

# BACK TO THE BOOZE



# OC



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## 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.

# COMMENTATOR

Tyler Graf gives incoming students the lowdown on surviving the UO with his Survival Guide. **PAGE 10**

Ben Brown vents frustration and gives the skinny on UO's Faces to Avoid. Are you one of them? **PAGE 14**

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Intrepid reporter Derek Payne tells of a frat party drugging. You may be surprised who was drugged. **PAGE 23**

What happens to dissenting voices at political rallies? They get the royal beat down. Melissa Hanks has the story. **PAGE 22**



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I won't waste my seed on hideous trolls.

## “WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?”



**W**e are stardust. We are golden. We are going back to the garden.

You hold in your hands the first issue of the OREGON COMMENTATOR of the 2004-2005 school year. If you are a first time reader, then stay with me. If you are a loyal fan, then what the hell are you doing reading this? Nobody reads the editorial. Turn to Nobody for a laugh. Or check out the bar guide, you filthy alcoholic.

The OREGON COMMENTATOR is, you may have heard, the conservative/libertarian publication on campus, making us the only true alternative publication. Whereas the other publications – from the OI’ Dirty Emerald to the Student Insurgent – have a distinctively left-leaning slant, the COMMENTATOR takes a different approach to journalism. With our brand of humor, objective journalism, commentaries and investigative pieces, the COMMENTATOR is the only publication worth reading.

The COMMENTATOR is a fee-funded student group, which means you the student pay for this. However, due to our fiscally conservative beliefs, we pump nearly every dollar into the fifteen issues we publish a year. We do not pay stipends because we do not believe that we are entitled to your money. Our belief in fiscal conservatism stands in stark contrast to nearly every other student group on campus.

The worst offenders are OSPIRG, OSA and USSA – the evil triumvirate of politically partisan, money-grubbing student groups. If you are unfamiliar with these groups, here are some easy to digest CribNotes:

**OSPIRG (Oregon Student Public Interest Research Group):** Founded in the early 1970s by Ralph “The Malph” Nader, it receives over \$100,000 from students every year. Unlike other student groups, OSPIRG has only one line item in its budget entitled “miscellaneous”, which makes OSPIRG’s accounting practices almost impossible to trace. We do know, however, that the student PIRGs pool their money together and use it to pay for expensive office space for their professional counterpart, Oregon State Public Research Group (OSPIRG) which can perform the lobbying duties. Wheels within wheels, man.

**OSA (Oregon Student Alliance):** Adam Petkun, ASUO Executive, was recently elected to head this organization, which acts as a lobbying organization on behalf of students and student interests. This sounds innocuous at first, but when you factor in how the OSA is composed of subgroups that can perform direct political action in Salem it is cause for concern. And, like OSPIRG, OSA has a budget that is privy to fiscal malfeasance because its budget falls under the ASUO’s Executive budget.

**USSA:** The USSA is the OSA’s big brother, lobbying on

behalf of issues at the national level. There was a time, not too long ago, when the ASUO came momentarily to its senses and decided to slash USSA’s budget. However, over the past few years, the USSA has seen its budget gradually increase. Last year it was awarded over \$7,000; this year it will undoubtedly be more. This prediction is based on two observations: 1) Last year the USSA asked for approximately \$20,000 – a gigantic budget increase --but was turned down. 2) This year, the PSST (Progressive Students Starting Today) has control of the ASUO, and its members will make sure this program, along with the others listed, sees a healthy funding increase. No doubt, USSA will ask for another ridiculous budget boost. Most of USSA’s money is spent on travel expenses so students can participate in national conferences. However, if the recent debacle involving the ASUO and an incidental-fee-funded excursion are anything to go by, students should be wary of donating money to amateur lobbyists for their unproductive jaunts across country.

Every year, students pump nearly \$200,000 into these groups. And what do we have to show for it? Not a damn thing. They make no demonstrable impact on campus. None. Ask these people what they’ve done for you personally, and you’ll be met with a blank, fish-eyed stare.

Thus, for the past twenty-one years we’ve been fighting for fiscal accountability. We’ve also been fighting against the conspiracy theories and revisionism of the Insurgents, the Zinn-philites and the Moore lovers. We’ve created change, like the time we successfully got OSPIRG kicked off campus, and we’ve created controversy. Our boxes have been dumped and stolen. Threats of bodily harm have been lodged against us. The PFC has tried to defund us. Administrators constantly look down upon us. But throughout all this we have remained, because we still sincerely believe that this University is the frontline in the War of Ideas. And when we are not providing pithy commentary and excellent journalism, we are providing the best bathroom reading the Incidental Fee has to offer.

So keep reading the magazine. Or come by our office, 319 EMU. Or leave drunken messages on our voice mail, (541) 346-3721. Or write us angry e-mails denouncing us as “patriarchs”, ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu. Together we can make a difference on campus, and perhaps, along the way, we can laugh, cry, ride tandem bicycles through fields of daisies, and learn how to love again.

We’ll probably just get drunk.

“I wholeheartedly endorse this magazine and all its subsidiaries.”

--Mr. T, possibly the most influential actor of our time



Come to room 319 EMU and find out what Mr. T is raving about. You'll gain ...

- Greater self-esteem
- A more productive social life
- A healthy distrust of student government
- The respect of your peers

If it's good enough for the star of Rocky III, it's good enough for you.  
Jibba-jabba!

## Stubbs Snubbed In Federal Court

A lawsuit challenging the Oregon University System's policy prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons on campus was flushed from federal court on June 29. US District Judge Ann Aiken ruled that the plaintiff, UO Physics grad student Brian Stubbs, had failed "to present a justiciable case." Stubbs, who carries a valid concealed handgun license, had sued the OUS in January of 2003, alleging that they had deprived him of the due process of law by violating his right to carry a concealed weapon pursuant to Oregon law.

Stubbs' case was, on its face, quite strong. Oregon law vests the power to "regulate in any matter whatsoever the ... possession ... of firearms ... solely in the Legislative Assembly," and further exempts permitted carriers of concealed weapons from the law against possession in public buildings. (See ORS 166.170 & 166.370). Indeed, on October 13, Lane Community College's board of directors tentatively approved a policy allowing concealed weapons on the LCC campus, while still banning destructive devices and other dangerous weapons. The board characterized this as the best possible policy, given that state law doesn't allow LCC to ban weapons.

Strong as Stubbs' case may have been, it failed to get past the hurdle of judicial restraint. Because the OUS policy has not been enforced against him, Stubbs failed to show any injury as a result of it. Under the "justiciability" doctrine, courts will refrain from reviewing executive branch policies unless an individual can demonstrate that enforcement has resulted in an actual infringement of individual rights. After receiving a letter advising him that the OUS policy would be enforced if he violated it, Stubbs voluntarily adhered to the policy and has not carried his handgun on campus. Therefore the policy has not actually targeted him; consequently his case was dismissed for failure to state a claim on which relief could be granted, known as a Rule 12(b)(6) dismissal.

Judge Aiken left open the possibility that Stubbs could continue his crusade in other venues and by other means. "T[his] court should not be called upon to decide abstract questions of wide public significance," she wrote, "when other government institutions may be more competent to address the question." Stubbs may appeal the OUS policy higher up the Oregon administrative ladder, or file suit in Oregon court, she noted.

But there was one thing she didn't suggest that would certainly help Stubbs make his case. Take your gun to town, boy. Get yourself a ticket. Otherwise you have no case, and it is a case worth making, because legally you are right.

--Dan Atkinson

## Win A Date With Will Cohen

In his short time here, Will Cohen, our exceptional AP columnist, has written some of the sexiest material ever to grace the page. Who can forget his last column, in which he discussed a new form of lovemaking in which the male smashes a chair over the female? Boy, that sent shivers down my spine.

Brilliant!

Not only is this man sexy in words, he's also sexy in flesh. I've got it on good authority that he's hung like a horse and twice as hairy. He is, if I may be so bold, a genetic specimen. If there ever were an Uebermensch, he would be it.

It is for this reason that the Oregon Commentator is presenting its first (perhaps only) Win A Date With The AP Columnist contest. All you need to do is write in and explain why you want to date Will Cohen. Any length is acceptable. However, it is best if you send a photograph.

No fat chicks.

Send submissions to [ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu](mailto:ocomment@darkwing.uoregon.edu). The finalists will be announced in the next issue.

Hurry up and don't delay. Perhaps you can be the next woman or man (Will doesn't discriminate) to be mounted sans condom.



Will Cohen, seen during one of his more lucid moments. Come and get this lumpy piece of man candy, ladies!

# Movie Times

<b>Shooting at Columbine</b> New (R:)	8:30, 10:20, 3:00, 5:50, 9:00
<b>Michael Moore Ate America</b> New (PG13:)	8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, Matinee showings half price
<b>I Spit on Your Grave: Ted Rall Remembers Reagan</b> New XXX	6:00, 9:00, 11:00 Vomit bag required
<b>Cops</b>  (PG13)	Saturdays on FOX. Stay tuned for America's Sexiest Police Chases
<b>Sean Hannity of the Dead</b>  (NC17)	10:00, 3:00, 5:00, 9:00

## Breaking News

Adam Petkun Misinterprets Deep-throat; UO "Coming Out Day" Made Livelier As Result.

Dutch Bros. Opens New Franchise In Dave Frohnmayer.

Foppish Rapscaillon and Gadabout Travels Through Europe, says: "Tiddlywinks, mate!"

## THE ASKS:

# Why weren't you allowed to participate in the debates?



**Zell Miller**

Excuse me. I feel a disturbance in the Force.



**Robo Cop**

You'd better shoot me between the eyes, Zell!



**Abraham Lincoln**

No fair challenging me to a duel when I'm at the theater, Zell.



**Toby Hill-Meyer**

The crypto-fascist moderator insisted on using gendered pronouns. I have a lawsuit pending.



**Bobby Knight**

I threw a chair at Bob Schieffer. And I lost to Purdue.



**Lyndon Larouche**

Not allowed? I moderated the third one of those, you bastard. Didn't you recognize me? Now put that chair down, you fascist.



**Dan Rather**

Goddamn crypto-fascist typesetters.

# SUDSY LIVES

**I**t flies in the face of medical science and it's contrary to the rules of nature. Most important, it just doesn't make sense: Sudsy has risen from the grave.

In a press release issued exclusively to the Oregon Commentator on September 27<sup>th</sup>, Oregon Commentator Editor-In-Chief Tyler Graf stated: "In June we placed Sudsy in the ground and covered him with soil. We were confused that day -- angry and confused. Sudsy was not simply our mascot, he was our alcohol. How would you feel if you had to dump 300 pounds of alcohol because it did something stupid and suddenly "died"? You'd feel pissed, I'm sure. But as we learned only yesterday, our sorrow was premature. Sudsy is not dead; he has risen from the grave! He truly is the King of Beers. All hail Sudsy."

When reached for comment, Graf said that he could not provide further details on Sudsy's condition, including providing corroborating documentation.

Many have maintained skepticism at Graf's claims, calling him a bald-faced huckster, a deception-peddling fabulist and a shifty-eyed purveyor of flimflam.

"I don't believe it," said Don Goldman, a contributor to the leftist publication *The Insurgent*. "I won't believe these claims until I see some evidence with my own two eyes. I'm open-minded and everything, but I'm not stupid."

