TATER AWARDS 2003

Plus: Year in Review, Best of the OC, End Of An Era.
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.
I took a cane from a blind man. That was some seriously funny shit.

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Summer, 2003
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I took a cane from a blind man. That was some seriously funny shit.

TATER AWARDS: Quacks and Smacks? We’ve been at it a lot longer than those clowns, see who’s hot and who’s not only on PAGE 8.

BEST OF 2002-2003: Another year passed, what was great about our magazine? Everything. But the cream of the crop, the very pinnacle of drunken student journalism begins on PAGE 22.

GOODBYE AND FAREWELL: Bret Jacobson says goodbye to the Commentator on PAGE 14. And, on PAGE 18, Timothy Dreier bids former Editor-In-Chief Pete Hunt a fond farewell, because Pete never got around to saying goodbye for himself.

YEAR IN REVIEW: Brett Callahan takes a look at the happenings of our just concluded year. What happened, and why you should care on PAGE 10.

TERMINATED!: Tyler Graf made the mistake of telling the truth about his terrible job at the Tilt arcade in Gateway Mall. Find out what happened when his boss learned what Tyler really thought. PAGE 12.
THERE’S NO NEED TO FEAR: UNDERDOG IS HERE...

A few years ago, the University survived with an underdog mentality that kept our spirits high even in times of trouble. Today, we have expectations, and they will be our undoing.

A few short years ago, this University had an underdog mentality. We were a backwoods school, with a small sports program, and mediocre academics. Our only claim to any sort of recognition was one alcoholic distance runner from two decades past, and also the founder of Nike. Steve Prefontaine and Phil Knight hardly a legacy make. For years Oregon had been thought of as Track Mecca, but our teams were mediocre. All of that, our underdog mentality and our faith in times of trouble has vanished. We have become weakened, sad fans who expect results.

Hope is the root of our problems, after two fairly good seasons, and one in which we deserved to play for the NCAA Division 1 football title, we have stopped caring about our team as much as we care about our team winning. When we were led by Saint Joey, our football program could do no wrong. Those same years brought success on the basketball court, even leading to an appearance in the Elite Eight. But, as with all things, our glory was fleeting. Last year was one of the saddest in UO sporting history, with no real forward momentum in any season, our sports teams of note managed to completely fail. Our hopes were risen by some success, and now we wait in the depths for a hero to emerge, a hero to lead our people to victory.

Unfortunately, that’s not likely to happen. Our quarterback is a joke, and our best basketball player left for the NBA. Marketing, in the form of its recent branding drive, is all that the University has left to offer Duck fans. Now, we here at the Commentator know the power of branding, and we know that the marketing push is good for the University in the long run. UO desperately needed some national attention, and the sorts of financial gains that can be made by attracting students via athletic recognition are incredibly important to any school. But, the University’s branding push has started the dangerous game of expectations, a game that can ruin fan morale and cause havoc in the student section at Autzen. Furthermore, the University’s marketing gurus have done some incredibly stupid things. They attempted to make ASUO groups use the new “O” logo on all written materials; they brought in AssQuack, the product of some sort of helmet/duck breeding experiment and they’ve gotten new uniforms that are, in a word, fugly.

All of this is part of the hype, part of the way in which the University is trying to increase exposure on a national level. The Joey billboard in New York, the advertisements in California, those were brilliant pieces of advertising, and most likely did wonders for our Athletic Department and for the University as a whole. Now, for many, this would be the point where “what about spending all that money on academics” would be shouted ad infinitum from the nearest pulpit. Such a statement, while impressive in its usual fervor, creates a false binary. The UO Athletic Department is completely independently funded, they receive a subsidy for student tickets from the University, and that’s it. The Athletic Department uses its own funds for advertising and all of that, and its work benefits the school by attracting students.

There is, however, a problem with all of this. When students are lured into coming here by flashy marketing campaigns, they’re going to expect a good academic and athletic experience that matches the things touted in the commercials. If new, out of state students arrive expecting to see our sports teams win; they’ve got another thing coming. If they’re expecting a satisfactory collegiate experience, they might be in for a disappointing surprise.

MARKETING, IN THE FORM OF ITS RECENT BRANDING DRIVE, IS ALL THAT THE UNIVERSITY HAS LEFT TO OFFER DUCK FANS.

The underdog spirit that once pervaded every aspect of life at this University has disappeared as UO has become more corporate. The marketing push is something we desperately needed, because being a second-tier school in a backwater town on the west coast would not have been a recipe for success. But, we must be careful as we move forward, we need to remember that the cow has not always been fat, and that some years are going to be lean. It is important for us to desire that our teams win, while realizing that they probably won’t. ABC and ESPN will not love us forever, and the Heisman Trophy will never come to Oregon, regardless of who deserves it. And, as a west-coast team, it is unlikely that the BCS will ever select Oregon for an appearance in the national championship, even if Nebraska sucks it up. That’s all right, though, we don’t need their approval. We need to remember our roots, as it were. We need to keep in mind that for long periods of this school’s history, it was largely ignored. By keeping in mind our past, and the underdog spirit that enabled us to love our teams anyway, we’ll be much happier in the end. High expectations will breed only discontent and myopia.
OREGON COMMENTATOR

• **Layout:** We need some.

• **Reporting:** We’re drunker than the Emerald, and more fun.

• **Graphics:** Make some for us, or we’ll break your kneecaps.

Room 319 EMU
346-3721

Losers need not apply.
Man With 2.75 GPA Denounces Academic Elitism

EUGENE, OR — 2.75 GPA student Mark Nelsen took a shot at the academic intelligentsia today. “If those Harvard bastards weren’t such stuck-up ninnies, I’d have gotten in.” Nelsen said.

Nelsen’s school, the University of Oregon, has recently decided to raise the requirement for automatic admission to 3.25 from 3.0. Nelsen fears that this change will lead to snobbery at the University. “Soon a student with a 2.75 GPA and 900 SAT score won’t even be able to attend a second-tier state school, what’s the world coming to?”

Nelsen, however, would not like to see too many students admitted to the University. “Those 2.5 students need to stay at home, they’re obviously unqualified to enter college,” Nelsen added. The new policy takes effect next year.

McNeill Loses! No One Surprised

University senior Greg McNeill’s hard-fought run for the position of fluffer with the College Republicans has met with bitter defeat at the polls, extending McNeill’s record to one hundred and fifty two consecutive bitter defeats.

Other posts McNeill - a man who could not fairly be characterized as a quitter - has not been elected to include Eugene city councilman, Oregon state representative, neighborhood association chairman, assorted positions in and around the ASUO, and official state mascot of Idaho. Mystifyingly, he has not yet filed in the California gubernatorial race.

Following this latest setback in McNeill’s desperate quest to devote his life to some form of public service, morale in the offices of At This Rate, Probably Not McNeill For President was low. “This is even beginning to get me down,” commented one McNeill volunteer, “and I interned for Perot.”

Eric Bailey - McNeill’s bizarro-world companion in unelectability - could not be reached for comment. A study published last year by the National Obscurity Institute in Lincoln, Nebraska speculated that, were it not for the pair’s irreconcilable political differences, they might have it in them to become the first presidential ticket in history to receive a negative number of votes.

CONVIENIENT POETRY CORNER

Languishing away in the unexciting, unfulfilling, unbelievable hell that is Eugene during a warm summer? I am. But how bad do you really have it? Are little leprechauns pounding away in the caverns that are your brain as you sleep? Did that copy of Little Women that you shamefully borrowed from your girlfriend get stuck in your VCR the same night your friends came over to watch the new Bond flick? ‘Cause that would suck, but not as much as the purgatorial boredom that lead to these...

...Convenience Store Haiku

Stupid hippie with dreadlocks be gone. Tragically my store smells like you.

Ambrosia’s fountain ice tumbles down from above soda: God’s nectar

Making a purchase headphones in ears. I say thanks; hopefully you die.

Bomb threat, sudden fire earthquake or plague—anything to escape counter

Two item purchase, you spout your views. What’s that smell? your halitosis

Don’t like my haiku? improper format? May ten mice nibble your ears
Emerald Watch: Summer Insanity Edition

In the latest edition of Quacks & Smacks, the ODE manages to rag on everything from the Terror Futures idea recently abandoned by the Pentagon to the Oregon State Legislature. These so called “smacks” are, seemingly, awarded without thought or procedure. At random, if you will. The Pentagon’s futures market idea may seem crass at first glance, but this sort of trading really does improve information flow. Once enough people with any sort of data are making guesses, a most likely scenario arises post-haste. For the trading to be shut down by people’s feelings before it even got a chance to prove itself is pathetic. Big fuck you on that one, guys.

They also send out smacks to the British Royal Family for, get this, getting too much media attention. Yes, those awful Royals should really stop making the celebrity-sucking tabloid media follow them around. Oh, and fellas, about the Oregon Legislature, they’d have had a budget decision a long time ago if the budget estimates hadn’t been based on an oscenely high growth estimate. Oh, and if they’d just eliminate both PERS and the Oregon Health Plan things would be fin, but you wouldn’t want that now would you? Of course not, lefty prigs.

So they hate a lot of stuff, but what do the ODE editors like? Otter Pops, apparently, and restaurants that stay open “past sundown.” It appears, then, that the board must be made up of 6-year-olds who are excited that they finally get to stay awake until 10pm. They’re also excited that summer school is over, so they must be first-graders who didn’t do so well and didn’t want to be held back...again. Their love of otterpops and summer is quite disturbing for “adults.”

It seems that the ODE editors really like to carp at statewide and national issues without offering any sort of constructive ideas while praising simple, meaningless things. We were hoping that would end with Kleckner’s departure, but were sorely mistaken. The current ODE editors are just as self-absorbed, snarky, and sad as Kleckner’s Krew. At least the sports section is still the jewel of the Ol’ Dirty...wait, it’s summer, there isn’t a sports section. The closest thing to “not the op-ed page” is The Pulse, all written by Ryan Nyburg and all crappy, all the time. Good luck this year guys, you’re really going to fucking need it.

City Council to Rename Every Street “MLK”

August 12, 2003 — The Eugene City Council approved today a motion to rename every street in Eugene after Martin Luther King Junior.

“We feel this is a necessary step to make up for Oregon’s history of injustice,” said Ward Three Councilor David Kelley. “There are more than enough synonyms for ‘street’ in the English language that we can have a unique title for every road, parkway, avenue and, of course, boulevard in Eugene” Kelly continued.

Citizens, however, are concerned about the impact upon their homes, businesses, and magazine subscriptions.

“It’s fucking reccockulous, how the hell am I going to send letter-bombs to Mr. Appliance if I can’t figure out what his goddamn address is?” said former Eugene resident BD Gerheart, who now lives in Astoria.

Steve Morozumi, programs adviser for the University Multicultural Center, said that this was one more way in which Whitey must make up for past crimes, adding that “anyone who opposes this measure is obviously a card-carrying member of the KKK and should have is liver pecked out by an eagle.”

The EPD, Fire Department, and Post Office disagree, however. “How are we going to respond to any calls at all? I mean, if these people want the city to fall into anarchy and burn to the ground that’s fine with me, but EPD won’t take responsibility,” said EPD spokesperson Kerry Delf.

Residents of the Whitaker neighborhood were reportedly excited about the change, saying that the renaming would “bring down the patriarchal naming system.”
OREGON COMMENTATOR

Jason "Barney" Fife

Woman Of The Year
She has an invisible jet, a cool lasso, some awesome spandex tights, and can kick tons of ass. That’s wonderwoman, a far cry from our Woman Of The Year. Barney Fife, with her mullet and complete lack of skill, managed to take the UO football team from #2 in the nation down the long, dark road to nowhereville. She killed our team, she shattered our morale, and her haircut was beyond redemption. Sure, the defensive secondary was a bit weak, but you can’t win if you don’t score. The only draft she’ll ever end up in will put her someplace in Asia trying to put down a North Korean insurgency across the DMZ. For playing like a pro, Barney Fife is Woman Of The Year.

Michael J. Kleckner

Man Of The Year
The winner of this year’s prestigious award has made a name for himself as Editor-in-Chief of the O’ Dirty Emer-al-d. Not satisfied with simply running the paper’s credibility into the ground through selective reporting and obvious leftist bias, Kleckner embarked on a quest to use every opportunity to push the LGBTQA agenda. He even went so far as to use a student’s unfortunate suicide to hump the agenda of a group with which the student, Kyle Richmond, did not agree. During the ASUO election campaign, Kleckner intentionally ignored possible stories about Maddy and Eddy. For his diligent, unbiased, and trustworthy reporting. Michael J Kleckner is Man Of The Year.

Don Goldman

Rising Star
If you’ve been on campus this year, you’ve seen the newest edition to our lovable community. Mr. Goldman, a respected member of the student body, spends his days working for the Student Insurgent and his free time reading political speeches in the EMU amphitheatre, the content of which would make Trotsky blush. His now-famous “fuck speech” drew the attention of DPS and local members of the Green party, the former called EPD to arrest him for causing a disturbance, the latter complained about the fascist pigs. There is no doubt that Don Goldman, this year’s rising star, is going places. He’s sure to make a name for himself on the nightly news. Free and Critter will have nothing on Don.

Frank Stahl

Professor Of The Year
We’re sure you all remember walking down the street, trying to go to class, and being pestered by a couple of fools with poorly thought-out anti-war signs. Well, Professor Stahl was that man. He and his wife stood on 13th for many days, passing out fliers with “information” about the Iraq war. He even sponsored that anti-war resolution that failed to make quorum. Wait a minute…shouldn’t Mr. Stahl, ostensibly a biology researcher, have been using his time to teach classes? Where on earth does a professor at a university get the free time to sit around and hand out garbage to students on the street. The University pays him to hand out bullshit in the classroom, not on the street. For his tireless efforts to be rid of his logical faculties, Frank Stahl is Professor Of The Year.

The Story of O

Debacle Of The Year
In the old west, ranchers used brands to mark their cattle. At the University, the administration wanted to try the same trick with ASUO programs. This magazine, the Insurgent, and all of the other student groups would have been required to use the new O logo on everything they printed. In an event not seen since the dawning of time, all ASUO programs banded together and destroyed the new policy before it could take root. That the administration would even attempt such a breach of trust with student groups is appalling, that they did so without any notice is even worse. This debacle set a terrible trend for future ASUO relations with the administration.

