in meals target children. Damn them! Damn them for making intelligent marketing decisions!

4. They kill lots of cows... with big knives.

5. People have no choice but to eat at McDonald’s. Yeah, I remember going into McDonald’s for the first time... at gunpoint. They don’t do that much anymore. I kind of miss meeting people who would pull a gun on me and force me into the nearest McDonald’s.

6. Have I mentioned that they kinda kill cows... and chickens too?

7. The sell exactly what the public wants at a low cost. How dare those fuckers! Why must they sell what people want to turn a profit! Damn them for following simple rules of economics! Damn them to hell!

8... well numbers 8 through 1,657,473 are all about killing cows. This protest was nothing. In the end no fewer cows were killed. The routed carnivores found other means of securing their animal flesh. How many cows have to die to feed our fat lazy asses? Answer: as many god-damned cows as we can find!

Jeremy Jones, a sophomore majoring in journalism, is the graphics guy at the Oregon Commentator.

Valentine’s Day Massacre:

EUGENE -- One of the University’s best known student groups faces a defunding hearing after losing all thirteen of their charter members for violating Campus Virgin Club rules at the Valentine’s Day dance.

“I never saw it coming,” said freshman member Rachel Swinney. “We all believed really strongly in our convictions, but by the time morning came no prudes were still standing.”

According to co-director Lonnie Friedman, also the director of College Republicans and College Chess Champions, each member “got it on” after the groups consumed more than an entire case of Mike’s Hard Lemonade.

“It was just too much booze, and we lost control,” Friedman said. “And to be honest, I’m glad it happened, but it wasn’t the special moment I always wanted. I had pictures flowers and a wonderful man, but instead I was behind the alley with Billy Thompson. It was possibly the most awkward and unfulfilling experience since UPN went on-air.”

Thompson, however, recounted the incident by slapping high fives with two other members and estimating that, while he couldn’t be sure, he and Friedman “shared some crazy animal love” at least three times.

Sophomore Heidi Schlamacher has protested any attempts to dismiss her from the group because she believes her behavior after the Valentine’s Day dance doesn’t warrant her expulsion.

“I’m not going to say exactly what Fred McAllister did to me that night, but I am still technically a virgin because my maidenhood is still intact,” Schlamacher said as she sat on her foam hemorrhoid ring.

The Campus Virgins currently receive an annual budget of $74.38 to purchase cupcakes and friendship bracelets for their annual party. That money may now be returned to the ASUO and forwarded to the group’s archnemesis, the Campus S&M Club.

The only member willing to go on the record as happy the event occurred was Samantha Clay, a “born again virgin” who had been uneasy living a lie since joining last August.
Compared with other universities, the University of Oregon is a remarkably safe place to attend school. But reality persists, and reality is ugly. Take for example the ongoing incidences of attacks and attempted attacks against women on and around the UO campus. It has become clearer and clearer, since the reports first surfaced during the spring of the last school year, that there is a sexual predator actively pursuing victims in the community.

Only vigilance and preparedness, by men and women, officers and civilians alike, can find and stop the perpetrator. In the meantime, political tension around the campus is necessarily heightened, especially with regard to perennial concerns like sexual harassment and “rape culture.”

For example, the Oregon Daily Emerald has served as host to a dispute over allegations of harassment aboard the ASUO’s Designated Driver Shuttle (DDS). Controversy began after the Diane Huber news article “Shuttle criticized for unsafe climate” ran on Mar. 8, depicting one woman’s negative experience using the service. Referred to in the Emerald by the sobriquet “Melissa,” the woman’s complaint alleged that DDS drivers failed to respond to a potentially dangerous situation. According to the Emerald, Melissa was on a DDS shuttle going home when a male passenger made an unwanted advance toward her, putting his arm around her and saying: “How’s it going, baby.”

Assuming that Melissa’s recollection of the story is correct, then her complaint is certainly valid. After all, students shouldn’t have to deal with unwanted physical contact while using a student-subsidized service. Following the incident, Melissa did send an e-mail complaining to the DDS. In their reply, DDS told Melissa that she should notify the drivers the next time something like that occurred. But the problem with her complaint is that she failed to let the drivers know that she was uncomfortable with the situation at the time. As Thompson pointed out in an Emerald guest commentary, “If someone is physically touching you and you don’t want him or her to do so, you have to tell us. We can’t read minds. If someone is threatening you, you have to tell us. We are not monitoring people’s conversations. The person will be told to cease the activity. If they do not, their alternate choices are to get out of the van and walk home or have a conversation with DPS or EPD.”