Goldman went on to say that he is willing to concede that Sudsy came back from the dead if the Commentator shows proof, saying: "I'm skeptical by nature, but I'm fair about it. I didn't actually believe that there were giant ants from outer space who all looked like Paul Anka and were capable of shooting brylcream out of their thoraxes until I saw it with my own eyes last night."

Goldman then trailed off after discovering it was time to take his medicine.

## The ASUO Responds

Word of Sudsy's return was met with disbelief within the ASUO.

"Holy tap-dancin' Jesus on a pogo stick. Are you shittin' me, dude?" said Student Senator Toby Hill-Meyer, who asked the Oregon Commentator to use the pronouns *ze* (for he) *hir* (for him) and *hirs* (for his) when referring to him ... I mean *hir*.

"I don't know who Sudsy is," said Adam Petkun. "I don't know what's going on. Where am I? Who are you people? Can I talk about OSA now?"

Many leaders of student groups have also voiced their opinions.

The Designated Driver Shuttle (DDS) sent out e-mails to all employees warning of an "upsurge in calls from room 319, EMU".

"This is going to make our jobs a lot harder," said Haley Fisher, Director of DDS. "You know how when you go out to a bar, and you feel like you've had enough, but that alcohol is basically imploring you to drink it? Well, in this case, it really is imploring you to drink it."

She added: "I mean, Jesus, he speaks. He has a weird lisp. He's creepy."

"I think, you know, if the Oregon Commentator applied itself, and focused on issues that matter, like creating affordable housing instead of resurrecting a sentient pitcher of beer, we'd be better off as a community," said Russel Stone, an intern for OSPIRG. He added: "Hey, isn't that Ralph Nader?" while gesticulating in the opposite direction and bumping into this reporter as he scurried away.

Upon further investigation, this reporter's wallet had been stolen.

## The Administration Reacts

Shortly after the Commentator's Sept. 27<sup>th</sup> announcement, a secret meeting of UO administrators was called deep within the bowels of PLC. In their lair of steel and wrought iron, the assembled administrators – including Dan Williams, Anne Leavit, Gregory J. Vincent, and the levitating head of the Sovereign Grand Inspector General, a mustachioed ovoid with a harelip – grimaced ominously while fiddling with daggers. The room was filled with smoke, which emanated from a large adamantium ruby-encrusted hookah situated on the center of the table.

The super-secret meeting of top administrators was called to address the "Sudsy problem".

"If the Commentator can make a mug of beer come to life, think what they could do to the robot replicants in student senate?" said Dan Williams, taking a slow drag from the hookah



before continuing. “Devastation, my friends. Devastation.”

In the back of the room, hidden by shadows, sat Phil Knight. His throne was carved of the bleached bones of his vanquished enemies and the mug from which he drank a bilious green bubbling elixir had a picture of a puppy on it.

“I say we contain the situation and do nothing more. We should never draw attention to the Commentator,” murmured Knight.

Frohnmayr disagreed: “No, we must crush these drunken fools before it’s too late. The only way to crush their spirit is to crush their mascot.”

“How dare you cross me, fool!” said Knight. “Did you not learn the first time you tried to part ways with me? The WRC? When will you *humans* learn?”

“I’m sorry, my lord,” Frohnmayr said, bowing his head.

The meeting ended when the collected group recited incantations from the Student Code of Conduct.

When asked to comment on the administrators’ super-secret meeting, President Frohnmayr was reticent. However, he did maintain that he and other administrators were watching the Oregon Commentator closely to see whether Sudsy’s supposed rebirth would pose a threat to the campus and community.

“I want to create a healthy learning environment,” said Frohnmayr. “I want students of all stripes, creeds, nationalities and sexualities to feel comfortable. Sharing space with a bipedal mug of beer may not make everyone feel comfortable.”

When asked to expand upon his reasoning Frohnmayr said: “Well, we’ve got a lot of Mormons here.”

Graf believes that the administration is trying to railroad the Commentator, and they are using Sudsy as an excuse. According to Graf, the administration has “had it out” for the Commentator since day one.

“That’s not true,” Frohnmayr said. “I love all the publications on campus. You know, there’s the Emerald, which reports on important news matters. Then there’s, um, that crappy infotainment rag -- the Student Voice, I think. And then there’s that shitty hippie publication with all the misspellings and conspiracy theories. And I’m sure there are a few more because the ASUO will fund any piddly newspaper that comes their way. But seriously, I love all that shit, man.”

The return of Sudsy has thrust the staff of the Commentator into an orgy of introspection, recrimination, weeping, and consumption of nachos. While his discombobulated charges struggle to publish one issue of their libertarianish publication a month, Sudsy has rekindled his passion for the campus *polis*. Like noted philosopher-king Goldman, the belligerent anthropomorphic receptacle has maintained a regular speaking engagement in the EMU Amphitheater, delivering his incendiary rhetoric without the aid of amplification devices or the apparent use of punctuation. His presence at a recent ASUO Senate retreat in Sunriver led to further controversy, as the bubbly extrovert masterminded an illegal game of Twister that left all participants sticky with beer and crazed with filthy, lustful thoughts.

Even more alarmingly, Sudsy’s press handler recently announced that he was interested in pursuing one of the approximately fifteen vacant seats on the ASUO Constitution Court. A handful of bureaucratic regulations prohibiting hallucinations from holding elected office are the only things holding him back.

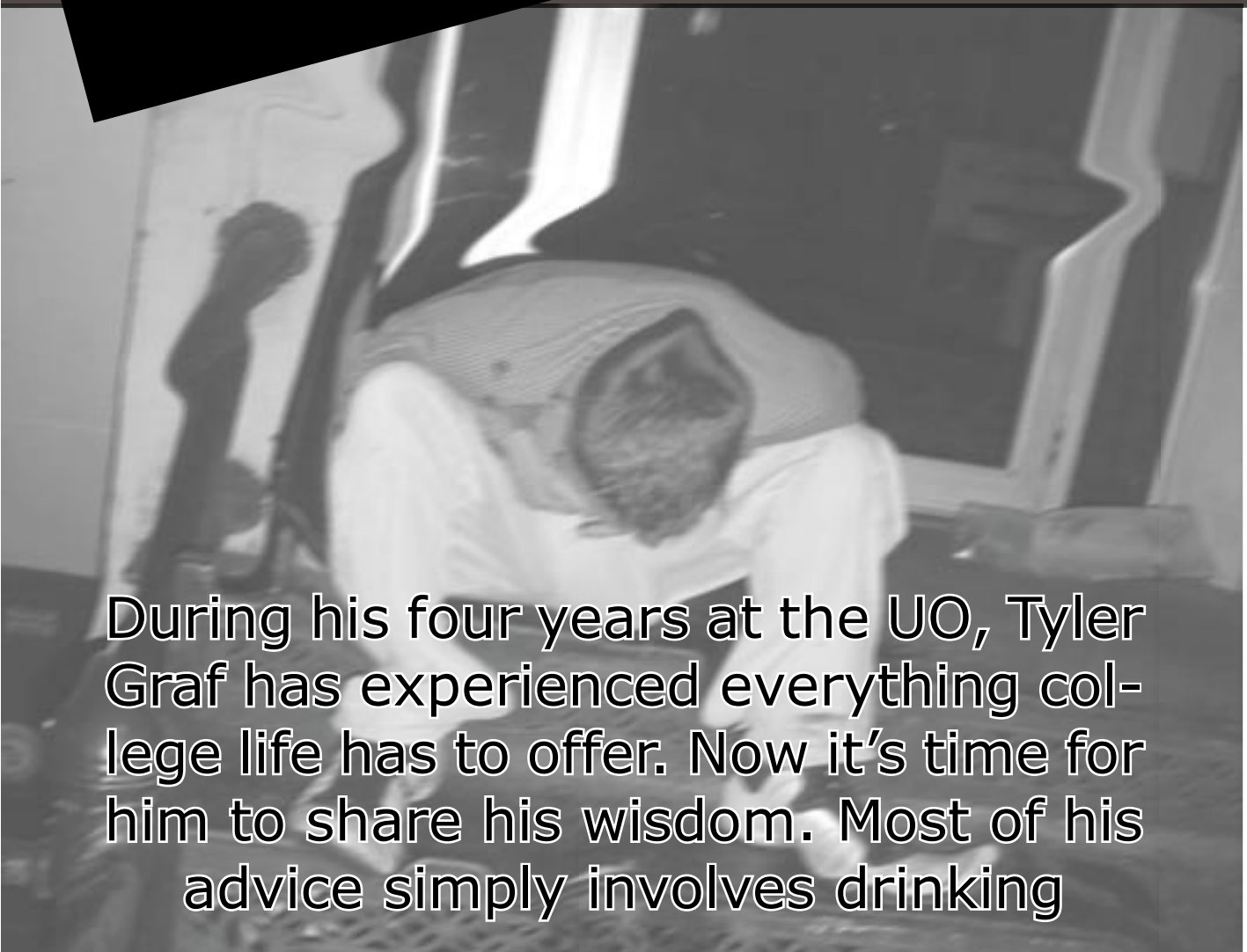
“They say this is supposed to be a dry campus,” responded the beleaguered Graf, “but the will of the people will not be denied. They shot JFK, they shot RFK, and they dropped a two-pound shot of Jager in Sudsy. But it was to no avail. The time of Sudsy is upon us. He better just remember his roots, is all. We made him - poured him, really - and we can unmake him. Spill him? Whatever. The point is, we know where the bodies are buried.”

Graf then awoke with a start, in a cold sweat, to find himself on the couch in his office, surrounded by empty pizza boxes and half-finished articles in which his unkempt columnists try to get underage Russian girls to take their shirts off.

“Jesus,” he mumbled. “Isn’t the presidential election over yet? How long, Lord? How long?”



# An Alcoholic's Guide To Surviving The UO



During his four years at the UO, Tyler Graf has experienced everything college life has to offer. Now it's time for him to share his wisdom. Most of his advice simply involves drinking

Welcome new students. No doubt you have begun acclimating yourself to our fine University. You've probably written or called home a few times to discuss all the new experiences you've had so far (except for the one with the eggbeater. What the hell were you thinking anyway?) But I can assure you that you have no idea what your college experience is going to be like after only four or five weeks. And I can also assure you -- in a much more emphatical manner -- that no one at this University is going to tell you the truth. That's why I'm here, to shed light on what you can expect from your next four years.

## Freshman Year

### Dorms

Not all dorms are created equal; some are merely squalid while others are downright Dickensian. Barnhart is the best dorm complex while Bean is the worst (which is like comparing Burundi to Senegal, really).

At Bean you almost *expect* homeless children to pop out of the janitor's closet from time to time, clad in tattered, ill-fitting clothing, their faces dark with malnourishment-created bruising, their chests sunken from asbestos-related disease. And when you open your dorm closet, you expect to find an entire multi-generational immigrant family living in there, warming themselves with years' worth of accumulated lint and performing crude self-administered surgeries using coat hangers left behind by the former tenants.