The Story of O
Tater Awards

Creepiest use of an anthropomorphic, cartoon-inspired, Nike-funded college mascot.
Mandrake

The Ticket Master.
AD Head of Internal Ops Steve McBride

One spoke short of sanity
Unicycle Guy

Serving minors, serving us all
Ben Buzbee

Best place to pick up ready-and-willing prosti-tots.
Hamlin Middle School

The face of the regime
ASUO Controllers

Most creative use of slipping chicks ruffies without the help of alcohol
Dry U of O Fraternities

Why-should-I-be-accountable-for-fiscal-improprieties-if-I’m-graduating?
ADFC Chair Kate Kranzush

This year’s recipient of the journalism school’s “Peter Arnett” award for most out-spoken apologist and moral relativist for dictatorial thugs and foes of America.
Julie Lauderbaugh

Friends of Dorothy
Maddy and Eddy
The more things change, the more they stay the same. Another year has passed, and this time, the job of sifting through the alcohol ridden shambles of my memory and writing the year in review has fallen to me. Don’t look for anything new. Riots, a failed attempt to make the university political, the collapse of Duck Athletics as we thought we knew them, one raging homophobe who will probably be sodomized in hell, the University’s attempt to force a new emblem upon students, tickets mysteriously being purchased with student funds, two deaths which can be placed near the feet of the ODE, the ASUO executive campaign charged with theft, and a mascot that was a sin against nature and sensibility might sound exciting, but average them out and you get just about three news worthy events per term and the feeling that this all happened last year. Still, I’m alive, my liver still functions, albeit erratically, and we’re looking down the gleaming barrel of sunny and joyous months, far from this bastion of leftist propaganda known as the University of Oregon—things are looking up, until you realize that by the time the stench of patchouli has faded from your nostrils, you’ll be headed back here again. Without further rambling, here’s the Year in Review….

The Riots

The year ended on a fairly exciting note last year, what with students rioting in the streets and the police finally getting to try on their shiny new riot gear. In fact, students had so much fun that they decided to revive the tradition a little early this year, rioting in the streets on Friday, September 24th. What started out as several smaller parties eventually spilled into the street, with angry, coked up students and local potheads setting fire to everything they could get their hands on, including mattresses, dumpsters, a car, a golf cart, a phone booth, and several of the street circles in the west university neighborhood.

To this day no one knows exactly what caused the riot, but Dean of Students had a remarkable theory, suggesting that causes “could have included the densely packed group of people clustered in the neighborhood where the riot took place, the bonfires set in the streets or the alcohol consumed during the evening.” While this statement is surely admirable in its redundancy, it doesn’t demonstrate a real grasp for the cause of the riots—after all, once angry mobs of drunks have set things afire in the streets, isn’t the riot underway?

The aftermath of Eugene’s second riots in four months included assertions that students were to blame. Students? Rioting? Oh my. Anybody there (and I was) can tell you that the crowd was made up almost entirely of students. It was student parties that started the riots and students who began throwing bottles and pebbles at EPD and Eugene Fire officers who attempted to put out the fire. Still, the heavy student presence should not have been cause for the university to change its conduct code to cover incidents taking place off campus, as was later suggested. Students convicted of participating in the riots were dealt with by the EPD. Up to 35 were arrested the initial night, with some receiving jail time. Others were fined. This is punishment enough. The university’s response to the riots, calling the parents of students involved, seems rather pointless when considered alongside a heavy fine or an all expenses paid trip to the jail mess hall with you knew boyfriend, Bubba.

Logo, Shmogo

What goes well with a huge budget crisis, other than Chianti? Why, of course the answer is an attempt to force all students to use one logo, the official “O”. That the money didn’t exist at a school strapped by budget woes and facing rising tuition didn’t mean much to Allan Price, the Vice President of University Advancement. In a misguided attempt to promote “a consistent image” Price and his cronies decided to force all UO student groups to use the new University logo on memos, vehicles, letterheads etc.

Other than the horrendous cost that would have forced the university to return to its favorite well of late—its own student’s pockets—this would have attached the University to points of
view that it nothing to do with. One of the requirements was to be that the “O” stand larger than the image of the student group. Can you imagine picking up the OC Hate Issue and finding the official “O” attached to it? This would, for all intents and purposes, give the image that the UO endorsed the ideas within the Commentator, something that it does not do.

Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed, and the logo controversy disappeared. Still, I’d be willing to consider the change—right after Dave Frohnmayer agrees to pay for the printing of the first million new pieces of stationary from his overfed bank account.

**UO FOOTBALL**

Anyone who tuned out midway through the football season would conclude that the Ducks had had another stellar year. We started 6-0 without blowout wins over Mississippi State, Fresno State, and Gresham High School. Onterrio Smith was earning praise from ESPN commentators as fast as he could pile up yards, and Jason Fife was leading the Pac-10 in passing efficiency. Even the defense looked to have found solutions, as new corners on both sides of the field demonstrated a knack for picking off wobbly, poorly thrown passes.

And then the wheels came off, taking Duck fans rose-colored glasses with them. Onterrio got hurt, Steven Moore was too damn short, and all those pre-snap shifts along the O-line that had looked so tricky in the preseason ended up only fooling hapless fullback Matt Floberg. The play at the quarterback position, stellar in years past, began to resemble a comedy of errors, or perhaps a Shakespeare tragedy. Jason Fife, the heir to legend Joey Harrington, routinely placed balls fifteen feet over his wide outs heads, but consistently hit players wearing else than green and yellow squarely between the numbers.

The season, and hopefully Jason Fife’s playing time, came to an end with the Seattle Bowl drubbing at the hands of Wake Forrest, a school known for its unusual mascot and its complete inability to play football. If there was one positive to the season, it was that Kellen Clemens got on the field and looked adequate doing so in the game, giving we diehard football fans some hope that next fall won’t be so hard on our gambling and our livers. No one should ever be forced to drink Pabst for three straight months because he keeps betting on the Ducks. But don’t worry; I’m taking us over Michigan, straight up.

**MANDRAKE**

The phrase “gayer than disco” is probably overused. After all, what could possibly be more gay than the epitome of the disco era, the Village People? Well, in a word, Mandrake, the university’s failed attempt at a more marketable and profitable alternative to Donald. This guy makes the outfits of the Village People look like a Mormon’s Sunday best by comparison. The spandex, the horribly designed helmet, the strutting and prancing, and that horrible, horrible ass pad…ugh. Supposedly Donald’s brother, Mandrake leapt straight from our nightmares to reality in a halftime event at Autzen Stadium.

Assquack—as the OC immediately dubbed the new mascot—had a bumpy run from the start. He was loudly booed at nearly every event he showed up at, was the center of a controversy involving the Pit Crew leadership and some ill-gotten sneakers, and slammed his head into the rim during a dunk at a home basketball game. The spectacle was certainly exciting, but probably not in the way that many had hoped. For now, Mandrake has slipped back into relative obscurity, where every true Duck fan will hope that he stays.

**THE ANTI-WAR RESOLUTION**

Universities like the UO are by nature political. Students and staff tend to be slightly to the left of Joseph Stalin on the political spectrum. Yet these are, for the most part, privately held opinions; the right of any person. Official political stances are the realm of policy makers and the
Riddle me this, friends and foes: What’s worse than working at the Gateway Mall? Answer: Unemployment, the final frontier. Sure, we’ve been hearing a lot about it, but I have had the distinct misfortune of experiencing it against my will. Euphemistically speaking, this means I was fired--fired from one of the worst malls in America. Being fired from the Gateway Mall is humiliating on so many levels, but the fact that I was not fired because of a lackadasical work ethic or my employer’s desire to cut costs, but rather because I was perceived as an out-spoken malcontant who had the cajones to voice his dissent, blackened my already dark soul to an outright stygian hue. I knew that I had to speak out; I knew I had to tell my story.

On May 21, 2003, the Oregon Commentator published an article I wrote entitled “I Hate the Gateway Mall”, much of which focused on my employer, Tilt Family Entertainment. The piece was supposed to be humorous, but much like Martin Luther’s 1517 thesis, which historians will inevitably conclude was merely intended as an inside joke, the consequences were dire.

When my regional manager, Chuck, laid his grubby, pizza sauce-stained fingers on my article, I felt no anxiety. In fact, I thought he would get a kick out of it--that’s why I handed it to him and said: “Look at this!” Boy, that was not smart. He chuckled a little bit to himself as he began reading it, but then I noticed a distinctive change in demeanor. His face went blank, he stopped chuckling, and he dropped the magazine. He walked to the backroom and returned 10 minutes later, his usually distressed and bloated face—a face of an angry, embittered cherub with gigantism—looking uncharacteristically gaunt.

“Tyler,” my manager barked at me. “I was really offended by your article. It was kind of funny until you started mentioning Tilt.”

“I’m sorry you feel that way,” I lied.

“Don’t you understand that this is my livelihood? I don’t appreciate jokes being made at my expense.”

“Well, that’s too bad, but it is not my role in life to make you feel good about the poor decisions you’ve made,” I said, punctuating every syllable with an authoritative wag of my finger mere inches from my manager’s face. In retrospect, this may not have been the wisest decision. One could argue that if my head had not been fogged by a sudden, over-powering surge of acrimonious adrenalin, fueled primarily by this mongoloid’s criticism, I would not have shed my generally cool exterior of its emotional detachment. But I was livid—livid that this functionally illiterate man-child, who looks like the result of an unholy union between the Pillsbury Doughboy and a mentally handicapped Charlie Brown, would take such grave offense to something that was simply meant to be amusing. Grow some balls, man.

The next day I arrived to work, on time as always, and walked to the back room to clock in. Before I could find my time card, the store manager, Stan, poked his head into the back room from his adjoining office. “I need to have a word with you, Tyler.”

When your boss says that he “wants to have a word” with you, it means only one thing: The shit has finally hit the fan. So I entered the office, sat down, and mentally prepared myself for the expected onslaught. “Today is not a happy day, Tyler,” he began.

He was not lying, unless your idea of “happy” is being terminated from a job that is so debased that even high school drop-outs can ascend to the rank of assistant manager. However, Stan gave me the option of quitting or being fired. I chose to quit because I had donated far too much time to the place to walk away sans reference and because it is difficult for students to collect unemployment. But I was still infuriated; there is an employee who, prior to my working there, threatened to come...
to work and kill everyone. He still works at Tilt. In fact, he gave me a ride the other day and laughed about the entire episode as if it had merely been a youthful indiscretion. Isn’t that the type of place you want to bring your children—a place where death threats are laughed at more heartily than any Ziggy cartoon ever published?

To make a long story short, I was fired because I wrote a truthful, albeit unflattering, article that, as an ancillary note, mentioned Tilt. Apparently the unwritten Mafia code of silence Omerta applies to Tilt employees, too: if you speak of the Tilt “family” to outsiders, they will send their goombas out to ruin your life.

Suddenly I was cast into a cruel, unfeeling world where I was no better than your average, everyday homeless person—well, with two exceptions: I live in a comfortable apartment and I don’t smell like garbage. But suddenly I became a member of the ever-increasing clique of the unemployed, and I had plenty of company. In fact, if there is one thing Oregon is good at, it is not generating jobs. For example, in February the unemployment rate stood at 7.3%; in March it increased to 7.6%; but in June, the month in which I was looking for work, the unemployment rate skyrocketed to 8.5%, its highest rate in 17 years. I’m proud that I, in some small part, contributed to this rate.

But I did not consider any of these factors during my pursuit of employment. My job search began, for some reason, in the Gateway Mall. I’m like a battered wife who continually returns to her abusive spouse. I applied to the Sunglass Hut, a job that entails standing around a kiosk for long stretches of time and flirting with the skank who sells cell phones from a nearby kiosk. I also applied to Cinemark 17. I received no response from either business, which only compounded my sense of failure. When I attempted to follow up on a resume and application I turned in to the Sunglass Hut, the frat dick who runs the place said: “If we need you, we’ll call you. That’s usually the way it works.” I would soon discover the reason for his dickish behavior.

Eventually, I sucked in what was left of my pride, dusted off the potato chip crumbs that had collected on my shirt from the long hours of playing video games and drinking cheap beer which constituted the closest thing to a job I could muster, and I applied to McDonald’s. I had worked at McDonald’s previously, so I thought I would be a shoe-in. The interview was a breeze, but I was worried that the pungent stench of desperation emanating from my general direction was overpowering. Toward the end of the interview process the interviewing manager gave me a character analysis “psych test” in order to test my moral purity. Almost all of the questions pertained to drug use; the entire test seemed like it had been written by an ex-stoner who was going through some heavy withdraws. Sample question: “How many times have you come to work after smoking marijuana? (weed, pot, Mary Jane, ghanja, sweet mamba-jamba, bammy, Jump To 17

If it’s good enough for Asia, it’s good enough for Tyler Graf. He’ll sling you a burger if you come into his house.
II

AN AIDE STROLLED INTO THE PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE AT A QUICK CLIP BUT NOT OFFERING ANY DEMONSTRABLE CONCERN.

“Sir, one of our teachers has gone and lost it. Apparently he has taken his class hostage,” the aide offered.

“Hmm?” the silver-haired, saggy man inquired. He hadn’t really heard the question. He was busy looking over notes for an upcoming lunch with the school’s major donor. This lunch had to go perfectly, because donor money was the only thing keeping the school from completely folding and proving, once and for all, that the foundation of a once-proud school had rotted away. This lunch, this one lunch, could mean all the --

“Karl has taken them hostage, sir” the aide offered again. There was no indication the principal had heard her the first time, the second time and there seemed little reason to waste breath trying any more to get his attention.

Before the aide knew it the president was diverting his attention away to an urgent phone call. His panicked voice cracked incredulously as he queried the head football coach about a concerning trend of recruiting troubled football players.

“What do you mean, he killed a cat, Bob? … Oh, he kicked it around a while, then he left? And then someone else finished the cat off later? Oh, that’s no problem. What’s the kid’s name? Rodney? Oh, ok. Bob. Say, Bob, don’t forget, this Sunday’s the big alumni lunch. We need a big haul, so make a great speech, eh? Ok, will do, Bob. Bye.”

The principal was a kindly old man. His hearing had gone. At least when it came to anything that did not pertain to the football team’s hopes for a state title or the cash register sounds of donor money. Students voices, oddly, seemed to ring hollow in his tin ears.

His vision had been degraded along the way, too. Once considered a visionary, the principal now uncomfortably resembled Mr. McGoo. For this particular man a good day was one in which he could read his own name on Prozac, his lifeblood.

But despite his constant inability to read the important matters of his job — interpersonal matters, political concerns, public relations needs — those who knew him swore by his kindly nature and would stick by him no matter what. Loyalty may be a rare thing in some parts, but there seemed no shortage of rats that would go down with his ship.

And administrators come and go, paying lip service to Michelangelo.

III

THE THIN, PRETTY BUT PALE GIRL WITH BLONDE PIGTAILS WAS LOSING HER BATTLE WITH THE TEARS. Next to her was Samuel Johnston. Smart, attractive and from an upper-middle class family, Samuel was a local celebrity because he was black. Er, African-American.

Samuel spoke up. “Sir, I need to use the restroom. May I leave? I promise I’ll come back”

Karl was torn. But he knew the right thing to do would be to let out Samuel out to use the restroom. Karl looked upon the
young man's face and Karl knew what the poor man must've gone through in life. It sickened him. Racial taunts, barking police dogs, fire hoses — oh, God, Karl could see it all.

That this vision had nothing to do with Samuel's life experience mattered little to either man. They were but mere cogs of vast social classes; one would feel guilty and one would accept that guilt as payment.