In late February, shortly before the initial Huber piece, Melissa was again faced with what she perceived to be an uncomfortable situation while riding in a DDS shuttle. This time, she was upset that a rowdy passenger in the back seat yelled out “Fuck,” and then punched a window. She promptly complained to the drivers, who told her that the situation shouldn’t worry her. But Melissa was not satisfied with the explanation.

In the first incident, Melissa certainly had a valid reason to be upset. With the second incident, Melissa simply overreacted. As Thompson said, “People sometimes act inappropriately, they drink and use bad words. They burp, fart and vomit. Sometimes their actions irritate you. I’m sorry, but get over it.”

DDS is one of the few student services with a proven record of success. Most students have used it at one time or another, and it is an invaluable asset to students both on and off campus. But DDS is not a limo; it’s a van—usually an old van—used to haul around students who have been drinking (hence its nickname as the “Drunk Bus”). No one should expect a red carpet treatment—let alone the drivers, who have to put up with belligerent drunks every night. Such attacks against DDS’s safety factor are totally unwarranted, and an unfortunate by-product of the recent “rape culture” hype.

But the Emerald hasn’t been the only publication hopping on the “rape culture” bandwagon. The “new” Oregon Voice has been sporadically funny, but with Raechel Sims’ “Out of the Dark: Rape Culture” article it is has firmly established itself as a joke. Not only does Sims fail to make a convincing argument for the concept of “rape culture,” she uses most of her article as a pulpit to bash this publication. Apparently Sims—who neglected to disclose her former affiliation with this publication—spends most of her day poring over the COMMENTATOR looking for offensive content. Her choice of reading material is the only area where she exhibits any sense.

In the article, Sims takes exception to statistics from the Department of Public Safety’s website indicating that between 1998 and 2000, there were two (or in her words: “twp”) forcible sex offenses on campus. She points to undocumented figures from Sexual Assault Support Services that show over 900 victims of sexual assault—270 of them UO students—from January to March in 2001 alone.
If these numbers are correct, then we do not merely have a rapist loose in the community; we are in the midst of an epidemiologic unlike anything ever documented in modern history. 900 sexual assaults in three months mean 2700 cases a year.

A phone call to Sexual Assault Support Services (SASS) put these concerns to rest, refuting Sims’ woefully inaccurate statistics. Sims’ mistake was thus: Every month SASS receives between 250-300 client contacts. A contact could mean any number of things. A phone call is a contact, a walk-in visit is a contact and an appointment is a contact. A contact is simply a person who contacts SASS seeking information, help or counseling. A contact could be someone reporting sexual assault, but it could also be someone who wants to talk about a traumatic childhood incident. If the same person comes by seven times within the reporting period, that counts as seven contacts.

Instead, Sims takes 250-300 contacts to mean 250-300 actual cases of assault, a dangerous misrepresentation. Sims obviously didn’t contact SASS to verify these numbers. It’s much more likely that she simply heard them used by a spokesperson at the “Take Back the Night Rally,” a dubious source of information. Along the same lines, Sims also reasoned that if “3000” issues of the COMMENTATOR were read by about “three people,” that meant that “6000” students had been exposed to rape culture. You do the math on that one. Sloppy reasoning and sloppy math need not always go hand in hand, but their association isn’t incidental.

Inchoate though it may be, the broad term “rape culture” has lately been a buzz-word of on this campus and elsewhere. It is more of a term than a concept in of itself, a phrase used by left-wing feminists such as Andrea Dworkin, Catherine MacKinnon and their acolytes in Sociology and Women’s Studies departments to reinforce the notion of rape as a pervasive and even sanctioned behavior in society. Is there any truth to this? The Oregon Voice obviously thinks so, and the Emerald is willing to entertain the possibility. The Emerald should stick to being a journal of record until it can muster some real investigative work, and maybe the kids at the Voice should stick to covering emo-rock and leave the reporting to the adults.

The recent campus attacks against women are a serious issue, and every constructive measure toward apprehending the individual or individuals responsible must be taken. Anything less would be unforgivable. However, the recent “No More Curfews” rallies and Sims article do a disservice to the victims by clouding the attacks in a fog of feminist rhetoric – not to mention meaningless statistics. The Huber article, while not as damaging, softens the issue of sexual assault by allowing minor complaints into the same arena of discussion.

A “rape culture” is not responsible for the recent campus attacks. The men perpetuating these assaults, taking advantage of poorly lit areas, are responsible. They are dangerous criminals who should be fully prosecuted under the law, but they are not by-products of any “rape culture.”