No matter how you cut it, dorms are not healthy living environments. Not only are they festering disease sponges, they are also hotbeds of angst and depression. You'll find your mental health dissipating on those long nights of studying, when the only sound you'll hear will be the barely audible *thadthadathada* of your roommate surreptitiously masturbating under his sheets, and the walls feel like they're collapsing on you. There will be those days when you'll come home from class exhausted -- all you'll want to do is sleep. You'll plop yourself down on your bed, but you won't be able to fall asleep because your neighbor will be blaring Jessica Simpson at top volume. You'll

think about going over there and telling him to turn the racket off, but you'll suddenly, and rightfully, have reservations because you'll be afraid that he'll misread your screaming tantrum as a display of homophobia and report you to Housing. Finally, you will realize that the guy down the hall -- the dude always offering to smoke you out -- is in fact subletting his dorm room to the shiftest degenerates in town. Of course, by this point, you'll have stopped caring; your only hope will be that when they break into your room at night to murder you in your sleep, they will use a well-sharpened serrated blade to carve out your entrails -- you'll want it fast, bloody and melodramatic.

My freshman living experience was worse than all that, though. I did not have a roommate who simply flagellated his abdomen with his member, I had a truly monstrous beast from the darkest recesses of Dante's Inferno, and he made my life a living hell.

His name was Daniel. I am not going to change his name because I'm pretty sure that he is either dead or in prison. He was half Guatemalan and spoke like Tony Montana from Scarface.

"Sheeit! Why choo got to be such a God damn stinky-ass pussy faggot, mang?" he would often say, or other such eloquent locutions to that effect.

When I first met him, I noticed that he had a scar on his arm. Upon closer inspection, the scar looked like it formed a word: *Vato*. Then I noticed that Daniel carried a large knife with him. I never touched that knife, and I never made sudden moves around Daniel.

Looking back, I'm not sure if Daniel was even a student. He never seemed to attend classes. Instead, he spent his time flipping through four-year-old Hustlers, which he didn't even have the decency to hide. If a girl ever walked in to borrow something and her eyes glanced at one of Daniel's many prized smut magazines, which were prominently displayed on his bed like pieces of fine art awaiting shipment to the Louvre, he would pounce on the opportunity to have her look at it.

"So, choo like what choo see?" he would ask, rifling through a random magazine. Most of the time the girls would laugh this off, like it was all harmless fun, but I could tell that some of them were

legitimately terrified. The feeling was mutual. It didn't help that Daniel talked about his penis boastfully, like it were made of pure gold and encrusted with diamonds.

"My dick is so big, mang," Daniel once said to a girl in our hall, "that I can wrap it around my waist and wear it like a fuckin' belt."

If you have a roommate like Daniel, I suggest changing rooms. Under no circumstances should you ever, *ever*, drink with him (or her). I made this naïve mistake on numerous occasions, the most memorable being the time I drank half a bottle of Bacardi 151 and found myself head first in our makeshift vomitorium, the green plastic recycling bin that Housing puts in every room. This was perhaps the most violent vomiting experience of my life, and Daniel, in a moment of uncharacteristic kindness, comforted me in his own violent way ... by smacking me on the head.

Daniel left after one term because the University did not have enough Hispanics. In a generous gesture, he stuck all of the belongings that he couldn't take with him under my bed, including his porn. When my new roommate arrived, seeing the porn strewn under my bed, he thought I was a hero. "No," I told him. "The real hero is Daniel."

The upside to dorm living is the contact you will have with members of the opposite sex. If you come to the University a virgin, you should try everything in your power to change that. This will be the best opportunity you'll ever have. And it certainly does not take much effort, nor does it require much in the way of personal charisma; all you need to do is direct a few sexually suggestive comments to the person you're courting. These don't even have to be witty or intelligent comments: "So, you wanna come back to my place and have unprotected sex?" will do just fine.

Speaking of unprotected sex, don't do it. This is especially important advice for the girls. You may ask a guy to use a condom, to which he will respond: "Condom? Baby, I don't wear condoms. That shit screws up my groove." This, of course, is not true. He never had any groove to begin with.

## Classes

Freshman classes are easy. Nonetheless, the University has a freshman retention rate of 79 percent. This is not a good figure. It is one of the worst rates among AAU public universities. Despite the University's best efforts to coddle students, they still seem to drop out in droves – picked off by high school equivalent courses like Math 111 (which has the dubious honor of being the class with the highest dropout/flunk-out rate) and Writing 121.

Of course, the good students approach this new world of academia with starry-eyed reverence while the very good students quickly realize that they shouldn't bother – it's all bunk. Professors torture texts into principles of Marxism. Leftist ideology is shoehorned into even the most innocuous classes. Political correctness abounds, and revisionist history is lauded.

Writing 121 is everybody's introduction to the prevailing opinions of the UO faculty (well, the writing department at least). Flip through the table of contents of the book *Ways Of Reading*, the stock anthology of essays required for the class, and you'll be confronted by a long list of undistinguished polemicists and academics

## Drinking

Alcohol. Ambrosia. Sweet nectar. Taker of lives, giver of purpose. Oh how I love you.

Alcohol can be your best friend at this university, but you have to start the relationship early. For a freshman, obtaining alcohol can be difficult in the beginning. Have no fear. This college campus is simply awash in fermented goodness – everything from upscale microbrews to bathtub gin. If you're looking for something wildly alcoholic, you'll find it. Here are some options:

**Find a party:** Go west, young man. Go west and drink.

You know all those dilapidated shanties in the West University neighborhood that make crack houses look like something out of Norman Rockwell's America? Go to one of those places on a Friday night and you'll find a party. All you need to do is collect a group of friends, muster up

some courage, and walk into one of these places like you're the friggin' King of Siam. If anyone asks who you are, simply tell them that you're with the OLCC. This is good for a laugh.

**Find a frat party:** Frat parties are not for everyone. If you have a penis, they're not for you.

Fraternities go to great lengths to keep guys out of their parties. I can understand this: They pay for the alcohol and it's their property. They should be entitled to admit only those they deem worthy – in this case, big-titted freshmen girls with a bad case of razor burn.

Walk into a frat house, and you will suddenly understand why frat guys don't want the competition. They're like Dick Tracy villain rejects.

*Look, it's the linguine-armed pimple face and his sidekick, prematurely-balding beer gut.*

Sure, some frat guys look dreamy I guess, if you're partial to hair grease, cheap cologne and scabby scars. When these guys aren't priming themselves to be used car salesmen, they're trolling South Eugene High School or crying silently to themselves.

Nonetheless, their parties are always off the hook, bro. Any girl who has maintained consciousness through one can testify to this.

**Get a fake ID:** This is a terrible idea. Fake IDs generally look like someone took a piece of tag board, taped your senior photo to it, and then wrapped it up in Saran Wrap. They can work for a while, but you will inevitably get caught, unless you play it safe.

If you insist on getting a fake ID err on the side of caution. Never use it at a 7-11. Go to Dari Mart instead. Liquor stores are also out. Liquor store employees are puppets of the OLCC, the liquor czars of this state. These people take carding very seriously, and they are well trained at detecting fake IDs.

To be honest, the best – if only – place to use your fake ID is at the bar. But be careful. If you are not an attractive girl, do everything in your power to avoid bouncers. The general rule of thumb is: If there is a doorman, keep walking. Now, if the bartender believes your ID, strike up a conversation with him or her. Make sure

they get to know you. In the future, he or she will not card you; you'll have become a regular. Thus, don't press your luck at a lot of bars.

**Shoulder tap bums:** I have no qualms about doing this. These bums expect something for nothing. It's your duty, as the future of this great nation, to get these people to participate in the economy.

The great thing about Eugene is that bums outnumber normal people by a 200/1 margin. Still, bums can be elusive. Often they hide under overpasses, in wooded areas or high atop trees. But once you find one, he will be more than happy to help you out – or lead you down an alleyway and murder you. It's a crapshoot really.

## Sophomore Year

My sophomore year was terrible. I flunked two classes and worked nights at the Gateway Mall. I had crippling anxiety attacks. I kissed a fat girl and a dog pissed on my rug. Bad. It was a very bad year. And it will be a bad year for you too.

## The Sophomore Slump

You will go through a sophomore slump. It's a sad inevitability, like Ted McGinley ruining yet another TV program. Just let it slide. Go with the flow. It may end in tears. It may end in bloodshed. But no matter what happens, no matter how low your grades drop or how many pre-cancerous nubs sprout on your wang, the year *will* end. Eventually.

No one really knows why students go through sophomore slumps. It's a cosmic mystery, like the existence of Arby's. One expert chalks it up to students facing existential crises, as students are no longer the wide-eyed neophytes they once were, privy to a slew of new programs and experiences. I think this is exactly wrong. The main reason students go through slumps is because they are pursuing other edifying personal endeavors, like trying to find a goddamn coke dealer in this town who doesn't cut his blow with Ajax. (You know who I'm talking about, Boscoe Valenzuela.)

## Living off campus

Living off campus has drawbacks and benefits. The primary benefit is that you are no longer crammed into a janitor's closet with a stranger. The major drawback is that no one is there to coddle you and make sure you are fed. You cannot simply waltz down stairs after a 12-hour marathon of Grand Theft Auto: Vice City and expect food to be waiting for you. If you do, and you make a big disgruntled-customer scene about it, your roommate will punch you in the face.

Do not simply pick any ol' hole in the wall to live. You're better than that. Be classy. If you walk in to a place to check it out, and there are half empty forties of Big Bear lying around collecting mold and befouling the air, jump out the nearest window. However, if you walk into a place and you see half empty forties of 2-11 collecting gold dust and filling the air with gentle wisps redolent of honeysuckle, make yourself comfortable.

Regardless of whether it is a house, an apartment or a quad, remember the realtor's motto: location, location, location. Ask yourself what you want out of your living experience. My sophomore year I lived near Autzen Stadium. This was fine for part of the year, but during football season it was an unmitigated disaster. Fifty thousand people would converge on my neighborhood, congesting the streets so I couldn't go anyplace all day. If I decided to walk someplace, and there were drunken middle-aged guys walking around, they would scream at me: "GOOOOO DUCKS!!!" They didn't do this only to me, though; they would do this to anything that came within screaming distance. Their faces would eventually get extremely red from all the yelling, to the point where their heads looked like they were going to pop like pimples. This never happened, sadly.

The West University neighborhood is not a good option either. It's prone to violence and behavior of a retarded nature. I've had some good times in that neighborhood, but as the old adage goes: It's a nice place to visit. But live there? Screw that noise, Jack.

## **Junior Year**

Junior year is a vast improvement over sophomore year, primarily because

you are finally able to drink legally. Hell, you can drink with impunity. If a cop walks up to you and asks what you're doing with an open container of root beer schnapps, simply say: "Pardon my freedom, asshole." When he hits you over the head with his nightstick, call him a fascist and spit the schnapps in his monkey face.

Live the dream, my friend. Live the dream.

## **Your 21er**

A 21er is sort of like an alcoholic's Bar Mitzvah. It means you are becoming an adult, and nothing says "adult" like reckless behavior.

For your 21er, start at the local campus bars and travel westward. Instead of ordering yourself drinks, ask the bartenders to make something special for you. This will result in an emergency room visit later that night, but you can use grandma's check for fifty dollars to defer the costs.