Quietly in the back corner of the room, away from prying eyes, taking all of the action in, was Karl's Teaching Assistant, commonly referred to as Felcher for his rumored methods of achieving career success. Felcher's hand was moving slowly up and down his thigh, rubbing himself as he became more and more excited. Watching the ferocity and tenacity of his mentor take control of a room to preach a righteous message to uneducated dolt children was perhaps the most seminal moment in the TA's life. He knew he would follow this man to the ends of the earth, and he would become an apostle to spread the righteous religion. Felcher's hand kept moving up and down until an amusing thought popped into his head: "Is that a pencil in my pocket or am I just happy to see me?"

Karl released Samuel. He knew Samuel wouldn't come back, but after all the young man had gone through, who wouldn't understand?

"Of course you can go, Samuel. But hurry back." The young man hauled ass out of the room, only to look back briefly at the thin, pretty but pale blonde girl with pigtails. She was hot, but too dumb to play on her greatest assets, Samuel thought. Then he was history.

As Samuel was leaving the room he was passed by a very tardy, and very hungover student named Jed. His breath, his sweat, probably his prostate — all saturated by cheap whiskey. Not immediately realizing the hostage situation around him, Jed plunked himself down into the newly free seat.

Karl continued the lecture he would get out come hell or high water.

"Michelangelo was a tool of the hegemonic paradigm," Karl thundered. He was gaining his righteous rhythm in which he would fire semiautomatic shots of semiotic analysis regarding the oppression of everyone by "big corporations" and their puppet politicians. "There can be no beauty in Michelangelo's work. It was racist! It was for the rich!"

Jed interrupted. "What the fuck are you talking about, man? Michelangelo was a classic."

Karl knew in his belly that Michelangelo's bloated role in history — which traditional historians would attribute to hitherto unseen talent — was nothing more than a reflection on the evils of power. And the topic most certainly wasn't open for debate.

"I'm in charge here, you little fascist," Karl retorted snidely. Anytime he was challenged, however infrequent the case seemed to be now that coercions prevented many such instances, Karl would forego intellectual discourse. Instead, he headed straight for the rhetorical bullwhip — the use of power.

"I don't think you are in any position to speak up, kid," Karl said.

Thank God Karl was here to influence the youth of tomorrow before anymore people grew up mentally oppressed. Poor and bitter, that was the life for St. Karl.

But Jed was pissed. He and his friends were generally treated like trash by self-styled progressive thinkers. For all he was concerned, "progressives" were largely people he couldn't hack it in any real form of competition — but they were crazy enough to grab power, even in the lowest of arenas. Jed and a few of his friends made it a policy to speak out against such petty tyrants, between shots of Jager.

And commentators come and go, fighting for Michelangelo.

IV

On the opposite side of the building from the hostage scene two students huddled together in a dark janitor's closet. The scent of Pine Sol mingled seductively with the musky sweat trickling out of the pores of Brad, the student body president, and Jen, the editor of the student paper.

"I'm going to need a money quote on this story, Brad," Jen breathed out softly.

"You know the deal, sweetie. Money quote for money shot" the ambitious young pol said.

That which occurred next was simply a re-enactment of an everyday occurrence. The scion of the school's political class and the hungry young reporter, for whom social justice trumped the stodgy proscriptions of pro-
In May of this year, a freshman named Vincent Martorano had a guest commentary run in our campus paper of record. He had, apparently, done some serious thinking about a traditionally sensitive issue, and he was finally ready to make his conclusions known to the community at large. Just to set the tone, the headline was “Homosexual men should hide their disgusting acts” - although, to be fair, I think lesbians were also implicitly censured — and the piece is still available in the Emerald’s online archives along with a surprising amount of feedback. As you can probably gather from the headline, after a couple of paragraphs spent decrying “liberal orthodoxy” on campus— material that regular readers of this magazine have hopefully learned to love by now — Martorano’s train leaves the rails, never to catch sight of them again:

“I fail to understand how anyone can openly be proud of such a lifestyle. I do not base my position on any sort of religious belief, but I do obtain a sense of moral decency that provides me with the knowledge that homosexual behavior is wrong.”

Collective intake of breath: A sense of moral decency, you say? Well, I’m certainly glad we got that one cleared up, then. It’s probably unfair to focus on Martorano too much here, but I’m going to do so anyway. It’s unfair because he’s not alone, as a skim of the subsequent Emerald letters pages will reveal. It’s also perhaps misleading, because there’s a good chance that he was just trolling for attention - shouting bad words in public to watch everyone get all overwrought. However, his piece did become a focal point for campus debate over the I-can’t-believe-it’s-still-an-issue issue of gay rights. This was partly due to its small sideline role in the Emerald’s unusual attempt to politicize a student’s suicide, and partly because it’s quite poorly put together and reads like a parody of itself. So it’s a good place to start.

Also, it irritated me.

I am a product of my times. Homophobia, as an ideology, seems not just quaint and anachronistic but slightly bizarre to me. I grew up with positive gay role models, in life and in literature, and the idea that gay people differ from straight people in any sense apart from the obvious one— or even that these are rigidly delineated categories — seems frankly at odds with reality. Fortunately, I am to be catered for: “I apologize to any of you liberals out there who are shocked to hear that there are indeed individuals such as myself who harbor such views.”

No, really, an apology is hardly required. You’re a freshman political science major, not fucking Raskolnikov. (Although, come to think, what was Raskolnikov’s major?)

Today, it seems like there’s a gay pride parade every other day, and all of a sudden gay individuals are actually proud of their queer lifestyle, which by definition is strange and odd.

There you go. If only you’d thought to pick a word that meant “commonplace” or “familiar”, we wouldn’t be in this mess now.

“I long for the days when homosexuality was viewed by society as an illness.”

And so on. It’s great sport and not much effort to knock this stuff around. Somehow, though, there’s no sense of closure. Most of the responses to this astonishing work of journalism have - more or less violently — taken the tack that Martorano is wrong to find this “lifestyle” disgusting, and that he should not do so. I (and my intended audience) happen to agree with them. But it’s a tough argument to get anywhere with. If someone avers— based on a sense of moral decency, let’s suppose — that homosexuality is disgusting, or evil, or contributing in some ill-defined way to the downfall of society, I am extremely unlikely to be able to sway their opinion through debate or mockery. Why disgusting? We ask. Or, how is it contributing to downfall? And if we have to ask, if we can’t already see, then we’ll never understand. Martorano makes no pretence of having any kind of an argument to make: being gay is wrong and he’s here to tell us so. Impasse.

So how do we deal with this nonsense?

We can say it’s hate speech and, of itself or by proxy, an act of violence. However, and call me a cynic if you will, I can’t help but feel that the legal precedent set by designating comments this (relatively) mild as “hate speech” would be far too capable of coming back and biting any number of us in the ass, especially those of us who write for the Insurgent. Unpopular speech isn’t necessarily wrong because it’s unpopular, and when it is wrong it’s wrong for deeper reasons. The cry of “hatemonger” feels like a cop-out. We should also consider (the then Emerald editor) Michael Kleckner’s cogent discussion of why he didn’t consider the Martorano piece to be hate speech, which led to the
From 13

chillums, funk, good stuff...etc.)” In her book, 

Nickel and Dimed, author Barbara Ehrenreich correctly hypothesizes that these character analyses are written to give potential employees an idea of the accepted practices and store policies of a particular business.

Of course this is a rather intuitive assumption to make, because who in his or her right mind would answer one of these things with complete honesty? Well, the answer to this question is simple: a lot of people are honest--perhaps too honest. I have seen applications where prospective employees have admitted to doing drugs, starting fights, and--this one is my favorite--faking injuries in order to collect insurance claims.

Before I was able to follow through with a murder-suicide pact, I was offered a job by McDonald’s. Perhaps there are those of you who scoff at such a job, but not I. McDonald’s has done me a great service; they have put me on the frontlines of the impending “Food Wars”, when the vegan food Nazis will stage their inevitable uprising. “Meat is evil,” they’ll scream in unison—before I start hurling meat patties in the direction of their mewing, open yaps.

McDonald’s has garnered a bad reputation, but it is infinitely better than any job at Gateway. Sure, on my first day on duty a scruffy-looking insane man--wearing a parka in 100-degree weather--walked into the store and began freaking out, screaming about killing his grandmother and minorities, but he was kind enough to pay using exact change, and when he received his order he left. Simple as that. He voiced no threats directly to me, and for that I thank him.

Those sick bastards at Tilt Family Entertainment--who reward their favorite employees with trips to the “smoke-out bathroom” and who spill their seed in the breakroom--can fuck themselves. They have made an enemy of me, and I promise that I will rid the planet of their simple-minded ilk. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow...maybe not in the next ten years, but eventually. And when it happens, I will be laughing. In the meantime, however, I will bide my time as the relatively happily employed guy in the drive-thru window asking the eternal question: “Would you like to Super size that?”

Tyler Graf, jack of all trades master of none, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator

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wonderful quote, “Can Kleckner say that Martorano is not indirectly encouraging violence? Who is to decide what constitutes violence?” from Kristina Armenakis, then co-director of the LGBTQIA. Ms Armenakis is, readers will be relieved to learn, not yet a member of the judiciary.

We can roll our eyes and get annoyed and write follow-ups, like this one. It’s cathartic— take my word for it— and validating, and hopefully a small good thing for the future. But deep down, I know I’m preaching to the choir. I’m preaching to the choir mostly because the people who aren’t the choir depress the hell out of me. Like I said, it’s not always easy to talk folks around on this one.

So here’s another question: does it even matter if Martorano thinks homosexuality is disgusting? We certainly can’t stop him from feeling this way. And the answer is, happily, that there are other precepts for a society to look to, beyond certain people’s delicate sense of aesthetics. Private consensual non-commercial homosexual sex is a victimless activity that free individuals may choose to engage in. As such, it’s neither here nor there from feeling this way. And the answer is, happily, that there are other precepts for a society to look to, beyond certain people’s delicate sense of aesthetics. Private consensual non-commercial homosexual sex is a victimless activity that free individuals may choose to engage in. As such, it’s neither here nor there what someone else thinks. Martorano all but concedes this.

The argument mustered by the major bloggers - who tend towards the center-right and pro-gay rights - are built along these pragmatic lines, based on concerns over privacy rights and individual liberty. There’s a message taking shape here.

Basically, Vincent, it’s none of your goddamn business.

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Olly Ruff, who wishes everyone would just leave him alone, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator

OC
It was a long, crazy ride. From the small town of Tiller in Douglas County to the glory of the Commentator editorship, Pete Hunt rode the wind to victory and domination. His comic genius and libertarian passion left a mark upon this magazine and the world.

THE FIRST MEETING

I was a young, innocent freshman, eager to learn the ways of the magazine. Pete was Managing Editor, and having a party at his house way out on Donald. I brought chips, showed up an hour later than the email said, and was still the first one there. I ended up playing pool with Pete and his roommate Dave until the rest of staff showed up. Little did I know that this was the start of a romance to rival that of Marc Anthony and Cleopatra, Samson and Delila, Pam and Tommy Lee. I fell in love with Pete that night, his easygoing demeanor and cheerful smile warmed even my bitter little heart. How can a man such as this exist in such a terrible world? A gift from God, certainly, to us mortals who dare not say we deserve him.

That first night of drinking and pool set the tone for the next two and a half years. As his responsibilities at the magazine grew, Pete became more and more obsessed. Not with the Commentator, but with drugs and women. I wish I had gotten to know him better during that early time, the last half of my freshman year, but Pete was always out with Bill and Bret at strip clubs. I was like the little kid brother who wants to be part of the gang, but can never manage to get his hands on a fake ID. I hear he was a different man then, before the yellowjackets stole his soul; alas, I only loved him from afar then, hoping that one day he might love me in a much more personal way.

AN ERA BEGINS

Summer 2000—Having done one issue during the preceding school year, Pete takes over full-time as Editor-in-Chief of the Oregon Commentator. Over the summer, he puts out one of the best Summer Issues the OC has ever seen and gives birth to Sudsy, the Commentators ever present and effervescent mascot. Sudsy stands for all that is right and good about America and, more importantly, the work-ethic practiced by beer drinkers everywhere. Nothing is friendlier than a smiling cold one at the end of a long day, Sudsy is the epitome of that desire and the world has Pete (and Bret) to thank for his birth.

The Summer Issue set the mood for what was to be one of the defining dynasties of the Commentator’s existence. Volume 19, the first year for which Pete and Bret were solely responsible, was not the best year of Commentator publication, but it had heart. And, more importantly, it dealt with the campus issues. Much happened during the 2001-2002 academic year: ASUO scandals, mascot scandals, the Commentator was accused of spreading “rape culture” (whatever the hell that is) and not a single good candidate ran for ASUO Executive. The Hate Issue was a crowing achievement, and removed any doubt about the Commentator’s appeal to the campus masses.

More importantly, Pete did it. And I was awestruck. His talent and achievements were impressive and I fell in love with him all the more. He didn’t seem to notice me though, so I
A FATEFUL TRIP

By late fall of 2002, it was time for the Commentator to take three of its own back east, to the Collegiate Network conference. On our flight from Eugene, I was seated next to Pete. Bret, fortunately for me, had a seat someplace else on the plane. Pete tried to sleep most of the flight, but I made idle chit-chat and casually rubbed his leg. “Get off me Dreier,” he said, but I knew he wanted more. When he fell asleep, I gently moved my hand to his upper thigh. Pete woke with a start, and punched me in the face. Why do I always have to make him hit me? The rest of the plane ride passed uneventfully. When we arrived in DC, Bret and Pete went out about town, I fell asleep in my hotel room and dreamt of Pete.

By that evening, we’d been through all of the introductory stuff at the conference, and were drunk. Very drunk. I told Pete I loved him, he told me that he wasn’t into dudes. Bret casually snuck off to look for some strippers, leaving me and Pete alone and drinking. Eventually, Pete passed out. I took the opportunity to lovingly caress his face. When Bret returned a few hours later, annoyed at not finding any strippers, he exploded at the sight of Pete and me curled up on the bed together. Maybe he was jealous, perhaps he wasn’t ready to see two men in such a loving embrace, or perhaps the display of man-love made him uncomfortable with his own latent homosexuality…whatever the reason, Bret threw me out.

The rest of the conference passed uneventfully. Pete and I kept our distance from one another, but exchanged sidelong glances of love scorned. The flight home was boring, and I had to sit by myself. Bret said that he and Pete had to have a talk. What they talked about I’ll never know, but when Pete spoke to me again he said that our DC trip had violated the bounds of a professional relationship, and that we could no longer behave that way. For some reason, I got the distinct feeling that “we” really meant me.

THE END, GOODBYE

So, Pete has left me. He’s left the magazine too, but that’s not as important. His accomplishments here will be remembered for weeks, perhaps even months to come as he rides off into whatever unknown greatness awaits him.

But, in all seriousness, I have the fortune of inheriting Pete’s legacy, a legacy of excellence, epic drinking, and recreational drug use. He did a great thing around here for his two years in charge and his skills will be missed. Good luck, Mr. Richard Reid “Pete” Hunt, and Godspeed.

Timothy Dreier, who is very confused at the moment, is Editor-In-Chief of the Oregon Commentator
Party of the Lost Children

Conservatives are like responsible father figures who know that life is tough. But now Dad’s got a splitting headache and hates his liberal children, for whom no amount of self-pity is enough.