Liberals have been complaining that since September 11th, voices of dissent have been silenced by a patriotic push for war. But to the turn the tables, it’s obvious that anyone who questions the validity of a “rape culture,” especially on a university campus as liberal as this is going to be unfairly labeled as an unsympathetic misogynist. After all, who would dare take issue with advocates of women’s safety? This was certainly the case with Sims’ critique of the COMMENTATOR.

While Sims’ was certainly welcome to question our statistics, she went a step too far in painting the COMMENTATOR as being misogynist. Since the COMMENTATOR started publishing in Sept. 1983, the left has accused it of everything in the sociology textbook – racist, patriarchal, homophobic, militaristic, capitalistic – but it doesn’t mean it’s all true, and it also doesn’t mean that those words necessarily belong together.

If some of our content is offensive to some people, that’s really more a matter of taste than of “discrimination.” The anecdotal people portrayed in our “Scenes From A Bar” piece were clearly just stereotypes taken to their fullest extent. And the two “Frat Guys” portrayed were ribbed for being buffoons looking to prey on drunk girls. We were mocking their behavior, not advocating it. Sims’ also pulled quotes out of an article titled “I, Sex Addict” that had risqué content, but if you read the whole thing it was the male, seeking resolve in a Sexual Anonymous group, who ended up taking the brunt of the criticism. The COMMENTATOR has a number of women on staff, and it always has; last year’s Publisher was a woman herself. Women have always contributed meaningfully to the OREGON COMMENTATOR, and the magazine would be the lesser if did they not. After awhile, it gets a little tedious to defend ourselves against every allegation of insensitivity that is sent our way.

Sims, and those before her, make an unfortunate mistake, namely confusing that which we make fun of for that which we represent. If you didn’t know before, now you do. Read a little more carefully, but keep reading. We know you will.

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Pete R. Hunt, a senior majoring in Journalism, is the Editor-in-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR. William Beutler, a senior majoring in English, is former Editor of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.
ON DAMNED WINGS

Every time I go upstairs, Detroit scores another one. From now on I'm staying down here.

—Server at Rennie's sharing our pain during the Colorado-Detroit Game 7 massacre. The only thing more pathetic than that 7-0 routing is the way Detroit is rolling over Carolina. Sucks not to be the Wings this year.

ON CIS CLASS

Sounds like a Budweiser! Let’s hear it for three day weekends!

—Mike Hennessy, CIS 111 commenting on a soda can being opened in class.

I’m just here for the cookies, boss.

—Student in CIS 111 answering one of Mike’s many inane questions. And we’re just here for the hookers and loose women. To each his own.

ON HOME AGAIN

I am thankful you included us in the Hate issue because we all are truly disappointed that there won’t be a Hack Attack this year. Frankly, and not to be conceited, but I thought I had a real chance at Hack of the Year.

—Brian Boone, former OV and OC editor. Nice to know Brian, we’ll be sure to hate the OV even more now that Raechel is in charge.

ON OC ASKS

You mean the pope is dead?!

—User Cassie B on the OC message board. No, the Pope is unfortunately still among the living. But, it is nice to know that somebody would care if he died.
ON EROTICA

Didn’t Slater end up doing male on male porn?
—User Cassie B in a different post. We do believe that Slater went on to do some gay porn. It seems, however, that his days of fellating heroin addicts have come to an end. He can be seen on a morning show “The Other Half” weekdays.

We very surprised by her last statement [sic], apparently it’s OK for advertisers in the Eugene Weekly to use the words ‘Horny’, ‘Hot Nasty Erotic Talk’, and ‘Casual Sex’ but we can’t put two nudist colony people on the cover.
—Editorial in the May/June Insurgent. Of course those advertisers can use those words, people want to talk a a blonde co-ed for the low low rate of 69 cents a minute. Nobody wants to see two ugly naked people. Shit.

ON EFFICIENCY

Slitting people’s throats, to me, just too many witnesses.
—Doug The Bible Guy to other religious guy on the corner.
Well, we’ve never been much for slitting throats, we much prefer to strike silently in the night like so much inhaled carbon monoxide.

Dead Weight Loss is horrible, it makes Economists cry.
Destruction of public property

Fire hose wet
T-shirt competitions

Throwing empty beer bottles at invisible enemies.

Bonfire
strip-tease

Just another Eugene riot

S.O.B was there.

Please Enjoy Pissed off S.O.B and fling the empty bottle at police responsibly.