There are good bars for 21ers and there are bad bars. Strip clubs are good, as are cheesy dance clubs. Sports bars also make good 21er hotspots. On the otherhand, a place like Applebee's does not.

Some of you may be like me, though. I did absolutely nothing during my 21er. I was home for the summer, and no one I knew in my hometown was 21. Instead of raging it up, I bought a few beers and watched a movie. That's right. I watched a movie.

I'm not proud of this. In fact, until just now, I had kept that little nugget from my past hidden away in my Secret Shame Box. I used to tell people that I spent my 21st birthday holed up in an abandoned church in Oaxaca, injecting pure absinthe into my ocular cavities. Well, I guess the truth is out now.

## **Get An Internship**

Merely graduating from the University will not be enough to ensure a good job in the future. What you need, Mr./Mrs. Future Of America, is experience. Take for example my major, journalism. If I were to walk into an editor's office for a job interview and declared in a loud, boastful voice: "I, sir, am a college graduate. Hire me." I would be severely beaten about the head and shoulders. They wouldn't even

give me an interview. You need an internship to get a job.

An internship is a lot like a job, but you don't get paid and no one gives you any respect. You do, however, learn the importance of not dilly-dallying with your boss' coffee.

The Career Center is set up to help to you get an internship. Sadly, most of these jobs are with Sears. I would recommend going online and trying to find an internship that way. This will give you more leeway in your quest, and if you end up getting an internship, at least you will have done it yourself and without the help of the University.

## **Skipping Class**

Skipping class becomes more difficult once you start taking upper division courses, which is why you need to be creative about it. Feigning an illness works for discussion classes where attendance is mandatory, but it doesn't work for tests. If you are not prepared for a test and your only option is skipping, there's only one thing you can do: Get a doctor's note for a serious ailment.

I have a friend who did this, and it worked like a charm. The day before the test he went to the Health Center, feeling as healthy as an Olympian. However, when he checked in, he told the nurse that he was having chronic pain in his knees, which made sense because he played a lot of soccer. The nurse escorted him to a room and left him alone. Seizing the opportunity, my friend quickly grabbed a pamphlet on chronic sports injuries and read about afflictions of the knee. When the doctor came in to check on my friend, my friend simply recited what he learned in the pamphlet. Not only did he get a doctor's medical note, but he also received a large vial of Vicodin. He didn't have to take the test the next day because of a "sports injury" which required him to take painkillers. He spent the next week mixing the pills with booze.

You should have a good reason for skipping class. Being lazy is a pretty good reason. So is not giving a shit. If you have a needling sensation of apathy, throw up your hands, take off your pants, fire up the Playstation, light up the bong, crack open a cold one, and throw away that trust

**JUMP TO 26**

# Faces to Avoid

The Commentator takes a hard look at the freaks, misfits and weirdos to watch out for on campus.

By Ben Brown



**Name:** Frog

**Habitat:** E. 13<sup>th</sup> Ave

**Activities:** Selling “the funniest joke books the world has ever known!”

What hasn't been said about frog in the annals of this magazine? He's been described as Santa on a coke bender and his olfactory presence is nigh on legendary. For those of you new to the city, Frog is the squat, greasy, hairy character that perches on the curb near the bookstore and moves only to demand, in a thin gravelly voice, that pedestrians buy his photocopied and poorly bound joke books. His sales pitches include reading aloud from his creations (filled mostly with bad puns and political one-liners from the 80's), or informing potential customers that his afternoon beer depends on their purchase. I've got news for you Frog: my afternoon beer depends on my not buying your book, and with that afternoon beer will come the serenity that I sorely miss when I have to pass by you.

For those of you who catch yourselves feeling sorry for this beleaguered sidewalk salesman ... don't. Frog has plenty of money and most afternoons he can be found drinking microbrews on the porch at Taylor's. Frog is dirty and smelly because he likes to be dirty and smelly; it's his personal choice.

Luckily Frog is easy to avoid because he is not terribly mobile; either use the other side of the street or walk past him with a large group and you should come away with your pocket change and sense of smell more or less intact.



**Name:** Zachary Vischanoff

**Habitat:** E. Villard Street

**Activities:** Being paranoid, handing out pamphlets on nano-science, “defending” Moss street crack dens

Zachary Vischnoff is Eugene's self-proclaimed “Moss Street Defender”. He broke on to the scene a few years ago by posting articles on

campus about the University's plans to demolish houses it owns in the West University Neighborhood in order to develop the area for campus use. Vischanoff lives in this area and insisted that the houses were historic and needed to be preserved but that the University railroaded the plans through the planning commission and ignored the rules. Yes, two years of meetings with both the city planners and the Fairmount Neighbors Association definitely constitutes railroading.

Since then, Vischnoff had moved on to railing against the nano-science research being preformed at the University. Vischanoff believes that the University is working to create super soldiers for the CIA and in return all students got was Mandrake the ambiguously gay mascot.

Vischanoff, who takes his fashion hints from the Unabomber, can usually be found riding his battered bicycle too or from his Villard street crack den which looks to have been salvaged from other homes destroyed by riots or fire.



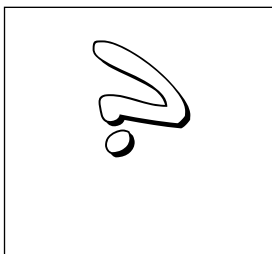
**Name:** Hatoon

**Habitat:** Kincaid and 13<sup>th</sup>, Knight Library, Student Recreation Center

**Activities:** muttering incoherently, collecting junk

Hatoon is the bag lady's bag lady. A woman of indeterminate age and medicated state, Hatoon can generally be found wandering campus espousing conspiracy theories to herself and talking to, or rather at, anyone who will listen. No one seems to know exactly where Hatoon came from, theories abound, some believe that her family is an influential donor to the University, which is why her continued presence on campus is tolerated. A quick look around at the rest of the homeless crazies who wander the University makes it clear that this is not the case.

The only real advantages to Hatoon over the rest of the local homeless is that she doesn't beg for change and a couple of years ago some people bought her a pass to the Rec so she could shower, although woe betide to anyone who has to use those showers at the same time.



**Name:** Unknown  
**Habitat:** corner of Kincaid and 13<sup>th</sup>  
**Activities:** begging for spare change is a suit and dapper trench coat

Another of the University homeless trench coat guy is something of a mystery. He sits near the 13<sup>th</sup> Ave. entrance to the University his balding toothless head craned forward muttering over and over again “spa-spare a little change?” He repeats this phrase over and over again without any measurable deviation, like a mantra and has never been heard to say anything else. When he does talk, trench coat guy moves with a strange gait, legs stiff, body bent at the waist like a man suffering the terminal stages of syphilis.

The oddest thing about trench coat guy is his choice of dress. Everyday he comes to campus to beg in slacks, loafers and a button down shirt worn under a sweater. He doesn’t even smell bad. A note to trench coat guy and all other beggars, if you want to elicit sympathy, and thus money from your audience, try not to dress better than they do.



**Name:** Bruce Miller  
**Habitat:** The offices of various student political and newsgathering organizations  
**Activities:** Handing out poorly worded manifesto’s, bothering the College Democrats

Bruce Miller is what Mel Gibson’s character is conspiracy theories would have looked like if the movie had been more true to life. A paranoid, sputtering, balding man in thick glasses and a dirty yellow raincoat who bothers everyone with his photocopied manifesto’s and is ignored until he makes a big enough nuisance of himself to get kicked out of somewhere. Miller is made even more pathetic by the fact that his interest is not in national or even local politics but in student government at a school no one is even sure he ever attended. Miller is famous for constantly annoying the staff of both the ODE and The COMMENTATOR but his golden moments have always involved the College Democrats. Last year the College Democrats had to have DPS ban miller from their office to keep him from using their phone and giving people their number as his call back information. Miller also once told former student senator Ben Strawn’s mother that Strawn was rude. Strawn admonished Miller about this during last years ASUO executive debates.



**Name:** Toby Hill-Meyer  
**Habitat:** ASUO office  
**Activities:** being offended, refusing to respond to gendered pronouns

Hill-Meyer is a newcomer on the University scene but has already made a name for himself. Senator Hill-Meyer and has demanded to be referred to in print by the gender neutral pronouns ze for he and hir for him because “I don’t feel that any gendered pronoun is appropriate for me.” Since Hill-Meyer made the request, the ODE has gone out of its way to use only Hill-Meyers name in everything written about him.

In a recent Register Guard article Hill-Meyer accused The COMMENTATOR of promoting an unsafe environment on campus after a joke was published about him in the summer issue.

Students encountering Hill-Meyer are encouraged to move in as androgynous a way as possible in order to avoid lawsuits from Hill-Meyer for ridiculing his gender identity.



**Name:**Bible Jim  
**Habitat:** EMU amphitheater  
**Activities:** Screaming at students while holding his dog on a leash.

Bible Jim is not your ordinary firebrand sermonizer. He has the aesthetic qualities of a burned-out hippie and the stench to match. He can often be seen on the EMU amphitheater holding a sign and screaming invectives about students.

His motivations are a mystery, though we know that he hates almost everything about us students. In his eyes. we are filthy, sinning, hell-bound sodomites. Now, this may be true, but he doesn’t need to rub it in.

Sometimes students will scream back at him. This never works. Bible Jim is a master of hate. No one can out hate this guy, try as they might. It surprises me that more on campus Christians, who are sincere in their beliefs, don’t chastise this lanky dolt. Or perhaps he is simply looking for a hug. I can’t imagine that there’s enough LSD in the world to make anyone want to hug this guy though, so he’ll continue to hate like he always has.



Ben Brown, who forgot to include himself, is a staff writer for the Oregon Commentator

GOLLY, CAPTAIN HAD-  
DOCK, I DON'T THINK  
I CAN CONTINUE. I'M  
BLITZED!



THUNDERING TY-  
PHOONS, MAMMA'S  
BOY! IF YOU'RE  
DRUNK, THEN I'M A  
BLUE BARNACLE'S  
BLISTERING BALL-  
SACK.



# Eugene Bar Guide

By Olly Ruff

You can't throw your arms around a memory; instead, you need special memory-grasping tongs. In fact, no matter what task you are faced with in your passage through this harsh, damp, strange world, you need to face it with a plan, a positive attitude, and the best equipment you can gather. In short, you need the right tool for the job. Sometimes, these jobs will be small matters of home improvement, or writing a term paper on the Zimmerwaldists. Other times, you will want to delicately mediate personal relations between yourself and your peer group. However, when your apartment is demolished, your studies enervate you, and your friends all suck, you'll probably just want to drink yourself under the table and lie there, weeping into the peanut shells.

The OC is here to advise you: the tool you need is probably a bar of some kind! But it can be difficult to keep your options straight. Each establishment has its own idiosyncratic focus. Which occasions are the most appropriate for a trip to the Side Pocket Tavern? (You may still be waiting for your first.) Under what circumstances will a journey to Highlands be propitious? Has Max's opened again yet? Hence this guide, provided as a gift to you, from us.

Alternatively, you can sit in your front yard with a case of Hamm's, flinging empties and abuse at passers-by and loudly railing against the international Masonic conspiracy. That one's never out of style. (Plus, if you can rail against the international Masonic conspiracy for eight hundred words, the Insurgent will publish it.)