It used to be a funny little expression that Republicans were the “Dad party” and Democrats were the “Mom party.” Those days are gone and in the sunrise all that’s left is a Dad and a demon-spawned spoiled child.

In the good old days when the parties were distinct and most elections came down to clear differences in ideology or ability to mobilize corrupt forces, Dad didn’t take any crap from the Ruskies, he paid the bills and kept the shotgun loaded to protect what he’d earned with the sweat of his brow. Mom focused on the skinned knees of society and made sure everybody felt warm and fuzzy. You know the relationship, it was guns or butter. Republicans took the hard line on taxes and defense and Democrats made sure the poor could eat and the kids could read. And for the most part the balance worked.

But somewhere along the way, Mom split for Vegas and left Dad to deal a Ritalin-mainlining little liberal brat bent on world domination.

Now there is the more conservative thought in America, still generally associated with Republicans, in which the only responsibility of government is to make sure there is a safe place for everyone to live and learn on a fair playing field. Then there are the children — liberals — who believe they know how to reinvent the wheel and make the world a bright little Utopia. They believe everything noble is attainable, and what’s worse, they believe everything noble is attainable through government efforts.

There is little debate that conservatives stand for defense and tax reduction, the latter of which is representative of smaller and less intrusive government control. When President Bush arrived in office, aside from small Beltway matters that affected few, the main goal of his administration was to pass a massive tax break. Like President Reagan before him, Bush believed the government had crept too far beyond propriety and had to be dealt with to unleash the potential of the greatest economy in the world. On Sept. 11, 2001, Bush found a new mission as the United States found itself finally drawn into a battle with Arab extremists many saw coming for years. But you’ll notice, taxes and defense are the main themes of this administration.

One of the best analogies for the difference in the way conservatives and liberals view the world is the realization that one’s own actions have been flawed. When a conservative realizes that America has a dark place in history, that conservative understands that the ultimate duty of our society is to fix the problem and move on. When a liberal looks down and sees that the often-messy work of defending one’s nation and spreading capitalism comes with a heavy price, it is not uncommon for the liberal to bemoan the unfairness of the world. That is to say, when there is blood on their hands, they throw their hands in the air and cry out to the heavens “How could this be?”

The blame, recrimination and self-serving soul searching is truly a worrisome outshoot of the childlike mentality of liberals. It does no good to emote the pain of life, but instead, responsible adults in the throes of tough decisions should perform their duty in stoic fashion, lest histrionics steal the show and overshadow the nobility of a hard life overcome. Furthermore, the very nature of focusing on one’s pain tends to become a liberal’s favorite pastime and fighting the good fight gives way to petty bitching and moaning about the lack of fairness in the world.

Protests are the tantrums of elitist liberals. They can’t argue rationally for change so they picket. They can’t stand that they don’t get one hundred percent of their way, so they sit-in and force authorities to arrest them. They get attention and make their voices heard. But where past civil movements had two important ingredients — a righteous cause and selfless advocates — current liberal protesters have a disturbing void where the spirit of justice should be rallying others to the cause. For an extremely local example, look back to the Worker Rights Consortium protests on the Johnson Hall lawn in the spring of 2000, in which student leaders were seen smiling and mugging for the cameras after they were arrested. Legitimate civil rights advocates only make such public demonstrations as a last resort and are not known to take glee in the turmoil.

Like children, liberals too fail to see
In retrospect, it was probably my own recklessness that landed me in this situation of sorts. Perhaps it could have been the obvious overconfidence that I blatantly paraded around like a baboon flaunting his bright, red ass. Or maybe it was the chicken sandwich. No matter what the cause was, the effect still remained; I got arrested.

My love affair with Lady Liquor began at the ever-carefree age of 15. It was around that time that things began to change. I found myself becoming interested in things which I had no interest in before. I was intrigued by why I couldn’t help staring at the blonde in my 5th period business lab class. I was becoming more and more “preoccupied” with certain ancillary bathing activities involving a bunch of hand soap, and numerous fantasies about the aforementioned blonde. But what really piqued my interest; what genuinely aroused my curiosity was something that would prove to be far more enjoyable to me than any other thing at that age. It was the same thing that allowed my uncle to become the funniest man in the room. Apparently it was some sort of solution to life’s problems. It made women prettier, having a few made you drive better, it gave you more wit. Whatever it was…I wanted in.

“You never forget your first time”, they say...unless you’re really fucking hammered. And I was ham
Drunk driving gets a pretty bad rap nowadays. It’s always cool to get an MIP or busted on a possession charge, but once people know you got the DUI… the whispering starts. You get shown these images of people mangled in car crashes, burned beyond recognition and other gruesome tragedies for which you are somehow responsible. We learned in Driver’s Ed. that just about anything can impair your driving. Alcohol, drugs, road rage, talking on a cell phone, changing the CD or even yes, eating a chicken sandwich are all things that make you a reckless driver and therefore a danger to anyone on the road.

I lost a good friend that night. No, I didn’t kill anyone nor did I wreck my car. I never even came close. That night I made a decision. I said goodbye to a good friend who had been with me every step of the way…even up to the very end.

You never meant to hurt me baby. I know that. I just think it might be best if we spent some time apart, you know? Don’t think of the bad times, think of the good ones. Remember that I “fell asleep” in the doorway of my room with you curled up in my arms? Or how about the time I came to class reeking of you and puked on myself in front of everyone? Wasn’t that classic? Do you remember that night when I was laying in the bathroom of the club with my head in the toilet and I said that I’d never be with you again? I didn’t mean it baby. It was just the you talking. You know I never meant it.

I had never been in court before that time. Just sitting in that courtroom waiting for your name to be called while watching the freak show around you is deterrent enough. Just when I thought that I had it bad, here comes the punk that got busted for selling crank in the middle school. Ha ha…loser. Of course since it was my first offense (in this country) I got a greatly reduced fine providing that I take certain classes and get drug evaluations. While the classes do suck, the court-ordered evaluations are always a blast. Nothing is more fun than filling out a form to determine whether or not you need further therapy.

Do you drink to…
- Escape from your troubles?
I drink to escape from the voices in my head; not my troubles, silly. That’s what marijuana’s for.
- Relax?
Only after I’ve had a Vicodin or two.
- Feel accepted?
Not really. Although I did once blow my basketball coach so I could play in the big game. Or was that Leonardo DiCaprio?

When you drink, do you usually…
- Get in heated arguments or physical fights?
Do inanimate objects and animals count?
- Cry?
I wasn’t crying, I had something in my eye.
- Forget what happened the next day?
Only when I’ve been drinking. Oh.
- Say things you regret the day later?
No. When I told the police officer that I would have been a cop, but I decided to finish high school instead; I meant it today as much as I meant it then.

What are your hobbies?
I like to read. I currently write for the Oregon Commen…uh…I mean I like to torture small animals. Yeah that’s what I meant.

My good friend, I am sure we’ll get back together someday soon. But for now, we must both be strong. You did make it fun though. Remember that time I told that complete stranger that I didn’t like his face and then I kicked him in the stomach? Was that fun or what? Or what about the time I gave some of you to that fat kid in the playground and then took him on the merry-go-round? Ha Ha Ha! Good times. Good times. You were there when I lost my virginity…and pretty much every other time after that as well.

You were there when I showed up late to math class and told the teacher’s assistant that she had a nice ass. I’ll never forget those times.
This whole ordeal reminded me of a famous, inspirational poem called “Footsteps”:

As the man walked down the beach everyday of his life, he noticed that there were two sets of footprints; one belonging to him, the other to the Lord. Then one day came that was one of the hardest and lowest points of his life. It was then that the man noticed that the second set of footprints had disappeared and that only one set of footprints remained. It was at this point he asked,

“Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, that you would walk with me all the way. But now, here I am, in on the lowest points of my life and there is only one set of footprints. Why, when I needed you the most, did you leave me?”

It was at this point the Lord replied,

“JESUS! Can’t I sleep in one goddamned day without you riding my ass? For fuck’s sake you little pussy, I’m hungover. Shit, let a deity get a little shuteye. Faggot. I’m sorry I didn’t mean it. God’s sorry. Please forgive me. I won’t do this again I swear. I’m so sorry.”

After all this, have I learned my lesson? I sure have. In the future, maybe I won’t stop and get that chicken sandwich after all.
Diversity?

The issue at hand is whether or not KUGN can bill itself as “The Voice of the Ducks” while broadcasting conservative radio hosts who allegedly undermine the mission of diversity, equal opportunity and individual dignity that the University has dedicated itself to.

“We’re not saying these folks shouldn’t have the right to voice these opinions on the air,” Mandy Melton said in the Register-Guard. “We’re saying the message and content of their shows directly violate the mission statement of the university.”

Melton’s job in the ASUO is described as multicultural advocate, but she has obviously stretched her role to include minister of information. On the one hand, she says that people should have right to say what they please, on the other she says that this goes against the University’s mission to further diversity. Huh?

Free speech, our greatest asset in building a better society, is often deemed too dangerous for students to wield, or even to hear. Exposure to ideas outside of the liberal paradigm could collapse the delicate house of cards that forms the foundation of the ivory tower schoolhouse.

Free speech is great, provided it’s p.c. approved. Otherwise, it gets tagged as “hate speech.” Liberals are free to call George W. Bush a “murderer,” Christians “religious terrorists” and loggers “tree killers.” But go out on the line and question America’s immigration policy, and suddenly you’re a bigot who should be boycotted and removed from public consumption.

The paternalistic nature of liberalism is nothing new. But the recent controversy over KUGN, the official radio broadcaster of Ducks sporting events, should come as a shock to people who thought they were free to program their car radio.

Fear of A Bronze Planet

The KUGN controversy goes hand in hand with the University’s attempts to brand the University “O” insignia onto student groups, many funded entirely by student fees and only tenuously connected the University itself. Should we assume that if KUGN can call itself the “Voice of the Ducks” by broadcasting football games, that a student group like MEChA is also a “Voice of the Ducks”? Especially if its newsletter is forced to feature a prominent “O.”

Well, if Michael Savage’s comments about immigration seem outlandish, wait until you hear MEChA’s proposal. MEChA’s motto is “Por La Raza todo. Fuera de La Raza nada.”
Or, for our race all, for other races, nothing. Furthermore, their blueprint, entitled “El Plan de Aztlan,” claims that Aztlan “belongs to those of who plant the seeds, water the fields, and gather the crops and not to the foreign Europeans. We do not recognize capricious frontiers on the bronze continent.”

For those that don’t know, Aztlan is comprised of lands that became part of the United States following the Mexican-American War. Students of history are certainly welcome to debate the legitimacy of the United States acquisition of their territories, but the Mexican-American War was over in 1848. The United States isn’t going to be giving the territory back anytime soon.

Regardless, if MEChA wants their own country, then fine. But why is Michael Savage viciously attacked for his statements on immigration?

Savage’s rhetoric on immigration is based on a plan he has laid out on his website. Essentially, he proposed that we should deport all foreign nationals who have bypassed a criminal background check, deport all foreign nationals from our laboratories who are on watch lists, put our military and/or National Guard units on our borders and require a loyalty oath of all immigrants.

A little rash, sure, but consider the fact that 25% of federal prisoners are here illegally and it seems a little more reasonable.

Again, agree or not, it’s certainly no more an extreme viewpoint than MEChA’s. The fact that it comes from a “conservative” angle is really the inherent problem.

Conservative radio is aggressive, confrontational and inflammatory. In other words, it’s the flip the side of the coin to the campus radicalism we’ve all learned to love.

Fair and Balanced?

Why is talk radio so conservative? Primarily because unlike the liberal media conglomerates with their long established informal monopoly on opinion and culture, talk radio is subject to the vicissitudes of the free market.

Fox News motto, “fair and balanced,” is a little deceiving. Despite Bill O’Reilly’s heartfelt argument to the contrary, Fox News was constructed as a yang to CNN’s left-leaning yin. Fox News may not admit it, but their motto should be “fair and balancing.”

Conservative radio, then, should be seen as a balancing act to “public radio,” another media institution that operates under the façade of objectivism.

The difference between conservative radio and public radio is that Michael Medved makes his own money, while we’re all forced to pay the salaries of the bleeding heart liberals who use public airwaves to espouse their viewpoints. Conservative talk show hosts are syndicated, meaning radio stations pay to air their shows, collecting a profit from the hefty advertising revenue a Rush Limbaugh brings.

If you’ve attended any journalism classes at this school, you’ve likely heard a professor rant against the lack of diversity on AM radio.

“There are dozens of conservative radio hosts; where are the liberal ones?” he or she has likely cried out in despair.

The answer, of course, is public radio, which is broadcast all across the nation. But these professors would likely argue that public radio is “objective,” not slanted. These professors are wrong.

Witness Bill Moyers’ recent post-election diatribe:

For the first time in the memory of anyone alive, the entire federal government — the Congress, the Executive, the Judiciary — is united behind a right-wing agenda for which George W. Bush believes he now has a mandate.

That mandate includes the power of the state to force pregnant women to give up control over their own lives. It includes using the taxing power to transfer wealth from working people to the rich. It includes giving corporations a free hand to eviscerate the environment and control the regulatory agencies meant to hold them accountable…

…. So it is a heady time in Washington — a heady time for piety, profits, and military power, all joined at the hip by ideology and money.

Why should anybody, conservative or liberal, have to pay for such open bias? This is ridiculous. You may not like the shows on KUGN, but at least you’re not paying for them.

Despite the mutterings of Jeff Cohen and the vast majority of Allen Hall, the media is overwhelmingly liberal. The major TV networks, ABC, NBC, CBS, and CNN; major newspapers, the
Covering Up For ME?

Questions Remain After The \textit{Emerald} Refused To Investigate The ASUO Ticket Endorsed By The ODE’s Editors | By Tyler Graf

In another questionable news decision, the \textit{Oregon Daily Emerald} this year chose not to investigate a story of a possible theft by ASUO candidates who had been endorsed by the ODE’s editorial board.

During the height of the previous ASUO election season, a series of phone calls and e-mails were circulated to various student publications, including the \textit{Emerald} and the \textit{OREGON COMMENTATOR}, alleging that two Maddy and Eddy campaign staffers, Oscar Arana and Lacy Ogan, stole copies of campaign materials from a local Kinko’s, only to return later to finally pay for their merchandise.

In an e-mail sent during the elections, Ryan Coussens, a freshman business major who was officially unaffiliated with any campaign, alleged that Arana and Ogan had been using the computers at Kinko’s, but then bolted from the store before they could pay for their goods. They returned later, Coussens stated, “out of guilt.”

Michael Linman, who was the campaign manager for the Shively/Bae ASUO ticket, heard the allegations first-person from a male employee of Kinko’s who was working the night of the alleged incident. Linman had just finished making copies of campaign materials when he walked to the back of the store to use the paper cutter. The store employee noticed the campaign fliers and asked Linman if he was running against the Maddy and Eddy campaign, to which Linman responded in the affirmative.

“I hope you beat the crap out of them,” the employee said, according to Linman’s recollections. Linman was interested in what the employee had meant by the outburst and asked him to elucidate. “Apparently [he] told lots of people about it,” Linman said.

When asked about the allegations leveled upon his campaign managers, Eddy Morales conferred with Maddy Melton because he was unsure what the allegations were, despite the fact that \textit{Emerald} editor-in-chief Michael Kleckner had notified the campaign of the rumors during the election and had asked for Maddy and Eddy’s side of the story.

“The allegations that people working on the ME campaign stole copies is completely false,” stated Morales. According to Morales, the incident amounted to little more than a minor misunderstanding.

Morales said he, Ogan and Arana were working on campaign fliers at Kinko’s when Morales had to leave. He gave the female employee his credit card and personal information, instructing her to charge all expenses to his account. Ogan and Arana left the store assuming that the charges had been made to Morales’s card. Before they reached their destination, they remembered a male employee with whom Eddy had not discussed his method of payment. They returned to the store, where the employee was livid, accusing Ogan and Arana of theft. The two staffers eventually ciphered their balance by paying for their merchandise with cash.

Employees at the local Kinko’s branch confirmed that an incident had taken place, but they were unwilling to give details, adducing corporate policy that prohibits local branches from discussing these matters with the press. However, an official Kinko’s spokesman stated that the current Kinko’s payment policy would not prohibit the payment method Morales chose, but employees would not recommend such a method either; it would simply create too much confusion.

But the voting members of campus never had the opportunity to weigh the allegations against Melton and Morales because the \textit{Emerald} chose not to print any version of the story. Kleckner said he received an e-mail from the Kinko’s employee but he refused to run the story, citing its lack of newsworthiness. “The version of events from the Maddy and Eddy campaign made more sense than the other side, and given that there was no police report, nothing stolen—in short, nothing at all in verification of one version or another—this was a non-story,” Kleckner stated via e-mail.

Kleckner said he believed there were political motives behind the string of e-mails and phone calls received by his office, citing the timing of the initial e-mail message, which was received a day before the primary, as an indication that there “was some fishiness involved that smelled gamey.” Many of the subsequent phone calls and e-mail messages were placed to different reporters to gauge their reactions to the information.

On April 9th, the editorial board endorsed the ME ticket, lauding Melton and Morales for their lobbying skills but not their budgeting prowess or fiscal acuity. It was only after all the votes had been counted, and the Maddy and Eddy campaign had slipped into the executive seat by a slim margin, that the \textit{Emerald} ran a story detailing possible discrepancies in Maddy and Eddy’s handling of campaign donations. As the reins of the \textit{Emerald}’s editor-and-chief are passed to the next generation, it remains to be seen whether or not the \textit{Emerald}’s standards of newsworthiness will change or be copied.

Tyler Graf, a junior majoring in journalism, is a staff writer for the \textit{OREGON COMMENTATOR}.
Spin, Clarification, Spin ...

[The Emerald Was Forced To Make Clarifications About The Richmond Story, But Even Then Their Actions Aren’t Defensible. Here Are Their Clarifications]

Print:
The recent suicide of University student Kyle Dalton Richmond, who community members say was suffering from depression and was questioning his sexual orientation, has generated concern about the campus atmosphere for lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender students.

Clarification:
The article did not mean to imply that Kyle Richmond’s sexual orientation, whatever it was, was the cause of his suicide. The intent was to show that recent campus events had engaged the LGBT community to show a welcoming climate on campus and to offer support.

Missing:
Why no clarification as to the mysterious identity of the community members who circulated the sexual orientation rumor? Why does the Emerald see fit to dig up dirt about a recently deceased student? What does somebody’s sexual orientation have to do with anything? There never was a good reason to include Richmond in an LGBT story, and this clarifier still doesn’t fully explain why the ODE would cross such a line.

Print:
Elise Self, co-chairman of the local chapter of Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, specifically pointed to the guest commentary published by the Emerald earlier this month that she said could have been one of many that contributed to Richmond’s decision to end his life.

Clarification:
[The article] should have stated that Elise Self of PFLAG pointed to an anti-homosexual guest commentary published by the Emerald as the type of thing that contributes to a climate where LGBT students feel fearful or unwelcome. She did not mean to draw a direct link between the guest commentary and Kyle Richmond’s death.

Missing:
Again, why was this even brought up? Did the Emerald really believe that anybody would benefit from a dubious connection between Vincent Martorano’s guest commentary and Kyle Richmond’s suicide? Even more astonishing: the ODE misquoted the source that suggested there was any possible connection at all.
realm of voting citizens. They are not the realm of a public university, which functions on, is run by, and educates people on every conceivable side of an issue.

When the University of Oregon attempted to obtain a quorum condemning the then anticipated war in Iraq in February of this year, it became dangerously close to ceasing to be an entity that encourages rational thought and discussion, threatening instead to become an institution that places students and staff in the unenviable position of having to consider an official university stance when weighing events by which they will be effected. Once a university becomes publicly politicized, how long might it be before it begins to fire professors or refuse students based on their beliefs? The goal of a university should be to provide students with the skill to form educated opinions, not to form those opinions for them. Professor Emeritus Tom Givon, who opposed the war and the resolution, posed his worries far more eloquently than I: “It’s damaging to our students because we let them see that we are more concerned with what to think than how to think.” One faculty members understands the place of Education in our lives, Bravo.

VINCENT MARTORANO’S LETTER TO THE EMERALD

If sports, riots, and overbearing faculty dominated Campus discussion in the first two terms of this year, it has been a simple letter to the editor that has dominated Spring Term. Vincent Martorano’s letter on May 9 was bigoted and it disgusted me. That having been said, Mr. Martorano does have a right to his opinion, and does have a right to express it. Freedom of Speech works two ways, however, and there has been quite the response on campus. Groups and individuals have put forth many rational attacks to this letter, as well they should. I would imagine, however, that this was exactly the type of reaction that Martorano was going for when he wrote his indefensible attack on homosexuals. I’m going to throw in my two-cents. Vincent Martorano, you are an asshole. Not because you expressed an opinion which differs from mine, which you have a right to do, but because you suggested that your hatred of gays was based on conservative values. Conservatism is a philosophy based on smaller government and lower taxes. Bigotry and hatred are not conservative values. Calling yourself “a fairly tolerant guy” in one sentence, and longing for the days when homosexuals were repressed in the next seems slightly contradictory. You attack Sociology Professor Chuck Hunt for “shoving liberal ideology down your throat”, and then duplicate his arrogance by proceeding to lecture to gays. This isn’t conservatism, friend, and your portrayal of it as such has damaged the cause of true conservatives on this campus.

Vincent Martorano, who has since graduated, was Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.

From 11

From 25 New York Times, Boston Globe, Washington Post; major periodicals, Time, Newsweek, etc. all come attached with a liberal slant. It’s unfair to say “agenda,” because in many cases it isn’t a vast conspiracy that explains the slant, rather, it’s simply a sort of elitism in which moderate democrats are seen as representing the core American voice, and moderate Republicans are extremists.

Radio Song

This is not to say that critics of commentators like Savage are without options. KUGN is dependent upon advertisers to turn a profit, and unlike the University, these advertisers are attaching their name to a product. Urging companies who advertise with KUGN to withdraw their support is a viable option. St. Vincent de Paul, Fred Meyer, Wells Fargo and Selco Credit Union have already pulled ads from the station.

But it is not the Universities place to storm into the broadcast booth with a list of demands.

“I am not convinced that anyone believes the University has any connection with KUGN programming or that of any station beyond the broadcasts of our athletic programs,” President Frohnmayer stated in a letter to ASUO President Rachel Pilliod.

But such logic will fall on deaf ears. Maddy Melton will continue using her position as a “voice of the student body” to insist that students aren’t smart enough to distinguish between Keenan Howry and Michael Medved.

This is a mistake. The University should stick to its guns and renew their contract. If administrators cave in to the demands of Melton and her faculty ally, Cheyney Ryan, then diversity will have been compromised.

Send the students to the war protests... I mean teach-ins, but keep them away from a radio. They might hear something dangerous.

“Hey, I can’t find nothing on the radio…
hey, yo’, turn to that station.....”

-Chuck D on REM’s Radio Song

Pete Hunt, who has since graduated, was Editor-In-Chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR.
fessional journalism’s ethics, needed each other. For better or worse, they were tied at the … hip. He would offer a keen but motive-driven insight and she would gulp it down like a pro.

The story on which Jen was working so diligently was nothing so passe and ordinary as the hostage incident, but it was concerning a crucial new ethnic group that may soon be recognized as a disadvantaged class. This story could make her young career, and it could do a lot of good.

Brad began dictating: “This is an amazing opportunity to build cultural knowledge and expand access to education for deeply oppressed people…”

Brad’s mental acuity generally reflected that of a retarded parrot: he spit out rehearsed, useless idioms and in return he got a small cracker from the gods of political correctness. Jen knew he wasn’t very smart, but she never seemed to care. He kept dictating and she kept taking it.

Brad just wanted a small grip of power, and to get sucked off by adoring scribes.

Jen would leave the room second, flashing her pearly whites in an ear-to-ear smile.

And students come and go, misspelling Michelangelo.

KARL’S VOICE WAS HOARSE AS HE CHOKED OUT HIS LATEST REFRAIN ABOUT ART’S HISTORICAL REVISIONISM. He was in his rhythm, that of a minister thundering at his flock, which makes sense. Those who can’t do, teach — and those who can’t teach, preach. But now his voice was going. It seems as though his voice had been hoarse for a great many years now.

In fact, it had been hoarse since his life-altering Vietnam experience. He still had flashbacks sometimes — they’d been purchased for two bucks a stamp or one buck a sugar cube. That he never fought in Vietnam is not to say that he wasn’t mentally or physically scarred by the event. After all, hightailing it to Canada had left Karl quite winded.

Vietnam had left Karl and his generation permanently altered, and clearly the worse for it. It had been the defining moment of his life. Since losing the public debate Karl had gone “underground” to teach at public institutes of supposed learning. While most of his counterparts were putting on ties and joining the productive world, Karl knew he would never be worth enough to make something of himself in the real world. So he turned to academia, where he could never be fired and he would receive more attention the more outlandish and absurd ideas he could put forth.

So now Karl was a teacher. Not that he cared about students. He only cared about the bully pulpit. It was his chance to take revenge on students like Jed. Perhaps he could whittle down their will to fight. Most of Jed’s drunken, joking friends made it through Karl’s clutches royally pissed but generally unscathed. They would go on higher education or get jobs within the evil “Establishment” of business or government — organizations that actually helped people.

By now Karl could see that his hostages were broken. The pale but thin blonde girl was nodding slowly, writing in her notebook the horrible oppressions of history. Somewhere in her dazed and shattered mental state she knew she had to do something meaningful. She knew she would go back to her Ducks Village apartment and give away all of her makeup.

Karl, too, knew that he had claimed one more. The pale but thin girl may never grow up to be a rocket scientist, but she would never have to think for herself again. It would be all Green Party and recycled toilet paper for the rest of her life. Karl smiled proudly to his TA, Felcher, who had drawn a “chalk” outline of Karl’s likeness on the underside of the undersized desk in the back of the room.

“All right, that’s enough for today,” Karl said. “Have chapters 4-7 read by tomorrow. Term papers are due next Friday.” And class was dismissed for the day.

And professors come and go, denouncing Michelangelo.

Bret Jacobson, one false move and the bimbo gets it, he will kill her, he’s not fucking around at the Oregon Commentator.

From 14 the way the real world works and they long for the world “as it should be.” This rejection of realism only makes for more victim mentality and, ultimately, for terrible public policy. The greatest public policy failures of our time — Social Security, lack of education standards, Welfare, healthcare and Medicare — are all driven not by any productive cost/benefit analysis but by the simple slogan “life’s not fair, so we have to do something.” Do something? That’s what gets done when there is no good solution to be found. Instead, America has started money-crunching bureaucracies that are impossible to reform or curtail.

Some argue that without the idealism of liberals American society never would have moved forward and the institutions of slavery, racism and sexism might still thrive today. There certainly is merit to the idea that the particular ideal espoused by earlier liberals, equal rights under the law, was a critical fight toward the American dream. But those days are past now and modern liberals seem to have forgone the noble ideas of equal rights and have moved onto fighting for special rights or even focusing on more trivial matters like animal rights and worker rights for foreign laborers who are more than happy to have the jobs. As Wall Street Journal columnist Peggy Noonan has noted, liberals are now victim to their own previous success and are likely not to attract the broad support they once achieved.

The role of world leader will continue to be a heavy mantle for the American people, but there is a clear way to success. If Americans are to be the responsible society that beats the odds faced by all other historical societies, individual citizens must make the often difficult decision to take responsibility for their own lives and make rational, “dad-like” decisions.

After all, father usually knows best.

Bret Jacobson, now retired from the magazine, was publisher of the Oregon Commentator.
With Malice Of Forethought

Family, Friends were angered by the Emerald’s slanted story about a student’s suicide.

By Tyler Graf and Pete R. Hunt

Grieving friends of University student Kyle Richmond, who took his own life on May 15, are upset over the Oregon Daily Emerald’s coverage of his death. In a recent article entitled “Suicide Spurs LGBT Support,” published on May 28, the Emerald—citing unnamed sources—implied a connection between Richmond’s suicide and the possibility that he may have been questioning his sexual orientation. According to loved ones, the Emerald’s coverage amounts to an invasion of privacy, recklessly disregarding those still suffering.

The inflammatory article, the second covering Richmond’s death, ran with a sub-headline that read “After Kyle Dalton Richmond’s recent suicide, the community has been raising awareness of available resources for LGBT.” The article stated that there was a connection between “an increased feeling in the LGBT community that the University campus is not a safe environment” and the death of Richmond, who, according to unnamed “community members,” was suffering from depression and “questioning his sexual orientation.”

Friends were upset with the focus of the second story, which some claim was used to push an agenda.

Joseph Cooley, a long-time friend of Richmond’s, was incensed by the article.

“Kyle was a real private person,” Cooley says. “He wouldn’t have wanted the pain he’d been feeling over the last few months spread over the mass media.”

Cooley also didn’t think Kyle would have appreciated a third party attaching his name to the LGBT, a cause for which there is no evidence Richmond advocated. “[The Emerald] is trying to use Kyle’s death to further their cause,” he says.

The Emerald ran a clarification on May 29 that stated that “the article did not mean to imply that Richmond’s sexual orientation, whatever it was, was the cause of his suicide. The intent was to show that recent campus events had engaged the LGBT community to show a welcoming climate on campus and to offer support.”

Reporter Roman Gokhman agreed that the original purpose of the story was to enumerate the resources available to LGBT students. But he says that his article changed drastically as it was moved up the chain of command for revisions and corrections.

“[News Editor] Brook [Reinhard] changed the entire lead around with the suicide as the focal point,” states Gokhman. “I didn’t agree with that.”

And according to Gokhman, who wrote the “Suicide spurs LGBT support” story, the unnamed community “members” was actually a single source from within the LGBT. Gokhman also says that it was Emerald editor-in-chief Michael Kleckner who insisted on pushing the sexuality angle.