## Rennie's Landing

For when you should be in class. For when it's four PM and you can't go on. For when the sun breaks cover for ten minutes and you have to race up to their balcony as fast as you can, risking certain death on Kincaid Street in the process. For when you need a little Jon Green in your life – and when isn't that, really? Or for when you're trying to impress a SportsCenter anchor. It's always nice when they mention Rennie's.

For when the levee breaks? Yes, for when the levee breaks as well. They have upstairs seating.

Rennie's: For now, for ever.

## Taylor's

For when you've just got a shipment of discount Rohypnol from Canada. Or when you're just about to be selected in the NFL draft and want to let off steam by punching a girl in the face. Or when you've just been elected ASUO vice-president and... well, Taylor's didn't have the best reputation last year. Let's leave it at that.

So, on a sunnier note, Taylor's is also for when you need substantial bar food in your life, especially their breakfasts. Their patio is the preeminent people-watching spot in the campus area, with the constant possibility of a huge traffic accident at 13<sup>th</sup> and Kincaid. Also, good basketball-player-spotting. If you see Ian Crosswhite, be sure to get a measurement for us.

## (The New) Max's Tavern

At the moment, this is strictly for when you want a relaxing, minimalistic bar with no noisy patrons, overbearing bouncers, incessant pounding music, tables, chairs, drinks, or a bar. We have been shaken to our very core by the temporary absence of Max's and wish that it would return soon. Apparently, the floor is recovering nicely, there are no more disquieting rumors of an actual river of human feces, and we'll be there the moment its doors reopen.

## Sixth Street Bar and Grill

For when you are in search of a mystical city of gold. Well, not quite. Basically, the El Dorado is a forty-two-ounce margarita of doom, made with Cuervo

1400 tequila in quantities that we approve of. (We saw a whole bottle go in a round of five.)

If you're downtown on a Monday night and want ridiculous two-dollar drinks, this is a good pick. If you're downtown on a Thursday night and want to imagine a world in which *Population Bomb* author Paul Ehrlich's worst nightmares have come true, it is also reliable. But trust us: those El Dorados are the real deal. Christ, my head. No fountains of youth here; but that wasn't Cortez, that was Ponce de Leon, and he was, after all, a ponce.

## Jogger's

Recently described by the Eugene Weekly as a "good place



**Either this man is extremely happy or extremely angry. One thing can be said with certainty, though: Alcohol made him this way**

for a quiet drink and a game of pool”, which indicates that they didn’t go on oil-wrestling night. Somewhere between a college hangout and a quirky neighborhood bar, Jogger’s is ideal for times when you want to see sundry OC contributors lying under tables groaning.

If you’re impoverished, you can complete the downtown inexpensive midweek trifecta with their ridiculous Tuesday special and dollar-beer club on Wednesdays.

We like bartender-owned establishments. Especially this one.

### Joe’s

For when you’re hungry. Nestling deep in the heart of Joe’s is the best bar food in Eugene, courtesy of Papa’s Soul Food Kitchen. There are times when a pulled pork sandwich and a side of collard greens is all it takes to ward off suicide for another day. In fact, University Counselling could save a lot of time by sending their mopey wards down there. Stop listening to Dashboard Confessional, start listening to Papa.

If you’re still stumbling around downtown in a stupor after Monday at Sixth Street and Tuesday at Jogger’s, you may end up here drinking dollar wells. This may backfire, because Joe’s is also the bar to frequent when you’re trying to rustle up that fragrant despair that a five-hour block of Grateful Dead will instill in you.

### Joe Federigo’s

For when you want the louche sophistication of a jazz club, coupled with the childish exhilaration of scribbling on the tables with multicolored crayons. Or you can impress a date by composing sonnets in crayon as sundry jazz musicians ply their trade. Be sure to practice your sonnet-writing skills beforehand, though. Sonnets are tricky little bastards.

If you’re still stumbling around downtown in a stupor after Monday at Sixth Street, Tuesday at Jogger’s, and some wells at Joe’s, you’ll probably get thrown out.

### Wiley’s Side Pocket Tavern



For when you’re Jeff Foxworthy and you’re looking for some new material, or for when you need a Bud to take the edge off the meth, the Side Pocket is there. When you’ve been thrown out of the Red Apple nightclub across the street because they keep insisting that it’s actually a grocery store, the Side Pocket is there. The last time we checked, they had cases to go. Then as always, the Side Pocket was there.

But when the Side Pocket needed you, where were you? Asshole.

### John Henry’s

For when you’re hungry like the wolf, you’ve found your personal Jesus, and want somebody to whip it. 80s night at John Henry’s is where those two hundred people at Sixth Street are going to end up on Thursday after a few margaritas. Craving the ambrosia of looking like an idiot in public? You’ll undoubtedly be wanting to dance on the stage, then. On the other hand, without the stage how else will you

show off your new dance stylings to the world? If you’re looking to give your signature move a name, we suggest “The Reverse Medina”.

John Henry’s also features loud rock bands and scantily clad women, but usually on different nights. Check the schedule before getting your hopes up.

### Neighbor’s

For when you need some make-up tips, try the drag show on Fridays. For when you crave strong liquor and same-sex loving, try any night of the week. If you’re straight, it’s considered good form to explain to everyone in the bar, every twenty minutes or so, that you’re not gay, but that you respect and honor their lifestyle choice, it’s just not for you, and that you’re not at all uncomfortable – in fact, you have several really close gay friends. Well, one. But you got to ask him all sorts of things about being gay, so you un-



derstand where they're coming from, and find it just so terribly courageous of them, the whole being-gay thing. Honestly.

While saying this, fidget and do not make eye contact. Then, after five Long Islands, remove your shirt.

### Sam Bond's Garage

For when you are a level twelve mage with a magical bag of holding, or trying to impress anyone with a beard. Over Whiteaker way, Sam Bond's is a pleasant earthy-crunchy spot with good beers served in jars and a good music line-up. If you're trying to do all these bars in one night, in order, this would be an excellent place to consider vomiting. Be warned! Even though the beer is served in jars, it is not a fruit preserve. They should consider informative labels to this effect.

### Bistro (Gateway Mall)

For when your self-control is lacking and you need their three-drink maximum to keep things in check. When you don't want anything to distract you from Keno. When you want to gaze at the warm lights of the Hometown Buffet, but know deep in your ravaged soul that they will never accept you there. When you've been fired from Tilt and need to take stock of your life. (Our editor swears by this.)

If you end up here, something has probably gone horribly wrong. Do you have someone you can call? Call them.

### Other Voices

Most situations that come up in the course of your day will hopefully be covered in the foregoing, and there is a bar – at

least one – for each. However, life is unpredictable, and there are a great number of what we might as well call Special Circumstances Bars – establishments you should keep in mind against the eventuality that they might almost have been designed to help you cope with.



### Good Times

For when you've thrown yourself off the Ferry Street Bridge and decide, on the way down, that you want a cigarette and a game of pool. Seriously, the smoking porch is good.

### Highland's

For when you decide there's time for one last pint before setting out towards the South Pole.

### Tsunami's

For when you've just discovered that your diplomatic immunity covers vehicular homicide.

### The Old Pad

When you want to watch a game as far away from Autzen as possible.

### Café Soriah

For when you've stolen a credit card and want to get into the top-shelf liquor before it's cancelled.

### Silver Dollar Club/Hot Body Club

For when you want to stare at tits, obviously. Or to stare obviously at tits. Little-known fact: they actually comprise a single establishment separated by a road. However, naked people you see in the road may not be employees and should not be tipped.



Olly Ruff, who's reaching for the Ho-zone layer, is a staff writer for the COMMENTATOR

# Professors For Democrats

By Tyler Graf

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## Who did your professors support for President? A look at the figures should be eye-opening

Not surprisingly, University professors from around the country have been inspired to put pen to check-book this election cycle, supporting liberal causes with a largess of funds topping \$2 million. At the University of Oregon – a notable liberal stronghold – the picture is clear, if not obvious: The staff, faculty and administration want George W. Bush out of office.

University employees have supported Democratic or liberal causes by an overwhelming margin in this election cycle. According to Federal Election Committee records, only one University staff member gave money to a Republican cause.

Many of the University's most prominent professors have spent big bucks on Democratic campaigns: Gordon Lafer donated \$2,000 to John Kerry's campaign; Robert H. Horner spent \$1,000 helping John Kerry's campaign and another \$300 supporting MoveOn.org; and Frank Stahl, a biology professor who is better known for distributing anti-Bush fliers to passersby near Friendly Hall, spent \$1,792. on Dennis Kucinich's run for the Whitehouse before switching to John Kerry, to whose campaign he gave \$250. Stahl also donated \$1,000 to the Greenparty in 2003.

When it comes to professors exclusively supporting left-leaning politicians and causes, the UO is not alone. The Daily Princetonian -- Princeton's daily paper – reported earlier this month that more than 90 percent of employee donations went to liberal campaigns or causes. Like the UO, only one donation was sent to a conservative cause – in this case, George W. Bush's campaign. The Boston Globe reported in May that Kerry had received \$1.32 million from employees of four-year colleges, while George W. Bush received only \$512,000.

Conservative watchdogs are not surprised by this campaign-donation trend.

Mal Kline, Director of Accuracy in Academia, worries that these campaign donations are proof that academics are tempted to bring bias into the classroom. Their political views, which lead them to donate hundreds or thousands of dollars to liberal candidates, also force them to infuse their lectures with subtle digs at conservatives.

"In my office, we've got people ranging in age from 18 to 80," says Kline, "and we've all compared notes, and none of us could come up with a time when academia was not dominated by liberals."

This reinforces the notion that academia has become engulfed by liberal faculty

Political Science professor Jane Cramer, who donated \$300 to John Kerry, believes this has always been the case because academics are free of special interests.

Cramer believes that professors have the ability to view issues more objectively. "When you have the ability to look just at the public good, you go 'wow, the public would benefit from public goods,'" such as creating a strong welfare state and sustaining the environment.

"No one has an interest in the environment," said Cramer. "unless we figure out a way force them to, and it's the government's job to force them to."

Kline agrees with Cramer's assessment of professors being historically liberal, though he and others would like this trend to end, believing it damages the learning process. At the moment, however, there's no way of making sure this happens. University faculty are forbidden to ask prospective professors what their political persuasions are.

Kline says that he understands that professors are entitled to their beliefs, but he wonders how much indoctrination occurs when liberal professors are fired up about an election.

"You see professors who are out there and they're not even concealing the fact that they are out for indoctrination," says Kline. "It's one thing to advise the College Democrats, it's another thing to turn your class into a chapter."

University administrators have attempted to circumvent the potential for political discourse getting in the way of education. Professors, the ASUO, administration and outside groups have been told to keep the political rhetoric tempered.