Reporter Caron Alarab wrote the first story about Richmond’s death, “Unforgettable Student Commits Suicide”, which was published on May 27. Leslie Perdue, a friend of...
Richmond’s, says she was not angered by the first story, but found some of the content questionable, including a few factual errors. For example, the *Emerald* reported that Richmond’s body had been found in a running car parked in the garage of his mother and stepfather’s house, when in fact the car had not been running at all. “It was carelessness, which I didn’t appreciate very much, but since it was reported in an obituary, I didn’t find it too disturbing,” Perdue says.

It was the second story, implying Richmond committed suicide as a result of sexual confusion, that was the impetus for the vast sense of anger that Perdue currently feels toward the *Emerald*’s reporting.

“The entire article was based around one assumption by one lady who didn’t even know Kyle,” Perdue says. “It seemed like they were using Kyle’s suicide to talk more about LBGT issues.”

Kleckner refused to comment on newsroom decisions. Kleckner also ordered Reinhard and Caron Alarab, who wrote the first story on Richmond’s death, not to comment.

Gokhman says that is was Alarab who had interviewed the unnamed community member that made the dubious sexuality claim that went in the second story.

“Personally, I’m upset that the *Emerald* would run a story like that without naming sources,” says Gokhman.

While Kleckner declined to comment on this story, *Emerald* board member George Evano says that Kleckner had mentioned the story at a board meeting and stated that its newsworthiness was based on an ongoing discussion of a guest commentary written by Vincent Martorano, who some claimed bordered on hate speech in denouncing public displays of homosexual affection. Chris Frisella, chairman of the *Emerald*’s board and the news editor at the *Register-Guard*, confirmed Evano’s account that Kleckner offered that newsworthiness argument at the board meeting.

The *Register-Guard*’s obituary to Richmond did not include the cause of death on behalf of the parents’ wishes. But Frisella says that the differences in approach to the story by the Guard and *Emerald* were justified.

“The principles of news-judgment are universal, but for different audiences the values of a certain story are higher. Proximity is what makes a news-story,” Frisella says.

But beyond proximity, there are other concerns when dealing with a suicide.

Journalism professor Tom Bivins says that though suicides are newsworthy, the media should refrain from speculating about the cause. “To speculate is really crossing the line,” Bivins says. “You’re damaging somebody’s reputation even after they’re dead.”

Perdue says that was precisely what the *Emerald* had done.

“[The *Emerald* was] causing more pain for an already really painful issue; I mean, everybody is still really upset,” says Perdue. She believes that Kyle would not approve of the *Emerald*’s article.

According to Perdue and Cooley, Richmond’s mother Cindy Schweigert had an audience with University President David Frohnmayer to address the *Emerald* story. When reached for comment, Frohnmayer didn’t address Schweigert’s specifics grievances, but did say through a spokesperson that the concerns of the family were of prime concern.

“The entire article was based around one assumption by one lady who didn’t even know Kyle,” Perdue says. “It seemed like they were using Kyle’s suicide to talk more about LBGT issues.”

“I rarely comment on student publication,” the statement said. “The facts and circumstances concerning this situation are very complex. The most importance thing for all of us is to acknowledge the dimension of personal tragedy so centrally involved.”

**Tyler Graf is a junior majoring in journalism. Pete Hunt is a senior majoring in journalism. Bret Jacobson, a senior majoring in political science, also contributed to this article.**
It’s all about the marketing. At least that’s the University’s policy about the mandatory use of the new “O” logo by student groups.

George Beltran, director of the Office of University Publications, said the uniformity of using the Oregon “O” signature is good “in a business sense.”

But after Jan. 1, ASUO Controllers, University Publications and University Printing will be regulating everything published by student groups to ensure that it bears the Oregon “O” signature. Without that signature, student groups could lose ASUO funding.

“You can’t have 30 different letterheads,” Beltran said. “You have to have a consistent image.”

Associate Vice President of Strategic Communications Harry Battson said the new Oregon “O” signature is an “abbreviated shorthand” for athletics, competition and promoting the University.

“We’re trying to establish identity,” Battson said. “When people see the ‘O’ we want them to think the University of Oregon.”

Battson said they are trying to raise the profile of the University, especially off campus, to go beyond the identity system. They want to incorporate themes such as access to students, quality of scholarships and University contributions to economic development of state.

The new Oregon “O” signature went into effect as of July 1 as the school’s official logo and is in the early stages of implementation to replace the interlocking “UO.” The new signature, authorized by University President Dave Frohnmayer and administrators, will adorn everything from athletic apparel, letterheads and business cards to T-shirts, banners and Project Saferide vans.

The signature became the official symbol of the University after months of debate and polls in the community, both on and off campus. But the decision has met resistance from many of the ASUO student groups that were not notified of the change.

The change was made under “the driving force” of Vice President of University Advancement Allan Price, said Battson.

Price did not return phone calls.

Battson said they don’t want to force student groups to throw away things they already have.

Battson added “It’s not intended to cost people a lot of money.”

But there are differing views of the responsibility parties bear.

Battson said that the ASUO is “going to help us educate the student groups.” But ASUO Coordinator Jennifer Creighton-Neiwert said, “Basically, they told us we had to comply.”

Creighton-Neiwert said many of the student groups were confused about the guidelines surrounding the signature, which they were informed about at the Program Council Meeting Oct. 10.

“I haven’t even thought about the implications of it financially,” she said.

Fighting Ducks: Fighting Mad

By Lisa Toth

A new University policy to mandate student group use of the new school logo will be financially costly and raises concerns about the autonomy of student speech.
Jackie Ray, Student Senate and Panhellenic Council president, said she doesn’t know how the Oregon “O” signature will be funded when there is already a budget crisis. She said the Senate doesn’t have enough money as it is to provide for the needs of all the programs.

“My major concern is taking away the money from programs, activities and events that we bring to campus by focusing energy on the funding for new letterheads. The priorities don’t seem to be in order,” Ray said.

Co-director of Project Saferide Eve Rivinus said it’s going to be expensive for them to update Project Saferide, Night Ride and DDS vans with the new logo, and the new guidelines are going to require a lot of enforcement.

Creighton-Neiwert said student groups will have until Jan. 1 to use up old letterheads and paperwork bearing past logos, but Battson suggested the requirement was that only items with the new logo could be purchased after that deadline. The new logo must be printed in certain colors, sizes and Melior Roman typography. The Oregon “O” signature must also be larger than the logos of individual student groups.

Beltran added that the University seal will still be used for publications distributed at formal academic affairs such as the University’s Convocation and Commencement ceremonies, as well as on diplomas and transcripts.

Jenna Cunningham, public relations coordinator with the ASUO Women’s Center, said she wasn’t pleased with being forced to use the Oregon “O” signature.

“Foremost, I’m concerned about the waste of money and paper for banners, fliers and brochures that we order in bulk because it’s cheaper,” she said, referring to all the old paper they’ll have to try to use up before Jan. 1.

She said they also will have to add the Oregon “O” signature to Take Back the Night T-shirts and banners, and the extra work will be labor intensive for the group’s visual design coordinators. But more importantly, she said putting a big “O” on everything will take away from the group’s message, quality and the focus of the ASUO Women’s Center logo on their letterhead.

“It could make things look more uniform, but I don’t really see the need for the campus groups to have the same logo. It seems a little excessive,” Cunningham said.

Student Senator Andy Elliott said while it may initially be a pain for student groups to update their letterhead, overall it will make the University more standardized.

“It might be cool to have everything uniform,” he said, although Elliott added that he prefers the old seal to the new signature.

Elliott said there were hearings last year to address concerns with the logo and no students participated. He added that some have already accepted defeat.

“I don’t make the rules,” he said.

The ASUO in conjunction with University Publications will be hosting meetings to explain to representatives on campus the detailed guidelines of implementing the Oregon “O” signature. University departments will meet Nov. 4 from 1-2:30 p.m., contract non-profits will gather Nov. 5 from 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. and ASUO student programs will convene Nov. 6 from 1-2:30 p.m. All meetings will be held in the Ben Linder Room in the EMU.

Lisa Toth, a senior majoring in Journalism, is a staff writer for the OREGON COMMENTATOR.
Since the 2000 men's basketball season, the Pit Crew has been the Ducks' most visible, if not their loudest, supporter. It boasts a membership of over 1,000 students, each clad in bright yellow t-shirts and armed with a passion for Duck basketball that makes Mac Court one of the toughest arenas in the nation for opponents to play in. However, while the Pit Crew is an ASUO-sponsored student group, founded for the purpose of supporting the basketball team, its loyalties may lie beyond the students who fill the Pit and the team that plays there.

This concern may be no more evident than in the case of the unpopular new mascot, which was designed and is paid for by Nike. It now appears that the Pit Crew has been turned into a marketing tool of Nike, in an effort to artificially boost support for the company's creation.

When "Mandrake," the new mascot made his first-ever Mac Court appearance, he was greeted by a much more welcoming group of students than previously at football games and the men's basketball game against Kansas at the Rose Garden. As it turns out, a representative from Nike, Michael Doherty, and Jim Bartko from the Athletic Department approached the administrators of the Pit Crew and asked that they make an effort to get more support from the students for Mandrake. What followed was the distribution of pizza and bingo tickets before the Jan. 18 game against Oregon State to the students in the Pit Crew ... by Mandrake. "Basically, Nike and the Athletic Department didn't want him boo-ed when he came to Mac Court, and they asked if the Pit Crew could help out with that," said Nate Jolly, who is the primary administrator for the Pit Crew. "As a mascot, Mandrake is a member of this university, and why should students boo a member of their own team?"

In the newsletter precluding the Oregon State game, a decree was issued to the members of the Pit Crew not to boo the new mascot's first Mac Court appearance, and to treat him like any other member of the team.

Jolly said that Nike made a formal offer to provide about a dozen Pit Crew administrators with new Nike Shox NZ if the group continued to support the new mascot. This offer was made by Doherty and Bartko, the same representatives that contacted Pit Crew administrators about supporting the new mascot previously.

"They said they would give us shoes if we would help out with the new Duck and use the email list to get support for him," Jolly said.

An analysis of Pit Crew funding demonstrates possible roots of conflicts of interest.

The Pit Crew is an ASUO program, albeit one with a small budget. For the 2002-2003 school year the Pit Crew received $490 from student incidental fees to be used for advertising, office supplies and printing costs. It also started the year with $600 in fundraising fees that the group receives by working with the Athletic and Marketing departments to place pom-poms on the seats of Mac Court and Autzen Stadium on game days. The going rate for this service is $250 for the entire basketball season, and $250 per football game, according to Jolly.

The Pit Crew receives considerably more value from Nike contributions. The company sponsored this year's Pit Crew shirts, an expense that Jolly estimated to be "about $7,000 to $9,000 for the quality and amount of shirts." The Pit Crew administrators have no input on the shirts or dealings with the expense, since they are written into the university's contract with Nike. That Nike contribution clearly outweighs the relative pittance provided by the ASUO incidental fee.

The Pit Crew's very origins include attempts to alter student behavior.

A couple of seasons ago, the Athletic Department and the Athletic Department Finance Committee (ADFC) saw a problem with students standing and jumping on their plastic seats in sections 10 and 11. This is where the Pit Crew came in. The Athletic Department and the ADFC granted the promise of early entry to all basketball games for anyone wearing a Pit Crew shirt and in exchange the leaders of the Pit Crew would try to control the seat-standing problem through email reminders. Jolly saw it this way: "If we have the same people sitting in the same seats for every single game, and they are aware of the rule, then it will cut down on the seat-standing."

Kate Kranzush, who is the chair of the ADFC, said the ASUO and the Athletic Department utilized the organizational abilities of the Pit Crew to solve the problem: "We basically enlisted them to help us with this problem."

But while the Pit Crew was able to solve the seat-standing problem, there is concern over potential problems in their role as a student group.

The Pit Crew has already demonstrated its willingness to bow to pressure from Nike and the Athletic Department. After all, both organizations provide more funding than the student group's allotment through the ASUO and both offer a lot more glamour. But if the Pit Crew is willing to sell out student opin-
ion, then it violates the role of student groups and the Pit Crew may not fulfill its role as such an organization.

Student groups are designed to promote the “cultural and physical development” of students and to further free speech dialogues in ways particularly set up by the incidental fee system. If the Pit Crew does not represent the opinion of most students and instead is co-opted by big money interests, then the Pit Crew can not be a recognized student group. After all, how many students would actually have cheered the new mascot had it not been for Nike and Athletic Department pressure?

There are further concerns about the organization fulfilling its duties as a student group.

One major problem is participation eligibility. The allotted advertising money goes toward space in the Emerald to remind students two weeks in advance of the game when the signature yellow shirts, the Pit Crew’s ticket to early entry for basketball games, are to be distributed. Students sitting in sections 10 and 11 of Mac Court on that particular day fill out sign-up sheets with their email addresses, to be added to the Pit Crew newsletter mailing list, in exchange for the official Pit Crew shirts. All students sitting elsewhere that day are out of luck, as the distribution occurs only once. Jolly stated that, as a student group, the Pit Crew “would like to include as many people as possible, but if we gave out 2,000 [shirts] it would lessen the value of having one.” This year, the number of shirts distributed was “about 1,000,” according to Jolly.

However, the practice of a one-time opportunity for students to join the group poses problems. Only about half of the allotment of student seats for basketball games is in the sections designated for the Pit Crew. Anyone who has been to a men’s basketball game at Mac Court, especially after the team’s success last season, knows that these sections fill up in a very short period of time. The practice of offering membership to the group only once during the basketball season actively excludes some of the very students whose incidental fee goes to support it.

Yet while it appears that the Pit Crew student group is pursuing Nike and Athletic Department interests, some believe the overall effect of such efforts is still in question.

Pit Crew member Josh Irwin said that the Pit Crew administrators wouldn’t be able to sway his opinion of the new Nike-sponsored mascot. “I was booing and yelling just like I always do,” Irwin said. “I didn’t see the email until after the game, but I would have booed anyway because I hate that new mascot.”

Marla Traweek, a senior majoring in journalism, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator.

JOIN OUR STAFF!

Writers, Photographers, Layout Folks, and Anybody Else With A Conservative Bent. Teatoatlers will be mercilessly beaten.

Oregon Commentator RM 319 EMU
There are plenty of degenerate jobs in the world: child pornographer, international terrorist, University of Oregon journalism professor. But for some reason, even these individuals receive less vilification and scorn for their despicable and deviant activities than I do. I work at the Gateway Mall. You should not judge me, though. I do not work there because I enjoy the company of crack-smoking prostitutes and their hyperactive brood. My idea of a good time is not standing around spitting while hassling strangers for cigarettes. And I do not think that HomeTown Buffet is the paradigm of fine dining. Nay, I work at Gateway because I am lazy—to lazy to find a more respectable job.

The Gateway Mall is the last refuge for the outer-most periphery of white trash culture in the United States, and as an employee of this dystopic hell-scape of human flotsam, one could consider me to be a co-conspirator in some evil ploy to white trash-ify America. This is simply not true. My year-long stint within the belly of the beast has instilled in me nothing but a white-hot, everlasting hatred of all things associated with the Gateway Mall. It must be destroyed immediately.

There is nothing good about the place. Its evil edifice looms tall over Springfield like a malevolent specter, beckoning to its scraggly-toothed brethren. They flock to it—oh, how they flock to it—like Muslims seeking pilgrimage in Mecca or Medina. Many of these people come to the Gateway Mall every single day of their pathetic lives. The troglodyte, mouth-breathing masses, who trudge through the grim, neon-lit halls of Gateway like zombies in search of fresh brains upon which to feast, are the most deserving people I can think of for forced sterilization. That may make me sound like a fascist, but let’s face the facts—these Neanderthal mutants are propagating at an exponential rate. Soon we will be overrun with screaming children, their faces dirtied by the ice-cream sandwiches their parents fed them for lunch, mullet headed meth-freaks who are liable to rip your larynx out if you so much as make eye contact with them, and pedophilic gang-bangers whose quest for underage white sluts is tantamount to King Arthur’s quest for the Holy Grail.

The Gateway mall is ostensibly a shopping venue, but I have never, with the exception of Target, ventured into one of Gateway’s clothing stores. Why would I? Perhaps if I was a knocked-up, 15-year-old high school drop-out whose future held in store years of drug abuse and prostitution, then I would probably shop at the maternity-wear store. If I was a melanin-deprived whigger with delusions of grandeur to match my gold-plated, fake-jewel-encrusted necklace reading “Pimp,” then I would probably spend my mom’s “hard-earned” welfare check at Ross. There is also Structure, but they don’t let anyone into their store unless their hair produces enough oil to justify their becoming the 12th member of OPEC. The most baffling store at Gateway is Castle of Swords, which sells swords to the Dungeons and Dragons crowd. It is the church of the eternal virgin. This place is amazing because it is located in the same vicinity as Gateway’s dive bar hang-out for life’s perennial losers, The Bistro. I think this is a great idea. Swords and Booze—it’s a winning combination!

Gateway’s saving grace is its movie theater. I do not mean this story originally ran on May 21, 2003 in the HATE issue.
the dollar movie theater that is next to the food court, the one with all the ambience and class of a third-rate porn house. Even the seats at that place are sticky... with soda, I hope. I mean the Cinemark 17, which is far removed from that pit of human despair the food court, where God’s mulligans commiserate. The people who work at Cinemark 17 are actually normal human beings, for the most part. The place is clean, too—nary a drop of blood or semen to be seen.

The lowest rung on Gateway’s ladder is the arcade, Tilt. This is where I work. I have told my managers that we should put a sign up on the front gate, written in the blood of a nubile virgin, reading:

“Through me you enter the population of loss. Abandon all hope, you who enter here.” They balked at the idea.

Arcades may seem like benign places. They’re all about having fun with the whole family, right? Perhaps the Manson family would enjoy this orgy of violence and pre-pubescent flesh, but for the rest of society, I suggest you go take your family to place that has a bit more class, like the Silver Dollar Club.

I stand behind the counter at Tilt for 15 hours a week, trying in vain to drown out the incessant commotion that threatens my sanity:

The lights flicker, inducing near-epileptic fits if I stare at them too long. The games blare their stock electronic noises. A co-worker of mine, a 25-year-old man whose girlfriend is not old enough to drive, hands me a couple of non-descript pills. A morbidly obese and unwashed teenage boy wearing a shirt emblazoned with “Autism is Awesome!” plays the Dance Dance Revolution game, much to the horror of the Japanese exchange students watching. A well-dressed man, obviously a child molester, hands his tickets to a seven-year-old boy. The entire time, off in the distance, a wiry thin crack whore is screaming: “Where mah baby at! Where the hell mah baby at!” This is humanity at its finest...

It’s no wonder that I smoke too much. These people are quite literally killing me. I have witnessed things that would turn a Vietnam veteran’s hair white with horror. There was the time I witnessed a one-round boxing match between two special Olympians on the food court. There was the occasion when a dozen police officers stormed the food court to arrest a drug dealer. And then there was the time a drug-addled loony was writhing around in the parking lot, screaming about monkeys and Satan, attempting to take his pants off, while the kind patrons of Gateway ground his face into the pavement.

And then there have been the fat chicks flashing. Why must fat chicks flash?

My life has been threatened at Gateway on numerous occasions, which is why I am afraid to quit my job. I have seen enough cop movies to know that as soon as I put in my two-week notice, I will be as good as dead. Three days prior to retiring, I will be killed — either by a crazed redneck, angry that a machine in Tilt stole his tokens, or by an obese woman, who, while in the throes of a hunger-induced frenzy, will mistake me for a fresh slab of veal. Thus, like a soldier on the losing side of the war, I must keep fighting the good fight. Whatever does not kill you makes you stronger—at least until the stress catches up to you, in which case the resulting aneurism will kill you.

Stay away from the Gateway Mall. There is no reason to come, unless you are looking for a hook-up with a face-painted hoochie. Even in that case, it would be safer to stick your unsheathed penis into a vat of AIDS-infected blood. Stay away; I implore you.

Tyler Graf, a young loner on a crusade to champion the cause of the innocent in a world of criminals who operate above the law, is a staff writer for the Commentator.
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No Room For Racism

When you’re looking for race-hustling poverty pimps, check the mirror.

By Bret Jacobson

The University’s Bias Response Unit has missed a critical opportunity to fight a steady racism infecting campus. Everywhere one turns, racist, belittling comments are made in classes, student groups and the campus newspaper. The problem, however, is that the racism is not from arch conservative factions but it is rather from the very liberals who labor under delusions of moral -- make that political -- righteousness.

There is a common perception in America that conservatives are racist -- they are small-town hicks with little education and a fear of change. They chew chaw, spit on the sidewalk and have beady eyes… and they probably have a shotgun rack in the window of their pickup truck. Right? Wrong.

The ideology of conservatism is inherently non-biased, non-racist and non-bigoted because it is an ideology of results. Conservatism is about finding the right person for the right job. A true conservative believes that individual organizations -- whether a large corporation, a non-profit, or a small family -- make the best decisions for finding the ways to success.

If a company believes customer service is the key to success, they will hire friendly employees. If technical excellence is the order of the day for a biotech company, it will do its best to hunt down the best chemical engineers and doctors. The most important ingredient is to serve what customers value most.

That is a powerful lesson for those who don’t understand conservatism, because in a society driven by the bottom line and public relations, there is no room for racism, bigotry or narrow mindedness. Customers do not like to hear that they are associated with racist companies, and the most cut-throat business person will never think about any employee factor besides the economic impact of job candidates.

While there is no room in conservative orthodoxy for racism, modern liberalism is built squarely on a foundation of “the soft bigotry of low expectations.” From every syllable of their condescending rhetoric to policies that promote poverty, liberals constantly reinforce the idea that minorities are automatically underprivileged and therefore require extraordinary legal and social protections.

Bigotry is a common tool in the quest for power and a sense of self-righteousness evidently desired by “progressives.” Liberals would have no crusade to fight if everyone knew that America is increasingly reaching the nobility of a merit-based playing field -- a scary proposition for those who believe those lacking talent or drive must be protected from themselves by the more enlightened (read: better-bred). But by reinforcing the notion that there is a vast group in our society that is constantly tread upon, and so defenseless that they cannot possibly be expected to fight for their rights in the same way every other group in American history has done, the implication is that minority groups must be patronized and pandered to.

Quickly examine the policies favored by progressives. They constantly fight the battles of yesterday as they continue to focus on affirmative action, women’s rights and class warfare. But those issues have essentially been settled for decades and ganging up on the few violators under the pretense of a critical mass facing society is worthy of ridicule and scorn.

While it may feel wonderful to fight for a perceived underdog, every individual in the real-world America will continue to be judged on how much value their mental and personal acuity add. That leaves “civil rights leaders” such as Rev. Jesse Jackson, women’s rights activists such as Gloria Allred and Gloria Steinem and the conglomerated hordes fighting for affirmative action with a very real problem: a vacuum of legitimate issues that must be filled with a sound and a fury that signifies nothing, save perhaps their own inflated sense of self-purpose.

If middle-class white kids want to make it a more just society for all American citizens, they should take responsibility for their own actions and mind their own damn business. No self-righteous marches, no sit-in demonstrations and definitely no poetry-laden coffee hours. As P.J. O’Rourke has noted, the best duty a citizen can perform is to obey the laws and pay one’s taxes. If you follow that prescription, you will judge others based on their relative merits, which is the ultimate form of justice.

Bret Jacobson, now retired from the magazine, was publisher of the Oregon Commentator.
THE LAST 100 YEARS

OR

Revisionist History Through The Glazed Over Fog of a Vodka Hangover

October 14, 2005: Every copy of the new Student Directory is stolen before they can be delivered to eager students. Freshmen Dick Hunt and Harry Balz are suspected of masterminding the crime.

June 10, 2006: ODE Columnist-at-large Pat Payne graduates with a triple major in Journalism, Political Science and Dungeon Master. Graciously accepts full time position with Comic News.

March 4, 2007: KWVA Musical Director Carl Sundberg locks himself in the booth after PFC cuts KWVA’s budget by 15%. After 64 hours of nothing but Night Ranger, PFC acquiesces and ups their budget by 5%.

November, 2010:

Final Results of Gubernatorial Race

Earl Packwood (R) 14%
Eric Bailey (D) 30%
Moonbeam Karma (G) 6%
Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh (I) 46%

January 3, 2012: Undefeated Ducks win the Rose Bowl as Feeley-coached squad outlasts Miami 28-17. Ducks #1 in coaches’ poll, but #2 in AP poll as 10-2 Nebraska pulls ahead in Midwestern voting.

May 3, 2018: Everclear plays a free concert at Mac Court. Nobody shows save Peter DeFazio.

Nov., 2022: Backed by Bill Sizemore’s Oregon Tax Payers United, Measure 28 would outlaw all taxes on income, property and racketeering.

March 2023: Oregon Legislature forced to balance a state budget based entirely on lottery dollars.

April 2023: Slot machines installed in city parks.
May 2023: Slot machines installed in public bathrooms.
June 2023: Slot machines installed in welfare offices.


January 2033: War! Aztlan — the borderless nation of the bronze people invades Cascadia.


June 3, 2035: George Beres — UO Sports Historian and noted anti-Semite — passes away on his 103 birthday. His final column, “How I Learned to Love the Covetous Jew” runs in the Register-Guard.

June, 2052: Chainsaws outlawed by Oregon Governor and Green Party member Moonbeam Karma.

June, 2052: Residents of Roseburg, a town traditionally dependent on timber money, became so upset over the chainsaw ban that they create their own roadblock on I-5, systematically arresting people they suspect of being “subversives.” “HICKS CONTROL I-5,” reads the Oregonian headline.

June, 2052: In response, Eugene residents set up their own blockade on I-5, forcing unsuspecting motorists to take mammoth doses of LSD. “GIANT PANDA DEVOURS SUN,” reads the Register-Guard headline.

July, 2054: Long rumored Rennie’s Landing movie finally premieres and becomes an instant blockbuster. The plot concerns three staffers from a campus magazine who run up such a massive bill on a Long Island drinking binge that they are forced to manage the bar to pay for it.

October 5, 2055: The Drunk Driver Shuttle folds after driver takes sloshed student home— to Omaha.

August 28, 2056: Whiteaker neighborhood flattened in meth lab explosion.


September 18, 2059: Klamath County issues a proclamation declaring itself a new state, followed by a proclamation declaring itself a new nation altogether.

September 23, 2059: Whole matter forgotten when Tom O’Connor’s pig takes first place at the county fair. “I reckon that’s the biggest durn pig I ever laid eyes on,” O’Connor’s proud father declares.

February, 2061: Town of Ontario raped and pillaged by monkeys. “That was just nature’s way of saying of ‘don’t have sex with your aunt,’” Ontario Mayor Gary Hines gloomily announces.

March, 2066: Palestinians granted homeland: Corvallis!

April, 2066: Israelis relocate to Albany.

September 5, 2066: J202, the notorious info-gathering class, is changed to J205, the exciting leaf-gathering class. Quality of work out of J-School does not decline.

November, 2068: Backed by Eastern Oregon Farmers, Measure 46 passes, allocating tax dollars to build a massive dam on the Klamath River that does away with 100% of water lost to Californian fisherman.

June 15, 2075: The Oregon Daily Emerald announces that the PULSE section will now be available by request only. Send a SASE to Room 300, EMU for self-indulgent reviews of no-name bands and books nobody will ever read.

May 22, 2081: EMU Board finally placates students and announces the return of the bowling alley. Safe, drug-free Christian fun finally has a home again.

August 20, 2088: MIT student develops particle-accelerating bong that sucks weed through a black hole, warps it through the folds of time and space, and returns it to deep within the smoker’s lungs. Student receives Nobel Prize, lifetime High Times subscription.

May 2090: Mac Court Pit Crew get a life, realize that high-decibel personal attacks and crude language are only a thinly veiled attempt to make up for a childhood full of disastrous games of four square and prison ball.

January 1, 3000: Eugene smoking ban lifted. Denizens of Max’s rejoice. Patrons light up cig after cig. Also, return of Jesus.
I really hate crazy neighbors. I don’t mean the people who party and bump their music — I can deal with them. The furiously humping neighbors pounding a bed against my wall are annoying, but I can relate. The type I can’t stand break into your house with a hunting knife, point it at your sleeping girlfriend, call you crazy and tell you that you’re going to die.

Early last fall, one of my neighbors was having some trouble with his girlfriend. He had planned to spend the summer with her family, but came home early after getting in a fist-fight with her dad. For weeks, he whined about her decision to stay home and tirelessly considered their break-up.

We had been friends for about a year, so I felt obligated to help. I suggested a night of drinking and pool. Without hesitation, he agreed, and we decided to go to the bars sometime around six.

Shortly before we headed out, my girlfriend came home and said she wanted to go. I promised to stay sober and the three of us got in my car and went to a bar.

My girlfriend, Allison, and my neighbor, let’s just call him Cassius, had drank most of two pitchers before we left for the second bar. By eleven, we’d been through five pitchers and three bars. At the fourth bar, I went to the bathroom.

As I walked out of the bathroom, I saw Cassius grabbing Allison’s arms and trying to kiss her. Allison leaned away from the kiss and then shoved Cassius off. I couldn’t believe my eyes. I walked across the bar and up to Cassius.

“What the fuck, Cassius?” I said, shoving him backwards and slapping him with the back of my hand. I was a little drunk and somehow managed to act without thinking -- imagine that.

“Whoa dude, what’s the matter?” he said, sitting down and raising his palms in the air.

“Fuck you, I saw what happened. What the fuck’s wrong with you?” I yelled, already starting to doubt what I’d seen.

“I can’t deal with this,” Allison said, turning and running out the door. She glared at me with glassy eyes as she left.

When Allison was gone, Cassius looked at me with a confused look, and my stomach sunk. Twice before, Allison had almost left me for acting jealous and suspicious.

“God damn it, now I’ve really fucked myself,” I thought, “Why do I always have to be so paranoid?”