Tyler Graf, a senior majoring in journalism, is editor-in-chief of The Oregon Commentator

# Campaign Contributions By The Numbers

The numbers presented below are public knowledge. These figures can be checked at the Federal Election Commission's website: [www.fec.gov](http://www.fec.gov)

**Gordon Lafer:** Professor; \$2,000 John Kerry; \$1,500 DNC  
**Martin Miller:** Professor of Geology; \$2000 John Kerry  
**Frank Stahl:** Professor of Biology; \$1792 Dennis Kucinich; \$250 John Kerry  
**Myron Rothbart:** Retired Professor; \$1,350 John Kerry  
**Robert Horner:** Professor; \$1,000 John Kerry  
**Greg Landweber:** Assistant Professor; \$1,000 John Kerry  
**Maurice J. Holland:** Law Professor; \$560 RNC  
**Garrett Epps:** Law Professor; \$450 John Edwards  
**Barbara Roy:** Professor; \$450 John Kerry  
**Anne Dhn McLucas:** Professor; \$400 DNC  
**Betsy Wheeler:** Professor; \$400 Howard Dean  
**Gordon Ginsberg:** Professor; \$400 John Kerry  
**Michael Posner:** Professor; \$311 Howard Dean  
**Caroline Forell:** Law Professor; \$300 John Kerry  
**Elizabeth Bohls:** Professor; \$250 John Kerry  
**Jennifer Freyd:** Professor; \$250 John Kerry  
**Catherine Page:** Chemistry Professor; \$250 John Kerry  
**Staurt Thomas:** Instructor Math; \$250 Howard Dean  
**Andrew Halpern:** Professor; \$250 John Kerry  
**Kerry**  
**Scott Fraundorf:** Lab Assistant; \$250 DNC  
**William Roberts:** Professor; \$250 John Kerry  
**Esther Tepfer:** Professor; \$225 DNC  
**M.D. Gall:** Professor; \$204 DNC  
**Ian McNeely:** History Professor; \$200 Wesley Clark  
**Richard Stevenson:** \$200 Howard Dean  
**Janice Weeks:** Professor; \$200 DNC  
**Joyce Winslow:** Web Specialist; \$200 DNC  
**Amanda Pawell:** Instructor, Romance Languages; \$167 John Kerry  
**Bruce Barnes:** Math; \$100 DNC  
**Patrick Bartlein:** Professor; \$100 DNC  
**Heather Bottorf:** Administrator; \$100 Howard Dean  
**Wendy Dame:** Adjunct Professor; \$100 DNC; \$100 John Kerry  
**Laird Kirkpatrick:** Law School Administrator; \$100 John Kerry  
**Peter Von Hippel:** Professor; \$100 Howard Dean  
**Carl Johannessen:** Professor Emeritus, Biogeography; \$100 John Kerry

# Crashing The Party

By Melissa Hanks

## Anthony Warren thought he could disrupt a political rally. Instead, he got a fist to the head.

On Thursday, October 7<sup>th</sup>, a free and open to the public rally was held by Theresa Heinz-Kerry in support of her husband's presidency campaign. About 12-25 student representatives from the College Republicans' organization attended the rally to show support for President Bush. About half of the students demonstrated outside McDonald Theater, while 12 entered the rally. Among those inside was Anthony Warren, an active member of College Republicans and a seasoned veteran of political events. Warren was present at the Republican National Contention Youth Rally, as well as the recent Dick Cheney visit to Eugene. Warren is also familiar with representing the UO Republican minority at previous Democratic events.

According to Warren, when Heinz-Kerry began her speech, College Republican students began to chant pro-Bush slogans.

"I didn't even get to finish saying 'four more years' when I got the first punch to the head...people were grabbing at my clothes," Warren explained. He was also grabbed around the neck and pushed by several audience members, then physically removed from the Theater by the mob.

"We had figured security would ask us to leave," Warren explained, "we'd leave that would be the end of it. I've been to enough rallies to know, and I expected to have my sign ripped."

Warren stated that according to the physician's report from Sacred Heart Medical Center, he suffered a mild concussion, contusions, and mild head trauma from being hit in the head so many times.

Meghan Cuniff of the Oregon Daily Emerald, who first reported on this story, focused more on the rally itself and the temperament of Theresa Heinz-Kerry than the serious assault that took place. Warren was mistakenly portrayed in the article as being the only Bush-supporter, being unsure of his injuries, and was accused of being immature by a member of College Democrats. Despite several attempts, College Democrats could not be reached for comment.

When asked about the Emerald's portrayal of the incident, Warren replied "I am disappointed in the Emerald, but I'm not surprised. They should have been focusing on the fact that a bunch of Liberals and Kerry supporters assaulted and beat the

crap out of me."

Warren of the Eugene Police Department's handling of his case that "they did come to the hospital to take my report and they did follow up that weekend. But I understand that I'm a case number, and there are a lot more important things happening than this, but I'm being understanding."

Kerry Delf, a representative of Public Information at EPD, explained that officers have not yet identified any suspects in the assault, and the case has been suspended pending such identification. She also explained that when identified, suspects will be charged with harassment, and that Warren and the College Republicans students did not break any laws because they left the event when asked. Delf also expressed on behalf of the EPD, "it is unfortunate that this [incident] occurred."

Some people may ask why the College Republicans felt the need to demonstrate at this rally. The answer: a matter of political values. There is a current lack of Republican student representation on campus, and Warren explained that during Republican-oriented political events (the celebration of former president Ronald Regan's birthday, for example), he and other members of the organization are frequently verbally harassed for their political beliefs. When asked if he feels Republicans are discriminated against on campus, he replied, "Absolutely." Despite continued mild animosity on campus, Warren feels the need to make the presence of College Republicans known and support the current presidential administration.

"I can't sit back and listen to all this Liberal propaganda. I'll do everything I can to get out the Republican voice. But I know there are a lot of kids who are afraid or hesitant to speak up... that's why we felt the need to go show support for the president. We wanted to show other kids out there that there are other Republicans, so don't be afraid to speak your opinions."



Melissa Hanks, a senior majoring in anthropology, is a staff writer for the Commentator



# Roofie Madness

Our intrepid reporter Derek Payne recounts a tale of a frat party where he had one drink too many. Funny, he only had one drink..

Hmm ... methinks something is afoot.

When I was asked to write this story about a frat party experience I had my freshman year, I decided right away that I would stick to the unvarnished truth as best as possible, or at least to the best of my very hazy memory of the evening. The whole experience – at least the bits I remember -- sums up my frat party experiences rather well, minus the wasted date rape drug.

Flashback to freshman year. Remember that time when everyone attempts to find out how they're going to spend their four years of college? Gosh, good times.

Being a young naive freshman at the UO, I decided to partake of one of the frat parties that my neighbors had been raving about all throughout the first few weeks of school. However, I knew that getting into one was going to be a problem, as I wasn't in a frat nor did I have any intentions on joining a frat. I decided to get around these factors by infiltrating this frat party using tried and tested methods of entry. I merely waited down the block from the party until I saw a large enough group of women in cutoff tops. Acting quickly, I entered the throng of thongs. Ensconcing yourself in a large group of giggly females, also known as the vagina misdirection, is failsafe. That night it had the desired effect upon the mighty frat gate guards, and I was able to gain entry into the party.

Upon hearing Alien Ant Farm radiating from the dance floor, I immediately decided that I needed to ingest vast quantities of alcohol. Therein lay a problem. I learned, upon reaching the bar, that you had to pay three dollars to get drinks from the keg. Since I didn't have three dollars, and I doubted my ability to get back into the party if I left to get the money, I decided to take a minute and strategize upon how I would get around the problem. I didn't have to wait long before a solution presented itself in the form of a drunk sorostitute who came up and started talking to me. We mingled for a moment, discussing the quality of the party, before she asked me if I was a member of the frat that owned the house or the frat co-hosting the party. I proceeded to inform her of my stealthy actions in entering the party, thinking that it might garner me a modicum of respect for such a brave deed. I was, of course, terribly wrong, as the girl merely responded with an "Oh" and

then turned around to find better conversation I can only assume. She made one fatal error, however -- she left her half full cup of jungle juice behind, which I quickly confiscated.

Deciding not to waste the perfectly good liquor in a foolish pursuit of fresh liquor, I downed the half-empty cup rather quickly.

This is when the real adventure begins because I only had one more beer before my brain began to cease functioning.

Now, I know that some of you will read this and scream "Lightweight!" and the like, but I assure you that this is not the case. I'm a rather large man, and I've ingested many a drink in my high school days, but this magic jungle juice destroyed me.

I spent much of my time after the drinks mulling over the situation in my head, while standing in the middle of the dance floor doing absolutely nothing because I was truly surprised at how out of it I was. I managed to stumble my way upstairs to a couch, as I felt a desperate need to lie down. I was disappointed at first because there was only enough room for me to sit, but this was fine because it enabled me to bum a cigarette from the person next to me and rejuvenate some of that lost energy. Of course, because he did me a favor, I was obliged to listen to this man's whole life story.

Apparently he was a twenty seven year old mercenary who had just graduated high school. Or something. I wasn't really paying attention to him; I was too busy focusing my waning attention on my cigarette and the images of Ren and Stimpy flickering on the big screen. When the guy decided that he had finished telling me about how high school parties were better because they had more hot chicks, he left to go fly planes and kill Arabs. Or something along those lines. I was never really too sure. His departure made me think that it was time for my own, as the party seemed to be winding down and I realized that I had been there for a couple of hours, which would have shocked me more had I not been borderline retarded at the time.

I stumbled out the door into the cold Eugene streets and managed to make my way to a bus stop before I had to sit down. There, two girls who were also waiting greeted me. Feeling friendly, I sparked up

**JUMP TO 26**

# JBeez Wit' Da Remedy

**Editor's Note:** As many already know, Jeremy Berrington came to the OC after serving a stint at the The Student Insurgent. Naturally, this upset many. In early May, it came to our attention that Don Goldman, Den Father to the Insurgents, had put a price on poor J.B.'s head. The price: \$15. We had to act fast, as J.B. did not have sufficient funds. Making matters worse, Jack Crocifisso had just ascended to Student Senate, which meant DPS would be carrying out the hit. We had to do something, anything, to protect our writer. So we shipped J.B. off to Australia where he filed this report. It's journalism. Kinda.

As the poet Shakra once wrote: Break free, songbird. Break free.

**N**othing happens in Australia. Except for drinking. [Editor's note: that was two paragraphs right there. This is easy!] Lots and lots of drinking. These crazy, spittle-encrusted freaks are a strange, inebriated lot. Every aspect of my life has been turned upside by this crazy, alcoholic continent.

I understood my challenge from the first day I arrived. On the way to my room I met an Australian named Sean. Sean was excited about the fact that it was Tuesday. He grabbed me, put me over his shoulder, threw me and my bag in the back seat of his car and drove to the pub. Sean made me drink myself blind (in Australia throwing up is no excuse to quit unless you're a five year old girl), called me fairy and took me home to sleep on my suitcase. In the morning he woke me up and brushed my teeth with beer because I was starting to sober up. Australians really are the biggest drunks I have ever seen. It's like Ireland on crack.

A 24-pack (or "a slab" in Australian) costs 34 Australian dollars. That converts into 27 U.S. dollars for a case of beer- and we're talking about their equivalent of Natty ICE! An average meal in Australia costs six Australian dollars. Australians eat three meals a day and drink a slab a night. Therefore, on a daily basis they spend roughly twice as much on booze as they do on food! By now I'm sure most that Americans are aware of the existence of Vegemite. Let me describe it for those of you fortunate people that have not come into contact with this culinary abortion. Vegemite is a black paste that smells like sewage and tastes sort

of like road kill and carrots. You would think that Kraft injected a gram of cocaine into every Vegemite jar-

Australians simply cannot get enough of this stuff. Observing the Australian Vegemite addiction is like watching a phoenix rising from the ashes of the Iraqi people -- an altogether horrifying experience. Australians spread this crap on their morning toast, eat Vegemite sandwiches for lunch and have even invented the ever-appealing Vegemite ice cream. Yum, sewage sundaes!