“Dude, you’re totally freaking out,” Cassius said, “I was just asking about her grad school program.”

“Ahh, man, I’m so sorry,” I said, feeling like a jackass, “I thought you were trying to kiss her.”

“It’s all right. It’s cool,” Cassius said, patting me on the shoulder.

I ran outside and Allison was gone. As I looked around the parking lot, everything was very quiet and the whole situation felt surreal. I walked back into the bar and told Cassius we needed search for Allison.

Cassius looked like he was going to puke as we drove around, so I dropped him off at home. Fifteen minutes later, I was still looking for Allison and getting pissed. I pulled up to a stoplight and pounded my fist against the steering wheel. The instant I hit the wheel, my cell phone rang. It was Allison and she was hysterical. She had ran home and fallen down on the way.

When I got home, Allison was sitting on our stairs crying. Her knees were bloody, there was a big knot on her forehead and she had lost her glasses.

“Cassius tried to kiss me,” she said before tucking her head...
“Then he told me you’ll never have to know about it,” she said, looking up with a red, teary face.

“It’s OK, it’s OK,” I said, helping her up the stairs.

I spent the next five minutes cleaning her scrapes, tucking her in bed and burning with rage. When she had stopped crying, I turned to walk out.

“I’ll be right back,” I said, “I’m going to kick the shit out of Cassius.”

I was so mad on my way to Cassius’ apartment, I thought I might pass out. When I turned the corner of my apartment building, I saw him looking out his front door. He slammed the door when he saw me and I ran the rest of the way over.

I pounded on his door like I was beating a massive drum. When he opened the door, I walked in and quietly stared at him.

“I’m so close to beating your fucking ass, Cassius,” I slowly said, “Stay the fuck away from Allison and stay the fuck away from me.”

“No wait, I’ll show what I was trying to ask Allison,” he said.

I knew he was lying, but I wasn’t sure what to do or say. His claim was so strange that I just stood there, watching him digging through drawers and cabinets.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Wait, wait a second,” he said.

Then, suddenly, he pulled out a huge hunting knife and pointed it at me. For a second, we both stood still. Then, I started walking towards him.

“Fuck you, put that knife down,” I yelled. “Put that fucking knife down!”

Without saying anything, he ran past me and out the door.

“What the hell? Oh shit, Allison,” I thought before chasing after him.

When I ran out his door, he was turning the corner of my building. At my apartment, the front door was open. I charged through the doorway and up the stairs. At the top of the stairs, I could see Cassius standing in my dark bedroom holding his knife over Allison. She had gone to bed drunk and was still asleep.

“What the fuck,” I screamed, running around him to the other side of the bed.

Before Cassius knew what had happened, I grabbed my shotgun from under the bed and pointed it at him.

“Get out of here,” I screamed desperately, “Get out of here or I’ll fucking kill you.”

When he saw my shotgun pointed at him, his eyes opened wide. The gun wasn’t loaded, but I cocked the hammer and braced the butt against my shoulder anyway.

“Get out,” I said. “I don’t want to shoot you.”

I was expecting him to turn and run, or put his hands in the air like in the movies, but he didn’t, he just stood there. And then, despite reason and logic, he pointed his knife at me. I don’t know if what happened next was out of anger, or just a fight or flight response, but I know he probably didn’t enjoy it.

“Oh, fuck this,” I yelled. “Fuck this!”

With a wild, swinging ax-chop, I cracked Cassius’ forearm with the butt of my shotgun. He dropped to one knee, but held onto the knife, so I hockey-checked him to the ground. At this point, he was facing out the bedroom on his hands and knees. I figured Allison would be safe if he was in the hallway, so I went to work driving the barrel of my gun into his back. After several kicks, shoves and shotgun whacks, Cassius was on the floor in the hallway.

“Get out,” I screamed. “Get the fuck out of here!”

I was holding the shotgun in my right hand with the butt ready to serve him a knockout blow. His face was on the floor and his ass was sticking in the air like he’d fallen without arms. I though he was about to crawl away when he began to stand up.

As I turned, the knife grazed along my chest. Cassius charged past me and then turned to face me. Before he turned all the way around, I bashed him on the head with the butt of the shotgun. He staggered back out of the bathroom and stopped in a swaying motion, like a tree in the wind.

“You’re fucking crazy,” he said, doubled over and leaning against the wall.

“You’re fucking dead,” he screamed, rising and turning to me, “I’m gonna kill you!”

Before I knew what was happening, he charged me with his knife. I stumbled backward and hit my bathroom door. When I hit the door, it swung open and I pivoted sideways. As I turned, the knife grazed along my chest. Cassius charged past me and then turned to face me. Before he turned all the way around, I bashed him on the head with the butt of the shotgun. He staggered back out of the bathroom and stopped in a swaying motion, like a tree in the wind.

I had had enough. He was going to leave or die and, at that point, I really didn’t care which.

If he was hit by half of the swings that punched holes in my walls, I don’t know how he even managed to leave. For a good ten seconds, I unleashed every bit of hatred I could muster, swinging, kicking, shoving and clubbing every place he moved. I hit him so hard and fast both his shoes fell off. Then, finally, he skidded down the stairs on his heels and ran out the door.

I closed and locked the door, called the cops and told Allison to put some clothes on. When the police arrived, I told them where Cassius lived and suggested they use caution approaching him. He was still holding that knife when they came to his door.

The police took me to identify him before hauling him off to jail. I could hear the crazy bastard saying he didn’t do anything wrong while being handcuffed.

“Look, there’s my friend,” he said, when I was brought to identify him. “He’ll tell you I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Yeah, that’s him. Take that fuck to jail.”

John Kreider first told us this tale at Rennie’s, and we were stunned to say the least. We’re just glad he’s on our side at the Oregon Commentator.
Essentially, the war in Iraq is over. Not to say the killing is over, as nearly every day sees a few US soldiers killed by a pocket of guerilla fighters or a rebel bomb. Nevertheless, the main clashes finished a month ago.

Now the people of Iraq, along with the rest of the world, are waiting with baited breath to see what will happen with the newly occupied nation. In reconstructing post-war Iraq, America faces the difficult question of what to do with the now leaderless state. How we should answer that question largely revolves around why you believe we invaded Iraq in the first place.

If you follow the party line and believe everything the Bush administration publicly said during the war, then you probably think we invaded Iraq to stop Saddam from developing or using weapons of mass destruction against the United States. Defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld continually insisted that intelligence indicated Iraq was on the verge of developing nuclear or biological weapons if they did not already possess them, so we had to strike before they attacked us.

We have subdued the Iraqi threat, so now everyone is asking to see these weapons of mass destruction or even the facilities that could have been used to make them. Unfortunately, despite thorough searching, no weapons have turned up. However, U.S. forces discovered facilities, in the form of mobile laboratories, which could potentially produce biological and chemical weapons. Critics doubt the efficiency of these mobile labs but admit that little other legitimate use seems plausible.

From this reason, it follows that America’s wisest course of action would be to set up a new democratic government in Iraq along similar to Afghanistan. We would need to install a low-popularity regime so it would continue to be dependent on U.S. aide and would not lead us down the same path Saddam did by turning against America down the road.

Another reason America went to war, one that seemed almost trivialized by the U.S. government, was to free the Iraqi people from the oppression of Saddam Hussein. By most accounts, Saddam Hussein was a nefarious dictator who oppressed and slaughtered his own citizens. Though American usually only deems military actions necessarily in cases of genocide (and sometimes not even then), it hardly seems unacceptable to take action against such a morally reprehensible government.

Ignoring the Iraqi people’s wishes would be an unacceptable solution if America went to war for the good of Iraq. By many accounts, Iraqis want neither Saddam, nor America, to be in power in their country. If we are to obey the wishes of the Iraqi people, then simple installation of a puppet government in Iraq is an unacceptable solution. Our duty to the Iraqi people is to install someone who will, for better or worse in the American eye, do what is best for all the citizens of Iraq without bias against particular religions or ethnicities, something that Iraq has sorely missed for decades.

Even a combination of these two ideas does not present the whole picture of why American forces invaded Iraq. To fully understand our motivation, we have to look at a key figure in the Bush administration’s military policy making: Paul Wolfowitz.

Wolfowitz is the Deputy Defense Secretary under Donald Rumsfeld. He invented America’s current military policy of preemptive intervention shortly after the September 11 attack on the Pentagon and World Trade Center and was one of the most influential masterminds behind the war in Iraq.

In a recent interview with Vanity Fair magazine, Wolfowitz admitted that there was “almost unnoticed but huge.” With the taking of Baghdad, America can now set up military outposts in Iraq and withdraw all troops from Saudi Arabia. Doing so will make a powerful play toward peace in the Middle East. One of the main grievances from Al-Qaeda, for example, was the presence of the American infidels on Saudi Arabian land. By taking Iraq, America can accomplish withdrawal from Saudi Arabia without losing any foothold in the region.

Just days before Wolfowitz’s interview with Vanity Fair, Rumsfeld admitted publicly for the first time that the weapons of mass destruction that America was so sure existed may never be found. Rumsfeld continued on to say that Iraq may have disposed of the weapons somehow before American troops arrived.

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On the heels of that announcement, Wolfowitz told Vanity Fair, “For bureaucratic reasons we settled on one issue, weapons of mass destruction, because it was the one reason everyone could agree on.”

David Usborne, a reporter for Independent, a publication based out of the United Kingdom, surmises that when Wolfowitz says “everyone,” he means specifically to include Colin Powell, who was reluctant to support the war initiative strictly for the betterment of America’s position in the Middle East.

By taking Iraq, America puts itself in a better position to protect our ally Israel in the Middle East. Once we place a non-religious puppet government in Iraq and develop our system of military bases there, we can offer more support to Israel. This would be construed as facilitating the peace process in the Israeli/Palestinian conflict by Wolfowitz and his followers within the U.S. government.

The danger of one-sided support for Israel does not downplay the potential for newfound stability in the Middle East. With a stronger U.S. power present, major military action in the region seems less likely, as most regimes in the area fear American military might.

With Wolfowitz’s statements to Vanity Fair, we are finally allowed to see the whole (or at least more of the) truth about America’s war in Iraq. With the goal more obvious, we can decide on what appropriate action for reconstructing Iraq should be.

Unfortunately, what should be done is probably not the most desirable option. In order to maintain solid control over Iraq and use it to our best advantage, the will of the Iraqi people must be entirely forgotten. Iraq would become something just short of the 51st state in the union. The puppet government in Iraq would have to bend to every American will, no matter if it is good for Iraq or not. A potentially scary proposition for the people of Iraq, it could be difficult to keep the population of the country from revolting against the American puppet.

Within foreign policy journals of late, experts have talked at great length about America’s growing empire. Without any other superpower to put us in check, America has expanded in the last two decades, all the while trying to hide its expansion by simply creating dependent relationships for newly implanted heads of state. The list of governments in America’s pocket will grow depending on how the Bush administration handles Iraq.

I find it troublesome that the neo-conservative foreign policy makers in the Bush administration find it acceptable to use excuses to attack other countries. The U.S. military should always discuss its reasons behind militant action truthfully with the American people and should be upfront about things. It is a dangerous and worrisome precedent to see our heads of state revising their reasoning after the war is finished.

It is not so much an issue of lying to the public, as it is not telling the whole truth. With the whole truth revealed, we have little recourse but to carry through with our plan of making Iraq our complete and utter subservient and using the land for our own gain, and ultimately the gain of the region as a whole. It probably will not be easy, and it even flies in the face of democracy to appoint an unpopular leader that the people would not elect themselves, but that is the road our leaders have chosen for us.

I hope that our officials will not forget the actual inhabitants of the country we seem to treat so much like a chess piece lately. The freedom referred to in “Operation Iraqi Freedom” was for the Iraqi people to be free from oppressive tyranny, not for the Defense Department to rent out Iraq for strategic purposes.

America stands to gain excellent tactical advantages from the war, and that is an excellent side effect, but the operation will not be a true success until the Iraqi people live in a strong, free nation.

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Ryan Earley is next year’s Another Perspective columnist. And he promises the next one will be funnier.

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They do not care. Is it because the secretary-general of the United Nations is now a black man? —Nelson Mandela on the treatment of UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan. Apparently Boutros-Ghali didn’t meet Mr. Mandela’s color quota. So many shades of intolerance.

Diversity is extremely important. It’s everything, actually. —Greg McNeill—always a bridesmaid, never a politician—addressing the issue of diversity during the debates. You know what else is extremely important? Not losing to a gag candidate. It’s everything, actually.

ON CAVE PAINTING AND OTHER HIGH ART

Here a history of a human is written one word at a time. These are my paintings on the caves in the walls. We each have our own. Each is so fleeting. So unique.

—Aaron Shakra, posting to the ODE’s new blog section. Pity or scorn how should we react?

ON AUSTIN’S A GREAT PLACE

[The Student Senate] always abdicates their responsibilities. They’re all fuckers.

—Campus Figure Scott Austin. Actually, Scott, they’re not all fuckers. Because most of them can’t get laid very often, if at all, which is a good thing because if they handled student genitals like they handle student money, there would be tons of unsatisfied lovers filing grievances.
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Where’s that guy who drinks all the beer? Drunk somewhere, probably.
—Economics 411 Professor Chris Ellis on an absent member of the class. Yeah he was drunk somewhere all right, heard the guy got 86ed from Taylor’s before noon.

Always, I’m living on the floor.
—Math Professor Peng Lu. For a guy who doesn’t have a great grasp of English, Peng at least knows where he is. That’s more than we can say for the entire Sociology department.

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.

ON HIGH SOCIETY

Like some hard-ass chronic, this novel grips you: One toke and you can’t put it down.
—From the High Time times review of “Twelve,” a novel by 17 year-old writing prodigy Nick McDonnell. Amazingly, the review nearly mirrors the sentiments of The New Yorker, which described the book as “a long slow bong rip for the soul.”

ON SOLIDARITY

I am not Ben Buzbee’s frat brother, but when Ben went to court, I was down there, and I also typed up a letter for the judge. What did you do?
—Bruce Miller, lashing out at potential vice-Exec Greg Bae in one of his epic handwritten manifestos.

At the university level, it’s very important for college students [to be involved] because the eyes of the nation turn to universities for guidance on social issues.
—Levi Strom, student senator and co-founder of Students For Peace. Levi, Levi...you’ve got it all wrong. The eyes of the nation turn to universities to see our sorority girls featured in the Playboy “Girls of the Pac-10” Issue.
DRUNKS AGAINST DAMNED OTHERS

Founded in 1918 with the passage of the 18th Amendment, DAMNED seeks to ensure the right of boozers everywhere to consume the sweet nectar of life known as alcohol.

Current Campaigns:
• Sidewalk Liquor Fountains to replace flavorless water fountains.
• Removing maternalistic regulations on BAC.
• Getting those MADD tea-toatlers liquored up and dancing topless on tabletops.
• Ensuring that no drunk is without legal counsel in the event of frivolous DUI litigation.
• Family Planning services for drunks who cannot remember who or what they did last night, last week, or for the last few years.
• Getting plowed, passing out.