I couldn't figure out why Aussies are so obsessed by something that was obviously developed in some third-world torture chamber as a threat to help extract evidence from detainees. Then one day I was watching Aussie T.V. (read: thirteen channels all owned by Fox) and they had a documentary on Vegemite. As I learned from this ground-breaking documentary Vegemite is made of something very near to Australia's



heart- BEER!

Vegemite is a byproduct of the brewing process. It is produced from the waste that is left in the vats when the beer is taken out to be bottled. Do you know what else is a byproduct of the brewery process? Malt Liquor! Why Old English does not move their factories from the U.S. to Australia I'll never know. They have the perfect market here- a bunch of alcoholics that love stuff made from the excrement of the brewery process and will pay virtually any some of money to eat/drink it.

Enough about Aussie cuisine, I could talk about meat pies, beet root and the rest of Australia's eating habits but I want

my readership to be able to eat again sometime during the next week. Let's move onto another fascinating aspect about this continent; speaking the language. As you are probably aware, Australians claim to speak English as the first language. This is actually not the case. They speak Australian, and not like in those Foster's commercials. They speak real 'Stralian mate!

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## Observing the Australian Vegemite addiction is like watching a Phoenix rising from the ashes of the Iraqi people -- an altogether horrifying experience.

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Speaking Australian means doing away with any pause between words during the course of your sentence. Grammar is out of the question and it is best to say everything with a cheerful ring (no worries mate!).

Australians have a plethora of different phrases to say "it's all good". They have no phrases to say that anything is bad. This is one of the best qualities about the island; you can never say anything is ever wrong and expect an Aussie to agree with you. I will demonstrate a typical conversation with an Australian. For the benefit of the reader, I will separate one word from the next, otherwise the word count operating function that I operate on my PC computer (with which I count the words) will keep telling me I've only written one. I'm indebted to the editor for pointing this out the last time.

**Generic Australian Man (GAM):** Giday mate!

**J.B.:** Hello.

**GAM:** How's she going mate?

**J.B.:** Not too good actually, my girlfriend just broke up with me and is having sex with my best friend. I lost my job and I think I'm being kicked out of my apartment tomorrow. I'm re-

ally upset.

**GAM:** Oh no worries mate!

**J.B.:** Well I'm sort of concerned....

**GAM:** Oh she'll be right mate!

**J.B.:** What do you mean? Who the hell is she? I was talking about myself!

**GAM:** Oh no worries mate! I reckon she'll be apples!

**J.B.:** What the hell are you talking about? I'm not O.K.; I'm sure as hell not apples! I hate apples!

**GAM:** Crikey mate! You yanks are always going spak! You're a six pack short of a slab. Oh speaking of slabs- you need a beer! How about a Vegemite sandwich? No worries mate, no worries!

**J.B.:** Alright, I swear to god, I'm not fucking worried! Yes, I'll get pissed with you and eat your malt liquor pâté. Are you happy?

**GAM:** Oh yeah mate! Cheers! We'll be apples!

**J.B.:** Apparently.

Despite their grammatical offenses and culinary peccadilloes, I must admit that Aussies are some of the nicest people on the face of the earth. They have accepted me into their culture and taught me how to eat crap and love it. They have added a variety of new words to my vocabulary and for that I am indebted to them. I'm happy that the COMMENTATOR staff and the Aussies share a combined love of getting blind drunk and talking about it. As long as the Commentator is dedicated to responsible journalism coverage about booze and those that love it I will be here in Australia, living in this former penal colony getting pissed with former convicts.



Jeremy Berrington, in Australia looking for the Abominable Ho-man, is a staff writer for the COMMENTATOR

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**FROM 23**

a conversation with them and asked them how long they had been going to the UO. At this point, they informed me that they weren't college students; they were just two high school girls visiting their friend. They then invited me to play a game with them called "At least I'm not a (blank)". Apparently one of them had recently broken up with her boyfriend, and she was feeling quite stilted about the whole affair, so she and her friend decided to play a game wherein they insulted him by saying things that he was and she wasn't. Or something along those lines. My companions had already thrown out dumbass and retard, so I decided to dazzle their minds with my wit: "At least you're not a cunt scratch!" The two girls apparently enjoyed that one thoroughly and said it over and over and over and over again before they got bored, or I stopped listening. At this point, one of them suggested that we go back to the house to try and get a ride. I complied in a dazed and confused state and stumbled the 100 or so feet back to the house with them. Once

again I was let in the house because of the vagina misdirection. However, I quickly realized that there would be no ride, and that I was on my own as the remaining frat guys swarmed around these two drunk girls, causing both of their panties to simultaneously explode. I decided this was my cue to stumble my way home, and once again I hit the streets of Eugene, stumbling my way through the darkness back to the sanctity of my dorm room.

At least my sacrifice in the line of fire protected that girl. In a way, I'm a true hero.



Derek Payne, a fan of ho-doeuvres, is a staff writer for the COMMENTATOR

**FROM 13**

fund. You'll fee momentarily better about the fate of the world.

### Senior Year

Finally, senior year. This is when all of your hard work, blood, sweat and tears pay off. This is when you can finally throw your hands into the air and declare victory. This is when you don't have to even give a rat's ass about a damn thing, because you know that in nine months you're going to be out of this pit of human despair.

But be careful ...

### Malaise

Okay, in high school you went through senioritis, right? Well, the same thing will happen to you here. But there are ways to ward off the encroaching sense of ennui. Your best bet? Make a complete nuisance of yourself in class. If I were you, I would stop turning my cell phone off in class. If you receive a call while in class, answer it. Naturally, the professor will look at you in a perturbed way. He may even get enraged, but he probably won't say anything. He'll simply clear his throat will your phone continues to play the first few bars from "Baby Got Back." Once the class has grown silent, because the professor is no longer teaching but instead staring at you, raise a solitary finger and say "hold on a sec; I need to take this." Then, with cell phone in hand, walk out of the class.

Another way to stave off boredom is to write papers filled with nonsequitor asides. For example, if you're writing about the Napoleonic Wars, throw in a couple of sentences on page seven about the plight of the midget, just to make sure your professor is paying attention.

### Getting A Job Lined Up

Don't kid yourself. You probably will not have a job lined up by the time you graduate. After four years of being away

from them, you will end up moving back to your parents' place. There's no shame in this. It simply means that you are a failure.

No, seriously, finding a job in this economy is tough. As I stated earlier, you can't simply waltz through college and expect to be handed a job on a silver platter. College does a fine job of giving you theoretical knowledge, but it doesn't do a very good job of giving you practical knowledge ... skills. If you are a philosophy major, you're already finding this out. It's up to you to make the best out of your college experience, and the best way to do this is to get involved in something -- hell, even if it's with the ASUO. Though if you have half a brain in your head you could find more fulfilling work elsewhere.

The most important tip I can give you is this: Get the hell out of Oregon. This two-bit back water stank hole does nothing but kill your soul. There are no jobs here. There won't be any jobs here in the foreseeable future. You should get out while you still can.

If you end up graduating in four years, count yourself as one of the lucky ones. I've already been here for five years, and it is driving me crazy. I know people who have been here for six or seven years. This is unfathomable to me. But it makes sense.

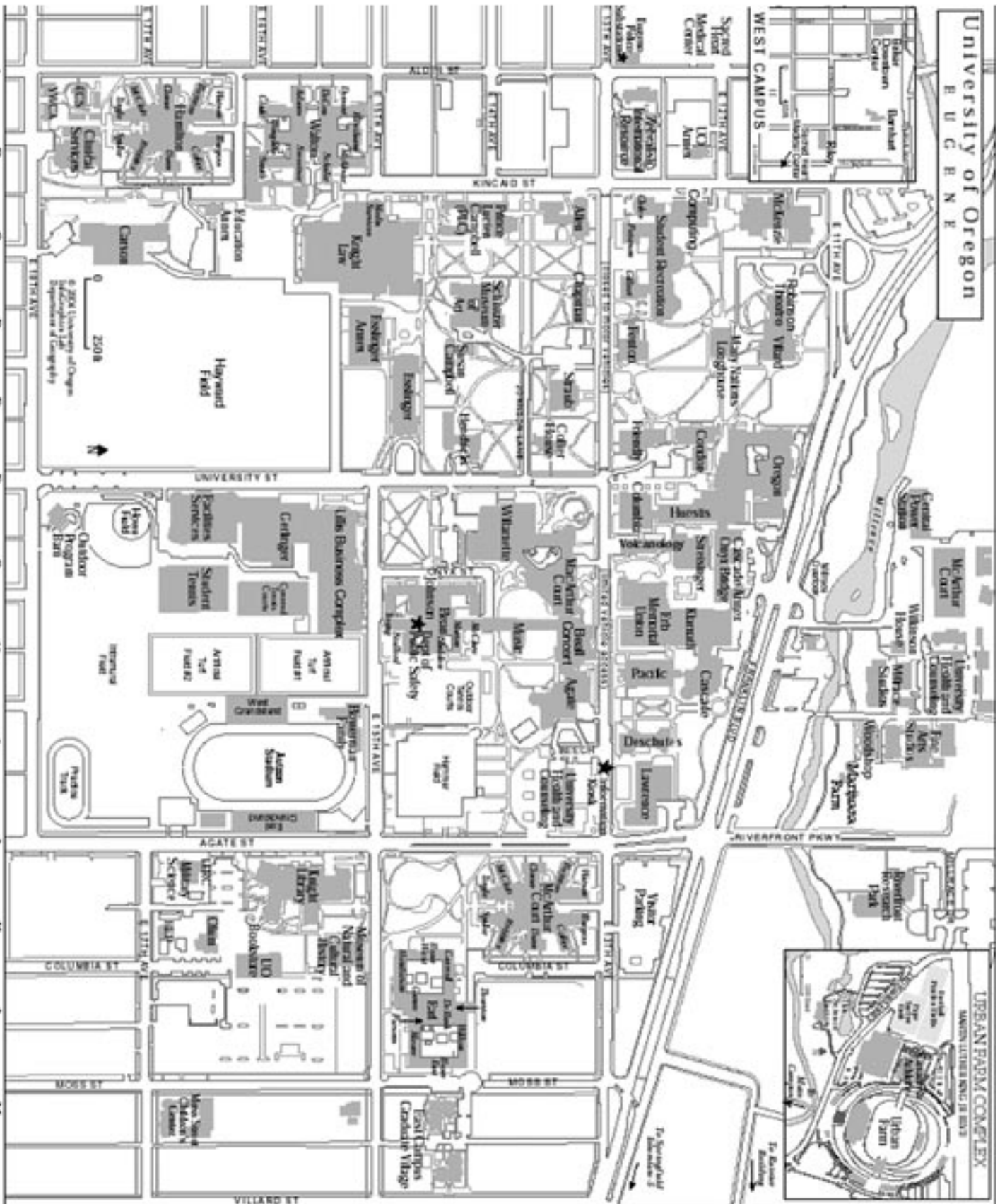
College really is a learning experience. People make huge mistakes during their college years because they don't have the answers. I sure know that I don't have the answers; I'm just some jackass in front of a computer. But I can tell you that during these four, five, six years of college, you will end up learning the importance of taking responsibility for your own actions and learning from your mistakes. Most of these mistakes will assuredly be alcohol related, so we'll be with you every step of the way.

Oh, and if you're a sociology major, expect to spend 10 years here because you'll be failing every class other than sociology.. Don't say I didn't warn you.



Tyler Graf, who liked the movie Bubba Ho-Tep, is editor-in-chief of the OREGON COMMENTATOR

For all incoming freshmen, here's a map of campus. You may find this useful as you try to navigate this Byzantine campus.



# Welcome to Putin's Russia

Russia has seen some very hard times in recent history: The Cold War, a succession of dying leaders, rampant poverty, alcoholism and crime. Now they have to deal with **Will Cohen**.

God help them.



A few hours after my flight landed in St. Petersburg, I was at Cynic, a sordid, smoke-filled bar where many of the more meaningful events in my life have taken place. I remember the first time I went there: It was 2001, and I was in Russia for the first time, an angry, sexually frustrated teenager. This was old Cynic, mind you, a dank hole where all the losers and intellectuals in the city gathered to get smashed and behave irresponsibly. Each night promised something new and interesting, be it a fight or public sex—something always happened. The girls were drunk and slutty, with high heels and emaciated, unwashed asses hanging out of mini-skirts. The bathrooms were overflowing with a couple inches of urine and vomit, so if you wanted to take a piss you had to stand on a little step in the corner to avoid getting your shoes soaked—and the women just stood on the toilet, from what I can tell. I was there with Lyuda that night.

I had met her at her birthday party, where we were all smoking lousy Russian pot and drawing on the walls of her friend's apartment in a Brezhnev era high-rise on the South side of the city. Lyuda, like most dyevs, was learning English and dreamed of escaping Russia. This, back then, was reason enough to sleep with some fat, hairy-assed American. And so at six in the morning, she led me back to her thirty dollar a month room and undressed. She reeked of body odor and cigarettes. After sex, she told me that she loved me. Maybe it was the American passport, maybe not—it's hard to tell with people like Lyuda, but I think that on some primitive, capricious level she meant it, at least at that moment. Something so stupid and yet touching would never happen in America. I lived with Lyuda for a week and a half, until three days after classes had started—time for me to fly to Paris and then back to Eugene.

That night at Cynic, she had brought two friends—Masha and Nadia. Masha was a pale redhead whose mother was dating the lead singer of Chizh & Co., Russia's most famous hippie rock band. She was also learning English and dreamed of escaping Russia.

In America I couldn't get laid, but that night at Cynic I had two beautiful, drunk girls clinging onto me. Beer was fifty cents a pint, and across the room some peroxidized teenager was getting fingered by a janky Russian biker.

Good times, to be sure, but these days thinking about them only makes me sad. I realize now that I was catching only the very end of a great period. That was in 2001, but when I was there last year it was still possible to find wonderful little pockets where the Russia of the 1990s was still going through its death throes. Cynic was one of those.

But not this year. This year it is all over. America has—at least on some superficial and cultural level—won, and I am far worse off because of it. Sometime in the last six months, Cynic went bad and was overrun by foreigners and some awful new breed of Russian teenagers.

The new place in town is called Dacha. It is two minutes off Nevsky, where the foreigners can easily find it, with a shiny neon interior and clean bathrooms. It is safe and boring, with shitty American music from the 1980s and a well-groomed and smiling clientele. They don't drink too much, and when they do it is usually beer, which provides a much less violent and predictable drunk than vodka. After fifteen shots of vodka, people tend to either fuck strangers or fight. But these people are far too optimistic and mentally healthy to do such things. So instead they drink a few beers with their friends and talk about how great the future looks.

Another thing: The girls are fatter. One such girl is Yulia. Last year she was rail thin, with perky breasts and the kind of ass that in America can only be found on fifteen year old soccer girls. But over the last six months she put on ten or fifteen pounds. She is still thin by American standards, but, then again, we have no standards—and especially not for thirty-two year old married women like Yulia. When I asked her what happened, she offered the following theory:

"It is because of you sperm. It has gotten inside me and changed the composition of my organism. I am now fat. Soon I

will be fat and hairy, exactly like you.”

I was skeptical and suggested that perhaps it was because she had taken to eating at McDonald’s and Kentucky Fried Chicken.

“Yes,” she said, “such food is like poison, but what can I do if I like it?”

Indeed. That is one of the things I have always liked about the Perestroika generation: They have no sense of self-restraint. If there is a liter of vodka, they will drink it all. They tend to smoke anywhere from one to four packs of cigarettes a day, and they have sex a lot, rarely with condoms.

Drunk, depressed and diseased, late at night, stumbling through the streets in filthy grey clothes. Cursing and singing, hopeless and dangerous: These are the Russians I love. They are absurdly fatalistic and almost incapable of reason. The second time I slept with Yulia, for example, she requested that I not use a condom.

“But what if I have some kind of horrible disease,” I asked.

“Do you? Do you have AIDS?” she asked.

“Well no, but you don’t know that.”

“But you just told me.”

“Maybe I lied.”

“I think you don’t have AIDS.”

I put the condom on.

“No,” she whined. “Please, I don’t feel anything with the condom. You don’t have AIDS.”

“But maybe you do,” I said.

“No.”

“How do you know? Have you ever been tested?”

“I just know. I sense that I don’t have it. And if I do, that’s simply my fate, so why be afraid?”

For a certain kind of person, her reasoning is actually pretty persuasive. So I went with it and, for all my nihilistic posturing, worried the whole time about getting some terrible Russian venereal disease. After about five minutes, I started getting into it.

“What the fuck,” I figured. “If I get AIDS, I get AIDS. That’s it, it’ll all be over, so why worry?”

I started to pretend that I actually was infected with AIDS and was sleeping with some random girl, infecting her, sentencing her to death. I think that’s what I’d do if got it: try to infect as many people as possible. I’d be like one of those malignant, AIDS infected trolls in Irkutsk who sometimes stab innocent passerbys with needles. It would be great.

Then I came.

I kept going, but after the orgasm I couldn’t really get back into the spirit of infecting innocents. After one or two more victims, my thrusts became more and more sullen, and I started to think up more humane ways of dying. Why doom a bunch of poor, innocent people? I thought, hating myself. I resolved to just put an end to it, but I was having trouble coming up with a suitable form of suicide. If I jumped off a building, blood would be everywhere, and it could conceivably infect some innocent bystander. There’s always the shotgun, but that makes a mess to.

Why endanger the poor bastard who has to clean up after me?

Then I came again. It was not a particularly satisfying round of sex, but I did realize that I’m not really much of nihilist, at least not compared to Yulia (who on top of it her abject nihilism, claims to be very religious).

People her age tend to be like that here, and I love them for it. The new generation of Russian, these Putin Youth, with their cell-phones, good clothes and nauseating optimism make no sense to me.

Last Friday I went on a date with an extraordinarily beautiful nineteen-year old named Anya. Physically, she is a goddess, but I’m still not sure about her character. But by Putin Youth standards, she’s about as good as it gets, I guess. At one point I put on a *Zvuki Mu* (meaning “Moo Sounds”) CD with Pyotr Mamonov singing:

“I eat in piles of trash, I drink from puddles.

Rain is pissed on me, rain is like a shower for me...

You kick me, but feel bad for me...

I’m dirty, I’m sick, my neck is thin.

Break my neck, not with trembling hands.

I’m the worst, I’m worse than you.

I’m useless, I’m vile, I’m tatters.”

In Russian this sounds completely brilliant, but Anya was unimpressed.

“Listen, maybe just put on some Jennifer Lopez,” she said.

I don’t understand what this means. I can’t really fault her—she lived in Murmansk, way the fuck up in the Arctic Circle, until she was sixteen...and besides, just looking at her makes all the bones in my body ache, like some arthritic old man. I just don’t know what this means.

Every decent human who grew up in Russia in the 1990s knows and loves Mamonov. Yulia refers to him as Petya.

“Put Petya on,” she says.

Then she gets sad. Then she starts drinking. Then she gets horny and naked. Then she gets sad about her husband.

“I am a whore,” she says, “and you are the snake, the devil. I am going to hell.”

Then she laughs and drinks some more.

That’s the way I like them.



Will Cohen, who’s apparently in Russia, is a featured columnist for the OC. Seriously, he’s not technically a staff member. Don’t write letters to us complaining, write them to him, tough guy.

# On South Park Republicans

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If you don't know what you're talking about, there's no shame in not voting.

--*South Park* co-creator Matt Stone, while promoting their new Team America: World Police. Too true. For instance...

Perhaps it was because he was in the audience, but [Bush and Kerry] fell all over each other to mention McCain. Too bad we can't vote for McCain instead of those other two ass kissers.

--*A surprise endorsement from the ODE, not usually known for their affinity for pro-life candidates.*

As actors, it's our responsibility to read the newspaper and then go on TV and repeat it like it's our own opinion.

--*A Janeane Garofalo puppet, in TA:WP, which by the way is funny as hell.*



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## On Liquor & Pills



We basically found out through the chain of command that the drinking that was involved transcended multiple groups.

- *ASUO Senate President James George in the ODE, back from Sunriver but apparently not having sobered up before talking to the press.*

The ASUO spent about \$3200 of incidental-fee funds on housing for the event.

- *The ODE buries the lede. Drink away, Senators, you crooked money-grubbing bastards. you.*

The room radiated with a maroon hue accented with color-coordinated tablecloths, chairs, and curtains.

- *Meanwhile, back on campus, the ODE's Canela Wood has had his/her drink spiked.*

## On An Equal And Opposite Redaction—

When future historians write about this war, I suspect they will sum it up like this: [conspiracy theory redacted].

- *David Jagernauth loses the plot in the ODE.*

Or so I suspect. There is no smoking-gun proof of this, but [conspiracy theory redacted]. Could it only be a coincidence that [conspiracy theory redacted]? Maybe. But I doubt it.

- *Ibid.*

If you are afraid Bush will send us to war against Iran, I've got news for you: We already are [sic].

- *At last, a note of certainty. We haven't read Alternet for a while; is this what they're telling people?*



## On Arithmetic Is Hard

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Finding senators willing to serve on one of the committees proved difficult. [Senator Austin] Shaw-Phillips originally declined his nomination for a spot on the Finance Committee citing his disdain for math, saying that “for the good of the Senate” he shouldn’t be on the committee. Shaw-Phillips accepted after it became clear no senators wanted the position.

--*Intrepid reporter Meghann Cuniff in the ODE. Oh boy. This is going to be the best Senate ever. Road trip!*

If the minimum wage can work this sort of magic, why not raise it to \$100 an hour? Then everyone would be well-off, with plenty of spending cash to stimulate the economy.

- *Jacob Sullum of Reason magazine, wincing.*

The OC presents the our revised Gadsden flag. Perfect for Dorms



**Step Off, Bitch**